A Righteous Disguise

by LilithsLullaby

Summary

You’ve always had a bit of a crush on Steve Rogers, but when Loki finds himself intrigued, he’ll go to any lengths to get you into bed. However, even the God of Mischief could not plan for the turn of events...
Disguised Affection

You barely manage to make it inside your apartment without dropping the container of Chop Suey, precariously balanced amongst a stock of unfinished reports. All leftovers from the work day. Including your trembling hands.

You dump the takeout on your sad excuse for a dining table before falling in to eat. The day had been a whirlwind. Meeting after meeting, briefing after briefing. You’d barely managed to fit in bathroom breaks due to the constant demand for a scribe. A scribe to document every interaction with the famed Liar God.

Loki had arrived. Or rather he’d been brought in against his will. Having been spotted in New York with his brother, a field operative had taken it upon themselves to bring him into S.H.I.E.L.D. It had taken twelve additional agents to secure him.

But they’d done it. And you were witness to it all. Having been called in by Tony Stark himself, you stood at the end of the hallway, leading to the containment ward. Pen and paper in hand, preferring the traditional method of note taking. He was dressed in a dark suit, a stark contrast to the ornate Asgardian garb you’d seen him in once before. When the creatures he summoned had laid waste to your previous apartment. His hands were handcuffed behind him and Steve had his arm in an iron grip, the first Avenger having been hand selected to bring him in. As some sort of political statement.

Not that you minded seeing Steve. Your encounters were rare; your jobs hardly ever crossed paths. But when they did, he always made an effort to smile your way, to flirt, to tease you.

To hint toward a potential future together, one beyond such fleeting moments.

It was enough to fuel your late night stress-relief sessions.

Today had been no different. As he approached with Loki toward his holding cell, he looked your way and winked.

“You got suckered into this too, huh sweetheart?”

You smiled and shrugged your shoulders. “Such a demanding job,” you said with a smirk before you found your pen between your teeth. A nervous tick.

Your eyes shifted toward Loki, who up until this point had hung his head low to the ground. Upon hearing your voice, his face lifted to meet your gaze. His rich emerald eyes held you there, having caught you in a webbing of his allure. A webbing of lies and deceit, you reminded yourself.

He smirked before licking his lips.

You swallowed hard, and turned your attention to your notepad. You decided to omit the small interaction from your report. They led Loki into the cell, tossing him on a small cot before slamming the door shut. The series of deadbolts all clicked into place in unison.

“We will be back in the morning to question you,” Tony announced. “So I hope you spend the evening thinking over all of your crimes. So we can better catalog them.”

You copied his words precisely. You were an interpreter of sorts, of words and emotions. That’s why you were brought in. You could read through any mask, through any lie. And while mere conversation could be recorded by any layman, a lie detector was much more valuable. Especially
You turned to look at Loki one more time. His gaze was already held upon you, burrowing past your clothing as he examined you from head to toe. His eyes trailed off the curve of your breasts as you caught him in the act. His eyes gleamed in the dim lighting of the cell, a spark of mischief. You sucked on the tip of your pen, mindlessly.

“I hope you didn’t have a date tonight,” Steve said beside you, saving you from Loki’s emerald hypnosis. “These late night calls can be really frustrating when you have Friday night plans.”

You shook your head, removing the pen from between your lips. “The only date I had planned was with my Netflix account,” you said with a soft giggle. You swore you could hear Loki chuckle behind you.

“I have quite a lot of entertainment to catch up on,” Steve replied with a sigh. “What was that show you told me to watch?”

“Friends.” You smiled. “And you have ten seasons to watch, mister.”

“Would you ever want company?”

Your eyes widened, your palms sleek with sweat against your notepad.

“If this guy doesn’t cause too much trouble during his interrogation, I’m free tomorrow night,” he added, leaning closer. “Call it a sort of education session for an old, outdated man.”

You laughed and practically dropped your notes. The only education you wanted to participate in with Steve was of the physical sort. But if you were both alone in your apartment, you’d also have to educate him on the term “Netflix and Chill”.

You blushed and nodded, scribbling your address on the notepad before tearing the small scrap of paper. You handed it to him and said, “Be there at 7. Don’t be late.”

You pushed past him, mustering every ounce of confidence you could unearth from your trembling body to appear alluring, seductive.

But as you dig into the lukewarm Chop Suey, your hands shake with renewed embarrassment. You had been a fumbling idiot. And Captain America was coming to your apartment. Tomorrow. You stare out around the small room and realize with hopeless apathy that this was not the ideal arena to seduce him. But it would have to do. You make a mental note to buy candles in the morning, and maybe some cute underwear.

You let out a curse under your breath. You’ve lost your appetite amidst your bundling nerves. You strut to your bedroom and slip out of your workday attire, your bra sliding off with a sigh. You throw on an oversized t-shirt and settle in under your blanket on the couch, cueing up the next episode on the rolodex.

A knock at the door makes you jump midway through the episode.

Through the peep hole, you can see Steve Rogers, shivering in the chill of the night. What is he doing here? You quickly peer down at yourself, your shirt barely reaching mid-thigh.

Screw it, you think before opening the door.

“Hi,” He stammers, his gaze holding steady to your own, but you know he can see your state of
dress through his peripherals. “I know our date isn’t til tomorrow but I was in the area...”

You open the door wider with a smile. “Come on in, Steve. It’s freezing out there.”

He walks in, settles his coat on the rack and shifts out of his boots. The snow melting against the wood grain of the floor.

“It’s not much,” you say, gesturing toward the small living space you called home. “I had to find something quick after the attack and I never managed to get around to moving anywhere else.”

Your heart is racing, threatening to inch up your throat.

“It’s cozy,” he replies with a warm smile. “Am I interpreting dinner?”

You stare past him at the disregarded takeout on your table. “No, it’s fine. I’m not really hungry anyway.”

When you turn around, you realize how close he is standing behind you now. You anticipate the warmth of his body but he feels cold instead. Likely worn down from the torrent of winter weather ragging outside your door. But as your gaze shifts lower, your nipples harden. You can’t ignore the evidence, clearly marking his intent for coming here in the middle of the night. His desire as fervent as your own.

“Are you hungry?” You ask, inching closer.

His hands firmly grip onto your hips, tugging up the fabric of your shirt. He pulls you forward, until you are pressed into his pelvis, the extent of his arousal held against you.

“Ravenous.”

Your lips collide, neither of you able to deny the growing tension, the throbbing urge between your thighs. His tongue pushes against your lips and you open your mouth for him with ease. You inch your hands up under his shirt, desperate to feel his bare skin beneath your fingertips. He tastes sweet, with a lingering tang of bitters, like licorice. You try to savor the flavor, your tongue dancing around his.

He pulls away abruptly, your salvia caught on the tip of his tongue as he breathes heavily to regain his composure. But his eyes are pooling over with a growing lust. He pushes you toward the couch, until the backs of your legs meet with the soft fabric of your blanket and you fall against it.

He gets down on his knees in front of you, his fingers tracing a trail of destruction up your ankle to the lining of your panties, just peaking out from underneath your ruffled shirt.

“These are cute,” he hums, running his finger tip over the edge of your underwear. He lingers over the small green bow placed at the center. “I half expected pink.”

You peer down at him, your hands daring to course through his hair, encouraging him further toward your ruin.

“Green’s my favorite color,” you tell him.

And in a flash, your panties are removed in one swift pull down your squirming legs. And you are bare before him, all of your arousal clearly visible, glistening against the dim glow of the television behind you. But it isn’t enough for him. He parts your lips between his fingers, spreading you out wide for him. He breathes over your opening and you throw your head back, clutching the blanket
“Steve... should we really be doing this?” You manage to say, halting his progress.

He gazes up at you before blowing on you softly once again. You shiver a moan.

“But you are beautiful like this,” he purrs, kissing the curve of your inner thigh, so close to your core and yet far enough that you quiver with anticipation beneath him. “Wet and wanting. Is this how you envisioned tomorrow going?”

You shake your head and bite the crook of your finger, hushing a moan as he kisses the other side, his tongue sliding closer to your lips.

“Such a bad liar,” he scolds, peering back up at you between your legs. The sight alone makes you throb before the tip of his finger trails up over your opening, spreading your wetness over your swollen clit. Swirling around the bundle of nerves. You immediately recognize that look in his eye, having seen it in another’s gaze just earlier that day. In a containment cell. That glint of mischief.

But you can’t stop him as his tongue slides inside of you. And perhaps a part of you doesn’t want to.

He licks up your folds, over your clit, and you know instantly whose silver-tongue is truly pleasuring you. You should have known the minute Steve knocked on your door that it was a set up. Steve would never have been so forward. Too polite, too much a gentleman. But not...

You gasp a moan, your head thrown back against the cushions of the couch. His thick fingers dive inside, two at a time, pulsing in and out as his tongue works magic around your clit.

“You taste divine,” he hums. “Sweet as honey.”

The warmth inside of you begins to spread as you reach release, hurtling over the edge with endless abandon. Absolute oblivion. Your nails dig into the cushion beneath you; while your other hand clutches to the back of his skull, pushing him further down into you, giving him everything.

And as you cum, you cry out for him. Your voice echoing into the night in a song of ecstasy. But it isn’t Captain America’s name you moan.

He lifts his head from your wet mound, his eyes wide as he slides out his fingers slowly from inside of you. You are breathing heavy, your chest raising and falling as you try to steady your heart rate, pounding beneath the weight of his hands on your thighs.

“Drop the guise,” you breathe, glaring at him. “I’d like to see the man who is going to fuck me. Don’t give him all the credit.”

He slowly crawls over your body, hovering over you until you are completed caged beneath him, pinned to the couch. The illusion holds steady. His fake blue eyes gleaming down at you.

“Don’t you enjoy this?” He growls. “Finally fulfilling your fantasy of fucking Mr.Perfect?”

“Stop,” you command, pushing against his shoulders. “It’s not like that.”

“No? Your pussy is drenched. I could smell you the minute I walked through the door. You want him. I bet you touch yourself while envisioning his tongue sliding over your slit...”

His teeth burrow into your exposed neck and he sucks, hard. You hate that it makes you moan in pleasure, your nails digging into his back.
“Admit it,” he moans as he licks up the expanse of your throat, up to your tilted chin. “Admit you want him to fill your tight cunt.”

You grab a hold of the back of his neck, yanking hard until you are eye to eye.

“I don’t want to talk about him right now,” you growl.

He smirks. “Why not? You were pretty eager to do just about anything with him just a moment ago. You let him lick your sweet pussy... before you realized...”

“Right now, he is the furthest thing from my mind,” you tell him, your voice harsh, husky with arousal.

His eyebrow arches in intrigue. “No? What is on your mind then, pet?”

“Shut up.” You pull him down, until you can taste your cum on his tongue. You moan into his mouth as your hand searches to release his cock from the confines of his trousers.

“Drop it,” you growl. A previous command he has since ignored. He chuckles against your lips.

“So demanding, little mortal.”

You pull back and watch as the illusion shimmers off his body like a piece of discarded clothing. And leaning over you, completely bare and erect is the God of Mischief. His emerald eyes once again pulling you into their siren song. Your legs fall open even wider as if by some silent command.

“Tell me what you want,” he orders. “I want to hear you say the words. Good girls have to ask nicely.”

Your eyes narrow in annoyance as you reach for his cock. But he snatches your hand away and flips you over.

“Say it, slut!” His hand slaps against your ass with a harsh smack. “Say what you want or you get nothing.”

The palm of his hand presses in against the side of your face, pushing your cheek into the cushions of the couch. His other hand guides the tip of his cock up over your sleek folds. Teasing you relentlessly as you squirm beneath him.

Again, he spanks you.

“I want your cock, Loki!” You say in a gasp, reeling from the sting of the impact against your rear. “I want you to fuck me... please.”

“That’s a good girl.” He guides himself slowly inside of you. You gasp a moan and his hand releases, allowing you to turn your head more to look at him.

His eyes are dark, haunting, as he plunges fully into you from behind, over the edge of the couch. He is huge, stretching you out around his girth. And as wet as you are, it’s a struggle to allow him in completely. You reach back, tangling your arm into his, gripping onto his forearm.

“So tight,” he grunts with a grin that grows wider and wider with each moan you supply him. Encouraging him further as he quickens his pace. He leans over your back and grabs a fistful of your hair.

“What would he think of you if he saw you like this?”
“Would he think you are a dirty little slut? Who’d fuck anyone who walked through her door? I guess he won’t want sloppy seconds now...”

“I’m not like that!”

He stops and begins to stroke your hair affectionately. “Then tell me, pet, what are you like? If you aren’t a cum thirsty whore, what are you?”

There are tears in your eyes. Ones he quickly wipes away as they fall down your cheek.

“I’ve ruined you, haven’t I?” He slows to a deadening pace. “You won’t want any other cock but mine. Now that you’ve gotten a taste.”

You flip yourself around, grabbing hold of his chin and pulling him into another kiss. His lips are tight, caught off guard. Needing the control. But you relish in this small moment of vulnerability.

“Maybe I’m happy it was you who came in through that door,” you whisper. “Maybe I always wondered what it would be like to fuck the devil.”

He pulls you into his lap, so that your legs are wrapped around his waist, your arms around his neck.

“Do you really think me the devil, sweet girl?”

His hands inch up your back, pulling the fabric of your shirt with them, until your breasts are exposed and pressed into his chest. He kisses your neck softly before grabbing hold of your breasts and kneading them tenderly.

“Aren’t you though?” You murmur, gazing at him as he thrusts up into you with a rhythm that parallels his cool breath against your chest. In and out.

You grip onto his shoulder, pressing him into the back of the couch. You grind your hips into him, causing him to reel back with an unrelenting moan. It feels too good to stop. To good to have regrets.

“Yes,” he groans. “Just like that.”

He pulls the shirt completely up over your head and you continue your ride, using his cock as your own personal toy. That’s all this is, you tell yourself. I’m using you too, for my own pleasure. There’s nothing more to it.

You’re a monster, after all.

But when he kisses you again, his hand held to the back of your neck, a lewd moan comes out unwarranted. One laced with desire for him. And he knows it. It is evident by the arrogant grin plastered to his face once you pull away.

“Can you not look so goddamn pleased with yourself?” You growl, burying your face in his neck. But he pulls you away with a yank of your hair, not allowing you to hide your embarrassment.

“How can I not be?” He asks with a smirk. “When I am fucking a beautiful woman with a tight cunt, who seems more than pleased with herself as well...”

You blush then, truly. The crimson markings swept over your cheeks as a sign of your arousal and want for him. For him, specifically. In that moment, you don’t want Steve. You don’t want his soft tender touch. You want the rough sort of love only Loki could provide.
So you grind into him harder, faster. He encourages you, a hand on your hip, guiding you up and down. That hand would trail back to your ass every so often to grip onto your tender flesh there, to make you moan. His other hand caresses up your neck until suddenly it is wrapped around your throat, and you gasp.

“You still think I’m a monster, don’t you?” He growls, but buried within his gaze is a sadness you want to cast away. A beautiful torment you hadn’t seen before, never having had the opportunity to get up close. To go nose to nose with the caged animal that he was.

So as he chocks you, you lean forward and kiss him, his grip loosening until his hand falls down against your breast, his fingers twirling over your nipple to mimic the dance of your tongues.

“I can tell when someone’s lying,” You whisper. “But can you, God of Lies?”

“Tell me something, pet,” he murmurs. “Test my skill.”

“I was frightened of you that day,” you admit. “When you came to claim New York. I was just hired by S.H.I.E.L.D. I wasn’t sure how to act or respond.”

“Truth.”

You nod and continue. “And today when they brought you in, I was still afraid.”

“Truth.”

You shake your head and hold him steady. “I wanted you.”

“Don’t lie to me, slut.”

You quicken your pace, feeling him throb inside of you, pulling you both toward needed release.

“I wanted you to fuck me,” you moan. “I wanted to have a taste of that chaos. If only for a night. Maybe you sensed that too. Maybe that’s why you’re here.”

“Devilish woman,” he growls, gripping your hips hard as he throws his head back. “Stop telling me lies.”

“Cum for me, Loki,” you command, your hand scooped under his chin, caught in his emerald ores. “I want to feel you cum inside me.”

His eyes are wide but you smile. “That’s not a lie.”

And he trusts, hard, catapulting you toward the edge of climax as he cums inside of you. It’s enough to send you spiraling into your own oblivion with a shattering scream of his name. But you are quieted when you hear your own name escape his lips in a hushed moan.

He grips onto your back, his lips rested against your shoulder. “Oh, if I could have you like this every night.” He kisses your neck softly. “Too bad you won’t remember any of it.”
By sheer coincidence, this chapter shares a name with another great story on the site by Antepenultimate. Go check it out!

When you awake the next morning, you could swear you had downed a bottle of tequila the night before. Like that senior trip to Cabo, when you woke up with pencil-dick Alejandro from the bar. Your head is throbbing in the same sort of way and your body aches all over. Like you’d gone to the gym, as if you’d...

You stand and feel it, the sort of soreness between your legs that could only mean one thing. Your sex feels satiated, used, worn from a night wrought with a violent sort of lovemaking.

Had you taken a stranger home? You rub your fingers against your temple. You could swear you came straight home, rather than stumbled into a bar. That you’d been here all night.

You turn on the shower, letting the warm water wash over you, to wash away the fog. Perhaps it could clear your mind enough to give you the gift of clarity. But still, you rake your brain for the lost details.

With a towel wrapped around your still damp body, you search your apartment for signs of a late night guest. No forgotten articles of clothing, no used glassware. Nothing... except for a small puddle of melted snow at the doorway. And a discarded pair of soiled panties on the living room floor.

Your phone buzzes, breaking your investigation. It’s Tony Stark.

“He is awake,” he says simply. “Hope I’m not interrupting anything.”

“No, sir. I’ll be in in thirty.”

You dress in a haste and bolt out the door. You take the subway three stops to the downtown offices, the elevator taking you down to the parts of building placed deep under ground, away from the public eye. Your heels click as you strut down the corridor toward the holding cells, where a ring of agents have already gathered, waiting for orders.

“We could get a good punch in before Stark gets here,” one of them says. “No one would blame us even if we got caught. A week of suspension at best.”

You inch your way closer, enough to catch a glimpse of Loki leaning back against the back of his cell, his legs crossed over each other on the small cot. He is smirking out at the crowd, until his gaze meets yours and his expression shifts, if only for a moment. His eyes soften.

“I want to make him pay for what he did,” another agent growls. “I want him to bleed. I want to wipe that smirk off his face.”

“You do that and it’s going into my report.”

They all turn to face you.
“You wouldn’t dare,” one of them groans.

“Yes, I would.” You flip open your notepad. “It’s my job. And it’s against general orders to harm a captive. No matter who he is. That sort of blatant disregard for protocol would get you far more than a week’s suspension.”

One of the agents pushes past you, shoving into your shoulder with enough force to make you wince.

“Everyone will know you’re protecting him,” he growls. “That you’re a murder’s sympathizer.”

“I’m not protecting him,” you snap. “I’m just doing my job, asshole.”

But he doesn’t listen. “Tony’s always late,” he says to the group. “Let’s grab breakfast so we can have the needed energy for this interrogation.”

The rest of the agents fall into line behind him, leaving you alone with the caged Asgardian Prince.

“My hero,” he hums, staring out at you with a thoughtful gaze.

You ignore him, leaning against the wall, waiting impatiently for your boss’s arrival.

“So, you’re their human lie detector,” he continues. “Must make for an interesting sort of love life.”

Your eyes widen. “Who told you that?”

That information was proprietary. Tony would not be pleased to know the secret had been discovered long before his questioning had even begun.

But as you peer around the corner, through the small window on the door, he greets you with a wide grin.

“What else do you know?” You glare, stepping closer.

“I know a great deal about you, kitten,” he murmurs. “Care to test out your gift on me? I’ll happily be subjected to your... talents.”

“Don’t call me that,” you growl. You stand right up against the cell door, your face practically pressed into the glass.

“Would you prefer pet?” He asks, his face twisting into his trademark smirk. The expression stirs something within you, swirling the remnants of your recall into a sharpened clarity. Pet... where had you heard that name before? You press your thighs together, a throbbing deep within your core makes your knees tremble.

He moves off the cot, strutting toward you to stand just on the other side of the cell door. The solid metal block is the only thing separating the two of you. But you can practically feel him against the other side as if he were pressed into you.

“You’re shaking, agent,” he notes, his eyes dashing down to your knees. “Do I frighten you?”

But you know, with regrettable admission, that it isn’t fear that is making you quiver.

“What are you doing on Earth, anyway?” You ask, refusing to answer his question. Though the truth is plainly written on your face, your pen pressed against your lips.
“I came to plan a second attack,” he tells you. “To reek havoc over your now peaceful city. To kill, maim and torment.”

A lie. A blatant lie.

“You were found with your brother, Thor,” you reply. “You mean to tell me he knew about this plan of yours?”

He smiles. “My brother doesn’t need to know everything I do. That’s probably toward his benefit.”

You scribble observations onto the notepad. How he looks at you with a sort of longing. His gaze dark with ambition. Oozing with confidence.

“You sound like a pirate... planning to pillage and plunder, rifle and rape...” you mutter under your breath with a small laugh.

“Rape is not on my agenda,” he snaps with a narrowed gaze. “I quite enjoy my women willing and wanting. I may use illusions to my benefit but that’s hardly rape...”

“Did you sleep well last night?” A simple question but a test nonetheless.

“Oh, very well,” he purrs, his eyes held to that pen, now pressed between your lips. “Oral fixation?”

You remove the pen swiftly. “Excuse me?”

“You have an oral fixation,” he says, licking his lips. “That’s why you keep sucking on your writing utensil. Would you like something larger to occupy your pretty mouth?”

You gape at him, moving away from the door just as you hear the sound of footsteps approaching from behind.

“Always an early bird,” Tony announces as he comes around the corner. “Remind me to give you a raise.” He is beaming, as if he is well-rested. Unlike yourself.

Behind him is Steve who is trailing alongside Thor, a surprising addition. Steve catches your eye with a smile and a wave of emotion plummets through your chest, something close to regret and shame. But why?

“There really isn’t a need for all of this,” Thor says. “As I said, we are here to locate our father and plan to return promptly to Asgard once we do.”

Tony looks to you and you give a small subtle nod. It’s the truth.

“He is still a criminal,” Tony replies. “And while we have him here, it serves our best interest to question him regardless. You don’t mind, do you?”

Thor leans against the wall, his arms folded over his thick chest.

“Who’s she?”

“A scribe,” Tony describes simply, shifting his attention to Loki. “Can’t imagine you slept well. That flimsy metal frame doesn’t look like it was made for comfort.”

Loki’s gaze holds steady onto you, his eyes gleaming with mischief. “I didn’t notice.” That was the truth. You stare at the provided bedding and agree that it looks like a disguised torture device. And yet he didn’t notice.
Unless he never slept in it last night.

The thought makes your eyes widen, an image flashing in front of your vision like a gauzy film pressed against your eyes. Of your bed, the sheets a tangled mess. Dark hair spread out over your pillow.

“Do you regret what you did all those years ago?” Steve asks inching forward to stand by the door. “All those people who suffered because of you?”


Something tugs inside of you, at the sorrow you hear in his voice. Your eyes meet and once again you find your pen between your teeth. You want to go into his cell. You want to get a closer look. You want to...

“Agent.”

You turn and the three men are staring at you. You drop the pen.

“Perhaps, I could talk to him,” you offer.

Steve looks at you with an expression of twisted shock. But you refuse to meet his gaze, locking eyes with Tony.

“Let me talk to him, alone. Let me see if I can discern the truth for myself. He doesn’t know me. We don’t have the sort of history that you have with him.”

Before Tony can speak, Thor moves forward to regard you.

“You really think you can get anything out of him,” he glares. “I’ve known him my whole life and yet there is still so much about him I do not know. Nor will I ever.”

“Don’t underestimate her.” Steve. “Let her try, Tony. What’s the worst that could happen? I can stay guard...”

“No!” Your voice is too abrupt, too harsh. You take a deep breath and continue, “I’ll need to be alone with him to avoid distraction.” You turn to Tony and add in a whisper. “Just make sure his handcuffs are secure. I’ll need to go in there to get a better read on him.”

Tony knows how this works, how you play the game. He has seen you in action several times over the years, watched as you hand delivered criminals to S.H.I.E.L.D. through your psychological tactics. There would be no arguing that you were good at your job. Very good. There would be no denying your request, and he knew it.

And you needed to talk to him alone for your own selfish desires. You feel drawn to him, by some unearthly cord. As if your mind were trying desperately to rational why you feel attracted to him. To this monster.

And you need answers.

“Steve, double check his restraints,” Tony orders. And the first Avenger obeys, after a moment of hesitation, and a look of concern shot your way. But you ignore it.

He unlocks the door and steps behind Loki, triple checking that his handcuffs are bound in place,
right against his wrists.

“I’ll play nice,” he says with a look meant only for you. You turn your gaze to the floor.

“He’s secure,” Steve says bluntly, leaving the cell door open. You step inside.

“We will come back to check on you in thirty minutes,” Tony whispers. “We will lock the door behind you.” He slides a small, barely noticeable device into your hand as he makes to leave. “If you need help.”

An alarm. You’d used it before. Once when you had to question a high ranking member of Hydra. You slip it into your skirt pocket as Steve slams the door shut in front of you.

“Stay safe,” he whispers against the glass.

“Of course,” you say with a smile. “I have a date to keep.”

His lips curve into a small grin as he turns to leave, and you are once again left alone with a criminal at your back.

“Now,” Loki says, his voice liquid seduction. “Where were we, kitten?”
“Do you still want to harm us? Do you plan to attack New York again?”

He had positioned himself in the corner of the cell the instant the door locked, his face cast in the harsh shade of the darkened room. He stands there still, staring at you, his head tilted back against the wall.

“I never wished to harm anyone,” he says. A half truth. “Those were just the cards I was dealt in life. To play the villain. And don’t I play it well...”

“Come out of the shadows,” you order. “I’d like to properly look at the man I’m talking to.”

“Why don’t you ask me what you really want to know? Then, perhaps I will.” He purrs. “I promise I won’t lie to you. Not that it matters.”

You sit down on the cot and cross your legs. And just between them, you can still make out that sore, sleek feeling left over from whatever sort of ramp you’d endured the night before. You bite your lip as another image comes to mind, your own moan echoing in your ears.

“Ask me, pet,” he growls. “Before I lose my patience.”

The tattered remains of your memory send a wave of throbbing pain over your temple. You shake your head.

“No, it’s not possible. Don’t ask him that.”

“How did you know what my job was... what it really was?” You ask instead.

He shifts out of the shadows, enough so you can see his lips curl into a wide grin, his mouth dripping with mischief.

“Because you told me.”

Your eyes widen, your weight shifting off the cot as you bolt into a standing position, but you move too quickly. Your heeled feet become a twisted mess below your legs and you fumble forward. But you are caught before your face meets the floor. Caught against a pair of extended, handcuffed hands.

“Careful, love,” he hums. “Wouldn’t want you to scratch up that pretty face of yours. Besides, they’d likely believe I was the one that hurt you and use it as reason enough to have me killed.”

His touch sends a shockwave of pleasure right down into your core. You push him away violently.

“When?” You bark. “When did I tell you? We’ve never spoken before today.”

“Haven’t we?” He chuckles. “Oh, that’s right, you don’t remember. I suppose I shouldn’t have done that. It’s torment watching you struggle to recall even the smallest details from last night.”

“You did this?” You stumble back onto the cot. “You... what did you do?”

“The real question, sweet girl, is what did we do?” He leans over you on the cot, his interlocked palms pressed against the wall. “Ask me. I dare you.”

“What. Did. We. Do?” You growl through gritted teeth. He is so close you can smell him, his unique aroma. The delicious mixture of sweat and a foreign cologne that makes you inhale deeply on
“You can’t be so general,” he laughs.

“Were you in my apartment last night?” The first of many questions.

“Yes.” The truth.

“How did you escape?”

“My illusions can be quite effective when you station half-wit guards on night-shift.” A twisted sort of truth but still, an honest confession.

“Why not stay free? Why bother to come back at all?”

“Because there isn’t any fun in that.” His grin is like a tiger staring straight toward his prey, as if you were served on a silver platter.

“And while you were in my apartment...did you touch me?”

“Oh yes,” he murmurs, leaning closer until you can feel his breath against your parted lips. Your gaze is held to his mouth.

“You begged me to.” The truth.

“I wouldn’t have...”

“You did,” he argues. “If you refuse to believe my word, listen to your own body. That truth you can’t deny. Even now, you are still sleek with residual arousal, aren’t you?”

You shift your legs in reaction. Hating that every word, every utterance out of his watering mouth was the truth. The Liar God, and yet, he is as honest as a judge. He slides in beside you on the cot, leaning forward onto his knees, his head tilted to the side.

“Ask me another question.”

“Did we...” You begin in a whisper. “Did we have...”

“Did we have sex? Did we fuck?” He finishes for you with a soft chuckle, turning more to look at you directly. “Several times actually. On that grey couch of yours. On the hard wood floor. On your bed, on those cheap cotton sheets with the lilac floral pattern.”

Your hands start to shake and you grip tight to your kneecaps. Because you know he isn’t lying. Even without your enhanced ability, he shouldn’t have known those details about your apartment without having been there himself.

Besides, you had already known the truth the minute he locked you in his gaze. You’d felt the surge of desire run through you. Like you’d felt it before. Like you’d been witness to it coming to fruition.

“Did I enjoy it?” You ask softly, your cheeks growing unbearably warm.

“Why don’t you tell me?” His fingers graze your forehead and you are pulled back into a memory. Just a glimpse, but enough to see your expression, a mask of fervent pleasure, of pure ecstasy.

“You did,” he hums against your neck, an added confirmation. “I had you cumming over and over again. Into my mouth, around my cock...”
His lips make sudden contact with your skin, his caress a cool contrast to your tempered flesh. You sigh into him, your weight pushing in against his body, stiff atop the cot.

“Why me?” You stutter as his tongue trails over your neck. And you recall that specific sensation from the night before. A sensation that sent you spiraling, more than once, toward climactic resolve.

“Because you intrigued me,” he says simply. “And when I realized you wanted me too...”

“Why would you think that?” You pull away. “Why did you think I wanted you?”

“You reeked of arousal,” he whispers. “And when I saw how you looked at him, I decided that would be how I’d take you. With his smug expression as the lure. But... I didn’t anticipate how prime for the taking you’d be when I came to you that night. How ripe you were for me...instead of him.”

“I wanted... I want Steve,” you argue. “I never wanted you.”

“Liar,” he growls. “Take these handcuffs off me and I’ll show you how wrong you are. Though, I suppose there is a lot I can do even with my hands restrained...”

He is already between your knees before you can blink, pushing your ankles apart. Your skirt hikes up around your upper thighs from the spread of your legs. He lowers his face, preparing for impact. You reach into your pocket, ready to signal your rescue party.

“Don’t,” he says harshly, eyes held to your hidden hand. “Not yet. Give me more time.”

He peers up at you from between your legs, his eyes pleading with you with a soft sort of sadness. “Ask me another question. Just one. And I’ll gladly relieve you from this burden.”

You reach down and hold his chin between your fingertips. Keeping him locked between your legs.

“Why take my memories away?” You ask. “Why wipe my mind if you even suspected we’d be here now, with you spilling your guts to me anyway?” Your fingers tremble against his jawline, your caress trailing up to his lips as if you were held under his spell. He kisses your fingertips, soothing the quack of your bones.

“Because you’d wake up this morning with regret either way,” he mutters, stepping away. “Because, sweet girl, I don’t deserve you.”

“You don’t know me well enough yet to assume that,” you say, reaching forward to pull him back toward your sex. “Let me decide what you deserve.”

“And how do you propose I prove myself?”

You lean down, pulling his face up to meet yours. Your lips linger over his. “You have fifteen minutes.”

“I’ll only need five,” he hums before his lips meet yours and you are instantly flooded with coursing recall: slap, yank, scratch. And the sweet sound of your name in a soft murmur, pouring out from his lips as he cums inside you. Again and again.

You remember only fragments but it’s enough to fill you with renewed desire, despite your inner qualms. It’s wrong. He’s wrong. I shouldn’t. But you did. And you want to, again.

You moan as his tongue pushes past your parted lips. And reaching down, you fumble to unlock his
handcuffs, though the effort is useless without a key.

However, the metal slides away, falling to the floor with a *clank*.

“Did you really think your simple mortal contraption would keep me confined if this cell couldn’t?” He growls into your mouth before grabbing hold of the back of your head and kissing you again, deeply. You wrap your legs tight around him and rake your fingers through his thick mane of hair.

“Show me what those hands can do,” you command against his lips. His response is a hungry growl, reverberating up out of his throat and into your awaiting mouth. Just before his hand thrusts up under your skirt and his fingers dance over your clothed slit, soaked through with want. Just a single finger slides past the delicate lining, and pushes inside of you slowly. You clench around him with a gasp.

*This is merely physical. I am horny and need the attention he is more than willing to provide. This doesn’t change how I feel about Steve. This doesn’t...*

“I want to make you cum, pet,” he whispers. “I want to watch you unravel.” And he slides another finger inside of you.

But just before you can relinquish full control over to the God of Mischief, a roar of laughter averts your attention toward the door.

“Not a sympathizer huh? Sure looks like you are with his hand up your skirt, you filthy whore.”

Loki’s eyes are full of a burning rage as his narrowed gaze locks onto the returning agents. Standing like a swarm of bees outside the holding cell. He slowly releases his hand from between your legs, urging a whine out from your parted lips.

“You dare to shame a woman for her sexual appetite?” He growls, edging toward the locked door. He turns to you and sucks on his fingers, savoring ever last drop of your arousal. It causes a cool shiver to run up your spine, tingling the back of your scalp.

“Only when she wants to fuck a lowlife like you,” the agent answers with a snarl.

His fingers slide out of his mouth with a *pop* and his hands tighten into fists. “You’ll leave now if you value your life.”

“What are you going to do? You are locked in like a caged rat!”

“But I’m not.”

The men turn to face Steve Rogers, standing behind them with his arms crossed over his chest. They part ways for him instantly, letting him approach the door and slowly work on the multi-lock system. Loki’s eyes dart back to you and you hold up the token of your escape between your fingers, a selfish grin curled up over your lips.

“You didn’t...”

“I did.” You rise to your feet, straightening out your skirt, ignoring the wetness that left your panties near useless. Ignoring your faulted desire to continue.

Your fingers graze his arm as you make for the door. “Don’t take it personally. I’m just doing my job.”

He lets out a low laugh. “Clever girl...”
Steve unlocks the door and escorts you out before slamming it right into the pompous face of your would-be suitor. He sulks back into the shadows, still chuckling softly to himself.

“Did you get anything useful out of him?” Steve asks, hardly seeming disturbed by the allegations of the agents’ ring leader just a moment ago. That, or he was hiding his discomfort very well.

“Get Tony down here,” you order, turning slightly to look at the caged beast behind you. “We are letting him go.”
“You want to release him?” Tony barks, his palms firmly pressed into the table. “Why? What could he have possibly told you to warrant his release?”

“He isn’t a threat to us right now,” you say calmly, leaning back into your chair. “Maybe he was and maybe he will be. But not today. He and his brother are here on a family matter. And I think we should let them continue on course.”

The sooner you can get Loki and his brother out of here, the sooner you can put your mistake behind you. You needed the blessing of distance. Perhaps even the expanse of several galaxies.

“I revoke my comment about the raise...” Tony mutters.

A firm hand clasps onto your shoulder from behind and you turn to see Thor standing there, smiling slightly.

“My thanks,” he whispers. “My brother has his good days. I’m glad you’ve caught him on one.”

Good was a word for it. Perverted was another.

“So are you suggesting we just let the Asgardians loose on New York?”

“We can escort them,” Steve suggests. “Her and I. To assure no wrong doing takes place. If that will ease your mind.”

Always the patriot. Always the helpful Boy Scout. He’d unknowingly just written the epitaph to your honor.

“Ease my mind... a jack and coke would ease my mind right about now,” Tony mumbles. “Fine, we will do things your way, Cap. But if Loki kills anyone, that death will be on your hands.”

“He won’t,” you argue. “We will see to it that he behaves himself.”

You almost choke on the words as they escape your parted lips. Whether you would behave yourself was still in question.

“So, where to, Thor?” Steve asks, turning to his colleague. “Where do we start looking for your father?”

“Loki will know,” he says. “He was the one who sent him here.” So, the three of you stand to leave.

Just as you make it to the doorway, ready to follow Thor and Steve back to Loki’s containment cell, Tony grabs you by the arm, halting your exit.

“I don’t know what sort of game you’re playing at,” he warns in a harsh whisper. “But you need to end it, now.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about...”

“You know I have surveillance cameras in every one of those cells,” he says. “I saw you
receiving saliva with that Asgardian scumbag. Care to elaborate as to why?"

“I don’t question your tactics, Tony. So don’t question mine.”

“You do realize how he feels about you, don’t you?” And you know he isn’t talking about the God of Mischief, but rather a suited Avenger.

“I’m aware. But you don’t have any right to pry into my love life. We are strictly coworkers, aren’t we?"

“I would have thought you at least considered me a friend after all these years…”

You laugh and push past him, adding before you leave, “Tony, I’ll consider you a friend when you stop acting like my father.”

When you arrive to retrieve Loki, the handcuffs have been placed successfully back around his wrists, to keep up appearances. To look the part of the helpless captive.

“So what shall it be?” He hums from behind the steel door. “Chinese water torture? The stretcher rack?”

“Neither.” Steve unlocks the door and swings it open. “We’re releasing you.”

Loki hangs in the doorway, his eyes narrowed in deep consideration. “What’s the catch?"

“There isn’t one,” Thor announces. “They’ve decided to let us leave to find father. Steve and this young woman will be joining us.”

“And there’s the catch.” Loki steps out into the light of the hallway. He adjusts his black tie and smooths back his hair. His appearance once again unsettles you. You mentally curse your twisted sense of attraction. This chore would be a lot easier if he looked the part of a villain: crude and undesirable. But he had seduced you already, twice, a truth you hated to admit, especially with Steve standing just beside you. You shift your weight from one leg to the other to avoid thinking on it too long.

“So, where exactly is your father?” You ask, meeting Loki’s gaze for the first time since your little reunion in his cell. He grins, his lips hinting toward an unquenched thirst still lingering in his loins. A thirst to match your own.

But as the four of you stand in front of his declared drop-off location, noting that it is nothing more than a pile of rubble, you decide you need a caffeine boost. Especially if you are going to be dragged around town with a set of Avengers and a jolted Prince for the remainder of the day.

You leave the men behind to scold and chastise Loki, to argue over what to do next. Without caffeine, you are severely lacking in the needed patience to deal with three sets of masculine egos. You find refuge in a small coffee shop with a menu as large as the storefront itself, no bigger than a broom closet.

“One large coffee, black,” you tell the barista, who could very well be Odin himself by the looks of it. Though, he is perhaps a bit too scrawny to be the famed ruler of Asgard.

“Strange company you keep, young lady,” he says softly. You turn slightly to look at them, noting that Loki’s gaze is held to you, even with the stretch of distance between you.

“You have no idea,” you mutter, taking the completed beverage from his trembling hands with a
polite smile. You turn and, to your surprise, find Steve standing behind you.

“I’m sorry I dragged you into this,” he says with small smile. “I’m sure this isn’t how you wanted to spend your day off. I was suppose to volunteer at the animal shelter today. Though... this is almost the same thing.”

You laugh lightly and his hand comes down to rest against your shoulder. “If I’m to be perfectly honest, I just wanted an excuse to spend time with you today. One evening hardly seemed like enough time. Though, at this rate, our date may need to be delayed...”

You blush, turning your gaze to your coffee cup, pulling it up to your lips. Upon contact, the scolding hot liquid sears your mouth, causing you to flinch abruptly.

You curse, touching your fingers to your hot lips.

“Let me see.”

His hand scoops under your chin, tilting your head back. You automatically part your lips, your eyes watering.

“You burnt your lips pretty badly,” he notes in a hushed voice. “Sir, do you have any ice?”

The aged barista leans over the counter, handing Steve a cup of cool relief. He takes one ice cube between his fingertips and glides it over your lips. You wince but let him continue. The solid softly melts against your warm flesh, dribbling down your chin. He wipes away the trickle of water with the edge of his thumb. His touch is a gentle contrast to Loki’s roughness, gathered from the small fragments of your memory, slowly fading back into clarity. Every now and then you can recall pieces of your night with him. How you’d gladly let him do anything he liked to your body, how you submitted fully to him, your eyes heavy with lust. You had consented to everything. You had wanted everything. You had wanted him, and no one else. And his touch had been like this, an icy chill over your overheated flesh. You can’t help but think of him, even during this rare moment of physical attention from Steve.

“Does that feel better?” Steve asks in a husky whisper. You blink and chase the thought of your regrettable intimacy with Loki out from the forefront of your mind. Focusing instead on your schoolgirl desire to live out a Hallmark romance with the first Avenger, like some cliche Nicholas Sparks novel.

This is what you’ve been pining for all these years working for S.H.I.E.L.D. after all. How your first meeting had led to this company. How you had decided that fateful day that you wanted to work beside him, to bask in the glow of his pure motivations, his victorious aura. And how quickly you decided you wanted more from him than would be considered chaste.

“Better,” you answer finally in a murmur, leaning close to him as you slowly lick the inner edge of your lip, still numb with residual pain. His eyes linger on your lips, your tongue, a bit too long before he speaks.

“What did you ask him?”

You blink. “Hm?”

“Loki,” he starts. “While you were alone with him... what did you ask him?”

“I asked what his intentions were,” you tell him, simply. “Why he is in New York.”
Tony seemed rather convinced that you asked him more than just that...

“And what did Tony say to you exactly?” You glare, your hands clenched into fists to channel and subdue any growing irritation. Steve’s hand comes over to rest against your pale knuckles, soothing your budding rage.

“It’s not important,” he assures with a gentle smile. “I’m sorry. Loki gets me worked up too. He thinks he is immune to justice because he isn’t from here, because he thinks he is some sort of God. But I only know of one God, and that man looks more like the Devil if you ask me.”

Then take me to church, for I have sinned and will likely sin again.

“If you’re quite done, we have little daylight left to work with,” you hear Loki bark from the entryway behind you. You can almost feel his dark gaze stabbing into you like daggers, sharpened by jealousy.

“Well, I hate to say it but I’m thankful he is here,” you whisper to Steve. “It’s thanks to him that we are finally able to work together. Even if it is just to babysit.” You brush your hand against the bare skin of his arm, letting your touch linger as you walk by. The hair raises on his arm as you create the desired effect. To boost his ego and put Loki on edge. Steve lingers behind, thanking the barista kindly.

Your eyes narrow into a heated glare as you walk by the God of Mischief, leaning against the wooden doorframe.

“You think you’re such a little vixen, don’t you?” He says in a low growl. “You think you have us both wrapped around your finger...”

“I don’t care to have you wrapped around anything of mine,” you snarl. “As I said before, it’s Steve I...”

“Shall I remind you whose fingers were shoved inside your tight, dripping cunt only a few hours ago?” he interrupts with a snarl. “Whose name you moaned? Whose cock you still crave?”

“Not another word,” you order through gritted teeth.

“What? Don’t want to risk your precious lover boy hearing me?”

You eye Steve’s approach, after politely bidding farewell to the barista, with a few dollars placed inside his tip jar.

“I made a mistake,” you tell Loki is a rough whisper. “It won’t happen again.”

“For an alleged soothsayer, you lie an awful lot, pet,” he whispers back, against your ear. “But just remember, I’m not a patient man. I won’t wait forever for you to make up your mind.”

Steve joins the two of you and you decide to ignore his comment completely, emphasizing your decision with an eye roll.

“So what did you boys decide was our next best option?” You ask instead.

“He isn’t in New York,” Thor says, appearing beside his brother. “We have to go to Norway.”

“And how did you come to that conclusion?” You ask, an eyebrow raised in intrigue.

“A friend told me we were worshipped there as Gods once,” he says softly. “It may still feel like
home to him.”

“That’s not completely out of the realm of possibility,” Steve agrees.

“Norway it is then.”

Chapter End Notes

Can anyone guess who made a cameo appearance as the barista? ;)

Elevated Passion

“I’ll call and have the jet prepped for departure within the hour,” Steve announces already pulling out his cell phone, a recent acquisition. And while you’d normally be amused, if not smitten, by how he fumbles with the foreign technology, you are frozen in fear.

Your body goes completely stiff at the mere mention of it, of flying. Something that Loki, alone, notices immediately, evident by a glance he shoots in your direction. His eyes are rimming with inquisition, and perhaps something close to concern. But he doesn’t dare to speak, not until you are walking down the air field half an hour later, ready to load up into one of Stark’s private jets.

Eight hours of flying over the ocean. Eight hours of imagining all your potential death scenarios. Of fire. Of drowning. Of screaming agony.

You hesitate at the loading ramp, your knees knocking together. Surely Steve remembered... surely he knew that this would be near impossible for you to do, given your past. But he hardly seems to notice, focusing his attention toward the pilot to discuss flight patterns. You edge back, away from the airplane, your hands shaking at your side.

“Are you afraid of flying?” Loki finally asks, stepping inline beside you, just a few feet away from the jet.

“I have to stay behind,” you stutter, inching even further away. “Have a safe flight...”

His hand locks around your wrist. “What happened?”

Your eyes go wide upon him.

“What happened to you?” He asks again and you swear that you see genuine concern in his emerald eyes. But you must be mistaken. Why would he care? Why would he waste the energy on such a human emotion? Especially for you.

You shake away from his grasp. “It’s none of your damn business,” you snap. “Get on that plane and get away from me...”

But again, he reaches for you. “I can take away your pain, erase the terror that stunts you,” he offers in a soft, seductive murmur. “Get on this plane with me and I can promise you, your fear will control you no longer.”

You are locked in his gaze, and for a moment, you believe him, because his words are his own truth. That was the part of your ability that made for interesting relationships, friend or otherwise. There wasn’t always one reality, one truth. Each person had their own perspective, how they saw the world. And to them, what may be whole-heartedly the truth could be a blatant lie to another. And right now, Loki believes with every part of his being that he could help you.

“We are all ready to go!” Steve calls from inside the plane and Loki’s hand immediately snakes around your waist.

“Put your faith in me,” he whispers, pulling you forward. And you decide, as your feet hit the platform, that you have run out of other options. You would have to face this fear eventually, and you can’t afford to look weak, especially in front of Loki. He already thinks he has the advantage over you.
You slither out of his hold before emerging inside the plane, settling into an aisle seat. The plane itself is so small that you can see from one end to the other. The cockpit is practically in your lap. Unlike the giant airliner you’d been in previously. The one that had plummeted from the sky...

You swallow hard. Loki pushes past you, stealing the window seat to your right. This is to Steve’s dismay, who settles to your left, across the narrow aisle. You buckle in and clench your eyes shut as you feel the machine rumble to life around you.

“Just breathe,” Loki instructs, his voice a gentle, soothing whisper. “Focus on my voice. In and out.”

His hand rests over your knuckles while your fingers press firmly into the arm rest. You can’t move, you can’t push him away. You can hardly focus on anything other than your crippling fear of falling into the deep abyss of the ocean. Of icy waters filling your lungs. Of sinking deeper and deeper until the seaweed pulls you completely under, into the deafening silence of death.

Steady your breathing. In and out. It’s just one flight. It’ll be over before you know it.

But as you feel the plane begin it’s ascent, your body seizes up under sheer panic. Every muscle trembles and even with your eye lids sealed tightly shut, tears begin to stream down your cheeks in warm torrents.

“Breathe.” His grip tightens over your fist, his other hand tracing gentle trails up and down the back of your neck.

And as the plane jolts off the solid safety of the ground, you are pulled into a dream.

You are in a garden. A soft breeze pulls your hair behind you, bringing with it the floral aroma of spring. You breathe in slowly, absorbing the scent into your lungs, letting it fill you to the brim. You squat down and pluck a foreign flower from the soil. You spin it by its small stem between your fingertips and the petals come to life, twirling with unearthly precision. Each velvety petal is illuminated with a unique shade, constructing a rainbow.

It feels so real. So tangible within your grasp. But it can’t be. You aren’t really here. You’re still on the plane... A shiver of terror runs down your spine.

No, I’m here. I’m safe.

“What is this place?” You ask, feeling his presence lingering behind you.

“Asgard,” he replies softly, stepping forward into view.

“I didn’t realize your illusions extended into mental manipulation,” you mutter. You make note of this discovery, knowing he could easily turn someone’s mind to mush if he utilized the right amount of psychological torment.

“It’s not something I use very often,” he says with blunt honesty.

“Why bother doing this for me then?” You ask with your gaze held to the spinning flower. “Did you just want to hold me in your debt? To dangle this over my head until you forced me to return the favor?”

“Is it so hard to believe that I didn’t want to see a beautiful woman suffering?” He asks and you blink at him, your tongue caught between shock and disbelief. He falls in beside you. “You really do see me as the devil, don’t you? All rage and violence. Incapable of anything else...”
You fall back into the grass, letting your silence become his answer. You stare up at the illusion cast around you, of the sapphire sky, scattered with painted clouds. Just behind those puffs of vapor, is the sun and moon locked in an ethereal dance. A strange mix of day and night joining together as one.

“Will you at least tell me what happened?” He asks after giving you the serenity of silence. If only for a moment.

You turn to look at him, letting the flower get swept away by the breeze.

“No,” you reply. “Because believe it or not, Loki, you and I are nothing. Stop treating me like we are anything other than forced acquaintances.”

He pins you in against the grass, each of his palms planted beside your head. “Acquaintances who fucked like wild animals, lest I remind you.”

“I want to forget that ever happened... I can hardly remember it all, thanks to you,” you tell him, trying to sound bold, convincing. But your words come out like mud. “Yes, we had fun. But we can’t ever do that again. Use the memory as fuel for your sick fantasies but don’t torment me with my poor judgement for the rest of our time together.”

“I hadn’t planned on tormenting you,” he replies and you see something shimmer behind the ores of his eyes. Like a new idea ready to be tainted by his mischievous hands. “Though the notion is rather tempting now...”

“Take me back to the plane,” you growl, snapping your teeth at him. “I’d rather suffer there than be stuck here with you.”

“You don’t mean that, do you, kitten?” His knee pushes in between your legs, edging up into your center. The pressure it provides sends you reeling toward chaos, toward that unquenched desire. His hand grazes over the side of your breast, exposed outside the sheer fabric of his chosen garments for you. An outfit suiting this illusionary world he has constructed. You glance down at yourself, at the meager strips of fabric resting precariously over your nipples. The fabric is held to your waist by a golden chain. Like some twisted version of a harem fantasy.

“Do you not like it?” He asks with a smirk, following your eye. “Let’s take it off you then.”

His fingers loop under the fabric, quickly skimming over your nipple as he pushes the fabric off one shoulder and then the other, letting the delicate cover slide away with your modesty. Your breasts are left bare before him, your nipples erect and sensitive beneath the cool breeze. You try to cover yourself but you can not move your hands. You tilt your head, finding that your wrists are restrained, locked inside metal cuffs held to a clunky chain. Your eyes follow that chain until you see that it is attached to a stake, buried deep into the earth. You pull against the restraints, until the metal digs into your wrists.

“Let me go!” You squirm and scream, trying to release yourself. But Loki silences you, his finger rested against your trembling lips.

“I’ll take those off of you when you admit it,” he says as pulls his hand away to slide more of the sheer fabric off of your body. Until you can feel the cool blades of grass caress every inch of your bare flesh.

“Admit what?” You gasp as he takes your breast into his mouth, swirling his tongue around your hardened nipple. You pull against the restraints, your hips thrusting up in an attempt at leverage. He
misjudges your movements, his fingers instantly sliding up the inside of your raised thigh.

“Admit what you want,” he murmurs against your breast. “Admit who you want.”

His slender fingers find your wetness. He smooths the creamy evidence of your arousal over your opening, smearing it around your swollen clit. You arch into his touch, aching for release.

You hate yourself for it.

“I won’t say a goddamn thing,” you growl, twisting away from his touch, locking your knees together.

“No? It should be easy for you, shouldn’t it? If you truly want your golden hair Adonis,” he hums as he forces your legs apart and slides the tip of his finger inside of you abruptly. You intake air sharply through clenched teeth.

“Or if you refuse to use your mouth for a confession, perhaps I can satisfy that oral fixation of yours in another way...”

Your eyes go wide as you watch him unbuckle his pants, his dick sliding out from its confines, thick and erect. He kneels over you, until his cock bobs midair, inches from your mouth. You press your lips together into a thin line, turning away.

“Have a taste, kitten,” he purrs. “I’ll give you all the milk you desire. Open wide.”

He grabs ahold of your chin and pulls, yanking your jaw wide open with a gasp before shoving himself inside of your watering mouth. You wrap your lips around him, your tongue pressed against his bulging length. You can taste him, the musky salt of his sex. You groan, trying hard not to enjoy the sensation of him filling your mouth and pushing even further inside.

He is rather trusting, you think. To gamble against the fact that you won’t bite down on his most prized possession. That you won’t draw blood. But you can feel yourself throbbing beneath him, and you want to savor the taste of him while you can. While you can use captivity as your excuse for submission.

He forced me to. I didn’t choose to do this.

None of this is real anyway.

“That’s it, open wider,” he groans above you as he thrusts deeper, hitting the back of your throat. He grabs a fistful of your hair, keeping you still. When he pulls out enough, you swirl your tongue around his head, causing him to moan in defeat.

“Do I taste good, pet?” He asks through an erotic moan. “Shall I reward you?”

You nod slightly, despite yourself, and pull him in further, sucking harder. His grip on your skull tightens and you feel him release down into your throat, in several throbbing spurts. You swallow his warmth, pulling your lips over his length until you reach the tip. You lick up his slit, making him twitch and groan above you.

“You suck my cock with such conviction,” he says with a smirk. “Tell me you don’t want me to fuck you. I’ll see if I’m convinced.”

“I don’t...” you mumble but as his fingers slide back inside of you, your lewd moan hardly helps your case.
“You’re mine.” His voice vibrates against your neck before he bites down, hard. “My slut. My whore. Perhaps I’ll keep you locked away here as my personal fucktoy.”

You spit into his arrogant face, remnants of his cum still lingering in your saliva. He flicks off the retrieved spittle from his cheek. He stares down at his fingers as if they’d been severed off.

“I’m no one’s whore,” you growl. “Especially not yours.”

“No? I’m pretty sure you...”

“No! I won’t be your plaything, you monster! You rapist!”

*No. Don’t say that. Don’t call him that. You wanted this. He never...*

The restraints release with a *click* and you sit up, pulling your hands down. You twist and turn your wrists, back and forth, to recirculate the blood flow.

“Then you are free to go,” His voice is empty as he stands, turning away from you to dress himself. His shoulders are tight and squared. “We are almost to Norway, anyway. Time moves differently here.”

The scenery around you slowly begins to fade into black nothingness. You fumble into a standing position, finding yourself dressed in more amiable attire.

“That’s it?” You say, gaping at his back. “No smart ass remark? You’re not going to continue harassing me?”

“You said no!” he snaps, turning to face you. His eyes are as red as sharp-cut rubies. Like two stolen gems unearthed from the pits of hell. “And I’m done with your games, you filthy slut!”

You stumble backward, your mouth hung open.

“It was fun while it lasted...”

You blink and you are back on the plane. Your mouth feels dry, your throat hoarse, but you find a blanket has been placed over your body while you slept. You comb your hair back through your fingers and quickly study your surroundings. As you gaze cautiously out the window, leaning into the unoccupied seat to your right, you notice that the plane is parked on solid ground. You must be in Norway.

“You’re awake!”

You turn around and see Steve approaching down the aisle with a bright smile.

“I didn’t have the heart to wake you when we got here,” he tells you. “Figured I’d just let you rest for a little bit. We have hotel rooms booked just outside the air field.”

You shift up out of the cushioned seat.

“I assume I should thank you for this than,” you say, holding up the corner of the blanket.

“Oh, I didn’t do that.”

He turns, leading you out of the plane. And as you follow him, you keep the warmth of the blanket around your shoulders, pulling it up against your chest. And you sigh into its fabric, lifting it up to your nostrils.
It smells of him.
One of my last chapters for a little bit. As I’ve stated on my other story “Trusting a God”, I’m leaving for my honeymoon :)

I will return with more at the end of the month so stay tuned.

“You only got... two rooms?”

You stare down at the set of keys placed atop the check-in counter as if they are two poisonous snakes, snapping at you.

“It’s all they had left,” Steve replies. “But the three of us can share a room. Take this one.” He holds out a key for you, dangling it midair between his fingertips. The metal pieces click together like a crude wind-chime.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Steve.” You snatch the key from his outstretched hand. “We are all adults here. I can split a room with someone.”

“My brother and I will take this room,” Thor decides, taking the other key. “It’s late. We all need our rest for tomorrow. We will see you in morning.”

He salutes you in farewell, leaving both you and Steve standing in the lobby. Your gaze follows after Loki, daring him to turn around, to look at you. Just once. To argue for his right to share a room with you instead of the blonde Avenger. But he doesn’t so much as glance in your direction before disappearing into the elevator. And you fear you’ve lost any opportunity you had with him.

Though... did it matter if you did? Hadn’t you wanted to be rid of him?

So, why do you feel so broken?

“Shall we?”

Steve’s voice startles you, but you sigh and nod, falling in behind him as he leads you to your room. It’s small, with only one bed aligned in the center. There would be no way around it. Your bodies would be practically pressed against each other for the entirety of the evening. You remove the blanket, folding it and setting it on a chair beside the bed. Your company had packed a small overnight bag for each of you, with all the essentials inside, including sleepwear. And as you continue to look around the room, you realize the room lacks a private washroom. You’d have to use a shared facility down the hall.

Steve must realize it at the same moment you do. He clears his throat and throws his overnight bag over his shoulder.

“I’m going to go change outside,” he says. “I’ll be right back.”

You nod and watch him leave. You use the rare moment of privacy to focus on the tightness you feel growing inside your chest. Why do I feel like this? Why is my heart so heavy? You keep reliving those words you spoke to him.
You monster. You rapist.

You shake your head, in an attempt to clear your mind, and put on your pajamas before sliding in under the bedsheets, pretending to sleep. Though, you know you won’t be able to manage even a minute of slumber. In combination with your usual insomnia, your mind is uneasy, torn by the unseen force of guilt.

You would have never been able to manage that flight if it weren’t for him...

You clutch onto the pillow and nuzzle into its cushioned embrace. But it isn’t enough. You reach for the blanket, burying your face into its provided warmth. Relishing in its lingering aroma.

A few moments later, the door opens slowly with a click behind you. You settle, trying, and perhaps failing, to appear to be deep in slumber. You imagine faux dreams easing your restless mind, lulling you into the embrace of nightfall. Something almost foreign to you now without sleeping pills.

The bed shifts and creaks. You feel the weight of him slide in beside you. For some time, he lingers at a distance, hesitant to move any closer. Before, finally, he slowly inches inward, until you can feel him pressed in against your back. You fit into the curve of his body, like a puzzle piece set into place. You shift slightly to savor that perfect alignment but as you do, your whole body stiffens. You struggle to keep your eyes closed as you feel him, pressed in hard against your rear, his arousal undeniable. His hand rests against your hip, your skin left exposed where the nightshirt has lifted slightly due to your movement. His breath cascades down your back before his lips make contact with your ear in a soft, tender caress.

This can’t be Steve. This has to be Loki again, trying to trick you. And as his hand pushes past the waist band of your shorts, smoothing over the front of your mound, you pull away, convinced. Despite the fact that his hand had been trembling upon touching you so intimately.

You shove him off of you, scolding, “Enough, Loki!”

Steve blinks at you, holding his hand out in front of himself as a barrier. As if you meant to strike him.

“Loki...?” He shutters, his gaze wide as he regards you, barely blinking.

You stumble out of the bed and stand staring at Steve, whose face has grown about five shades darker against the dim light of the room. And he is staring at you with an expression of shame, masking a subtle anger, boiling just below the surface.

“I’m sorry. You startled me,” you mutter, clutching the blanket in front of you.

“Why would you think I was Loki?” He asks slowly.

“I was dreaming,” you lie. “A nightmare.”

“A nightmare...” he repeats. He falls back against his pillow, staring up at the ceiling. He adjusts himself awkwardly. “Perhaps I should have taken the other room. Perhaps you would have preferred other company...”

“No, Steve, it was really just a nightmare.” You kneel back onto the bed, inching your way closer to him.

“What exactly were you trying to do when I woke up?” You ask mischievously.
His eyes are wide as he watches you slowly crawl on top of him. You hover over his body, your hips aligned to his own, waiting for his answer.

“I shouldn’t have done that. It wasn’t right,” he says finally, gazing up at you. “It’s just... for so long I’ve wanted to...”

You grab his hand and guide it back toward your belly, pushing his palm flesh against your skin and pulling him even further down. Down toward your reckoning. Until the tips of his thick fingers caress the beginning of your sex. He sighs upon impact.

“I’ve wanted you too,” you murmur, leaning down until your lips linger just above his. “I’ve wanted you since the moment we met, since you saved me.”

You bridge the gap, capturing his mouth with yours, desperate to fill the lounging that both of you had danced around all these years. That building tension screaming for release. But unlike with Loki, you are the one to take the lead. You urge his mouth open, sliding your tongue against his. His movements are wrought with hesitation, masking his own desire. But you are surging with what you think must be conviction, your passion come to fruition. You want Steve. You’ve always wanted him and only him. You grind your hips into his hand until, at long last, his fingers find your wetness and he slides them inside of you, meeting the forward thrust of your pelvis. He moans as you grip around him, tight and wet with want. His other hand rests against the curve of your hip.

And you realize, with startling clarity, that you want him to spank you, to pull your hair, to degrade you in a way that would make you come undone so easily. Not that you could ever dare to ask him. Not that you ever believed he would do any of that unprompted.

You rock back and forth, urging his fingers further inside of you as you deepen your kiss. Until you can taste him, lingering inside of your mouth. But as you moan into him, edging toward release, he pulls away. You jerk forward at the loss of his attention.

“We need to stop,” he says, his voice exasperated. He pushes up against your hips, regrettably removing his fingers out from inside of you. You groan with displeasure. “This is a little too fast for me...”

“I thought you wanted this.” You step off of him, turning away in embarrassment.

His hand comes up to rest against your back. “I do,” he reassures with a kiss to your shoulder, bare from your jostled nightshirt, two sizes too big. “Believe me, I want this more than you realize. But can we take things slow for now? One step at a time?”

You sigh and nod, turning back toward him.

“Yes, I want you,” He affirms, caressing your cheek. “But I don’t want to move too fast and risk losing you.”

You risk losing me by moving too slowly...

He lies on his side and motions for you to slide in beside him, like you had when he first came to bed. So you comply and as you do, his arms wrap protectively around you.

“This hardly counts as a date by the way,” you grumble. And you feel his chuckled response as a vibration against your back.

“No, of course not,” he answers softly. “Maybe if we find their father quickly, we can stay behind, do some sightseeing.”
“I’d like that.”

You lie in silence, and after some time, you work up the courage to speak further.

“Do you... remember that day?” You ask, holding onto his forearms.

“Hm?” He must be exhausted.

“That day when my plane crashed,” you remind him. “I should have been dead, I should have died with the rest of my family.”

His fingers idly caress your arm, as if he were still coherent, as if he were still listening.

“I swear sometimes I can still feel the push and pull of those waves, trying to drag me under. Telling me I didn’t deserve to live, while they drowned...But then, I remember the feeling of being pulled back up to the surface. Your arms around me like they are now...” You hug him closer, pressing your lips to his skin before you continue. “And how I thought I had found a new reason to live.”

You feel his breath against your neck, slow and rhythmic, a sign of that he has succumb to sleep. You sigh and after a moment of savoring his warm embrace, you carefully wiggle out from underneath his arms, as not to wake him.

Insomnia had became your constant companion after the accident, and you couldn’t bare to lie in his arms and stare at a blank wall for hours. Besides, you’d miraculously managed to get enough sleep on the plane, thanks to a certain Trickster God.

You decide to dress and leave the room. Maybe you could get some intel while your companions slept, to give yourselves a head start come sunrise. You wander into the hotel’s wayward bar, where a few patrons still linger over half-consumed beverages. The haze of cigar smoke makes you wheeze as you walk inside.

There’s a man hunched over the countertop, the curve of his back a stark contrast to the horizontal source of his support. You slide into a chair a few feet from him and signal the disgruntled bartender.

“Whatsoever you have on tap,” you order.

He looks at you with slight irritation as he polishes a glass in his hands with a dirty dish rag.

The man beside you raises his glass, gesturing toward it. “Beer. She wants beer,” he slurs.

You turn to look at him and with startling realization, recognize the brilliant green of his eyes, which are now marred by bright red veins, indicating his state of intoxication. You know those eyes could only belong to one person.

“Are you drunk?” You stammer.

“Gods don’t get drunk,” he snaps. “And I didn’t take you for a beer drinker.”

The bartender slides a glass of ale down the counter towards you. You catch it and take a long gulp before slamming the glass back down, wiping the foam from your lips with the back of your hand. The act alone rewards you with a soft chuckle from Loki beside you.

“I take it you aren’t pleased with your sleeping arrangement afterall,” he slurs, taking a sip of his own beer. “If you’re choosing to drown your sorrows with me...”

“I have problems sleeping through the night,” you confess.
“You never had any trouble with me,” he says, turning to meet your gaze.

“You stayed that night?” You ask, your eyes widening as you take in his torn expression. “I assumed you just left after we...”

“I had planned on it,” he replies, with startling clarity, his speech smooth and precise. “But you fell asleep against my chest and you just looked... you looked like you needed a good night’s rest.”

“I did.”

Your gaze holds steady, locked onto each other. And it’s as if he meant to pry open each of your eyes and crawl deep into the fabric of your soul.

And you feel the rush of renewed regret.

“About the things I said to you...”

“What’s done is done,” he says abruptly, downing the rest of his drink and making to stand. “Go to bed, agent. We will need your skills in the morning.”

He is halfway through the bar when you speak. “Why did you send your father away?”

He turns slightly to regard you. “That’s not really any of your business...”

“Actually, it’s very much my business.” You take another swig of the drink.

He growls and sulks slowly back toward the bar. “I grew tired of him.” *Lie.*

You glare, urging him to correct himself. He lets out a deep sigh, forcing his fingers back through his hair. “I wanted an opportunity to prove I could rule Asgard, without him. Without anyone.” *The truth.*

“And did you?”

He stares at you with a narrowed gaze.

“Did you prove yourself?”

He laughs. “Clearly not if I’m stuck here on Midgard talking to you in a dusty bar.”

You smile slightly and lift the drink, watching as he takes your silence as permission to leave.

“I was eighteen when the plane crashed,” you begin, halting his progression toward the door. “We were on our way to visit family overseas, my first trip abroad. There was some sort of electrical malfunction and the plane started losing altitude. The next thing I can remember is water rushing in as the plane took a nose dive into the sea. We were all trapped inside, drowning.”

You feel the tears surge forward even before they fall, but you go on. “I thought for sure that would be my ruin, that I would die in that watery grave. But a man dove through the plane. I was the first person he saw, trapped in an aisle seat. He grabbed me and swam through the scattered wreckage of the plane just before it was sucked down below. Until, even against the sting of the sea water in my eyes, I could see the plane slowly descend into that black abyss. Taking my family with it.”

He slowly steps back toward you. His eyes are wide, as if they meant to bulge right out of his skull.

“I’ve had my gift ever since that day, the gift of truth,” you tell him. “But the truth of my existence is
what still haunts me. The truth that he should have never chosen me over any of them. That I should have died...”

“Don’t you dare say that!” He holds your face between the palms of his hands, your skin sleek with tears, like the salty water meant to claim you. “Don’t you ever say that again. Don’t even think it. Not for one second.”

He leans closer. “You have every right to be here, do you understand me?”

Your eyes dazzle with fresh tears as you blink to release them, nodding. His touch lingers, stroking his fingers against your cheeks until, after a moment, he lets his hand fall slowly, returning to burrow deep into his pant pockets.

“Who was it?” He asks, his eyes held beneath a shadow. “Who was it that saved you?”

“Steve,” you answer. “I never saw his face when we were underwater... but when I woke up on the shore, it was his face that saw first, smiling down at me.”

Loki huffs a sort of chuckle, his lips curling slightly into a smirk.

“Well, aren’t you lucky to have found each other then,” he mutters, turning to leave.

“Stay!” You beckon. “Stay and tell me something about yourself.” You kick the seat beside you, left unoccupied. “It’s only a fair exchange if you do.”

He smiles then, falling back beside you. “What do you want to know?”

You lean into him over the bar.

“Everything.”
Reluctant Revelations

Chapter Notes

I can’t resist posting one more before I drop off the planet for a bit :P

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You wander back into the hotel room hours later, half-drunk and half-high from the evening’s activities; from good conversation and the allure of his gaze. Your body sizzles with acute awareness but he never touched you, not once. But he aroused you with the seduction of his words, the gentle murmur of unfulfilled promises.

You fall in beside Steve in the bed and sleep off your drunken stupor, a nap that lasts no longer than a few hours before the warm streams of morning light assault the backs of your eyelids. You groan and throw the blanket up over your head as a blockade.

“Five more minutes,” you mumble before you hear the rustling sound of clothing and the metallic click of a belt buckling. You feel the blush rising over your cheeks and peer out from behind the blanket, only to find Steve standing in front of you. His chest is bare and glistening with sweat against the sunlight, cast in from the open window.

“Good morning,” he says with a bright smile before leaning down to kiss you. That blush grows ever hotter as his lips touch yours.

“Good morning,” you barely manage to mumble as he pulls away.

“Are you hungry? I can go grab us something to eat downstairs.”

You nod as you sort out your hair with your fingers. “I could probably use a shower...”

“It’s just down the hall to the left.” He pulls on a white t-shirt and makes for the door.

“Are you more of a sweet or savory person in the morning?” He asks sweetly, smirking as if he’s asked you what color underwear you were wearing. Blue, if he had to know.

“Savory,” you reply. “Maybe eggs and toast?”

He smiles and leaves the room, closing the door behind him. You sulk toward the window, where the morning breeze is pulling the curtains out into the daylight beyond. You hadn’t taken a moment since you arrived here to truly look around, to see this new country for all that it had to offer. And as you gaze out toward the horizon, the rolling amber fields and the roaring stream cutting through them, that glistens and shimmers under the sunlight, you want more than anything to explore this landscape. You want to take Steve up on his offer of sightseeing. As soon as possible.

You grab your things and head for the communal bath. A pair of old women emerge from within as you enter. You nod in greeting and they smile at you, politely. There are no showers, to your dismay, but rather a row of bathtubs, several of which are already occupied by hotel guests. Women share the bath tubs, turning their backs to each other to help their companions wash. Scrubbing away the remnants of the night before.
You cling to your folded arms. You didn’t want to wash away any of those precious moments from last night. You already strained to piece together your first night with Loki and the thought of losing more time, losing more of your memories, makes you shutter.

You find a porcelain tub unoccupied and quickly take up residence beside it, settling your belongings on a footstool. As you begin to undress, you turn the faucet and watch as the water slowly fills the bath, mesmerized by the subtle rise of the water line. It has been so long since you’ve taken a bath, since you swam in the local pool, since you’ve gone into the ocean. Your hands begin to shake as you are caught in the hypnosis of it, of the rushing water, the raising flood, the waves to fill your lungs. You feel water on your feet first, before you realize what you’ve done. You snap back into reality and quickly turn off the water, now overflowing over the smooth edge of the tub. You glance around and find the other patrons staring at you in disapproval. You grip your trembling hands over the curved edge and slowly begin your descent.

The water encases around your body like a liquid tomb. You clench your eyes shut and try to steady your breathing. But your body is vibrating with panic. You imagine Loki’s voice instructing you as he did on the plane. In and out. Slowly your body settles back toward a state of normalcy.

“That’s it,” You hear a woman say above you. “In and out.”

You blink, narrowing your hazy vision toward the blurred silhouette in front of you. You focus on the feeling of her hands stroking your hair, washing your long mane.

“I appreciate the gesture but I don’t need help,” you say to her, shifting away from her touch, hugging your knees against your chest.

“You were having a panic attack,” she says softly, her hands lingering on your bare back.

“I’m fine,” you growl.

“My little liar...”

You turn to stare at the woman and realize with a jolting sense of clarity that it is Loki who stands before you, held in a feminine guise.

“You shouldn’t be here,” you scold in a harsh whisper. “You need to leave.”

She raises an eyebrow inquisitively. “Why? I am a woman. I have the same right to be in here as you do.”

“You don’t,” you snarl. “Not when your intentions are as heinous as yours.”

“Tell me, pet, what are my intentions?”

You rest your chin over the tops of your kneecaps.

“Just go away, Loki,” you mumble.

“Maybe my intentions were to soothe you,” she whispers softly, stroking your back. “Maybe I could sense you shutting down, edging toward chaos as I walked toward the men’s bath. Maybe I wanted to help ease your mind. Like I did on the plane.”

“You sensed my panic,” you grumble in mockery. “You make it sound like we are somehow connected...”
“Maybe we are.”

You turn to look at her. Her long black hair covering her modesty, her emerald eyes brimming with sincerity.

“If you insist on staying, would you wash my back?” you ask, turning back around, to hide the rosy hue slowly creeping up your neck. You pull your hair over your shoulder to give her full access to wash you. Her hand slowly traces down your spine before brushing a soapy cloth in circles over the expanse of your back.

“For a woman, you have a man’s capacity for alcohol,” she laughs. “I’ve never seen someone drink so much without blacking out. Even Volstagg has his limits.”

“Volstagg?”

“Of Asgard,” she clarifies. “A friend to my brother.”

“I’m sure you are eager to return home.” You tilt your head so that your cheek is rested against your knees, so that you can watch her with half an eye.

“Not particularly,” she hums. The truth. “I’m finding my time here much more rewarding.”

She drops the cloth, her hand disappearing beneath the frothy water. You gasp as you feel her fingers make contact with your thigh, reaching under the curve of your rear.

“I thought you were through with these games of ours,” you breathe, clinching your thighs together before finally, letting your legs fall open upon her urging.

“I’ll be through with them when you tell me no, and truly mean it,” she whispers against your neck and abruptly pulls her hand from the water just before reaching the point of your desire. You bulk forward at the loss of touch, watching as she stands.

“I didn’t mean it,” you whisper, your eyes suddenly clouded by tears. “The things I called you. I didn’t mean it.”

She gently caresses your cheek, stroking your jawline. “I know, pet.”

She stands and leaves you to the silence of the bath.

You dress quickly, shoveling the scrambled bits of egg and toast into your mouth, already cold thanks to your lengthy stay in the washroom. You exit the room and sprint down the hall, to meet the rather odd assortment of your company, who stand waiting for you. Two avengers, brawny and tall, and a dark, mysterious stranger. Who is hardly a stranger anymore.

“I asked around the lobby this morning and apparently there’s a small town by the coastline,” Steve says as you approach. “Known for still worshiping the old Norse Gods. We should search there first.”

“You’ve come at a great time,” the innkeeper announces from behind you as she polishes the countertop, clearly ease-dropping. “Just in time for Ostara.”

“Ostara?”

“The Goddess of Spring,” Loki clarifies with a narrowed gaze. “I suppose the mortals still pay tribute to her during the Equinox.”
“Father will be there,” Thor says with bold conviction. “He’ll be there.”

The town is an hour’s ride by train. It’s your best option, with the plane having returned to New York on some urgent matter. You sneak away into a bookshop as you wait for the train’s arrival. The store thankfully caters to the tourists who frequent the area, cataloging tomes in English, Spanish and German. You stroll down the narrow aisles of books, occasionally grabbing ones to examine further. There are romance novels and classic fantasies. But you aren’t here for entertainment. You are here for research.

In the back of the store, is a small section dedicated to the mythologies of this land. You find a small, portable manuscript, tucked in tight against the corner of the shelf. You open it and immediately see his name decorating the page in ornate ink letterings. You slam the book shut and pay the store clerk for it. When you emerge outside, you see the train slowly pulling into the station.

Inside, you find that S.H.I.E.L.D. has paid handsomely to accommodate you with a plush passenger cabin. Fit for the four of you. Along with sleeping quarters if necessary.

Thor settles in beside the window, staring out at the rolling landscape, of the stalks of wheat swaying in the breeze as you begin to move, the engine jolting back to life with a rough hurtle forward.

“I can see why Father would want to be here,” Thor says with a sigh. “Jane would have...”

He clears his throat and silences himself with a gulp of his drink.

Loki smirks, a solitary eyebrow arched in your direction, daring you to pry. But you roll your eyes and bury your face back into the book. His eyes dance over the cover.

“Norse mythology,” he reads with a smile. “Are you wanting to find out our weaknesses?”

“It could be useful...” you remark, gleaming up at him from over the edge of the manuscript.

“Well, have you found anything interesting yet?” Loki asks, crossing his legs as he leans back into the cushioned seat. He raises a cup of tea to his lips, sipping slowly as he eyes you over the rim.

“Only that you fucked a horse.”

You are sprayed lightly by the warm liquid from his mouth, as he spits out the tea, back into the mug.

“I beg your pardon?” He snaps, wiping his lips. “I fucked a what?”

You plop the book open into his lap with a roar of laughter. A sound as unforgiving and as dark as your glaring companion. He stares down at the crude caricature of himself, a joker in green, dancing around a snake. Thor peers over his shoulder and joins you in your merriment. Steve is the only one who seems unamused, his gaze held out the window.

“You mewling mortals think you are so clever,” Loki growls before tossing the book back toward you and sulking off out of the cabin.

“Ah come on, brother!” Thor calls after him. “I’m sure they’ve depicted me just the same.”

“I better go apologize,” you say as you hand the book to Thor who begins to flip through the pages enthusiastically. “Steve, can I get you anything?”

He barely turns to look at you before he says, “I’m fine.”

You linger in the doorway, watching him. And with startling realization, you feel that pulse of
longing for him slowly slipping away, fading into oblivion. And instead, that same desire was driving you away from cabin.

Toward Loki.

After searching the expanse of the train, you find him lounging in one of the common areas, but he isn’t alone.

“There was a wormhole in space and time beneath me. At that moment, I let go.”

The two identical blondes, hanging over his outstretched arms, giggle in reaction, pushing their bodies into him. Their breasts press in against the sides of his chest. And he smiles as his fingers find new spots to make them squirm. His face inches closer, preparing to buying deep into their ample bosoms.

“Thought I’d find you sulking under an illusionary storm cloud,” you mutter as you approach. “But looks like you doing just fine.”

His smile is swept away the minute he sees you. A forgotten bliss dropped to the floor. He stands and corners you in the doorway, his hand held onto the wooden frame beside you. The two women look on, baffled behind him.

“I found myself... distracted,” he whispers harshly.

“I can see that,” you growl, your eyes darting toward the women over his shoulder.

His grin returns in full sincerity then, his pearly fangs gleam at you beyond the curve of his lips.

“Jealousy is not a good look on you, pet.”

“Please...” you scoff, turning to leave.

He grabs you by the arm. “Just say the words, and I’m yours.”

You glare and shake out of his hold.

“Loki,” one of the women sings behind you in a shrill voice that makes you wince backward. You could swear you see even Loki twitch in reaction. “Why don’t you come back to our cabin? I’m sure the three of us can have a lot of fun together.”

Her hand snakes around her companion’s waist, smoothing down over the curve of her thigh, half-exposed. It’s enough to tempt Loki forward. His feet move on their own, inching back toward the women, lounging on the couch, beckoning him toward their sinful promises.

“You’re disgusting,” you mutter under your breath before leaving the room.

You are halfway down the hall, muttering curses and pulsing your fists open and closed when a force pulls you into a cramped washroom. You struggle against their grasp when lips collide into yours, urging your mouth open. You know that taste, that sweet bitterness of his tongue. You sigh into his embrace, coursing your fingers through his hair as he hikes you up onto the sink. Your legs wrap around his waist.

“Jealous creature,” Loki hums, licking your bottom lip. “You want me all to yourself, don’t you?”

“Maybe I do,” you murmur, sliding your lips off of his, leaving a trail of kisses down his jawline and
toward his neck. You leave your mark there, sucking hard enough to bruise. He reacts, gripping onto your hips and thrusting his pelvis into you, relinquishing control over to you with a husky moan.

“You can’t have it both ways,” he whispers, stroking your hair as you continue down his neck, finding where he is sensitive, where your touch makes him surrender.

“What do you mean?” You murmur against his flesh as you force his shirt open, tearing buttons away from the delicate threads holding them into place. You pull the fabric aside, enough to kiss down his chest.

His fingers scoop under your chin, lifting your gaze and removing your lips from his flesh.

“You can’t have us both, pet,” he says softly. His eyes flicker as he holds your gaze. You grip onto his shoulders to steady yourself. He kisses you softly, letting his touch linger over your lips. “Your want for him is misguided.”

“Misguided?” You shutter, pulling away.

He looks down at your parted mouth. “That man didn’t save you from the plane crash.”

You blink and you could swear the room blurs around you. His words are swept away like the movement of the train, chugging past the rural mystique beyond your window.

“I did.”

Chapter End Notes

I always start these stories with the notion that they will just be some carefree, plot-less smut... but I can’t can’t help myself. I always have to add some plot lines. So get ready, it’s about to get really dramatic up in here.
Hello friends! I hope you all are doing great :) Didn’t manage to write too much during my hiatus so updates may come sporadically (sorry about that!). Still, I hope you continue to enjoy!

“What do you mean... you saved me?”

“I was the one who pulled you from the wreckage, not that has-been solider...”

“How is that possible?”

You gape at him, shoving your hands against his chest to push him away slightly, in order to meet his eye. Your fingers remain, gripped onto his shoulder to steady the quack of your arms. You struggle to hold his gaze, his eyes darting down to his feet.


“You saw him after you regained consciousness. But not before. Not while you were still swept under the current.”

His voice makes your heart stop, frozen inside your chest. There is so much pain in his wavering words. So much inner conflict that he had been concealing up until now. And he is right. You hadn’t seen Steve pull you out of the plane; that man was a mystery. But you’d assumed they’d been the same. You assumed and never bothered to ask... because you knew if you did, you would know if he were lying.

You needed to believe it had been him all along.

“You knew,” you stutter. “You knew this whole time and you never told me?”

He shakes his head before his forehead falls against your shoulder, settling there. He breathes in deeply, as if he meant to savor your scent. As if this may be the last time he could hold you like this.

“I never saw your face that night,” he whispers against your neck. “Nothing was clear in that murky darkness and there was so much debris. So much blood...I just grabbed onto the first person I could. I hardly even looked at you. You were just some mortal girl. I didn’t realize it was you that I saved until you told me your story last night...”

“Why were you there?” You ask, your hands trembling against his shoulders. “How could you have been there right when the plane crashed?”

He is shaking too, his whole body is trembling against you. He grips onto you then, holding onto you so tightly, that you fear you both might break under the weight of him, under the force of his strength. But you remain, both caught in the netting of fear.

“Don’t make me say it...” he whispers against your neck.
And your heart breaks, enough to allow yourself to grip onto him, to hold him closer. You reach up and stroke his hair tenderly.

“Just tell me the truth,” you urge as a whisper against his scalp.

“You’ll hate me for it.”

“I can’t hate you, Loki,” you admit. “I don’t think I ever could.”

You feel him sigh against you, his soft lips resting against your neck as he plants a small kiss there. A kiss goodbye.

“You will...”

He lifts his head from your shoulder and holds you out at arms length. His eyes seem lost in some other realm, not truly seeing you, but looking through you.

“I did it. I was the reason your plane crashed.” His nails dig into your arms, leaving indents in their wake. “I killed your family.”

You stare at him in disbelief. But you can’t deny the coursing surge of your ability, telling you he speaks the truth. Your hands fall from his shoulders.

“You... killed my family?” you stutter as you begin to shake with a numbing horror that turns your vision red with rage. “Why?” You repeat it over and over again as you beat your fists against his chest. And he lets you, gladly taking the beating.

“Why!” You scream one final time before your hands fall off his chest, dangling in front of your body. Useless.

“I was escaping from your heroic crusaders with the Tesseract,” he starts, his voice low, his gaze locked onto your hands. “I was aiming for their vessel when I threw my attack. I never even saw the passenger plane nearby.” He reaches for you but you shake away from his touch, as if it were as seething as fire.

But he is cold. He is the icy waters that should have killed you that night.

“When I came to Midgard back then, I was a different person,” he says. “No one understood what I went through... what brought me to that breaking point. No one cared to know. I was just the villain. The monster. But there was still a part of me that didn’t want to kill, that didn’t want to hurt those people.” His voice begins to waver, shaking as his hands settle onto your knees. “I thought if I could just save one person... just one, maybe I was worth redeeming.”

You look up at him, your eyes rimmed with tears. “You thought my one life was worth more then all those innocent people... all those people you killed that night?”

“If I could turn back time, I’d still save you,” he says, and it’s the truth. The harsh, painful truth. “I’d still choose you over all of them. I’d let them all drown just to watch you live.”

You strike him, hard, with all the force of your emotion boiling up onto the surface. Your eyes dazzle with tears before they fall, marking a path down your crimson cheeks. He lifts his hand to his cheek, gently touching his fingertips to the point of impact.

There is a knock on the door.
“Hello, is everything okay in there?” A train attendant asks from the other side.

You slide off of the sink and stumble toward the door. Your legs barely managing to support you. You lean against the door for balance.

Loki reaches for you.

“Don’t,” You growl. “After this trip is done, I never want to see you again.”

You open the door and avoid the wide-eyed gaze of the train attendant as you push past him, heading back to your cabin. You wipe away your tears in a haste, with quivering fingertips. You stop, midway down the hall and fall in against the wall, tilting your head back against it. You try to piece together everything you can remember from that night. But it is all a blur, blocked from your mind to save yourself the trauma. You slide down the wall and hold your head in your hands, pulling at your hair. His touch was cold, you remember. But you had blamed the icy current. He held you close to him, pulling you out of the wreckage. He hurled you onto the shore. He breathed back life into you. He glowed with power, a hand held over your chest to will the water from your lungs. Perhaps he had left a bit of that power behind in his wake...

He had saved you and yet...

*I killed your family.*

You whimper, covering your mouth with your hands as you weep. Weep for the loss of your family. For the loss of him.

Someone says your name in a soft whisper. You gaze up through a curtain of tears and see Steve standing above you. He kneels down before you, cradling your head in his hands. You lean into his warmth, desperate to feel whole again.

“What’s wrong?” He asks, his eyes wide with fear. “Did something happen? Did he hurt you?”

You blink up at him, unable to speak.

“Did Loki hurt you?” He clarifies, his voice harsh, unrelenting.

You shake your head but he isn’t convinced. He scoops you up into his arms and carries you away, down the hall. You nuzzle into his chest, wrinkling the fabric of his shirt beneath your clutches.

He lets you sob until you have run out of tears, until your eyes feel dry and void.

“Do you remember how we met?” You ask, your voice a muffled whisper against the fabric clenched inside your fists.

He carries you into a sleeping cabin, and settles you on top of the narrow bed. His silence is your answer. He doesn’t remember.

“I was in that plane that Loki took down six years ago, when he attacked New York,” you tell him, scooting your rear back against the bed. You reach forward and pull him with you by the collar of his shirt. Until he too is on the bed, kneeling in front of you.

“You saved me,” you lie. But you need to believe this twisted reality. You need to believe Steve had been your savior that day. It just made sense. It was the only thing that made sense.

He leans over you. “I saved you,” he repeats before he pulls you into a kiss. And even from his own
Lips, it is a lie. It’s all a lie.

Lie. Lie. Lie.

But you lose yourself in his kiss. And this one, unlike his first which was chaste and hesitant, is full of a fervent desire, laced with desperate longing. He kicks the door closed behind him and growls into your mouth as his tongue slides inside.

Make me forget. Make me forget I ever wanted him.

You pull his shirt forcefully up over his head, until you can feel the heat of his chest pressed against you. He kisses down your neck until he meets the obstacle of your blouse. He reaches forward, grabbing both sides of the garment between his hands and ripping them apart, until the buttons fly off and cascade onto the floor. He yanks down the scoops of your bra, letting your breasts bounce out into the open. He sighs, examining your bare chest in front of him before he takes a breast into his mouth. He sucks hard on your nipple until you moan his name and arch your back into him. He responds, his hands clasping onto either side of your thighs, spreading you wide beneath him.

“Are you sure you want to do this?” He asks in a husky whisper against your breast. His eyes dark with forbidden lust.

You pull him back up into a kiss before moaning against his lips, “Fuck me, Steve.”

Fuck the pain away. Until he becomes nothing more than a faded memory. A mistake.

You fumble with the buttons of his pants but he quickly helps you, sliding out of the trousers while you slip out of your jeans, pulled down by the force of his hand. Your eyes hold onto his cock, now freed from its confines. And you immediately think of Loki, how he came inside your mouth. How he filled you so completely. How you still longed to have him again. How you hadn’t felt complete ever since that night with him.

That fateful night.

You shake your head before pulling him in for another kiss, reaching down to stroke him. He falls, heavy against you, groaning as you pull against him. You wrap your legs around his waist and guide his cock toward your awaiting wetness. You brush his tip over your opening, until you both moan with desire. He thrusts forward, until he is just barely pushed inside of you. You gasp as you feel the extent of his girth, your pussy wrapped tight around him. But before you can feel all of him, he pushes against your chest, pulling up and halting any further progression.

He stares down at you, his eyes torn between desperate longing and a sadness you hadn't seen before. A sadness that had always been there, since he found you alone in that hallway.

“This is all a lie, isn’t it?” His voice is low, wrought with heartbreak.

“No, Steve, please...”

“You want him,” he mutters, pulling away. “You’ve always wanted him.”

He settles down on the edge of the bed, leaning in against his knees.

“You only thought you wanted me because you thought I rescued you from that plane crash,” he says into his hands. “But that was a lie. A lie I let you believe.”

You sit up to stare at him, watching as his back moves slightly with each deep intact of air.
“I thought you’d see through it, with that gift of yours,” he continues. “And maybe you did but... you let yourself live in denial. And maybe I let you too.”

He turns to look at you. “I wanted this to work. I really did.” He reaches forward to caress your cheek. “Maybe you could have loved me, truly. But I can’t let you pursue this when your heart belongs to someone else.”

You look at him with a widened gaze.

“Steve, it doesn’t. I want to be with you,” you say, choking on your tears.

He leans forward, kissing the salty droplets from your cheeks as they fall. “You know that’s a lie,” he says softly. “You want to be with him.”

You fall in against his shoulder. “But I can’t,” you whimper. “I can’t, Steve. He killed them. He’s a murderer.”

He pulls you into his embrace, soothing you with the stroke of his hand. “He is a monster,” he agrees in a gentle murmur. You lean back to gaze up at him. “He is a monster for taking you from me. Before you were ever truly mine.”

He kisses you softly one last time before standing to dress.

“Why don’t you rest a little while? Before we arrive at the station,” he offers, gently. “I’ll come back with some fresh clothes for you.”

You clasp onto his hand as he makes to leave. “This isn’t right,” you argue. “It should have been you. I should be with you.”

He lets go of your hand before kissing the top of your head. “Don’t think for one second that I’ve thrown in the towel,” he murmurs. “I won’t give up on us that easily. I won’t hand you over to that man. Not without a fight.”

And he leaves. Leaves you to the deafening silence of the cabin, with only the sounds of the train chugging forward to soothe your aching heart.
When you emerge from the train, you find only Thor standing at the station, leaning against a railing with your book in his hands.

“Where are Steve and Loki?” You ask meekly.

“They ran off ahead,” he says simply, his nose buried into the book. His eyes widen, along with his grin, as he reads a passage. “So, Loki gave birth to a horse and I got a day of the week named after me...“ He chuckles.

“Did they leave... together?” You search the scenery ahead of you for any signs of bloodshed. You couldn’t imagine the two of them alone together without one of them coming out battered and bruised.

If alive at all.

“Yes, divide and conquer, Steve said. You and I are meant to explore the west end of the village while they stick to the east.”

“Brilliant...” you mutter. They’d likely kill each other before you could find a sign of Thor’s father anywhere near this village.


“I’m perfectly fine,” you reply but even your own lie makes you twitch. You shudder, pretending to have gotten a chill from the breeze that whisks by you both. The last remnants of winter. “Where is this Festival of Ostara suppose to be anyway?”

“It will likely be wherever the flowers are blooming in abundance,” he says. “I’d suspect that mountain would be a good spot for a feast.”

You follow the line of his finger, pointed up ahead toward the hillside, a grassy knoll covered in small purple flowers.

“Shall we start there then?”

You hike up the hill and find that Thor’s suspicions are indeed correct. Over the crest of the hill, in the scoop of the valley, are hundreds of villagers, dancing amongst the fields of freshly bloomed flora. They dance around maypoles, crowns of roses and daffodils rung around their heads. And the song of their laughter lifts up into the air, along with soft petals that scatter in the gentle breeze.

Just beyond their merriment is a wooden carving of a beautiful woman, ordained in fresh floral offerings.

“Was Ostara a real person?” You ask as you slowly descend the slop of the hill. “A real Asgardian?”

“She must have been,” Thor replies, taking you by the arm to help you down the steep curve. “But I never met her.”

You stumble forward, almost knocking into him. But once your feet find solid ground, you keep hold of his arm, as not to get lost amongst the crowd. You both push through the thong of people, in the midst of celebration.

Hatred Defined
“Are all Asgardians named deities? Or is it just the nobility? Given that you are the God of Thunder and Ostara is the Goddess of Spring.”

“And fertility,” he corrects. “Her festival is meant to signal rebirth, new life from the darkness of winter. Few Asgardians are born gifted. And we are named Gods.”

“So why is it that Loki was named the God of Mischief?” you mutter. “That hardly seems fair.” As if he had been written off to be the villain at birth. As if he was never even given a chance to be anything other than a walking nightmare.

“He wrote his own destiny,” Thor mutters, letting go of your arm. “Why are you so interested in my brother?”

Your eyes widen. “I’m not...”

“I see how you look at him,” he says in a glare. “He is no good for you. I’d advise you to stay away.”

“Did Tony tell you to say that?” You growl. Even an ocean away, Tony was still trying to act the role of adoptive father. “Tony thinks he knows me so well but none of you know shit about who I really am. None of you have ever bothered to ask, all except for your brother...”

“I’m saying this because I know him. I know Loki. It may seem like he cares about you but it’s all a lie. And I don’t want to see you go down the same path he has chosen.”

You open your mouth to speak but you realize his gaze is held behind you. He is locked onto a circle of villagers, gathered over pitchers of ale. A man sits at the center of the table, laughing lightly as he converses with the local bourgeois. You note that he has only one eye, the other hidden behind a patch of leather.

“Is that...” you start to say, but you know the answer as soon as Thor bolts ahead of you, toward his father.

“Thor, wait!”

You make to follow after him but something pulls on your arm. You peer down to find a small child clutching onto your hand. He yanks down until you are forced onto your knees beside him. He leans over you and places a crown of daisies atop your head with a kiss to your cheek.

“For the Goddess,” he says with a bright smile.

It must be some sort of greeting for the festival, you decide. So you repeat, “For the Goddess.”

He looks at you in confusion before a shadow is cast over you both. You shift your gaze upward until you meet the eyes of an old woman, standing behind the boy. Her eyes are barely visible behind thick folds of wrinkled skin.

“He thinks you’re Ostara,” she says softly as the child runs away in embarrassment, lost amongst the crowd of villagers.

You shift the crown, settling it into place upon your skull. A petal falls loose in your hand.

“You aren’t from here, are you?”

“I am visiting from the States with some friends,” you admit, turning in an attempt to find Thor. But
you’ve lost sight of him already. “I should get back...”

“That’s not what I meant,” she says with a glare. “You aren’t from here.”

You edge away from her. “I don’t know what you are implying...”

She steps closer, reaching out to touch you. To perhaps wrap her fragile hands around your neck...

“There you are, babydoll. I’ve been looking for you everywhere.”

You are spun around, into the arms of Steve. He pulls you into his embrace, whispering into your ear, “Where’s Thor?”

You shrug, your gaze darting toward where you’d left him, toward the now empty table.

“Happy Ostara,” Steve says in farewell as he pulls you away from the woman and her potential harm. While just vaguely threatening.

“Go home!” She calls after you. “Go back to where you came from!”

“That woman...” you stutter, turning to look at her. “She said... she thought...”

You peer around Steve, realizing suddenly that he has come alone. Panic seizes you and you shake out of his hold.

“Where’s Loki?”

Steve regards you with a soft gaze, and you worry that the sadness you see brimming in his eyes is his answer.

“What did you do to him?”

He reaches up to caress the petals circling your head with a smile. “Nothing,” he assures. “We parted ways only a moment before I found you. When he said he knew where his father was.”

You let out a sigh of relief, reaching forward to squeeze his hand.

“I was worried you both might kill each other...”

He raises an eyebrow in question but you shake your head, refusing to think on it any longer.

“Do you call all your girlfriends babydoll?” You ask, blushing.

“Girlfriend...?” He stutters with wide eyes.

Again, you shake your head, darting a small smile in his direction. “You know what I mean...”

“I’ve never called anyone that. Only you.” He runs his hand over your jawline until his fingers meet your chin. He tilts your head upward so that you are caught in the cool pools of his eyes, the swirls of blue and white.


You blink, several times, as you attempt to break away from his gaze. “I suppose we should find them...”

“Leave them to their family matter,” he replies. “Lets get away from here for a little while.”
“Steve Rogers, I’ve never known you to abandon work... are you that eager to go sightseeing?” You smile.

“If that’s how you want to spend our time together...” he mutters before his arm wraps around your waist. He leans in to whisper against your ear. “Though, I can think of a lot other things I’d prefer to do now that we are alone.”

He pulls you up the slope of the hill, toward the coastline. The sunlight shimmers off the distant crests of waves littering the shore. You breathe in the salty air and find your mind warped by confusion. Throbbing with the persistent urge that something isn’t right. Steve had been so eager to go sightseeing with you once your mission was completed, but now...

The hand on your waist brushes over the bare skin peeking out from beneath your blouse. His touch is frigid. Your eyes widen but you swiftly narrow your focus onto your breathing. In and out. And your heart settles.

Of course he’d do this again. It was only a matter of time. And it is so suiting now. Now that you had cast him away, seeking refuge in the arms of the first Avenger.

But you couldn’t let him know you were on to him. Not yet. Not when you are still vibrating with rage.

*I killed your family.*

He needs to suffer first. But where was the real Steve? If Loki hurt him, you’d never forgive him.

“Did you talk to Loki at all?” You ask.

“Not really...Why?”

You nuzzle in closer to him, reaching up to rest your hand against his chest. Beneath your palm, you can feel his heart racing.

“He must be seething with jealousy,” you murmur, smiling mischievously.

“Why do you say that?”

“Because he wants me. But I’m yours, aren’t I?”

You feel him stiffen beside you, his grip on your hip tightening to a painful extent. But you don’t even wince. You need his pain. You need to know you are affecting him the way you desire.

“I’m sure he isn’t very happy with the turn of events,” he replies bluntly.

You flutter away from his grasp, skipping ahead through the grassy field. You spin around to face him with a bright smile, stretched from ear to ear.

“How about we stop here?” You offer. “It’s always been a fantasy of mine to be taken advantage of in the middle of field of flowers. It’s romantic, don’t you think?”

He hesitates in front of you, taking long methodical breaths. You know you’ve struck a nerve.

*Remember? Do you remember the vision you gave me on the plane?*

You smirk at him and slowly begin to remove your blouse. Button by button.
“Are you just going to stand there?” You smirk. “Or are you going to help me out of my clothes?”

And yet, he remains frozen, his hands held into tight fists. He stands there, watching you carefully as each article of clothing slides off your body. Until finally your panties settle in against the soil and you are completely naked before him.

“You know... Ostara is the Goddess of fertility, as well as spring,” you hum as you slowly near him, each step a planned execution. “I suppose this could be considered a form of worship towards the Goddess. Making love on her feast day. Amongst her gifts.”

The real Steve would have balked at the mere notion of it, of worshipping a false God, especially in such a lustrous manner. He would have considered it blasphemy. But this imposture eases into your touch as you pull him down with you, to lie amidst the blades of grass.

You kiss him, sighing into his mouth. He still tastes the same, despite the mask. Still that sinful bitterness that you hate to crave. At first, he hesitates, but the more you urge him on, the more your tongue roams his mouth, the quicker he succumbs to your advances. You hold him down, your legs locked around his waist as you reach down to release his cock from its cage. He is already hard, throbbing into your hand.

But you stop. Realizing this would be the first time he would take you since that night in your apartment. And you know, with regrettable honesty, that you don’t want to do this while he is wearing Steve’s mask.

You want it to be him, truly him. As much as you are still hurting, as much as your heart aches, broken into fragments by his confession, you still want him.

You hate that you want him so badly. Your mind, your body. Both betraying your own intentions.

You hate him.

He senses your hesitation and growls, before flipping you around, so that you are on top of him. He positions his cock just below your entrance and thrusts upward until he kisses you there, with the tip of his sex. You shutter and collapse on top of him, your breasts pressed against the rough fabric of his shirt. You lift your hips, to avoid completion.

“What? Don’t you want me more than him?” He mocks, rubbing circles over your ass. Before his hand smacks down against you in a harsh spank. You scream out for more.

“Didn’t you choose me over him?”

“No, I didn’t. I didn’t chose him... Lo...” you gasp as he fills you completely, pulling you down by your hips to meet him. You clasp onto his shoulders, quivering against him as a wave of tears threaten to release themselves upon his chest. It feels too good. How could you have forgotten how good it feels to have him inside of you?

“Loki...” you weep finally, kissing the crook of his neck. And he stops, frozen beneath you. You capture the imposture’s face between the palms of your hands.

“You know I can always see through your illusions,” you tell him. “You know how easily I saw through it that first time.”

“So you knew and yet you continued to torment me?” He growls with a hard thrust that makes you scream out for him. Your nails dig into his flesh. “Why give me the satisfaction of fucking me? Are you that sick that you prefer it this way, with his face and my violent lust beneath it?”
You suck his neck until he groans and yanks you back by your hair.

“Why must you always insist on being someone else?” You murmur.

His gaze bounces back and forth between each of your eyes, leaking with overdue sentiment. He thrusts back into you. “I think you know more than anyone why I’ll never accept who I am. I’m too far gone.”

He reaches up to knead painfully at your breasts, pinching down hard on your nipples until you cry out for him, your head thrown back. “I watched your family drown,” he reminds you with a darkened gaze. “I let them die.”

“No, don’t say that...”

“I killed them. I watched the life drain from their eyes and you know what? I enjoyed it. I laughed over their bloated corpses. And I left you alone in this world. You have no one.”

But hadn’t you always been alone? Hadn’t you been a solitary creature, even back then? You can’t remember a life before that plane crash. You can only remember this, the feeling of him inside of you.

And you can feel the lie buried beneath his voice.

He thrusts harder and you moan, arching back as you gladly take in the rest of his cock, savoring every inch of him. He grips onto your hips, guiding you up and down over his length. And for the first time since you were gifted with the virtue of truth, you hear him. You hear the truth laced inside his own words. An unspoken confession. You hear his pain, festering over years of neglect. You hear his loneliness.

You hear him.

_I am alone. I am nothing. I deserve nothing. Hate me. Kill me._

“Then let us be alone together” you answer, leaning closer to him, your lips hovering over his. “I want you, Loki. I hate you and I want you. It’s all the same, isn’t it? Hate and desire...”

Your lips meet his and you kiss him deeply, until his salvia is caught on your tongue, your core throbbing, desperate for release.

“That’s what I am,” he growls. “I am hatred and pain. I will kill you if you insist on being with me.”

“If death awaits me, so be it. It’s inevitable, after all. I’d rather die young doing what I desire than live to be old and gray having achieved nothing but loneliness and unfulfilled promises.”

_Let this be my ruin. Let this kill me if it must. Not those cold waves, pulling me under, but his icy embrace._

“You really want this, sweet girl?” he murmurs in reply. “You want me to ruin you? To damn you? There won’t be any going back from here...”

You grind into him harder, faster. “Isn’t this what you’ve wanted from me all along? Didn’t you want to bring me into the darkness with you?” You ask. “Is that why you saved me? Did you see in me your equal... someone who could easily be turned to sin?”

He bites into your throat, mimicking the mark left on his own neck, now hidden under his illusion.
You gasp and writhe into him as he bruises your skin.

“I saw in you my redemption,” he moans into your flesh.

You caress his cheeks, a jawline belonging to Steve. You long to look into the true hue of his eyes. To see the real him.

“I want to see you. I need to see you. Please...”

He hushes you with a kiss, full of violence, full of rage. He bites and pulls on your bottom lip, drawing blood from your mouth until the metallic taste mingles in around your tongues. You moan into him, rocking back and forth until you feel him throb and groan, releasing himself deep inside of you. You plummet into your own climax immediately after, falling forward into his embrace.

And when you open your eyes to slowly slide off of him, your pussy is sleek and dripping with his cum. And you blink, seeing finally the God of Mischief returned below, his illusion gone, like the ocean mist behind you.

He pulls you down to lay flat against him, his palms pressed firmly into your back. He is shaking, his heart an endless drumming beneath you.

“Is this what we are reduced to now?” He growls against your neck. “To hate sex?”

He strokes your hair adding, “Why must you do this to me?”

“Do what?” You ask softly.

“Make me love you, you pathetic mortal.”

“You love me?” You blink at him, pulling away abruptly. Because it’s not a lie. He loves you. In his own twisted version of love.

You fumble off of his chest, to dress yourself. You glance at him as he adjusts himself, until you are both dressed enough to hide your shame.

“I think I loved you from that moment I pulled you out of the water,” he continues, resting his head against his bent arms, turning to look at you. “And yet here we are, with nothing but hatred between us.”

“My feelings for you are not defined by hate alone,” You mutter, standing to leave. “But there could never have been any other path for us to follow. You are the Liar God and I am...”

“Veritas.”

You turn to see the man Thor had chased down earlier, standing beside his son. He slowly walks forward, supported by a cane.

“Can that really be you, Veritas?”
I think a few of you may have predicted the story would go in this direction ;) I can’t NOT add plot, its a problem ha ha

“What... what did you call me?”

You step backward, away from the gathering of Asgardians before you. Something sparks to life within you, clawing against you for release, tearing at your ribs. You clutch at your chest as the pain stabs through you like daggers upon its inner assault.

“My father isn’t well,” Thor says softly. “He isn’t in the right state of mind.”

But the man, his father Odin, pushes out of Thor’s grasp and starts toward you. His singular eye is held upon you in a wide stare. An accusatory glare.

“You left us,” he says in a harsh whisper. “You coward... You watched our people die and you ran!”

“Father, she isn’t who you think she is,” Thor says sternly.

“Who do you think I am?” You ask. “Who is Veritas?”

You hadn’t seen that name in your manuscript. Not even a mention of it. But it rings inside of your head like a forgotten lullaby.

“You’re a coward,” he says again, getting nearer. “We were slaughtered and you did nothing!”

“He is speaking nonsense. He is old and delusional,” Loki says as he comes to stand in front of you, blocking you from view.

“Coward!” Odin screams again, before Thor shoves his father behind him.

“What did you do to him?” He growls, grabbing hold of the front of Loki’s shirt, yanking him up onto the heels of his feet. “Lift your magic!”

“This isn’t my doing!”

Veritas... the name feels familiar... did you forget? Did you forget something?

You close your eyes, breathing in through your nostrils. As you inhale, you smell blood, fire and death. All melding into one putrid scent. But unlike every other nightmare you’ve ever had, where you felt death surround you, you aren’t been underwater. You are somewhere else. Somewhere you’ve been before. A land of gold and glass. A land beyond this world.

You blink and the vision is gone, but the scent is still carried against the wind. Pulling you forward.

Before you realize it, you are running back down that hill, away from the two men, throwing fists and magic behind you. You swear you hear him calling your name. Loki. Calling you back, calling you away from the truth that drives you forward. That pulse that calls your name against the wind.
You are chasing after a dream, chasing after a memory.

You run past lingering villagers, savoring the last moments of the day before Ostara is but a distance memory. That scent pulls you forward, past her statue, now overflowing with offerings of flora, milk and honey. They would have a bountiful spring, you think. It leads you until you find yourself standing in front of an old woman. The woman who seemed to know more about you than you’d like to admit.

She is sitting in a wooden rocking chair, carefully weaving flowers into another crown. One of lilies. The flower of death.

“You said I wasn’t from here,” you say, gasping for air. You lean over against your knees to catch your breath. “What did you mean?”

She barely looks up from her work, her hands moving in a smooth, trained rhythm.

“You’ll find the truth within yourself,” she says simply. “It’s always been there.”

“What truth? What do you mean?”

“The truth hidden amongst liars. A liar hidden amongst the truth.”

“You aren’t making any sense!” You bark.

Her head lifts and her golden eyes burrow into you, pulling you toward absolute destruction. Toward the humming power of truth, the sound you know so well.

“You’ve been mortal for so long,” she says simply. “You even sound like one.”

“I am mortal,” you growl.

“You weren’t always... What do you remember?” She asks. And as you stare at her, you could swear those wrinkles smooth out over her face, becoming younger, more vibrant. Her hair cascades in amber waves over her shoulders, now held below a long elegant neck. “What do you remember before the plane crash?”

*How could she know that...*

“You can’t remember anything, can you?”

And to your horror, you realize you can’t. Everything is darkness. Only the smell of blood remains. But your family... what did they look like, you wonder. What were their names? Did you have brothers and sisters? Or just a mother and father? How could you have forgotten?

“Who am I?” You ask her softly, stepping back to take in the extent of her new appearance. She is a young, beautiful woman, whose image rivals the wooden statue behind her. The image of Ostara.

“You are as I am,” she says softly, lifting your chin up with the tips of her fingers. “As they are.” She tilts her head back up the cliff from whence you came.

“An... Asgardian?” You gasp. “That can’t be possible. You’re lying.”

“You know I speak the truth,” she says with a small, tilted smile. “You are the truth, Veritas.”

“Stop calling me that!” You shout. “That’s not my name!”
“Maybe it isn’t now. But it was.” She stalks around you, studying you carefully. As if you were some strange piece of avant grade art. Her eyes drift over every curve of your mortal flesh until you squirm under her gaze.

“Strange... that the Goddess of Truth could lie so effectively for this long,” she mutters. “Though I suppose you wanted more than anything to forget it all, didn’t you? The truth was too painful, even for you... The falseness of your being must be tearing you apart from the inside.”

She leans in to sniff your neck and you balk, shifting away from her in horror.

“You even smell of death,” she says sadly. “You won’t have much more time left if you don’t remember soon.”

She reaches forward and plucks a flower from your crown and you watch as it withers in her outstretched palm, fading into dust that scatters into the wind.

“How am I suppose to remember something I wanted to forget?” You mumble.

“Ask your lover,” she replies. “His magic can unlock your memories.”

“My lover... do you mean Loki?”

She smiles brightly, a tiger’s grin. “Intriguing that you’d fall for the God of Lies, you of all people...”

“What’s that suppose to...”

You turn at the sound of a scream roaring up over the hillside. Your eyes go wide in panic. In that scream is a force of anguish that plummets right through you. Sorrow, horror, rage. And a pain weaved into madness.

You race back up the hill, to find Thor and Loki alone, in full Asgardian attire, without their father. Thor is sizzling with a fury that is charged and ready to strike toward his brother. The spark of lightning spirals over every limb, illuminating his eyes in an unearthly glow. His arm is outstretched and aimed toward Loki. You run and throw yourself between them until his power hits it’s unwanted target, coursing through your veins and sending you spiraling into darkness. Toward death, you decide.

A scream echoes into that void and you think for a moment it must have come from your own lungs. But it’s darker, deeper, full of a burning rage that wraps around your broken shell of a body in a frightening chill. It wills you to live, wills you to fight. So instead of preparing to embrace the kiss of death, you focus on moving, allowing your eyes to flutter softly open.

As your vision slowly comes into a sort of clarity, you see that there are many faces around you, and beneath you is the familiar rumble of flight.

No, please. I can’t be on a plane again. Please. Please.

Just breathe, you remember. In and out. Your heart immediately settles.

“Stay with us,” someone says near you in an attempt at calm, but their voice is wrought with concern. “Please, just stay with us.”

“Move!” Someone else shouts. “Get out of the way and let me see her!”

“You’ll only make it worse,” the other person growls. “Just stay back.”
“And I suppose you have the gift of magic too now? Can you heal her? Can you take her pain into yourself? No, you can’t. You can’t do anything for her, you low-life, good for nothing, pile of...”

Your vision turns to darkness and you lose track of time. But the moment you regain consciousness, you hear someone groaning in agony. As if it is a great effort just to breathe.

*Just breathe*, you think, willing your thoughts to carry to them. *In and out.*

And finally, you hear them comply. The air pulls into their lungs deeply and cascades over you as they exhale.

“If you want to kill me, do it,” they say between breaths. “But let me talk her just once more. Let me be here when she awakens.”

“You have yourself a deal.”

You blink, or you think you do, but everything seems to blur even further. And you feel the machine beneath you shake and thunder as if it were colliding back into the earth in landing.

They move you, you realize in half a daze. The light behind your eyelids keeps changing, casting auras of blues and reds across your retinas. Until the lighting settles finally and you stir, willing your body back to consciousness.

“Look, she’s waking up,” someone says above you. Their voice is full of relief.

You blink several times but the world is but a smear of paint brushed over your eyes.

Everything around you is white, sterile, save for the blobs that could only be people hovering over you. Always so many people around you. Why were there so many people?

“Thank God...you actually managed to be good for something, Reindeer Games,” someone grumbles.

“Can she hear us?” Someone else asks. “Can you hear us?”

You try to move but everything feels like a burden, like your limbs are made of iron.

“Give her some space! Filthy mongrels...”

*In and out. Breathe.* It’s his voice that soothes you into waking, his cool hand that had willed you back to life.

“So you knew this whole time,” the same man growls. “You knew and you just let her believe she was a mortal regardless?”

“I was protecting her...”

“From what?”

“From your kind!”

You turn your head toward the aggressor, not your healer, reaching out, or attempting to, but your limbs still hardly move under your urging. You remember that voice greeting you when you were brought into S.H.I.E.L.D. for the first time. After the accident. But where had you been before that?

“You are safe now,” he said to you. “We know what you are... who you are, but you are under our
protection now. You won’t ever have to go back there.”

“Back where?”

“Don’t you remember who you are?”

“Who am I?”

They told you then, that you were in a plane crash, that your family perished. But you couldn’t remember anything about them. So they told you. They told you everything.

And everything had been a lie. Lies that you let yourself believe until it rotted your insides.

Locked in the torn remnants of your memory, you can smell the burning embers of fresh fires. The screams of civilians. The cries of battle. Was this a prophetic vision or part of a forgotten past? One thing is certain, you aren’t on Earth anymore, but in a palace, pressing your back against a stone pillar. You are covered in armor with a stained sword held in your trembling hands. A sword stained in blood.

You run until your feet are numb beneath you. Until you escape from that world through a dazzling, blinding tunnel, that plummets you toward an unknown life. And you are marked as a traitor. But who did I betray?

How long have I been asleep?

Your power pulls you back to the present, urging you awake. The allure of truth yanks you back toward coherence. You groan and shift as the room comes into full clarity, at long last.

You are surrounded. Surrounded by those who would have you believe those lies.

Tony says your name softly, reaching out to push your hair away from your face.

“Don’t touch me!” You snap, smacking his hand away. His eyes widen but he pulls away as requested.

“I’m... I’m happy you’re alright,” he mutters.

Your eyes dart around you until they settle on Loki, sitting at the other side of the bed. His gaze is held to you. The whites of his eyes are decorated with vibrant red veins.

“Where is your father?” You ask softly. “Where is Odin?”

Loki’s eyes stay narrowed toward you as he answers, leaning forward against the bed.

“He’s dead.”

You hold his gaze, reaching for him until your fingers interlock with his. “I’m sorry,” you murmur. “I’m so sorry.” But he doesn’t seem to hear you, your words barely reaching his ears. He is focused on your touch, on your fingers slowly rubbing circles into his palm.

Don’t let go, he seems to say. Don’t ever let me go.

“You’re sorry?” Thor booms, jolting from his position to your left. “It’s because of you that he is dead! This was your doing!”

“Thor, I...”
“It was because of you that he went spiraling into his delirium. He went mad when he saw you. Mad before he announced he was done. That he had reached the end.”

“It wasn’t her fault,” Loki growls, slowly standing. “Don’t start this again, brother…”

“You know damn well that it was the memory of her betrayal that served as the final blow!”

*Betrayal... I betrayed Odin. I betrayed my King.*

“Okay, I want all Asgardians promptly removed from this room,” Tony orders, having retreated in amongst the shadows at the corner of the room. “All but her.”

*All but her...*

“I don’t plan on leaving,” Loki snarls, your hand still held in his clutches. “You promised I could speak with her. And I don’t plan on doing that in the company of you imbeciles...”

“You will leave,” Tony repeats. “Now.”


“You want to... excuse me? The fuck’s gotten into you? Did you hit her that hard with your thunderbolt, Point Break?”

“Out!” You scream and slowly, they all follow your command, including Steve who you hadn’t even noticed was leaning against the doorframe. Your focus had been so narrow set on Loki. As if he controlled your world. But Steve deserves better than half of your attention. You watch as his eyes lift to you briefly before he too follows out the door, closing it behind him. And your heart shatters.

You have to speak with him but first, first you need...

Loki leans into you and immediately captures your mouth with his. He holds the back of your head until you relinquish beneath him. Until your lips part for him and his tongue slides slowly into your mouth. His caress is so gentle you fear you may melt into his touch.

“Loki...” you sigh.

“I thought you were dead, you stupid girl,” he whispers, his voice wrought with hidden anguish. “Why did you have to get between us? Why did you take the blow? A mortal would never have survived that.”

“But I’m not mortal,” you answer, feeling the truth surge through you with renewed purpose. “You know that now, don’t you?”

“I think somehow I always knew.”
“How could you know?” You murmur as he crawls over you on the bed. “Don’t test me, Liar God. I’m a Goddess awakening and I won’t be bested.”

The minute the words leave your lips you have to acknowledge them as the truth. You aren’t mortal. You are a Goddess. A Goddess who has forgotten who she is.

“A Goddess...” Loki growls, pinning you to the bed beneath him with an animalistic snarl. “Yes, you are a Goddess instead. My Goddess.” You lean forward to nibble on his exposed neck but you can’t reach him.

“I’ve fucked many mortals,” he starts but you quickly interrupt him with a tight grip to his throat.

“How many?” You ask, gaping at him.

“Enough,” he answers with a mischievous smirk before his lips meet a tender point at the nape of your neck, suckling softly until you arch and moan against him. He pulls away, leaving you wanton.

“As I was saying... I’ve fucked many mortals and not one of them could handle me as a lover. Mortals are so fragile, so breakable.”

His fingers trail down your hospital gown, grazing over your hardened nipples beneath.

“Emotionally and physically disposable,” he clarifies. “But you, my pet, you are so deliciously made for me. You take my cock so well. Like you were built for it.”

You feel his fingers inch closer to your reckoning, toward your throbbing core. And you want him. But you need answers first. You grab a hold of his wrist before he makes contact with your awaiting wetness.

“It makes sense now,” he hums, despite being halted. “Why you were so willing that night I came to your apartment. As if you knew we were cut from the same cloth...”

“Did you know me... before?”

He shakes his head. “We regrettably did not cross paths. Perhaps if we had, you wouldn’t have wanted to leave Asgard. You would have been too busy with me, tied to my bed, your legs spread wide for me...”

His hand pushes your ankles apart as he releases a predatory growl against you. You feel that hunger echoing within you, deep inside your loins. You feel insatiable, starving for his touch. As if just this small awakening towards your true self brought to the surface the extent of your lust. A raging heat that needed to be quenched. Needed to be satisfied by a God.

Two Gods needing to create chaos together.

“As tempting as that sounds right now, it will have to wait until later,” you murmur, halting his advances with a palm pressed against his chest. “That old woman... she told me you could restore my memories. Are you really capable of doing something like that?”
He regards you with a tentative gaze.

“I was able to lock your memories away once,” he answers in a whisper. “I thought it had been too easy at the time... and maybe it was because so much of your mind was already a mangled mess. I suppose it shouldn’t be too difficult to unlock the rest.”

His gaze locks onto you, his expression dancing between concern, arousal, hesitation and pride. “Are you sure you want to do this?” He asks softly. “Do you really want to remember everything?”

You nod slowly, sitting up until you are both parallel to each other.

“I need to know who I am,” You whisper. “Living a lie... Loki, it’s killing me.”

He nods, understanding.

“This could be quite painful,” he warns. “And I won’t be able to stop once we’ve begun.”

“The pain is worth it if pleasure follows,” you murmur.

“I can promise you a world of pleasure once you awaken,” he growls. “My Goddess, you have no idea the world that awaits you.”

His hand smooths over your forehead and he pulses his power into you, causing you to spiral backward, recoiling into your own mind.

You feel him burying deeper, pushing inside of you. You moan at the feeling of it, of the tendrils of his power peeling back layer after layer of the fabric that made you who you are. You are completely vulnerable. Every thought, every emotion you felt toward him was presented plainly on the table of your mind for him to pick through. To dissect and mock. He could see everything: how you thought of him that night while you were in bed with Steve, how you imagined his smile at the most inopportune times, how you craved his conversation as much as you craved his body.

But most importantly, how you truly felt about him.

He squirms deeper, thrusting through the wall built over your memories. And it shatters under the force of his hand. Every locked memory floods back to the forefront of your mind, all at once, a force of a hundred years.

It's too much for you to bare. All the loss, all the pain, the death left in your wake. You scream in agony, feeling it tear apart your mind. The pressure inside your skull threatening to erupt, to liquify your brain. But he holds you steady, prying deeper even as you weep and beg for him to stop. Even as you bite hard into his neck and feel the blood trickle down his shoulder, tainting your mouth in the sleek crimson oil. He is urging you to accept it, to accept who you are. So you do, because you believe him. You believe that this will bring you closer to what you’ve been searching for your entire life.

The truth.

And as the floodgates open, you welcome them in with open, trembling arms. And you remember everything.

You are Veritas, the Goddess of Truth. You served as the Allfather’s Judge, deciding the guilt or innocence of those accused of crime in Asgard. You trained in the holding cells below the palace, stalking by the illuminated glass and reading confessions of the captives, Asgard’s prisoners of war. You quickly learned how to harness the full extent of your ability while speaking to them. And you
learned the horrible truth of power, and the need to possess it.

When you were deemed worthy enough, you were sent on goodwill missions across the Nine Realms, to report back to the King of any schemes of rebellion or deceit.

He had sent you on such a mission, to establish a renewed treaty with the Vanheim, Home of the Vanir. You had lived there peaceful for many years, before the Allfather called you home. Called you to war. He brought you in as his solider, as the Righteous Judge. But you were still just a child by Asgard’s standards, and you were unprepared for what you had to witness. The needless bloodshed. The horrors of war. And the truth that it was unnecessary. That it was wrong.

So you ran away from your duty, escaping to Midgard, the neglected realm, where you knew he wouldn’t dare follow. Even if it meant you were a traitor to the crown, you were happier. You had lived amongst the mortals for years until you decided to visit a place close to home, Norway. But fate had decided you wouldn’t make it there. Not that day.

The water flooded your lungs and you thought it was a suiting death, to let the cold water claim you rather than the raging fires of war. But someone destroyed that peace of awaited death. A cold arm wrapped around you. And you gasped in more water as you realized from his touch alone that he belonged to you. That you belonged to him. To Asgard. He was coming to take you back home to meet the judgment of your treason, you thought. But you wouldn’t let him, so you let yourself lie. You let that part of yourself die as you blacked out from the lack of oxygen under the force of the plummeting waves.

And as his lips met yours, as he willed the water from your lungs, you became void of self. Void of purpose. You needed a reason to live and he became that reason.

“Who are you?” You asked before he vanished. And you waited in the cold for your rescue to arrive, for the solider to grab you in his arms and encase you in his warmth. For him to take your true savior’s place inside your heart. For Tony to feed you his lies. For S.H.I.E.L.D. to use you to their advantage, to utilize your gifts. A gift from death, but truly a gift from Asgard.

And just as quickly as your memories of Asgard were pulled back to the surface, your memory of that night with Loki came back with startling clarity.

You remember how he’d taken you and how the part of you that remembered that dark face amongst the waves wanted to take him. Wanted to devour him whole, as much as he wanted to consume you as well.

You made love until his name lost meaning, until your skin became so sensitive that even the lightest touch had you writhing in release beneath him. And you’d fallen asleep in his embrace, satiated and calm.

Home. This is home, you thought.

Finally, Loki completes his task and pulls his hand away, leaving your body crippled by pain, weak in his arms. Your cheeks are stained with tears and when you finally blink and meet his gaze, he is looking at you with wide eyes.

“You weren’t there. You were on Vanheim when we should have met,” he says softly. “And you were here, on Earth when Thor brought me back to Asgard as a criminal. As if fate were tormenting us. Keeping us from meeting. As if we never should have...”

His emerald eyes dazzle with discovery. “If you’d been there, on Asgard, would you have sentenced
me to die?"

You reach forward to caress the wound you’ve left on his shoulder, still bleeding.

“I’m sorry...” you murmur, blood staining the tips of your fingers, the bitter metallic lingering on your tongue.

He takes your hand away, kissing your knuckles. “What would you have done to me then, if not this?” He asks.

“I would have pardoned you,” you whisper. “Because I see you, Loki. I see you.”

“What do you see?”

“A man who has lost his way.”

“Show me the way then, my Goddess. Guide me.”

You pull him forward, kissing him deeply, sighing against his parted lips. You run your fingers through his dark tuff of hair as his own inch up your back, undoing the strings of your hospital gown. The flimsy fabric slides off your shoulders. You lean against him, needing his cold caress.

“Done with that half-witt Avenger then I take it?” He whispers into your mouth.

“Are you still jealous, my God?” you ask, rubbing your hand up and down over his hardened length. “When I’m sitting here begging for your cock?”

“Perhaps I am,” he says with a sigh. He caresses your bare breasts softly. “I saw into your mind. I saw how close you were to letting him have you. How wet you were when you spread your legs for him, you whore.”

“Maybe I did want him,” you admit. “Maybe I still do.”

He grabs your ankles, pulling your legs apart until he has spread your glistening slit wider.

“Say it again,” he growls. His eyes have darkened, his pupils dilated like a beast waiting to tear into the flesh of his prey. “Tell me again that you want him to fuck you.”

You lean forward, stroking him harder, faster, until your hand is coated with his pre-cum.

“Perhaps I want both of you to fuck me,” you moan as you lean down to lick his head clean. He groans, pushing you further down until you take all of him into your mouth. You swirl your tongue around him until you pull back, grinning wildly up at him.

“I’d want him beneath me, his cock buried deep inside my cunt,” you moan. “And at the same time, I want you behind me, taking my ass...”

A predatory growl escapes from deep within his throat, violent rage dripping from his fangs as he wraps his fist around your hair, forcing you back down against the bed. He pins you there before his hand reaching up and tightens around your neck. But his firm grip only makes you wetter.

“Is that what you want, slut?” He growls. “You want two cocks inside of you?”

You nod against his hold, smirking devilishly at how you’ve angered him. Even now. Even when he knows you are his completely. Now that he has pried open your mind and peeled back each delicate layer like they were lacy undergarments.
“Dirty girl,” he smirks before flipping you over forcefully, his hand still held to your throat. He rubs his cock up and down over your slit, coating himself in your dripping wetness. The tip of his cock slides up until he prods at your asshole.

“I can give you part of what you desire,” he moans. “Spread your ass for me.”

You comply immediately, reaching back to pull your ass cheeks apart, allowing him to push further inside of you. You gasp his name as he slides in, inch by inch.

“Couldn’t let the All-American Avenger fuck your ass though, could you?” He spanks your ass, hard, and you tighten around him with a deep moan. “No, only I can fuck your ass. Only I can take you this way. Because for me, you are a filthy whore. For me, you’d do anything, wouldn’t you?”

You turn and nod. “I’d do anything for your cock.”

He hums in approval. “Then come back with me,” he says. “Come back with me to Asgard. And I’ll give you everything you desire. I’ll fuck you awake every morning. And I’ll fuck you so hard each night that you’ll collapse with exhaustion. But you’ll never stop begging for me to make you cum.”

Your eyes widen as he shoves himself deeper, and you throb, pulled closer toward needed release.

*I can’t go back there. There’s too much darkness there. Too much death.*

“And you’ll forget all about that man,” he adds. “You’ll forget you ever wanted anyone but me.”

“But I can’t...”

You reach underneath yourself to rub your clit.

*I’m so close. So close. Just let me cum.*

But he catches your hand, pulling it back over your head. He shoves his fingers through yours, holding you down.

“You’ll cum when I make you cum,” he commands with a hard thrust. “And only if you beg for it.”

“Please, Loki...” you turn your head to the side to look at him. “I want to cum. Please, Loki!”

He leans over you, kissing your neck slowly until he licks up the length of your throat, up to your ear, whispering “I’ll give you what you want... but only under one condition.”

“Anything! Please!”

He chuckles against your ear lobe, before biting it gently and pulling.

“Let me take away your memories of him,” he whispers as if it were a form of seduction.”Let me erase him.”

“My memories?” You mouth.

He quickens his pace, fucking you harder until you fear you may tear apart. You moan despite your disgust at the mere suggestion of it. Of the violation it implies.

“I want him gone. I want him reduced to nothing. And if I can’t kill him, I’ll take him from you the best way I know how.”
You dig your nails into the flimsy pillows. They crumple in your grasp.

“You don’t trust me,” you hiss. “You don’t trust that I won’t go running to him. That you won’t be enough for me.”

Tears soak through the fabric.

“I’ll never be enough for a Goddess,” he answers, stroking your hair until his hand trails down your spine, leaving a shiver in his wake. “Cum for me.”

He thrusts deep inside of your ass and cums, hard, giving you the warmth and friction you need for release. You scream his name, trying to muffle your pleasure into the tear soaked pillows. But the sounds of your climax echoes through the room, and likely out into the hallway, where you know at least a few of your companions must be lingering around. There would be no denying the kind of relationship you and Loki had established after that.

After he has completely emptied himself, he begins to kiss your shoulders softly, tenderly. You push him away. You shove him onto his feet, stumbling off of the bed.

“I won’t ever let you take my memories,” you snap. “Not now, not ever again. Not when I know who I am. When I finally feel whole again.”

You see that broken expression held to his face like a badge of honor. Like a crown for a neglected King.

You kneel on the bed and reach for him. And he leans forward on instinct, his face falling into your hands.

“You are more than enough for me,” you tell him.

“Am I...?” He chuckles softly before he kisses your hands and lifts his head to look deep into your eyes.

“Do you love me?” He asks suddenly, willing honesty from your lips. His emerald eyes are pooling with anticipation. “Do you?”

The moment you speak, you’ll know whether your own words are the truth or a lie. You’ll know if you really love him.

But you can’t bear to know that. Not yet. You need time to sort things out with Steve before you leave this life and this world behind you.

So instead, you kiss his lips softly.

“Tomorrow,” you promise. “If I’m at the helipad at dawn, then I’ll go with you back to Asgard.”

“And if you aren’t?” He asks softly.

“Then I want you to erase your own memories,” you reply. “Your memories of me.”

Chapter End Notes
So I think it was a guest user going by “Jo” who suggested the reader should be the Goddess of Truth and I’ve been over here, laughing to myself because that had been the plan since chapter 3 or so :P so excited to finally have it all revealed.

Curious as to what your thoughts are so far. I don’t know why I insist on writing stories in which I torment dear ole Steve, but I kinda love it.
Chained Goodbyes

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You find your clothes and get dressed in a hurry, leaving Loki behind to sulk. His eyes follow you, begging you not to leave. You gave into that look, but only once. When he pulled you back onto the bed, spread your legs wide and licked you clean of the aftermath. It was enough to make you weak to him, letting him take you a second time.

But you quickly insist you have to leave. You couldn’t stay there with him all day. You have to find Steve, at least to say goodbye.

When you emerge out into the hallway, you are surprised, and perhaps thankful, to only find Tony standing at the end of it. He is leaning back against the wall, his face buried in his phone. You aren’t sure what you would have done if it had been Steve standing there instead. You were sure he knew by now that Loki had wanted to do more than just talk. But you couldn’t bear to have him hear every subsequent moan of pleasure that resulted from that sort of... conversation.

You’d done enough to break his heart. You could spare him the gory details.

“Well, it’s about time,” Tony says as you approach, shoving the phone into his pocket. “I thought you’d be at it all day like a pair of rabbits, and I’d have to pry him off of you with a yard stick.”

“Seriously, Tony, can we not talk about that?”

He pulls off his sunglasses to look you square in the eye. “I had hoped this behavior would be a one time thing. Some sort of weird attachment to Asgardians. And I thought maybe you’d realize at least Thor was the better option between the two ...”

“Are you going to waste your time berating my sex life?” You ask with a glare. “Or are we going to talk about what really matters?”

“I’ll need coffee if we are going to have that conversation,” he groans, motioning for you the follow after him

“You’re buying,” you mutter.

“Do you desperately need the caffeine? Or do you just need to refuel?”

“Shut up, Tony.”

He has his driver take you to the same small coffee shop you visited before, while initially searching for the lost Allfather. Steve must have told him about it.

Steve. After this, I’ll find him. I’ll find him and tell him I’m sorry. For everything.

You sit on a small, cramped bench inside the minuscule shop. You stare across at Tony, peering over the rim of the porcelain mug with a narrowed gaze. The coffee is just as boiling hot as it had been during your last visit. So, you carefully blow against the surface. As not to lose your tongue.

“Well if looks could kill,” he mumbles after a long gulp of his cappuccino. “Alright, let me have it, kid.”
“You know I hate when you call me that,” you grumble. “Especially now. Do you even know how old I am?”

“Give or take a few hundred years.”

You take a long gulp. “It really was to your benefit to have me be so blissfully ignorant, wasn’t it?”

“It wasn’t like that.”

“Wasn’t it?” You slam the mug down on the table, thankful that it doesn’t shatter. You may be a God but strength was not your forte. “You were using me as your human lie detector. I was living a lie for you.”

Tony puts down his own mug slowly and rests his elbows against the narrow table. “You made yourself forget,” he reminds you. “Tell me I’m a liar. I dare you. But that’s the truth, that you didn’t want to remember who you were. Because you were terrified of it. Of returning to Asgard.”

You sigh deeply, leaning back against the metallic chair, until it digs into your spine uncomfortably. “I think I’m still afraid of that.”

“Then don’t go back with him,” Tony snaps. “Don’t go back to Asgard with that weasel.”

“I haven’t decided on anything yet...”

You gaze out the window, covered in a thin layer of grime. Out at the bustling city outside, the crowds of pedestrians scurrying across the intersection.

“How did I get back to New York anyway?”

“Steve called for transport.”

“Steve? But he wasn’t there, he wasn’t...” Your gaze narrows across the table. “You were both just trying to find some way to bring him back in, weren’t you?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” Tony lies. He mutes himself with another long gulp.

“What did Steve tell you? What did he say to get the plane to arrive so quickly?”

You realize he must have called for transport before you took the blunt of Thor’s attack. Long before that.

“Is this Stockholm Syndrome?” Tony asks. “Is that all this is? Why I keep finding you in bed with that worm?”

“What?” Your eyes widen. “What are you talking about?”

“You and Loki.”

“What about...”

“Steve told us Loki raped you,” Tony says, in a voice no louder than a delicate whisper. As if he couldn’t quite bring himself to say it, the words wavering over his tongue. He tries to reach for your hand across the table but you pull away, folding your hands together on your lap.

“Rape...?” You stutter, your eyes wide and bulging from your skull.
Hadn’t you called him that yourself once? Hadn’t you called him a rapist? But you didn’t mean it, he wasn’t... he didn’t...

“That’s why we sent the plane, a stealth jet to get there as quickly as possible,” he continues. “To bring him back here and be done with his games once and for all. If he hurt you... I’d see to it that his punishment would be as severe as they’d allow. I’d kill him myself if he...

He inhales deeply before he continues.

“Tell me, did he...Did he rape you?”

“No!” You snap. “Loki never raped me! Everything between us is consensual.”

While you and Loki reveled in dancing down that line of consent, balanced between force and desire, you always wanted him. You always wanted the sort of pleasure he provided you. And he stopped when you told him “no”, when things stopped being mutual.

They all think he is a monster, but he’d never do that. He’d never hurt me.

I once thought he was a monster too though ... didn’t I?

“He never forced you? He never threatened you?”

“No! Jesus, Tony, is it so hard to believe that I’m attracted to him?”

“Yes! Yes, it actually is!” he barks. “He is a murderer! A criminal. A piece of shit who laid waste to New York not too long ago. How could you love someone like that?”

“I don’t... I don’t love him.” And you realize instantly in the way your heart aches in response to the words leaving your lips, that they are a lie. And that lie pierces deep inside of you like his own dagger pushing in through that tender organ and twisting.

This is mine, he seems to say, shoving it further inside of you. Mine.

“Love is the greatest lie, isn’t it?” Tony says with a narrowed gaze. “One minute it is all you know, it controls everything you do, everything you are. The next, it is just a distant memory. Something you’ll soon forget.”

“I don’t want to forget.” There are unwanted tears in your eyes. “I can’t forget how I feel about him.”

“Are those feelings real?” He asks. “Or did he create them?”

“I wish they weren’t real.”

You stand, discarding the now empty mug of coffee. You walk past him, toward the entrance to the shop. Where Steve had once stood inside, in the warmth and security of the small structure. While Loki stood beyond the doorway, amongst the chaos of the expansive city, in the uncertainty of the day and the cold of the impending night.

“Thank you, Tony,” you whisper as you pass. “Truly, I am grateful for what you’ve done for me. You were doing what you thought was right, to protect me. And over these last few years, you’ve kept me alive by giving me a reason to live. I won’t forget that.”

“Then why leave now? Why go back there?” He turns to watch you as you hover by the doorway, your hand wrapped around the doorknob as if it were the only thing keeping you on two feet.
“Because I have a new reason to live.”

The door swings open under the force of your hand and you walk out into the chaos of the city, ready to return home.

You take the subway three stops to your apartment, to gather up a few belongings and memories of your life on Earth. You decide a small bag of mementos would be all you’d need to bring to Asgard. A new life awaited you there. One full of old, painful memories but also the potential for new, more brilliant ones.

You strut up to the front door and jostle the lock. When you swing the door open, you see a man sitting on your couch, waiting for you.

“Steve.”

Your breath catches in your throat as your eyes meet his. And you know for certain it truly is the First Avenger. Loki’s illusions are always a bit permeable under your judgment. But not this. This is reality.

“What are you doing here?”

As you near him, you see in his eyes a stirring disorder. The beautiful blue of his irises, once paralleling the heavens on a spring day, now reflect a raging sea, full of torment and conflict. His hands are wrung through his hair, pulling against his scalp as he hunches over his legs on the couch.

You fall to your knees in front of him, your hands tracing up the tense muscles of his arms in long strokes.

“Steve,” you say in a gentle whisper. But the look he gives you makes your heart tear open. It’s as if he is a lost soul in the tides of the underworld, begging for another chance at life.

“I’m sorry,” he says in a husky voice. He leans close to you, his breath pooling over your parted lips. You continue to rub up and down over his arms to soothe him.

“For what?” Though you already know the answer.

“For what I did,” he replies as his lips gently touch yours, making you whimper. You try to pull away but he reaches forward and grabs hold of your shoulders, forcing you to stay locked between his knees as he kisses you deeply. You groan into his mouth and try to move away but a part of you thinks perhaps he deserves this. One parting kiss goodbye.

So you give in and reach up, running your fingers through his hair and encouraging him further. His tongue slides into your open, willing mouth and you allow the dance, savoring his simple, sweet taste.

But just as you are beginning to unravel, he pulls away, leaving you flushed and breathless. He peers down at you before standing up off of the couch. His gaze is laced with pure animalistic aggression.

“And I’m sorry,” he whispers. “For what I’m about to do.”

You barely manage to question him before he scoops you up into his arms and carries you to your bedroom. You thrash in his arms, smacking your hands against his chest in protest. But it hardly has any effect on him as he throws you down onto the mattress and crawls over you.

“Steve, stop!” Your eyes are wide in panic.
“I won’t let him have you,” he growls. “Not him. He doesn’t deserve someone like you.”

“That’s not your choice to make!” You shout as you watch him grab your wrists. The force of a super solider is not something you can fight against, you realize with horrified clarity. You hear a snap before your hands are chained in place above your head by handcuffs, locked to the bed frame.

“Please! Let me go!”

You pull against the metal restraints but they dig into your flesh, refusing to budge. He grabs a hold of your chin and kisses you once more. But this time, you aren’t weakened by his charm or by your need to placate him. Instead, you bite down hard on his bottom lip. He pulls back and wipes away the drawn blood with the back of his hand.

“You’ll hate me for this...,” he says, his voice low, guarded. “I know you will but you have to try to understand...”

“Why did you tell them he raped me?” You shout with glossy eyes, rimmed with tears. “Why would you lie about something like that? Steve... this isn’t like you.”

“Because I didn’t want to believe you’d make love to him!” He screams, falling down against the foot of the bed. Again, he buries his head in his hands. “I wanted to believe he took advantage of you. That would be the only way that would make sense. Not that you truly wanted him. Not that you’d let him... but that he had forced himself upon you.”

“Like you are doing to me now?” You snap.

“No! Never!” His eyes are wide as he turns to gaze upon you. “God, believe me... that’s not what I’m doing.”

_The truth._

“Then why handcuff me to the bed?” You snarl, pulling against the restraints for emphasis.

“This... this is for your own good,” he says softly. “I hope one day you’ll realize that.”

_My own good?

You watch him as he stands and walks over to the side of the bed. His eyes lock onto you.

“This is only for tonight,” he tells you. “I’ll come back to release you in the morning.”

“What? The morning... Steve, why are you...”

The morning. _Dawn._ You’d promised Loki. You promised. And he knew that.

You scream as Steve turns his back to you and walks out of the room.

“Please! Steve! Please don’t do this!”

“I love you,” he confesses and as he turns slightly to look at you, you see tears matching your own tracing lines down his cheeks. “I’m doing this because I love you. Please, try to remember that...”

He shuts the door, leaving you to the darkness of the room and your screams that echo into the night.

Chapter End Notes
I think I enjoy breaking my own heart writing these. I swear... I’m sorry for writing you as such an ass, Steve. But it was too tempting not to.
Clarity

Chapter Summary

TW: Wrist Cutting, Mild Blood Kink

Written to: “Clarity” by Zedd

Chapter Notes

I seriously can’t get over how perfectly the lyrics to “Clarity” fit this story. I’m in love.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You struggle against the tight restraints until your wrists are raw and threatening to tear open as the metal scraps against your skin. You hiss as you twist and turn unnaturally to try to break free. But it’s useless and the more you try, the weaker you feel. And soon the last streams of moonlight break through the sheer blinds of your bedroom window. You cry out into the cool air, edging toward morning. But your tear-ducts are dry, emptied after hours of hopeless despair with no one to hear your calls for help.

“Please...” you whimper endlessly. “Please if you can hear me...”

But who could hear you? Besides the ghosts in the walls, the phantoms of the night, the watchdogs of the devil.

Your eyes widen with epiphany before you mutter one final plea.

“Heimdall,” You whisper. “Heimdall, please if you can hear me...” You swallow hard, clenching your eyes tightly shut.

“I’m sorry,” you continue. “All those years ago, I betrayed our people. I’m a traitor and I know you won’t trust me... But please try to listen to me. Just this once.”

You breathe in deeply, pushing out all your anxieties with a loud exhale. Willing them to leave your body. To give you the strength you need to hold on for just a little while longer.

“I want to come home, Heimdall,” you cry. “I want to come home to Asgard.”

And just when you think you’ve lost hope, you hear his answer.

*I see you*, he says, but you do not hear him with your ears, but rather inside your heart.

*I see you, Veritas. I hear your call.*

“Can you see him?” You ask, knowing he will understand.

*Barely. He has shut me out. As you once had.*
“Please try to reach him,” you plead. “He needs to know... he can’t do what I’ve asked him to do.”

I’ll try.

There is silence for a long moment and again, you feel alone and hopeless when finally, his voice returns, strong and vibrant.

It’s good to hear your voice again.

A tear trickles down your cheek as you whimper, your lip curling slightly into a grin. “I’ve missed you too. I’m sorry.”

There will be plenty of opportunities for you to apologize when you’re safely home.

And again, silence. You scoot your rear toward the metal frame at your backside and struggle to sit up straight, curling your legs beside you.

It is nearly dawn and you are running out of options. If Heimdall couldn’t reach Loki, you know he’d comply and take every beautiful memory you shared together from his own mind. He’d deprive himself of a love you so nearly accepted. He’d return to the darkness.

There is only one option left.

You pull and pull, until your wrist cuts open, forced to rip apart after hours of friction. You scream and wince as the blood begins to pour down your arm from the open gash, getting deeper with each thrust. You pull again, using your blood as a lubricant to yank free from the metal ring. You hear bones crunch and you continue to scream as your entire arm numbs in agony. But with one more jerk of your wrist, you are free of the restraint.

With a fumbling, broken hand, you reach for your nightstand, thankful for your capacious supplies of bobby-pins lining the top of wooden furniture piece. And thankful that Tony taught you how to pick a lock during a rather boring meeting with investors. After a few moments of struggling with your impaired hand, the handcuff unlocks. You wiggle your other hand free with a gasp of victory. You immediately clamp your hand around the open, bleeding wound as you shimmy off of the bed. You fumble to your feet and stalk toward the medicine cabinet, applying crud bandaging around your wrist to stop the bleeding. Blood quickly seeps through the flimsy gauze work regardless. But you don’t have time to worry over it. You run for the door.

Clutching to the handrail overhead, subway passengers stare at you as the blood pours down your arm in small trickles under the gauze. You are lightheaded, dizzy from the blood loss but you have mere minutes to make it back to headquarters and up to the helipad. You have to keep going.

And all the while, you plead with Heimdall silently.

He needs to know I’m coming. He needs to know I’m on my way.

But there’s only silence now in response. As if he is afraid to answer you.

You stumble out of the subway car and just barely make it up the stairs and out into the city above. You signal a taxi with your broken hand, watching in despair as the blood continues to seep through the gauze. You are surprised that the cab driver barely blinks at your bleeding state. He merely mutters the cab fare and starts off through the city.

New York is a strange place indeed.
You stare out the window as he drives, and to your horror, find the sun barely peeking up over the horizon. Signally the end of your countdown. And headquarters is still a few blocks away.

“Please, drive faster!” You snap. But he continues on course, barely paying you any mind.

You throw a few twenties in through the open privacy window. “Drive faster!” You repeat, and this time, he complies, flying past the few cars left on the roadway in the early hours of the day.

You clutch onto your wrist, hissing. Please, let him be there. Please don’t let me be too late. Why did I have to tell him to do something so stupid? Why would I risk everything like that?

Because you wanted to deny you loved him. You wanted to spare him the pain of losing you.

*But I do love you, you want to scream. I love you, Loki. Please, remember me.*

Finally, as the sun rises to kiss the edge of the cityscape, you make it to headquarters. You toss a fistful more of cash into the cab driver’s open window and run toward the entrance of the building.

The elevator is just as painfully slow and you realize, with each sharp intake of air, that you are losing precious seconds of consciousness. Your visions continues to blacken and blur, your balance wavering. You lean against the wall of the elevator and focus on staying awake.

*Breathe. In and out.*

Finally, as the world swirls around you, threatening to spiral out of view, the elevator doors ding open. You stumble out onto the rooftop helipad. Standing in front of you is Loki. And you smile wildly upon seeing him, running forward. Using every last ounce of strength left inside your fragile body.

However, as your vision sharpens slightly, your smile fades as you see his brother, Thor, beside him, shaking him by the shoulders.

“Loki,” you call out as you near them, struggling to maintain a proper posture.

His eyes lift and he looks up at you. However, his gaze is locked behind you, burrowing right through you as if you weren’t there. His eyes are hollow.

“Who is that woman, brother?” He asks softly, shaking off Thor’s grip rather impatiently. He smirks at you as you approach. “Well, would you look at that... she’s bleeding.”

Your eyes widen as you fall to your knees, right against the middle of the helipad.

“Loki,” you whimper. “Please tell me you didn’t. Please tell me you are trying to fool me.” You let out a maddening laugh. “You can’t deceive me, Trickster God. I can see through your lies.”

But you cry as you realize, looking into his empty emeralds, that he holds no recognition towards you. That you are as much a stranger to him now as you were when you first met.

He’s let himself forget, just as you instructed. And in despair you wonder what he must have thought of you in those moments before he did it. How he must have felt you abandoned him, like every other person he ever loved.

You weep into your hands when you hear footsteps approaching. You peer up between the gaps of your fingers and see him, smiling down at you mischievously. He kneels down in front of you and reaching forward, catches a tear drop as it falls on the crook of his finger.
“Does it hurt that terribly?” He asks looking into your eyes so deeply it’s as if, finally, he truly sees you.

*Please, Loki. Maybe if you just look at me... you’ll remember. How did you manage to unlock my memories? How did you do it...*

You reach up to touch your fingers to his forehead but he grabs a hold of wounded wrist, distracting you. He cradles your hand in his own and turns your wrist over to examine it. Slowly, he begins to peel back layer after layer of seeping, soiled gauze. His gaze narrows upon the self inflicted wound. His grip tightens until you jerk back, attempting to pull away. But he holds steady.

“Don’t ever do this again,” he snaps once he sees the deep gash, the horizontal red marring your wrist. “You are too beautiful to die so young.”

You look at him with wide, wondering eyes, still muffling whimpers behind your clenched lips. “I didn’t... I mean this wasn’t because I was trying to...”

He lifts a finger to your lips, silencing you. “It’s done now,” he whispers before lifting the wound to his lips and licking the open gash. You hiss as his tongue meets with the raw cut. But you watch him as he kisses the wound, slowly removing it from your flesh. It’s strangely erotic, seeing him savor the taste of your blood. And finally, after some time, you find your wrist clean and pure of imperfection. As if you never had to escape the restraints placed around you by a man who claimed to love you. Those illusionary wounds taken away by a man who forgot he ever did.

“I suppose you owe me now for my kindness,” Loki murmurs, smirking devilishly as he tilts your chin higher with the tip of his fingers. Until your eyes meet. “How shall you repay me? With a kiss perhaps?”

You gaze down at his lips, coated in the remnants of your blood. Blood from a phantom wound that no longer exists, healed under his touch. He licks his lips slowly clean, as he watches you. His gaze is locked to your own parted lips, watering with anticipation.

“You taste so sweet,” he hums. “I wonder how other parts of you taste. I’ll have to try them all for myself to decide which I like best...”

He pulls you closer, his lips hovered over your own.

“Leave her alone, Loki,” Thor growls behind him, halting his progression. “We need to leave, now.”

“No, please!” You plead, shooting a desperate glance toward Thor before turning back to Loki, who is still kneeling before you.

“One kiss,” you hum with a small smile. “I owe you that much for healing me.”

He growls in approval. “That’s a good girl.”

He grabs the back of your head and pulls you in, until finally, your lips meet. You immediately taste the metallic bitterness of your blood laced around his mouth, but you push further, urging your tongue in deeper. *Remember me,* you insist through your kiss. You lack the knowledge of magic to try to pry open his mind, as he had with you. But you plead with his soul as his kiss becomes more fervent, more desperate. You moan into his mouth and bury your fingers through his dark mane.

“Please, Loki,” you breathe against his parted lips.

“Please what?” He growls, pulling on your lower lip. “You have to be clear if you want me to give
you what you desire.”

“Remember me...”

“Remember you?” He pulls away until your eyes meet again. Those gem-like irises dazzle brilliantly beneath the light of the rising sun. “Should I remember you?”

You hold his face in your hands, keeping his gaze steady.

“Loki, I know somewhere in there are your memories of me. Locked away. I need you to try to remember them. Please just look at me and try.”

“How could I forget something like this?” He caresses your chin. “Why would I want to forget you?”

“You didn’t,” you whisper. “I forced you to forget... I made you take away your memories.”

“And why, sweet girl, would I agree to do something like that?” His hand is on your thigh, pressing down hard, inching higher.

“Because you love me,” you tell him.

He laughs. “Love? I don’t love very easily, pet. I doubt I....”

He is interrupted as someone calls your name from behind you. Loki’s gaze averts over your shoulder to glare at the intruder. You turn slightly and find Steve standing at the doorway to the rooftop. His eyes are wide as his gaze shifts between you and Loki, settling on the discarded remnants of your bloody bandages.

He says your name softly, a look of pure horror stunning him in place.

“God...what did you do...”

He slowly inches his way towards you and as he nears, you notice how much his body is shaking. The solider, the man constructed from strength and valor, is trembling before you like a porcelain doll. You stand slowly and find Steve standing at the doorway to the rooftop. His eyes are wide as his gaze shifts between you and Loki, settling on the discarded remnants of your bloody bandages.

He says your name softly, a look of pure horror stunning him in place.

“God...what did you do...”

He slowly inches his way towards you and as he nears, you notice how much his body is shaking. The solider, the man constructed from strength and valor, is trembling before you like a porcelain doll. You stand slowly and walk towards him until he reaches for your hands. He examines you, up and down, gazing over every bit of exposed flesh. Looking for the source of the blood that stains your skin and wrinkled clothing.

“You’re okay,” he breathes softly in relief once he deems you free of any physical ailments. “I thought you...”

“Loki healed me,” you snap, pulling away from his touch. “I might be dead if not for him. He always seems to be doing that... saving my life. Isn’t that your job?”

He blinks at you, baffled.

“It seems to me you play the role of the villain a lot better than he does these days...” you mutter.

“I was trying to protect you from him,” he barks. “Because it was me who saved you... it was me...”

“I don’t need your protection!” You scream. “What has gotten into you? I don’t know who you are anymore!”

Steve shoves his fingers through his hair. “I don’t... I don’t know. Seeing you with him, its just...I love you.”
This was madness. This was the influence of altered-self. You can sense it on him, how his pores reek of distorted clarity. Could love really made a person go insane?

Your eyes widen as he grows nearer. Wrapped around his being is the pulse of your influence, the stain of your handiwork. *Could I have done this? Fractured his soul from its true self, all for love of me?* Truth is purity but truth can also be madness. You had given Steve a false truth, you’d let the tendrils of your power suffocate him over time, little by little. In trying to love him, in trying to believe he had been your savior. That twisted tale had sparked a flame inside of him, burning until it incinerated the Steve you knew. The righteous solider. And turned him into a possessive, love-crazed fool. The sad truth was that that person lived somewhere in Steve all along. Only now was it being given life to reign.

If a lie from a Goddess had created this monster, perhaps the truth could release him from this burden.

“Steve, I don’t love you,” you say softly, inching closer. “You never saved me that night. It was Loki.”

He shakes his head violently. “No, it was me. I pulled you from the water. I took you in. I gave you life again.”

“Fate has no plans for us,” you argue. “Our paths are parallel, never meant to met.”

You turn and look at Loki who is watching you intently. Studying you. Your gaze holds to him as you speak.

“I didn’t realize it then, but the strings of fate were pulling me in another direction. Toward what I thought would be my ruin and perhaps... perhaps it still might be. Perhaps, I am too late.” You choke and bury your face in your hands. You could drain a sea with your tears.

“You love him that much?” Steve asks in a low whisper. “Enough to let that love kill you?”

You nod, sobbing. You let your tears carry your truth, to push it through him. To sever him from the webbing of lies that torment him. And suddenly, Steve reaches out and captures you in the expanse of his arms, encapsulating you in the radiating warmth of his body. And with physical contact, you dive deeper, until your hands are clawing at the fabric of his soul, ripping the black gauze of deceit from his heart. You feel him shift and groan until he lets go of a deep sigh against the side of your face, pulling you tighter. And you know he is free of the ties that bind him to you.

“Please forgive me,” he whispers against your scalp, stroking your hair in an attempt to sooth your quivering body. Until finally, he whispers, “Let me make this right. I promise you I will.”

“I did this to you,” you reply as a whimper into his chest, your fists rested against him. “We can’t... we shouldn’t...”

“I’m not asking to be your lover,” he says. “I’m asking to be your friend. To be what we were meant to me. Can you trust me?”

“I can try...”

“What can I do? Tell me.”

“Help me. Please. Steve, help me.” You choke on your tears.

You pull back and gaze up at him, at those cool blue eyes that are pooling over with heartbreak. He
reaches up and caresses your cheek when suddenly you hear Thor call out for Heimdall. After a moment of hesitation, the bifrost opens beside them, a brilliant cascade of color and light. The source of your betrayal and the barrier to your redemption.

You stumble toward the Asgardian brothers. “Wait! Please!”

“Thor!” Steve is right behind you. “You can’t leave! Not like this. She loves...”

“Stop,” Thor snarls, as he wedges himself between you and Loki. He points an accusatory finger in your direction. “You are nothing but a temptress whore who betrayed our people. As long as I’m alive, you’ll never return to Asgard.”

“Please!” You plead, watching as he walks into the bifrost, leaving his brother behind him. Ignore only momentarily.

Loki turns to look at you one last time, his feet lingering just in front of the tunnel of light. “I do wish I could remember who you are. You seem rather desperate...”

And on a whim, you reach forward and pull him forcefully down by the collar of his suit until his lips meet yours.

I am Veritas. I am truth. Let me be your clarity.

You will the tendrils of your power into his body, strengthening your kiss as if it is the physical manifestation of truth. You pry open the layers of his mind, forcing the truth to unlock those forgotten memories. And just as you think you’ve figured out a way to set him free, you feel something snap. Like a cord pulled too taut, breaking under the pressure of your hand. And when you open your eyes, you feel the loss of his touch as he stumbles backward.

In a panic, you try one last thing, out of pure desperation.

“I love you,” you confess, letting your power fuel your words. It’s the truth. It’s everything. I love you. And you watch in despair as he loses his footing and falls backward into the bifrost, disappearing out of the sight just before it slams shut. Whisked away like the remnants of a winter breeze.

But in that split second when your eyes met, when you caught the look held locked in those emerald ores, you knew. You knew he remembered.

There were tears in his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

If anyone’s seen “Gerald’s Game” you’ll see where I got the idea for reader’s escape from the handcuffs.
Months pass before you manage to feel anything again. Anything close to normal. Tony moved you into Stark Tower almost immediately. So you could be around people who cared about you, he said. But it was mostly for his own selfish reasons, to keep a closer eye on you.

Everyone started to treat you as if they were walking on egg shells around you. Not only because of your emotional state, but also because now they knew who you are. What you are. Most of your coworkers avoided speaking with you entirely, unless absolutely necessary. They were afraid that their lies may be exposed under the pressure of your gaze. The glare of a Goddess.

Not that you believed your power had become any stronger after your awakening. But in truth, you hadn’t taken the time to notice. But the force of your true heredity alone was enough to send people running in the other direction regardless.

All but Steve. It took a considerable amount of time before he dared to venture back into your world. But when he did, it was through indirect communication. He bought you coffee, leaving it on your desk at work. Though, you’d quickly it chuck into the bin when he wasn’t looking. He left small notes under your door at least once a week. All of which went unread. And when finally you saw him in person, you decided you could at least try to forgive him. He was the only person who truly understood why you felt the way you did. Why you acted so aloof and broken.

Because he felt the same way too.

It was awkward at first, seeing him so distraught, so destroyed by truth and torn from the lies that had once comforted him. But those lies had supported his descent toward madness. It would take time for him to heal completely from the influence of a Goddess.

It almost seemed as if that pain were seeping out of his mind and affecting him in a physical, tangible way. The first time you caught sight of him, just a few days after Thor and Loki’s departure, it was like he had been run over by a train. He had a bloody, black eye, a swollen lip, and he was sporting a new limp as he walked by you. His eyes darted away hopelessly when he caught you staring. However he had gained his new battle scars, it awoke a part of your being that reveled in his pain. You were glad to see him struggling, both physically and mentally, just like you. After everything he had done, every horrible thing he did in attempts to keep you from Loki... it was worth it, wasn’t it? Especially since his efforts had paid off in the end.

But love can make a person do crazy, horrible things. You would do anything to get back to Loki, and in those first few weeks, you had. You’d stolen the access codes for the weaponry vault, using your ability to pry the truth from the stationed guards on duty. You searched the shelves and locked units for hours, looking for anything labeled “Asgard.” To no avail.
And even Heimdall had become just a figment of your imagination. Your voice quickly turned into the rampages of a mad woman, wailing into the night. It was as if you had been effectively cut off from Asgard, like you no longer belonged to their world. Just as Thor wanted.

“You have to go out,” Tony scolds you as he barges into your new living quarters. He struggles to move around the cramped space, the floor littered with Norse mythology texts, stolen from the library indefinitely. “Are you still reading this crap?”

“It’s not crap,” you reply, giving him a sideways glance from your position, lounging horizontally on your couch, a book open in your lap. “It happens to be the history of my people.”

“Ya and it’s crap,” he argues. “You know none of that is going to help you get back there, right?”

“Maybe. Maybe not.”

“Besides, you can’t use that as excuse to lock yourself up in here for the rest of your life.”

“Sure I can,” you argue. “And besides, I do go out. Occasionally.”

“When?”

“As a matter of fact, I am going out tonight,” you snarl.

“A date?”

“No!” You stalk to the small kitchen and start up your coffee maker. “Don’t be ridiculous.”

“You have to move on at some point,” Tony says softly, following close behind you. “It’s been long enough for you to realize he isn’t coming back for you.”

“I know he isn’t,” you snap. “Do you want coffee or no?”

“Obviously,” he says with a sad smile. “So, who are you going out with?”

“It’s not a date!”

“Calm down, princess,” he laughs. “Either way, I need to know who I need to kill if you don’t show up for work tomorrow morning.”

“Steve,” you reply. “And you can kill him regardless.”

“You and he are back on good terms?” His eyes go wide. “Last I checked, you were ready to chuck him off the nearest skyscraper.”

“I still might do that,” you say with a smirk. “He is trying to make amends, and I have nothing better to do.”

“He is a good guy,” Tony says. “Who made some shitty mistakes... some really shitty mistakes. We all were acting a bit off cue back then.”

“Asgardians, ... they make everyone a little crazy,” You smile slightly, handing him the mug of coffee. “Now drink up and get out of here. I need to get ready soon.”

“Where are you going exactly?”

“A bar,” you reply bluntly, taking a sip from your own, freshly brewed cup of coffee.
Steve had asked you out for drinks several times in the past few months and only now had you given in to him. Either out of annoyance over his persistence or your own desperation to have someone buy you a stiff drink. Or two. Or three.

You wouldn’t mind getting yourself good and plastered.

“Well, I’m happy to see that you are at least trying.” He takes a long gulp of the beverage before placing it on your countertop and stalking back toward the front door. “Remind me to upgrade your coffee machine. That tasted disgusting.”

“Bye, Tony.”

You slam the door shut behind him and turn, falling back against the wooden frame with a heavy sigh. It had become an effort to even smile lately, as if every muscle in your body were revolting against your meager attempts at pretending to be happy.

I’m not happy. I’ll never be happy here.

You crawl towards the shower, determined to not let this night defeat you. It is just one night, after all. One night. It wouldn’t kill you. But it would sure as hell try.

You peel off each layer of clothing until you are bare and shivering against the tile floor. You turn the shower knob all the way to the left, toward a dangerously boiling degree. You stand under the scolding hot water, refusing to let even the cool caress of water touch your skin.

Don’t remind me of him.

It is bad enough that he still haunts your dreams. The last thing you need are more unnecessary reminders of him during the day. You still see his face in everything you do. You see his eyes in the greenery of the park outside your apartment window. You hear his laughter against the wind. And at night, you could swear you can still feel him leaving scars across your skin with the scrap of his teeth.

Lost in the swirling tide of your thoughts, you let your hands roam. They smooth down the plane of your stomach until your fingers scoop in, between your thighs. Where a pool of wetness has already gathered, given life from old memories.

This is one of the few pleasures you have left in life. The pure ecstasy of climatic release. It’s primal, an animalistic need to fuel and disperse your underutilized endorphins. But you want it regardless. You want so desperately to feel anything close to fulfillment.

As a finger slides inside, an overdue moan escapes your lips in waves, your body trembling against the stroke of your hand. In and out. As you edge toward release, you lift your gaze. And through the steam, rising up over the fogged glass of the shower walls, you swear you can see a dark figure lingering in the doorway. Staring at you intensely as you pleasure yourself.

You remove your fingers with one swift jerk of your wrist.

“Seriously, Tony, learn to fucking knock!” You scream, covering your breasts with the palms of your hands. “Get out!”

But the figure remains or rather, he inches slowly closer inside. His feet slide against the tile floor as he enters. You reach forward and smear the palm of your hand across the fogged glass. The cleared viewport remains for no more than a few seconds, before the rising stream pushes in to cloud your vision once more. But in that small moment of clarity, you swear you catch a glimpse of black hair,
sleeked back above the cool, tempting gaze of a God. A God who could easily lay waste to your sensibilities with the touch of his hand. Who could pry open your chest and rip your heart from beneath your ribs. And you’d gladly let him.

You gasp before covering your mouth with your hand. You back up into the corner of the shower. It can’t be him. It can’t be. After all this time... after...

But he steps closer still, until his silhouette hangs against the other side of the glass door.

“Don’t stop on my account,” he growls, and you can see the bright glimmer of his pearly fangs beneath the steam as he grins mischievously at you. “I was quite enjoying your little display.”

“Do you...” you start to say but your voice is caught in your throat, frozen in fear.

“Now, where did you leave off...” He hums, pressing his palms against the glass. “Ah, that’s right. Put those pretty fingers back where they belong.”

You hesitate, your fingertips hanging over your parted lips as you try to steady your breathing. To tame the beating of your heart.

“Be a good girl and do as you’re told,” he orders sternly. “Or I’ll have to punish you.”

Afraid of what may come from any sign of disobedience, you follow his command, letting your fingers wander back down between the apex of your thighs. You slide them through your sleek folds, over your blushing clit, circling around the swollen bud as you thrust your hips forward into your hand. And he lets out a deep moan in approval, as a finger finally finds its home deep inside of you once more.

“That’s my good girl,” he hums. “Just like that.”

You pump your finger in and out of your cunt until you groan and grasp at your breast with your free hand, pinching and tugging at your nipple.

“Give yourself one more. Shove another finger deep inside of your tight pussy for me.”

And you obey, sliding a second finger inside with a gasp.

“Does it feel good, pet?” He asks and you nod enthusiastically, realizing his hand is low, stroking his cock impatiently behind the door.

“I need you though,” you beg. “I need your touch.”

“Soon,” He promises. “Do as you’re told and I’ll give you what you need.”

You continue to thrust your fingers in and out of your dripping mound, the sounds of your want driving you wild with desire. You need his cock. You need all of him. You need Loki.

You throw your head back against the tiled wall as you let out a raspy moan, signaling your impending pleasure.

“Look at me!” He orders, though you can barely see him through the rising stream. “I want to get a good look at your face as you make yourself cum.”

Your breath comes out in husky gasps as the waves of ecstasy plummet through you.

“I’m close. Oh god, Loki, I’m gonna cum.”
“Cum for me,” he commands before pounding his fist against the glass. “I want you to cum so badly. I want to hear you scream.”

Your knees shake and you shout his name, just as he has asked of you. Your release floods over your fingers, dripping down your parted thighs.

“By the Norns... you truly are perfect,” he breathes, licking his lips. And suddenly, the figure is gone and you are left to ride the aftermath of your climax, alone.

A phantom lover. That’s all he would be for you now.

But this isn’t the first time you’ve seen him like this either. Initially, you told yourself it was nothing. Lack of sleep. Lack of nourishment. And eventually you thought that maybe the visions of him would fade once you recovered fully. But you never did get any better, did you? And you continued to see him, at the corner of every intersection before fading into the mass of pedestrians. At the back of a crowded elevator, a smirking devil leaning into the corner. And just at the edge of your vision. But every time you spun around, you saw nothing but emptiness occupying the space where he’d once been. They were manifested phantoms of your guilt and regret over losing him the way you did. That’s what you told yourself. But when the visions persisted, only becoming more frequent... that was when you told yourself that perhaps you were losing your mind from the heartbreak.

And now, as you move forward, back under the water to clean yourself, you notice a hand print pressed into the other side of the glass. And you are convinced that finally, you truly have gone insane.
Drink Up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You arrive early to the bar, when only a few other patrons have strolled in off the street. They grab beers and sulk in front of the large screens projecting the latest sports craze. Baseball, soccer, football. You don’t really care one way or the other. You sit at the bar, atop a swivel stool with your legs crossed in front of you. You decided to dress for the occasion, in a short skirt and skimpy blouse; the uniform of the desperate. But you are anything but desperate. Rather, you are simply in need of it’s added confidence to survive the night. And if a few too many martinis couldn’t do the trick, a killer outfit would.

You ordered an old-fashioned the second you arrived. And already, you are onto your third glass. You pluck off a cherry from its stem, mindlessly twirling the ruby twig between your teeth. The bartender has been getting progressively more heavy handed, you realize.

“I see you’ve started without me.”

You swirl your chair to the side.

“You’re late.” You chuck the steam at his pristinely pressed shirt.

“And you’re early.” He smiles weakly. “What are we drinking?”

“Alcohol,” you reply, taking a long final gulp of the iced beverage. “Does it matter what kind?”

He rises an eyebrow towards the heavens before slowly sitting down beside you.

“Are you already drunk?” He asks in a low whisper.

“No! I’m perfectly capable of handling my liquor.” But your words come out slurred. You raise your empty glass to the bartender. “Another round!”

He rests his hand against the rim, pushing your arm back down. “Why don’t we order some food first?” He offers. “Before we drown our sorrows like a couple of old widowers.”

He signals for a waiter and starts to order random appetizers. Carbs to coat your stomach, you note.

“Don’t enjoy your ladies drunk, Steve?”

“Not particularly.”

You turn your body to face him straight on. He holds your gaze. That soft sadness remains bordering the edges of his gentle stare. As if he is trying so hard not to break into a million pieces in front of you.

“How are you holding up?” He asks finally.

“I could ask you the same thing,” you mutter, adding louder, “I’m not slitting my wrists if that’s what you’re really asking.”

His eyes go wide. “I wasn’t...”
“I’m joking, Steve.”

“Don’t ever joke about that!” He snaps, a fist slamming into the countertop, rattling the glassware. The bartender turns with a glare. “I’m sorry, I just... You don’t know how hard it’s been for me to see you like this these past few months.”

“Yea well, I’m sorry you had to suffer on my account,” you snap before letting go of a deep sigh. No more bitterness, you decide. You have enough hate in your heart to drown the Furies with your scorn. No use perpetuating stereotypes.

“I know you aren’t handling this well either,” you say in a much softer tone. “Perhaps if you and I were to establish a truce... we could start to move past this.”

You turn away from him.

“I can’t just see you everyday, see the way you are... and not feel like I’m dying too.”

“Do I really make you feel that way?” His eyes brim with promise.

“Don’t flatter yourself,” you scoff, but your lips curl softly into a smile. “It just hurts to see my pain reflected in you. To see the damage I caused for you...It doesn’t make moving on any easier.”

He nods in understanding, extending his hand to you suddenly.

“Then I’ll meet your truce,” he offers. “No mention of the past. Today, we turn a new page. Deal?”

You consider it for a moment, staring down at his hand as if he were offering you some sort of new street drug. A hallucinogen to numb the pain, to take you somewhere else. You slide your hand into his and grip around it tightly.

“Deal,” You say, sealing your contract with a shake. “Now, am I allowed to order another drink on a school night, sir?”

He suddenly shakes with genuine, contagious laughter, leaning back against his chair. “You can do whatever you want. But I’ll be escorting you home, young lady.”

You blush despite your better judgement. It must be the alcohol, you decide.

“Young lady? You do realize we may actually be the same age,” you say with the hint of a smile curved over your painted ruby lips.

“We may be,” he agrees, his grin pulling your own completely out from the shadows of doubt. But you frown when your eyes lock onto the fading remnants of his black eye.

“How’d you get that anyway?”

A persistent buzzing diverts your attention and Steve lets go of a deep sigh. He groans and throws his phone onto the countertop. The screen illuminates with incoming text messages, coming through in a persistent stream.

“Tony won’t leave me alone,” he grumbles. “Neither will Bucky. How do I mute this thing?”

“Tony?” You hiss. “God, he is worse than an actual overprotective father lately.”

“Did you tell him something?”
“I may have mentioned we were hanging out.”

“That would explain the vague threats…” he laughs.

“I haven’t seen Bucky in a really long time,” you realize. “How is he doing?”

“Fine, I suppose,” Steve replies curtly. “He isn’t exactly happy with me either at the moment.”

“What for…”

The waiter appears behind you and places a plateful of food between you. The alluring aroma wafts up into your nostrils as you inhale deeply. Instantly, you realize with sincere regret just how hungry you are. Had you even bothered to eat today? You grab a mozzarella stick, biting into it and watching in despair as the long string refuses to break between your lips.

Steve chuckles and leans forward, taking the other end of the morsel from your fingers. He holds it between his teeth, severing the link between you.

You swallow hard.

“Did you just try to pull a Lady and the Tramp move on me?” You stutter with a glare.

“Still haven’t watched that one. Is that the one where the bookworm falls in love with the wolfman?” Your glare breaks as you roar with laughter, finally. And Steve joins in. It feels normal, right even, to be enjoying yourself rather than sulking with your nose in a book.

”No, that’s Beauty and the Beast.”

“We will have to watch that sometime.”

But just as you reach for a second appetizer, your eye catches a dark silhouette mingling amongst the shadows in the corner of the bar. The bar has started to get busier, a thick crowd of patrons cluttering your view. You tilt back, threatening to topple over, in an attempt to get another look at the stranger, when you see a glint of green.

“Do you see that guy over there?” You ask, narrowing your gaze in his direction but blinking, the corner becomes void of life. He has seemingly vanished.

Steve turns and follows your eye. “There are a lot of people in the bar, doll. You are going to have to be more specific.”

Doll.

You reach for your now empty drink with a curse under your breath. The bartender catches your eye and begins to prep another drink like some sort of elixir to calm your beating heat. But you are already overheated.

“Never mind,” you mutter before standing up off the barstool. “I’ll be right back.”

You feel his gaze burrow into your back as you stalk toward the restrooms. As usual, there is an unreasonably long line waiting to get into the ladies’ room. And none for the men’s room. You groan and push your way through to the adjacent door, avoiding the judgmental eye of a few women tapping their feet impatiently in line.

You peer inside, the wall lined with urinals and sigh in relief when you do not see a single man inside. You slide into a stall, finish your business and reemerge to wash your hands. You lean over
the porcelain sink, focusing on steadying your breathing. You peer up at your reflection and find a man behind you.

“I’m sorry,” you stutter, drying your hands on your skirt as you make to leave. But he grabs you by the arm and spins you around. He pins you up against the restroom wall, lined with crude graffiti. And gazing up at him, you are pierced by two matching emeralds. Brimming with a ravenous hunger.

“Loki,” you gasp. Your palms press flat against the wall behind you.

“You are just begging to be fucked, aren’t you?” He smirks down at you maliciously.

You bite your lip, your gaze locked onto his mouth, watching as his tongue traces lines along the inside of his lips. His hand falls down between your knees, tracing delicate lines up the inside of your thigh until he touches the bottom of your skirt. He chuckles as he pushes the fabric up, meeting with little resistance as you part your legs automatically for him.

“Are you wearing panties for me, slut?” He asks before his fingers press in against the thin lace of your thong, pulling a moan from your lips. The flat edge of his thumb provides needed pressure to your clothed clit. “I would have much preferred easier access.”

“Are you really here?” You struggle to ask as he rubs your sensitive bead. You reach forward to caress his arms, hidden beneath the dark fabric of his suit jacket.

“I’m here if you believe I am.”

He grins up at you as he slides down between your legs. He hikes your skirt up, throwing your leg up over his shoulder before he pulls your panties down beneath the hook of his fingers. Dropping them low enough for your entrance to meet with the tip of his nose. He inhales deeply.

“You smell divine,” he hums before he plants a soft kiss against your sleek lower lips. Your knees buckle as you throw your head back in ecstasy. You’ve missed his touch, craved it since the day he left you. You didn’t realize how much you need him to feel whole again. To heal. But as his tongue slides over your folds, you know you’ll never be the same without him. That the days in his absence aren’t worth living.

“Come back to me,” you moan, reaching down to run your fingers through his hair affectionately. “Please don’t leave me again.”

He pulls away, a string of your arousal caught on his bottom lip. He peers up at you with a look of stern inquisition.

“Who are you?” He growls. “Who were you to me?”

You gape at him but you’ve lost the ability to speak. Instead, he stands and grabs a fistful of your hair.

“You’ve been haunting my dreams ever since that day,” he snarls, pulling hard enough to make you whine. “I can’t... I can’t breathe without seeing your damned face.”

His eyes dazzle with recognition, as if he is fighting to piece it all together.

“Who are you and why can’t I remember you?”
Your eyes widen. “Loki, I’m...”

“We are about to have company,” he interrupts with a snarl. “Meet me back here at dawn.”

“Wait, Loki...”

“The hell you doin’ in here?”

You turn your attention toward the doorway, where an older gentleman stares at you with a disgruntled expression. You straighten your skirt, now that you are alone once again.

“I’m sorry, I just...”

“Out!” He shouts, his face red with embarrassment.

You shuffle past him and re-emerge into the bar, where the long line of ladies glare at you and whisper. You ignore their hateful comments, walking back toward Steve. He raises a beer to his lips and almost chokes on the liquid as he meets your eye.

“Are you okay?” He asks, dropping the glass bottle. “You are all flushed.”

You shake your head. “I’m not feeling very well,” you admit. “I think you were right... I may have had a little too much to drink.”

“Let me call you a cab.” He stands and reaches for your arm as you stumble forward. “Take it easy on the drinks next time. I was actually starting to enjoy myself... it’s been a long time since I’ve seen you laugh.”

You gaze up at him. “And I haven’t even seen you smile for months.”

He opens his mouth to reply, but before he can take the opportunity, you interrupt. “Now, take me home before I pass out.”

He slides next to you in the cab and you feel the world tilt on its axis. Whether from the effects of the alcohol or your jolted encounter with the God of Mischief. Your brain is a fog and there is a persistent throbbing between your legs; an unfulfilled desire. You shift away from Steve, refusing to succumb to your primal desires. Only one man would fill that void and you would be meeting him at dawn.

The timing seems almost poetic. Dawn. When you should have met him originally. When fate may have taken another turn. Perhaps now it would.

The cab halts in front of Stark Tower and you stumble out the door, clinging to the metal frame for support. Steve emerges right behind you, taking your arm and guiding you toward the elevator. You slide into the corner, gripping onto the handrails.

“Can you please make the room stop spinning?” You say through fits of giggles. The elevator comes to a sudden stop and you lurch forward into Steve awaiting arms.

“God, you are so muscular,” you slur, pulsing your grip on his bicep.

“Hold onto me,” he mutters before he leans down to pick you up and carry you in his arms the rest of the way to your room.

“Is this your kink?” you ask. “Carrying damsels in distress?” Your gaze locks onto his neck, on the bulging vein beneath his smooth, barely-tanned skin. You want to sink your teeth into him; you want
another taste. A regrettable side effect of your drunken stupor. You have to bite the inside of your mouth to stop from leaning up and kissing him there. Not that you truly want to. You want to hurt him, you realize. Without the pleasure that should follow.

Steve is everything you should want in a partner but nothing that you need. Where Loki is devious and deceiving, Steve is honored and virtuous, perfect for the Goddess of Truth. Where Loki is cruel and hurtful, he is loving and attentive. And where Loki is a rough pull of your hair, Steve is a tender caress.

You don’t want his gentle kind of lover though. You never did. And you realize, with a sort of soothing relief as he places you down on your bed, that he knows that too. You gaze up at him through the blurred lens of lost sobriety. You know he could easily take you in that moment. You are wanton and inebriated, your pussy wet with unsatisfied desires. But he simply tucks you in and sits at the edge of the bed beside you.

He leans down and kisses your forehead gently before smoothing back your hair with the edge of his hand. “I did something horrible,” he says softly. “It’s because of me that you lost him. But now, I’ll do everything I can to get him back to you.”

“Why?” You stammer with wide eyes. “I broke your heart Steve. I made you act like a fool. Why do this? Why help me to find him again if... if that would mean giving me up for good?”

“Because love doesn’t always make sense. Sometimes your soul mate belongs to someone else. And sure, it hurts but... I still love you. And I want you to be happy.” He smiles and stands.

“I wonder if that’s how Bucky feels,” you let slip from your lips and you watch in horror as Steve turns three shades darker.

He lingers in the doorway before his lips curl up into a small, subtle smile. “Sweet dreams, Veritas.”

“You aren’t allowed to call me that,” you grumble, folding your body in against the curve of your pillow. “Or doll, or sweetheart, or baby.”

But you see him continue to smile before your eyelids weigh down upon you with the force of needed sleep.

“No, I suppose I’m not.”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 16 is in progress. I’m frankly getting a bit distracted because I started working on an AU piece for this. Once I finish 16, I’ll be posting that too. But a warning, the AU will be pure unadulterated and unapologetic smut ;)}
Pain to Mask Pleasure

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You wake to the persistent buzzing of your phone, vibrating against your nightstand. It pulls you from a dream, one in which Loki still remembers you. You groan, having been so rudely disrupted. However, it is relief that pulls you fully into consciousness. Relief that you managed to set an alarm even in your weakened state.

You stumble out of bed and begin to sort through the remnants from the night before: the tangled knots of your hair, the black smears of your makeup, and the throbbing ache wrapped around your skull. You quickly shower and head for the door, chugging aspirin and toting a travel mug filled to brim with caffeine.

You collide into someone’s chest, as you turn the corner of the staircase. A splash of coffee taints their already dark shirt. You shake your head, muttering curses. But when you look up, your eyes widen.

“Bucky...hi.” You shift your gaze to the coffee stain in the middle of his chest, slowly spreading. “Shit, I’m sorry.”

“You’re up early,” he grumbles, seemingly unfazed. His metal arm grips onto the opposite handrail, blocking your exit.

“I picked up jogging,” you lie with a wince. “Why are you awake?”

“I don’t sleep much,” he replies bluntly.

“Couldn’t tell.”

Your relationship with the Winter Soldier had always bordered the line between friendship and rivalry. You were the one tasked with interrogating him when Steve brought him into S.H.I.E.L.D. To prove he was ready to fight for the right side of justice.

During those late night sessions, alone with him, it was like gazing into the eyes of a caged wolf, breathing onto its nostrils. There was a dark aggression boiling under the surface of his mind. A mind torn to shreds by years of brainwashing. It wasn’t unlike Loki’s gaze, which held his own dark past. And little by little, you pulled back the layers of pain that defined Bucky, dissecting the truth from what remained of his memories. You learned a lot about him you didn’t care to know.

Like how you both harbored similar feelings for Steve.

When the interrogations were over, you vouched for him. You were the reason, in a way, that he was given another chance at life. To decide his own fate. And that was something he told you, directly. When you didn’t need to pry the truth from the wreck of his mind. That he was grateful to you.

Maybe that was the only thing keeping you from completely tilting over into the realm of enemy.

“Let’s catch up later,” you mutter as you duck under his constructed arm, charging down the remainder of the stairs. “I’ll buy you a new shirt. I promise.”
“Part of me wants to kill you for breaking his heart, you know,” he calls after you, causing you to halt, frozen on the bottom step.

You swallow hard. “Well, here I am. Defenseless and hung over. Come and get me.”

But you hear him chuckle softly behind you. “I did get a bit of a rundown from Steve last night about your drunk ramblings.”

“God, what did I say?”

“Nothing you wouldn’t say sober.”

You smile and linger on the bottom step, turning around. As you gaze up at him, hovering a few feet above you, the call of truth lures you to open his mind, but only ever so slightly. And when you do, you find his truth laid out in front of you like a tempting tray of pastries.

“You were the one who gave Steve that black eye,” you realize, spoken in a soft whisper. “Why?”

He shifts against the weight of his metallic arm still held, gripped, to the handrail.

“Steve was a real ass to you,” he mutters. “Figured he deserved it. Someone needed to knock some sense back into him.”

A lie, but only partially. Like the truth but fractured by light.

“Try again,” you order, crossing your arms over your chest.

“No one deserves to forget who they are,” he continues with a hollow glare. “I think we may have that in common, you and I. Amongst other things.”

“But I made myself forget,” you argue. “You... you never had a choice.”

“And in holding you captive, Steve was the reason you lost the man you love. The reason he forgot you.” He steps down.

Your gaze widens; your breath quickens. “Steve wasn’t exactly in the right state of mind and you know that,” you reply. “Besides, I didn’t take you for a fan of Loki...”

“Oh, I’m not.” He takes another step closer and you see a devilish smirk pull up over his lips.

“Bucky Barnes,” you gasp. “You just want to get rid of the competition, don’t you?”

“Doll, you were hardly ever a threat.”

“So you admit it?”

“Shut up.”

You laugh into your hand as you watch his expression twist. “Well, I did enjoy seeing Steve suffer a bit. That must make me a sadist.”

“I’d peg you for more of a masochist. You are in love with Loki after-all.”

“You have a point...”

“How did you know it was me?” He asks suddenly. “I didn’t think you could read minds. Coerce the
truth from someone, sure, but not telepathy.”

“I... I can’t. I didn’t,” you stutter. “I just... knew.”

His gaze narrows, and in the core of his dark eyes, you can see his thoughts spiraling in motion. You step away, afraid of what he could be thinking. But mostly you are alarmed by the fact that you feel a siren’s song pulling you in, tempting you to pry open his mind and determine the truth for yourself.

Only recently had you begun to notice your power changing, allowing you to use it in more ways than you thought possible.

And it terrifies you.

“Listen, Bucky, I’ve got to...”

“What are you really doing?”

You swallow hard.

“And don’t you dare say running.”

“I’m... meeting someone,” you admit.

“I see...” he says with a smirk before he runs his fingers through his dark mane And turns to leave.

“Go meet with him. But let’s talk later. My place. I’ve got a few beers with your name on them.”

With wide eyes, full of embarrassment, you nod slowly and charge out of the building.

The cool morning breeze kisses your skin as you emerge outside. Like a gentle caress against your aching temples. The soft rays of the childish sun peek in over the curve of the earth.

A new day. A new horizon.

When you make it back to the bar, the doors are locked, boarded up until the local clientele can come crawling back at nightfall. But as you reach for the door handle, it slides open under the weight of your hand. You push the door open and cautiously step inside.

“Hello?” You call out into the stillness of the empty bar. “Is someone there?”

As you move further inside, the chill of his breath cascades down the back of your neck, making your hair stand up on end. You spin around and see him, standing in the doorway. He slams the door shut behind him with a wide grin.

“I didn’t actually think you’d come here,” he says. “What a nice surprise.”

“Of course I’d come,” you whisper, backing up tentatively. Your rear suddenly collides into a table. You reach back and grip onto the accompanying chair for support.

“It was quite brave of you to come alone, kitten.” He begins to circle you, like a predator sniffing out his prey. Ready to pounce at the first sign of fear or weakness. “I half expected the whole lot of your pathetic army to charge in, ready to detain me.”

He grins wildly.

“But here you are...and you’re all for the taking. I could eat you alive, little one. I could tear you limb from limb. I am dying to taste you again...”
“I know you, Loki,” you reply as you too begin to stalk around him. The two of you interlocked into a circle of pensive examination. The dance of Gods. “And I know you won’t hurt me. No more than I want you to.”

You push into his mind, on instinct, as he moves closer. The cool chill of his body presses into you, suffocating you. But he halts any further movement, gripping onto your forearm so tightly your skin goes pale beneath his grasp. And your power snaps free from his mind, recoiling back inside of you like a fishing reel cut loose from its bait.

“It’s not wise to be so trusting,” he growls. His nails dig into your skin. “That sort of blind faith could get you killed, mortal.”

“Good thing I’m not mortal.”

He loosens his grip. “You’re Asgardian?” His eyes are wide, as if he already knew. As if a part of him still remembers.

“Thor didn’t tell you anything about me?” You ask softly. “I thought maybe he would have told you who I am by now.”

“My brother and I aren’t exactly on speaking terms at the moment...”

“Does he know you’re here?”

“Of course not,” He snaps. “He doesn’t need to know everything I do. Especially in this matter.”

“But Heimdall...”

“Has locked the bifrost. By order of the king,” he explains in a mocking tone. “So, how is it that an Asgardian found herself marooned on Midgard?”

“I’m not marooned. I left,” you reply, simply.

“You left Asgard,” he repeats with a glimmer of intrigue dazzling in his emerald eyes. “Because Midgard is so alluring...”

“And how exactly did you get here, if not by bifrost?”

“Such a curious creature, aren’t you?” His hand slides off your arm. He runs the edge of his thumb over your watering lips. “There are other ways of leaving Asgard. The bifrost is only one of them.”

Your gaze locks onto his mouth, wanting more than anything for him to shove that finger in your mouth and force you to suck.

“I just can’t stay for long periods of time this way,” he says in a low raspy voice as he gazes down at your mouth. How you part your lips, how your tongue presses impatiently against his finger. He pulls away abruptly.

Jolted by the loss of his touch, you begin to scheme.

“How about this... Lets play a game,” you offer with a smirk to rival his own. “I’ll answer all of your questions, if you answer mine.”

He leans back against the bar, extending his arms over the wooden surface as he studies you. “Careful, kitten. With that sort of promise, I do intend to pry. You may not like what it is I desire to know.
“Try me, Liar God.”

His lips curl into a heated smirk, dripping with the promise of pleasure.

“You seem so eager,” he hums. “And from what I’ve gathered about you these past few months, you are quite willing to receive me. In every way.”

His hands trails down, smoothing over the curve of your breasts, hidden beneath an oversized shirt. Your nipples harden under his touch.

“So obedient. So loyal. The perfect little pet.” His fingers linger over his masterpiece, circling around your nipples in delight.

“That was really you?” You ask as the heat rises up over your cheeks. “You’ve been watching me? I thought maybe I was... seeing things.”

“Yes, it was me,” he purrs. He licks his lips for emphasis. “Though, regrettably, I wasn’t able to monitor you as much as I would have liked to. So, tell me, did you have any men during that time?”

“Have any men?”

“Have you been fucked?” He clarifies. “Have you been a little whore while I’ve been gone? While you thought the love of your life was as good as dead to you?”

You gaze at him with a wide, hopeful stare. “Loki... did it work? Do you remember everything?”

He huffs. “You are driving me insane with these ramblings of my precious lost memories,” he replies with a glare and a hiss between his clenched teeth. “No, I don’t remember you. All I know is that my hunger for you is unfathomable. I’m quite addicted to you, it would seem.”

“You should be,” you growl, slinking towards the bar. You lean forward, pressing your palms against the wood on either side of his chest. Your lips hover just above his until you can feel his breath pooling into your open mouth, leaving the faintest taste of him on your tongue.

“Why?” He glares.

“You were in love with me.”

His hand grips around your throat suddenly and he squeezes until you are clawing at his skin, struggling for air.

“Why do you keep saying that?” He snaps. You gasp and strain to respond until he releases you, spinning you around. Your chest presses in against the smooth, wooden edge and as he forces his palm into your back, you bend over, lying flat against the bar.

“Because it’s the truth,” you snap, turning slightly to look at him. “Aren’t I familiar at all to you? Like we’ve met before?”

But rather than respond, he pushes your face down, until it is flesh with the polished surface.

“No more questions, slut. I’ve waited far too long for this.”

He yanks down your skirt, until your ass is bare for him. His eyes widen as a Cheshire’s grin curls up over his lips.

“You aren’t wearing panties,” he purrs in delight. “You’re a fast learner, pet. I think I’ll keep you.”
You hear the sound of leather gliding against polyester as he yanks his belt free from around his waist. He folds and snaps it tight, making you jolt.

“But first I should punish you.”

He glides the smooth edge across your bare ass, teasing you with the promise of acute pain.

“I want to leave my mark on you since you’ve been such a dirty girl,” he growls. “What if someone had seen your pretty little pussy before I did? You need to remember who owns your body, pet.”

The leather comes down against your skin with a slap, leaving a sharp sting in its wake. You gasp and grip onto the edge of the bar. Once more, he traces the belt over your ass in slow, methodical paths. Your breathing finally settles when he hits you again. And again. Until your knees give way beneath you. Your skin throbs at the point of impact, radiating through your core. You throb in time to the rising pain.

“More,” you beg, pushing your ass back into his awaiting palm. He rubs gentle circles where he has left bright welts against your skin. His cool touch soothes your ache. And this time, when he finally complies with your request, you feel the full plane of his palm smack against your ass, rather than the unforgiving bite of leather.

“You already own my body,” you moan. “I’ve always been yours.”

“Mine,” he purrs in agreement as he tenderly soothes your skin once more with the caress of his hand. His fingers trails over the curve of your rear until he finds the warm pool of your want, dripping softly between your parted legs.

“Tell me, pet, how did you become mine?” He whispers, leaning forward, over your back. He gently kisses your shoulder, making you shiver and beg for more. “What made you fall in love with the devil?”

*Do you really think me the devil, sweet girl?*

You gaze forward at the half empty bottles of multi-colored liqueurs lining the bar. The dark glass hiding the pure elixir beneath. Your breathing is erratic as you recover from the pleasure coursing through your veins from his violent appetite. But you need more, so much more. His fingers pull away and you know gaining back his love would need to involve more than just the use of your body. You had to convince his mind.

“You want everyone to believe you are nothing but the God of Lies,” you tell him, turning slightly. “But I’ve seen underneath your disguise, Loki. I know which is the mask.”

“We all wear disguises, don’t we?” His voice is low, carried against a nonexistent wind. “Even you.”

“I wore a mask for many years,” you admit. “At the time, I thought I was doing what was best. For myself. But that lie was slowly killing me.”

To your surprise, he takes your hand, urging you to turn around completely. When you do, he helps to lift you to sit atop the counter. You wrap your legs around him, your hands resting against his shoulders as you pull him flesh to your body. You are shaking, you realize. And whether it’s from your arousal or your fear, you can not be certain. Perhaps they are one in the same.

“I know what it’s like to live a lie for so long that you start to believe it,” he says in a soft whisper. His fingers trace the line of your lips. You kiss them gently until he is forced to pull away, looking disconcerted.
“I wonder... if you saw what’s truly behind my mask, would you still love me the way you claim?”

You reach up to hold his face between the palms of his hands.

“Show me,” you order. “And I’ll tell you everything.”

He laughs then, a sound that rises up to fill the still bar around you.

“You stupid girl,” he mocks. “I don’t quite care to divulge all my secrets with the likes of you. You are just a cum thirsty whore, begging for my cock. Isn’t that right?”

Your eyes widen and you plead with him, feeling as if you’d just been on the edge of discovery. This was his mask. The Devil. The man constructed from pain and loss. He wore his torment like a badge of honor. Letting it define him completely. But you knew buried beneath those layers of misery were a softer, more tender heart. One that you’d seen that day on the plane, when he wanted nothing more then to stop your suffering.

You’d seen it when he saved you.

He must remember that at least, you decide. But as you open your mouth to speak, you watch as he glides his cock free from the confines of his suit.

“Now, give me what I came here for.”

Chapter End Notes

I’ll be posting the one-shot AU soon as part of this series. It’s Bucky/Steve/Reader if you are into that sort of thing ;)

Phantom Lover

Chapter Notes

In case you missed it, that AU piece has been posted as part of the series: The Promise of Beer ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Loki, please wait!”

You push against his chest as he nears you, his hand gripped around the base of his cock.

“Why, kitten?” He licks his fingers and glides them up over your entrance, coating the tips in your gathered wetness. “Your pussy is dripping. You are quite ready to receive me.”

You bite your lip, stifling a moan as he teases your clit, smoothing your arousal around it. He pulls away just as you begin to thrust your hips toward his hand instinctively. He plays with the strings of your want, caught between his fingers with a devilish grin.

“Have a taste,” he orders, shoving his fingers past your parted lips.

You groan and resist but he grabs a hold of the back of your head and urges you to obey. You suck his fingers until your sleek is caught on the tip of your tongue. You can taste the sweet bitterness of your own sex.

“Tastes good, doesn’t it?” His eyes dazzle with approval as he strokes his cock impatiently. His gaze shifts toward your wet mound before he forces your feet up onto the bar beside you.

You feel completely exposed, spread out before him. Your body is on full display for him to mock and destroy if he so desires. In his eyes is the hunger of a man who is dying to taste you. To devour your very being as if you were the most delicious fruit, ripe and ready to be plucked. However, bordering around the rim of that lust filled aggression is something softer. If only you could urge that emotion toward full release...Maybe a part of him is still fighting for love of you.

He smooths the tip of his cock up and down over your folds until his precum mixes and mingles with your wetness. Until the two are indistinguishable. You reach forward gripping onto his shoulder. To stop him perhaps. Or to urge him on.

“Brace yourself,” he warns. “I don’t plan on being gentle.”

He shoves the full length of his cock inside of you, all at once, until you can feel the scruff of his skin grazing your pelvis. You gasp and strain against him, your nails finding their home in his back. You prepare yourself for the subsequent onslaught. But it doesn’t come. He stalls.

“Fuck,” he mutters, falling forward to rest his head against your shoulder. You can feel his breathing, shallow and shaken, cascading down over your chest. His arms wrap around you and you can feel your pussy clench around him. Throbbing with need. His hands run up and down your back as he slowly begins to move. He is being too tender, teasing you with the promise of love making.

You reach up to keep him steady. Unsure of what to say; unsure of what to do. And for a moment,
as he breathes deeply, you feel a pulse of clarity between you. Of recognition hidden under the force of his magic, snapped free by this moment of pure intimacy. By the two of you joined as one.

He pulls back and you see it in his eyes; the love you lost. His emeralds glisten, darting between fear and love, regret and anguish.

Your hand smooths over his jawline.

“Loki,” you say in a sigh. And in the disparity of hope, you sink your claws deep into his mind, just to pry the rest free. But as if sensing the violation, Loki growls and grabs a fistful of your hair before he quickens his pace, finally pounding into your pussy without restraint. His balls slap against your rear with each plummeting thrust.

You jerk out of his mind, screaming in pain and ecstasy as he dives into you. He grips onto your ass with his free hand, shoving you toward his pelvis.

“What do you think you’re doing?” He growls. “Were you trying to alter my mind, little whore?”

“No, I was... oh, fuck!”

His fingers assault your clit, rubbing against you. The speed and friction makes you weak beneath him as you cry out his name. You slump against his body, your arms wrapped around his neck. It’s too much. His touch is leaving you raw.

“Please, let me cum,” you beg. “I can’t take anymore!”

He pulls on your hair more, forcing you back to look up at him directly.

“You don’t deserve to cum,” He snaps. “I’m not here for your pleasure, you slut. I’m here for mine. And I intend on filling your whore cunt with my cum until you beg for me to stop.”

Your eyes widen. To hear him say it so bluntly...that your own release wasn’t important...felt like his own personal denial of love. Maybe it was a lost cause to win him back. Maybe his magic was that much stronger than your power. Maybe his memories were buried down so deep that even the potential for him to love you again had become mere vapor in the aether. Without mass. Without meaning.

His words repeat in your head like a curse until you give in to that despair. You revert back into your mind as he fucks you, taking his pleasure from you. He is holding you tight to his chest, grunting with each thrust but you can hardly feel it. You are numb to it. Broken.

The Loki you love is dead.

And as he thrusts deep inside of you one final time, groaning as he fills you with his release in thick spurts, your face is void of feeling.

He pulls out slowly, breathing heavily and smiling in victory as he gazes down at the warm nectar that seeps from your sex as he leaves you. Lines of the sticky residue cling to your thigh, causing that smile to widen.

“Don’t you look delicious,” he hums in approval. But when he lifts his gaze to look at you, his smile fades. He reaches forward, attempting to hold his fingers under your chin. But you jerk your head to the side, avoiding his touch.

“You got what you wanted,” you mutter, closing your legs as you begin to shake. You wrap your
arms around your chest, rubbing up and down over your arms.

“Kitten...”

He sounds too tender, as if he cares for you. As if it matters that he’s hurt you. And as he reaches for you again, you shove against him, hard, causing him to fumble back away from you. And for a moment you see panic flash over his cool expression.

“We are done here, aren’t we?” you mutter, reaching for the crumpled remains of your clothing. “Go back home to Asgard...”

You shimmy back into your skirt, throwing the shirt over your head before you hop off the bar. You charge back toward the door when he grabs your arm and spins you back around.

“Is this not who I was to you?” He snaps. “Your ruin, your pain? I saw how you looked at me that day.”

“You saw heartbreak in my eyes,” you cry out. “You were everything to me. When you should have been nothing.”

His eyes widen, held to yours as if time stood still.

“Don’t lie to me...”

“I can’t lie to you!” You blurt out. “I can’t... I... please let me go.”

“I won’t,” he said. “Not until I see for myself.”

He jerks forward, his hand held to your skull. The moment his fingers touch your forehead, you feel him once again squirming inside of your memories. But this time, there isn’t pain, now that all of those lost moments have been unlocked. Free to roam. Free to torment you.

You feel him pull forward the moment you met, when S.H.I.E.L.D. brought him in as a prisoner. How your eyes met for only a moment and yet still, a pulse of promise passed between you. The string of fate tugging tight. Something that, at the time, you hadn’t even realized yourself. His eyes were rimmed with lust while your own echoed permission.

You grab a hold of his power cursing through you and use it as a tether to dive into his mind. It leaves your own open and vulnerable, but it’s your only chance. While you could not break down the shields to his locked memories, you could see past what was left exposed. And perhaps find something that could help you.

It’s a jumbled mess but you sort through small glimpses of his life, through the lens of his emerald eyes. You are driven by Truth and it would serve as your lantern through the darkness.

You find it startling that you can not find one recollection of a relationship. No evidence of him ever opening his heart to someone else. You see glimpses of women, caught under his embrace, held to his bed. But only lust resides in those memories. Nothing more. Still, you can sense that hidden amongst the wreckage of his memories is the familiar tinge of fate, wrapped around that created barrier. Representing his love for you.

He’s never loved anyone, you realize as you slowly re-emerge from his mind. He has never let anyone in. All but... the image of a beautiful woman flashes forward before you pull away fully. Frigga. Odin’s wife, you recall. And Loki’s mother. He only ever loved her.
And just as you are about to leave his mind, you see a long forgotten memory, lost even to him. He is merely a child, a babe held in Odin’s arms. And he is crying, afraid and alone. It’s cold, so cold that you can barely breathe. But Loki isn’t bothered by it. It seems to be the only thing that comforts him. And as he reaches his small hand up to wrap around Odin’s finger, you see the unnatural hue of his skin.

You plummet out of his memories with a startled jerk, gasping for air. His eyes are wide, dazzling over you with an expression you cannot decipher.

“Jotun,” you stutter. “You’re a Frost Giant, aren’t you?”

“And you’re a Goddess,” he says flatly. As if you are discussing the weather.

“What else did you see?” You ask. “Anything worth your while, Liar God?”

He steps closer. His shadow hangs over you until you are suffocating under the force of his dark shade.

“I saw you are quite an insufferable woman,” he says bluntly, his eyes narrowed in a glare. But as you attempt to back away, he grabs hold of your chin and his eyes soften. “Who is bold, determined, and ruthless when you need to be. You’ve suffered greatly, as I have.”

“Is that all?” You ask softly, lost in his brilliant gaze.

“I saw everything I’ve forgotten, through your eyes,” he replies. “I could feel your emotions coursing through me as if they were my own. How you came to love me.”

“It wasn’t love at first sight. Don’t get the wrong idea...”

He laughs softly. “Of course it wasn’t. But something pulled us together. Even though a part of you hated me, you still let me in. You still let me have you... Is lust that powerful of a persuader for you?”

“Don’t make it seem as if it’s not the same for you,” you snap. “You knew nothing about me and yet you were still determined to bed me using your magic.”

“You saw through it immediately though. And you wanted me still. Don’t deny it.”

“I did want you.” You can not lie to him. Not any longer. “I don’t know why but I did.”

He drops his gaze, staring down at where he is holding onto your arm. His fingers fall, interlocking into your hand below.

“The moment when we became one, I saw you as clear as day,” he says. “I saw you calling to me. Calling me home. And I felt... safe.”

“Then why push me away the way you did?” You snarl. “Why do everything in your power to destroy that feeling?”

“Because I’ve never known anything else!” He growls before sighing deeply, resting his forehead against yours. He reaches up and plays with the ends of your hair, picking them up between his fingertips and letting them fall back down against your back.

“I want to remember you,” he admits. “I want to know what is that I’ve lost. But more than anything, I want to see you the way you see me. What I saw held in your memory. Because being here with you... I see something that truly frightens me. And trust me, I do not scare easily.”
You breathe deeply into him, your own fingers coursing through his hair to soothe the ache you feel so strongly in his voice.

“What do you see?”

“I see why fate has brought us together.”

He leans down and kisses you softly. You open your mouth to him, sighing as his tongue slides past your parted lips. But you are the one to pull away, breathless, feeling a bit too dizzy to continue.

“I am Chaos,” he whispers. “And you are Order. One cannot exist without the other.”

You inhale deeply, leaning back into his embrace. You’ve felt that all along. You’ve felt empty and hollow, until he disrupted the stillness of your mundane life. You need the disorder of his being. And he needs your serenity.

“Listen to me. I haven’t got much time but there...There is something we must do...”

He groans, his hands becoming fists behind you.

“I have to go... I can’t...”

“Why is it you can’t stay very long this way? How did you get here?”

“I’m not really here,” he replies in a whisper. “Not all of me.”

You gape at him. “Then how did we...”

“We didn’t. Not in the physical sense.”

You look down at yourself, between your legs where the very obvious evidence of his sex should still remain. However, there is nothing but your own desire, sleek across your thighs. You look back up at him but his image is fading fast, like he is but a reflection held against the rippling surface of water.

“I’m sorry,” he says, reaching out to you. But his voice sounds distance, held underwater, and his hand fades right through you. Your phantom lover. “I’ll try... I’ll...”

You stumble forward as he vanishes completely.

“Loki...” you sigh, pressing your hand against your heart. Knowing his was beating the same, somewhere far across the other end of the universe.

Chapter End Notes

Working on chapter 19 now but life’s a little hectic so there may be some delays. Thanks for sticking around!
Asshole Asgardians

Chapter Notes

Oh the angst continues!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There is something we must do.

What had he wanted to say, before he was pulled back to Asgard? What was it that needed to be done? Apparently, it was something only the two of you could do; an unspoken truth hidden beneath his words. Words that stir around your mind in loops as you walk up the stairs toward your desk. Thankfully, you haven’t managed to be as late as you initially feared. The office is still settling in for the day, still shuffling papers, sorting through emails, drowning their sorrows in coffee.

“Heard you got an early morning run in.”

The smell of coffee motivates you to lift your gaze from your laptop, still booting up atop your desk. A styrofoam cup is extended in front of you, held in Steve’s grasp. He is smiling as if he couldn’t be more amused.

“I’m honestly surprised you had that sort of energy with a hang over,” he laughs. “But hey, if you are into running now, you know I wouldn’t mind tagging along with you. Perhaps not at the crack of dawn but....”

You snatch the cup of coffee from his hand with a grunt before knocking back the liquid caffeine. It’s just the way you like it. Steve’s been paying attention.

“I needed some fresh air,” you mutter before muting yourself with another greedy gulp.

“No use lying to me,” he replies as he sits atop your desk, his tone gradually turning more serious. “You may be a lie detector but you are horrible at keeping a straight face. I can read right through it.”

You gaze up at him, leaning against your elbow.

“So tell me then, Captain, what was I really doing?”

You watch in awe as a deep crimson hue spreads up over his cheeks, blotched around his neck. What had you said to trigger him? Your eyes widen before you smirk and say it again.

“Captain?”

He opens his mouth to respond but quickly clenches his lips shut, swallowing hard, as if he is pushing down what he was initially going to say.

“I’m not the only one who can tell when you’re up to something,” he whispers instead.

“Then who...”

Your grip tightens around your coffee cup, enough to make it spill over the edge and burn your
hand. Though, you hardly notice. You focus your attention, instead, on your growing annoyance toward a certain Winter Soldier. Whenever he manages to wiggle his way back into your good graces, he finds someway to slip right back out again.

“I’m going to kill Bucky,” you growl before Steve leans in close to you, enough to make you inch away uncomfortably.

“He is just worried about you,” he says. “Like I am.”

“Well, you don’t need to be. There’s nothing to worry about.”

“So you didn’t meet with Loki then?”

You drop your gaze onto the dark liquid held in your hand. “I shouldn’t have to explain myself to you...”

“How’d he get back to Earth?” Steve asks softly. “Our reports verified the bifrost is still inaccessible. How did you find him?”

“He found me,” you correct in a harsh tone. “But he wasn’t really here. He was more like... a tangible mirage. One of his illusions.”

“Can he really do that?” Steve asks. “Can he project his illusions that far? All the way from Asgard?”

“I don’t know... it doesn’t make much sense to me either.”

Steve’s hand rests against your shoulder, quickening your heart rate beneath his touch.

“Did he say anything to you? Anything that might explain how he got here?”

_There is something we must do._

You swallow hard before opening your mouth to speak. But finally, your computer starts up. A meeting alert pops up over your inbox, diverting your attention.

“I don’t know but it seems Tony wants to talk about it too,” you groan, gesturing toward the annoying module, demanding your response.

_Meeting Subject: Asgardian Assholes_
_Time: NOW_
_Where: North Star Meeting Room_

“Lead the way.”

You walk upstairs, side by side with Steve, who occasionally asks you what happened, if Loki remembered anything. But you simply shake your head and continue onward. When you make it to North Star, you find Tony waiting, impatiently twirling a pen. He is accompanied by an odd assortment of guests, some you’ve met before. They are the same S.H.I.E.L.D agents who are often stationed for your safety outside interrogation rooms when you have to face the more dangerous assortment of prisoners. Acquaintances.

You exchange a quick glance with a man at the table whose face looks vaguely familiar. Like you’ve seen it in some sort of briefing...

As your gaze shifts, you also find Bucky lingering in the corner, his arms crossed and his eyes
narrowed toward the doorway as you enter. Why was he there? He was hardly ever invited to these sorts of meetings. He smirks as he watches your face twist in confusion. A part of you wants to race toward him and slap that smug look off his lips. But there will be time for that later. Steve breaks away from you to speak him while you turn your eyes reluctantly upon Tony.

“Asshole Asgardians?” You raise an eyebrow in inquisition. “Should I be personally offended?”

“This isn’t about you,” Tony replies coolly. “Well perhaps a bit... but please, sit down.”

An agent shuts the door behind you and the room goes deafly still. Your gaze shifts once again around the room nervously, and you find, to your dismay, that all eyes are set upon you. As if they are waiting for your next move. So, you slowly pull a chair out across from Tony to sit.

“What is this really about?” You ask with a glare, attempting to hide the quiver of your lips, a side effect of your ever growing nerves.

“We lost communication with Thor about a month ago,” Tony explains, leaning forward against the table. “And we have reason to believe something may be happening on Asgard.”

“Thor was very clear when he left that he was going to do everything in his power to keep me from going back there,” you reply dryly. “That’s all this is. He is throwing a temper tantrum.”

“If you know something...”

“I don’t know anything, Tony. Now if you don’t mind...” you attempt to stand before he interrupts you.

“Where’s Loki?” The pen stills between his fingers as he narrows his gaze, his lips a stern, solid line. Your eyes widen. You fall back down into your chair.

“I wouldn’t know,” you lie. “You know I’ve been trying to reach him ever since that day but I’ve... I’ve had no luck.”

“Barnes begs to differ.”

You shift your gaze toward the metal armed soldier whose eyes are cast in a dark shadow. Hiding an expression you would be unable to decipher either way.

“He told us you met with him today. Secretly.”

“Well Barnes needs to learn to shut his goddamn mou...”

“Was he telling the truth or not, kid? Have you seen him?” Tony asks in a much gentler tone. As if he were hoping you’d say he was lying, that you were innocent of any potential wrong doing.

But as you lean back in your chair, You know there is no use furthering deceit, when doing so had brought you close to death once before.

“I have.”

The room erupts in a chorus of murmurs and side-conversation, all of which is quickly silenced as Tony clears his throat. However, the unknown man speaks before Tony gets the chance to.

“How did he get here if not by Bifrost?” He asks. He leaves his chair and walks toward you. “I always suspected there were other means of traveling from Asgard but traveling back again... that is
another case entirely.”

“I’m sorry but who the hell are you?” you snap.

He extends his hand toward you with a bright smile.

“Erik,” he says. “Professor Erik Selvig.”

You keep your arms crossed over your chest until he lets his hand fall in defeat.

“I’ve invited Erik here because he is an expert in astrophysics,” Tony explains. “But more importantly, he has direct experience with Loki’s unique brand of manipulation.”

You turn to look Erik over once again. *That’s why you look familiar.* You’d seen his face once before, on a report. A report dating back from Loki’s first escapades on Earth. Erik was one of Loki’s many victims using the Chitauri Scepter, a relic you’d seen first hand during your many explorations of the weapons vault.

“And that’s relevant because...?”

“Because Loki, it would seem, is manipulating you.”

“Why do you always assume all wrong doing originates from his hand?”

“Because it does!” Tony snaps before he takes a long, deep breath. “Your crazed ex-lover has a track record. You do realize that, don’t you?”

“Lover?” Erik practically spits out the mouthful of water he had just consumed. “Loki is your... lover?”

You give him a sideways glance until you watch him gulp down another mouthful of water and turn away. You shift back toward Tony.

“I’m aware of his past. But if we were going to judge everyone based on their pasts alone, half the men in this room would be in handcuffs.”

You swear you hear Bucky mutter a curse in response.

“You saw him here, on Earth,” Tony says. “You met with him, when there should have been no other way for him to get here. What exactly did the two of you talk about?”

With every eye upon you, you shift uncomfortably in your seat. You’d done much more than just talk. However, that was something no one in that room was privileged enough to know about. But even when you had talked, it had been about your pure desperation to get him back, to get the man you loved back. Nothing more besides...

*There is something we must do.*

Your eyes widen. Tony couldn’t possibly be right. Loki couldn’t be doing something to risk the safety of your people. Of Asgard. He may be a deceitful miscreant who thrived on disorder, but Asgard was his home. A home that the Jotunheim could never be. And if he wasn’t the cause, perhaps he knew who was. Perhaps that’s what he was trying to tell you.

“Tony, you know this has been hard for her,” Steve interrupts as he moves around the edge of the room to stand behind you. “If she knew what was going on on Asgard, she would have told us.”
“She could know something,” Tony argues. “Maybe she just doesn’t realize yet. She could be helping him to...”

“You really think that little of me?” You snap, bolting up from your chair. “If it truly is his doing, if he is the one putting Asgard in danger, then I’ll kill him myself.”

“Good,” Tony replies with a frown. “We will need you to contact him again. See what you can find out and report back here.”

“And if I don’t?”

“You’d be considered an enemy to S.H.I.E.L.D.,” Bucky says suddenly from the corner of the room. “For potentially collaborating with him.”

An enemy. Why would Bucky tell them you’d met with Loki? Hadn’t he encouraged you? Hadn’t he wanted you to pursue him? Just so he could have Steve to himself...

“Once we know enough about the situation there, we will be sending you to Asgard with a team for further reconnaissance,” Tony adds, breaking you from your train of thought.

“And how exactly do you plan on doing that without The bifrost?”

“I’ve been developing a means of transport,” Erik explains. “It’s highly experimental but I’ve been using artifacts from Asgard to develop it. But I could use one more thing...”

You yelp as he unexpectedly plucks a hair from your head.

“This should do it,” he says with a tilted grin. “Uh... Asgardian DNA was the last thing I needed. My apologizes.”

You storm out of the room without another word, rubbing your assaulted scalp. You feel disgruntled and annoyed. And in need of a stiff drink.

“Hey! Doll-face!”

You spin around and find both Bucky and Steve behind you, also having abruptly left the meeting. You have little patience left, and even less to deal with Barnes.

“What do you want?” You snap.

“Beer,” Bucky replies before he charges toward you and wraps his metal arm over your shoulders. “And I think you might too. We should talk about...”

You shake out of his hold, shoving him away until he stumbles into the wall.

“Piss off, Bucky,” you growl. “This is your fault!”

“My fault?” He stammers. “Do you have any idea what you’re doing? What he is doing?”

“None of that is your goddamn business!” You shout. “Stay out of it!”

“Ok enough!” Steve shoves himself between the two of you. “What’s gotten into you?”

“You think you love him, huh?” Bucky snarls. “How are you so sure you aren’t being brainwashed? That he isn’t just using you... I can see it in you, you know. That somethings not right. Something... someone is influencing you.”
“I’m not like you, Bucky...”

"Oh really? Then tell me, what do you even know about him? Do you know enough to justify being in love with him? Because it seems to me you don’t know anything more than the shape of his dick."

You strike him hard across his cheek.

“Shut up, you piece of shit!”

“Whoa! What was that for?” Steve turns and grips onto your shoulders. “Hey... breathe. Look at me.”

But your eyes are held to Bucky, watching as he rests his hand against his cheek, gazing down at the ground.

“Bucky didn’t mean anything by...”

“He is set on ruining my life since I’ve gotten in the way of his,” You snarl between clenched teeth. Your chest raises and falls in time with the beating of your heart.

“His... what are you...” Steve takes a deep breath. “Listen, you need to calm down.”

“Don’t tell me to fucking calm down!” You shake off his touch. “You have no right to tell me what to do, Steve Rogers. You are just as blind as he is.”

“Blind? I...”

“Bucky is hopelessly in love with you!” you spill. The bitter taste of venom held on the tip of your tongue as you speak. “And he is just jealous because you’d rather fuck me than suck his cock!”

You storm off down the stairs, leaving them in the dusty trail of your destruction. And while lies often ruin lives, you would quickly learn that the truth could be just as damaging.

Chapter End Notes

What do you guys think? How are you liking this so far? Again, as is always the case when I write these, I thought I’d wrap this up like 10 chapters back haha but sometimes I can’t stop.
You don’t see any sign of Loki for the next few days. Nor Bucky or Steve for that matter. You are partially to blame for the solitude, having locked yourself up inside your room as personal punishment. You refuse to leave for anything other than what is basic necessity. Besides, you have enough sick time to avoid human contact for a month if necessary. Though, you hope it won’t be.

It only takes a day in isolation for Steve to break the silence. He texts you, trying to persuade you to meet with him and “talk things through.” You subsequently throw your phone across the room and watch in dismay as the screen is scattered against the stone wall.

You feel enough like a jerk as it is. You don’t need to be reminded of how you’d gotten that way. What you’d said to them rang in your ears like curse. Seeing his face again or seeing Bucky... you aren’t ready for that.

But did Bucky really think you were being brainwashed? He was an expert afterall. And perhaps he had seen something in you that startled him.

Had he just been trying to look out for you?

You sigh and shake your head, determined not to think on it any longer. There are other things that need to take precedence. What you need more than anything is to clear your head. To understand what was happening on Asgard and prove to everyone that Loki, for once, is not responsible. And maybe, most of all, you need to prove it to yourself. A part of you still fears he is involved, even while the call of clarity tells you he is innocent.

You aren’t convinced that isn’t just your love for him making you jaded. If that love is real at all.

A few days later, you manage to sneak out of Stark Tower while most of building has left on their lunch break. You head straight for the library, having exhausted your research supplies at home. You slam a stack of useless texts on the check out counter. The librarian gazes around the tower to stare at you with a disapproving scowl.

“These are all past due,” he complains.

“Send the bill to Tony Stark,” you reply as you turn away, heading toward your usual section.

Mythology and Mystic Lore

You grab an armful of dusty textbooks before the weight becomes too much to bare. Defeated, you slam them down onto a nearby table, to the dismay of some rather grumpy readers near by. After a few hours of sitting, hunched over in the same position, your body goes as stiff as a statue. You’d read through almost all of the Complete and Thorough Retelling of Norse Mythology, finding nothing of interest quite yet. You’d even gotten desperate and started to read up on Celtic, Egyptian and Greek, just to spice things up a bit. And across many cultures, you find that the stories are connected, merely separated by time and space.

There is truth there. Truth you plan on unraveling.

You smooth your hand over the final, fragile pages of your chosen text, searching for your answer.
Your power compels you further until your fingertips linger over a single word.

*Ragnarok*

Described by the mortal text as the end of days. But more specifically, the end of everything. Death and rebirth. You remember learning of it as a child on Asgard, but back then, it felt more like a nursery rhyme. It was meant to frighten children to behave, least they be punished and never reach Valhalla. But here, laid out by Midgardian storytellers, the keepers of the legends of the Gods, the story is finite. It is a part of the history of the Aesir, how they referred to the beings they worshipped.

But more alarming is who is described to be the cause of it all. Loki would be at the center, the Captain at the helm of the apocalypse. And his children would be at his side, essential to the battle that would tear Midgard apart.

*But could Loki ever be a father in this reality?* The thought makes you break out in a cold sweat.

“Loki and his children...” a voice reads. The sound is all around you until it settles, taking shape behind your sanctuary of the open book. “Planning to start a family, are we? Perhaps that is something we should discuss ...”

You drop the book and find Loki staring down at you. And while you had expected to find a playful smirk curved over his lips, you only find a flat expression, devoid of amusement.

“I’m researching,” you say dryly, swallowing hard to hide how his sudden appearance has shaken you. You clutch onto the leather binding. “Now if you don’t mind, I’m going to continue doing just that, seeing as you aren’t really here.”

You bury your nose back into the book, refusing to speak with him any further. You are afraid that any conversation would feel as if you are complying with S.H.I.E.L.D.’s directive to betray him. You need more evidence first. You need more time without him barging in.

He slams the book shut, making you yelp in surprise. His palm presses in against the cover as he leans into you.

“There will be plenty of time for your childish hobbies after I speak with you,” he growls. “Can we go somewhere private?”

“No,” you say bluntly. You grab the book and attempt to push past him to leave, but he pins you in against the bookshelf.

“We are running out of time, pet,” he snarls through gritted teeth. “Can you just try to listen to me for once in your miserable life?”

“My life wouldn’t be so miserable if I hadn’t met you.”

The truth of it burns your tongue.

He pulls away suddenly. “Well then... if that’s how you feel...”

You gaze up and watch in horror as his image slowly begins to fade away.

“Wait!” You shout, and once again, you are assaulted by a chorus of “Shh!” from the next aisle over. However, Loki obeys, gradually coming back to full, tangible clarity.

“I’m sorry...” you mutter, rubbing circles into your temples. “I’ve been feeling tense lately. I don’t
mean to take it out on you... or anyone else.”

“I’d love to relieve that tension for you, pet. But alas, time is of the essence.”

“Answer me this then, Liar God, and perhaps I will give you a minute of my precious time,” you glare. “How is it you can be here? How can I... feel you as if you are standing right in front of me and yet...”

“Astral Projection,” he explains quickly. “My soul is here with you while my physical body is still on Asgard. I am able to manipulate your mind, just enough to make it easier for you to believe that I am really here. So you can feel me, touch me, taste me...”

A shiver runs down your spin as his hand smooths over your hip before tracing a slow path up over the center of your chest. His fingers stop at the nape of your neck.

*Manipulate my mind. Just as they suspected. Just as they’d hoped.* Your hands tighten into fists. Why did he always have to be the villain that thought he was?

“You’re altering my mind?” You snarl.

“I’m doing what needs to be done,” he barks, pressing harder into you until you can smell him. But how can you smell him if he isn’t really there? His aroma is alluring, pulling you in, encasing you in personal brand of lies.

“It leaves me rather vulnerable to be here like this. So we will need to be very...”

“Quick. I get it.”

You shove away from him and continue on course, toward the exit of the library. You sigh in relief to be free of his scent. You reach the end of aisle when you turn to look at him. “Are you coming?”

His eyes widen before finally he smirks, sprinting to catch up to you.

“So, where are taking me, kitten?” He asks once you’ve left the library, with your stolen book tucked under your arm. “Perhaps a small inn? A bedroom for us to...discuss things?”

“Somewhere private,” you say bluntly. “Do you like Chinese food?”

“Do I what?”

You laugh despite your determination to remain stern with him. But it’s useless. Especially when, once again, you get a whiff of him, of his growing desire. Like truth carried against the wind. Screaming for you to answer its call. You clear your throat and pull him toward China Town, just a block or two from the library. Xiao’s Bistro was never very busy, and thankfully, when you arrive, you find that you are their only patrons, perhaps for the entire day.

The owner, Miss Jun, knows you by name thanks to your frequent take out orders. She hears the door chime and sprints out from the back of the restaurant, greeting you with a kiss on the cheek.

“Sweet girl! How are you?” She says with a bright smile.

“Miss Jun.” You give her a small, half-genuine smile of your own. “I’m well.”

“You brought a man,” she notes with a wiggle of her eyebrows. “You getting married?”

You roll your eyes but smile down at her, opening your mouth to reply.
“Yes,” Loki lies with a mischievous grin. “And she’s is going to carry my...”

“I’m not getting married. My friend is a bit of an exaggerator.”

Loki mouths the word “friend” as if it were a curse, a puzzled expression torn across his face. But you shake your head, smiling despite everything, as you settle into one of the few tables cramped into the tiny restaurant. Loki doesn’t even open his menu, leaning forward against the table. His eyes dazzle with intrigue.

“Some friend you are, pet,” he purrs. “If I had more friends like you, my cock might snap off.”

You bid him to be quiet as Miss Jun briskly walks over to your table with a contagious grin. You order vegetable low mein before she turns her gaze upon Loki, waiting anxiously.

“I’m fine, thank you,” he says, shooing her away with the wave of his hand.

“No, no, I bring you something. Something special,” she insists, her teeth gleaming brilliantly with her own form of mischief as she disappears into the kitchen.

When finally, you are alone, you ask him what has been haunting your mind during those days in solitude.

“What were you trying to say before? When you said there was something you and I had to do. What exactly do we ...”

“You read those books, did you not?” He interrupts. “Did anything in particular interest you?”

You breathe in deeply before you reply. “Every region of Migard has their own unique version of the end of the world. The Apocalypse, Armageddon.”

“Ragnarok.” He reaches for you across the table but you lean back further, away from his touch, his scent. “You read about Ragnarok?”

“I learned what the mortals thought it meant,” you clarify. “Remember, these are the same people who claimed you had a thing for bestiality.”

Loki frowns. “While their tales of my... escapades are rather outlandish, their accounts of Ragnarok are not far from the truth.”

“So, you’ve read their texts?”

“I read that infernal book you were so fascinated by in Norway.”

“So, then you know what’s written about you,” you reply. “Are you admitting to something, Loki?”

“No,” he whispers. “But something has been pulling us together. Preparing us for this. For Ragnarok.”

“I want no part of your prophecy,” you argue. “I’m not causing this.”

“We won’t,” he says sternly. “Because it’s already begun.”

The truth. It is a horrible truth that threatens to split you in half from the force of its magnitude as the words leave his lips. You jerk back, clutching at your chest.

“Tell me already. Stop playing around,” you growl, attempting to dull the pain that is cursing through
your veins. Growing with each pulse. “Just say what needs to be done.”

The word keeps echoing inside your chest, fueled by the beating of your heart, pumping blood in and out.


“The prophecies you read...They spoke of my children and the role they’d play. Hela, the Goddess of Death, the child they believed to be mine, is very much real. Not my child, no. But she’s here, on Asgard. And the others...”


“There’s a reason you and I were drawn to each other. Drawn by an insatiable lust. An animalistic heat. I can feel it now... getting stronger. Can’t you?”

*Ragnarok.*

*Clank.*

You blink and return from your haze as Miss Jun places your food on the table. She presents a second dish in front of Loki. It looks rather phallic, you note with wide eyes. Like some sex organ of a farm animal, butchered and boiled, and served on a platter as if it were an offering to your God.

“What is this?” He growls in disgust as he stares down at it.

“It will help with your virility,” Miss Jun says with a wink. “Help with lovemaking. With bearing a child.”

You drop a fork full of your food, trying not to choke.

“Try it,” she insists. “You go all night.”

You burst out in a roar of laughter as you watch him begin to shake with anger. But you stop abruptly as his fist slams into the table, causing its contents to shake and tumble over.

“I don’t have time for these foolish jests!” He shouts. Miss Jun backs away, her eyes wide with fear as she scurries back into the kitchen.

He stands and grabs either side of your face, turning your gaze upon him. There is fear in his eyes but also the burning passion of a primal beast, clawing for release. His need pushes firmly against his pant leg as he leans into you, until you can feel the heat of his groin pressing into your side. His lips just barely caress yours.

“I need you here,” he says. “On Asgard. We need to... we have to...” He begins to fade. Like a mirage at the edge of the desert. You are parched, you realize, licking your lips.

No, not yet. Don’t leave me yet. Just let me have a taste.

You grab his neck, forcing him back into a solid image once more. “What do we need to do?” You ask in pure desperation. “What is it? Tell me.”

But he doesn’t seem to hear you. He is consumed by another need, a need evident by the way he gropes at every bit of your exposed flesh. As if the mere touch of your skin is enough to dull the ache between his legs. It further arouses that primal call within you, becoming more evident by the minute.
“I want to fuck you so bad,” he growls as he forces your knees apart. “A mere illusion won’t cut it but I...” He leans down until his lips meet with your collarbone and he sucks hard enough to leave his mark on you.

I am yours, a voice says within you. But was it your own voice? It sounds like you but something far older, something ancient. I am your Goddess. Your temple. You are my everything. My God.

“I’m so... hungry,” he hums as he soothes the ache of his bite with his tongue. “And everyday that hunger is getting stronger. Being apart from you is making it worse. But when my soul is here with you, my body yearns...”

You can feel his need echoing inside of you, seeping through your loins. Even without him truly there with you, you are desperate to feel him. To touch him. To be lost in his embrace. You can’t imagine how that fire might burn if you were actually in his presence. You could destroy Asgard together with its flames.

“Maybe everything’s been leading to this,” he says as his hands inch up your skirt. “Maybe this is how we stop Ragnarok.”

“How?” You say through an exasperated exhale. You feel light headed, drowning in his pheromones.

“Come to Asgard,” he pleads. “Find a way.” He licks your lips as his finger slide inside of you. “And I will fuck you so hard you will be dreaming of Valhalla. Our love will give life to our salvation.”

As much as you want him, you struggle in resistance, pressing your thighs together.

“I don’t have the patience for your games right now Loki,” you whisper. “Are you really that much of a pervert?” You try to sound annoyed but your voice leaves you with a gasp. The heat simmers between your legs, begging for his release. You are just as ravenous as he is. Just as starving to be touched. It fuels you, controls you, until it escapes, carried upon your tongue and given life through your voice. “But fuck...I need you too, Loki,” you beg, your mouth watering. “Please.”

He growls in approval. “Find a way,” he repeats. “Find a way to me so I can fill your tight cunt with my cum. The way I showed you. Do you remember? How warm it felt. How right. I want to do that for you, to fill your womb with my seed until you conceive him.” He kisses your neck softly as he whispers, “My Goddess, you shall be the mother of the savior of Asgard.”

Chapter End Notes

I swear this story has a mind of its own... I’m not responsible.
Pool Passions

Chapter Notes

I never intend on writing pregnancy into these stories but it always wiggles its way in somehow... perhaps it is speaking to personal fears.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“You.. you want me to have your child?”

You hesitate before you shove against him, your eyes wide with horror. It breaks you from whatever spell had once controlled you. If only for a brief moment of clarity.

“I’m not ready for that. I can’t... I can’t be a mother. You’re insane. Truly insane!”

“This is not really your choice anymore,” he snaps. “Or mine. This is beyond either of our desires. Fate has...”

“Fate?” You bark. “It’s my body! It’s still my decision! I won’t be controlled by you.”

“Pet, listen to me. I’m not...”

“No! You’re sick!” You smack your hands against his chest, watching as the spell of lust fades enough from his eyes. A dark haze masks him in despair.

“What do you think you are even playing at? Seriously... impregnating me is going to stop Ragnarok? How am I suppose to believe something like that?”

“Hela the Goddess of Death is threatening to destroy Asgard,” he responds, as calmly as possible. “And the product of our union could be the key to defeating her. Order from chaos. Creation from destruction.”

“Are you doing this?” you snap. “Is it your magic making me feel like this?”

“So you feel it too,” he says in a sigh, as if he is relieved to hear you say it out loud. “Pet, I’m not doing this.”

You throw cash at the table and charge toward the door.

“Maybe Bucky was right to think you had brainwashed me,” you mutter. “I can’t believe I ever trusted you.”

“Pet,” he calls after you before he grabs onto your arm. “Veritas!”

It is the first time he has called you by your original name, by the name imprinted on your soul. It sparks something within you. And that hunger begins to grow once again, begging you to comply.

I’m yours. I’m your temple. Use me for this divine purpose.

“Stop it!” You order. “Stop doing that!”
As you struggle against him, you watch as the edges of his body begin to shimmer, threatening to fade.

“Please,” he pleads, his eyes rimming with desperation. “Just... find me, Veritas. Find your way back to me.”

And lingering in the doorway, he leaves you once again.

Even with your ability, you can’t decipher the truth, hidden amongst a thick layer of deception. Maybe he had manipulated you to satisfy his own selfish desire to scratch the proverbial itch. But you didn’t want to believe that. Because even with him gone, that same desire still rages within you. Growing stronger by the minute.

“Do you... do you want to-go box?” You hear Miss Jun meekly ask from behind you, looking as if she’s seen a ghost.

When you make it back home, you feel overheated. As if a fire were lit underneath your skin. Sweat pools in small beads across your chest, trailing down your cleavage. You fan your face and decide perhaps a swim could do you some good, to release the energy vibrating just under the surface.

The pool is located on the ground floor, a secret oasis of sorts, hidden under lock and key. Tony gave you the access codes as a peace offering when you first started with S.H.I.E.L.D. Perhaps it had originally been as a mean of helping you to conquer your fear of swimming. But, you never did. You had always been so terrified that even your toes couldn’t touch the water.

But now, that fear is seemingly gone, carried away by the tide. You dive into the still water, allowing your body to be washed over by its cool caress. As you float on the surface, you feel a strange comfort, unfamiliar to you. You had overcome it, that fear of drowning, of breathing in the waves of cold death. But it wasn’t something you’d done alone. It was all thanks to Loki.

His face comes to the forefront of your mind and you stop, mid-stroke. Thinking of him makes your core throb with want once again. You cling to the edge of the pool, grinding your thighs together.

When would it stop? When would the pain subside? Had Loki truly done this? But what more was there to your relationship other than his controlling lust? It had been that way since the beginning, hadn’t it?

_Do you know me at all?_

You bite your lip in frustration. But you are alone, you realize, in a place few ever frequented. What harm would it do you if you attempted to dull that ache? To quell the fire. If only for a moment.

You lean against the side of the pool as your hand wanders beneath the band of your bathing suit bottoms. Your fingers glide over your folds, settling over your clit. You moan, sucking on your fingertip. You imagine it’s his hand pleasuring you and you cry out as you near release, grinding your hips into your hand.

You don’t hear the sound of the door opening over your lewd moans. But when someone says your name softly above you, you realize you are too close to stop. You plummet toward release, clutching to the edge desperately. You collapse against the side of the pool and your breathing gradually slows.

You are afraid to look up and yet, finally, you do.

Steve stares down at you, his erection tight against his swim-shorts. He says nothing as he slowly walks down the steps into the pool. Your eyes follow him, watching as the water rises up to
chest, covering the sculpted planes of his abs. You swallow hard. Perhaps it had been the wrong
decision to touch yourself. The hunger has only multiplied within you. You shift uncomfortably,
turning your back to him. You realize with growing regret that a part of you still yearns for Steve. It
probably always would. And now that feeling was only made worse by your insatiably lust.

His arms wrap around you, pinning you in against the side of the pool. You sigh and push back into
him, until you can feel his stiff desire press into your backside.

“You shouldn’t have to do that yourself,” he says softly into your ear as his hand snakes down
between your thighs. You are still sleek, desperate to be filled, and part your legs for him
enthusiastically. His fingers slide underneath your bikini and push deep inside of your cunt. Without
resistance. Without argument. You gasp and grip onto the edge of the pool as he begins to move.

“You aren’t... you aren’t still upset with me?” You moan.

“Why would I be upset with you?” His fingers pulse in and out of you. He nibbles on your ear
playfully.

“Those... ah... those things I said,” you gasp. “About you. About Bucky.”

“He’ll get over it.” He kisses your neck and you tilt your head to the side in encouragement. “It’s you
I want. I told you I wouldn’t give up without a fight.”

He turns you around and pulls you up into his arms. Your legs wrap around his waist. His cock lines
up just below your entrance. You need it. You need something to make it stop. To quench the fire.
And Steve is safe. Steve is your security blanket. He’s...

“I want all of you,” he growls before he dives straight into you with one swift motion. You gasp and
grip onto him tightly, moaning his name softly with each thrust. You stretch around him, but you are
so wet with arousal he fits perfectly inside of you. You groan in defeat.

Steve has always been there. He knows you. You know him. You know how he can’t help but smile
when he teases you. How he still feels like that small, weak boy sometimes, even though he’d never
admit to it. And how that feeling still constrains him from pursuing what he desires, in fear of
rejection.

_I’m sorry I rejected you, Steve. It wasn’t for lack of love. It was something else. Something beyond
my control._

“He won’t have you,” Steve insists, kissing your neck. His lips hover over the mark Loki had left
behind. Even as a phantom, he had marred you. He growls in response to seeing it, his thrusts
becoming more violent. Your back smacks into the rough edge of the pool as you claw at his back
for stability.

“He’ll never have you,” Steve groans. But his voice isn’t his own. It’s deep, predatory, constructed
from fire and ruin. His arms become stone, flames and blood. Your eyes widen as you shove against
him. But he is relentless.

“Please stop!” You plead as your skin begins to burn, charred under his caress.

But he merely laughs at you, a sound that plummets up toward the heavens before filling your lungs
with smoke.

“You can’t stop Ragnarok.”
You pull away, gasping as you wake from the dream, having collapsed against the edge of the pool in post-orgasmic exhaustion. You breathe heavily, shifting off your arm which is now merely pins and needles. You wipe away your droll with the back your hand, groaning in disgust.

“You really shouldn’t be falling asleep in a pool.”

You gaze up and see Bucky standing in front of you. His eyes lock onto you with a hidden agenda.

“This has got to be my own personal hell loop,” you mumble with a deep sigh. “Am I still dreaming?”

“If you were, I’d be Steve,” he says with a scowl. “Seeing as you were just moaning his name rather loudly...”

Shit.

“How did you get in here?” You ask meekly. “Not many people know the access codes.”

“I saw you come in. Copied the codes,” he admits. “I was worried, considering your fear of water... which seems to have been miraculously cured. Congrats.”

You swim toward the entrance of the pool, trying not to look at him. But as you stumble up the steps, your knees wobbling, you turn to glance at him, watching as he nears you with the offering of a towel.

“How long had you been standing there?” You stutter, the heat of your loins nowhere near stifled. You gladly take the towel and wrap it tightly around your waist.

“Too long.”

He turns away and for a moment you catch sight of the evidence of his own arousal, brought to life from watching you. Your eyes widen as you turn your back to him, in shame and shock. You could choose not to acknowledge it, but everything leading up to this point has been caused by blatant ignorance. There’s no time left to run from the things that make you uncomfortable.

“That isn’t helping anything either,” you mumble. “I thought you didn’t... I thought since you and Steve...”

“I’m not blind, doll,” he scuffs. “And I thought you stopped having feelings for Steve, now that you are in love with Loki.”

“Apparently I’m not really in love him, remember? Because he is brainwashing me...”

He says your name gently, his metal hand held against your shoulder as he comes to stand behind you. You can feel the heat of his body pressing into your back.

“All of us are so hopeless, aren’t we?”

You turn around to face him and see a familiar pain in his eyes. A pain that had become part of the fabric of his being after so many years of torture. Of being controlled and used.

“I’m sorry about the things I said,” you say softly, resting your hand over his on your shoulder. “You were just looking out for me. I had no right to do that.”

“No, you didn’t,” he replies. Your jaw falls open but he lifts his hand to gently urge your mouth shut with a small smile. His fingertips linger below your chin. “I should have told him years ago. It’s
almost a relief to finally have it all out in the open.”

You sigh, releasing the tension wrapped so tightly around your chest. “Still, it wasn’t my confession to make. And I’m sorry I hit you…”

“Should I make it even then?” He raises an eyebrow in line with his smirk. And for a moment, with wide eyes, you think he is going to smack you. He chuckles as he watches you panic.

“Should I tell Steve what I just got to witness? He might be pleased to know he isn’t totally out of the running just yet.”

“No, you jerk!” You laugh, smacking his chest as the heat rises up over your cheeks. You cross your legs in front of you, biting your lip hard to divert the blood flow. You shift away from him slightly. His touch is making it worse. And you can smell him. Smell the subtle scent of desire lingering on his skin.

_Not him. Not him. He isn’t my God._

“You okay?” He asks softly, lifting your chin up so that you are forced to look at him.

You shake your head, willing the voice away.

“How did you... Why do you think he is influencing me?” You ask in a whisper, clutching onto the towel, held high over your chest. “What exactly do you see?”

His eyes shift over you, shimmering with concern. And you realize just how close you are standing together, swallowing hard. He sees it too, letting his hand drop as he steps away, putting back a comfortable distance between you.

“It’s like there is something driving you,” he explains. “Something beyond your control. I can see it in your eyes. Like you are silently pleading for help.”

“There is something,” you admit. “Something doesn’t feel quite right. I’d like to believe that maybe it’s fate...”

“Seriously?” He frowns. “Fate?”

“I know it sounds stupid,” you mutter in response. “Maybe if I just get to Asgard... Is that Erik guy making any progress?”

“Apparently.” He looks down at you. “Why don’t you get dressed and I’ll take you to see him.”

You nod softly, following him out the door.

“Have you and Steve talked at all?” You bravely ask.

He breathes in deeply.

“He is avoiding me like the plague,” he says in an exhale. “Though, if we tell him what just happened, perhaps he’d get a little jealous and ...”

“Please don’t tell Steve,” you plead in a sudden panic.

He laughs again before he stops in the doorway, leaning down to kiss the top of your head. You stand frozen beneath his touch. He’d never so much as hugged you before. But oddly enough, this strange love triangle had brought you closer toward friendship than you realized. You are thankful
for that at least.

“It can be our little secret, doll-face,” he whispers with a wink before he stalks down the hallway. “I’ll come by your place in fifteen minutes.”

You stand frozen, still consumed by your shock and embarrassment, before finally, you force your feet forward and walk back to your room. You quickly change with enough time for a knock to come at your door, exactly fifteen minutes since you parted ways. Just as he promised.

But when you open the door, it isn’t Bucky.

“Can I come in?”

Chapter End Notes

Adding a bit more attention toward Bucky in the story. How do ya’ll feel about that?

Things are about to get very dramatic...

As a side note, I’m working on another AU that involves this chapter ;) you can only guess what that means... Also something to keep in mind: the existence of all these AUs might actually come into play in the story line.
If you haven’t checked it out yet, I’ve posted the AU for chapter 20, “Caught Swimming.” Give it a read, especially if you are a Bucky fan ;)

“Your hair’s... wet,” Steve says awkwardly. He sits hunched over on your couch, mindlessly running his fingers over the rim of a glass of water.

“I went for a swim.” You distract yourself by making coffee in the kitchen. A nervous habit.

“Buck told me,” he replies from the living room. “You keep surprising me these days...”

“What else did Bucky tell you?” You ask nervously.

“Besides the fact that you have conquered your fear of water... That you wanted to speak with me.”

Asshole.

You round the corner of the kitchen, coffee held in trembling hands. He catches your eyes, motioning for you to sit beside him.

“Look, Steve, I’m not sure I’m ready to talk...”

“Five minutes,” he says. “That’s all I’m asking for. Five minutes and I’ll leave.”

You nod slowly as you settle in beside him, your coffee cup cradled in your lap. He stares down at the dark liquid, as if he is remembering something long forgotten. Your mouth opens and closes. Like a fish trying to take in water. You are at a loss for how to proceed.

“I’m sorry,” You blurt out finally after sitting too long in silence. “For what I said to you... about you.” You blush as you take a muting sip of coffee. You swallow before you continue. “I didn’t mean what I said.”

“Yes, you did,” he replies. “And you were right.”

Right about what?

“I’m sorry too,” he goes on, without looking at you. “I’m sorry I just keep making this harder for you.”

You study his expression, trying to think of what to say. But he continues before you can sort through the jumbled mess of your mind.

“I can’t stop loving you,” he confesses in a whisper. “I tried to tell myself I shouldn’t. I tried to turn off those desires and see you just... as a friend. But after everything we’ve been through... It isn’t right. I keep coming back to you. Even when you don’t feel the same.”

“You don’t know that.”
“Don’t I?” He turns, finally looking at you, and you feel your heart stop beating, if only for a moment, as you find yourself locked inside his gaze. “How many more times will I stand by and watch you walk away? How many more will I let you walk over me to get to him?” He breathes deeply, coursing his fingers through his hair. “I can’t tell you to stop loving him. Just like I can’t stop loving you myself. But I can’t do this anymore.”

He stands to leaves, walking toward the door. You follow behind him, grabbing onto his hand, urging him to stop.

“Steve, I...”

“You belong on Asgard,” he says with his head downcast. Locked to the carpet. His hand is stiff beneath your fingers, callused and hard. “Selvig is getting close to a solution. You should be able to leave by the end of the week.”

And then, you realize it. Why he came to see you.

“Steve, are you... saying goodbye?”

He turns slowly to look at you and you see the truth in his eyes. The passion suppressed just below the surface. How it’s kept him up at night, thinking of you. Of how close he’d come to having you, only to watch you slip from his fingers. How still, he feels like that scrawny boy standing in front of you now. In his eyes, you see his own truth, that he feels he could never hope for you to love him the way you love Loki.

He needs you and yet, he needs to sever the ties. To say goodbye and close this chapter of your torment.

And before you realize what you are doing, you reach up and pull him down toward you, capturing his lips with your own. He whispers your name softly before deepening the kiss. His hands lock behind your head, interwoven through your hair. He pushes you into the wall, just beside the door, urging you to part your lips as his tongue slides into your mouth.

You can smell him, his desire, his want for you. But still you heart pounds against your chest, echoing the threat.


But you will the voice to silence, muted by the fire that is raging within you. This would be your goodbye, you decide. Goodbye to Earth. Goodbye to Steve. If you leave for Asgard, there would be no coming back.

And perhaps you are also saying goodbye to who you were as a mortal; a young woman in love with the First Avenger. You have to let her die, you realize as tears stream down your cheek. You can’t keep hurting Steve this way. You can’t let yourself be his destruction, as Loki has become yours.

Steve, sensing your hesitation, pulls away. He wipes the tear from under your eye.

“Don’t do this because you pity me,” he whispers, as he kisses another tear away. There is a deep sadness in his voice. As if he has already accepted that this will stop before it even begins.

You shake your head violently, reaching back up to him, your fingers clutching to the thin material of his shirt.
“I’m not,” you insist before resting your cheek against his chest. You can hear his heart racing beneath your ear. “Maybe in another reality I could have been yours. Truly yours. And a part of me, that part that had been mortal, still wants that life with you.”

You pull away and caress his jawline, relishing in the rough feeling of his skin beneath your hand. How his stubble scratches your tender flesh.

“That’s why it is so hard for me to let you go,” you say. “Our paths diverged a long time ago. There is no way for this to work.”

And still, you take his hand and walk him toward your bedroom. You push him down gently into the mattress, and he complies, laying down on his back as you slowly crawl over him. Your hair falls forward over your face, a curtain around him. You breathe him in, the strong aroma of his arousal. It is stronger than what you’d sensed before in Bucky. Much stronger. And it’s something that compliments your own needs, encouraged by your desire to have him. He may not be the God the voice in your head is urging for you to surrender to. But he is Steve. And you know you love him as much as you want to deny it. You love them both. And if, perhaps, your love for Loki has been forged from deceit and manipulation, this is the final truth you have left. The only thing you can cling to, to hold onto your former life.

“I can’t promise you anything, Steve. I won’t pretend that I can,” you whisper softly. “And if this will hurt you more than it will do you good, push me away. Tell me goodbye. And be done with it. But I want to have just one moment with you. Just this once. To say you were mine. And that I was yours.”

He caresses your cheek softly, his bright eyes dazzling with conflict. Before finally they soften, and his lips curl into a small smile.

“I want this more than anything,” he answers, reaching up to pull you down into his embrace. He kisses you softly as he gently pulls your shirt up over your head. You do the same for him, your fingers tracing paths across the hard planes of his chest. His hands slide around the side of your hips and down over the curve of your rear. As if he is memorizing each unique part of your body. Knowing this will be the first and last time he will have you like this.

Your knees tremble as he urges you to shimmy out of your panties. You feel almost childish in front of him. Nervous as if you were losing your virginity.

Within minutes, you are both bare against each other, hesitating to proceed. Steve’s hands rest back on your hips before he slowly traces his fingers up over your body, swooping over your breasts on either side.

“It wasn’t long ago I saw you like this,” he reminds you in a murmur. And you remember it. But this time, there would be not second guessing. No regrets.

His touch makes you quiver above him. He leans up, kissing you at the center of your chest, where he must feel your heart pounding inside your ribcage. His lips trail toward your breast, taking your nipple into his mouth. He swirls his tongue around it before sucking hard. You moan and arch into him, clutching to his back.

Your moan is enough to encourage him to pull you both toward your mutual destruction. He flips you around so you are below him on the bed. And gazing up at him, you see just how ravenous he is. How desperate he is to have you. He crawls down between your legs, parting your knees. His breath pools over your opening, already seeping with desire.
“Are you sure?” He asks softly. And you smile down at him, your fingers burying into the blonde tuff of his hair. Your hands are shaking.

Nodding you say, “Please, Steve. I want you.”

A brilliant grin pulls up over his lips, his blue eyes twinkling with promise, before his tongue dives into you. You gasp as your grip tightens against his scalp. You thrust up into his mouth as his tongue circles your clit. He sighs against you, his palm pressing hard against your thigh.

“You’re delicious,” he hums, sliding a finger up over your slit. “I can see why he couldn’t get enough of you.”

“Don’t talk about him,” you plea, pushing him further into you. “This is about you and me right now.”

Your words pull you back into the confines of your memory, recalling that first night with Loki, when he seduced you under the disguise of your righteous solider.

*Where would fate have taken me if it really had been you that night? Would I have ever come to remember who I really am? Or would I still be just as ignorant?*

*Maybe I’d be happy. And maybe Ragnarok would no longer be a threat...*

But you are pulled from your swirling mind, screaming his name as his fingers dive inside of you, in and out as he continues to pleasure your clit with his tongue.

“Cum for me,” he commands, peering up at you. Seeing your sleek glistening over his lips sends you reeling toward release. He doesn’t stop until you beg for him to yield, your legs shaking. Your hand falls, smoothing over the side of his face tenderly.

“You make the most beautiful expression when you cum,” he whispers before kissing your inner thigh softly. His lips trail back up toward your neck, leaving small kisses up your stomach in his wake. He lies over you, embracing you tight against him.

Your legs wrap around him, until you are a tangled mess of limbs. Of skin pressed to skin, slick with perspiration. Your foreheads press together as you reach down, slowly guiding him inside of you. A firm hand grips around your wrist, stopping you if only for a moment.

“Do you have protection?” He asks in a whisper. You can feel the heat of embarrassment rich against his cheeks.

After so many times with Loki and never once thinking about the potential consequences, you decide to throw fate into the wind. *One night. It would only be one night.*

“We won’t need it,” you reply. “I want to feel all of you, Steve. No barriers.”

You take a deep breath as you push him into your seeping entrance. Your thighs grip around him as you gasp a moan, taking the rest of his length in slowly.

He muffles a curse, bitting his lip before he sighs deeply.

“You are so tight...”

He grips his arms around your back, kissing your shoulder tenderly. Each kiss is a promise. And each thrust is a heart beat closer to good bye. But you won’t waste this moment with him wrapped
up in the depression of its finality. You raise up to ride him, resting your hands against his chest for balance. You bounce up and down over his cock as his hands find their home, gripping your ass and urging you on with each grind of your hips. His eyes lock onto yours, never leaving you gaze for even a moment. Even when you are rewarded with moans pulled from deep within his throat.

And finally he curses again. A primal sigh that comes from an untapped part of his sexuality. One that you severely regret not having seen before.

“Fuck, you feel good,” he growls. “Don’t stop.”

“Do I, Captain?” You murmur, mischief dancing over the curve your lips.

“So fucking good,” he answers with his own smirk before he sits up to be parallel with you, keeping you steady atop his lap with a firm hand gripped to your back.

“You like being called that, don’t you?”

“Only by you.”

He plays with your hair and kisses your neck. Until finally, he stops. His lips linger over Loki’s mark of ownership; just as he had in your dream. And for a moment, you hesitate yourself, fearing once again that you’ve imagined him. Or that you’ve fallen victim to another one of Loki’s many illusions.

You reach up to hold either side of his face. “You are really here with me, aren’t you?” You ask softly.

“There’s no where else I’d rather be,” he answers as he defiantly sucks on the opposite collarbone. Until you have a matching set of crimson scars to mimic the conflict of your heart.

You grind faster against him, your moans echoing each other. Until finally, you feel your release clench deep within the pit of your stomach, tightening around him as he too reaches full ecstasy.

He moans your name against the nape of your neck and you answer, as his name leaves your lips in a soft murmur, your fingers coursing through his hair. He presses your body into his, riding the final, numbing waves of climax together. You breathe in time with each other, your heart beat echoing inside of his chest.

You stay like that for quite some time, with his softening cock still held inside of you. You stroke his back while he sweetly kisses your shoulders and neck in time, leaving no part of your body untouched.

“I want to memorize this feeling,” he murmurs as he kisses your breast. “I don’t want to ever forget this.”

“He wanted to take my memories of you, you know,” you admit suddenly. He peers up at you with inquisitive eyes. “He knew how much you meant to me. And he wanted to take that away.”

Your fingernails trace paths over each side of his spine until you feel him quiver beneath your arms.

“But I bargained with him, to wait until dawn. So I could say goodbye to you.”

Before you even realize it, you are crying in full force, whimpering against his shoulder. He strokes your hair and hushes you, his voice a gentle lullaby.

“I didn’t want to say goodbye then,” you realize as you stifle a whimper. “And I don’t want to now.”
His fingertips slide under your chin, urging you to look up at him. And when you do, he is smiling down at you.

“I’m always going to love you,” he whispers. “And nothing he can do will ever change that. Because we will always have this moment. Tonight. When you were mine.”

“Stay with me,” you plead as you both fall back against the bed. Your head rests gently down against your pillow. “I don’t want to be alone tonight.”

He pulls you close to him, so you are held under the curve of his arm. You both know that in a few days, you’ll be gone. In a few days, the remnants of your affair will fade against the wind. But here in his arms, nothing else matters. Just the beating of his heart beneath the palm of your hand.

He kisses the top of your head softly, as Bucky once had.

“I’m not going anywhere,” he reassures but part of it is a lie. You both know it. And even while you gently fall to sleep in the comfort of his embrace, you awake the next morning to an empty bed and an equal ache inside your chest that could not easily be soothed.
Fractured Reality

Chapter Notes

Oh boy was the last chapter a doozy. I know that was a tough one for some of you. What is the reader doing, you may ask. But within this chapter, I hope you will find glimpses of the truth unfolding...

This is a very long chapter, folks. But hang in there! I didn’t have the heart to break this up as I will likely need a little time over the next few days to work on the next few chapters. Hopefully this will hold you over for a bit.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A persistent knocking on your door pulls you from the comfort of your bed. Where you have been lying for the past hour, staring up at the white ceiling, your head throbbing in agony. You woke up in the early hours of the morning feeling torn by regret. How could you have done that with Steve? Yes, in the moment it had felt so right but now...now, it is like waking from a dream, realizing that what was meant to be goodbye would never be just that. Your actions would haunt you into the future. You’d be unable to face him, unable to face Loki. Unable to live.

Who had you been that night? Who had you wanted to be? It was like you were someone else for a moment. Another version of yourself.

And as you stare at that blank ceiling, unable to sleep, you can feel the pulse of your power tangled around your mind, driving you to act, to move, to uncover. But for what purpose?

And with the knocking at the door, you are forced to abandon its allure, in favor of scrambling toward the entrance of your apartment in the disheveled bits of your makeshift pajamas.

Swinging the door open, your eyes lock onto Bucky, who looks rather annoyed, more than usual. For a brief moment, you suspect he knows. Steve is his best friend. And as honest as Steve is, he likely told Bucky already about last night. But when you open your mouth to speak, to try to explain yourself, he interrupts, pushing his way into your apartment.

“How good morning to you too,” you grumble, slowly shutting the door behind him.

“I came by here last night banging on your door for what felt like an hour,” he grunts, helping himself to leftover coffee from the day before. He doesn’t seem to care that it’s cold. “For a split second I thought about kicking it down just to make sure you weren’t dead in here.”

You slowly follow him into the kitchen, clutching onto the counter. Each step seems to emphasize the throbbing in your skull.

“Well, as you can see I am very much alive. And I never heard you knocking either,” you mutter. “Besides, didn’t you send Steve here to talk with me?”

He lifts the coffee mug to his lips, his eyes narrowed over the rim.

“What are you talking about?”
You shake your head, pressing your fingers into your temple. You take a deep breath, your power compelling you to speak the truth. But even as the words leave your lips, they taste like mud, their clarity vague.

“Look, Bucky, last night, Steve and I...”

His eyes widen and he drops the mug on the counter.

“Don’t,” He snaps. “It’s not my business to know.”

“Bucky, I...”

“Do you still want me to take you to the lab or not?” He growls, pacing back toward the doorway.


“Let me get changed first,” you mutter as you sulk toward your bedroom, shifting quickly out of your pajamas. You stand in the mirror to sort through the mess of your hair. But your eyes widen as they drift down toward your neck, finding it devoid of any love bites. Neither from Steve or Loki. You splash water in your face, as if to awaken from a dream.

Sure, Loki had never truly left his mark on your skin, given that he hadn't been physically with you. It was merely an illusion, like all of his other promises. You blame the remnants of his manipulation on having turned your mind into incoherent shreds. Causing your head to ache without relief.

But that doesn’t explain why Steve’s mark is gone from your skin; as if it were never there at all.

You walk in silence with Bucky until you both enter the elevator, soaring up the thirty floors toward the lab. You are thankful, at least, that your night with Steve had seemingly calmed the fire within you, returning you to as close to normalcy as you’d expect.

But still the pain remains, getting worse by the minute, and that voice still lingers in the back of your mind, taunting you.

*Ruin is coming. Ragnarok. All will burn.*

After standing too long in silence, you decide to speak.

“We were just saying goodbye,” you say, attempting to break the awkward tension. As if it were explanation enough for your apparent betrayal. For yourself and for Bucky. But your words only make your heart ache further.

His arms are crossed in front of him as he gazes straight forward toward the metal doors. He doesn’t say a word as the elevator rises.

*Level Twenty. Level Twenty-One.*

“You told him I wanted to talk. That’s why he came to me last night. That why we...”

“Talk?” he repeats in question. “I never so much as saw Steve last night. Besides, I didn’t realize saying goodbye these days involved taking one’s clothes off...”

You roll your eyes. “Well, it was a one time deal. It’s not going to happen again. Trust me.”

“Good,” he mutters before the doors ding open. “We’re here.”
You step out into the lab and immediately feel overwhelmed. The place feels more like a beehive, buzzing with scientists all trying to get their personal mark on the final product. S.H.I.E.L.D. had been reduced to a flock of prepubescent schoolgirls over the excitement of the potential uses of Erik’s invention.

“Oh, she’s here!” Erik exclaims from the other side of the room. He pushes through the gathering crowd and greets you with a crazed smile, shaking your hand wildly. His hair is swirled atop his head, his shirt untucked, and by the dark rings under his eyes, you can tell he hasn’t slept. Perhaps for a few days.

“It’s nearly done,” he says excitedly as he leads you around, toward the back of the lab, past tables scattered with rejected prototypes, still sparking with leftover energy.

“Have you made any progress contacting Loki?” He asks, turning to look at you, the slight tinge of fear leftover in his irises.

“No, I haven’t,” you lie.

“So no word from Asgard? Nothing at all?”

“No,” you say bluntly.

“Are you sure you don’t...”

“She doesn’t have to answer to you,” Bucky snaps. “She’s under S.H.I.E.L.D.’s order. Not yours.”

You turn to look at him only to be met by a grunt as he looks away. However, Erik nods in understanding.

“I’m sorry,” he mumbles. “But the more knowledge we have about what is happening there, the safer this operation will go.”

You swallow hard, trying to decide if you can trust him enough to speak freely. But you don’t much about the Professor, other than what has been written in his bio. About his past experiences with Loki. With his manipulation.

“Erik,” you say softly. “When Loki was in your mind...”

“I don’t like to talk about that,” He snaps.

“I’m sorry, it’s just... did the effects linger? Did you start to... see things?”

He rises an eyebrow in question. “No Why?”

You shake your head. “Forget it.”

You glance back at Bucky who still refuses to return you gaze. Perhaps you could talk with him privately if he is willing to give you his time. You had to get things off your chest. To talk to someone you can trust. But more importantly, you need someone to listen, truly listen, to verify you aren’t actually going insane.

Finally, Erik stops in front of the supposed invention. He turns to look at you with brilliant anticipation, but perhaps you aren’t nearly impressed as he had planned. His smile fades as he studies your expression, your hand held under your chin.

“It’s... a door?” You ask with a narrowed gaze held onto the object.
“Well, it looks like a door but it’s much more than that,” he huffs.

He nears the invention, which is being thoroughly inspected by five agents, pacing around the object, looking for any potential flaws. They make notes on illuminated tablets every few minutes.

“How can we be so sure that going through that thing won’t tear our bodies into thousands of pieces?” You ask, turning to look at Bucky, who, for once, looks just as skeptical as you feel.

“We’ve been running several tests but obviously the next step is human trials,” Erik explains. “Which... we have a volunteer for already. Just signed up this morning as a matter of fact.”

He hands you the tablet and there, at the top of the screen is his name, scribbled in rough cursive.

“Steve Rogers,” you read with wide eyes. “Why is he volunteering for this? This could kill him!”

“Because he is an idiot,” Bucky grumbles. “He is doing this because of you. You realize that, don’t you?”

“Well, I won’t let him,” you snap before turning back to Erik. “When is this test launch?”

“Tomorrow.”

You shove the tablet back into his hands and maneuver your way out of the lab, with Bucky right at your heels.

“He won’t listen to you,” he insists. “He doesn’t listen to reason. He just does what he thinks is right.”

“Well, it’s not right!” you shout. “It’s stupid! He’s being very stupid!”

Bucky grabs your forearm with his metallic appendage. The gears twist and grind as each of his fingers press into your skin.

“Stop,” he growls. “He knows what he’s doing. Just let him make his own decisions. You and I should trust him enough to let him do that.”

You struggle against his grasp, glaring into his eyes, his pupils slowly dilating.

“Say it,” You snap. “Say that you think he made the wrong decision last night.”

His eyes widen briefly before narrowing with tension, the color slowly draining from his irises.

“You were the one who made the wrong decision.” He slowly loosens his grip. “I had hoped...”

And suddenly you can smell him again, pushing into your pores and awakening your own arousal. And his eyes go completely dark.

The throbbing in your head only worsens.

You decide, Veritas. What is the truth? Which reality do you desire?

“I had hoped for a lot of things, doll,” he starts to say, inhaling deeply, breathing you in as he leans over you. Like an animal sniffing at its prey, savoring the smell of your fear. His lips hover over your own as he lifts your chin to meet him. “I had hoped you and I could have had that kind of fun. Perhaps, we still can...”
He licks your bottom lip and you shove so hard against him that he responds violently, his metal hand wrapping around your throat as he pushes you flesh into the wall.


“I’m tired of your games, little girl,” he growls, tightening his grip.

“Buck,” you gasp, as you struggle against him, clawing at his hand. “This isn’t you!”

Suddenly, he kisses you roughly, assaulting your lips with the full force of his mouth. You bite down hard on his lip causing him to jerk back. But to your horror, you watch him lick the blood away, savoring the taste as his lips smoothly curve up into a manic grin.

“Oh, so you like it rough, huh? Perfect.”

He reaches for you, his hand shoving up your skirt.

“No!” You scream. You put all of your weight into your hands as you shove hard against him. And to your surprise, it causes him to smack into the opposite wall. Someone down the hall says your name, shock vibrating over each syllabus. You turn to find Tony looking concerned and perhaps a bit intrigued by the scene laid out in front of him. And for once, you are glad to see him.

“I need to talk with you,” you shout, charging in his direction as you slither away from Bucky. You are breathing heavy, your face flushed when you reach him.

“Are you ok?” He asks in a whisper, his eyes darting down the hall toward Bucky. “What’s going...”

“I have information about the situation in Asgard,” you whisper back harshly. In your eyes is the unspoken plea to get you away from there.

It’s enough to convince him, as he motions for you to follow him back toward his office, leaving Bucky standing behind in a sort of daze. He stares off after you as if waking from a dream. His eyes wide in shock.

Tony shuts the door behind you.

“What the fuck was that?” He snaps. “Why did you attack Barnes like that?”

“Tony, I don’t...” You link your hands together in your lap, to try to stop them from shaking. Your head continues to pound, now accompanied by a persistent buzz that dulls your hearing. “Something is going on. It could be Loki’s doing or it could be something else entirely but I...”

Your eyes widen in fear, staring at Tony.

“Do you feel... strange at all?” You ask cautiously.

He comes over to you and for a moment you panic at his growing proximity. And as he rests the back of his hand over your forehead, you tense.

“Nope, no fever,” he notes with a hint of mockery. “Why would I feel strange? You’re the one acting odd, kiddo.”

You sigh and slowly relax, falling in against his office chair. The plush furniture spins slightly from the force of your weight collapsing into it. You let yourself swirl for a moment, watching the room
“Are you feeling okay, kid?” He asks in a gentler tone.

“No, I hardly know what’s real anymore.” You lean back against the chair. “Can I just hide in your office all day, where things make sense?”

“What’s going on?” His gaze narrows.

You sigh, knowing it’s inevitable.

“Ragnarok,” You say. “That’s what’s happening on Asgard. At least according to Loki. It’s a prophecy foretelling the destruction of our home, of everything. And apparently I have a role to play.”

“Ragnarok,” he repeats. “I’ve read about it.”

He looks you over briefly before pacing toward the window. He stares down at the cityscape below, his gaze a reflection against the glass.

“And what does this prophecy seem to think you must do?” He asks.

“I’m not entirely sure,” you admit. “But Loki seems to know. He thinks there is something him and I have to do... together.”

Tony turns slightly, his gaze low, his hands held behind his back.

“And you think you can trust him?” He asks. “That he isn’t just deceiving you to actually cause Ragnarok? If I remember correctly, Norse lore states he will have a direct hand in it.”

“I know. I read that too. But I can’t be sure of anything until I get to Asgard and decide for myself. Reality seems to be evading me at the moment...”

You take a deep breath and test the waters, feeling the way your power compiles you to pry, to push, to gather the truth. That side of yourself that was becoming stronger everyday. And the way Tony stares out the window makes you comply just enough with that need to find his truth: that he has been worrying about you. That he has kept himself awake at night worrying over what you were becoming.

He’s seen it too.

“I’ve been changing ever since I got my memories back. And I think you know that.”

Finally, he turns back around to look at you fully. He nods in agreement.

“I didn’t realize in not telling you who you really were... no, who you are, that I wasn't protecting you. I was keeping you prisoner,” he says.

“Maybe I should have stayed that way,” you mutter. “I can’t help thinking that in awakening, I somehow caused this. That I caused Ragnarok.”

“Even if you had, I’d still blame Loki.” He smiles sadly. He removes his glasses and loops them, dangling from the collar of his shirt. “Why did you ask me if I felt strange?”
“Things have been happening lately. People acting strangely in reaction to me,” you groan, your voice wrought with regret. “Loki, Steve, Bucky... But you...”

You look up at Tony and once again, you are comforted by the fact that you feel nothing that could complicate the dynamics of your relationship. No strange pulse pulling you towards him.

“What exactly did Loki say to you?” Tony asks, leaning his palms against the desk.

“He said that in order to stop Ragnarok, he and I have to...” you pause to take a deep breath, preparing yourself mentally for Tony’s response. “We have conceive a child.”

Tony blinks at you. Once. Twice. Three times.

“Hm... well that’s... unique, isn’t it?” He mumbles, standing up straight. From his expression, you can’t tell if he is more shocked or amused. “But what does any of that have to do with Steve and Bucky? Oh, Jesus Christ, don’t tell me Asgardians have a thing for sex orgies?”

“God, Tony, no!” You shout, your cheeks burning with embarrassment. “At least I hope not...” You sigh deeply, rubbing circles into your temples. “It’s just that when I’m around them, it’s like peering into another world for a moment. Where I’ve made another choice, another decision.”

“And with Loki?”

“That... that feels different somehow.”

Like puzzle pieces locking into place. Gears turning and spinning in reaction. Like just the right move to gain a Checkmate.

“But nothing with me?” He asks for clarity.

“No. Nothing.”

Why not Tony? Why didn’t this effect him? He’d never been more to you then a friend and father figure. Was that why?

He lets out a deep sigh of relief. “Oh thank God,” he groans. “Do you want me to call someone in here to run some vitals? This could have to do with some weird Asgardian biology.”

You shake your head violently. “No one can know about this,” you demand. “I came to you with this because I trust you.”

He stares down at you, his hand held under his chin in deep retrospective. You daren't break him from his chain of thought, so you sit and wait as he studies you.

“Did this prophecy specially mention Loki? Meaning did it state it had to be him you conceived a child with?”

“I don’t know... I haven’t read it, not since I was a child anyway. There are things that could have been misinterpreted. I won’t know until I can see it and decide for myself.”

“Animals go through mating cycles,” Tony says suddenly, as if he’s been pondering that fact since you walked into his office. “Their senses become heightened and they can have an effect on any potential mate nearby. To increase the success of mating. What if Gods are the same?”

“Seriously?” You gape at him in disbelief. “I’m not a bitch in heat, Tony.”
But as much as you want to deny it, a part of your mind reacts to his words, singing of its truth.

*Potential mates*...


You clutch onto your scalp, groaning, willing the voice to leave you.

“This is crazy,” you mutter before peering back up at Tony. “And that doesn’t explain why I effect Steve or Bucky. They aren’t exactly Gods. They are human.”

“Genetically modified super soldiers,” Tony reminds you. “I suppose they are more God like than human at this point. At least more than I am.”

*Your fate is already written, Veritas. One decision already made. A decision to alter Ragnarok.*

You swallow hard. “Could you... could you call for someone in medical? Someone you trust.”

His eyes widen as he walks toward you, his hand resting over yours.

“What’s wrong? Are you sure you’re feeling okay?”

And suddenly the truth rings inside your mind as clear as day. As clear as anything you’ve ever known.

“I... I think I may be pregnant.”

Chapter End Notes

Don’t worry! I promise we will see Loki very soon :) hang in there
Visions of the End

Chapter Notes

I do hate seeing you suffer. So I had to post this for you all before you all run for the hills.

I seriously love all your comments: your theories, your reactions. You all are so amazing and I appreciate you sticking with me through this! I couldn’t let go of this wild idea I had for where to take this story. I hope you all will like it when everything is revealed :) As always, thanks for reading!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

You sit and stare at the results as if it isn’t real. As if you can deny yourself, your power as a Goddess. But the truth is screaming up at you in the form of two small pink lines.

Two lines that would define your future. And the future of Asgard.

It is the only truth you can cling to now. Now that everything else seems to be fading away with the rest of your sanity.

The doctor had come almost immediately and instructed you on how to use the test. You couldn't risk bringing a urine sample into the lab. It would be too suspicious. Especially now with so many visitors clustered around Selvig’s work. You needed to do this the old fashioned way.

You watched in growing horror as one line faded into two atop the bathroom sink. But it had been only one day since your night with Steve, and yet the life growing inside of you was evident enough that those lines rang loud and clear, bold and definitive. Could the fertilization of a God happen that quickly? How many times had you been with Loki unprotected and still never faced the consequences?

But he isn’t truly Aesir. He is Jotun, you remind yourself. Perhaps, you weren’t as biologically compatible as he’d hoped you were... but still, how could this be Steve’s child?

Veritas. Veritas. Waiting, Veritas. Waiting for you to decide.

Time is ticking.

You exit the bathroom and set the test on top of Tony’s desk, who grumbles something about it being unsanitary. However, his lighthearted demeanor falls once he sees your expression, twisted with fear. He barely says a word. Instead, he peers over your shoulder at the results. He stands quietly beside you, giving you time to think, to process what those results would mean for you. But when your eyes met his again, rimmed with panic and uncertainty, he captures you in his arms. You tremble in his embrace, unsure of what to say or do.

“It’s going to be okay,” he reassures, rubbing his palms against your back in circles. “Take this one day at a time, kid.”

You relinquish into his comfort, resting your head on his shoulder until the quivering ceases and your
breathing returns to normal.

“Do you know who the father is?” He asks softly.

“Steve, he and I...”

“Wow, really? When did that happen?”

“Last night.”

Tony pulls away to hold you out at arms length.

“Only last night?”

You nod.

“Kid, that’s not possible,” he stutters. “You know how these things work, don’t you? Surely you learned sex ed at some point during your time on Earth. We wouldn’t know this soon. I mean for Christ’s sake, it was a day! Have you thought about the possibility that it might be... that it could be...”

You don’t even give him the opportunity to say it, shaking your head violently until the room starts to spin around you again. You clutch at your chest, something clawing at you from the inside, begging to be released.

“You were with him only a few months ago,” he offers. “I mean, I heard you loud and clear. It was rather obscene...”

“Shut up!” You shout, pushing away from him. He stares at you, bewildered by your outburst. “I can’t... I mean... maybe I should go lie down for a bit. I have a headache...”

His gaze holds onto you, rich with worry before he nods in agreement. His arm wraps around your shoulders as he walks you out of his office, after storing the pregnancy test in his desk drawer for safe keeping.

“Perhaps you shouldn’t go to Asgard,” he offers. “We can send other agents instead.”

“No!” You argue, a bit too loudly once again. “I still need to go. If Ragnarok is coming, I need to be there. I need to go home.”

His grip on your shoulder loosens slightly. “After all this time, you don’t consider Earth your home as well?”

You smile weakly. “It is. But my people need me. Asgard needs me. Especially now.”

Yes. Decide, Veritas. Decide for Asgard.

You walk in silence until finally, you make it to your living quarters. You unlock the door before Tony stops you from going inside with the firm grip of his hand on your shoulder.

“Are you going to tell him?” He asks in a whisper.

But you aren’t sure who he means: Steve or Loki. You swallow hard.

“At least talk to Steve before he subjects himself to that test run tomorrow,” he says. “Don’t let your chance at happiness slip away.”
But you already had. Your happiness was on Asgard. Your true mate was there, a fact that rings in your ears with startling clarity the minute the thought crosses your mind. Loki was waiting patiently for you. And yet you’d betrayed him in the worst way possible.

But have you truly betrayed him, Veritas?

Tony leaves you to your solitude, letting you stumble toward your bed. You fall limp against it, cradling your body in around the untidy comforter, now a jumbled mess of sheets. You sigh in defeat as you breath into the fabric. But it doesn’t even smell like Steve. It doesn’t smell like anything.

How could you tell him? The thought alone makes your stomach turn in anxious anticipation. But worse than that, how would you tell Loki? How could you possibly tell him that you had denied your love for him by sleeping with Steve, and were now bearing his child?

You hadn’t been yourself. You never could think clearly with Steve around. As if a part of your soul were split between them: one living for Steve, the other dying for Loki.

You cry into your pillow, letting it absorb your tears and the whimpers that escape your throat in waves. When your tear ducts are empty and sleep wraps its cold arms around you, the sensation of a hand on your shoulder makes you jolt back, away from the comfort of your wet pillow. You blink, unaware of where you are, the scenery only vaguely familiar, as if from a dream or a memory lost in time. Turning, you see Heimdall standing behind you and instantly, you know he is showing you Asgard.

“Heimdall...” you breathe. “You’ve been silent for so long. I thought something might have happened.

“Veritas,” he answers, motioning for you to follow him. “We don’t have much time. Come with me.”

“What is going on? Why did you block me out?” You ask, becoming a phantom guided by his gift of sight, walking in his shadow. You peer up at the skies of Asgard, cast over in the dark hue of eternal night. The world is quiet around you, still and void of life. “Is this Ragnarok? Are we too late?”

“No, but it’s beginning,” he confirms. “And more than that... something is wrong. The fabric of time is weakening. Reality is bending. The prophecy...”

“I know,” you interrupt. “I know I haven’t fulfilled my role as I was intended to. I know I’ve altered fate.”

“No, that’s just it. You haven’t. You’ve set things into motion.”

Subconsciously, your palms press in against your lower stomach, gazing down at the evidence beneath your skin. The small spark of life. Those two pink lines. Your eyes widen as you take in your physique. Was your stomach larger? You had attributed your bit of weight gain to depressive binging after Loki’s departure. It had been two months since you’d been with him last. Enough time for... no it wasn’t possible. It couldn’t be. Especially given how much you’d been drinking since then. You would have unknowingly been putting your child at risk. You couldn’t bare the thought.

“This prophecy...,” you mumble. “Did it state I was suppose to bear Loki’s child?”

Heimdall turns to look at you. His golden eyes wide with question.

“Why don’t you see for yourself?” He offers, pulling a piece of parchment from his coat pocket. It’s worn, ancient, and frayed at the edges where it was torn from its source.
“Stollen from the original manuscript,” he explains. “When Hela and her army took over the palace, there wasn’t time to take everything.”

He unfolds the paper carefully, letting you read it over, line by line.

_It begins at the end, when the final judgement must be cast._

_The Daughter of Order, the Judge, will declare the truth of our future._

You read the last line aloud, “Declare the truth of our future.”

“To determine reality,” he explains. “To sway the hand of time for good or for evil. Destiny could be pulled in one of two directions. Ragnarok is a word of duel meaning: end and beginning.”

_Life or death. You decide._

“The Daughter of Order,” you repeat. “And you think that’s referring to... my child?”

Heimdall nods. “That’s why Odin was so distraught when you left us. He feared what your departure would mean for Ragnarok. How a human child may alter the course of events if you were to conceive on Midgard.”

You hold your stomach. Fearful of the future you may have caused.

You follow him through the city, through empty hallways and abandoned markets that you can recall from your childhood. You remember loving getting lost in those markets during the early hours of morning, when you could smell fresh bread baking in the stone kilns. But now, you smell nothing but the cold air, stinging your nostrils as you breathe.

“We’ve hidden our people far away from Hela’s influence,” Heimdall explains. “But she’s growing impatient, especially now that she can sense the tides are changing.”

“Where is Loki?” You ask. “Is he safe? He’s been visiting me through astral projection, urging me to come home. I wouldn’t have known about Ragnarok otherwise.”

Heimdall stops, his eyes held to the horizon. “You can’t trust him. He is as good as dead to us now. He answers to her. To Hela.”

“To... Hela?” No. He wouldn’t. He wouldn’t betray Asgard. He wouldn’t betray you.

Not like you’d betrayed him.

As if sensing your inner conflict, Heimdall’s gaze softens.

“His memories of you are still locked away,” he says. “His actions do not reflect disloyalty towards you. But rather, they simply speak of who he is.

“A part of him remembers,” you say softly, your heart slowly tearing apart. “I want to believe a part of him would still fight for the good of his people.”

“Do not forget, Veritas, that he is the God of Mischief. He can’t live without disrupting the order of things.”

And still your heart breaks. Even when you’ve betrayed him yourself. And you think that perhaps this means you truly were made for each other. Both unfaithful. Both irrational. Both committed to mutual destruction.

You decide.

And just as the voice soars through your head, the cord of your communication snaps free, unraveling your connection to Heimdall. You plummet back into your room on Midgard, adjusting your eyes back to the light of your room.

You feel the clawing force of hopelessness creeping up over your chest, threatening to silence you forever. But you will not feed into it. You won’t be consumed by fear or despair. Fate had brought you here... no, your actions had.

It is time for you to accept that fact.

But while you sleep, your dreams haunt you once more, filling your mind with visions of fire and death. You stand in the middle of it all as buildings crumble into ruin. You are running, searching for someone. The expression of pure horror swept over your face.

There is blood on your hands.

“Where are you?” You scream into the night. Into a sky the color of death. Deep crimson red bleeding into a putrid black. “Where are you?”

Only the sound of the fires raging around you answers your call.

You stumble to the ground, feeling it quack beneath you. It cracks and divides, and in a panic, you roll, lying to the right of the newly formed cliff. You peer up, above the dirt and grime beneath you. Standing there is Steve, covered in blood that won’t stop pouring down from an open wound in his chest. A hole where his heart should be. And when you look down at your hands, the ones covered in fresh blood, you find his still beating heart in your grasp.

“It’s yours,” he says. His voice is shallow and stagnant. “If you choose this life with me.”

Once again the ground shakes, propelling you to stand. And just across the riven, is Loki, watching you with a hollow gaze. His eyes are glossed over by the pools of a dark abyss.

“Loki!” You shout across the great divide, still clutching onto Steve’s heart. He doesn’t reply, but his lips curve unnaturally into an all encompassing grin that covers half of his face.


“What if I can’t decide?” You ask in a whisper, carried against the wind.

“They all burn.”

You’ve heard that voice before, in your dreams. And as you turn to face him, he is gone, replaced for a raging fire that threatens to consume everything.

You make your decision then, jumping across the divide, toward the other cliff where Loki stands waiting. You soar through the air, your arms extended toward him.

But he laughs at you as you catch onto the edge, your feet dangling toward oblivion.

“Who are you again?” He asks through laughter. He watches with wide triumphant eyes as your hands slip and you fall to your death.
And as you plummet through the empty sky, you see that cliff transform into a hallway of doors. And that fire consuming them into oblivion.

All but one.

You wake in a cold sweat that clings to every inch of your body. You squint as small streams of early daylight pour in through your open window, signifying the rise of a new day. But when you stumble onto your feet, out of bed, the building shakes around you. From the magnitude of something otherworldly. And you realize you are too late. The test run has already been conducted.

And Steve is likely already gone.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will have everything revealed. So stay tuned!
You race out of your room in a panic, desperate to find your way back to the lab. However, all of Stark Tower is cast in darkness, save for pale streams of morning sunlight pouring in through the windows. Likely, the backup generators would kick in shortly, but you don’t have time to wait around in hopes of that. You will have to climb the thirty flights up to the lab without the use of the elevators.

About half way up the stairs, your knees give out beneath you, forcing you to stop momentarily to catch your breath. You grip onto the handrail when a stabbing pain rips through your stomach. You clutch your free hand against the origin of your agony, grinding your teeth together in an attempt to dull the ache. But your vision begins to blur and your body goes cold, twirling around the center of your destruction. From deep inside of yourself. From your womb.

“Veritas?”

You tilt your head toward the voice, coming from just above you by a few steps. And through the blurred edges of your vision, you see his dark hair, his confident stature, gleaming down at you as if you were his prize.

Loki

“You took too long,” he growls, attempting to smile but his lips betray him in a scowl. “I had to find a way to you. Before she could figure out my true intentions.”

But when your eyes meet, his face immediately drains of color. His eyes brim with panic. He takes one cautious step toward you, then another, until he is standing right in front of you. His breath cascades over you and you sigh in the comfort of his presence. But he can’t really be here with you. Astral projection, you remind yourself. He’s just another illusion. That’s all his love ever was... right?

“You’re hurt,” he whispers. The sound trembles against his vocal cords. “What’s wrong? Did someone harm you? Tell me where it hurts.”

He is in a panic, falling to his knees as he cradles your face in his hands. You whimper, controlled by the instant relief his cold touch provides, leaning into him. As if he were meant for you alone. To soothe your ache. To comfort the pain within your heart.

“Loki,” you say through an exhale, slumping your body against him. “I can’t take anymore of your lies or my own. Please, I want you here. Really here.”

“I am,” he reassures, his voice torn by deep sadness. “I’m really here with you. That is how I can tell
that you are burning up with fever. You need a Midgardian healer.”

“I’m fine,” you mutter. “But Loki...”

Halting any further protest, he reaches down and scoops you into his arms, continuing up the rest of the way toward the lab. You fall into his embrace, weak and broken. Even with the extra weight, he doesn’t slow his pace, charging onward.

Being in his arms, the truth sings inside of your heart, screaming for acceptance. He is the only one you desire. Even without his memories, his touch is so tender, filling you to the brim with promises of love. As if subconsciously, he knows who you are to him too. What you should have been.

**But if he knows that, he’ll never forgive me.**

“Loki, I’m so sorry,” you breathe into his chest.

“Hush, pet,” he says softly. “Whatever it is, it can wait.”

He feels so real. As if he is here with you. As if he weren’t just another illusion. You press your cheek against him, as you had with Steve. But this feels right. Here in Loki’s arms... this is right.

**Home. I’m home.**

“Is he there with you on Asgard?” You ask meekly, clutching to the fabric of his shirt. You play with the material childishly between your fingertips. “Did Erik’s invention work? Is Steve safe?”

He doesn’t respond, instead continuing toward the lab. His fingers stroke up and down over your arm, in an attempt to silence your worrying.

“Heimdall told me you sided with Hela,” you murmur. “Why?”

“Pet, let’s not speak about those things right now. You are more important than any of that.”

“I’ve made mistakes too,” you declare defiantly as the pain rips through you with renewed purpose, clenching around your lower abdomen. You let out a whimper before forcing yourself to continue. “I did something horrible. Something you won’t be able to forgive me for. You shouldn’t care about me the way you do. You don’t know me at all, Loki. Not really.”

“You’ll make things worse worrying so much, little one,” he whispers back, his lips pressed against your scalp. “And I know you well enough to know that you are incapable of doing something horrible. So unlike myself...”

“Why would you help Hela?”

He sighs but you can feel his lips curve into a smile against you.

“You are so stubborn, pet. And it would seem I am incapable of denying you.”

His grip tightens around your legs as he hugs you closer.

“I was merely trying to distract her. To make her believe I was on her side. She was convinced enough, and I used that trust to buy myself some time. Time to work on ways of stopping her from within, of stopping Ragnarok. But she is a distraction herself, it would seem. Ragnarok is more than her threat to Asgard. It’s everything.”

You wince as he pushes his back into the emergency doors, stumbling out into the dark abyss of the
hall leading to the lab. He stalks through the black void, unfazed by the lack of a guiding light. When you reach the lab, both of your eyes flicker onto the pulsating power of Erik’s invention at the back of room, using it as your beckon forward.

The door is alive with sparks of electricity, illuminating the room in its small remnants of light. Erik is hunched over beside it, staring at a broken computer screen. There is a large crack in the center, as if something had been speared through it. It occasionally switches back and forth from static to brief crispness as he jostles it impatiently. His hands are shaking.

“Selvig,” Loki barks. “We need a doctor.”

Erik spins around, practically falling over in a panic once his eyes lock onto Loki. He backs up into the computer, knocking random odds and ends off the table in his hysteria.

“You’re... back,” he stutters.

But before either of them can say anything more, the lights twinkle to life above you, the machinery grinding into motion. Your eyes lock onto the portal with a renewed sense of purpose. You struggle against Loki’s hold until, in defeat, he sets you down on your feet, careful to keep you held against his arm for continued balance.

“Careful, pet,” he warns. “Where does it hurt? Please, tell me where.”

You ignore him, turning your attention to Erik instead.

“Send me in,” you command. “I have to get to Asgard. Ragnarok is...”

You double over, as if you’ve been stabbed through the stomach. Your nails dig into Loki’s arm as you cry out in pain.

“Ragnarok can wait!” Loki snaps. “It can all wait. Nothing else matters right now but your life. Please, Veritas. Just please let me help you...”

“I’m tired of waiting around,” you whimper. “Unsure of what to do, unsure of what’s even real anymore. I want to go home. I want to go home to you. To where you really are. That’s the only thing that makes sense anymore.”

His eyes widen as he reaches around you. His hand presses in against your ribs. You can feel his pulse racing within his palm, as if urged to mingle with your own heart, beating just beyond his touch.

“I’m right here,” he whispers.

You are really here with me, aren’t you?

“I’m... I’m sorry but I’m under order not to let you leave,” Erik fumbles.

“Whose order?”

“Mine.”

Tony walks into the lab with Bucky close behind him. You can hardly look at him, unnerved by your previous encounter. Though his gaze is set upon Loki.

“You’re lucky I didn’t have you killed the minute I heard about that little stunt you pulled,” Tony growls, stepping nearer. “You’re alive because of her. Don’t forget for one second how grateful you
should be because of that.”

“Is he alive?” Loki asks with narrowed gaze.

“Clearly. Or you’d be dead already.”

“I need to get to Asgard,” you snap, ignoring him completely. “I don’t have time for your bickering.”

“What you need is to sit down for a minute,” he replies calmly. “There’s something you have to see.”

The wave of your power plummets through you, originating from his gaze. And held in his eyes is a clarity you haven’t seen before. There’s truth there. A truth you need to understand.

You nod slowly just before Loki shoves his way between you, a dagger held toward Tony, glistening against the static light of the lab.

“Back up, Stark,” Loki growls. “She isn’t well. She needs a healer.”

Tony steps closer defiantly.

“What sort of mind games are you playing at, Loki? Is this some kind of sick joke to you?”

“I don’t know what you think I’m doing. But I wouldn’t hurt her. I’d never hurt her. You, on the other hand, I will gladly kill if you get even an inch closer to her ...”

You cling to his back, hushing him softly. “I’m okay now,” you reassure, though you aren’t fully convinced of that yourself. “Loki, I’m okay. Please.”

You feel him weaken in front of you. His muscles relax beneath your hands as his dagger falls to the side, fading from reality.

You turn to Tony. “What is it?”

He pulls up a chair and hands you a tablet, swiping through a set of cataloged surveillance clips on the screen.

“What is this, Stark?” Loki barks as he peers over your shoulder, holding his hands there protectively.

“I gathered the security footage from the last few days,” he explains. “Everything I could find that was relevant to her claims.”

“My claims?”

Tony taps on the screen and you see all of them at once. An assortment of moments you wish hadn’t been captured for perpetual evidence. Video to lock in your mistakes indefinitely.

“I can’t watch this,” you mutter, turning away in horror.

Tony forces your face forward with the hold of his hand under your chin, causing a primal growl to escape Loki in reaction.

“I think you can,” Tony argues.

Your gaze locks onto the tablet where you see Bucky stopping you in the hallway. You wince, preparing to watch him assault you once again. But he seems calm, addressing you as he normally
would. Only his flesh hand is held to your shoulder, in a sweet, almost comforting manner. As a friend would. As a brother would. Until, seemingly out of no where, you shove against him, your eyes full of rage. He fumbles back into the opposite wall, his eyes bulging with surprise. You run off screen toward Tony, just as you remember.

He never touched you. Never kissed you.

Your eyes shift toward Bucky, standing in the corner, keeping his distance. His eyes borrow into you, begging for you to see the truth.

Tony taps the screen again and another video loads, displaying the view from just outside your apartment door. The time stamp fast-forwards through the recording until you see Bucky’s past self walk toward your door, stop, and knock insistently for a few minutes. Finally, he sulks away, defeated. And as you stare at that time stamp, quickly increasing once more, you realize that no one else ever so much as walked by your door that night. Not until the next morning when Bucky returned in a final attempt to take you to the lab, as promised.

Steve was never there.

“Why are you showing me this?” You mutter, your voice wavering against your tongue.

“It didn’t happen,” Bucky says as he cautiously walks toward you. “All those things you claimed, they never happened. Whatever made you shove me into the wall that day... you and Steve.”

“Steve?” Loki’s voice is brimming with anger. “What about that half wit soldier?”

“This is your doing,” Tony snaps, turning toward him. “You are still scheming around inside her head, aren’t you? Making her see things that aren’t real. Illusions.”

“If this were my doing I’d never put thoughts inside her head of betraying me,” he scowls.

You turn to look at him with wide, fearful eyes. He returns your gaze but his emerald ores are torn by conflict. Between love and anguish.

“I told you that you haunted my dreams,” he says, his voice softening. “You still do. Every night I surrender to those beautiful eyes, and listen as you tell me over and over again that you love me.”

He falls to his knees in front of you. “Tell me, pet, do you still love me? If you do, then why betray me? Why turn your back on me?”

“Loki, I...”

“She never betrayed you,” Bucky barks. “It was all in her head.”

“No... no that’s not possible,” you argue, as much as you want to believe it. “It felt so real.”

“Surveillance doesn’t lie,” Tony says. “And I can promise you the footage hasn’t been tampered with. Loki is manipulating your mind. Forcing you to see things.”

No. That’s not the truth. That wasn’t it...

“I told you this isn’t my work, you mewling quim!”

What is the truth, Veritas? You are the judge. To determine fate. To guide the hand of reality.

“You’re a liar and a criminal! Maybe in another life you weren’t such a piece of shit, but in this one,
that’s all you’re ever going to be.”

Another life...

Your head throbs and the truth plummets through you like a strike of lightning, like Thor’s power still surging through your veins. Awakening the Goddess.

“No, no this isn’t Loki’s doing,” you say in a whisper as your mind suddenly snaps into full clarity. “Those things happened... they just didn’t happen here.”

“I’m sorry, what?” Tony stutters as all three men stop their bickering to stare at you. “What do you mean they didn’t happen here?”

“You say I am a lie detector,” you start. “That I can decode reality. Decipher the truth. But what is the truth if not a series of choices we make in our life? The world we’ve chosen for ourselves.”

But the pain in your stomach returns, refusing to let you continue any further as your words corrupt into screams of pain. You bend over, your arms clutching around your middle. Loki reaches out but Bucky pushes his way through to you faster, carrying you in his arms. His cold metal arm holds firm under your legs.

“Get your hands off her, mongrel!” Loki snaps at the former soldier.

“As you said, she needs a doctor,” Tony replies as he nods for Bucky to leave. But you reach out your hand to Loki.

“Loki!” You scream and before you know it, the world fades in and out of clarity. From blinding white to numbing black. And in those moments of lost consciousness, you see glimpses of images, of actions you don’t remember taking. Of what they all believed were Loki’s illusions and manipulation. But it was never Loki. It was your own gift. Your role in Ragnarok.

Every glimmering moment, of desires felt so strongly, and yet so foreign, were glimpses into another life. Your night with Steve had been the strongest of them all. Like a world held just parallel to this one. In which that lie you told was real. In which he had saved you from the plane. Instead of Loki.

All of those moments, as strange as they seemed, were your potential futures, if you chose to accept them. If you let Steve into your heart. If Bucky has become more than a friend, more than a rival.

Like a path lined with many doors, all begging to be opened.

All truths in their own right. That’s why your mind had been torn by their existence. Your power could not distinguish one truth from another. One reality from the next. It was tearing you apart from the inside. Like living as a mortal once had. You needed to define the truth to live.

Heimdall had told you that time was collapsing, that the fabric of reality was slowly slipping away. He had been right in his fears. All of it has been spiraling around you, the core holding truth together. Along with that voice compelling you to choose. To decide which door to open.

Right now, those realities were collapsing in on each other, converging into this one point. Into Ragnarok.

And if that night with Steve had never happened in this reality, then this child could not be his.

But it could be Loki’s.
When you open your eyes you are in a room made of blinding white light. You turn your head to the side and see someone sitting up in a cot beside you, their legs propped over the edge in your direction. Their hand is held to a wound, bandaged around their shoulder.

“Steve?” You call out meekly. You blink and he stands, taking your hand in his. He gives you a reassuring squeeze before you hear movement behind you. Loki comes into view, shoving Steve away before you can get any closer, his hand pressing into the still healing wound at his chest. It opens upon his touch, red marring the gauze. Steve winces, but only slightly.

“Don’t touch her!” Loki snaps before you lock your hand in his, soothing his aggression. He breathes in deeply in reaction.

“Are you alright?” You ask Steve, your fingers raising up to gesture at the wound. “What happened?”

Steve smiles weakly, stepping away to give Loki the reign of your proximity. He falls back down against the hospital bed.

“I stabbed him,” Loki says bluntly, as if he were speaking of something more mundane like the weather.

“What?” You gape at him.

“Erik’s invention worked. And I would have successfully gone through the portal,” Steve starts to explain with a small smile. “If I hadn’t been met by some resistance.”

You turn to look at Loki. “But he isn’t really here. He’s done this before. It’s just a projection.” But he squeezes your hand harder, as if to prove himself.

“Loki came through the portal from the other side,” Steve argues. “He said he sensed the opening and used it as an opportunity to come here. To you. He has good aim, I’ll give him that. I was about half way out of the lab to warn Tony when his dagger went through my shoulder.”

“Because you’ve ruined everything,” Loki says, his expression manic as his dagger materializes once again. “You locked her away. Left me as this forgetful fool who still can’t help but love a woman he can’t remember! Perhaps I should finish what I started...”

And once again you groan in agony, as if something were tearing apart from within you. Your nails dig into his flesh, pulling his attention back toward you.

“Where is that damned doctor?” Loki barks. “What’s wrong with her?”

“She’s pregnant,” Tony says from the edge of the room, hiding in the shadows along with Bucky. As if afraid to approach. To intervene in this strange lover’s triangle. But it wasn’t like that anymore. You want Loki. You want a future with him.

That’s the path you’d choose.

“Pregnant? With whose child?” Loki snaps, his eyes wild with anger. His face drained of blood.

“Yours.”

The dagger falls to the floor, bouncing slightly against the tile. You carefully stand up off the bed, walking toward him. Reaching out, you grasp onto his trembling hand, locking your eyes within his fragile gaze.
“It’s yours,” you breathe, guiding his hand to your stomach. “Before you forgot about me, we were together. We conceived this child. I was too stubborn to realize it. Too afraid.”

His eyes widen, recalling the moment he glimpsed into your mind and saw each beautiful memory through your eyes. Before he tore his own mind apart.

“Mine,” he whispers as his hand presses in against you. “Mine.”

But as he leans down to kiss you, your mouth rips open in a bloodcurdling scream. Warmth pours down your legs, originating from your core. You stare in horror as a trail of blood coats your thighs.

*My child...*

Loki’s own sounds of anguish fill the room. He leans down, cradling you in his arms. You both fall to the floor, set in a pool of your own blood. You are losing your child because of your neglect. Because the fabric of reality is tearing apart around you.

Loki brings your hand to his cheek, kissing your knuckles. His eyes are lined with tears that refuse to fall.

“Loki, I’m sorry. I...” you start in a whimper.

“Hush, Love.” His voice begins to shake. “It’s alright. You’re going to be alright.”

“But Ragnarok... the prophecy needed this child to...”


And as he cries against your shoulder, pressing your body flesh to his, you hear that voice calling to you once again. But this time it is a soothing lullaby. A friend calling you home. And you realize why it always sounded so familiar, so hauntingly true. Your vision blurs until you see her standing beside you. A persona of your own making. Her emerald eyes hold to you with dazzling clarity.

“And you... my daughter?” You ask weakly, your body fading fast around you.

She nods, reaching out for you. Her hand caresses your cheek tenderly.

“I’m sorry... You could have ended all of this,” you reply, your own tears choking you. “You should have stopped Ragnarok but I didn’t know... I didn’t take care of you.”

“No, mother. It was never my role to play,” she says softly with a warm smile that pulls you from the despair of your pain. “It was yours.”

“But the prophecy spoke of a daughter. My child...”

“You think too literally, mother. You always have.” She guides you by your hand, pulling your soul from your discarded body, still held cradled in Loki’s arms. You stare back at him as the world collapses around you, until there is nothing left but an open passageway, lined with doors. As you once dreamed.

“The daughter of order is Truth,” she says “The prophecy was referring to you, mother. You must choose what world becomes reality. That is the purpose of Ragnarok. To end this life and start again.”

The doors open as you pass, allowing you to peer into glimpses of all those potential lives. You pass
by images that make you blush, scenes you've only seen in your dreams. One door holds an alluring image, pulling you closer. As you step nearer, you see a version of yourself standing with Steve. Held in his arms is a small child. You smile at each other as if you couldn’t be happier. But watching that scene unfold leaves you feeling empty, as if it were a lie never meant to come to fruition. You close the door, closing that path forever as you continue onward.

“How can you be here?” You ask her softly. “I... I miscarried, didn’t I?”

“In this life, yes. You did,” she says with a sad smile. “But on another path, I am very much alive.”

At the very end is an abandoned door, worn and tattered as if it has met with the consequences of time. It opens slowly, revealing a curtain of misted fog.

“What’s this?” You ask turning to your guide.

“This is where you will find me,” your daughter says. “But I warn you, mother, this life is not ideal. All the doors behind you hold lives free of conflict. You could be happy in any one of them.”

You glance back, thinking of that serene scene you’d witnessed with Steve. Another life. A life without conflict.

“But this... if you choose it, this life will not be an easy one. It will be hard, and frightening. Full of war and loss.”

She steps through the door, standing on the other side of the threshold where the swirls of time create clouds around her feet.

“But it will be full of an endless, untamable love. That I can promise you.”

You peer through the doorway and see Loki standing beside your daughter.

“You must decide, mother,” she warns. “Or all of time will collapse without truth. Without a path to follow, all will burn.”

You turn and watch as just beyond those doorways, a raging fire threatens to consume all. The fire from your dreams. It slowly creeps toward the doors and the potential futures they hold.

“Love is never easy,” you reply, your eyes held to the image of Loki, hidden amongst the fog. “Love is hard work and pain, but it’s also forgiveness and hope.”

Your feet linger against the line of the doorway.

“You’d still choose him?” She asks with wide, hopeful eyes. “Even knowing that pain will follow you in this life? No matter where you go? No matter what you do?”

“If he is by my side, I’d walk through fire,” you say with a smile, walking through the entry way.

The floor falls beneath you and you plummet through the air, staring up at the figures of Loki and your daughter smiling down at you. Time slips past you, flashes of moments being ripped apart. Of unchosen doors being torn to shreds by the hand of your judgment.

You smell fire and brimstone, smoke pouring up into the sky before you fall onto solid ground. And to your relief, you realize your impact has been softened. Reaching up to feel your body, your fingers caress the familiar, smooth surface of armor wrapped all around you protectively. And as you rise up off the ground, you use your sword as a crutch.
You’ve made it back to Asgard, during a time when you once ran in fear. Time has been reset, the clocks turned back to this pivotal moment in your history when time had altered, when fate began a new path.

Perhaps you were wrong. Perhaps Ragnarok did not start when you awoke on Midgard. It started here, when you turned your back on your people and fled in fear of facing war. Afraid of fulfilling your destiny as Asgard’s Judge.

But this time, you aren’t afraid. This time you know what you are fighting for: a future in which that child would be waiting for you. You clutch onto your sword and head toward battle, raging just beyond the horizon. This life would be full of war and loss, she said. But also love.

And in that promise you know that you would find Loki again.

Chapter End Notes

That’ll for awhile, folks! No, it’s not over yet. I can promise you that. I am working on the second half of this story but it may take some time. Hope you all are still enjoying this crazy ride!
New Beginnings

Chapter Summary

Note: This story diverges from canon; the bifrost is very much intact rather than destroyed following the events of “Thor”

Chapter Notes

So, I realized working on part two that I have a very strong preference for Loki per his Ragnarok portrayal. He is more mature there, older, a little less wild. So it is a little difficult to write him younger in his Avenger days. But I'm going to give it a go anyway! I suspect updates will be less frequent but I hope you stick around for them!

“He is on Midgard.”

Those are the words that propel your new life to truly begin. You instantly drop the bowl of ripe berries you had been collecting in the farm lands. You run forward, gathering up the long material of your gown as you race down the alleys of plentiful harvest. Much to the protest of your attending maidens.

“And I have a feeling they may be in need of an interrogator soon,” the unseen messenger continues. “Someone who can deal with his unique... temperament.”

Your whole body is vibrating with purpose, with anxious anticipation as you run back toward the palace.

But a part of your soul had known today would be the moment that the tides were to change. You’d selected a gown of pure emerald that morning, nothing suitable for berry picking, but perfect to ensnare a lustrous Prince.

Since you’d awaken in this new reality, truth compelled you into waking every night, at the hour of the witches, driving you toward your open balcony. You would push the tendrils of your power out into the horizon, scourging the universe for evidence of his soul, like a glimmering beckon lost at sea. You were told he’d thrown himself into oblivion long before the reset. Long before you could have stopped him, armed with the knowledge of two lifetimes.

But you knew he wasn’t truly gone. You knew he was held somewhere at the far edge of the galaxy, slowly losing any lingering hope of reason or redemption.

And now, he is on Earth. You felt his presence surge through you almost instantly, like the pulling of the tides into the ocean. It only took Heimdall’s confirmation for you to know what needed to be done next.

As you run past the crowds of the midday markets, you speak aloud to Heimdall.
“Does Thor know?”

“Yes. He is close.”

You groan.

You’d kept your distance from Thor, lingering resentment marring your judgment of him, even in this new timeline. You’d met him briefly upon Odin’s insistence that you properly be introduced to his son. You never had the opportunity to meet the crowned prince in this lifetime, as you’d long been a foreign ambassador on the Vanahem. You’d refused the invitation for dinner that followed, uncomfortable with the strange implications that came with it; an unwed Goddess dining with the heir to Asgard. And while that sort of refusal could have been seen as treasonous by any other subject, Odin had come to know your temperament well. He’d dismissed it without so much as a jaded remark.

You couldn’t easily explain to any of them why you felt so bitter toward a man you hadn’t spoke more than two words to before. How actions he committed in another life left you feeling skeptical of his judgment.

No more than you could easily explain how you loved his estranged brother.

No one knew of your past, or how Ragnarok had already come and gone. In this reality, Ragnarok was a fairytale told to children, and only that. There was no grand prophecy, no fear of the end of days. Just life, moving forward in a new direction.

Only Heimdall seemed to have sensed the shift in time, created by your hand. His eyes held to you that day in battle, as if he were preparing to watch you abandon your people once more through the bifrost. But when he found you standing on the other side, your sword held high in victory, his eyes dazzled with clarity. His smile spoke of an understanding beyond either of your abilities.

For that reason, he agreed to aim his hidden eye, the eye gifted with infinite sight, toward the far reaches of the universe. Always searching for him, knowing you were waiting with baited breathe for his return. But for what reason, he did not know. Nor did he question you for answers.

When you finally reach the end of the prism bridge, you are out of breath and dazed by the swirling cyclone that is your mind.

“You sent him there without me?” You ask in a gasp, clutching to your knees.

“I had the bifrost open on Midgard a bit further south than intended,” Heimdall says with a warm smile. “Thought I’d give you the upper hand in order to get there first. He is in a place called Stuttgart, Germany. There is a gathering of sorts there.”

“A gathering?”

“A gala. You are dressed appropriately it would seem.”

You squint as the bifrost opens behind you, it’s brilliant light a familiar blinding glow. It is comforting and yet also the source of your fears come back to life.

“One more thing.”

You turn to find Heimdall offering you a gift, a necklace, containing both a small charm and a key, held around a thin, spiderweb cord. You smile, knowing it’s true purpose.
“Good luck, Veritas,” Heimdall says simply and you nod, placing the key around your neck, just before you step through your illuminated transport and soar back toward Earth. You plummet through the expanse of the universe, catapulted toward your former home and hideaway.

When you finally land, your feet gingerly touching the new ground beneath you, you close your eyes and breathe in the warm air of Earth. You let it fill your lungs until you are overflowing with the comfort of Midgardian summer, something you’d long forgotten. Upon finally opening your eyes, you find a museum in front of you. Gala attendees walk toward the entrance, coupled arm in arm. They are all dressed beautifully in gowns of silver and black. And while the brilliance of your emerald gown is enough to make you an outsider amongst them, the design is simple. You manage to hide yourself within the shifting group of attendees moving toward the entrance. Just another pretty face in the crowd.

Once inside, your power pushes through every corner of the expansive venue, searching for him. Within moments, it snaps into place like a magnet, finding him standing on a balcony, overlooking the central exhibition with the look of cruel intent.

You maneuver carefully through the shifting crowds, through columned halls and exhibition rooms that distract handfuls of guests as you pass. But it doesn’t take long for you to find him. The primal allure of his aroma pulling you toward him, the need growing between your legs. A need you could hardly satisfy yourself during those long nights alone. Waiting for him. When dreams of his touch left you wanton and wet, with only your own fingers to satisfy. While your heart aches for him, your body’s desire is more painfully apparent.

Your heart stops the moment your eyes behold him. He is walking down the marble staircase with a look of pure deviance plastered over his face. When last you’d seen him, he had fought through so much pain and heartache, all of which still haunted him. And yet, he had time to address his past and grow beyond it. However, in this reality, his scars were still healing. His eyes hold a hidden pain that plummets through your own chest as you study him, slowly descending.

You push into his mind from across the room, just enough to unfold layer after layer of torment. Enough to know he is being driven to act by an external source, in an attempts to stay alive. And that outside influence is instructing him to kill a man, and take his eye. For what purpose, you must dive deeper to uncover. However, you are forced out of his mind as if he can sense you clawing through it.

Your breathing becomes erratic as you pull free from his thoughts, panic seizing any original intention. You told yourself that when you finally met again, in this life, you wouldn’t be such a nervous, incoherent mess. Instead, you’d be confident and cool, seductive even. But you've waited so long for this day, to be reunited with him, that all plans implode in on themselves.

You fight the urge to run to him, to confess everything of your past before coursing your fingers through his raven hair. As you so often imagined.

*I’m here, you’d say. I’ve finally found you.*

But you swallow, hard, willing those thoughts into the shadows. In this reality, he doesn’t know you yet. In this reality, he needs to fall in love with you again. And you can only hope that he will.

When finally he has descended upon the grand exhibition room, you see his agenda as clear as day: to maim and destroy. So, in pure desperation, you push an ounce of truth into his mind telling him that there is a woman in this room just dying to meet him. A woman who’d do anything just to divert his attention.
Anything.

Instantly, his eyes shift, settling upon you. As if he could decipher the origin of the command. You halt, frozen inside of his gaze. He regards you coolly, those emerald eyes, that so often haunted your dreams, slowly drifting over your body. He smirks as if he is quite pleased with what he’s found.

He begins to walk toward you with the support of a cane in hand. A cane that’s glowing.

“You look like you could use a drink.”

You turn, your eyes meeting with a suited gentleman who extends a drink toward you. The pale hue of the champagne serves as a stark contrast to his dark complexion. And even darker eyes, cast under the shade of vibrant lust.

“I’m fine, thank you.”

You shift away, watching as Loki continues toward you, his gaze narrowing with a growing aggression. Under any other circumstances, you might have been flattered by the man’s attempt to woo you. But now, the handsome man is just an unnecessary distraction. One you do not desire.

“Did you come here alone?” The man asks, getting uncomfortably closer.

“No, I did not,” you lie, wincing. At this point, Loki is close enough to be within ear range.

“I don’t see a ring on your finger, sweetheart. You couldn’t have come with anyone important.”

The man steps in front of you, blocking any view of your desired target.

“Well, I have,” you bark. “So if you don’t mind, I need to be getting back to him.”

You shift away, trying once again to catch Loki’s eye from behind the man.

His hand snakes around your waist and you could swear you catch the glint of jealousy in Loki’s eye as he nears you. “I think he can wait a little while longer,” the man hums as he leans over you, until you are cast in the shadow of his form.

On complete impulse, you shove away from the stranger. You leap, bridging the gap between you and Loki. You tie your arms around his neck and press your body into his, sighing at the comfort of his touch. How long it’s been since you’ve been held in his embrace. You relinquish into his arms, sighing as you breathe him in. His hands almost instinctively rest against the curve of your hips. His eyes widen with shock but his lips betray him, curling into a mischievous grin.

How many times had you imagined this moment, of feeling his arms wrapped around you? However, now it is just a ruse, an illusion of your own making.

“There you are, darling!” You exclaim with every ounce of giddiness you can muster, not all of which is fabricated. “I’ve been looking all over for you.”

You glance back and watch as the man studies you skeptically. Only for that expression to fade into blatant rejection as soon as Loki’s hands smooth over your rear, squeezing slightly as he pulls you in to be flesh against his pelvis. Where a very obvious and growing need has arisen within him. You have to bite your lip to stifle a moan.

“You ran off, dear,” Loki hums, playing along with your little game. And compelled by your power, your chest tightens as the lie leaves his lips. “Shall we be going? The children must miss us terribly.”
Children...the word returns the forgotten pain of your loss.

But to your relief, you watch as the man sulks off into the crowd. You could laugh at the pure irony of fate. Of leading you into Loki’s arms just to escape a man’s failed attempt at flattery.

You turn back to Loki, who only pulls you closer. His hands rubbing lewd circles into your ass, kneading into your plump flesh. You peer around him as the crowd watches and remarks at your rather vulgar display of public affection. He leans down until his lips are lingering over your exposed neck. A growl reverberates against your flesh.

“Darling?” He purrs, his voice full of mockery. “There are many names I’ve known. But Darling is not one of them.”

You try to pull away but he holds you steady, refusing to let you leave.

“Not so fast, kitten. I’ve just done you quite an immense favor. Don’t you think some sort of payment is due?”

“Payment?” You stutter.

“Yes. Payment.” His eyes curve over you before he licks his lips in anticipation.

“I don’t have anything I could pay you with...”

“How about a kiss?” He suggests, the glint of mischief swirling around the rich green of his eyes. But as he leans down to offer one to you, you press a finger to his lips.

You smirk. “I’m not sure you deserve one yet, Loki.”

He pulls away, holding you out at arms length. His grip on your shoulders is firm, unrelenting.

“How do you know my name?” He snaps. His former playfulness quickly replaced by growing aggression for having lost the upper hand. In his eyes you can see a subtle hint of acknowledgement, as if a part of his soul were singing in recognition toward you. But the rest of his mind only saw a stranger. A threat. And in front of you now is an untethered animal, fangs dripping with unquenched hunger. Wild.

“I know a fair bit about you,” you reply, swallowing your growing fear.

“And yet I know nothing about you...”

Grabbing you by the arm, he pulls you from the room, whispering in a tone of pure mockery, “Come, Darling. I’d like to get to know you better.”
Manipulation

Chapter Notes

This chapter was written partially to Lady Gaga’s “Schiebe”

You let him pull you into an abandoned exhibition room, just beyond where the central activities are located for the evening. Far enough away that the violin music becomes just a distant hum. He presses you in against a decorative column, his hand gripped around your throat.

“Are you with S.H.I.E.L.D.?” He snarls. “Did they send you here as a distraction?”

“Why? Am I distracting you, Loki?” You ask, the glint of promise in your eye. You part your legs, willing him to pry, to push. To take what he wants.

*Let me be your distraction, Loki. I won’t let you harm anyone tonight. No one but me.*

He smiles, laughing lightly. “Oh you are quite distracting, divine creature...”

His hand releases from your neck, rising to scoop your chin between his fingertips. He leans into you, until the shadow of his form suffocates you. His feet push your legs apart, letting the velvet of his suit brush up against the bare skin of your calves.

“You know my name but I haven’t had the pleasure of knowing yours.”

“Veritas,” you tell him before taking a deep breathe in an attempt to soothe your drumming heart. “I’m called Veritas.”

“Veritas,” he repeats, relishing every syllable like some sinful lullaby. “Well, now that we know each other, I suppose there’s no need for false pretenses.”

The glamor ripples off his body like a discarded coat made of pure light. He stands in front of you in traditional Asgardian attire, his golden horned-helmet adorning his head. The crown of a false king. You reach forward, clutching the leathers at his chest, running your fingers over the smooth material.

“Does this please you?” He laughs, his eyes held to your hands with wide amusement.

“I can’t decide what look I like better on you...” you mutter, smiling to yourself. Though you are a bit partial to the black suit he wore once in New York.

He reaches back and grabs a gathering of your hair, forcing your face back up to meet his eye, as a primal growl escapes him.

“Do I not frighten you?” He asks, an eyebrow raised in intrigue.

“Should I be frightened?”

He twirls your hair around his fist as delighted laughter escapes from deep within his throat. He studies every unique element of your expression, settling on your lips, plush and parted, just begging
to be kissed.

“I think I’ll keep you,” he purrs with a smirk. And as if he has read your mind, he leans down and captures your mouth with his.

You gasp but quickly surrender to his advices as he urges your mouth open, to let him in. His tongue slides inside, dancing around your own. You sigh, having forgotten how good he tastes. How desperate his kiss could be. As if begging for the right to your affection. The right to own you. You arch your back into him, your hands pressed against his chest. He moans into your mouth, his hand falling over the curve of your side. You ready yourself for complete oblivion when he pulls away, yanking hard on your hair until you whine in response to the sudden lack of his touch.

“Who are you?” He snaps. His eyes are narrowed, his lips broken into a deep scowl. “Why are you wearing my colors? What are you playing at?”

“I’m not playing at...”

Suddenly his cane changes, transforming into the scepter you once observed in S.H.I.E.L.D.’s artillery vault. Back then, you had debated using it as a mean of finding a way back to him. Back to Asgard. But it’s power is not the kind to be dealt with haphazardly. And you feared the consequences of using it the wrong way.

If there is a right way at all.

“Fine, if you won’t tell me, I’ll make you speak,” he growls as he poses the weapon toward your chest. You gasp as he uses the curled tip of the metallic spear to pull away the fabric of your gown, exposing your breast. He growls and licks his lips as he stares down at you. The small key dangles against your exposed flesh.

“I can make you do so many things, pet,” he says, his gaze fixated on your perked nipple. “And you’ll gladly do them. Because you’ll want to. Once you surrender yourself to be me, you’ll be able to submit to all of your sinful desires without fear.”

You wince, turning away, knowing what he means to do, knowing what his spear is capable of. And when the metal makes contact with your skin, just above your heart, you feel it clawing it’s way into your soul. Like molten lava pouring into your veins, pushing out your own blood to make room. But you resist, using your power as a surge of truth, defying the allure of his lies and manipulation. It retreats like receding tidal waters, pouring back into his staff undetected. You wouldn’t let yourself be under his control. But, you decide, it could be to your own advantage if he believes you are.

He pulls the spear away, gazing down at you with a triumphant grin.

“See? Isn’t this better?” He asks, his eyes dazzling under the fluorescent lights above. “Does your kind not crave subjugation? To submit to a greater power? I think you desire this sort of treatment. Don’t you, pet?”

My kind... you almost laugh to yourself. If only you knew of my kind, Loki.

“Take off your panties,” he commands, standing back to watch you.

You blink, processing what he is asking of you.

_How soon you give into lust, my love. Is that all that compels you to me? The itch of your cock?_ 

But without hesitation, you bend down, reaching underneath the gatherings of your skirt. Your
fingers loop beneath the band of your undergarments, pulling them down over the length of your legs. You step out of the flimsy, and already soaked through, fabric. You extend them toward him between your fingertips. An offering for your God.

He growls happily.

“Good girl,” he compliments, reaching forward to take them from you. “So obedient.”

His fingers slide over the evidence of your arousal, sleek against the silk underwear.

“Are you already wet for me, pet?”

You nod, swallowing down your doubts. You have to be completely compliant to his desires. Just a little while longer, you tell yourself. You need him to let his guard down just enough in order for your plan to work as intended.

“Against the wall.”

You step back until your spine makes contact with the stone wall behind you.

“Show me,” he orders, keeping a considerable distance from you. “Show me that pretty pussy of yours. I want to see just how wet you are.”

You pull up at the material of your skirt, your heart racing against your rib cage. You tell yourself you are doing this just to distract him from doing harm, from continuing down that dark path he now calls home. But taking advantage of a young woman can not be consider any sort of progression forward. It is just as heinous as anything he had planned for this evening. For that man he intended on blinding.

But just as heinous is your own arousal, growing the more he commands you. The more he forces you to comply. You enjoy him this way, you realize. Wild and untamed, about to come unhinged.

By the time your skirt is lifted enough to reveal your sex, you watch him lick his lips.

“Oh darling,” he teases. “You are practically dripping.”

He walks toward you, pressing his body into yours. You suck in air between your teeth as the length of his finger slides up over your soaked folds. A deep, satisfactory purr vibrates against his throat.

But before you can surrender to his desires, he pulls away, stepping back to study you once more.

You watch with widening eyes as he lifts his finger to his lips and sucks it clean of your wetness. He moans against it, gazing at you longingly. You bite your lip.

“Divine...Kneel,” he growls.

You obediently fall to your knees before him, without hesitation. Without fear.

“What else does my master need of me?” You purr, gazing up at him.

“Master?” He smirks before reaching down to caress under your chin, stroking you softly as he would a cat.

“Tell me, Veritas,” he begins. “How many men are there?”

“Men, sir?”

“Operatives. How many operatives has S.H.I.E.L.D. sent to apprehend me?”
“I don’t know,” you answer honestly. “I didn’t come here with S.H.I.E.L.D.”

He jerks away, unnerved. “Then why are you here?”

“For you.”

You reach forward, daring to work with the ties around his waist, slowly unraveling them enough to allow the material to loosen. He doesn’t stop you, watching with growing intrigue as you busy yourself with the confines of his garments. His hands tighten into fists at his sides as if he is resisting an untamable urge.

“For my own selfish desires,” you add as you reach underneath his leathers. Your hand smooths over the familiar length of his arousal, causing him to groan above you.

“Tell me what you want,” you purr, as he moans above you, one hand loosening enough to grip onto your scalp, pulling you forward. “What do you desire?”

His cock springs free and you breathe against it, just enough to watch him twitch.

“Fuck...,” he groans through a deep exhale. “I want that pretty mouth wrapped around my cock, pet.”

“Release her, Loki!”

You peer around his body, making eye contact with Steve for the first time since the reset. Your heart stills inside your chest as your eyes meet. He is standing in his full suited getup, ready for battle. It’s rare you got to see him as his Captain persona, and even rarer to see him in action. And now here you are, with your lover’s cock bouncing in front of your face, unsatisfied.

Quite a way to be reintroduced...

Loki adjusts himself while you recover your exposed breast, blushing. Loki turns, scepter in hand toward his opponent. You stand, hidden in his shadow. But your eyes return to Steve’s, if only for a brief moment. You’d forgotten how soft his gaze could be. Holding the purity of his heart in a single glance.

He deserves better than me. He deserves better in this life. I’ll make sure of that.

“Ah, the soldier...” Loki mutters. “Come to save the damsel in distress, have you?”

Before Steve can speak, Loki uses the scepter to attack, a bolt of energy slicing through the air towards him. But Steve quickly uses his shield as a blockade.

“Loki, your time is running out,” Steve shouts, charging forward. “Miss, it’s going to be okay,” he reassures, peering around his aggressor to look at you. “Please come with me. I’ll keep you safe. He extends his hand to you.

But you don’t move, you wouldn’t dare. Not when Loki believes you are still held under his influence. You cling to his shoulder as added emphasis.

“She won’t listen to your command, soldier,” Loki snaps before his lips crack into a triumphant grin. “You’ll find she is quite the loyal pet.”

“What did you do to her?” Steve growls. “You’ve made her a slave.”
“I’ve just given her what she needs.”

Steve gazes at you, seeing in your eyes the pulse of clarity, the allure of truth. Again Loki fires his weapon, but this time Steve isn’t so lucky, having been distracted. He just barely escapes the blow, grunting in pain. Your eyes widen as you see the path of the attack seared across his arm. It has ripped a line through his uniform, drawing blood. He reaches up to clutch his hand over the wound, glaring.

Not wanting Steve to get hurt any further, you yank the charm free from your necklace. It glistens slightly against your open palm, pulsating with power. You reach forward, caressing Loki’s hand softly until your fingers curl around his wrist. You reach for his other hand, still gripped over the scepter. And to your surprise, he complies without so much as a mild protest.

Instead, he turns slightly to look at you, smirking. “Are you already eager for my touch again, little one?”

You pull against him, grabbing the scepter as the charm expands, locking both his wrists together in the created heavy metal restraints. His eyes widen as he jerks against them.

“What is this?” He snaps. “Release me!”

You stand back, watching him with an expression torn between regret and satisfaction. Steve’s eyes widen as he slowly, cautiously walks toward you.

You extend the spear to him, as a truce.

“Perhaps you should take this,” you say in greeting. Your fingers brush his as he takes the weapon from you, his blue eyes sparkling against the unnatural light of the room.

“Who are...” he starts to say but you are both distracted by Loki’s snarls beside you. His eyes are rimmed with apparent betrayal.

“You manipulative whore!” He shouts, writhing against the restraints like a wild beast held to captive chains. “Release me, you filthy lying slut!”

You wince at his words, turning away.

Forgive me.

“I learned from the best,” you mutter, before turning back to Steve. “Call in for transport. We will need to get him out of here quickly.”

You know that Thor is hot on your trail. And you'd rather not think about how he might react to seeing his brother again, only to find him falling into ruin. Likely he’d react with his fists. That is a safe assumption.

Steve nods, though he is full of doubt, evident by the fold of his brow and the growing frown swept over his lips.

“Who are you?” He finally asks.

“A friend,” you say simply.

“A friend...” he repeats, skeptically. “How is it the you could break free from his control?”

“I was never under his control to begin with,” you confess.
Helplessly, your gaze drifts to Loki, finding his eyes wide with disbelief. Steve, in turn, stares at you, as if he trying to determine if he can trust you. However, you push an ounce of truth into his mind: that you want to help bring Loki to justice. You simply omit that the truth of that justice would involve your role as his judge and healer. As his fated lover. But without any further discussion, Steve drags Loki outside of the museum, as you follow close behind. You find a quinjet already waiting. The bright red hair of the copilot catches your eye. But more than that, you are drawn to the passenger hanging out of the open hatch.

“Whoa, Cap...Did Rock of Ages throw a hissy fit?” Tony asks, eyeing Steve’s wound before his gaze slowly shifts toward you, hidden slightly behind the super-soldier. His smile quickly fades into a scowl. “Who’s this?”

“I... haven’t gotten her name,” Steve stutters. He reaches up to hand the scepter to Tony, who quickly locks it away, where its influence would no longer be felt by any of the surrounding crew.

“Veritas,” you introduce. “Can I get a ride?”

“Sorry, princess. But this ride is by invitation only. So if you don’t mind...”

“She helped capture him, Stark,” Steve argues with a glare. He pushes Loki forward, enough so Stark can see the strange metallic restraints held behind his back.

“That’s not our tech,” Tony notes, his brow folded in deep consideration. “Where’d you get that?”

“I’d love to explain everything to you,” you start. “But seeing as I don’t have an invite...”

“Get in,” he says finally with the roll of his eyes. “But if she ends up being one of his, that’s on your head, Capsicle.”

Chapter End Notes

I’ve written an AU piece for this chapter as well ;) be on the look out for that post in the series within the next few days
He stares at you from across the other side of the jet; his eyes never once leaving you the second the plane ascended. Kissing you had triggered something within him. A flood of images that assaulted his mind like forgotten memories held against the fabric of time. It felt so right to touch you, to hear you moan with acceptance. To know you wanted him. And now his mind swirls with the words of your confession: that you were never truly under his control. But if that were true, than what could have driven you into his arms?

Are you merely a being of lust, as am I? Did you feel the cord of fate pull taut the second our lips touched? Sealing a desire just begging to be satisfied, by any means necessary?

Who exactly are you, my feisty little minx?

He licks his lips, imagining all the fun he could have had with you if that damned golden haired Adonis hadn’t ruined everything.

“Tell me again how you managed to break out of his mind control,” Tony says, refusing to sit. Instead, he stands, hovering near you, partially blocking Loki’s view. Loki leans to the side with a grunt to continue his assessment.

You are beautiful, he decides. There is no denying that. But not in the way one might expect to find beauty. You are rather plain, ordinary even, but perhaps it’s the little things he finds so alluring. The way your eyes dazzle. The way your lips part before you speak. The harmony of your voice. The way your neck curves just right against your shoulder. He is weakened by your small nuances of beauty.

And he hates you for it.

“Like I said,” you snap, gradually loosing your patience over Stark’s endless inquisition. “I must be immune. It had no effect on me.”

But that isn’t possible. Not for a normal mortal woman. She must be more. She must be something else...

He pulls against the restraints behind him, digging into his wrists. They aren’t mere mortal contraptions. They are foreign to Midgard. But he knew from the words of the Iron Asshole that the handcuffs are not of S.H.I.E.L.D.’s design either.

Then from where did they originate?

His hands tighten into fists beneath the tight restraints as he watches your eyes drift. During the seemingly endless flight, your gaze continuously shifts between him and the blonde soldier to his right. The idol soldier smiles to return those few fleeting glances, as if he is so honored to hold your affection, if only briefly. Loki’s only satisfaction comes in the form of that blistering wound. Still
seeping slowly beneath crude bandaging he has applied himself.

“Hurts doesn’t it?” Loki asks with the glint of delight in his eye.

Steve scowls, hunched over in his seat.

“Should I get medical ready on standby?” Natasha asks, turning back from the small cockpit.

Steve shakes his head, muttering, “I’ll heal fine on my own. Besides, it was just a lucky shot anyway.”

_Luck had nothing to do with it you pathetic half-wit...

“I should have acted sooner,” you grumble, distracting Loki from his disgruntled thoughts. “It’s my fault you got hurt.”

Loki studies your faded expression. How your eyes are low, torn between sadness and fear. But what could you possibly be afraid of?

“Don’t take the blame for this,” Steve replies, shaking his head. “I’m glad you were there.”

Again, your eyes meet Steve’s from across the jet, searing Loki with a renewed sense of jealousy. But as he shifts in his seat, immediately his lips crack into a smirk, beaming with newly concocted mischief.

“My dear Veritas,” Loki calls, diverting your gaze from the First Avenger. He grins, pleased at the shocked expression he has gained from the off cue affection. “Will you be wanting these back or may I keep them as a token of our brief, but beautiful, tryst?”

He watches, with pure gratification, as your eyes widen and your cheeks flush. Your gaze sets upon the materialized undergarments clutched between his fingertips, peeking out from behind his back. You open your mouth to speak but words seem to evade you. Leaving you gaping like a fish abandoned on dry land.

Tony clears his throat awkwardly as his eyes lock onto the flimsy set of panties in Loki’s grasp.

“Well that’s an interesting development...” he mutters. His eyebrows arch in intrigue as he leans against the other side of jet, arms crossed in front of himself. “Did you threaten her out of her panties or...”

But before Loki or Tony can say anything more, Steve intervenes. He snatches the favor from the Liar God’s hands, without thinking. He stands and presents them to you, before quickly realizing what is held in his grasp. The intimacy of it. Deep crimson embarrassment spreads over his tanned cheeks. You extend your hand timidly, taking the offering and desperately hiding them, balled up inside your clenched fist.

“Thank you,” you grumble, refusing to look at Steve.

You cross your legs stubbornly, shifting uncomfortably in your seat. And as you dare to peer back up at Loki, he licks his lips. Tempting you to reply. Tempting to make you squirm from the recall alone.

_Tell them, pet. Tell them you wanted me. That you came so close to being mine._

“You’re positive you weren’t being manipulated by him?” Tony asks to break the stagnant tension
growing in the air. “I mean no one in their right mind would want to mess with that level of crazy.”

He stares toward the seated devil, studying him.

“I know you’re supposedly a God and all but what are we looking at, like four inches max? Four and a third on a good day.”

“Oh a God I am,” Loki growls with a wide grin, his gaze dazzling with emerald fire. “Which means I am blessed with far greater anatomy than your kind could ever dream of boasting.”

He tilts his head to the side as he regards Stark slowly, prying into his mind almost undetected. “I am sure Ms. Potts wouldn’t mind a ride if I were generous enough to offer.”

Suddenly, Tony reaches forward, grabbing him by the front of his leathers. His hand is wrapped in iron, his suit partially activated. He yanks the would-be King up high until the tips of his feet just barely graze the floor of the jet. And as Loki laughs, Tony shuffles toward the now closed hatch.

“You say that one more time and you’re a dead man, Reindeer Games,” he snarls. His metallic arm twitches and turns, begging to be utilized to its full potential. His flesh hand smacks against the hatch trigger, opening the back of the jet. The wind roars, filling the cabin with an angry gust.

“Let him go!” You scream, bolting to your feet. Your hair whips around your face as you strain to keep your eyes held to the feuding pair.

Loki’s laughter lifts into the air around you, seemingly unfazed by Tony’s threat.

“I’d make her scream, you know,” he says. “I’d make her feel things you aren’t even capable of understanding. And by the time I’m through with her, she won’t be able to look at you without wanting to have me back inside...”

Tony shoves hard against his chest, pushing him, limp, out of the jet. The force sends him plummeting through the cold night air down toward the cruel ocean below. The misty air whips against him, stinging his cheeks as he falls to his death. Over the sound of the wind, raging around him in deafening waves, he could swear those screams were feminine in nature. Torn by pure terror. And as he gazes up at the jet, quickly fading back into the heavens above, he sees the hint of forest green emerge from the depths of the metallic haul. But before he can question it, his body collides into the unforgiving sea. The waves swallow him whole as he slowly begins to sink, dragged down by the weight of the thick metallic cuffs, until all light is lost above him.

He pulses his magic in through his fingertips, attempting to set himself free. But the restraints dull his power. He kicks his legs helplessly as an attempt to counteract his descent into the dark abyss. But it’s useless. His lungs scream out for air after a few minutes of resistance and he automatically gulps in a mouthful of water, his vision blurring.

But just as he is beginning to accept his cruel demise, he is filled with a warmth strong enough to melt the ice of his frigid soul. A warmth that makes him feel as if he has been asleep all of his life and only now is he awaking to the brilliance of a new summer day. A summer day on Asgard, like he can remember from back when he was just a boy. Back when he was truly, ignorantly happy.

He blinks against the stinging vision of the salty ocean. Crystal clear eyes meet his blurred gaze against the pulling current.

*Clarity*, he thinks. *That’s what I see in your eyes.*

His savior appears like a beautiful water nymph, wrapped in the flowing silk of a gown. He feels...
hands at his back, releasing him from the restraints that sink him down into the depths of the sea below. He gladly surrenders to your embrace, as you pull him back up toward the beckoning surface above, swimming against the undertow.

You emerge together, mutually gasping for air. You clutch your arms around his waist as you tread water feverishly to keep afloat.

“Why?” He gasps, spitting out a mouthful of salt water. “Why bother saving me? You could have died trying, you stupid fool!”

Your nails dig into his back as you struggle to keep both your heads above water, your bodies bobbing against the rise and fall of the waves.

“You saved me once,” you answer over the roar of the wind. “I needed to return the favor.”

His gaze narrows upon you. “I saved you from a rather eager suitor. This isn’t the same…”

“You saved me from drowning.”

Your eyes lock, and he could swear the salt water streaming down your cheeks is not solely from the ocean.

“What aren’t you telling me?” He growls. “I will only play along with your games for so long before I lose my patience, little girl.”

You open your mouth to speak, his eyes fixated on the rosy hue of your lips, parted and wet. He decides then that he’d rather not fight with you. He knows, with startling clarity, that he’d much rather spend the last few seconds alone with you, letting your lips meet once again. So he does, pulling you toward him in the chaos of the moving waters. He’d been so desperate to taste you again, drawn to you like a moth to the flame of your desire. And now, kissing you amongst the torrent of the tempest raging around you, he knows what he’s been missing his whole life.

You taste like the salty sea but he doesn’t care. You are still the sweetest thing he’s ever tasted. And he could have died happily if this had been his last memory. Of your lips pressed against his. He struggles to stay connected to you against the pull of the ocean around you, constantly threatening to tear you apart. But it’s by your own choice that you both pull away, only in your need to catch your breathe. He is locked inside of your gaze, desperate to put his feelings into words. But what exactly is he feeling?

There is a pain in his heart he can’t quite explain.

A light beam overhead diverts his attention, blinding you both. The quinjet descends, spraying water against your faces. From the open hatch, a rope drops down below.

“Grab on!” Captain America calls from above. And you comply, reaching for the rope. You cling to Loki, supporting his weight with a considerable amount of strength for such a small thing. But as you begin to ascend back into the jet, a bolt of lightning splits through the horizon. Your grip tightens, as if you know what’s approaching.

You make it back up into the jet, both of you fumbling on hands and knees to get back inside, supported by the arms of the soldier. You fall, breathless on your back with Loki hovering over you. He refuses to remove your body from his gaze. Wanting nothing more than to stare helplessly into your eyes. As if the pools of your swirling irises hold all the truth of the universe. Everything he has been looking for his entire life.
Sorceress. What are you doing to me?

He leans down again, to continue where you’d left off in the ocean.

“Get off her!” Tony shouts as he kicks him away with the tip of his foot. Loki rolls onto his back, laughing, as Tony sets a narrow gaze upon you.

“What were you thinking?” he snaps. “That was truly an idiotic move, kid!”

“Well I wasn’t going to let him drown!” You bark, stumbling to your feet.

Loki gazes with hopeless, building lust as he studies the way your dress clings to your body, hugging every supple curve. He crawls into you mind then, effortlessly. As if you’d open the door for him yourself.

*Let me undress you, darling,* he whispers softly. *Let me peel back layer upon layer until there is nothing between us. Let me kiss every inch of your skin. Let me ruin you.*

He could swear he hears you answer back into his mind. A voice as soft and as pure as a summer breeze.

*Please.*

“Why not?” Tony growls, breaking the link between you with a harsh snap. “Why couldn’t we have just let him die and be done with this headache?”

“Because then we couldn’t be able to locate the tesseract,” Steve intersects. He reaches behind you, wrapping a blanket around your shoulders as you begin to shiver. But perhaps not from the cold. His hands linger a bit too long, causing Loki to let out a possessive snarl.

You turn to look at him, your gaze full of a sad longing he hadn’t noticed before. His eyes widen as he dares to move closer.

“We have to bring him in for questioning,” Steve says, lingering nearby. He watches him carefully, daring him to make a move nearer, to force his hand. It is as if he were dying for an excuse to slug him.

Another crack of lightning illuminates the inside of the jet, causing Loki to jerk back into the corner regardless.

“Afraid of a little lightning?” Steve jests.

“I’m not overly fond of what follows,” he admits just before another strike hits the sea below. A dark silhouette blocks the light coming through the open hatch. You react immediately, standing in front of Loki as a shield. He gazes at you, baffled.

The intruder steps into view, his golden hair catching the light of the moon. His eyes widen as he beholds you in front of him. A blockade before his target.

“Veritas?” He gapes. “What are you doing here?”

His gaze shifts, finding his brother behind you.

“Move aside,” he orders. “I’m taking him home.” His hand is firmly gripped around the handle of his hammer, his shoulder tight and squared. But you are relentless, extending your arms to either side of your body.
“Brother...” he growls, his eyes softening. “Please. I thought you dead...”

“Okay, Abercrombie, I don’t care who you think you are but you can’t just fly in here and take people willy nilly,” Tony snaps, finally at his wits end.

“You aren’t taking him anywhere, Thor,” you glare.

“You know each other?” Loki spats, seething with anger.

Of course my brother would know this divine creature before I ever got a chance to stake my claim. Everything belongs to you, doesn’t it? Everything is your right. I just get the dregs left behind in your wake.

“Tell me brother, how many mortal women haven’t you fucked?”

Thor’s eyes widen even further, his shoulders relaxing.

“Mortal women? Loki, Veritas is of Asgard and she and I have never...”

“Asgard?” Natasha questions from just behind you. “You guys are multiplying by the minute.”

Loki’s hands come down onto your shoulders as he spins you around.

“Is this true?” He asks. “Are you Asgardian?”

But before you can speak, the jet accelerates forward, causing you to fall face first into Loki’s chest. Your hands press over his heart and he knows with a growing fear that you must feel his heart racing beneath your touch.

“I hate to ruin your family reunion,” Natasha comments with a smirk. “But we are approaching the landing site. Hang onto something!”

He clings to you, pulling you down into his lap, his gaze locked to his brother’s, who refuses to sit. Instead, he stands, his hand gripped around an overhead handle for balance. His eyes are narrowed in pensive retrospective as he regards you carded in Loki’s lap.

No one makes a move to separate you either. Everyone locked in place to prepare for landing.

“Be a good pet and stay very still for me,” Loki whispers, his lips brushing up against the curve of your ear. “I’m going to need to punish you for lying to me.”

You shiver in response, a soft moan escaping your lips. His hand slides up over your leg, concealed underneath the fabric of your skirt. He smooths his palm up your thigh until his finger graze your sex. You gasp, biting your lip as the jet descends. You clutch your thighs together in an attempt to stop him.

“Oh darling,” he purrs as his finger plunges inside regardless, just in time for the plane to land. “I can’t wait to break you.”
Tony was right. It was truly idiotic what you did. You could have died, and all of this, everything you’d sacrificed, would have been for nothing. But watching as his body began its descent into the ocean, you couldn’t stop your legs from moving. You were propelled by something much larger than yourself. Something greater than your fear of drowning, which had all but vanished with the remnants of your former life.

The swirl of the cruel waters around you became just an obstacle between you and Loki. Between the life you have now and the one you so desperately want. And when he captured your lips in the middle of that sea of death, you felt hopeful that perhaps you had made the right decision. That this life would be alright, beautiful even, if Loki was willing to open his heart to you.

Once you land, stepping out onto the deck of the sea bound helicarrier, Loki is muzzled and pulled away, likely taken somewhere they could watch him like a caged beast. But even as they cart him away, his eyes stay glued to you. And while his mouth is disguised beneath the metal mask, you know he is still smirking devilishly at you. Blissfully pleased as he watches you squirm, unable to move without feeling the sleek residuals of his caress.

Thor is also taken as well, but in the opposite direction, escorted by Agent Romanoff who occasionally regards you with deep, unrelenting consideration. However, the Asgardian heir lingers in front of you for a moment before they can move any further out of sight. His hand comes down to rest gently on your shoulder.

“What are you doing here?” he asks in a soft whisper. “Did my father send you here?”

“I’m not here by order of the king,” you reply, meeting his gaze. “I’m here by my own desire.”

“May I talk with you...” His eyes dart around him. “Privately?”

“I promise you two can talk all you like,” Steve interrupts as he comes beside you. “But I would like to speak with the young lady first.”

Thor nods, regarding him briefly before he leaves with Natasha. And with that, you take yet another, third course forward, following obediently behind Steve.

The Asgardians split and divided. This is what they want, to put you at a slight disadvantage. But you know how S.H.I.E.L.D. operates. And with these sorts of directives, it is clear you are being identified as a potential threat.

Perhaps it would be a bad time to try to wrangle my job back...

Steve leads you down a dark corridor, until you reach a private room at the very end. Once inside, you realize to your horror, and perhaps amusement, that he has led you into an interrogation room.
How the tables have turned...

“Do I seem threatening, Captain?” You ask as you eye the singular table and dim lighting above. Your hand traces along the curve of the metal chair. “I can promise you that none of this is necessary.”

“It’s simply protocol, Miss,” he replies, pulling out the chair for you to sit down. You settle into the cool metal seat, gazing up at him.

“Veritas,” you correct. “We might as well be on a first name basis if you’re meant to question me for the remainder of the evening.”

“Not the remainder of the evening. I can assure you of that,” he replies. “Though I wouldn’t mind that...if it meant getting to know you better.”

He takes a seat across from you, the hint of a smile playing across his lips. He hadn’t wasted time visiting the medical team when you arrived. But you are relieved to see his wound is already healing on its own, a side effect of what had made him into a tool of war. The serum that made him less human and more of a God.

“Veritas...That’s an unusual name,” he notes, leaning in against the metal backing. “What does it mean?”

“Truth,” you reply bluntly. You hadn’t wasted time either, still clothed in your damp gown with Steve’s offering of a woolen blanket clutched over your shoulders. “I have quite a knack for it.”

“For truth?” He asks, his eyebrow raised in question. “Like being able to tell if someone’s lying?”

“It is more that,” you reply. “But yes, I can. And if someone’s stubborn, I can also pry the facts from their mind. Or sway their conviction enough so that they can comprehend the truth as needed.”

“But isn’t the truth subjective? Different for every person based on their own perspective?”

You smile, genuinely. “Not many people understand that,” you hum in approval. “That’s what makes life so interesting. And my gift such a prized commodity.”

“I’d love to see that gift in action,” he says, mimicking your pleased expression. “Ask me anything, Veritas. And tell me if I’m lying.”

“Aren’t you the one who is suppose to be questioning me?” You ask with a smirk.

You watch as he becomes flustered, blushing and shifting in his chair. His eyes are fixated on your lips, still slightly swollen from Loki’s rough caress. And you realize, with regrettable clarity, that, even in this new life, you are drawn to Steve. To the beauty of his heart. But you didn’t choose that path. And you wouldn’t risk everything just because you feel tempted by his pure allure. He isn’t worth losing Loki.

“Lets get this over with,” you order, a little too sternly perhaps. “I’d rather not be stuck in this room all day, if I can help it.”

Steve shifts forward, his blush fading, replaced by a disgruntled frown.

“Are you truly Asgardian?” He asks, complying to your command. “Ma’am, I... Veritas.” He corrects, catching himself at the fault of his politeness. “I’m a man of faith. It’s hard to believe there are Gods walking amongst us.”
“It’s arrogant to suggest we are Gods,” you argue. “We may live longer than mortals. Many centuries longer, if we are lucky. But we are more human than you’d think. Especially in how weak our hearts can be, despite the gift of our strength and durability.”

“Regardless, you risked an awful lot just to save Loki.”

“And I’d do it again,” you say with conviction, your gaze narrowed. “I’d do it a hundred times over.”

“Why?”

It is a simple question, but one that does not deserve a simple answer.

“It’s hard to explain, Steve,” you say instead.

“I never introduced myself to you,” he mutters. “And yet you know my name.”

“Part of the gift,” you lie with a grin. A grin to revel Loki’s signature mug.

You can see from his expression that he is debating asking you something else entirely. Something beyond protocol. So you pry, just enough to peel back the fine layers of his polite facade. And there, you find the truth behind his conflict. How he is recalling the image of you knelt before Loki, his cock bouncing in front of your parted lips. Your eyes brimming with genuine lust and heated desire. He is envisioning how your eyes met his in that brief moment. And how the lust in your eyes flooded into his as well.

But more than that, is a truth as clear as day, screaming at you from the depths of his mind: that he wants you knelt before him now, the way you were with Loki. With his cock placed just before your watering lips.

You swallow hard, pulling free from his mind with a jolt. “I care a great deal about him, Steve,” you snap with a narrowed gaze, refusing to acknowledge what you’ve uncovered. “It might not make sense to you... to any of you, but he is more than his mask. Believe me. There is a soul worth redeeming beneath his darkness. I’ve seen it.”

“Have you?” His blush fades beneath his growing skepticism. “On Asgard?”

“We didn’t know each other there,” you admit.

“Then how can you know so much about him? Enough to risk your life for him.”

You lock your hands together in front of you against the cool material surface of the table.

“I could show you,” you offer. “I could show you the truth but... it’s a painful reality you don’t deserve.”

You watch as the bob of his throat moves up and down as he swallows. His eyes drift down your neck, swooping down the valley of your breasts where the material of your gown clings to your damp skin.

“Steve?”

He shakes his head as if to break from the trance of your allure.

“You need to get out of those wet clothes before you catch a cold,” he mutters, turning away before standing abruptly. He paces toward the door. “We can continue once you’ve bathed and dressed.
Are you hungry?"

“Steve, I...”

“I can make a mean Mac and Cheese, you know. But if you want something more to your Asgardian tastes maybe I can...”

“Steve, stop.”

You stand, and move toward him, close enough to rest your palm gently against his forearm. His muscles tense beneath your touch. But you squeeze his arm firmly.

“We’ve been down this path before,” you say, your voice low and guarded. “But I won’t let us do this again. As much as... as much as seeing you again makes me happy. You were always so good at that, at making me smile despite everything. I never deserved a friend like you.”

His eyes dazzle as they meet yours. Brimming with promise and recognition.

“Before?” He stutters. “What do you mean? What can’t we do again?”

“Like I said, I can show you the truth. The truth of everything. And maybe then you’ll understand.”

“I’m just a stranger to you. Why entrust me with something like that?”

“Because maybe we weren’t always strangers.”

His eyes widen; his lips part slowly.

“Then we have met before... haven’t we?” His voice sings with clarity, as if it were something he suspected all along, since your eyes met in the museum. The blue swirls of his irises seem to twirl and glisten as he speaks.

You smile, letting your hand fall. “Let’s talk later. I need to change so I can stop distracting you.”

He clears his throat, rubbing the back of his neck as he opens the door for you.

“Of course,” he agrees with a small nod. “I’ll find you something to wear. The washrooms are this way.”

He leads you out of the interrogation room, keeping his head low, his eyes perpetually held to the floor in front of him. Rejection and confusion become his mask, his armor. A shiver runs up your spine, fueled by regret. But you closed that door, you remind yourself. You told him goodbye, in your own way. You swallow hard, willing your feelings to the shadows. You’d always love Steve, that truth is impossible to deny. But your love for him was expected, standard. Something clear cut and finite. But your love for Loki is as untamable as nature itself, something beyond time or fate. It is the fabric of your soul, pulling you forward and willing you to move.

And you need to get him home to Asgard before he does anything to shape the course of this timeline in the wrong direction.

Or you do.

Steve motions toward the washroom door. You walk inside, without another word, thankful for this moment of privacy. You peel off the dress, now clinging to your body like a second skin. You step into the steam of the small shower, letting the water pour down in ripples over your body. And you let your mind wander, thinking of him.
Everything you did now, everything that drove you, was for love of him.

*When did I become such a slave to your heart, I wonder? Was it when you saved me, was it when you took me that first night, or was it when you returned all my precious memories?*

*I wonder...*

The image of his cruel smile makes you shiver. Your legs tremble beneath you, still writhing from unsatisfied desires. It wasn’t long ago he visited you while you bathed, watching you like the heated voyeur that he is. You scoop your breast into the palm of your hand, sighing as you recall the sinful look on his face.

“You’ll prune if you just stand under the water like that.”

You turn, rubbing your eyes, and for a brief moment you are hopeful that he has found you again, visiting you the way he did back then. But the voice is feminine, swirling with hints of judgment. You turn and find Natasha standing in front of the closed door to the washroom. In her arms is a folded stack of clothes that she quickly sets down on the sink before reaching for a towel for you.

You had interacted with Agent Romanoff infrequently during the course of your precious life, resulting in very few remarkable exchanges. Mere pleasantries. Hello. Goodbye. The byproduct of basic association because of your line of work, and your closeness to a few of the Avengers. Your budding relationship with Steve was enough for her to at least know your name. Your old name.

Now, standing before her under the stream of water, naked and exposed, you aren’t sure what to make of her on this new path. Or what she’d make of you.

“Cap sent me,” she says. “We can’t have you just walking around the helicarrier in the nude. Not that he’d mind, I’m sure.”

You snatch the towel out of her extended hand, wrapping it around your waist to cover yourself quickly. Not that you really harbored much shame these days.

“I’d mind,” you mutter. “Where is Loki?”

Her gaze narrows.

“Where he belongs,” she grunts, arms folded in front of her chest as she leans against the door. “Locked up and monitored.”

You turn off the shower and approach her, her eyes never once leaving you.

“Here’s what I don’t get,” she starts again. “Why are you so invested in his well-being? You do know who he is, don’t you? What he is capable of doing?”

“Too well,” you reply. You forage through the provided garments, finding a black shirt that looks to be your size, and cutoff shorts to match. “Thank you for these by the way.”

“Don’t mention it,” she mutters. “But my hospitality will only extend so far if you insist on helping him.”

“I’m not just here for him,” you bark. “I’m here for all of you. I’m not going to let him become the monster you think he is.”

“He already is a monster,” she replies, her voice seething with anger just hidden beneath the surface.
Dressed, you push past her, your hair still wet and hung over your shoulders. She catches you by the arm, halting your progression out the door.

“You are doing a great job looking like his mind slave,” she whispers harshly. “Give me one good reason why we shouldn’t lock you up with him.”

“You don’t scare me, Agent Romanoff,” you grunt, shaking off her hold. “Not much scares me these days.”

You leave her to the silence of the washroom, not another word exchanged between you. You know you will need allies in this new life. And if Natasha Romanoff isn’t going to be one of them, you decide you’ll need to find Steve and explain everything. You trust him, even though your heart aches just thinking about showing him the truth. The truth that you’d abandoned any sort of life with him in favor of Loki. Your heart races pondering how he might react to that sort of revelation.

But as you pace through the corridors of the helicarrier in search of the first Avenger, a voice rings inside your head, halting your hunt from progressing any further.

Where are you running off to kitten? The voice purrs, echoing inside your skull. I can feel your heart racing.

Loki? You stop dead in your tracks, leaning against the wall for support. His voice leaves your knees a jumbled mess.

Well isn’t this delightful, he hums. You can hear me? Very interesting... Now tell me, pet, what has your heart all aflutter?

I’m fine, you reply in thought. Where are you? Tell me where I can find you.

You aren’t fine, he growls. You’re very much in need. So desperately in need of my touch. Aren’t you?

Just tell me where, you snap.

How is it you can hear me? What’s connecting us? It would seem that there is a line between us that cannot be severed.

It’s your doing, you reply. You are a manipulator, Loki. Stop playing games.

Oh, I do believe you are the one playing games, my dear Veritas. I’d gladly take the credit if it were due in my favor. However, I am free of blame. This is something else entirely.

You struggle to walk forward, feeling the pulse of arousal running through your veins. A connection pulled taut between you.

I can lead you to me, pet. I can satisfy that need between your legs. I can feel your desire as strong as my own. Oh kitten, it’s driving me crazy. Can you feel it too? How hard I am just thinking about your tight cunt...

You move forward, propelled by his voice. Your desire grows stronger with each step you take. He is near. You can feel it. You can feel him. You follow the call of his voice until it is near deafening.

Come to me, he beckons. Come.

You begin into a sprint, desperate to be with him. Desperate just to meet his eye, to be held in his
gaze. You push past heavy metal doors, breathless. And as you run forward, you practically collide into two armed guards, stationed before a bridge leading to a large glass cage. And beyond that clear wall, you can see him standing there, hands held behind his back. He is gleaming with mischief, pure satisfaction dripping from his fangs.

_There you are_, he pushes into your mind as his lips pull up into a devilish grin. _Now the real fun can begin._

“You don’t have clearance to be in here,” one of the guards snarls, peering down at you with a deep disapproving scowl. He eyes you up and down, judging your rather casual appearance. And no doubt the flushed hue of your cheeks.

“I need to talk to him,” you mutter. Your whole body vibrates with the desperation of your need. You clinch your hands into tight fists at your side, to channel the growing energy pooling between your thighs.

“Too bad,” the other guard laughs. “Turn around, kitten. Run back to your litter. There’s nothing for you to see here.”

You hear Loki respond with a deep growl inside your mind.

_Only I can call you that_, he groans.

_Jealous?_

You delight in hearing him laugh behind the guards, his voice breaking through the thick glass wards. You turn back to the two men, pushing separate tendrils of your power into their minds. You’ve never managed to compel two people at once, but you are newly empowered, strengthened by Loki’s proximity. Only one truth is needed, just one to convince them that you aren’t a threat to S.H.I.E.L.D. and that they can trust you with the caged criminal.

The truth that you work for S.H.I.E.L.D., with very high security clearance, as a lie detector. And you’ve been tasked in questioning the Asgardian prisoner.

The fact that that truth is no longer applicable in this new timeline seems irrelevant.

As you pull free from their minds, your power recoiling into place, you wait with bated breathe for any evidence that your scheme has been effective. And to your relief, they nod to you in unison, leaving the room without another world. Leaving you as the sole company to the Liar God.

“Well done,” Loki purrs, as he claps his hands in mild applause. “Now, who did you say was the manipulator?”

You approach cautiously. You are here to convince him toward positive change, you remind yourself. Any progression forward gives hope to the possibility that he will genuinely love you again. But regrettably, right now there only seems to be the blinding power of lust that drives him to you.

“Come closer, pet,” he beckons, pressing his hands firmly against the glass. And despite your better judgment, you comply. You walk towards him until you are mere centimeters from the other side of the cage. You are held captive by his gaze, burrowing into you like a set of twin emerald daggers.

“I promised to punish you, didn’t I?” His lips curl into a wide Cheshire’s grin. “Tell me not to. Tell me you don’t want me to.”
“I can’t lie to you,” you reply.

“Oh but you did,” he growls. “There is so much about you I don’t know and yet you seem to know me quite well.”

“Ask me what you want to know then, Loki. Just ask me.”

His eyes gleam against the fluorescents overhead, casting him in a focused spotlight.

“I want to know what makes you tick. What fuels your every desire.”

And as he speaks, an illusion materializes on the other side of the glass, a carbon copy of your God, smirking mischievously in front of you. He reaches forward to caress your cheek, the tips of his fingers just barely touching your jaw. And you can feel him, feel the cool chill of his skin against you. As if he is really there beside you.

In response, the real Loki recoils back suddenly, groaning.

“I can... I can feel you,” he moans, his eyes wide with shock. “I shouldn’t... I mean, I’ve never been able to make an illusion so tangible before.”

His eyes narrow as he regards you, his clone’s hand falling along the path of your neck, sending shivers down your spine. You tilt your head to the side, relishing his touch, needing more. So much more. In his touch, you can feel the small, radiating pulse of your own power held within the illusion. As if you had a hand in conjuring it into reality. Giving truth to the mirage. Allowing him to feel the way he touches you.

“Being around you makes me weaker,” he says, lining up behind you as his clone pins you in against the glass, his hands pressed firmly to either side of your body. “And yet... so much stronger. I don’t understand who you are, Veritas. But now that I’ve found you, I’m never letting you leave.”

“Then don't,” you beg, pulling his clone toward you by his hips. “Don’t let me leave.”

The clone leans forward and kisses you gently, until you sigh against his lips. He even tastes like the real thing. Like cruel salty seduction. His hand pushes beneath the band of your borrowed shorts, rubbing up and down over your moist panties, until he finds your clit buried beneath the fabric. A deep satisfied moan escapes your lips.

“Oh, pet,” Loki purrs behind you. “I can feel your wet pussy between my fingers. Oh I can even smell you... I’m practically drowning in the aroma of your arousal. Do you crave me that badly?”

You grind into his clone’s hand, before your eyes dart up toward the many cameras you know must be lining the perimeter around his cell.

“Loki, they’ll see us...”

His clone laughs against your ear, the vibration causing you to moan with renewed desire.

“They’ll only see what I want them to see,” the real Loki reassures. “Now, tell me what you want, my little slut. I need to hear you say it.”

The clone’s free hand grips firmly onto your ass before he bites down hard into your neck, causing you to scream his name in pleasure.

“Punish me, Loki!” You admit in a deep moan. “Punish me, please!”
He laughs as his clone unbuttons your shorts and rids you of the obstacle of clothing.

“Gladly.”

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter might be in a POV we haven’t seen before ;}
Steve’s POV

Chapter Summary

Written to Halsey - Alone

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Loss. That’s what he feels when he looks at you. It courses through his veins as strong as any pain he has ever experienced in war. But this is a pain far less tangible. Something to torment his mind endlessly with its allusive being.

The minute he held your gaze in that museum, he knew that meeting you had been more than mere chance. And hearing you slip, hearing you say you’d met before... he just knew. He knew he’d loved you once before. In another life perhaps. And maybe those feelings still remained, buried deep within the fabric of his soul.

*How badly did I sin in that life to be tormented by her now? To see such beauty only to watch it slip away?*

*Maybe that’s what I’m feeling. The pain of losing you before you were ever mine.*

He left you to the privacy of the washroom, only to subsequently find himself pacing the halls just beyond its door. He is unsure of where to go or what to do to busy himself. He paused momentarily, only to radio in Natasha, asking for a favor. She grunts but complies.

He wants to see you, to see you smile. It is a drive so strong it makes him numb to anything else. Numb to everything but an alarming desire that seems to grow by the minute. He felt it in the interrogation room, when he was overwhelmed by a sudden and regrettable urge to bend you over that metal table and take you the way he wanted. To hear you moan his name. Not the name of that monster.

He grinds his teeth together, his hands clinched into tight fists at his sides.

*No, that’s wrong. I can’t think that way. It’s wrong. I won’t be that kind of man.*

But again, imagery assaults his mind like the plummeting force of an avalanche. Of your face torn by pleasure. Pleasure originating from his cock buried deep inside of you.

*Steve!*

He slams his fist into the wall, causing the metal to groan beneath his hand. The form of his knuckles is left behind, evidence of the pure force of his aggression.

*“Did the wall wrong you?”*

He lifts his gaze slowly, only to find the strange Asgardian visitor standing before him, his eyebrows raised in question.
“No I was just... relieving some stress,” He mutters. He pulls his hand away, pulsing his fingers in and out to recirculate the blood flow.

“It was Thor, right?” He asks, extending his hand toward the man in greeting. Thor gladly takes it in return, shaking his hand firmly. “Steve Rogers.”

Thor smiles at him before his gaze drifts toward the small indent in the metallic wall just beyond his shoulder.

“You have the strength of an Asgardian,” he compliments, clapping his other hand onto Steve’s shoulder.

His mind wanders back to you, at your seemingly delicate frame, wondering what kind of other gifts you could be hiding. He wonders if you held a hidden strength beneath the soft feminine curves that would have others believe you to be weak. But not him. He saw your strength the moment you dove blindly into the ocean. For him.

He turns back down the hallway, staring endlessly toward the closed washroom door.

“Move aside, boys,” Natasha calls as she approaches from the other end of the hall, a stack of prepared clothing options in her arms.

“Thank you,” Steve says with a small smile.

“I’m not sure she deserves this kind of treatment,” she mutters.

“She’s of Asgard,” Thor argues. “She can be trusted.”

“I understand why you’re here,” she replies, staring up at Thor. “To take your brother home. To put an end to this madness. But her... what’s her place in all this? Did she say anything during your interrogation?”

Steve swallows down any ounce of admittance that threatens to slip from his honest mouth. He would let that conversation remain private, for now. Instead, he shakes his head.

“Nothing alarming,” he lies.

“She should be under as much surveillance as him,” she mutters as she leaves to find the young woman that he found himself so unreasonably fascinated by.

“Come,” Thor beckons, hand still held to his shoulder. “Have a drink with me. I’ve learned where the Midgardians on this vessel hide the ale.”

“I’m not really sure I should be drinking on the job,” Steve says with a small laugh, but walks with the Asgardian prince regardless of his spoken reservations.

Thor leads them both toward the helicarrier’s small kitchen, where a few agents meander around high top tables, drinking coffee. When the two men enter, however, they quickly make themselves scarce. Thor disappears behind the slated panels leading to the chilled pantry, reemerging moments later with an arm full of cased beer. He slams his retrieved libations on a table before cracking into the case and tossing a bottle to Steve.

The two men stand, drinking in silence for some time before Steve decides to speak.

“Tell me, Thor,” he starts with a grunt. “What do you know about this woman? Veritas.”
Thor hesitates, taking a swig of his beer before answering.

“To be honest, I barely know her,” Thor admits. “But my father trusts her deeply. She has a place of great honor amongst our court. As the Judge of Asgard.”

“The Judge?”

“From what my father claims, she isn’t just an interpreter of the truth. She is truth itself. The personification of order.” He pauses, his head hung low. “Perhaps that’s why she came here after him. To restore some sort of balance.”

“But the two of them have never met before?” Steve’s eyes narrow.

He shakes his head. “Never,” he confirms.

“And yet she dove into the ocean to save him from drowning,” he mutters. “Either she has the soul of a saint or she knows him somehow.”

You told me you’d seen the light in his darkness. But how? How could you possibly know anything about someone you’ve never met before today.

We weren’t always strangers.

He swallows hard.

“I’m not sure how that’s possible…” Thor slowly moves the lip of the bottle away from his parted lips, before they immediately curve into an amused grin.

“You are truly fascinated by her, aren’t you?” He laughs before taking another long swig. “I don’t know more than I’ve been told. But I suppose my father would be happy to see us wed. Sooner the better.”

Steve chokes on his beer, eyeing the strange man with shock plainly plastered on his face. “Though Veritas has shown very little interest towards me.” He smiles, setting the glass bottle on the table before he chuckles softly. “In fact I’ve caught her running in the opposite direction from time to time when I approach her. Like a scared cat.”

“Is she being pursued by someone else?” Steve asks softly, his gaze fixated on the bottle in his hands, the condensation dripping down over his fingers.

“It would seem her heart is preoccupied,” he whispers with a small nod. “Her handmaidens tell me that almost every night she stands on her balcony instead of sleeping. Just staring up at the stars. I often wonder what it is that she is looking for in the heavens…”

“Do your people believe in past lives?” Steve asks suddenly.

“Do you?”

Steve stares at the Asgardian man, questioning his faith, questioning everything he’s ever known all for the desire he held for a stranger. A beautiful woman whose eyes contained a truth he feels he has been looking for his entire life.

Two guards walk in then, silencing the new friends hunched over the table. The guards are mid-conversation as they walk over, stealing unopened beers from the crate in front of them.

“I didn’t even know we had someone with that sort of skill set here,” one of the men continues to his
companion as he pops open the glass bottle. “Could have been useful when Stacey from Intelligence
told me she couldn’t go out with me because she had to go to a funeral... that just sounds like an
excuse if you ask me.”

“Well, Fury doesn’t tell us shit,” the other man replies with a nod. “I mean this Avenger Initiative
sounds like a crock of shit if you ask me.”

Steve eyes the men, surveying their uniform and the ranking branded on their arms. “Where are you
stationed to work on board?” He asks sternly.

“The central holding cell,” one man grunts before taking a long swig of the stolen libation. “It’s a real
joke. A giant glass cage for a weasel.”

Thor exchanges a brief, telling glance with Steve, a singular thought pulsing between the two men. It
doesn’t take long for them both to bolt out the door, racing toward Loki’s cell, where they hope to
still find him locked inside, without the watchful eye of his slacker guards.

“Go find Stark,” Steve orders. “Something must be wrong with surveillance.”

Thor nods, leaving Steve alone to face the myriad of possibilities that could await him. What had
convinced the guards to leave? Had they been manipulated by Loki? Steve had been briefed on
Loki’s identity as a God of illusion and mischief. But this doesn’t feel like an escape plan, Steve
decides. The helicarrier is swimming through the clouds, thousands of feet above an endless ocean
below. Any attempt at escape would result in Loki plummeting toward the earth with no other option
but death by splatter.

No, this is something else.

And as he approaches the heavy metal doors leading to Loki’s cell, he halts, frozen in the middle of
the hallway. Even through the thick blockade, he can hear evidence of Loki’s destruction inside.
Screams that echo through the small crack between the doorway. Feminine screams that he quickly
realizes are not originating from pain.

But from pleasure.

Cautiously, he pushes the door open, maneuvering inside the expansive room that houses Loki’s
unique form of containment, not truly meant for the God of Mischief.

“Fuck... oh god!”

“Yes, that’s it. I want you to cum for me.”

Steve’s eyes slowly drift ahead, down the short bridge that connects the core of the helicarrier to the
glass prison. He sees you leaning back against the clear, crystalline wall. Your hands are woven
through the hair of a man, positioned between you parted thighs. You are bare from the waist down,
and the man’s face is buried deep into your sex, happily lapping up your wet arousal. Your face is
torn by the depths of pleasure he is giving you.

“That feels so good,” you moan in encouragement, thrusting your hips up to meet his mouth fully.

“You are delicious, pet.”

And to Steve’s horror, he sees Loki come into view behind you, still held in his illuminated prison.
He is palming a stiffness between his legs as he presses up against the clear wall separating the two
of you. His breathe fogs up the glass. His eyes shift up from watching his clone drink up your
wetness, to stare at the intruder. He grins wildly.

“Your soldier has a tendency of interrupting our games, kitten,” he says.

Your head darts up, away from the man pleasuring you.

“Steve?” You gape, a deep crimson sweeping up over your cheeks. You squirm beneath the hold of the clone, who continues to kiss and suck on your lower lips. Until your knees quiver with impending release.

He knew Loki was capable of creating casted illusions as fragile as the misted rains of early spring. But here, his mastery has become tangible, effecting you in a way he never expected. Making your face twist with pleasure, your knuckles white as you pull at his hair, either out of mortification or erupting arousal. You bite your lip to stifle another moan.

Steve starts to walk forward, his legs moving on their own as his hands tighten into fists at his sides. He is overwhelmed by an anger that seems to originate from the very fabric of his being. Buried down deep, held beneath years of neglect. He’s felt this before. He has felt the cruel sting of denial from you. But when? When would you have denied him? He who is no one to you.

Who are you?

“Please, Loki, stop!” You insist, nudging the clone away whilst tapping the heals of your palms into his skull. Your eyes meet Steve’s, widening in fear and embarrassment. “Steve, I...”

“Veritas,” Steve growls. “Why are you doing this? With him, of all people... or could this all be an illusion?”

“I’m sure you wish it were,” Loki snarls. “Are you jealous, Rogers? Why don’t you stay and watch us play...”

His words are enough to make Steve snap. All honor gone. Only his anger remaining as a driving force. He charges forward, ready to break through the glass with his fists. Prepared to get them good and bloody if he had to. But as soon as he gets close enough, his body jolts backward, unable to move any further as if his feet were cemented to the ground beneath him. He pulls against his legs with all the force of his serum-endowed strength, but still, he makes no progress in moving any closer to you. Loki watches with growing amusement, his laughter filling the room in cruel waves.

“You see, pet?” He growls, gazing down at you. “I could never have done that before. Never used my magic in such a tangible way. But now... oh now, I am capable of so many things.”

“Let him go!” You beg. “This has nothing to do with him!”

“This has everything to do with him!” He snaps, slamming his fists against the glass, making you jump back in surprise. “Just look at him. How he looks at you now. Like you’re breaking his damned heart.”

But when Steve tries to turn away, unable to stomach it, his head is forced forward by an unseen hand. His face becomes twisted by pain as he witnesses a woman he hardly knows, and yet so strongly desires, being pleasured by his enemy.

His vision becomes blinded by hot tears.

“Steve,” you mutter, your own eyes glistening with wet, pooling sadness. “I’m sorry...”
“What do you have to be sorry for?” Steve growls, his eyes narrowed.

“No matter what I do, no matter who we are,” you weep. “It seems I am always destined to hurt you.”

“You don’t know me. You don’t know anything about me.”

But even as the words leave his lips, he knows they’re a lie.

“You know that isn’t true,” you argue, your lips trembling. But Loki’s clone quickly shoves his fingers inside of you, silencing you with the sounds of pleasure that fill your lungs. He presses his body tight against you as he leans into the glass for support. He kisses your neck, forcing your face forward to stare directly at Steve as he fucks you with his fingers.

“Please don’t look!” You scream through another burst of pleasure. “Please don’t!”

A growl escapes unwillingly from deep inside Steve’s throat. And with horrid regret, he realizes his own arousal is growing the more he watches you thrash against the clone’s hand.

“Is this love?” Loki mocks with a grin. “Is that what this is? Well, this should be fun. Watch carefully as I fuck your lady love.”

His clone steps away, his clothing shimmering off his body like rippling, fractured light. He picks you up into his arms, pulling your legs tight around his waist. You smack your hands against his chest, struggling in his hold.

“I don’t want to do this!” you insist. “Not like this. Not with him watching.”

There is a pure desperation in your eyes, laced beneath the power of his lust. Beneath the desire you can’t deny for the man pressed on either side of your body. Steve could never hope to replicate that expression he has so delicately crafted inside your eyes. Like the work of many lifetimes of bonded trust.

He watches with unfathomable rage as the clones cock lines up under your entrance, sleek and glistening with dripping desire. Your eyes hold to his as you grip onto Loki’s back. As if you are horrified that he is being forced to watch and yet... turned on even further by having Steve there to bear witness. The copy thrusts up, filling you to the hilt, until you scream in ecstasy, your nails finding their home in his back.

“Fuck... I can feel you,” Loki groans inside his cage, rubbing his hand up and down over the length of his arousal. “I can feel every tight inch of your cunt, kitten. As if I were really fucking you.”

The clone rocks you up and down over his length, guiding you with hands held firmly beneath your ass. You continue to moan with each movement inside of you. Drunk on the feeling of being taken by the God.

“Please stop,” you beg, but your voice conveys nothing but your deep desire for him as he takes you up against the glass.

“Isn’t she breathtaking?” Loki asks with a grin held exclusively for the unwilling voyeur. “Doesn’t she take my cock so well? Like she was made for it.”

“You are truly a monster,” Steve spits. “I’ll kill you. I’ll kill you with my bare hands.”

He continues to struggle against Loki’s hold, boiling rage still defining all that he is, all that he
knows. And as he watches you, unraveling in front of him, Loki laughs, encouraged by his anger.

“Cum for me, kitten,” he purrs. “You are so close, aren’t you? Show your hero who you belong to.”

The clone clutches the back of your neck, his grip tight around you until you gasp for air.

“Say it,” Loki growls. “Tell him who you belong to.”

“I’m yours, Loki...” Your eyes lock onto Steve’s before you moan deeply. Your climax hits hard, releasing from your body with a scream of pleasure. A scream that plummets toward Steve with a force like sharp daggers, spearing its roots into his mind. He stumbles forward, the unfathomable power releasing him from Loki’s invisible shackles. But this isn’t another form of Loki’s magic. It’s yours. His eyes hold in a daze toward you, watching hopelessly as you relax in the clone’s arms, your hormones charged from his provided release. The clone kisses you tenderly whilst you breathe heavily, coming down from your high.

But that power doesn’t leave him, crawling into his mind and scourging around the remnants of his sense of righteousness. He clutches onto his skull as a numbing pain plummets into his mind. With the force of a thousand years, flooding into him all at once. Everything she was, everything she is. And everything they were. He could swear he is screaming but he can’t hear, deafened by the sound of the memories she’s given him and the truth they hold. How fiercely he loved her and yet how strongly he denied it, knowing that he wasn’t meant for her. How he swore he’d fought to see her find true happiness. Even if it meant sacrificing his own. And those last tangible memories, of her dying in her lover’s arms, drenched in blood that pooled between his legs. How he felt like he had died that night with her. And perhaps he had.

You pull free from his mind, having successfully infected him with the curse of truth. With its cruel beautiful despair. Your eyes meet across the expanse of that metallic bridge, when the clone slowly releases from you, limp and used. But your gaze is meant for Steve alone.

That’s when he says it. Something to halt Loki’s actions as if the word itself held a power all on its own.

He says your name. Your old name.

Chapter End Notes

I’m really sorry... I don’t know why I insist on torturing poor Steve so much. It only gets worse from here...
Who Are You

Chapter Notes

Guys. I rewrote this chapter like 50 times... okay, more like 3. I just couldn’t decide how bad I wanted to make it. How angsty. But I think I’m finally happy with it! And hopefully you will be too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As your name leaves Steve’s lips in a harsh whisper, Loki’s clone disintegrates, no longer able to hold a permanent shape without the gift of your power, given subconsciously. All it’s remnants recoil back into your body, leaving you in a guilted daze. Your feet hit the floor and you struggle to shimmy back into your borrowed shorts, operating with a fumbling sort of rhythm. But it isn’t enough to cover your shame. You are overwhelmed by it.

Once you are fully dressed, you stand frozen in front of the First Avenger. Your eyes wide with unspoken regret.

“I remember everything,” he mutters, staring down at his gloved hands as if they held a source of reason. Slowly, he lifts his gaze toward you, his eyes brimming with an emotion you can’t decipher, though you assume it to be anger.

You had given him the truth. Without meaning to. Without wanting to. And now as he stares at you across the bridge, you see in his sapphire eyes the turmoil of knowing too much. Of sharing your burden.

And for having had to witness as Loki pleasured you, solidifying his temptation towards you. It was like rubbing salt into the wound, that you would always be his unattainable prize. Especially now that he knew you’d closed a door that led to a happy future with him. In favor of a monster.

Behind your back, your Liar God is left in a weakened state, leaning against the glass, his head low, his face hidden. Without the gift of your borrowed power, he is left broken and discarded. Needing more than a moment’s rest to recompose himself. You can sense through that strange connection threaded between you, the shadow of a lover’s bond, that he is fighting to regain himself. But there is an internal battle raging through his veins. Even through the thick blockade of his cell walls, stunting the full extent of your power as a Goddess, you can sense that there is something dark, forbidden slithering at the edge of his subconsciousness. Something beyond his control that whispers unforgivable directives. Telling him to kill, to maim, to destroy.

Who is doing this to you? Who is driving you to such madness? Tell me. Tell me, Loki.

But you do not receive an answer, as if he can no longer hear you. And in that weakened state, that same darkness is allowed the freedom to crawl up his chest, to claw at his throat. To reign more freely.

Steve says your former name once more, stepping forward. You stand with your back to the seething God. Your eyes dart toward the floor, unsure of what to say or do, mortified by what has transpired. You can’t bare to look at either of the men for fear that your heart may shatter in response to the force of it all.
But when you hear Loki’s voice, you truly begin to break.

“Why do I know that name?” Loki snarls. “I know it... but how? How do I know it? Tell me!”

His fist slams once again into the glass, shaking the foundation. He falls to his knees, breathing heavily and clutching his fist tight against his chest. As if he were willing his heart just to keep beating.

Who are you? He screams inside your mind. Who are you?

And while you are relieved that your connection still holds true, your body trembles as you turn to look at him. He cradles himself against the floor, shoving his hands forcefully through his hair.

Who are you?

“You haven’t shown him, then?” Steve asks softly, pulling you from the cacophony of Loki’s rage echoing endlessly inside your mind. “He doesn’t remember? Not like... not like I do?”

You shake your head before you will your mouth to move. But you choke on the words, overwhelmed by the gravity of what you’ve done. Of the pain you must always inflict on Steve, over and over again. An endless cycle of heartbreak. You can’t bare to look at him.

“I didn’t want you to remember,” you say, your whole body beginning to shake, rippling from the tremor of your hands. “This was suppose to be a new start, to forget the sins of our past. Not to let them haunt us still. If I could take it back, if I could erase your mind...”

“But you’ve been alone.”

You slowly tilt your head up, daring to look at him again. His blue eyes glisten with unused tears.

“You’ve had to bear the burden of all this, all on your own,” he says. “You’ve known so much pain... all for love of him.”

You reach out for him then, purely on impulse. You use the strength of his arms to hold yourself steady, grabbing fistfuls of the soft material of his still-worn uniform. And you refuse to let go, even as he struggles against your hold, whimpering every time he attempts to push you away.

You weep softly, without meaning to. Without wanting to. “I wish I never chose this path. I’m so sorry...” Your shoulders tremble, your grasp loosening.

“No, no you’re not,” he replies sternly. “Don’t lie to me, or to yourself.” His muscles stiffen beneath your touch.

Before you realize it, you wrap your arms tight around him. Realizing how desperate you’ve been to have someone understand, truly understand what it has been like to wait while the rest of world caught up. A heavy pressure bearing down on your shoulders to make this new life worth all of those sacrifices.

You just need a friend. That’s all you’ve ever needed from Steve.

He holds his hands high up above his head in resistance, fumbling backward from the force of your embrace. You let his rich warmth encase around you, until you fear you may burn. Your tears soak into the soft material at his chest, as you stifle unwanted sobs that come from deep within your broken heart.
“Please stop,” he says, his hands pushing aggressively against you, to try to tear you away. “Please don’t cry.”

You allow him to push you away enough that you can look up at him. He reaches down and wipes away a stray tear from below your red-threaded eyes.

“This is what you wanted,” he says, holding onto your shoulders firmly. “This is what you died for. What we all died for. And I’m not going to just standby and watch you give up now.”

“Steve, I...” You whimper, confusion your mask.

“I knew before you gave me the truth,” he says in a harsh whisper. “A part of me still remembered... still remembered what it felt like to love you.” His eyes drift toward Loki. “And perhaps, it’s the same for him. That might be enough to sway him to end all of this.”

You choke on your tears in response, just as he gives in, his arms pulling around you.

“I didn’t want to remember either, you know,” Steve continues in a soft whisper, his hands rubbing circles into your back to soothe your sobbing. “It might have been easier that way... easier if you and I had never met at all.”

Your eyes widen, bulging from your skull as you pull away, backing up enough to meet his eye.

“Steve...”

“I can do that for you.”

You both turn to stare at Loki, who has risen once again to stand on two feet. His fists are trembling against the glass, his eyes burning with an unknown emotion. Something between lingering pain and resentment.

“I can help you forget,” he says calmly. “If that’s what you desire.”

Steve pulls away fully from your embrace. He slowly walks toward the God of Mischief, lingering just in front of the cage door, his hand held above the keypad.

“Steve, don’t,” You warn. “Don’t listen to him!”

*Why, pet? Don’t you trust me?*

Steve dials in the access code, opening the deadlock of the glass prison cell. He stands in the open doorway, staring at the Asgardian prince.

“You can really make me forget?” He asks. “Forget everything?”

Loki nods softly, standing up straight.

“Why would you do that for me? Why help me?” Steve asks, stepping into the cell, the door closing automatically behind him. A safety measure installed by S.H.I.E.L.D. You run towards it, staring hopelessly at the two men locked together, unable to get inside yourself.

“Because I want her,” Loki admits as he clutches his chest, grimacing. “I don’t know why but...I need her more than the air I breathe. And I think you know exactly how that feels.” He stalks around the super soldier, as if he were circling prey, ready to pounce. “And If taking your memories will ensure she’ll be mine, then I’ll help you. Gladly.”
But I’m yours already. Loki, I’m already yours.

Hush, pet.

The men stop their dance, standing inches away from each other. Their eyes locked perpetually in a pensive gaze.

“I don’t want her to suffer anymore,” Steve says.

Loki reaches out a hand toward Steve’s forehead, preparing to wipe the slate clean. To rid him of the torment of loving you. But as soon as he gets close enough, the super soldier reaches out, gripping his hand tight around Loki’s throat. He lifts his limp body high off the ground as he chokes and gags, clawing against his hold. However, all the while, Loki laughs maniacally.

Look at your hero now. Look at what you’ve made him. What madness you’ve concocted...

“Stop, Steve! Please don’t hurt him!” You scream, beating your fists against the glass door.

“Why?” Steve snaps, his grip tightening until Loki’s laughter ceases. “Is he not the cause of everything? Of both of our suffering? Give me one good reason why I shouldn’t finally kill him? Why I shouldn’t have done it even back then...”

But when you look into his deep blue eyes, you see a powerful truth beneath the thin layer of his rage. The truth that he is testing you. That he wants to hear you say it. He is trying to pry the words from your lips anyway he can. And violence toward the man you love is his best option, given the circumstances.

Say it. Tell him, he seems to say.

“Because despite all our losing,” you start, swallowing hard. “Despite all this pain, I’d still give up everything. Again and again. For him.” You catch Loki’s eye above Steve’s grasp. His emeralds gleaming with a sort of recognition.

“Why?” Steve pushes further. “Why would you do that?”

“Because I love him!”

The words plummet through the walled cage, shattering the glass into pulverized shards. A truth so powerful it renders both men weak. Steve immediately drops Loki, who falls to his knees, staring at you with wide, telling eyes. You dare to move forward when the world around you tilts, the helicarrier losing any sense of equilibrium. You fall to the floor, your hands braced beneath you. You hiss as the created shards pierce your skin, painting the bridge in a crimson smear. The helicarrier groans as another eruption rips through the air from below. You push down against your hands, refusing to let the pain stop you. You stand on uneasy, wobbling legs, staring straight forward into the obliterated prison.

“Rogers! Rogers, where are you?” A voice screeches from his radio.

Steve fumbles for the cordless communication attached to his waist as he too struggles to stand.

“Stark? What’s going on?” He speaks into the device.

“We’ve been breeched,” the static voice replays. “I need you outside! Third engine is down!”

“I’m on it,” he replies. But before leaving the broken cell, he throws his fist square into Loki’s jaw.
You hear a crack and a pop before a splatter of blood sprays from his lips, smearing against the white floor beneath them. Glass and blood. The remnants of your destruction. Loki falls to the ground from the force of the super soldier’s blow, cradling his broken jaw in his hand. His eyes hold to the floor in front of him. Not a word spoken.

“I’m sorry,” Steve huffs, “but I’ve waited two lifetimes to do that.” He stares down at the battered God for a moment before he steps over the remains of the shattered door, halting just in front of you.

“Was that really necessary?” You snap with a narrowed gaze.

“He’ll be fine,” he replies, with the glint of an unseen smile dazzling in his eyes, a shimmer that quickly fades as soon as his gaze meets yours. “We are being attacked. By his army. Where do you stand in all this?”

You gaze up at him with wide eyes. “You know where I stand,” you reply.

“I know... I know I do.”

But before you can say anything more, he grasps onto your arm and with a click, you realize he has handcuffed you to the railing. His fingers linger, pressing something firm against the inside of your wrist. Something hardly visible to the naked eye. And even you don’t truly notice it as you begin to pull hard against the restraint, your eyes wide with shock.

“Steve? What is this? Let me go!”

He leans down low enough to cast you under the shadow of his thick form.

“We have to keep up appearances,” he whispers, low enough that only you can hear his words. His eyes dart momentarily toward the security cameras above your head. “Surveillance was down because of him. But now that you’ve weakened him, it’s a safe bet to assume they are back online. You are already on S.H.I.E.L.D.’s watch list because Loki seems to trust you. So why not use this to our advantage.”

“I don’t... I don’t understand.”

“Just stay with him,” he orders firmly. “Your gift is more powerful now than that it ever was back then. Telling him you love him... that could have triggered something. Opened a door. Like it did with me...”

In response, you stare up at him with wide, tear-filled eyes, a gaze he returns with a small smile.

“You thought I’d be mad,” He says softly with a sigh. “You thought I’d hate you if I remembered everything, didn’t you? If I truly understand what you gave up for this new start...”

And you had. You’d thought that if he saw plainly every choice you ever made in favor of Loki, and against him, he’d never learn to forgive you. But seeing Steve now, looking into the purity of his eyes, blue pools that held a sense of loyalty as strong as yours held clarity, you don’t see anger. You see understanding.

He kisses your cheek tenderly, leaving you in a daze.

“It may have been easier if we’d never met,” he says gently against the side of your face. “But I’m happy I met you. That’s the truth you gave me. Along with so much else. That despite everything, I still want to be a part of your life. I still just want you to find your happiness. That’s my truth. And that’s what I’m going to do.”
Your gaze holds to him as he charges toward the exit. But he lingers in the doorway, if only for a moment.

“Don’t worry. You don’t have to go at this alone anymore.”

“Steve! Wait!”

“Just trust me!” he shouts before closing the doors behind him and you realize with startling clarity that he has locked you both inside.

Your breathing becomes labored, as you slowly turn toward Loki, against the restrictions of your wrist. His broken battered form is cradled limp amongst the wreckage of his former cell.

“Loki?” You call out, twisting your body unnaturally around to try to face him fully. “Please say something.”

He moves slightly and you watch in horror as he pushes his jaw back in place, like the broken mechanics of a machine. His eyes glow and his fingers alight with emerald flames as he works to heal himself with the fragile remnants of his magic. Enough so he can speak.

“What was it...” he grunts as he struggles to stand, his body swaying back and forth, unable to keep any solid footing on the ground. “What was it you showed him?” He asks with wild, erratic eyes.

You watch in horror as he approaches you, emerging through the gap of the broken door, the heels of his leather boots crunching the broken glass beneath him with each step forward.

“Show me,” he growls, his lips dripping with residual blood.

“No,” you mutter, shaking your head. “I can’t. I cant do that.”

You wouldn’t risk it. You couldn’t risk the power of those memories driving Loki further into chaos. Though, it had enlightened Steve enough for him to reach a strange sort of resolve...But before you can think of what to do, his hand wraps around your slender neck. He presses his body firmly against yours. The proximity of his cool skin is enough for your breathe to catch inside your throat. For you to smell his aroma laced with his thick crimson elixir, dribbling down his chin only just repaired back into place. You’d been so desperate before to feel him, to truly touch him. But now that he is so close, his desire turned to rage, your own has become something closer to fear.

“Show me!” He orders, the grip around your throat trembling, unable to keep steady. “Now!”

“No!” You struggle against his hold, resisting his order. “I won’t!”

“I could take you right now,” he growls. “I could fuck you hard, brutally, the way I want. The way I need. Use every inch of your sinful body until you are left absolutely broken. Until you beg for death.”

You stare into the deep pools of his emerald eyes. His words are lies, the defense mechanism of a man who is beyond reason or control. His world is shattering around him. Chaos created from the confession of love. And the darkness you saw in him is fighting so desperately to win him over. But you would not stand to watch that happen.

“But you won’t do that,” you say with conviction, swallowing hard as his nails dig into your flesh. “I know you won’t.”

“And why, pet, do you have such faith in me?”
“Because I know you’d much prefer me willing and wanting...isn’t that right?”

“Willing and wanting,” he repeats in a whisper. His grasp loosens, his eyes unsteady, dazzling with a sort of recognition. But he quickly laughs, shaking off the tendrils of his weakness like a discarded piece of clothing. But still, he lets his hand fall down the scoop of your neck, allowing you gasp for air, to fill your lungs. His fingers trace over the curve of your breast, twirling over your already perked nipple until you moan. “And are you... willing and wanting?”

“You heard what I said,” you answer, staring up at him, clinging to that cold gaze. “I meant every word.”

“You said you love me,” He snarls. “How could this possibly be love? I don’t know you anymore than what pleasure I’ve taken from your body, you stupid girl.”

“Then tell me you can’t feel it too,” you answer abruptly. “Because I know you can. Like some strange bond that’s been suffocating us both since we met. Unless... unless I am truly imagining it all.”

He suddenly pulls your free hand up to rest against his chest, the rhythm of his heart pounding beneath your palm. “Can you feel that?” He asks. “How your talons have dug deep into my chest?”

You become lost in the song of his soul, held against your still-bleeding hand, a drum beat that echoes inside of yourself, inside of the fabric of your being. The melody of your dreams.

“You aren’t imagining anything,” he says in a tone so soft and tender that it reminds you of the Loki you once knew. A bit older, a bit wiser, but still so deliciously mischievous.

After a moment too long, he takes a deep breathe, his words closer to an exhale than spoken conversation.

“You’re bleeding.”

You stare down between the gaps of your fingertips, where a smear of crimson liquid has seeped out of your flesh to stain his leathers. You attempt to pull away but he keeps your hand held firm against his chest.

“Now I’m marked as yours,” he hums with an alarming grin.

You gaze up at him, baffled, your fingers trembling beneath his grasp.

But before you can speak, an explosion tears the heavy metal doors behind you from their hinges. And through the smokey fog, three armed soldiers burst into the room with guns aimed directly towards you. For a brief moment you believe S.H.I.E.L.D. has come to secure their hostage, but the moment Loki grins wildly beside you, you know you couldn’t be that lucky. You realize that all of their eyes are cast in an unearthly blue glow.

“It would seem my chariot has arrived,” he announces as he walks past you toward his getaway crew. Your eyes hold onto him in deep despair as he passes, where you can see the imprint of your bloody hand on his leathers like a dripping coat of arms. But as soon as he makes it to the blown out entry way, he hesitates. He stands frozen, staring forward.

“Sir, we need to leave,” one of the men says softly, breaking Loki from his trance. He turns back around, leaning down until his breathe washes over your pale, drained face. He laughs lightly before licking your bottom lip, his tongue laced with blood that stains your skin.
“I’m not going anywhere without her,” he purrs. He brushes his hand over your restrained wrist, freeing you with unspoken magic, the metal cuff falling away, broken against the grated floor. He scoops down, swiftly picking you up into his arms.

“You’re mine,” he growls. “Shall I mark you as well?” He leans down, enough so that the tips of his fangs graze your exposed neck as he threatens to bear down.

“Stop, Loki! We can’t leave!” You insist, kicking your legs and beating against his chest with weak punches. But he merely laughs in response before kissing you roughly. You are successfully silenced by the force of his surrender. Only a meek moan escapes against his lips as he pulls you through the burning wreckage of the helicarrier, and out into the blinding sunlight above. All the while carrying you as if you were his bride.

The bride to the devil.

Chapter End Notes

So I’ll admit that the first draft of this chapter painted Steve’s reaction to remembering MUCH differently. I much prefer it this way, as I can stop ruining Steve’s life... what do you guys think?
You stare down through the open hatch as your getaway jet slowly ascends, searching the runway for any sign of Steve. Any of sign that you’d been followed. But the air is still, save for the sound of the fire raging below and the metallic haul creaking as it breaks off from the helicarrier in chunks. A silence that masks the madness raging inside the vessel, with all hands on dock, scrambling to keep it midair.

You reach your hand up to graze your fingertips dreamily against your cheek. Where Steve had kissed you.

You’d seen such calm, serenity in his eyes then. And he had said, with such determination, that he wants to help you find your happiness. Not his own. Yours. And that happiness did not include any sort of romantic involvement with him. But with Loki.

He said that you had given him that truth. His truth. But were you capable of something like that? To grant that sort of enlightenment?

You’d always seen Steve as the embodiment of righteous justice, of pure, true morality. Perhaps that is why the two of you have always been so drawn to each other. Just as you and Loki are two sides to the same coin, Steve is, in fact, a sort of mortal reflection of yourself. The extension of truth. Because of that, he would always hold a sacred place within your heart. But not one of a lover. But that of a trusted partner. A friend.

He said you are stronger now, and perhaps you are. The last time you’d infected Steve with your power, it drove him into madness. Because the truth you’d given him had not been the truth at all, but rather something much more twisted, so wrought with misunderstanding. Now your power had shown him his purpose, his place in all of this. His role in your life.

Maybe that did mean you had gained a mastery over the gift. Though, it is so hard to believe. Especially now that you’ve done so much to skew this new reality. Allowing Loki to escape, posing as his henchman...So much of your plan has already fallen into ruin. Like the helicarrier below you, slowly descending toward the open sea.

I am weak. I am nothing.

Why do you think that?

You turn to look at Loki with wide eyes. He is propped up against the interior of the jet, his arms crossed in front of his chest as he studies you carefully. His eyes dazzling with cool calculation.

“That do you think that?” He says aloud, as if he is unsure whether your connection still stands.

“I heard you the first time,” you mutter, sulking further into the jet, finding an unoccupied seat to settle into. You lean your elbows against your knees in an attempt to rest your constant worrying.

Steve said to trust him. So you would. At least you’d try to. But now, held captive by your potential mate, you are unsure of what plans he could have in store for you. Especially the way he looks at you with pure contempt.
“And yet still, you don’t answer me,” Loki snarls. “You do not seem to understand the basic dynamics of our relationship, pet. I speak. You answer.”

“Oh, is that what our relationship is? Me as a puppet, held by your string?” You ask in a mocking tone, turning away from him to stare out the cockpit toward the rich horizon ahead. But he reaches down and forcefully turns your head back around towards him, gripping your chin tight between his fingers. There is a fire in his eyes, set ablaze for having been so rudely defied.

“Care to try that answer again, slut?” He growls, his teeth visibly grinding together. You twitch at the vulgar name, and the connotations it implies. “Or else this time, my punishment will not be to your liking.”

“I let you escape,” you answer finally in a sort of snarky compliance. “I did what I said I wouldn’t allow to happen. And I was too weak to even try to stop you.”

You let your gaze fall down toward your knees, bent together whilst your legs turn in two separate directions. The image of a broken doll. You let your thoughts run rampant, uncaring that he has free reign over your mind, as you did with his.

*I’m not strong enough. Not like you, not like Thor. I’m not good enough. Not like Steve. And I’m hardly daring enough. Not like Tony. I can’t do this. I can’t...*

Suddenly Loki has you held by your shoulders, his eyes narrowed and stern.

“Stop,” he snaps aloud. “I won’t listen to you pitying yourself.”

“But isn’t that exactly what you are doing?” You bark back. “In this cruel attempt at claiming Earth. Is this not all just a means of proving that you are worthy of Asgard’s throne? And not to Odin or Thor, but to prove it to yourself, out of your own self-loathing, that you are worth so much more?”

His hands fall away immediately.

“Don’t you dare assume to understand what drives me!” He shouts, his eyes turning toward the resemblance of rubies the longer you hold his gaze. Jotunn, you remember, though you’d never seen his true appearance before. Not like this. Only the memories of that form, held as a small infant child in Odin’s arms. But just as you reach out to him, eager to embrace all that he is, his breathing steadies and the brilliance of his emerald eyes returns. As if your caress is a calming agent for his rage.

“You don’t know what it was like to live in the shadow of another man,” he grunts.

“No, I don’t,” you admit. “But I want to. I want to know, Loki. Tell me what it was like for you. What you endured to bring you to this point, standing beside me.”

He laughs.

“What, so you can discover my weaknesses?” He replies. “So you can lead S.H.I.E.L.D. right to me?”

“No, because for once you deserve someone to just listen. To listen and learn that you are more than just the painted villain they’ve made you out to be. Give me the opportunity to see you for what you really are. The man hidden in the shadows.”

His eyes glisten as he falls into the seat beside you. You can feel him swimming through your mind, to find any lingering thought of betrayal. But there is none. Nor would there ever be.
“I’ll humor you,” he says finally, with the glimmer of a smirk pulling up the corner of his mouth. “Let’s reverse the roles, shall we? Ask me a question, pet. Before I change my mind.”

You smile, turning fully to face him, to give him all of your undivided attention.

“What was it like growing up there? As a prince of Asgard?”

He chuckles softly. “So general,” he chides. “Shall I give you my full biography then? From start to finish? Every grueling detail?”

You sigh, but your smile remains. “Fine, then tell me something no one else knows. A secret.”

“Only in exchange for one of yours, pet.”

“But of course.”

He tilts his head to the side, the smirk fully overpowering the pout of his lips as he reaches forward to play with your hair mindlessly. You watch him twirling strands around his finger, like a child would as a means of dotting on its mother.

“I could get addicted to these games of yours,” he says softly as his fingertips brush up against your neck, causing a shiver to dance up your spine. “Alright, I’ll play along,” he says finally in defeat. “When I was young, I was never left alone for very long. I was either in the company of servants, Odin’s obedient watchdogs or Thor. But I craved solitude, if only to think without the infuriating chatter of those dim witted counsel members. Perpetually attempting to breed Thor into their future king. Mind you, I was present for every single lesson, every trial, as well. I learned everything he did. But unlike my brother, I retained it all. And I thrived. I was ripe for the throne, to rule. But Odin would never even allow himself to see that because of what I am...”

His hand tightens into a fist at the side of your face, some strands of your hair still caught in his grasp. You wince from the corresponding acute pain that ripples up into your scalp.

“Because you are what?” You prompt in a whimper.

_Say it. Tell me. Open your heart to me._

He shakes his head as his hand relaxes, falling away from your neck, to trail slowly down your arm. His cool caress leaves a trickle of raised flesh in his wake. A small prickled patch of skin.

“Such a curious creature,” he laughs as he stares down at that path of destruction, of your hair standing on end beneath his fingertips.

“What did you do then, when you did manage to be alone?” You ask instead. And when he doesn’t answer right away, you daringly reach forward, to run your fingers through the length of his hair. He moans in a sort of surprised approval, leaning into your hand as a cat might respond to being stroked by its master.

“Don’t stop doing that,” he murmurs, his eyelids fluttering closed. But you halt your coddling, to torture him into speaking with the denial of your continued touch.

“Loki, you haven’t answered my question,” you scold.

He sighs, opening his eyes to look upon you.

“You truly are a temptress,” he groans. But you smile in response, pulling your hands away.
“I was only ever alone whilst I slept,” he admits finally, only to moan softly as you resume your affection toward his scalp in methodical strokes. “Though, I’d stay up far past my allowed curfew, just to stare up at the stars. Oh yes, pet... just like that...your hands are the tools of Valhalla, just like that pretty mouth of yours.”

“The stars?” You prompt, urging him to continue.

“Yes, maybe I was just mesmerized by the night. Or perhaps... perhaps I was looking for something.”

“What were you looking for?” Your fingers massage down the length of his neck, until he leans his head back, purring.

“I didn’t know what it was at the time but I felt I was missing something,” he goes on. “My whole life I did. And I thought for so long that maybe it was not understanding why I always felt the role of the outsider. Why I didn’t truly belong to that perfect royal family. But even now, even knowing what I am, it’s clear that what I felt was something beyond that. It was something that left me feeling truly hollow without it. Like there was a piece of myself missing.”

His hand comes up suddenly to scoop underneath your chin. You jerk away slightly, expecting his touch to become far more aggressive. What you’d regrettably become so accustomed to in his current state of mind. However, his thumb strokes your skin softly, brushing up against your bottom lip. “When I saw you that night, in that emerald gown, staring up at me as if I were your world...I decided that perhaps I finally found what it was I was looking for up in the stars. All those dark sleepless nights without you.”

Your eyes widen as you digest every word as they leave his lips, until your heart settles enough to breathe, to speak. But you resolve to first kiss his thumb, then the flat surface of his palm. You watch as he surrenders to your tender caress as if it held the cure to his torment.

And you hope that it does.

“Thank you,” you murmur, a soft whisper against the palm of his hand. “Thank you for telling me that.” You trace your hands down his arms, pressing lines deep into his muscles, still strained under your caress. Taut with residual tension. Still so reserved and yet...

“Your turn, pet,” he says with a nod of encouragement.

You swallow hard, searching for the right words to sway his heart.

“I was looking too,” you say after a moment of contemplation. “Toward the stars. Hoping, dreaming perhaps, that I might meet this famed prince of Asgard I’d heard so much about. The brooding lonely God of Mischief. And while all our people thought you dead, mourned but eventually moved on, I watched, and waited for a sign of your return.”

“Why did you put such hope in my survival?” He asks with a narrowed gaze. “I’m not one of those honorable princes like from your fairytales, little girl. Did they not tell you what I did? How I’ve betrayed everyone who ever claimed to love me?”

“That’s not true.”

“No?”

“You’ve never betrayed me.”
His fingers twitch against you in response, a sign of his impending surrender. But just as your heart stills, he recovers, responding with cruel, unrelenting laughter. He yanks his hand away, leaving the air caught in your throat.

“I don’t deserve love,” he grunts. “Don’t you get that? If you knew what I am, what I really am, you wouldn’t claim to love me. You’d run from this as fast and as far as you could. I’d be your ruin, sweet girl.”

“You already are my ruin,” you whisper, leaning into him. To breathe him in. To let your lips gently caress his, much to his initial refusal. “Lead me into Hel if you must. I don’t care.”

His lips curl into a smile against yours. “Is that what you want? A life with me despite all that I am? Despite all of the pain it will bring you?”

“Perhaps I want the pain.”

He sighs into your mouth, whispering softly, “You are truly meant for me, aren’t you?”

And just as he leans in, applying a desired amount of pressure to your lips, the kind that could so easily awaken moans and satisfied desires, the copilot calls into the back of the jet. “We won’t reach Stark Tower for another two hours, sir. Perhaps you and your lady friend should rest a bit before we land.”

“You will address her by her name!” He snaps. “Veritas.”

“Yes, sir. My apologies, sir.”

You pull away, your eyes wide as you study your captor. “Stark Tower? Why are we going there?”

Loki rises from his seat beside you. “It’s the perfect place for my ascension, don’t you think?”

“Loki, you don’t have to do this...”

“Don’t worry,” he purrs, standing over you, his gaze more menacing than it had been only moments before. “If you continue to be an obedient pet, perhaps I will reward you... perhaps, I’ll make you my queen.”

You stand abruptly, your face flushed by his spoken promises. Of a life you desired so fervently. But not like this. “I don’t want to be your queen if you plan to destroy the world I care about. To harm the people I care about!”

His brows fold forward. “Like that halfwit soldier?”

You fumble back a step, only for him to move inward, bridging the gap you’ve created in your apprehension.

“Did you forget I was witness to that little moment you two shared,” he growls, pressing his body flat against yours, until his breath fills your lungs with each unsteady inhale. “Even after I fucked you mercilessly in front of him, even after you moaned my name so lewdly...he still came crawling into your arms like a spineless lemming.”

“We have a past,” you tell him, watching as his eyes widen, unprepared for such a sudden confession. “But there is no need for jealousy. Not anymore.”

“I’m not jealous,” he snaps, his nostrils flaring. “I’m merely possessive of my belongings.”
“Do I belong to you?”

He thrusts into you then, until you can feel his stiff arousal pressing firmly between your thighs.

“Tell me that you don’t,” he growls against your neck, pressing his lips to your tender flesh until you moan in defeat. “Tell me you aren’t mine. That you don’t crave my touch. That even now you aren’t dripping with desire to be filled with my cock. I dare you.”

You pull your hands behind his back, clutching onto his leathers. You claw at him in your desperation to remain as level headed as possible. But in his presence, you are weak to lust. Weak to surrender to any and all of his advances. You shake your head, willing your mind to take control, rather than your wanton heart.

“Would you like to do another exchange?” You reply instead. “One of my secrets for one of yours? Then maybe I’ll be more willing to admit to what I truly desire.”

His hands rest against your hips, locking you together as he chuckles softly, his head settling against your shoulder. His breath cascades down your back.

“I’m listening,” he murmurs.

You lean against his shoulder in turn, holding him close to you in a warm embrace. It encourages him to do the same, his hands leaving your hips in favor of your back. It’s intimate, and perhaps too much so. But you don’t care. You need him to hold you like this, if just for a moment. It takes you back to a time when you both were in a state equilibrium; your memories solid, your love new and thriving. During those lazy hours in your hospital bed, making love relentlessly. When you belonged to no one but him.

Before a time when lost memories would become the fated definition of your hopeless affair.

“Do you remember learning the story of Ragnarok as a child?” you ask as a whisper against his neck.

His response is a murmur, as if having you this close to him has weakened him of all remaining resistance. “Yes, I do. It’s just an old wives’ tale really.”

He pulls away, to look into your eyes, as if to pry the truth from deep within your clouded ores. “Who were you in Asgard?” He asks, interrupting any further confessional. “Why didn’t we cross paths? I would have... I would have sensed this. I would have been drawn to you even with hundreds of miles separating us.”

“I trained in the dungeons,” you confess. “And spent many years in the Vanaheim. But Loki, Ragnarok...”

“What role could a beautiful young woman serve in the dungeons?” He asks, ignoring your true directive. “You weren’t entertaining the prisoners, were you? Did they touch you? Did they see you as I have?”

You smack his chest. “No, don’t be daft,” you scold with a playful smirk emerging over your lips. “I have a gift that your father was set on utilizing. But I needed training first to understand it. Perhaps I still do. And the dungeons were an idle playing ground.”

“A gift? What sort of gift?”

“You felt my power,” you point out. “When your illusion took on more validity than you’d ever
been used to. A true extension of your hands. So you could feel every wonderful sensation my body has to offer you...That was because of me, because of my gift. And I think you knew that.”

“So you are a dealer in magic then? As I am?”

“I am the Goddess of Truth,” you tell him finally. And the moment the words leave your lips, it’s as if a heavy burden has been lifted off your heart.

“A Goddess...” he repeats slowly. “So tell me the truth then, Veritas.” Your name against his lips sends vibrating through your soul, cradled so delicately within his arms. “Have we met before?”

You stare into his eyes, debating against your better judgment whether this is the right time, the right place to confess everything to him. If you should at all. But without thinking, you reply with a simple, subtle nod.

In his own response, he pulls you down into his lap against the small seat in the back of the jet.

“So you’ve had them too then,” he murmurs as he kisses your neck from behind. “The dreams.”


“Denial does not suit you, pet,” he growls, his nails digging into your thigh, enough to make you whimper in protest. “Let me show you then, if you want to play the role of an innocent.”

And with the brush of his hand over your forehead, the allure of sleep pulls you away from consciousness until you slump against his body, succumbing to his provided dreams.

Chapter End Notes

Are you all as freaked out as I am with Infinity War less than a week away? I’m terrified for Loki, what about you guys? Writing this is helping me cope with those horrid anxieties.
Dreams & Nightmares

Chapter Summary

This chapter is split into two separate POVs: Steve & Loki

Steve’s POV

He falls into the cushioned chair, breathless and sore, every muscle stiff from the back of his neck to his swollen calves. But it feels good, he decides, a strange sort of relief. The ache in his bones is a reminder that he is alive. That they are all alive.

The moment your power surged through his veins, he felt the cruel suffocation of death, a sensation that had ripped him from his previous life. A lingering haze that, even in his ignorance, weighed down heavy upon his shoulders. Every choice he made echoed with the shades of that former life. But you’d done it, you’d brought them all onto the beauty of this new and unscathed path.

And he would not stand by and watch you fall victim to defeat. You’d come so far, suffered so much, all so that you might have a future with a man without redemption. And yet, you believe so adamantly in his truth, in the man he really is hidden beneath a mask of despair.

With a heavy sigh, he rests his head back against the chair. He sits quietly for a moment, deep in contemplation as he sorts through all the memories you’ve returned to him. At first, they came through as vague sensations, general recall dancing at the edge of his mind. But now, piecing through the wreckage of his memories, he is able to bring them forth into a crisp, vivid clarity. Like meeting you for the first time, when Tony introduced you as a new scribe for S.H.I.E.L.D. It didn’t take long for him to be smitten by your beauty. But more than anything, it was your cunning nature, hidden so strategically behind the guise of that fake job title, that initially sparked his interest. And even now, that same allure held him in your service.

Your face comes to mind, amid the chaos of those swirling memories fighting for dominance. He can see you so clearly; that beautiful expression of regret that fell so vibrantly over your wide, fearful eyes. When your gaze connected to his in that moment of interrupted intimacy with Loki, just outside his glass cage.

I must have looked so enraged, he thinks as he forces his hands through his hair, his elbows resting heavy against the glass table. You must have thought you’d destroyed any hope of regaining my friendship. That I would never look at you the same after that. We both thought for so long that this was love, that we were dancing around a forbidden longing. But it was never even close to that. I was never a possibility for you. Or you for me. I was always meant to be your soldier.

So, tell me what to do. Give me your orders. I’m yours to command.

He lets out a heavy sigh in defeat. You can’t hear him, nor can he hear you.

Tony charges in after a few minutes, forcing Steve from the depths of his own mind. He studies the billionaire-tycoon turned hero carefully as he approaches. His armor is removed, but his hair is still a bit dirty and jostled. At least Steve took a moment to bath and remove his uniform. Tony seems to have used his small reprieve to go straight for the refreshments. He holds out a glass vial containing a
rich caramel liquor. He chugs back a mouthful straight from the bottle, before wiping his lips clean with the back of his hand.

“Well, at least we aren’t swimming to shore, so that’s a plus,” he huffs, dropping the bottle heavy against the table.

“Have you seen Agent Romanoff?” Steve asks, turning only slightly to regard him.

“She’s with Barton,” he says, still standing. “Apparently a hard hit to the skull was enough to break him from Loki’s control but... he is still fighting through the residuals.”

Steve nods in understanding but quickly shakes his head as soon as Tony offers him a swig of his chosen libation. He jostles the bottle back and forth to make the liquid within it dance. As if to make it more enticing.

“I need to keep my head clear. Level,” he replies with a narrowed gaze.

“That didn’t stop you from sharing a beer with Point Break earlier.”

“Point Break?” The name rings a bell, like something long forgotten.

“Thor, prince of... Asburg was it?”

“Asgard,” Fury corrects as he joins the two men in the helicarrier’s small meeting space, positioned just above the command center. Dr. Banner and Deputy Director Hill follow close behind him, the former sulking into the corner, looking rather unnerved. “And he found us, actually. It’s because of him and his kind that we’ve been forced to prepare for more... intergalactic threats.”

“His kind...” Steve repeats in a whisper. “Where is Thor?”

“We had to have six men restrain him,” Hill reports. “He was pretty adamant about going after his brother, and Veritas. But we couldn’t let him reek havoc across Earth just in his attempts to find him.”

“Veritas?” Tony’s gaze narrows as your name leaves his lips and Steve wonders briefly if he felt it too, that strange pull towards you. The thread of remembrance.

“Security footage showed her leaving with Loki,” Hill explains further. “Carried in his arms, in fact...”

“Did she have something to do this?” Tony asks. “Did she sell us out to him?”

“No!” Steve barks, rather abruptly, his muscles tensing as he grips onto the arms of his chair. His company stares at him, baffled by his loyalty to the strange woman. “She had nothing to do with the attack. She’s an ally. One we can trust.”

“And you know this... how?” Tony questions with a deep scowl. “What exactly did she say to you during her interrogation?”

“Enough,” Steve says bluntly.

“Enough for you to suddenly call her an ally?” Tony glares. “You’ve known her for all of a few hours, Cap. I get that people were a lot more trusting during your time, grandpa, but that’s not how the world works anymore.”

“I’ve known her for more than a few hours,” Steve mutters, deciding to break the awkward tension
with some needed honesty. His eyes hold steady onto the table as he finally admits, “We have a sort of past, her and I.”

All eyes around the room widen as they set square upon the First Avenger.

“You knew this woman?” Fury barks, coming closer. “And you didn’t care to divulge that sort of information prior to allowing her on board?”

“It wasn’t relevant at the time.”

“Wasn’t relevant?” Steve can hear his leathers groan as Fury’s muscles tense. He clutches his hands into tight fists to channel his rage. “It seems that information would have been very relevant seeing as she’s allied to Loki,” he growls “How exactly do you know this woman?”

“I’m not sure I can explain it to you in a way that you will understand…”

“Try.”

But before he can speak, Hill interrupts, lifting her fingers toward her earpiece as a stream of new information floods through the small device.

“Sir, containment is reporting that Thor is… that he is…” she cannot manage to finish as she looks toward her superior.

Fury grunts. “We will discuss this later,” he groans before following Hill out the double doors and leaving the room to a sort of desolate silence. A silence that does not live for too long, however, as it is brutally obliterated by Tony’s amusement, coming through in waves of laughter.

“You knew Veritas,” he says through a deep chuckle, his lips pulled into a cruel grin. “So, I guess you just didn’t want to share your sex life with S.H.I.E.L.D., huh Cap?” He comes around to stand behind Steve, clapping his hand on his shoulder. “I thought for sure being frozen in an ice cube would have had an effect on your libido.”

“It’s not like that!” Steve snaps, standing abruptly, catching even Bruce off guard who still hasn’t said a word since he walked in. Tony stumbles back, his hand held midair. “Veritas and I... it’s not like that.”

Memories flash forward then, of the few intimate moments the two of you shared in your past life. In that cramped sleeping space on the train, chugging through the hillsides of Norway. He can still remember how you felt. His hands on your soft, supple body. His mouth on yours, listening to you moan in encouragement. But also how he saw in your eyes the evidence of a heart torn with inner turmoil. Distraught by a love you harbored for the God of Mischief. A love in denial.

However, despite it all, Steve smiles to himself, thankful that he was able to share even one moment with you. One moment he would treasure.

“What’s it like then, Capsicle?” Tony asks with a glare. “Care to enlighten us?”

But rather than explain the finer details of his connection to the Goddess of Truth, he slides a small, portable monitor across the table. An illuminated map within cradles a small blinking dot, beeping as it glides across the digital landscape. He stares ahead at Tony, whose gaze is fixated upon the table and the device.

“S.H.I.E.L.D. tasked me with attaching a sort of tracker on Loki if we failed at securing him in Germany,” Steve explains to the two men.
“And you managed to do it?” Tony asks as he reaches eagerly for the monitor. “Was that before or after you punched him?”

Steve’s eyes widen.

“We saw the security footage,” Banner speaks finally, emerging from the shadows. “Security cameras came back online just before you dislodged his jaw. Nice hit, by the way...”

*Just after...* Steve sighs in relief.

“I didn’t attach it to Loki,” Steve explains, his voice laced with regret. “I planted it on Veritas instead, hoping Loki would take her with him. I knew if she was with him, she would do everything in her power to keep Loki from utilizing the Tesseract. But she’s going to need our help.”

“I’m not sure what is worse,” Banner starts as he slowly approaches the table, “Loki getting his hands on that thing or S.H.I.E.L.D.” He unfolds a thin piece of paper from his shirt pocket, sliding it toward Steve. Steve hesitated but reaches forward to examine it. It’s a weapons blueprint.

“Weapons of mass destruction,” Bruce explains as Steve’s eyes widen. “That’s what they would use it for. To fight off those so-called ‘intergalactic threats’ Fury was talking about.”

“We can’t let them do that,” Steve gapes.

“We will need to contain it,” Tony agrees. “Somewhere far from here.”

Steve moves to stand beside him, staring down at the tracking companion piece, monitoring the movements of the plane that had stolen Veritas away. His finger traces along its apparent trajectory.

“What is that landmark there?” Steve asks, his finger held just in front of the blinking indicator.

“Stark Tower,” Tony explains. The two men exchange a glance through which a silent agreement pulses between them.

“And you believe that this woman, Veritas... that she isn’t going to side with Loki in the end?” Tony asks, shoving the monitor into his pants pocket as they three men sulk toward the exit.

“I trust that she will side with him, actually,” Steve replies. “That’s the whole point. She’s fighting to keep him safe. To keep him sane.”

Tony lingers in the doorway, turning to regard him.

“Does she...”

But before he can finish, the shadow of a stocky, burly man blocks the doorway.

“I’m coming with you,” Thor grunts, breathless and agitated. He is covered with a thin sheen of sweat, his hair disheveled and sleek against his forehead. As if he’d fought off all of S.H.I.E.L.D. to get to them.

Steve nods, giving his final order.

“Suit up.”

*Loki’s POV*
He watches as your eyelashes flutter lightly with each blink of your eye. You slowly awaken into this new, fabricated world he has pulled you into. A world of dreams and forgotten hopes. A place he’d much rather be than that small dingy plane, ascending toward impending battle. He’d much rather stay lost here with you for the rest of eternity, if he had the choice.

*But why is it I am so drawn to you? To the beating of your heart, to the soft sound of your breathing, to the harmony of your voice...*

He strokes your hair, your head cradled in his lap. Your eyes meet his lazily as you gradually take in your new surroundings.

“Hello, darling,” he purrs with a playful smirk dancing over his lips.

Your eyes widen and you shuffle away from his lap, resting onto your knees beside him. Your hands fall flat against the grass, misted with sleek morning dew as your gaze darts ahead, up over the rolling hills.

“Where are...”

Your eyes shift with every turn of your body. Your gaze dances over the emerald fields, past the crystalline sea just beyond the horizon. There is not a single cloud in the sapphire sky to bring the threat of a storm. Just peace and serenity, and eternal spring. But even after your initial panic, your gaze eventually softens as he watches you. You breathe in deeply, absorbing the faux air, your palms dancing over the tips of the swaying blades of grass. As if you are all too familiar with the landscape around you.

“This is...” you start to say, before lifting your hand to rest against your chest.

*She’s been here. She’s seen this, dreamt it too perhaps, as I suspected.*

“Do you know this place?” He asks, studying your every movement as if it held the answer.

“Yes,” you say in a sigh, barely a whisper. “Do you dream of this often?”

“Every night.”

You turn to look at him, your eyes dazzling with a sheen of untouched tears. He reaches up to you, caressing your face tenderly to will those tears to oblivion.

“Are you normally alone?” You ask, holding onto his gaze as if it were a tether, preventing you from drifting far away. “Or am I here with you in these dreams?”

“At first I was alone,” he explains. “Staring up at this empty sky, like it was a strange sort of purgatory. But then, this beautiful woman joined me.” He traces the tip of his finger along your parted lips. “And every night since then she has made love to me until I awaken.”

“In these dream, am I usually... angry with you?”

His eyes widen before narrowing in deep consideration over the odd question. “Angry? Why would you be angry?”

You shake your head. “Forget it...”

With one swift movement, he pins you in against the grass, his long raven hair falling forward over his face. Stray strands tickle your nose as he leans down to let his breath mingle with your own,
escaping just beyond your trembling lips.

“Why would you be angry?” he asks again more sternly.

“Loki... this place... it isn’t just the fabrication of your dreams,” you reply, your breathing uneven.

“Then what is it?” He kisses you softly, savoring the way you sigh in defeat.

You whimper in response, barely audible as you strain your neck to meet his lips fully, to continue his sweet caress as long as possible. Your tongue pushes past his lips and he smiles against you, savoring the way you taste.

Oh, my sweet girl...

But after a moment of letting your two tongues dance around the corners of your mouths, he pulls away. A string of saliva connects you both midair.

“What do you dream of, if not this?” He asks softly.

“I dream of you, my Liar God,” you answer in a moan against him, your legs wrapping around his waist to lock him in place above you. “Making love to me.”

He thrusts his hips into your pelvis, savoring every sweet sound that escapes your lips as he gives you the friction you so desire, though still confined within the blockade of your clothing.

“Is that so, my Goddess?”

You struggle against his hold, held firmly around your wrists. But you are smiling so mischievously up at him. It is as if you are right where you want to be, despite the act of resistance.

“I haven’t truly made love to you though, have I?” He questions in a whisper. “Even if I felt you so strongly through that illusion... as if I had. I do believe I owe you the real thing, pet. You’ve been so good. So deserving.”

His lips trail down your neck, a hand rising up your thigh.

“Would you like that, pet?” He leaves his mark on your collarbone, his teeth grazing your skin as he sucks down hard onto your tender flesh. “Do you want me to fuck you?”

“Yes...” you moan in satisfaction as his hand slides down underneath the band of your shorts. “It’s been too long since I’ve felt you inside me.”

His hand stills as he lifts his head away from your neck to gaze down at you. To sift through your lust laden eyes to find the truth beneath your words.

How could it be too long when I’ve never truly had the pleasure of knowing you so intimately?

But staring into your eyes, he is filled with a sensation he thought long forgotten. He sees his future in your eyes. A beautiful, terrible clarity.

But his thoughts still, jolted by a cruel disruption clouding his mind, sourced from the other edge of the galaxy. A screaming voice that hunts his waking mind, telling him to stay the course. A voice that had pulled him from the dark despair of drifting alone through space without meaning, without choice, after he’d fallen into the worm hole at the edge of Asgard. A voice that had given him directive and purpose when he felt there was no longer reason for him to live.
He had gladly taken the opportunity, to hold value for someone else, to sway the balance in his favor. But now that same voice drives him to deliver the Tesseract, with the looming threat of unfathomable consequences if he were to fail.

But lying here with you, the Tesseract feels meaningless. What power could it possibly possess that is greater than this feeling? This feeling of being your world. Your past, your present and your future.

And as he attempts to avoid that horrid voice, leaning down to kiss you roughly, the force of its call pulls him violently from the serenity of your embrace. He curses, his fist slamming into the grass beside your head, as his teeth bear down on your lip involuntarily. Just before his consciousness detaches completely, pulling him into the vast beyond.

He opens his eyes, the vision of that grassy field replaced by a dark and endless space. A hooded figure stands before him, scowling with deep, unearthly disapproval. His bony finger rises to jolt an accusatory gesture in his direction.

“You've been weakened,” the Other growls, his voice like many dying snakes. “If you fail in this task, you will suffer greatly.”

Loki struggles to stand, falling to his knees as a crushing pain weighs down heavy upon him. Like a giant’s hand clutching against his skull, threatening to bash his brain inward. He fights against it, despite how excruciating it feels.

“I will deliver the Tesseract as promised,” he struggles to speak. “I have not been weakened...”

“But you have,” the Other answers in a hiss. “Your motives are changing. Shifting. Remember your course. Remember your purpose.”

“I remember,” he snaps. “It will be yours when you bring me my army.”


The Other walks closer, his rigid finger pressing firmly into Loki’s exposed temple. “Let us show you the consequences of failing to comply.”

Another impact plummets through his senses, leaving him screaming in agony as his whole body is rendered useless under the force of its pain. As if a fire were ignited beneath his skin, melting away the thin coating of his flesh.

A sweet voice, beyond that source of torment, sings his name, calling him Home. Through the haze of agony, he follows that voice, out of that deep, forbidden space.

“Loki! Loki, please wake up!”

There is a blinding light at the edge of his blurred vision, a hand extended toward him. It is the most beautiful thing he’s ever seen, he decides. He takes that hand to pull himself out, away from the darkness.

His eyes shoot open as he returns, not to the serenity of the fields of his dreams, but rather to the metallic haul of the plane. He lies, held in your arms. Your hands are clutching onto his shoulders, nails digging into his leathers. Sweat pours down his forehead, trickling over his lips and leaving his mouth parched and salted. And still that fire seems to rage just below his skin, using his bones as kindling. He groans, unable to speak. But his gaze holds to yours, your eyes brimming with palatable fear. Your lips trickling with the blood he’d drawn.
Your hand swipes over his forehead, pressing into his perspiring flesh.

“

“You feel so hot,” you stutter. “You’ve never... you never feel this warm. You shouldn’t feel this warm. You’re Jotunn. You should...”

His eyes widen. *How do you know what I am? How do you...*

A scream erupts from deep within his lungs as another renewed wave of pain surges through his body.

“Land the plane!” You shout in pure panic toward the cockpit. “Land it now!”

“We are almost to Stark Tower, miss... Veritas,” he hears the pilot reply.

“Then hurry up!” You bark, pulling and ripping away the leathers from his body, removing as much clothing as you can manage, his body limp from the crippling pain.

“I won’t let you die,” you whimper, tossing the fabric aside in your haste. “I won’t let you leave me again!”

His vision turns to darkness as he listens to you crying above him, working with trembling hands to strip him bare. He wonders as his breathing slows why such a beautiful creature had to know such sadness.
A Burning Darkness

Chapter Notes

In all honesty, it was very difficult to pick this story up again. I am still quite heartbroken from Infinity War but still this story deserves an ending. So I’ll be pushing through for you all! Hope you are still enjoying this twisted tale :)

The plane takes too long. By the time you land, Loki is already unconscious, his breathing shallow. The molten heat of his flesh burns your skin with every gentle caress. Every urgent push, willing him back into consciousness.

Loki. Loki, please. Come back to me.

Your body is completely seized by panic. To have come so far, just to watch your lover disintegrating in your arms.

Is this what it felt like for you? When I died miscarrying our child? You will your tear to silence but they come regardless. You will live, Loki. You will live to know our child. Our daughter. You will.

Your voice reverberates off mental shields, as if the source of his pain is bound like enflamed cords around his mind. Even still, you keep pushing your power up against those solid barriers, like walls of flames rising up around the perimeter of his soul. But every graze of your truth leaves your own mind scorched by its rage. Sweat rolls off your forehead as you exhale, steam rolling off your lips from failed attempts. You can’t get through. At least not now, not with the distraction of your stress. You need to get his temperature down first. That is priority.

With the engine still raging underneath you, you lift Loki as best you can, his arm draped over your shoulders. You struggle to support his weight, stumbling forward out of the plane as the hatch opens, revealing the helipad of Stark Tower below. Your hand slides over his skin, sleek with an unnatural perspiration. You reach your hand up, resting against his heart. You can feel it racing beneath your palm, threatening to burst out of his rib cage like some enraged foreign entity.

“Help me!” You scream, and almost immediately, one of Loki’s mind-slaves comes around back to comply to your command. He takes Loki’s other arm, providing a needed counter balance. The two of you drag him across the helipad, moving as quickly as possible toward the inside of the building. However, you halt as soon as the agent fumbles forward in an attempt to open the door. He turns, grunting in defeat and finally meets your eye. But you swallow hard, realizing regretfully, that you know this man. You recall meeting him in your previous life, when those group of agents taunted Loki outside his holding cell. Agent Fitz, you remember. He had held himself in such high regard then, thinking he was better than the Asgardian Prince, locked away in his cage.

But now, he isn’t so high and mighty, struggling to please his new master, the man he once mocked and tormented. His hands are trembling and he groans every time the access pad illuminates red with another failed attempt.

“Move out of the way!” You order, shoving Loki fully into his arms. You dial quickly into the access panel, using the same twenty digit security code you’d memorized from once living in Stark
Tower. Luckily, even in this new life, Tony is still quite predictable.

The keypad chimes with success and the door clicks, the entrance opening forward in front of you. J.A.R.V.I.S. comes online, signaling a stream of lights that twinkle alive overhead, illuminating your path forward like a beacon of hope.

“Welcome to Stark Tower,” J.A.R.V.I.S. greets. “I don’t believe we’ve met before, Miss, as I have no record of you ever being in Stark Tower. How did you come to know our access codes?”

But you ignore his robotic, yet charming question. “Start a cold bath in Stark’s central apartment,” you order as you continue onward. “Ice cold!”

“I will need security clearance before I can...”

“J.A.R.V.I.S., if you don’t do as I say, a man will die,” you snap.

There is a moment of brief hesitation before it finally replies. “Yes, ma’am. I’ve started the bath for you downstairs.”

“Thank you...”

You finally make it into Tony’s apartment, pushing your way inside toward the large bathroom, where you know Tony has installed a rather large bathtub. Obnoxiously large for one person. Though, you suspect it was never intended for solo usage. And to your relief, J.A.R.V.I.S. has followed your command, despite its initial skepticism. The bathtub is filled to the brim, awaiting Loki.

Together with Agent Fitz, you slowly lower the God of Mischief into the chilled water, only to watch in despair as he sinks down underneath the surface, unable to support his own weight in his current, debilitated state. A sizzling steam rises up off his body the instant his skin makes contact with the cool water. As if it is a bath of boiling oil.

Without thinking, you climb in with him into the bath, fully clothed and shaking. You are relieved that it is, in fact, an ice bath as requested. All of your muscles seize up underneath the frigid temperature now encased around your body. Your teeth chatter but you pay little mind to the icy pain. With your clothing clung to your skin, you straddle Loki, reaching forward to cradle his face between your hands, keeping his head above water while the rest of his body remains submerged. But he is being dragged down further by the weight of his leathers. You fumble with the buckles, the zippers and the ties, to remove him of the heavy garments, just above his waist, to let his skin feel the cool caress of the water. You toss the soaked fabric off to the side of the tub.

“Come on,” you growl, splashing water up onto his bare chest and over his neck. Your hand lingers there, gripping hard around his throat, shaking him lightly. “Wake up! Fight this, you stupid God!”

“How... how can I help you?” Fitz stutters behind you, watching with wide fearful eyes as you struggle to revive his master.

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“You snap but quickly backtrack, thinking better of scolding him. You turn to look at him, your gaze softening. “He needs to stay cool. Bring more ice. Buckets of it. The kitchen is downstairs, two levels, to the right.”

He nods before bolting from the room, leaving you and Loki to the solitude of the bath. You caress his cheeks, still scolding hot beneath your hands.

“J.A.R.V.I.S., can you do a reading of his vitals?” You ask into the air.
“One moment, Miss,” it replies. “May I know your name? If I am going to be assisting you, I’d like to be more cordial.”

“Veritas,” you answer. “What is his temperature?”

“Heat signatures are indicating his internal temperature is 125 degrees. Shall I call for a doctor?”

“No! Don’t call anyone!” You shout. “Please... no one can know we are here.”

“I apologize, Ms. Veritas, but it would seem someone already does,” it replies. “I detected a tracking device on your body the moment you entered the building.”

“A tracking device?” your eyes widen as you gaze down at your body, finally noticing a sheer shimmer on your wrist. Holding it up the light, you can make out just the faint outline of microscopic electric highways.

*Steve must have done this. To follow me. To keep me... to keep us safe.*

“And I’m detecting the approach of another vessel.”

You let out a deep sigh. Perhaps it might not be a bad thing to have the extra assistance. As long as you could revive Loki. As long as he was willing to let go of these jaded plans and come away with you. To Asgard. To the Vanaheim. To the furthest edges of the galaxy. It doesn’t matter. As long as he is with you. As long as he is happy and thriving.

Once again, you attempt to penetrate his mind. This time, however, with the benefit of silence, you are able to focus. You are able to reach far into yourself and tap into even the furthest dregs of your power. You push into the raging fire. Your power dives into him like extended tendrils of your fingers, stroking the walled perimeter.

As soon as you manage to maneuver inside, through the small cracks your power has rectified, you are overwhelmed by a chorus of screaming voices assaulting his mind. Voices telling him to follow their command, to deliver the Tesseract, to abandon his weaknesses. It is that same darkness you felt inside his mind before, a black nothingness controlling his every movement, and punishing him if he were to falter.

Loki isn’t doing this because he wants to, you realize with a sigh of pure epiphany. Someone is guiding his hand, forcing him under the threat of this torture to comply. He didn’t want to harm anyone, but he never had a choice. The darkness had corrupted him when he was weak, vulnerable to receive any new direction. You can feel his loneliness seeping into your own soul. How he wandered that open, empty space, looking for any hope of redemption. Only to find death and despair answering his call.

You use everything you have, every reserve of power, to shine the light of truth into that dark abyss. A beacon of clarity, a reminder that he is so loved, that he does not need to fall victim to this foreign control. Under the pressure of your hand, you can feel those dark voices recoiling, seething with impending defeat. Your enlightened caress gradually doses the fire blocking his mind, making room for your power to roam freely.

And at the far edge of his memories, you see a glimmer of truth. A truth of his own making, once suffocated by the weight of those torturous thoughts, tangled around his brain like a netting of lies. You coax that small light forward, breathing life into it.

*I love you, you repeat over and over. I love you. Come back to me.*
And you realize that that small pulse of light is beating. Beating like the drumming rhythm of your own heart, calling you in. Your power caresses that light and a flood of memories pools over your vision. Everything from the past, including what he once regrettably locked away, upon your request. Every beautiful memory, torn by anguish and denial. All of it.

*I’ll make it right in this life. I won’t deny you. Never again. I’ll make sure you know how loved you are every day for the rest of my life. So you’ll never once have the opportunity to fall victim to despair, not with the light of my love casting out the darkness.*

And as you reach forward, you see how he saw you, the way you looked at him. And more importantly, the love he saw brimming forth from your own eyes, even when you were too ignorant to accept it. It is an image that plays in the back of his mind, over and over again, like a curse and a blessing. The reason he felt so drawn to you. The reason he reached for your hand through that darkness. He could not understand who you were or why you loved him so deeply, something you barely even understand yourself. Pulled by fate and time, by the Norns themselves, constructing your future from that choice you made in signaling Ragnarok. In giving your daughter a place to thrive and live.

*I want you to see her. I want you to hold her. I want you to name her. I want that life with you.*

But despite how desperately you want him to remember everything, the way Steve does, you can’t bring yourself to unleash the full flood gates that lie before you. He is so close to awakening, so near to loving you of his own accord. So instead, you let just a small trickle release into his mind, like a cool stream pouring over the fire of his torment. Giving him hope, a promise for the future. One beyond the pain that he feels surging over his heart. One in which he would be truly free to do as he desires.

To be who he is destined to be. Your lover. Your mate. Your forever.

You slowly recoil from his mind, breathing in a rhythm that you hope would encourage him to follow, to resume full consciousness. You feel his body cooling instantly beneath your touch. His heart soothing underneath your hand, returning to a normal pace.

“Loki...” you breathe, pushing back the hair stuck sleek to the skin on his forehead, still seeping with sweat. “Loki, talk to me.”

He groans and shifts, his hands moving beneath the water to find your legs, wrapped protectively around his waist. His touch is soft, tender, as he runs his fingers over your smooth flesh. His eyelids open, but just barely.

“J.A.R.V.I.S. What is his te...”

“96 degrees, ma’am. And steadily decreasing.”

You sigh in relief, leaning your forehead against his. Your arms wrap around his back.

“Thank god,” you mutter. “Thank god you’re alright.”

You hear a sound emitting from his parted lips, barely audible. So you pull away to stare down at him, hopeful that he will speak to you more clearly. That he will tell you, in his own words, that he’s alright.

“Loki,” you say again, willing those emerald eyes to open further, enough to meet your gaze. “Loki, say something.”
“Veritas.” His voice is husky, laced with understanding, with recognition.

“Are you alright?” Your voice is rimmed with lingering panic. “Are you still in pain? Tell me how I can help you…”

Your breath is caught in your throat as you look into his eyes, seeing a brilliance within that seems to illuminate those emeralds, as if they were real gems caught against beams of light. You see love there, a love from many years of knowing you. Of knowing you across so many different lifetimes.

A love that is both old and brand new.

Before you can speak, he leans up, capturing the back of your head in his hand and kissing you with a vibrant passion to match your own. His tongue pushes past the opening of your mouth, sliding against yours until you can taste him, taste his desperation to have you completely. You can feel him stiffen beneath you, groaning as he thrusts up, purely by instinct. But despite his need to continue your kiss, to keep your bodies connected, he breaks the kiss occasionally to softly moan your name. And in those cruel moments of being separated from the caress of his soft lips, he opts instead to lay waste to your neck, to your shoulders, to the spots he should not yet know are your weaknesses. He licks away the tears that leave your eyes in slow streams down your cheeks. And through those soft murmurs, of sweet nothings conveying an incoherent longing, another name slips past his lips.

You pull back, looking down at him with wide eyes. Your hands hold steady to his bare chest to prevent yourself from falling forward. To prevent from collapsing under the weight of that single word, the same name spoken by Steve only moments ago.

When he remembered you.

“Loki, I…”

“I remember why that name sounded so familiar before,” he says softly. “I’ve heard it in my dreams.”

Your lips tremble as you attempt to speak but he hushes you with a finger held against your lips, and a smile curled up over the thin line of his mouth. There are deep rings under his eyes, of pale peach fading into a rich blue, hinting at his true nature. That painful origin story he still so desperately needed time to understand.

“We’ve met before, in a time before this one, haven’t we?” He asks and you obediently nod, your eyes brimming with hope. But his smile seems sadder than you realize the longer you gaze down at him.

“Don’t look at me like that,” he pleads. “I don’t remember much. Not what I think you’re hoping I would…”

He reaches his hand up out of water to rest gently against your cheek. “But I know this. Beyond a glimmer of a doubt, that I loved you… that I love you still. And in that other life, that other world perhaps, I would have given up anything to be with you.” You choke on tears, gazing down at him as he strokes your cheek affectionately. “What did you give up?”

“Everything.” You choke on the words as they leave your trembling lips. “I gave up everything for you, Loki.”

“So then you caused this new timeline?” He asks simply. “That soldier… you gifted him the truth of it all, didn’t you?”
“I didn’t mean to,” you whimper. “I want you to remember me... but Loki, there’s so much I want to say to you. To show you. To explain. To...”

“Hush, love. It’s alright,” he reassures, replacing his hand with a kiss to your cheek. His lips are cool, revived by your sweet caress across his mind. “Give me time. I want to hear it all. But not yet. I’m not... I don’t think I’m quite strong enough yet to withstand the force of something like that. Perhaps a little bit at a time and I’ll come to remember it all.” He smiles softly before adding, “Just tell me one thing. Just the one, that’s all I ask of you now.”

“Anything,” you whisper.

“Tell me you are mine,” he pleads. “Tell me your heart belongs to no one else but me. Especially not that soldier. As it did back then. I can sense that, amongst the mess of my mind. In that time I can’t fully recall. So, tell me that at least.”

You nod, sobbing. “I’ve always been yours. Then, as much as I am now.”

He kisses you again, but this time, it’s his own tears that lace your cheeks with a sheen of wetness.

“And I promise you that I am yours,” he answers. “Completely. If you’ll be kind enough to have the twisted wreckage they’ve left of me...”

Beneath your hand, you can feel his skin slowly cooling even further. But his heart still races. And where your power still lingers at the edge of his mind, you can see the scarring that cruel darkness has left behind.

“Who was it? Who was it that did this to you?” You ask suddenly, fear plastered over your pale face, drained of blood. “Who drove you to such madness?”

He shakes his head, pulling you closer. “Let’s not speak of it...”

“No, please. I want to protect you. You aren’t alone anymore. We can face this together...”

He kisses you again, softly, until you whimper in defeat against his touch.

“You’ve done so much already,” he whispers against your lips. “You freed my mind, untethered my soul. It is you I worry about, Veritas. I worry I’ll lose you again. Something is telling me that I lost you back then.”

He pulls you closer by your hips, until your chest is pressed against his.

“Holding you like this reminds me of that time and how it felt to have you die in my arms. I can even smell the blood. I can ...”

He looks away, his nails digging into your flesh to channel his rage, his anguish over losing you and the strain it brought onto his memories, still so fragile.

“You won’t lose me, Loki,” you reassure, pulling him tight against your chest. “You won’t.”

“I don’t deserve this,” he whispers against you. “I don’t deserve you. You are too good to me. And I am... I am nothing but a monster.”

You hold his face steady, firmly out in front of you.

“Don’t. Don’t you dare say that again,” you growl. “You deserve every ounce of my love. All of it.”
“Did I back then as well?”

“Yes,” you answer. “But I was the one who was undeserving. I didn’t understand what it meant to be loved. To be cherished. But only when I did realize it, I ended up losing everything...”

“Then let me make you mine in this new life, truly mine,” he pleads, his voice reverberating against your throat where his head falls to rest, his lips pressed into your skin. “Let me properly worship you, my Goddess.”

Your whole body trembles beneath the force of those words as your reach behind him to stroke his hair affectionately, causing him to purr in delight beneath you.


“Yes, Ms. Veritas?”

“Lock the doors.”

You gaze down mischievously at Loki as his chuckle vibrates against you. You capture his lips once again as you hear the door to the bath click shut upon your command.

No more interruption. No more intruders. Just you and your Liar God solidifying your love in this new life.

Chapter End Notes

Originally planned on this being a much longer chapter but decided to split it in two, letting the second half focus more heavily on a much needed reunion between Veritas and Loki ;) Coming soon
His Goddess, His Queen

Chapter Summary

POVs are split between Steve and the Reader

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Steve’s POV

The radar beeps urgently, getting louder and louder as the stolen jet approaches Stark Tower, set just in front of the setting sun.

“We have a good thirty minutes before S.H.I.E.L.D. sends a response team to slap our wrists,” Tony jests. He is seated beside Steve in the cockpit. His feet are propped up against the dashboard, despite Steve’s earlier insistence that he sit properly. “Think we can find Reindeer Games before then?”

Steve points toward the monitor, positioned just below Tony’s heel. “He’ll be with her,” he says with conviction. “We find Veritas, we find Loki.”

“And what do we plan to do about the Tesseract?”

Steve turns back slightly to regard Bruce, who was more or less dragged by Tony into this recon mission. Rather than stay on the helicarrier as their point of contact, as he originally suggested.

“It returns with us to Asgard,” Thor replies, his voice a thunderous growl from behind him. “I can assure it will be safe there in the Weapon’s Vault.”

“Us?”

“I intend on presenting both my brother and Veritas before the Allfather for judgment. Even if Loki does not succeed in this task, his intentions are clear. They shall receive proper punishment.”

“I don’t believe punishment is entirely necessary...”

“That’s not your call to make, Midgardian.”

Steve’s gloved hands tighten around the steering wheel as he grinds his teeth together, slighted by the Asgardian’s comment. However, Tony grabs his attention as he jolts forward, his feet sliding off the dash. His eyes are wide and set upon his home, towering over the city.

“Damn bastard is in my penthouse.”

Steve follows his glare straight ahead, toward a scattered line of lights that illuminate the plush apartment within, belonging to the billionaire tycoon beside him. Even with square lights signaling their whereabouts, the glass is artfully blurred for privacy. Only vague blobs of movements can be seen from the outside. Moving from one end of the room to the other.
“J.A.R.V.I.S., how did they get inside?” Stark asks the invisible entity, given life through the technology interwoven into his metallic suit. He seems to be listening, grumbling every so often. Steve carefully guides the jet toward the strip on the roof, where Loki’s escape vessel already sits waiting. The space for landing is small, forcing Steve to concentrate all of his effects on not pushing the other vehicle off the edge of the skyscraper. After a moment, Tony bolts up out of his seat with a growl reverberating up from deep with his throat. He practically stumbles forward into the dash as the jet’s landing gear falls into place beneath them, settling onto the roof top with a startled jolt.

“They’re what?” He shouts. “No... no, fuck that! Fuck being nice! I’m going to shove my metallic feet so far up his ass....”

”Language!”

“Is it the Tesseract?” Bruce interrupts innocently. “Are we too late?”

“Too late to discuss the birds and the bees maybe,” Tony growls. “J.A.R.V.I.S. is picking up some... elevated signatures inside.”

Steve feels all the blood in his body rush up into his cheeks as he sets the jet down, as gently as he can manage. He knew you’d be desperate to be with Loki again. But with the urgency of this mission, with the need to stop him from catapulting further down that dark decline... was sex really necessary at a time like this? Could love making not wait a little while longer?

Perhaps one day I’ll find a love like yours. So desperate. So beyond reason.

The minute the jet settles, the four man charge out of the open hatch, running into the building upon Tony’s quick work with the door lock.

“How many?” He asks aloud, and the overhead speaker system responds.

“Two in the Penthouse sir, one approaching your position and another...”

The men halt, almost colliding into a rather frazzled looking man. He is hunched over, weighed down by a oversized bucket held in his grasp, brimming to the edge with millions of tiny ice cubes. His hands are practically blue, gripped bare beneath the frosted metal bottom.

Thor pushes his way forward as the man drops the bucket with a loud thud, the contents scattering across the carpeted floor before him. He holds up his hands in surrender as Thor presses his hammer into his chest, urging him against the adjacent wall.

“What’s with the ice?” Tony asks, eyes held to the floor. “Making margaritas?”

The man shakes his head insistently.

“He’s... not well,” is all he manages to say as Thor presses harder into his rib cage. The man whimpers slightly.

“Who?” Thor growls.

“Loki,” he answers with a groan of pain. “The woman... Veritas. She sent me to get ice to cool him down.”

“Cool him down?” Steve questions with the arch of his eyebrow.

But Thor seems to understand, dropping the hammer, much to the man’s relief. He lets go of a deep
sigh, clutching at his chest, as if to confirm his heart were still beating. However, his serenity is short lived. Thor reaches forward to grab him by the collar of his shirt, lifting him just barely off the ground.

“You will take us to the Tesseract,” he orders, the man responding with a reluctant nod. His eyes contain a regrettable fear, a growing weakness. Thor grins, setting him gently back down before he turns back to Steve and Tony.

“Find my brother,” he commands, leaving the two new comers gazing wide eyed upon him. “The small man and I will locate the Tesseract.”

“Small man?” Bruce gapes, laughing lightly. “If you only knew...”

Steve turns to Tony, his hand held out as a sort of curtesy gesture.

“After you,” he mutters, letting Tony lead the way toward his apartment.

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Reader’s POV

You trace your fingers down Loki’s bare chest, toward the waist band of his trousers. Slowly, methodically, you work with the buttons and ties, ready to remove the obstacle keeping you from fulfilling your true desire. He smiles up at you, the hint of laughter shimmering within his emerald ores. But despite his mockery, he helps you, shifting out of the trousers. He tosses the wet fabric to the side of the tub, discarded and useless. Loki reaches up eagerly, sliding his cool hands underneath your shirt, gliding his sweet touch over your breasts. His fingers linger as he strokes your nipples mindlessly, humming as they harden beneath his urging.

“Loki, please...” you whine, arching your back.

His grin widens into an unearthly curve as he beams up at you, pinching and twisting your nipples until you shutter his name once more.

“Hm? Is there something you desire, pet?” He teases, leaning in to lick up the length of your neck. “You’ll have to be quite specific.”

You quiver beneath him, desperate for his promise of release. You pull at your shirt impatiently until his laughter vibrates pleasantly against your neck.

“Say. It,” he demands, sucking hard against your skin.

“I want to feel you,” you murmur, tilting your head to the side to give him free reign over the expanse of your neck. He continues to kiss you, marking your flesh with small flushed bites.

Finally, he complies, helping to remove your shirt up over your head before working with the buttons holding your shorts to your waist. You shift out of them awkwardly, all the while remaining positioned atop his lap. To feel his desire growing between your legs.

When finally you are matching, two lustrous creatures bare and wanton, cradled within the arctic waters, you hear him exhale deeply against you. You too let out your own sigh in relief, desperate to feel his skin pressed against every bare inch of your skin. You press your breasts firmly against his chest as he sits up straight. The movement alone causing his arousal to shift and rub against you, releasing a moan from your parted lips.
“You still feel warm,” you manage to say despite your heavy breathing. You press your hand flat against his skin, just underneath his navel where a small trail of rough hair leads a path down toward your ruin. “But it’s better than before... I just worry our fun might overheat you too much.”

He guides your hand lower, until your fingers brush up against his girth. Where your bodies are connected beneath the water, your wet core pressing up against his length. You sit up, allowing your fingers to run up and down over his cock, tracing the bulging veins that decorate his sex.

“You won’t overheat me, pet,” he laughs, through his mockery quickly melds into deep moans in response to your hand. You wrap your fingers around him, lazily stroking up and down. He throws his head back against the edge of the tub.

“Oh Yes ... just like that, pet,” he encourages through moans that escape his lips. He reaches out to cradle your chin between his fingers, tilting his head to the side to regard you. “You feel frozen, you know. This bath is too cold for your Asgardian sensibilities...”

“I’m in love with a Frost Giant,” you answer, teeth chattering. But you smile, continuing to guide your hand up and down over his length, leaving him practically speechless. “I should get used to the cold.”

He thrusts up into your hand, encouraging you to quicken your pace, the water sloshing around you. He traces a path down over your exposed breast, his nail grazing your perked nipple.

“How did you know I was Jotunn?” He asks, as you guide his cock toward your entrance. You rub his tip up against your tender, sensitive spot, begging for his attention.

“You told me,” you answer in a moan, grinding back and forth against him.

“I must have trusted you so blindly then...”

“Don’t you now?”

His hand grips around your wrist, taking over the control of your movements. He lines his cock up right underneath your dripping pussy before tilting your chin towards him, to gaze deep into your lust laden eyes.

“I trust you with my life.”

And with one firm thrust, he fills you completely, releasing a wanton moan from your lips. A scream of his name coming through a string of wordless nothings as you confess your love for him. All of your sounds of ecstasy echo off the walls around you as he moves, slowly at first, adjusting to his own building desire. He responds to the sensation, exhaling deeply against your neck, his grip tight against your hips, slowly moving his hands back to cradle the globes of your ass. To knead into your flesh in circles.

“Veritas,” he says with a sigh and a kiss to your shoulder. “My Goddess.... beautiful... perfect...”

You stare down at him with wide eyes, amazed at how you’ve weakened the God of Mischief. His gaze is torn by wonder and a deep rooted lust, glistening against a sheen of unshed tears. His hand comes up to rest against the small of your back as he tenderly kisses your shoulder again and again. You slowly begin to ride him, as you reach forward, wrapping your hand around the back of his neck. You lean your forehead against his as you roll your hips against him, pulling a wanton moan from his lips. One that fades into another deep growl.

“I never knew... I never realized I could miss this feeling,” he whispers softly.
You’ve missed this too. Missed the real him. Feeling his cool body pressed against you, filling you to the brim. This is where you belong, in his arms, connected to him in such a way that there would be no separation between you. Flesh on flesh. Heart to heart. Your souls intertwined.

He traces his fingertips up the curve of your neck, resting beneath your chin, his thumb gliding over your bottom lip. His movements silently urge your mouth open. You part your lips, despite how badly they are quivering under the force of his pleasure, still thrust between your legs. His lips meet yours, moans cascading out of your mouth and into his as his tongue slides inside.

“Loki...” you whimper against his tongue, your hands buried into his hair. He licks your lips, teasing you as he pulls away.

“Yes, my love?” He purrs, thrusting into you until you can feel the scruff of his groin rubbing up against your pelvis. So deep.

My love.

You close your eyes, breathing him in, the air clouded in front of your lips as the temperature of the water steady drops around you. Your arms begin to tremble uncontrollably against him. And despite your resistance, you fall limp against his chest. The consequences of having released the full force of your power to free his mind finally weighs heavy upon you. It has left you weak and broken above him. And now, propelled by impending release, you are completely drained.

He reacts swiftly, surging with the renewed energy you’ve gifted him, the dregs of your power still coursing through his veins. He stands from the bath, still connected to your core. He carries you carefully up out of the tub, allowing you to wrap your legs around his waist for balance as he struts toward the bedroom. Every step leaves you whimpering. Each movement causing a subtle shift inside of your dripping cunt. You cling to his back, your lips rested against his shoulder. Loki leads you to the attached bedroom, where a giant bed awaits.

“My poor little kitten,” he coos as he gently places you down against the plush bedding. Slowly, he begins to pull out from your wet cunt, gazing down at you longingly, examining the creamy arousal you’ve left upon him, coating his length. “Should we stop? Shall I let you rest, little one?”

He tenderly strokes your cheek, his hardened cock pointed like an arrow between your legs. He lazily rubs his leaking tip up and down over your folds until you begin to whimper beneath him.

“No!” You protest, even while you melt into the fabric beneath you, warm and comforting. You spread your legs wider and reach out for him. “Don’t stop,” you plea. “I need you... Please.”

He rests his hands against your knees, gazing down at you with a deep and insatiable hunger. He strokes his hands up and down your inner thighs, until your knees tremble under his grasp.

“It would seem I am in no position to deny you...” he purrs with a devlish smirk as his hand falls toward your entrance.

He glides his finger through your glistening folds, your want already dripping down the curve of your ass onto the bed beneath you. His eyes dazzle against the soft light of the room. The setting sun casts the room in a rich amber glow, streaming in through a large window behind him. It takes up the full length of the wall, floor to ceiling, exposing your lewd activity for any lucky soul high enough to see into Stark Tower. Exposing all of your body to the world as you lie there before him, as if a sacrificial offering to the Liar God.

He notices how your eyes have drifted just behind him, to watch the sun slowly descending t behind
the metallic jungle. He reaches forward, tilting your chin back toward him, refocusing your gaze with a tentative stare as his finger pushes inside. You bite your lip to stifle a moan.

“Eyes on me, pet,” he orders, licking his lips. “I want to see every expression you make as you take my cock.”

He removes his finger slowly, only to guide his cock slowly back inside of you. You groan, readjusting to the return of his girth. But still, you hold your gaze steady, locked within his emerald ores, brimming with their own unique brand of desire and longing. You allow yourself to moan fully, arching your hips into him.

“There you are,” He growls in approval, his smirk curved up over his wet, wanting lips. “Such a lustrous creature. So desperate to be fucked, aren’t you?”

But before you can react, he quickens his pace, thrusting deeper, harder into your sopping cunt. The bed squeaks a whine of protest beneath you. You grab fistfuls of the bedding as you moan with each movement. Your voice laced with unparalleled desire.

“Loki! Oh god!” You scream. “Harder!”

He complies, relentlessly pounding into you. And as his name leaves your lips in a loud moan, he leans over you to silence your pleasure with the force of his kiss, drowning you in a cascade of his own moans. Once you are properly breathless, his lips trail toward your neck, sucking on your ear, your lobe caught between his teeth.

“You feel so fucking good,” he whispers against your skin. “You were made for me, weren’t you?”

You reach up, pulling him closer, your palms pressing firmly into his back. You tug at the ends of his hair until he growls in response. He pulls his head up from your neck to gaze down at you. His lips part and his eyes brim with the evidence of his beautiful soul, so torn by past rejection. But not tonight. And never again.

But before you can whisper your feelings for him, he interrupts with his own confession.

“I love you,” he whispers, his eyes widening as the words leave his lips. As if they’ve come from somewhere else, from a part of himself so rarely explored. The words resonate inside of your heart, pulling the air from your lungs, filling your veins with renewed purpose and longing.

“I love you too,” you answer, with a smile and released tears as you kiss him again. He leans into you, his chest pressed firmly against yours. His arms wrap around your back, mimicking your own against his spine.

“Are you going to cum for me, my Queen?” He whispers into your ear. And as if the words are enough to send you over the edge, you feel your pussy throbbing in response.

“Yes... yes! Loki! I’m gonna cum!” Your thighs grip tight around him as your release plummets through your body, pulling a scream from your shattered lungs.

He grunts and thrusts deeper, until you can feel your walls constrict around him, milking his cock inside of you. He kisses your neck as he moans softly, remaining buried within your pussy, where the warm evidence of his arousal resides. You are always amused by the contrast of his hot release to the rest of his frigid body. But you are thankful for it, as it seems to have successfully removed the chill from your bones. You lie like that for some time, in silence, listening to the sound of your breathing and his heart beating in time with yours.
After a moment, he settles down beside you, carefully pulling out of you, letting the aftermath of your lovemaking seep from your pleasured core. You turn to face him as he pulls you towards him, to rest against his chest. You let go of a breath you didn’t realize you’d been holding, lazily tracing circles around his chest with the tips of your fingers. He kisses the top of your head before stroking your hair affectionately.

“I didn’t think I was capable of loving someone,” he murmurs. “Not until this... not until I met you.”

“Neither did I...Nor did I realize you were such a hopeless romantic,” you tease with a wide grin, pinching him lightly above his pectoral muscle.

He snatches your hand away with a groan of displeasure, despite the smile that creeps up over his lips.

“Perhaps I am,” he purrs. “Or perhaps I am merely as cruel and heartless as they all claim me to be.”

He turns, pinning you down by your captured wrist to the borrowed bed. Your smile widens, laughter escaping from your lips as his fingers find the spots where you are the most sensitive, where his touch can so easily make you squirm.

“Perhaps I’m a glutton for all things forbidden,” he murmurs, as his fingers find and pinch down hard on your nipple. “For pain and for eroticism...”

You bite your lip, resisting, pulling your hand away from his loose grasp. You immediately reach up to hold his face, keeping his gaze steady upon you.

“Pain...” you repeat. “Is it truly the need to inflict pain on others that drives you?” You reach up to course your fingers through his hair, marveling at the way he leans into your touch so automatically.

“Others... no. Only you. I only desire to hear you scream. To hear you beg for mercy.” He turns to kiss the palm of your hand as you pull your touch away from his mane, resting your hand gently against his cheek. “But only so I can drown you in the sweetest pleasure afterward, to soothe the pain I inflict. I can promise you that, my Queen. Everyday. For the rest of our lives. Pleasure beyond measure.”

“Am I truly your queen?” you ask, your voice low.

He takes a strand of your hair, twirling it around his finger.

“Yes, you are. You are so many things to me... my sinful little pet, my cum thirsty whore, my divine and powerful queen....My everything,” he purrs happily. “Say it again. Tell me you’re mine.”

“I will... if you promise me one thing.”

“Anything.” He guides your fingertips up to his lips, kissing you softly, his breath cascading over the curve of your hand.

“I promise I won’t let anyone hurt you,” you begin, refusing to fall victim to the allure of his sweet nothings. “I’ll kill anyone who tries. Like those responsible for torturing your mind. But I have to know who they are so I can...”

“Drop it,” He snaps suddenly, a snarl escaping from his lips. “I told you I won’t speak of it.” His eyes narrow as he attempts to shift away, but you hold steady, pulling him back down.

“Why hide this from me? What’s the benefit of that?” you bark. “Don’t do this as some sort of valiant
attempt to protect me. I’m stronger than you know. I can handle myself. So don’t make me take the truth from you. Because you know I will if I must.”

“You’d betray me?” He growls. “Is that what you are admitting to?”

“That’s not what I’m saying...”

“You’d blatantly defy my wishes. What is that, if not betrayal?” His voice is a hiss between gritted teeth. “You’d tear open my mind in order to take what you want from me. Just like they did... just like...”

“Like who, Loki?” You push further. You reach your hands up, your fingertips pressing lightly against his forehead, sleek with residual perspiration. A small remaining tendril of your power dives into his mind causing him to react violently, grabbing your hand and shoving against your torso so that you are forced to lie atop your stomach. He presses his hand down firmly against the side of your face, keeping you locked to the bed. Locked beneath his control. He leans over you to breathe against your ear, causing a shiver to dance down your spine.

“Insolent, little whore,” he growls, his lips grazing your earlobe. Though, as aggressive as he is attempting to be in this given moment, you can still feel the way his lips curl into a mischievous, cruel grin. “Why can’t you just do as you’re told?”

“Why don’t you make me?” you answer defiantly, your voice muffled into the plush bedding beneath you.

His laughter fills your ear, his tongue tracing the curve of your neck.

“Oh, I do love you,” he purrs just before his hand makes harsh contact with your rear. A rough slap that sends you reeling, arching your back as you let out a gasp that quickly fades into a satisfied moan.

“Do you need another?” He purrs against your ear. “Or have you learned your lesson?” He rubs his hands in circles over your ass, your flesh throbbing and raw from his previous impact.

You nod, turning slightly to look at him. “I’ve learned my lesson...” you mumble, not truly meaning it. And as you stare into his eyes, you realize that within those rich emerald ores is a dark desire to harm, created from years of neglect and torment. In which pain was all he ever knew. But now there is another desire, balanced by an equal need. A need to cherish. To worship. To love.

He kneels down beside the bed, parting your legs enough to rest his head between them. He breathes you in, sighing as he absorbs your sinful aroma.

“I find it so hard to continue punishing you,” he says, blowing lightly into your dripping entrance, causing you to groan and shift. Though his hands wrap around your ankles, restricting you.

“Apparently, all I want to do is taste you, to drink the sweet wine of our mutual release and make you moan my name for hours...”

His tongue slides up your folds, gathering up both of your nectar, pooling between your entrance. And as he does, you happily comply to his desires, his name leaving your lips in a seductive moan. But just as he begins to give you what you need, sucking relentlessly on your swollen clit, someone comes bashing at the door. A thunderous voice screams from the other side.

“Stop fucking on my bed, you greasy weasel!”

Tony.
Your eyes widen as you turn and curl up into the splayed blankets, to cover your decency. Loki slowly rises, smirking down at you as he wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

“We will have to postpone my meal until later,” he hums. “Why don’t we properly greet our guests, my Queen?”

Chapter End Notes

I’m open to suggestions for AU pieces you guys are interested in seeing for this series! Let me know in the comments. Inspire me!
With the wave of his hand, you are clothed, decent. A long silk gown clings to every sweeping curve on your body, flushed from Loki’s previous caress. The ends of the skirt graze your ankles, still dangling over the edge of the bed. You reach up to gather the fabric between your fists as you make to stand, marveling at the permanence his magic has developed. A immutable presence that was given life through the influence of your power, still coursing through his veins. Power that was both borrowed and given.

Gazing forward, you note that he too is dressed by his own magic. But, rather regrettably, he has chosen traditional Asgardian war attire for himself. Leather and metal. As brutal as it is beautiful. You swallow hard, the sight enough to make your knees tremble beneath you once again. How weak you’ve become to his allure...

“Are you preparing for battle?” You ask, smiling to yourself. Your hand slides over the leather on his arm as you come to stand beside him. “Please, don’t do anything impulsively...”

In the corner of your eye, you catch your dual reflections set against the window panes. Matching colors, green and gold, and matching heavily lidded eyes, cast over with a lingering lust. Emphasized by the way Loki licks his lips of your residual sleek, still hanging on his tongue. The two of you could very well be mistaken for a royal couple, visiting for the chartering of a peace treaty with the Midgardians. Something you were very much accustomed to facilitating on the Vanaheim, in another life.

“Impulsively...,” he hums, before taking your hand and placing a rather princely kiss to your knuckles. Your eyes widen as you watch him. “There are many impulses I am fighting right now, pet...”


“You have twenty seconds before I tear this door down!”
Loki guides you with him towards the door, pulling your hips to rest flesh against his groin, still stiff with residual want. “You look ravishing in my colors, you know.” He plays ideally with the material on your thigh, hiking it up ever so slight, completely ignoring the threat on the other side of the door. “Though, I can’t decide how I prefer you...” He leans back against the locked entrance to the apartment. His eyes dance you up and down over your form, his thumb resting against the edge of his bottom lip. “Fashioned as my royal consort or bare and covered in my cum.”

A deep crimson crawls up over your cheeks. You give him a look of mixed lust and embarrassment, a look that he relishes, judging by the smile swept over his glistening lips.

“Definitely the latter.” His voice is a liquid seduction as he presses his back against the metal door.

“Loki...”

The violent knocking comes again, causing Loki to jolt away from the door in a burst of laughter.

“Our friends are rather impatient,” He jests, loudly.

“I could have had J.A.R.V.I.S. open this door minutes ago,” Tony shouts. “But I’m doing my best Mother Theresa by giving you the opportunity to stop screwing for five seconds and open the door like a damned civilized human being!”

“Human being?” He spats, as if it were the worst insult Tony could have given him.

“Loki, please...” You graze his shoulder.

“It’s alright, love,” he says softly. He turns to smile at you sweetly before he swings the door open behind him, spinning around to face your guests. A brilliant grin is swept over his lips in greeting. On the other side of the entrance stands Tony and Steve, who both lean inward immediately against the doorframe.

“Hello,” Loki sings, hints of mockery dancing over his tongue. “Welcome.”

Tony bolts forward, his iron fist wrapping around Loki’s throat as his own form of greeting, pulling him further back into the room by the hold of his neck. Though, Loki responds lightheartedly with a chuckle and that grin still plastered over his lips.

“Tony!” You shout, wishing you weren’t dressed so demure. Battle armor may have been the better option for you both.

“How much of this room needs to be sterilized?” Tony snaps, his arm illuminating with the threat of an energy pulse as he presses him in against the adjacent wall.

Loki’s eyes dazzle.

“Might be best to just burn the place down.”

Tony’s grip tightens and you hear Loki whine just a bit, enough to propel Steve into action.

“Let him go, Stark,” he orders. “We aren’t here to kill the man.” Your eyes dart toward the First Avengers, who smiles sadly in response.

“Well, isn’t that a relief,” you grunt, arms folded in front of your chest, still flushed from post-climatic release. You shift from one foot to the other uncomfortably as Loki’s cum continues to trail down your legs, hidden beneath the long gown. You cling tighter to your arms to steady your
breathing and watch as Tony slowly releases Loki from his grasp, lingering close enough to pounce if necessary.

You turn to look at Steve, who is nervously rubbing the back of his head.

“Hi,” he says with that classic good-ole boy smile that would make any girl fall in love. It simply makes you smile now, your heart already won by another.

“You tracked me,” you reply, matter-of-factly.


“Well isn’t that just a fun betrayal of the trust we’ve established...”

His hand comes down to rest upon you, the weight of his arm heavy atop your shoulder. “I did it to find you. To help you,” he reassures. “I knew you’d go with him, no matter where he was going. And I knew you’d help to make him the man he was in that previous life. The man you love so deeply. You know I’m not... I’m not the enemy. Not anymore.”

“I know you’re not.” You meet his gaze with a soft smile, resting your hand gently on top of his. His touch is a warm comfort that you had forgotten you needed. But as quickly as you relinquish to the kindness of Steve’s eyes, you hear Loki hiss in response behind you.

And already your eyes wander, he snarls into your mind. How quickly you’d forgotten about the tethered bond between your minds, tying you eternally together. So soon after you were filled by my cock...

You let out a sigh, your hand falling off Steve’s to hang lose at your side.

Are you jealous, my God?

Always.

You peer past Steve at Loki, whose eyes dazzle as they behold you so close to another man. Like a wolf snarling at another beast attempting to claim its mate.

I’ll kill him if he lays another hand on you.

Stop it.

”Thank you for this... for everything,” you say gently, turning your attention back to Steve. “I’ll never understand why it is you care about me so much.”

“Same reason he does.”

He tucks a stray hair behind your ear. From across the room, you can practically feel the heat of Loki’s reaction, of rage burning through his unnaturally cold skin as he charges forward. Tony shoves himself in front of the Asgardian prince like a metallic blockade, keeping him from moving any further with the hold of his arm.

“Hands off, soldier,” Loki growls, his voice like the chorus of a hundred wolves ready to pounce. Venom practically dripping from his exposed fangs. “Before you lose a limb.”

You and Steve exchange a knowing glance before he too lets his hand fall completely away from your exposed shoulder. You step forward, between the iron tycoon and your Liar God. You smooth your hand over his cheek, to soothe his jealous temper with a sweet smile. He jerks away with a
scowl in reaction but as soon as he meets your gaze, he relaxes. The destain in his face sliding away. Your eyes brim with a resounding love for him that calms the beast within.

“Loki,” you murmur softly. “I’m yours. You know I’m yours. Don’t you trust me at all?”

He lets out a sigh in defeat, taking your hand from his cheek to kiss your knuckles once again.

“Devilish woman...” he mutters, before smirking down at you. “Of course I trust you. I don’t know why... but I do. Fate is a cruel mistress to have brought you to me.”

“Cruel?”

“And so undeservingly wonderful...” he leans down enough that his lips linger over your own parted mouth. But before he can reward you with his kiss, his eyes dart back toward Steve with a glare. “This doesn’t mean I won’t keep my eye on you, mortal.”

“As you should,” Steve says with a wink, meant just for you. You gape with growing anxiety, your hands shaking against Loki. Steve quickly laughs in response. “I’m only joking. You have nothing to worry about. Truly.” He turns to look at you. “Did you tell him?”

You shake your head. “Not really but he... remembers some of it. Some of me.”

_I remember the best parts_, he answers to you alone. _I remember the way you used to laugh. I remember the taste of your lips, and the taste of your..._

His lips make contact with your neck and you release half a moan before biting your lip to stifle the rest. You smack your hands against his shoulders in an attempts to push him away.

“Can someone fill me in?” Tony snaps as you shove harder against Loki to prevent any further embarrassment. “I’m suddenly feeling like the fourth wheel in your weird ménage a trois. Does this have something to do with your... past with her, Cap?”

“Something like that,” he replies in a grunt, his face going three shades darker.

“We all have a past,” you say, clinging to Loki’s arm. “Even you, Tony.”

“I’m sorry, we have a what?” He barks, his suit sliding off in chunks to get more comfortable. “You come in here, claiming to want to help us but from what I’ve seen, all you seem to want to do is to get into that weasel’s pants.” He gestures crudely to the seething God to your right.

“Tony, she’s...” Steve starts in a harsh tone, but you hold up your hand to stop him, his lips locking shut immediately, much to Tony’s distain.

“No don’t hush him,” he shouts in response, before turning to the First Avenger. “And don’t you follow her lead like a spineless little puppy dog! What the fuck is going on? Who the hell are you?”

“I’m a friend,” you reply. “Tell me you don’t at least feel that... that you can trust me, Tony.”

He comes to stand in front of you, urging you away from Loki’s grasp, who lets out a growl in protest at the loss of your touch. You stand there in front of Tony, your eyes connected against the faint, fading light. The rich blue oceans of his kind irises reminding you of those many nights when you would awoken from nightmares of drowning. Screaming into the stillness of the midnight air of Stark Tower, before you chose to move out on your own. Before you were fully recovered. You’d run to the only comfort you’d known, only to find him half way to you already. He’d capture you in his arms and hush your fears. He’d stroke your hair while you cried and escort you back to your...
room, a glass of cool water ready and waiting to calm your nerves.

“You’re safe now,” he’d repeat over and over again. “I’m not going to let anyone hurt you.”

The faint recall of your death rings through your ears. You remember with startling clarity that Loki and Steve had not been alone in their screams of anguish. That another Avenger had died with you that night, for having lost his daughter. And now, in his eyes is that familiar protective nature. Surging through him without reason, without origin or explanation in this new, unexpected life. And it infuriates him.

“Veritas,” Tony says, blinking once as if to break from your trance. “Like the famed Goddess of Truth from mythology... and yet, you are a woman who dances around lies and mystery.”

“I don’t have to be such a mystery,” you say softly, reaching out to him. But your hand immediately tightens into a fist as soon as you are close enough, falling to your side. You wince, unsure of how to proceed, unable to bring yourself to do to him what you couldn’t manage to do with Loki. The one man you wanted to remember you. The one man you needed to.

You turn to look at Steve who returns your gaze with an apologetic smile. “I can’t...” you stutter. “I can’t do it...”

“Do what?” Tony asks, eyes wide. Confusion his mask.

“You don’t have to,” Steve answers with a sad smile. “Just tell him the truth.”

“Yes darling,” Loki says with a deep glare. His eyes betraying his words with the hint of pain, of an unspoken anguish for knowing less about you than Steve Rogers. When he loves you. When his heart is screaming at you that you have a past beyond fate or reason. One he can’t fully recall... but Steve can. “Tell him the truth.”

You open your mouth to speak when the building shakes beneath you, sending you fumbling forward into Tony’s awaiting arms. You grip onto his biceps and gaze up at him, wide eyed. He keeps you steady as he turns to the other two men, Loki still seething with an unnecessary jealousy.

“J.A.R.V.I.S., what was that?” Tony calls out.

“Abnormal energy readings are being detected on the roof, sir,” it responds.

“The Tesseract,” Steve says firmly with a glare.

You shift out of Tony’s hold, turning to gaze at Loki. His eyes are glazed over, as if those voices have returned, speaking to him in harsh whispers. Instructing him to commit acts beyond your comprehension.

“What are they saying?” You ask him, even while you try to break through his mind to decipher their commands for yourself. “Help us stop this, Loki. I know you don’t want to do this.”

You grasp onto his arm, your grip unrelenting, leaving a dent in his leathers.

“Loki,” you plead. “Look at me.”

As if your voice has finally broken him free of their continued torment and orders, his eyes shift toward you, dark and hallow. He blinks, just once.

“Selvig. He is attempting to open the portal,” he explains. His voice is course and broken, as if he’s
been screaming for hours. “But without the iridium, the Tesseract is completely unstable... it will decimate this entire city if he tries.”

You cradle his face in your hands and push your power into him, enough to rid him of that hopeless stare.

_You are stronger than this. You are not the man they would have you become. Don’t let them take control. Don’t let them._

He takes your hand, his fingers intertwined with yours.

_Stay with me. Stay with me and I won’t._

You lean in to kiss his cheek softly, just before he turns to look at the two men behind you.

“Lead the way, soldier,” he says sternly as he squeezes your hand. “Seems we have a world to save.”

The four of you run up toward the roof, the building sporadically shaking and sending you into the side of the staircase. But each time, Loki is at your side, keeping you steady. When you finally make it to the roof, you find Selvig, thrashing violently against Thor’s hold. Like a wild animal, foaming at the mouth.

“We must open the portal!” Selvig screams. “We must bring his army here!”

As you approach slowly, he turns, as if sensing the presence of his true master. His eyes alit with that unnatural blue glow that controls his heart. You swallow hard, realizing that Loki had intended to make you just the same. A mindless slave to his desires.

“This is all for you!” He screams at Loki with a maddening smile.

“It’s not for me,” he growls in response, his eyes narrowed and his hands held into tight fists. He approaches the Tesseract, by which Banner stands, attempting to dislodge it from the strange metallic mechanism Selvig has constructed around it. As soon as he nears it, he lets out agrunt in pain, holding tight to the side of his head.

“I won’t do it,” Loki whispers harshly as he stares down intensely, the glow of the Tesseract set against his pale skin. Set against the Aesir illusion he wears like a shield of armor. It reminds you of his true origins, the frost giant that lurks beneath his mask. The true appearance of the man you loved. The man you desired. And in his pained words, you know he isn’t speaking to you or anyone else in his physical proximity. His words are meant for another, for a voice screaming inside his head. A voice you can faintly hear against the ties that bind you to him.

And yet still, as he screams, he reaches down and yanks the Tesseract violently free from its metal bonds.

“Loki! No!” Thor screams, still clinging to the crazed Selvig.

But even with the Tesseract held in his grasp, his face detects no victory. Only pain and suffering. You cautiously step near him, reaching out. Your hand brushes over his shoulder, your touch the healing caress of a lover.

“Loki,” you whisper. “Loki...”

But you don’t need to say anymore. He turns to face you, his expression twisted between anger and
horror.

“I won’t do it!” He screams again, letting the Tesseract fall from his grasp.

Suddenly, he on his knees on the the ground, his hands clamped over his ears as if that voice were external. He screams into the night sky, a sound that plummets into your chest. Thor bolts forward, shouting his name again in anguish and fear but you stop him with the force of your hand, outstretched toward him. You fall to your knees before your God and burrow the tendrils of your power into his subconsciousness.

You can feel the tether between your mind and Loki’s go taut. A mental connection that might have originated when you gently cleared his mind of the chaos that reeked havoc amongst his thoughts. Or perhaps, it was always there, always the two of you against the tides of time. Like two souls sent adrift, always searching for the other.

You can hear him screaming at you across that bond to leave, to go away. But, against your better judgment, you chose to maneuver further, past the confines of his influence. There is another voice beckoning you forward, a voice that carries the weight of a life constructed from stolen strength and brutal intent. An intent to destroy. To equalize. And you know this is the being responsible for Loki’s torment, for tearing his mind into broken shards. Impossible to repair completely, though you would live the rest of your life working to heal him of his pain.

Who are you? You speak into the void, pushing further. Tell me.

Who are you, little one? The voice replies, deep and cruel.

I am Veritas. I am truth, you sing.

Veritas... It repeats. A beautiful name. A beautiful gift.

Who are you?

Thanos.

Your entire being goes stiff as the name resonates deep into your soul like the sharp edge of a dagger pressed through your ribs. You know that name. A part of your soul that was as ancient as the wind roaring around you knew that name. And feared it. Feared the promise of death it bestowed. But despite how numb you feel by horror and dread, you will not give up. You will fight for Loki with everything you are. With everything he made you.

You will not harm Loki any longer, you snarl.

Do you know what he meant to do with the Scepter I gifted him? Thanos pushes into your mind, hints of a cruel smile curled over his voice. What he meant to do with you?

I know what he is. I know who he is.

And nothing Thanos could say or do would change that.

He would have gladly raped you, he says despite your insistence. As he would have raped and killed half the Earth’s population. To rid the Earth of its poison. To let it flourish. That is what he was instructed to do. What he gladly accepted.

Lies. All lies.
Are they lies, little one? Should I tell you more of this man you claim to love?

You can feel the radiating force of his essence nearing you, nearing the ethereal extension of yourself, left vulnerable in the empty void of time and space, of subconscious being.

He would have gladly killed your mortals. He would have gladly killed you.

He wouldn’t. He won’t.

He will. If I ask nicely.

You wince as you feel a plummeting force weighing heavy upon your chest. A force so familiar it makes you cry out in anguish. It is marked so uniquely by the branding of Loki’s magic that there is no denying who is doing this to you. He is doing this. He is following Thanos’s order. He is killing you. But even with that acknowledgment, you can hear him crying, fighting against Thanos as he forces his hand. And you fight too, throwing every ounce of your power into the source of his voice, into the entire universe around you. Losing everything you are, releasing everything that made you a Goddess. Losing everything. The pain is excruciating, as if your soul has been split in half. But it is your one and only defense against the onslaught of pain that leaves you and Loki screaming, your minds torn apart. It’s as Loki held the frayed seam set against the fabric of your soul, unraveling it completely under the force of his hands. But just as you fear you may surrender to the pain seething through your veins, just as the last drop of your power leaves you for good, he releases you.

You feel your form crumple beneath Thanos, weak and discarded.

I admire you, Veritas, Thanos says calmly. I admire your gall.

You sigh in relief but his next words leave you breathless. They make your heart stop.

But he will die.

And against your bond, you can hear Loki screaming in agony. You can hear him dying.

No! You scream, thrashing against the bond, trying to reach him, but you are blocked by an unfathomable wall. And you have lost all of your ability to fight against it. To fight for him. You are completely useless. Please! Please kill me instead! Don’t hurt him, please!

You can hear Thanos’s soft laughter just before you feel him release Loki from his torment. Immediately, you tense. You blink slowly and a vision of the voice’s owner comes forward through the misted void. He stands before you. A titan of a man. A titan constructed from death and ruin.

Why would you wish death upon yourself? He asks, gazing down at you with placid disregard.

Because I love him, you say with conviction. And if you truly understood what love is, you’d know... you’d know why I’d die for him.

His face twists, before his hand comes down to cradle the top of your head. You think, for a moment, that he means to crush your skull. So you close your eyes, preparing for the end. But his hand falls, scooping under your chin and lifting your gaze to his.

You will not die today, he reassures with an odd sort of smile. But you will. In place of him. As you desire.

Your eyes widen but before you can speak, before you can think, you begin to free fall into oblivion. Wind rushes past you with nothing to hold to, nothing to grasp. Only a set of cold arms reach around
you, holding you close enough that you can feel the soft, comforting rhythm of a heartbeat echoing within your chest. The grip is firm, unrelenting, and yet trembling with a deep rooted fear. You return to your physical form with an uttered sigh. You feel weak, depleted in his gasp, as if you are practically mortal now. You blink and the world around you slowly comes back into clarity. And as you gaze up at him, at your savior, you see a stream of warm tears cascading down from Loki’s eyes.

“What did you do?” His voice waivers in a harsh whisper before he repeats his words again in a scream of agony, his fist gripped into your hair. “What did you do?!”

You reach up to caress his cheek, to wipe a stray tear away from his beautiful eyes, unperturbed by his violence against you.

“Please don’t,” you beg. “I can’t bare to see you in pain...”

He clutches your hand to his cheek, the hand on your skull loosening as his face falls into utter despair. “You are the cause of all my suffering,” he growls. “You insufferable woman... what did you do?”

You lean up and hush him with the gentle caress of a kiss against his quivering lips. He moans into your mouth, a sound of both pleasure and sadness.

“You don’t need to fear him. To fear Thanos,” you reply softly. “He can’t harm you anymore.”

Loki pulls away from you, gazing down at you with two narrowed eyes, like sharpened daggers.

“Why?” He snaps. “Why won’t he...” His grip tights around your arm. “Tell me you didn’t...Norns, please tell me you didn’t.”

“I traded my life for yours,” you confirm, unable to look at him, unable to meet the gaze of a man so enraged he could kill. Even the woman he loves. And just as you think that hand around your neck means to suffocate you, to punish you, his fingers burrow up into your hair at the base of your scalp, like a child would.

“Why would you do this?” He asks with eyes that well up with fresh tears. “How could my life possibly be worth more than yours? The Fates were wrong to bring us together. They were so wrong...”

“Were they?” You ask with wide eyes brimming with hurt. “I don’t know why the Fates brought you to me. But I am so glad they did.” You interlock your fingers with his, bringing the pair up to rest against your beating heart.

“I wasn’t... I wasn’t truly living before I met you.” You pause to caress his face tenderly, to wipe it clean of any residual tears that continue to fall against your hand. “And I know, without any sort of doubt, that I’d risk my life for yours a hundred times over just for one of these fleeting moments with you.”

“You’ve already given up everything for me,” he replies, closing his eyes as he leans his forehead heavy against yours. “I don’t deserve this. I don’t deserve you. I’m the reason for all of this. I’m... I’m the reason that plane crashed. The reason you almost drowned all those years ago and now again...”

Your eyes widen as he speaks. “Loki, What did you...”

“I remember,” he whispers against your lips. “I remember everything. Norns, you damned selfish woman... I remember.” His nails dig into the top of your hand. “And if you think for one second that
you are the only one who will lose the one they love, you are damned fool. If you die... if you die, I’ll...” His whole body shutters against you.

“It’s alright,” you reassure, placing soft kisses to his cheeks and jawline. “It’s alright...”

“It’s not alright!” He snaps, before his voice breaks into a whimper, his face falling down against your shoulder. He strokes your back, murmuring into your skin. “Was there ever a time when our love could have been simpler? Without pain? Without loss?”

“No,” you reply. You remember the words of your daughter as you stood before that open pathway of your chosen life.

*This life will not be an easy one. It will be hard, and frightening. Full of war and loss.*

You reach up to pull his face away from your shoulder, to stare intently at him as you recite the rest.

“But it will be full of an endless, untamable love. That I can promise you.”

His eyes widen as you speak, his emerald ores glistening with recognition. “Where did you hear that?”

“I made a choice. I shed my skin of that previous life and I chose this new one. A life in which I could finally be with you. Where we might have a chance, despite the promise of heartache, to be happy... to have a daughter we weren’t allowed in that discarded life...”

“A daughter,” Loki repeats. “Moira.”

Your mouth hangs open, unable to speak or comprehend what he is saying. But the name sings inside your heart, filling you with a joy you never realized you were missing.

“Moira,” you manage to repeat. “That will be her name, won’t it?”

He nods softly. “As often as I dreamt of you, while I was locked in that prison of forgetfulness, I dreamt of her as well. My two loves.” He kisses your cheek. “My lover and my future daughter. Both telling me to hold onto hope. That someday I’d remember everything. That you’d come back to me.”

“How can you remember? How can you...”

“Your power,” Tony answers. Behind the bulk of Loki’s body, you can see the male remnants of the Avengers approaching, cautiously. As if unsure of how to proceed. Of how to address you now. “You used all of your power to save him and in doing so, unlocked our memories as well in the aftershock.”

At their feet, is the unconscious body of Selvig, likely released from the Scepter’s control by this so-called aftershock. Your gaze lifts, your eyes dancing between Tony and Thor, fearful of how the Asgardian Prince might react to remembering everything from your past. Remembering how much he hated you in that past life, because of the death of his father.

But he comes forward, staring intently down at you. And before you can speak further, he is on his knees beside you. He rests one hand firmly on your shoulder, and then the other on his brother’s. The three of you forming a triangle. Three Asgardians so far from home.

“You look frightened,” he says softly to you, his blue eyes gentle and reassuring.
“How can I not be?” You mutter.

“We will need to bring the Tesseract with us to Asgard,” Thor replies, as if that were really what weighed heavy on your mind. “To keep it safe from this... Thanos.”

Loki turns to look at him, his eyes dancing over the planes of Thor’s face before he shakes his head, only slightly. “It won’t be safe there,” he mutters. “He’ll find it... he’ll find her.”

Thor squeezes his shoulder harder. And you are surprised to hear Loki softly sigh in reaction.

“We won’t let anything happen to her,” he reassures. “Not when all of us are here to protect her. As she protected you.”

He nods this time, though you know for certain he isn’t truly convinced. Not yet. He returns to your affection, nuzzling his head into the crook of your neck. You stroke his back tenderly, to soothe the ache of his heart. And perhaps your own.

“Lets go home,” Thor says after a moment of silence that, perhaps, does not last long enough for Loki’s liking.

“I am home,” Loki murmurs against your skin.

You reach up to cradle his face in your hands and pull him from the comfort of your shoulder once again. His eyes reveal a tinge of his true irises, stained crimson red.

“The end is inevitable,” you tell him. “But I won’t let that stop me. I won’t that stop us from living our life. When he comes, we will face him. Together.”

He leans in and kisses you deeply, a kiss through which he transfers all his pain into you. And through that mental connection that still stands, despite your weakened state, he speaks to you softly.

*I love you,* he says. *I love you.*

And you answer, knowing that whatever would come, you’d stand beside him. You’d fight for him. With him. And you’d die for him, as he would for you. His soul mate.

*I love you, Loki. Always.*

Chapter End Notes

No, this isn’t the end. Not yet. There’s a bit more to come :)

As a head up, I’m also working on two AU pieces based on some suggestions. As always, if you have a request, leave it in the comments below. Thanks for reading!
Happy Friday, lovelies! I apologize that these chapter updates aren’t coming as regularly as before. Work has been keeping me rather hung up lately and I want to assure I’m still delivering the quality content you’ve come to expect. I hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Loki’s POV

— 1 year later —

When he awakens, the warm streams of morning sunlight assault his fluttering, sleepy eyes. He groans and makes to cover his face with his arm but he cannot move it. He turns to find it held under the weight of a soft, supple body, curled up against the curve of his torso. A cheek, flushed and warm, is held against his skin, a stark contrast to his naturally cool flesh. He reaches out with his free hand to brush away the stray hair that is curled around your face, to freely gaze upon your sleeping form. But you react, if only slightly, moving against the guidance of his hand.

“Loki...” you murmur in a dream.

He strokes your bare back until you settle back down, nuzzling into the crook of his arm, your lips parted in your sleep. He stares up at the ceiling, the fan left on from the night before. When even he had become overheated by the passion of your fervent lovemaking. It spins round and round endlessly overhead to create a breeze that urges the cool sweat on his forehead to trickle down his cheek. His heart is racing, his head throbbing; remnants from a nightmare that still lingers in the far reaches of his conscious mind. He can still taste your blood, held on his lips as he kissed you one last time, his good bye to a vision that was both the past and the future.

In his sleep, death always came to claim its portion of your cruel, selfish bargain. And despite the spells he cast to rid his mind of its torment, every dream is the same: Thanos wraps his monstrous fist around your slender neck, until your face turns blue and your eyes bulge. And in every iteration of that nightmare, as many times as it is altered with new forms of torment, Loki is always hopeless to stop it. Unable to save you. Instead, he is forced to watch as you are taken from him, screaming until he can no longer speak. Thrashing and clawing at the hands that bind him. And when finally, you are dead, they throw him forward, toward your lifeless corpse, bleeding on the ground. He cradles your limp body, sobbing and urging you back to life with his magic. Magic as weak as a shimmering light, useless. And in those moments, he can recall the past. When his first reality was ripped from the fabric of time, as you died in his arms. And when at last, he blinked, the old world became a dream, and the new world a strange reality, in which he was younger, more naive.

Despite his inability to recall the past, your face haunted his subconscious mind, weak beneath the guise of slumber. You’d appear as a vision; a beautiful woman whispering promises of love and redemption, beckoning the lost prince home. When he’d reach out for you, you’d become a mirage set against the wind, his hand falling through you like misted rain. He’d call into the stillness, to which another voice would answer. Moira, she called herself. A being beyond time, an enigma, who told him where to go, what to do, and the right words to say when he got to the cross roads of destiny. A woman who, in his dreams, had instructed him to go to Stuttgart. Not for the iridium, but
for her. His soul mate. That woman who he dreamt of every night, crying. Dying. The woman who was waiting for him at the bottom of the museum staircase looking like a dream herself. Like a gift he did not deserve.

He stares down at you now, still peaceful, smiling softly in your sleep. You sacrificed everything to free him from the chains that bound him to Thanos. But in doing so, had unwillingly unleashed the floodgates of memory for every passerby within a ten mile radius of ground zero. No one had the heart to tell you how many had truly been affected that night. The number far more impressive than just the select few present on the roof, as they would have you believe. The truth was too much to bare. The burden too great. Especially for a Goddess who had lost the very essence that made her Aesir. A Goddess who had lost her own truth.

But Loki didn’t care about any of the others. His world revolved around you now. Your well being. Your life. Your warm breath caressing his skin.

And as much as he doesn’t want to wake you from your subconscious serenity, he needs you now. He needs the sound of your voice, the caress of your hand, the joy of your company. To know that you are alive. That you are safe in his arms. Having spent so many wasted days searching endlessly for you, without true course or reason. So he leans down and kisses your forehead gently, his lips trailing down to your own. He kisses you deeply until you stir and moan into consciousness.

Your eyelids flutter open, slowly focusing in on his sultry form leaning over your body. He is smiling down at you in your sleepy daze, to hide the sadness he feels deep within his soul. A feeling he has been unable to shake since he was restored on that rooftop in the middle of nightfall.

“Loki...” you murmur again, your eyes widening ever so slowly. “My Loki...”

“Hello, my love,” he hums, caressing your cheek. “Sleep well?”

Your lips slowly curve into a smile to rival his own as you reach your arms up toward his scalp.

“Always,” you answer in a sort of sigh as your fingers find the silken ends of his hair. He has grown it out much longer during the past year, knowing how much you enjoyed running your fingers through it’s length. You had played with it for hours during your recovery those first few weeks as you lay in bed, upon the instruction of Stark’s private doctor. You’d stayed in that same bed since the night on the rooftop, from which he carried you in his arms down into the guest wing of Stark Tower. He laid in bed with you, urging you to sleep. You had refused at first, gazing up at him and speaking the same phrase, over and over again in a soft whisper.

“Finally found you,” you’d said, your eyes locked to his, still strained by tears, no longer able to fall.

He did not speak a word, watching as your eyelids finally fell heavy and you surrendered to needed sleep. He lay with you, wide awake for hours, staring at that same spinning fan. Spinning round and round. Fearful that, at any moment, his bliss would be torn from his grasp. He was determined that he had to remain vigilant, least you fall prey to capture in your weakened state.

He only dared to wake you when his brother came knocking a day later, with promises of a feast. Stark had arranged it; a celebration that rivaled what the Midgardians called “Thanksgiving.” And as much as they tried to explain it to the Asgardians, Loki could not quite grasp what it was the mortals were thankful for, given that their history was painted by so much betrayal and bloodshed. Regardless, it was a true feast for a valiant victory. A nameless victory, as no one could say for certain who they had truly defeated that night: Loki’s demons or the unseen entity you named Thanos. A name they dare not speak lest you and Loki go stiff silent and retreat into desolate solitude.
Loki was rather shocked that the team had extended the invitation to the likes of him, given that they all remembered his colorful past by now, thanks to you. It was the first and only time they’d formally invited the dishonored prince into anything other than a jail cell. But it was as if by loving you, by loving each other, he had proven that he was no longer an enemy to any of them. Or at least, given them pause.

They’d studied him rather closely as he ate. And the meal was certainly drowned in an odd sort of ambience. But, Loki displayed little to no discomfort, smirking at each guest as their gazes met his across the grand table. And that grin only widened as you settled into his lap, in a manner that was rather uncouth. Stark even cleared his throat in response, muttering something about table manners. But you were lost in his gaze, twirling your fingers around the ends of his hair mindlessly as you slumped against his chest. You were still in a weakened state, every movement an effort, leaving you to display rather childish behavior without fear of repercussion. And a part of Loki reveled in the idea of nurturing you back to health, in being your sole source of comfort.

You needed to replenish, to strengthen yourself. And he insisted you eat to facilitate that, serving you small morsels of his meal into your open, awaiting mouth. He watched you with his own dreamy gaze, wondering why the Norns had brought you to him. You were still his Goddess, despite your insistence that you felt more mortal now than Aesir.

“Aren’t you hungry?” You murmured, whilst opening your mouth for another one of his offerings. He placed the forkful against your tongue, smiling as you chewed and swallowed obediently.

“Stop worrying about me, pet,” he replied. “You’re the one who needs to eat.”

“So do you... you pretend like I’m the only one who fought at all back then.”

“Hush, love. I’ll eat.”

Truthfully, he had lost his appetite. The thought of your trade still weighed heavy upon his heart. He’d tested your skill, insisting that you try to pry open his mind one evening in your recovery period. But instead, you chose to close your eyes and settle back into his arms with the murmur of a refusal. You were convinced you’d lost it all, every ounce of your power. Every spec of truth.

You didn’t seem very inclined to gain it back either.

He picked up his fork again, and upon lifting it, found that you had fallen asleep once more against his shoulder at the dinner table. He slowly attempted to stand, to take you back to bed. However, Thor laid his hand heavy upon his shoulder before he could move any further.

“Let me take her, brother,” he insisted. “Stay and eat. She was right, you know. You drained yourself as much as she did.”

At first, he hesitated, but as he stared up at his brother, seeing the kind resolve that clouded his otherwise bright blue eyes, he finally sighed in defeat. He shifted your sleeping form into Thor’s extended arms.

“Lock the door and don’t leave her side until I return to her,” he ordered as he watched him leave, his form disappearing around the bend. When he was finally gone, he set his eyes back upon his half empty plate, twirling his fork around the remnants of food he did not manage to feed you, nor eat himself.

“It’s strange, isn’t it?”
He turned his gaze up, finding Steve Rogers now seated across from him at the communal table.

“What is?” Loki asked with a glare. He swallowed hard. He hadn’t said a word to the First Avenger since their memories were restored. Returning with them everything of his former life, and even fragments only seen through your own eyes. Intimate moments with the blonde soldier, in which he’d come so close to having you. To winning your heart. The thought made the bile creep up into the back of his mouth, stinging his tongue.

“Having to live these days all over again,” Steve replied, his food also untouched in front of him. Mounds of mashed potatoes and turkey piled high, just for show. “Remembering everything that got us to that point in time when we first met her, and yet still...”

“Do you hate me?” Loki asked suddenly, bluntly, as he studied the blonde super soldier. He studied the way his throat bobbed up and down as he swallowed hard in reaction.

“No.” Steve shifted forward, his arms rested fully against the table. “I don’t hate you. Perhaps I did then, though. In that other life. But now... now I’m just relieved.”

“Relieved?” Loki’s eyes widened.

“She’s finally happy,” he explained. “I’m relieved for her. For all of us. Everything is as it should be.”

“Nothing is as it should be!” Loki snapped as his fist slammed down heavy against the table so violently that the fork rattled against the porcelain plate. The rest of the table guests turned, some even rose to their feet in defense. However, Steve was quick to dull their concerns with the wave of his hand and a muttered “Stand down.”

“He is going to come for her,” Loki continued in a deep growl when the air between them became too thick to breathe calmly. “He’ll stop at nothing until he kills her. And makes me watch.”

“You’re right,” Steve said, rising to his feet. He slowly stalked around the edge of the table to come and stand beside the Asgardian Prince. “He won’t stop. And neither will we.”

They stood, nose to nose, Steve’s shoulders square, tense. And all the room watched, a thick, palatable anxiety pulsing throughout the tight space of the private dining room. To which no one dared to remedy.

“Steve,” Natasha said sternly from the other end of the room, prepared for battle.

“What is it you want, Rogers?” Loki snarled. “Do you want her? Do you wish it had been you she’d chosen?”

“No, I don’t,” he admitted. “So, you can drop the act of jealousy now. The mask. You don’t need to put up a front anymore, Loki.”

“It’s not a...”

Steve’s hand was on his shoulder so swiftly then, before Loki could squirm away in protest. He gave him a firm but gentle sort of squeeze.

In another life, he might have cut that hand off. But in that moment, he simply stared at the tanned slab of flesh as if it had slightly scorched his skin upon contact. His disposition otherwise stoic.

“Let’s make a pact, you and I,” Steve offered after a moment of placid disregard, letting his hand fall
from his shoulder. “Whatever happens, whatever it comes down to, either you or I will take the fatal blow. Not her.”

He offered that same hand out to Loki, his eyes narrowed in anticipation. Loki, in turn, stared down at his empty hand tentatively until finally he reached out and gave his hand a small shake to solidify the agreement.

“You or I,” he said, the two men nodding in unison.

“How about you and I grab a beer sometime?” Steve laughed to ease the tension, releasing his hand. “Maybe then we can talk out this strange past of ours...once we are drunk enough to handle it.”

A smirk swept up over Loki’s lips.

“I wouldn’t advise that,” Loki laughed. “You wouldn’t want to let your guard down in front of me quite yet, soldier. That I can assure you.”

“Perhaps not yet. But soon I’m sure.” Steve smiled. “That girl has changed you. In the past, you would have stabbed me by now.”

“I still might.”

The two men pulled away as soon as Tony’s laughter filled the room behind them in a cruel, unrelenting roar.

“It’s the apocalypse, my friends!” He cheered as he raised his chilled glass of beer high into the air. He was already three glasses deep, his words slurred by intoxication. “Truly these are end times if Reindeer Games is getting along with Captain goody two-shoes.”

“Oh shut up, Stark,” Steve grunted before claiming a new seat beside Loki, who reluctantly sat back down beside his new, and rather unlikely, ally.

They both finally ate their well deserved meals, neither a word between them for the remainder of the evening. And it had remained that way for the past year, while you both resided in Stark Tower. Not a word spoken, only the occasionally glance and nod of acknowledge. Much more than could have been said for their past interactions. And Loki still hadn’t taken the soldier up on his offering of ale. Though, perhaps soon, he would...

“What’s wrong?” You ask, breaking him from the trance of forced recall. He shakes his head, returning to the present moment, now that you have fully embraced reluctant consciousness. You reach both your hands up to cradle either side of his face, forcing his gaze down upon you. “Loki,” you say sternly. “Is it the nightmares again?”

He presses his lips together, unable to lie to you, but unable to admit the truth either. In reaction to his silence, you sit up straight, pulling him up with you. You’ve spoken about his dreams before, concluding that there is nothing you could say or do to truly ease his mind completely. Fear, you said, would not have any place in your relationship. Not now. Not ever.

And yet still it remains. In his dreams.

“Well, I need a shower,” you mumble as an excuse, shifting away from him. “Or maybe a bath... I’m still sore from last night, thanks to you.”

You pull on his arm, urging him out of the comfort of the tousled linens, still reeking of your mutual sex. He grunts, despite the smile that has crept up over his lips in a skewed sort of triumph.
“I do believe you are equally to blame for that, kitten,” he argues, following your lead toward the washroom. You step into the glass shower, turning the water on, a hand held under the subsequent stream before you step out and close the door behind you. Awaiting the optimal temperature.

“Shall I remind you how eager you were to have me?” Loki purrs, pressing you in against that closed door, your breasts smooshed into the cold, sleek surface. “So desperate to take my cock in any tight hole you could fit me in. Those cries sounded an awful lot like pleasure, my naughty, naughty girl...” His words trail away as he leans over your back. He begins to softly kiss your neck, rewarded with stifled moans as you bite your lip hard. The expanse of your slender neck has already been claimed, covered by his symbolic marks of ownership. Clouded purple bruises, bleeding into a muddled red, raised from his rough caress, leaving your skin tender and raw. He smiles to himself with pride at the mess he’s made of you, knowing the others would soon see the very visible evidence of your love making.

You’re mine. Let them all see who fucks you. Let them all know who makes you cum, my pet.

He slides his hand between your thighs, parted enough for his fingers to brush up against your already wet mound. He glides his fingertips through your folds until you whimper with pleasure beneath him.

“I want to hear you scream as I pound into this sore pussy,” he groans, a finger pushing inside, pulling a deep moan from your parted lips, pressed into the glass. “Let’s wake up the whole building, pet. Let them all hear as I fuck you.” His lips curve into a mischievous smile against your neck.

But as soon as he shoves his finger fully inside of your dripping cunt, you shift away, leaning against the adjacent wall for support. Your breathing is heavy and labored.

“Does it hurt that terribly?” He asks in genuine concern, his cool hand resting against the small of your back. The power of lust sliding off of his shoulders like pebbled rain water. “Perhaps I got a bit carried away...”

You spin around, your face impossibly pale. And as he whispers your name, his hand reaching up for your cheek, you immediately jerk away from his touch. You fumble forward toward the toilet and hurl loudly into the porcelain. Loki wastes no time, darting toward you and falling to his knees behind you. He gathers your hair away from your face as you continue to empty your stomach in waves of gut wrenching agony. He doesn’t say a word as he strokes your back, letting you continue until you’ve reached completion, clinging to the rim with trembling hands.

“I’m sorry you had to see that...” you mutter, hardly able to look at him as you flush away the evidence. Your embarrassment is plainly written on your worn, sullen face.

“Do you feel better?” He asks gently, completely unperturbed as he leans in to wipe the sides of your mouth clean of the vomit still lingering on your lips.

You nod softly, but it isn’t enough to convince him.

“Can I get you anything?” He asks as he watches you cling to that small square of cotton. Your face is completely drained of color, your lips pale and chapped. You keep your gaze low, covering your nakedness with arms crossed over your chest.

“I... I just want to shower,” you stutter. “Can you help me up?”

He nods and positions his arm around you, gently assisting you to stand as you stumble back onto two feet. Once you reach the shower, it is pleasantly warm, just the way you like it. You stand
beneath the water, letting the comfort of its streams pour down over your head, tilting back to embrace the full impact of its descent. He watches you, studying every unique curve of your body wondering if you too dreamt of death. If that was the reason you woke in the early hours of the morning to retch, when you thought he was sound asleep. But he always heard you, he’d wake to the sound of it echoing off the bathroom tiles. But as he shifted to stand, he’d hear the sound of running water in the sink, signaling the end. You never spoke with him about it, and he was too hesitant to ask. A true coward. He hated himself for it.

You reach out for the loofah when he wraps his hand around your knuckles.

“No,” he whispers. “That’s my job.”

You nod and obediently lean both open palms against the back tiled wall as he takes special care to wash every inch of your body with the loofa. His hands expertly trace down your back, over the curve of your rear, and up between your parted thighs. He cups water in his hands and rinses you clean, with the patience of a saint. Once he starts to work on shampooing your hair, massaging the lather into your scalp, you finally dare to speak.

“There’s... there’s something we should talk about,” you mutter, turning slightly to gaze upon him behind your back.

“Hush, love. It can wait. Just relax,” he murmurs, sweetly, as he tugs lightly on your hair, urging you to tilt your head back for a proper rinse. Though, he is still curious. He can’t ignore that gnawing pain in the back of his skull, urging him to pry, to peel back the delicate layers of your mind.

The nightmares. Perhaps she meant to speak of them. Of the visions she sees that wake her up at night. That painful silence between us like an impenetrable wall.

“No, please,” you whimper. Your voice waivers as if you are on the verge of tears. “I need to tell you this.”

His hand hovers on your spine, at the ends of your long hair, silently giving you permission to divulge your demons.

“I wasn’t sure at first...” you start, your nails digging into the grooves between the small tiles in front of you. “I had to be absolutely certain before I said anything to you. I didn’t... I didn’t want to get your hopes up. Or mine.”

There is hesitation in your voice, a twisted sort of fear that makes his heart stall. He urges you around, your back pressed into the tile. You keep your head low, your gaze glued to the drain and the water spiraling around your feet. He scoops your chin up firmly between his fingers, his glare narrow and stern.

“Look at me,” he orders, his heart racing as he stares into your eyes, finally held to his own. He can feel that fear echoing within his chest but pushes it down below, willing it to silence. “Tell me what it is. Whatever it is, we can face it together.”

Your eyes dance between each one of his emerald ores. Afraid to speak, your mouth opening and closing like a grounded fish.

“Veritas...” he whispers harshly, leaning closer. “Tell me. Now.”

“I’m pregnant,” you say finally, your eyes dazzling with potential tears. His hand immediately releases from your chin, curving around the back of your neck. His mouth hangs ajar, as he sorts through your confession like a puzzle he can’t quite put together.
“You’re...pregnant...” he repeats. His hand reaches out to rest against the small, barely noticeable bump held to your lower stomach, indicating that growing spark of life inside of you. A life crafted by both your hands. “How long have you know?”

“A few weeks,” you stutter. As you blink, a trickle of tears dance down your face, lost amongst the spray, propelled off his arm from the shower head above. “I would have told you sooner but I... I...” You swallow hard, more tears releasing down your face in hot streams, your lips quivering. “I was afraid that if I lost our child again... if I lost Moira...”

He pulls you into his arms abruptly, holding you tight against his body, still slightly chilled despite the warm water pouring down his back. He kisses the top of your head and lets you cry into his chest. Let’s you release your fear out into the open. He can hear your muffled sobs as you reach your hands up to rest against his bare back.

“Don’t speak of those things,” he growls. “Don’t you ever speak of them.”

“But what if...”

“No. No what if’s, pet,” he scolds, pulling you away by your shoulders so he can gaze down lovingly upon you. “You are going to be wonderful,” he reassures, words that could very well be spoken to you or to the baby, with the way he is rubbing your stomach. “Absolutely wonderful. And our child will be beautiful, healthy and strong. Like her mother.”

“How can you be so sure?” You whisper against his skin.

“I can’t be sure of anything,” he answers. “But a woman once told me fear would have no place in our lives.” He places a kiss upon the top of your head.

After a moment of silence, of dissolving into the comfort of each other’s arms, your skin effectually pruned from the steady stream of the shower, you pull away.

“Are you happy?” You murmur, playing childishly with the small dark curls of hair left unshaven on his chest.

“Am I happy? Of course I am,” he purrs. “Do you know how long I’ve wanted this?” He stares down at you, his eyes dancing over your round breasts. “I think I’ve always wanted a child... always wanted to be a father. To do right what Odin... what my father never did for me. And to have something that is unequivocally mine. Something, no, someone no one could ever take away from me. My blood.”

His hands trace down over the curve of your firm breasts, your nipples perked at attention under the delicate graze of his fingertips. He bends low, his face level with your chest.

“I’m yours, Loki,” you argue in a soft moan as his mouth latches down over the erect bundle of nerves, his hand kneading into your other breast. “Aren’t I enough?” You ask, burying your fingers into the hair atop his head.

“You are mine,” he hums in agreement, smirking up at you, your nipple caught on his extended tongue. He kisses the curve beneath your breast, falling lower until he is resting on his knees. He keeps his gaze steady upon you, resting both his hands affectionately against your stomach as he continues.

“And this,” he begins, spreading his fingers wide across the expansive plane of your belly. “This is ours. I can only imagine what you will look like in these coming months, as your belly swells with the evidence of our love.”
He kisses your navel softly, his lips trailing lower. Your legs fall open obediently for him, giving him full access to your dripping sex as you thrust your hips up to meet his face. You moan with delight as his tongue slides up through your moist folds, cruelly avoiding your already swollen clit. You whine in protest. He peers up at you between your thighs, his breath a pleasurable caress upon your sex.

“Once you are large with child, there will be no denying who fucks you,” he groans, nibbling playful on your lower lips. “Who fills your warm cunt every night.”

Finally, his tongue finds your sensitive bud, swirling around whilst his fingers slide inside, two at a time. It leave you a trembling mess, clinging to his scalp, shoving him further, chasing a much needed release.

“Loki... I need... please,” You beg, grinding impatiently against his tongue and fingers.

“Need what, kitten?” He speaks into your mound, the vibrations alone nearly sending you over the edge. His free hand reaches around, gripping firmly to your ass to hold you in place. “You are so damn tight. Gotta stretch you out a bit. Get you ready.”

Another finger slides inside with a gasp from your lips.

“Fuck!” You blurt out, his fingertips finding just the right spot to make you collapse into oblivion. The kindle wood to light the flame, to set the whole world ablaze.

“You are squeezing my fingers so tight,” he gleams with growing satisfaction. “Tell me what you need. Do you need a hard cock in this tight pussy of yours? Do you need to be fucked?”

“Yes! Oh god, yes! Please, Loki, fuck me!” You practically scream, head thrown back as your orgasm ripples through your body, a fire bursting through your loins. Your legs tremble against him as he groans and licks your sensitive mound clean of your sleek.

“Not too sore for me?” He mocks as he raises off his knees. His lips curve into a cruel grin. His porcelain fangs shimmer against the artificial glow overhead.

“I don’t care,” you argue, your voice tired, breathy. You reach out for his already hard cock, wrapping your fingers around his girth, making him moan in defeat. “I don’t care if it hurts. I want you. I want your pain.”

You begin to stroke up and down over his length until he lets out a guttural groan, from deep with his throat. His eyes heavy with lust, a hunger that grows for you everyday. A hunger he fears will never be satiated. No matter how often he takes you. Day and night.

“The shower can wait,” he growls. He scoops down and pulls you up into his arms with a yelp. “I need to get you properly dirty first.”

He leaves the shower running, hardly caring about conservation as he walks back toward the bedroom. He lies you down upon the bed with the simple, whispered instruction “Lay on your side” as he disappears behind you.

You obey, horizontally positioning yourself across the bed with your knees slightly bent inward toward your chest. Your lips part slightly, releasing a gentle moan as you feel the tip of his cock line up at the ready in front of your anxious entrance. As much as Loki enjoys sex of the dominating nature, in which you woke the next morning feeling pleasantly brutalized by the aftermath, he is also weak to a gentle sort of lovemaking. Since he regained his memories, he has favored taking you in a way that allows both of your bodies to press close together, so that no space could dare break the bound between you.
He wraps his arms around your shoulders, his lips pressed against your neck, as he slowly thrusts inside. He fills you to the hilt, his balls slapping against your rear. You attempt to left your leg, to loosen the burden of the tight fit, but he forces your thighs closed.

“No,” he growls. “Legs together,” he barely manages to say through a fervent chorus of moans that pour from his sinful lips. He quickens his pace, enough to get you joining in the choir. A lewd wet sloshing sound pours from between your hips with each passionate movement forward. His hand snakes around to rub impatient circles into your clit, his palm resting against your groin.

“Wonder what your dear Captain will think when he finds out you are bearing my child,” he whispers, his lips curled against the edge of your ear. With a teasing lick, he adds, “Dirty whore, pumped full of my cum, impregnated by the devil. Just as you always wanted.”

“He won’t...” you are quieted by a moan as he presses down harder into your clit. “He won’t be jealous, if that’s what you’re hoping for...” You grind your ass back against him in retaliation.

“Perhaps I am hoping for any excuse to be an overprotective father,” he laughs. “To guard the mother of my child against the sinful, wandering eyes of other men. Who would gladly rape her with a single glance.”

“Only you look at me that way.” You turn to face him enough to kiss the smirk clean off his lips. He sighs against you, thrusting deeper, harder, until you are both moaning each other’s names to signal your impending release.

_Cum for me_, he whispers across your mental bound, still solid despite your loss. You happily oblige, just in time for him pull free from your cunt. He shoves his cock between your thighs and empties himself in a few long, hot spurts across your stomach and legs. Drenching you in his seed. You gaze down upon yourself, as he slides free to rest fully behind you, stroking your shoulders and back. Your skin glistens with the sleek of both your cum, shimmering like the nectar of the Gods. As you both slowly come down from your mutual high, your breathing steadying enough to speak, you break the silence.

“We should probably tell Thor at least. Since he is going to be an uncle.”

“The oaf... an Uncle,” Loki scoffs, though he hides a small smile behind your back as he pictures his brother spoiling your daughter, as he knew he would. “Yes I suppose we should.” He tightens his arms around you, refusing to move. “But for now, let this be our secret. Just you and I. At least for today.”

You nod in agreement before adding, “Yes, but Loki...”

He hums, nozzling affectionately into the crook of your neck. “What is it, my love?”

“Can we please shower? I think you got me properly dirty, like you wished for.”

His laughter fills the room as he scoops you back up into his arms and charges toward the shower, the water having likely gone cold from your neglect. Not that either of you would truly mind. You are warmed by another source of heat. One beyond a tangible sense.

One that is held between you. One that grows now inside your womb, eagerly awaiting her arrival.

Chapter End Notes
I am currently working on two AUs that I would like to wrap up in the next month or so. So keep a look out for those as well :) as always, I’m open to new suggestions for the future.
You woke the next morning with the renewed determination to announce to the team that a new member would soon be joining their ranks. A determination that overpowers the putrid anxiety that makes your stomach lurch up into your throat, threatening to dislodge itself across your bedroom floor. A habit you regretfully had acquired in the wake of your pregnancy. But they needed to know. They had every right to be part of this journey with you. Your family. And there was one person in particular you needed to face alone, without the overbearing presence of your lover at your backside, guiding every word that left your lips.

It was rare Loki slept in. So often you woke to the sight of him staring down at you, stroking your hair as if he’d been awake for hours, mesmerized by your sleeping form. But this morning, you woke to the still morning air, and nothing else. No whisper, no sultry gaze. So, you let him sleep, shifting out carefully from underneath his protective hold. His arm draped over your chest, like a cage made flesh. It was as if the epiphany of your pregnancy had given him true peace. Finally. A serenity he so rarely felt, his mind torn by inner demons you no longer had the privilege of relieving. No longer the woman you once were. No longer a Goddess. You felt only the faint glimmer of power pulsing through your fingertips, as if a cruel reminder of what you had. Of what you’d lost to Thanos. But perhaps, Loki’s nightmares had finally receded into the nothingness from which they came, giving him the much-needed rest he deserves after a year of torment. That, at least, was a relief.

You dress and sneak away toward the communal kitchen, where you know you’ll find Steve at this
ungodly hour, searching for a post-run snack. It was practically a ritual at this point, something you'd asked him about on a few occasions. He said it was a good way to work off stress. Perhaps you should consider establishing a similar habit. You smile to yourself, remembering how you'd once lied to Bucky that running was your reason for sneaking away from Stark Tower, when you were truly meaning to meet your Liar God under the cover of early dawn. Bucky... You'd hope your paths would cross again. You hoped for a lot of things with Buck.

You turn around the corner, blinking against the brilliant glow of the room, glistening off the pristine countertop and sleek white tiles. And low and behold, there he is, in all his brawny glory, leaning against the fridge door to peer inside its contents. He drums his fingers along the edge of the door, mindlessly.

“I could make you a smoothie,” you offer with a bright smile.

He lifts his gaze, his grin a mile wide as he meets your eye.

“Hey, you’re up early,” he notes, closing the door as he struts toward you. A smear of beaded perspiration glistens across his brow, a feature he quickly wipes clean with the towel he has swung over his shoulder. You note the way his sweat soaked shirt clings to his torso, accentuating his muscles with each deep inhale. You let your gaze fall to your feet, smiling to yourself.

“Figured I can’t stay in bed all day,” you reply finally. “So, is that a yes?”

He sits down on a bar stool behind the countertop, leaning in against the marble-slab surface.

“Please?” He says, always the perfect image of politeness. You lose yourself for a moment in his gaze.

Oh, those baby blues. They still make me weak to you, even now. You laugh lightly and turn toward the kitchen, gathering the needed ingredients to whip him up a suitable breakfast for a super solider.

“Do you want blueberries?”

“Sure, and maybe a banana or two?”

“My recipe. My rules.”

You smirk and reach into the fridge, your hand brushing over the plastic rim of the berry container when the aroma of leftovers washes over you. A putrid stench that pulls up a wave of nausea from the pit of your stomach, along with an audible gag. You clasp your hand over your mouth, but the reflex persists, causing you to double over in front of the open fridge. Steve bolts to his feet, hovering over you. His hand hangs mid-air just a few centimeters from your shoulder. As if he can’t quite bring himself to touch you, even while the gesture is meant only as a mere comfort. Your past still lingers over your heads like a permanent storm cloud. Weighing heavy upon the present. No matter how many times you both told each other it was okay. That this, the level of friendship you’d fostered, was okay. That it was enough.

“Are you okay?” He asks in a soft whisper.

“Fine,” you insist, grabbing the berries and shutting the door closed.

“Look, I...” He stammers, his hand finally falling down to rest against your shoulder. “You and I haven’t really talked since the incident. Since... even before then really.”

It was true that you had come to terms with the others, even Bruce who you had rarely interacted
with in your former life. But not Steve. You’d avoided the subject entirely.

“Well, I’m not sure what there is to talk about, Steve,” you say, perhaps a bit too harshly, judging by the way he jolts his hand away. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it like that...”

“Hey, it's okay,” he gives you a small smile, shoving his hand into his pocket. “Our relationship is... unique.” He laughs, and takes the packet of blueberries from you, his fingers brushing lightly against yours. “But it’s ours. And it’s stupid, and it’s complicated, and... weirdly wonderful.”

He sets the package down and holds your hand firmly, his fingers interlocking with your own. He stares down at the puzzle piece he’s created with a sigh. “I knew when I met you that you’d hold a special place in my heart,” he admits. “I just didn’t realize it would lead to something like this. Where I can look at you, knowing how dearly I love you, and how much you love me, and still let you go.”

*Love. Love is such a strange sensation, isn’t it? So often meant for lovers. So rarely reserved for friends.*

“Steve, I...I thought we agreed that we...”

“Don’t skew my words.” He rubs his thumbs over the palm of your hand. “I wouldn’t trade this for anything else.”

Your eyes widen ever so slightly. “Neither would I.” Your answer stuns even yourself.

You swallow hard, releasing his hand as you turn back toward your smoothie set up. Before your emotions get the better of you, leaving you a fumbling, crying mess in front of the righteous soldier.

“We talked, you know,” he says to your back. “Loki and I.”

“You... talked?” You drop a handful of berries into the blender. “Define ‘talked’.”

“There is a good guy underneath his cold facade, I know there is,” he replies, ignoring your question. “Otherwise you wouldn’t be in love with him.”

“Perhaps I am just a glutton for torture,” you jest, rewarded by Steve’s off cue laughter.

“That would explain a lot,” he mutters. “I uh...I’m not sure if the others ever told you this but when you restored our memories, you gave us a bit more than you bargained for, I think.”

Your finger hovers over the trigger on the blender, hesitating to drown out his confessional with the irritating blare of the blades working against the mixture of fruit and ice.

"Oh?"

“We all saw unique glimpses into your life. From your perspective,” he explains. “Tony says he saw what I did to you. How I left you tied up to keep you from Loki. Its one thing to be told... its another thing to actually see it. He didn’t talk to me for a few days after the rooftop because of that. Still hasn’t completely forgiven me either...”

“What did you see?” you ask in a soft whisper.

“I saw how he first came to you,” he answers. “Wearing my face as a mask to seduce you.”

You grip onto the edge of the counter to steady yourself, to prevent yourself from fully collapsing forward.
“How… how much did you see?”

“Enough to know that’s how it all started.”

You turn cautiously around to look at him, your back balanced against the marble counter.

“I used to wonder what things would have been like if it really had been you that night,” you confess, an unbearable heat rising up over your cheeks. “But you know what, Steve? I am glad it wasn’t.”

“I am too.”

His hand comes up towards you as his body presses nearer, so close you can smell his musky aroma, the lingering effects of a vigorous workout. Your breath hitches midway up your throat as you gaze up at him with wide, wondering eyes. But your fear is silenced as soon as heplayfully reaches behind you and triggers the blender on. The roar of the blades an unforgiving din. He pulls away, laughter playing around the corners of his mouth as he sulks back toward his high-top chair, to wait patiently for his liquid meal. You relax fully, letting your shoulders ease and your heart soothe. As you watch the concoction slowly turn into a homogenous hue, you wonder what Steve was to you. Was it possible to have two soul mates? Did a soul mate have to be someone to which you shared a sexual, romantic relationship with? Or could it be much simpler than that? Like two souls forged from the same material, a mirror’s reflection. He is your spring, as Loki is your winter. And you know you will always need them both. In much different capacities. And that’s enough. This is, in fact, enough.

You stop the blender and pour the mixture into a glass, ordained with a colored straw. He drinks it in earnest, stopping ever so often to sigh and compliment you for the kind gesture. You rub your hands together nervously as you watch him, suddenly remembering the true aim for your uncharacteristically early morning.

“Steve, listen, there is something you should know,” you start to say, your voice wavering with uneasiness. His lips purse around the end of the straw, staring up at you over the rim of the glass, the smoothie nearly consumed.

“You sound serious.”

“Well, this is serious, actually. I’m… I mean, we’re…”

“You’re pregnant,” he says bluntly, taking a final sip of the beverage, an empty hissing reverberating against the bottom of the glass as he reaches completion.

Your mouth hangs open as you stare at him, dumbfounded. “How… How did you know?”

His eyes widen, threatening to pop right out from his skull, as he sets the glass down hard against the counter with a clank.

“Shi-…” He bites his tongue, never one for profanity. “I was right?” He comes toward you, a blur of muscle and mass before his arms encase around you, nearly crushing your ribs by the sheer force of his affection. “My god, you’re pregnant? Really?” You are shocked by the pure, unadulterated joy you can hear within his voice. Your arms lay limp at your sides, unable to move as he tightens his hold even further. He rests his cheek against yours, his lips near touching the curve of your ear as he whispers, “You are going to make such a wonderful mother. I am so proud of you.” The blush that stains your cheeks must be the shade of a crisp autumn apple, you decide, as you finally manage to squirm away enough to return the embrace.
“Thank you, Steve,” you murmur, resting your head comfortably against his shoulder, breathing him in.

“Do you know the gender yet?” he asks, shifting away enough to look at you. “I’ll be honest, I don’t really know much about this. Is it too soon to know that?”

You laugh lightly. “It is too soon but… we know it’s a girl.”

“A girl,” he repeats in a sort of hum. “How did Loki take the news?”

“He is remarkably thrilled, actually,” you say with a bright smile. “He talks to her when he thinks I am sleeping.”

“Does he?” Steve’s eyes go wide with astonishment. “Plans for world domination?”

“No, you ass.” You wrinkle your nose at him. “Asgardian lullabies actually….”

“Wow,” Steve stutters, eyes wide. “I mean, I am surprised but… thankful. It will be interesting to see him as a father.”

“I have to admit that’s what I look forward to the most.” Your blush deepens as you gaze down longingly at your stomach. Your pregnancy still an invisible truth hidden beneath your still taut abdomen. “Actually, Steve, there is something I wanted to ask of you.”

“Anything.”

“On Asgard, it isn’t exactly customary to do something like this but… I often wonder if I was ever truly from that world, or if I was always of Midgard,” you begin with a faint smile, glinting in the corner of your eyes before you turn up to meet his pondering stare. “Would you be her Godfather?”

His blue eyes glisten as he gazes down upon you, a mixture of emotions flashing through those sapphire ores. He reaches up to cup the side of your face within his palm, smiling as a sheen of tears finally masks that brilliant hue, hidden beneath a set of fluttering pale, blonde lashes.

“I would… I would be honored.” He kisses your cheek softly, his lips lingering there. A reminder of what could have been. But perhaps, what never should have been. You turn your head, your lips hovering nearer, your breath mingling mid-air before you are brave enough to bridge the gap. You kiss him, lightly. A chaste, innocent caress. Enough to tell him that truly, you still love him. That you always would. In this way. In a way that was uniquely yours, just as he said.

He smiles against your lips and pulls away.

“Have you told anyone else?”

You shake your head.

“Not even Thor?”

“Shit,” you mutter. “We meant to tell him first but I… You were more important to me, honestly.”

Steve backs away. “If he finds out you told me before him…” he laughs, running his fingers through his hair, still greased with sweat. “I’ll play the victim.”

You playfully slap his arm. “Jerk,” you tease. “Fine, let me go wake Loki so we can break the news.”
You push past him toward the door, before Steve catches you by the arm, pulling you back momentarily to place a kiss atop the crown of your head.

“Thank you for telling me,” he whispers. “First, that is.”

You nod and shift away, smiling as you leave to find your would-be brother-in-law, left in the daze of Steve’s unwarranted affection. You are lucky Loki had been sleeping, his jealousy a thing of legend. And as much as you could exclaim to him that Steve was, and never would be, a threat to him, it would never be enough. Especially if he were to witness these small, tender moments between the two of you. You brush your fingertips over your lips, realizing that had been the first kiss between you and Steve that truly meant something. A kiss between friends.

As you venture further through Stark Tower, past communal spaces, living quarters and research facilities, you can’t quite shake the feeling that you are being watched. It isn’t an unusual sensation, giving that the ever present J.A.R.V.I.S. held its eye around every corner. However, the chill that spreads up your spine reminds you of something otherworldly, as if you are being followed, a shadow hanging tight beneath your heels. You spin around, ready to face a potential intruder, but find only the empty corridor, void of life.

When you arrive back upon your living quarters, you find it empty, the bed made, the shower glistening with a sheen of wetness, freshly used, but void of its former occupant. The forced solitude has you feeling unusually light headed, but you refuse to lie down. You trudge onward, back out of the room. He must have woken, and gone looking for you, you decide. You hold your head, pressing your thumb and forefinger across the bridge of your nose. That sense of dread is only getting heavier and heavier upon your shoulders as you continue onward. You rest the palm of your hand against the wall, to balance your weight as you stop to catch your breath. And there, in the corner of your eye, is a lingering presence. It appears as a shimmering haze, a figure watching your every move like the phantom of death. It pulsates with the seething aura of darkness.

And you know instantly who is haunting you.

“I am not ready to fulfill our bargain”, you growl, still hunched over. A wave of nausea returns, the bitterness of bile hanging on your tongue.

*Neither am I*, he answers into your mind. He lingers just within the edge of your peripherals, like a mirage that would vanish upon the threat of being fully realized.

“Then why are you here?” you snap. Your hand folds into a solid fist against the stone wall. *Why? Don’t you want to see me?*

“No!” you scream. “And I… I can’t.” You strain your eyes to the right, as far as they can reach without forcing you to turn around. But still, he remains as an illusion. A dark haze against the artificial light of the hallway.

*I can’t see you either. Just a glimmer*, he confesses with a tinge of annoyance sharp against his invisible tongue. *Why?*

“I don’t know why,” you snarl beneath clenched teeth. “Leave me.”

*It’s as if there is this… barrier around you. I can’t see you. I can’t… touch you.* You flinch as you sense his hand reaching out before it recoils back into the blurred edges of your vision.

“Go away!” You scream falling to your knees, your hands held over your ears in an attempt to drown out his voice. Just as you remember Loki once doing under the force of his influence.
“Veritas?”

You blink away tears as you turn your gaze up toward the end of the hallway. The hazy vision of Thanos has been replaced by Loki, who stands as a vision of pure, darkened fear and aggression. He is dressed in a Midgardian suit, a matching black tie hung round his neck. But before you can remark on his choice of attire, to distract yourself from the dread that controls your every movement, he charges toward you. Each step is fueled with stern purpose, an icy, unrelenting chill radiating off his core and thundering out into the surrounding area. He pulls you to your feet, capturing your face in his hands once he is near enough.

“What’s wrong?” he questions, his emeralds ablaze with a fire ready to consume any enemy who dare harm you. “I wake this morning and you were gone. Gone.”

His other hand finds your neck, gripping hard. And at first, you think it’s a means to keep you steady, until you feel the full power of his rage pulsing into his fingertips and coursing down into your spine.

“I didn’t want to wake you.” You are shaking, a tremor that seems to reverberate deep within your soul, like a crack running through the solid foundation of your very essence.

“Don’t you ever do that again,” he snarls, his grip relentlessly cruel, straining your breath even further. “Don’t you fucking dare. Do you understand me?”

Your eyes go impossibly wide as you study him above you. “You can’t control what I do,” you snap, struggling against his grasp. “I’m not your property, Loki. I’m not a doll for you to play with and lock up in that room forever.”

His hand releases suddenly, smoothing down the back of your neck.

“You know it’s not like that,” he replies in a harsh whisper, pulling you into his arms so that your ear is pressed firmly into his chest, his arms wrapped protectively around you. “Listen. See what you do to me.”

And there, within the cage of his curved bones, beneath the taut muscle and veins, coursing with enraged blood, was a heart racing beyond measure. Like a frightened doe. So unlike the true wolf of a man that lurked beneath his guise of flesh and bone. The Jotun beast he hid from the world.

Tears well in your eyes.

“Loki…”

“I just… you were gone. And I thought… I thought he could have…”

He. Thanos. That’s why his anger had grown so suddenly, seemingly without cause. It was his fear that Thanos had come to claim you that created a monster from the wreckage that remained of his soul.

“I saw him,” you stutter, biting your bottom lip to stop it from quivering so incessantly. “I saw Thanos.”

He pulls away, barricading you in behind him so swiftly that you knock back into the wall. His daggers materialize in his outstretched hands.

“Where?” he snarls. “Where is he?”
You reach out, gently caressing your hand down the side of his arm, tense beneath your touch.

“Gone,” you reassure. “He isn’t here anymore… though, I’m not sure he ever was.”

“What do you mean?”

“It was as if he was just a… remnant. Like a shade cast against glass. And he…he said he couldn’t see me either.”

The daggers vanish, though you are sure their existence still lingers just beneath his grasp, ready to reemerge without any given notice. You keep a considerable distance, just in case.

“Couldn’t see you,” he mutters to himself. Perhaps to ponder how that could be possible.

“A barrier,” you add. “He said there was a barrier around me.”

He turns to study you, his eyes glimmering with a soft emerald glow as he wields a meager sort of magic, to evaluate you. To dissect you as you stood there in front of him. You stumble backward the second you feel the familiar pulse of his power soothing over your skin. But he quickly shakes his head, the shimmer fading.

“This is never going to be over, is it?” you ask, a question for which you didn’t truly expect an answer.

“We will find a way,” he says, though his words sound unconvincing. As if he hardly believes them himself.

“Have you eaten?” A change of subject. But you comply to answer, regardless, shaking your head.

“Let me cook for you,” he offers, to which you unintentionally respond with a bellow of laughter, muffled beneath the expanse of your hand clutched over your mouth. Perhaps, a bit too late. His eyes narrow in a stern glare, his teeth grinding together.

“You? Cook?” You stammer, resisting the urge for further mockery. His pride clearly already wounded enough.

“Fine. Starve,” he grunts.

You reach up, pulling his face toward yours to capture his lips with your own. You move them gentle together, sighing as you feel him relax against your sweet caress.

“I’d love for you to cook for me,” you whisper into his mouth, licking his bottom lip seductively, your tongue lingering. “It seems I can’t survive on your cum alone.”

“No?” His lips curl up into a pleased smirk. “I’m sure we could test that theory…”

He pressed into you, enough that you can feel his harden length firmly against your thigh.

“Later,” you coo, your finger held to his lips. “First, real sustenance. Please.”

His hand snakes around your waist. “What are you craving?”

“Pancakes,” you answer without hesitation. “And peanut butter, and bacon, and a chocolate milkshake.”

“I can’t make all of that,” he answers with a disgruntled glare.
“I know someone who can,” you say with a bright smile, leading him back toward the kitchen where you are sure a certain super soldier would be waiting.

Chapter End Notes

Let me be sort of disgustingly gag-worthy for a split second. A real life event inspired the scene between Veritas and Loki, in which he finds her just after her encounter with Thanos. I was making up the bed in our guest room, a fortress of pillows and blankets piled high between the bed and the dresser, a small space through which to walk by. Like the thoughtless klutz that I am, I stepped into the pile in an attempt to maneuver around to the other side of the bed. My foot caught in the bellowing fabric and I fell, face down onto the floor with a loud yelp. My husband comes running, and I mean RUNNING, from where he is two rooms down the hall. He is staring down at me with this look of pure fear, asking me over and over again if I’m okay, saying he thought I broke my leg the way I screamed. Before, I know it, he has me scooped me up into his arms, pressing me firmly into his chest and he says “See what you do to me,” his heart racing. So as much as I gush, and crush, and ogle over our Liar God, at the end of the day, it’s my husband that’s my true inspiration. My Steve Rogers.
Thank you everyone who participated in the poll! I won't reveal officially what pairing won but you'll find out soon enough :) I also appreciate everyone's kind words about my husband haha He is actually part of the reason I haven't been able to work on these stories as much as I'd like to ;) But I guess I can't complain about that.

“I’m not playing a damn kitchen wench with your toy soldier,” Loki hisses at you through gritted teeth. You had quickly dropped the suggestion for matching aprons the minute you entered the kitchen. Loki’s violent revulsion toward the idea of cooking alongside Steve was indication enough that this suggestion was borderline torture for the God of Mischief. However, rather wickedly, the idea still hung on the edge of your tongue like a sinful sort of joke. As if you truly desired the subsequent punishment he would surely deliver for such a cruel suggestion. You bite your lip as the thought crosses your mind: bent over his lap, his hand delivering slap after slap against your bare ass.

“Humor me,” you beg.

“I’m not doing it,” Loki says firmly, standing with his back resting against the hard exterior of the refrigerator. “No matter how much you bat your eyelashes at me, pet.”

“Please,” you whine, batting your eyelashes at him defiantly from your position behind the counter. “He is an expert at flipping pancakes and besides, this way you can get to know one another.”
“I don’t want to know anything more about him than I already know,” he snarls.

“Well, like it or not, you will be seeing a lot of each other in the future. Might as well start trying to at least tolerate each other now.” Your smile is so brilliantly devilish, he would have otherwise hummed in approval. But not now, not when you are tormenting him with domesticity. With Steve Rogers, no less. With the man you both knew would always serve as a rift between you. The man that would always stand as a physical reminder that your heart did not always belong to the God of Mischief alone. Never mind that Loki would now and forever be your mate. Now did not matter. The past always lingered. The past always hung around him like an encompassing shadow, threatening to shallow him whole. Just as the threat of Thanos never left your minds.

Your gaze locks onto Steve and you can tell that even the First Avenger seems rather skeptical about the idea of forged friendship. However, he shows less resistance to please you, not one to suffer from an inflated ego. He had told you just earlier that morning that the two men had ‘talked’. But to what extent had that conversation divulged? Judging by the way they regarded each other now, it was hard to believe any sort of truce had been reached.

“It’s fine,” Steve says with a sigh, spatula in hand as he turns the stovetop on in preparation. “Sit down. I’ll make you both something.”

“Like hell you will,” Loki snarls, jerking forward. He snatches the cooking utensil from his grasp. “I won’t be bested by the likes of you, mortal…Now, what exactly is a pancake?”

You stifle laughter under your clutched fist, your eyes watering.

“You’re making pancakes?”

You turn your head toward the door. Natasha hangs against the side of the entryway, Clint fast on her heels. They are both fresh from an early morning training session, most likely. Judging by their matching sweats and blushed complexions. Clint’s eyes catch sight of Loki and immediately, he attempts to backtrack. However, Natasha is quick to catch him by the collar of his shirt and drag him into the room with her. Even now, even after so much time has passed, he has made very little effort to hide his contempt toward the Asgardian Prince. The man who wreaked havoc over his mind with his gifted scepter, now locked away in the custody of S.H.I.E.L.D. But could anyone truly blame him? Could you?

“Yes, they are,” you answer with a small smile, patting the empty high-top chair beside you at the countertop. “Right, boys?”

Natasha nestles in beside you while Clint positions himself hurdled over the backing of her chair. He leans over her shoulder to pluck a grape clean off its steam from the fruit bowl on the countertop, eying Loki with blatant judgment.

“I am not a boy,” Loki hisses, his whole body shaking with a renewed sense of annoyance, and to you alone he speaks. I am a God. Your God, he hisses across your bound. And I will gladly remind you of that fact right here in front of all your friends if you don’t behave yourself.

Oh, is that so? You pluck a grape for yourself, holding the morsel between your teeth.

I’ll spread you out wide on this damned countertop and take your cunt for my breakfast if you continue to act like a defiant little brat.

You cough, almost choking on the spherical fruit. You gaze up at Loki whose eyes are heavy with lust, dark with the promise of punishment. You lick your lips clean of the juice threatening to dribble
down your chin, crossing and uncrossing your legs to provide some needed pressure to your throbbing core. You attempt to concoct a hefty rebuttal, with the desire to watch him squirm in defeat. However, all thoughts are throttled as Loki speaks aloud, turning his attention away from you.

“How are you, Barton?”

Clint’s eyes narrow, his hands immediately forming into fists against the countertop. “Fine.”

“Seems you’ve been avoiding me.”

“With good reason.”

“Oh, come on now. I thought we were friends. We got along, didn’t we?”

“Friends? You thought we were… friends?” Clint spatters, eyes widening briefly before narrowing in stern resentment. “We got along because you took control of my fucking mind, you psychotic piece of…” Clint’s fists are shaking now, enough for Natasha to have to rest her hand reassuringly over his white knuckles. To soothe his rage.

“Clint,” she whispers as if in warning.

“Loki is working toward becoming a better man,” you speak up, turning both of their heads toward you.

“Is that so?” Clint’s resentment is held onto you entirely now. “And how can you be so sure?”

“I’ve seen it,” you say, eyes held forward toward your lover, standing with his head slightly turned toward you in the kitchen. “I know who he is. More than you’ll ever know.”

His mouth opens, but any response is silenced as Thor comes barreling into the room.

“Is there any hot coffee?” he asks, almost exasperated. His caffeine addiction had become a thing of legend around the Tower. You shuffle into the kitchen and pour him a mug full, smiling as you eye the logo printed on your chosen cup. It is from the coffee shop you once visited with Steve before your fated trip to Norway. The shop had recently gained a bit of notoriety, thanks to your frequent visits with the Avengers’ most elite coffee connoisseurs, namely Thor. The God of Thunder now grumbles a sort of thank you as he takes your offering, before downing the entire mugful in a single gulp.

“What is this?” Loki snarls, standing stiff straight. “A goddamn feeding ground for the swine of Stark Tower?”

Thor claps his hand on Loki’s shoulder in greeting. He peers around him at the early remnants of breakfast sizzling in the pan. “Cooking for us, brother?”

Thor had returned to Asgard promptly after the rooftop incident, securing the Tesseract in the Weapon’s Vault. You and Loki had chosen to stay on Midgard, for a time that slowly turned from weeks, to months, to a year. It was not that you never anticipated returning to Asgard, but the more you settled into Stark Tower, the more sterile that palace began to feel. Less like home. And Loki’s lingering resentment toward his adoptive parents still hung heavy over his shoulders. He would need time, as you would, before stepping foot back in Asgard. Especially now that you felt as much of an outsider there as any other mortal. Thor, on the other hand, had little reason to stay on Midgard. You and Loki had both expected him to stay in Asgard for the foreseeable future, to assume the throne as his father wished. But he had returned within a week’s time, claiming he was taking a liking to
Midgard. While Loki blamed it on his “mortal quim”, you knew he had other reasons. Reasons neither of the two men would ever admit to: The rekindling of friendship lost in the flames of betrayal and pride. But now, they were slowly restoring what had been torn and tattered, through mild resistance and denial.

The smell of melted butter makes you sigh, and you turn your attention to Steve who has, with uncharacteristic impatience, begun the task of preparing the meal. A meal for a larger group than originally intended. His hand is clutched around a bag of chocolate chips. He raises an inquisitive eyebrow in your direction, as if to ask for your permission. You nod enthusiastically, your eyes alit with pure childish delight. Loki follows your gaze and slumps back against the side of the refrigerator with an audible sigh.

*If I knew such a meager offering would win over your heart, perhaps I could have saved the time and effort of wooing you.*

*You call fucking me ‘wooing me’? Such an old-fashioned gentleman, you are.*

A smirk wraps up over his cool lips. *At your service.*

He snatches the mixing bowl from the counter and stares skeptically into the bowl of sludge that Steve has concocted, the flesh tone batter pulling a look of disgust over his otherwise smug complexion. His upper lip curls up as he grunts, “This looks vile.”

“Oh, come on,” Steve says with a kind smile. He flicks the handle of the frying pan, the pancake within expertly flipping onto its other side for an even cook. “You are going to have to be doing a lot more detestable things in about nine months.”

The minute the words leave his lips, he knows he has made a terrible mistake. “I didn’t mean…”

Loki’s eyes go impossibly wide, his face drained of all blood. “I beg your pardon…what did you just say?” he snaps.

Steve bites his tongue, turning his attention back onto the set of bubbling pancakes that are already threatening to burn atop the small frying pan. Loki eyes erupt with Jotunn rage, boiling over his once pristine emerald ores like a consuming crimson tide. He pins you in against the refrigerator, his hand held beside your head. You swallow, hard, and bite your lip as you gaze up at him.

*You told him?* His voice comes through as a scream across your mind. You physically wince but attempt to keep your expression void, unaffected. You dash a glance toward Steve who remains stoic in front of his assumed position as Chef, the perfect image of ignorance. He had told you he would play the victim, and he played it a little too well.

*Yes, I told him*, you snarl back. *He has a right to know. I asked him to be her Godfather.*

“Her Godfather?” Loki breaks free from your mental wards, his rage inconsolable, leaking out into the physical, tangible world. “What…Is this some sort of mortal betrayal? To let another man play the role of God and father? Godfather… what a cruel, twisted word. I will not stand by and let this has-been soldier be father figure to any children of mine!”

You hear Steve swallow as he forces down a response you are sure must have been dancing over his tongue. You watch as the rock in his throat bobs up and down, hesitant to reply. But he doesn’t need to. And neither do you.

“Children?” Thor’s voice comes from behind Loki, causing a deepening hue of embarrassment to plummet into your cheeks. You blink as he pushes his brother aside, who grunts with mild
discomfort at having been treated as a mere physical obstacle. Thor’s arms are immediately around you, encased around your shoulders. “Am I to be an uncle?” He asks. The smile in his voice leaves you breathless. “Is this… are you…”?

You blink in shock, reaching your hands up to pat his back. Your relationship with Thor had slowly begun to mend since the rooftop incident, but small outbursts of progress still uneased you.

*Now you’ve done it,* you growl to Loki. “Yes, I’m pregnant,” you confess with a weak smile. Natasha and Clint are impossibly silent behind Thor, though any noise would have been drowned out by Thor’s own vocal happiness, plummeting up from the depths of his chest. He pulls you away from the refrigerator with a yelp as he proceeds to spin you around in circles, held continuously in the bulk of his arms.

“I’m going to be an uncle!” He shouts excitedly, his words littered with laughter, a chorus you happily join in with a wide grin swept over your lips. Your feet brush against the floor as he continues to twirl you around in endless circles. “A little baby Asgardian! A little prince or princess!”

“Stop! I’m going to puke!” You protest through giggles.

He halts the makeshift merry-go-round almost immediately. He carries you toward the dining table, setting you down gently. “Better?”

“Better,” you reply with a smile, your hand held to his shoulder for support as the room continues to spin despite the end of his merriment. You can feel Loki’s presence behind you like a cool shadow wrapped around your back. Thor leaves your side, and as you turn, you find he is unexpectedly hugging his brother. Loki’s face is torn by shock and refusal, his arms held defiantly at his sides and his eyes impossibly wide, but once again, they have returned to their pure green brilliance. You aren’t sure if they’ve ever hugged before, judging from Loki’s expression. Perhaps this moment is far overdue.

“Brother,” Thor hums. “This is truly wonderful news. I can’t… I’m just… Mother will be so thrilled.”

Loki’s face goes a few shades darker, his expression fading from defiance to one of defeat. He lifts a hand to gingerly pat Thor’s back, just as you had, to ease the awkward tension. “Mother will…,” Loki starts to say before closing his eyes tightly. “Mother will love her. She’ll love them both.”

“We should plan a trip home soon so you can see her,” Thor suggests, turning around as he slowly releases Loki from his arms. You are amazed at how Loki almost instantly leans forward from the loss of the unusual embrace. He blinks and clears his throat, brushing his hands over his shirt to feign annoyance. But when your eyes meet in the stillness of the dining room, his façade breaks completely. It shatters to pieces that slide off his form in chunks, settling like discarded dust before your feet. He reaches out for your hands purely on instinct, needing your warmth to fill the cool chill of his flesh. You smile, lifting his hand so that it rests against your jawline, his fingers brushing up against your parted lips.

“Your mask,” you mumble, kissing the tips of his fingers. “It’s fading fast, my love.”

Eventually, the meal is ready to be served. The group gathers around the table, eagerly licking their lips at the sight of the feast Steve has, singlehandedly, prepared. A stack of pancakes is piled high before you, beside layers of crispy bacon, and a healthy heaping of fruit for toppings. You immediately grab three small disks, loaded with rich, melting chocolate chips unable to wait any longer as your stomach grumbles loudly to signify your base need for food. You eagerly drown the pancakes in a hearty serving of maple syrup. Loki is positioned beside you, his knee brushing up against yours beneath the heavy tablecloth as he watches you unapologetically scarf down your first
bite. You moan in pure culinary delight as the morsel hits your taste buds, the craving effectively satisfied.

“Oh fuck, Steve... these are amazing,” you hum in appreciation. Your eyes practically roll back into your skull. “Thank you for this.”


“And you are so welcome.” His smile catches the light of day, streaming in from behind his spot across from you at the table.

Loki’s hand pushes up your knee, shoving the material of your dress up and out of the way impatiently. He brushes his fingers across the expanse of your newly exposed skin, hot beneath his touch. He tilts your face towards him with the firm guidance of his fingers held beneath your chin. You stare at him, unable to blink.

“So messy,” he purrs before leaning forward to lick a spec of chocolate off the corner of your lips. You finally blink up at him, watching as his gaze drifts across the table toward Steve with an aura of a presented challenge. But Steve merely chuckles softly, silencing any attempted comment with a forkful of food to his lips. His eyes catch yours momentarily, his head cocked to the side, an eyebrow raised in intrigue as if to say, “Father of your child.” You blush and laugh lightly, pushing against Loki with mild, muttered protest, commenting on his indecent table manners.

“Table manners…” he murmur in a soft, barely audible whisper. “I can show you table manners, if that’s what you desire, pet.” He gives you a sideways glance as he cuts a small portion of a pancake for himself, plopping the sweet treat upon his awaiting tongue. His eyes widen, pulsing with unadulterated pleasure. But he quickly swallows, the expression dissipating as soon as it appears. The depth of his pride would never allow for a compliment to be given to the First Avenger. Even while it is so very much deserved. So, he remains silent instead, continuing to eat beside you. And just when you think you are finally in the clear, his voice plummets through your mind in the form of cruel, sweet seduction.

I still need to punish you, love, he purrs. Shall I do it right here? Right across from him? Do you think he’d mind? He’s seen far worse from us.

Loki, you hiss. Stop torturing, Steve. Your petty behavior has gone on long enough.

I am not petty, he snarls. I just know what I want. I know what’s mine. And I will gladly take it, without fear of the consequences.

His hand pushes up your thigh forcing you to stifle a subsequent gasp as the tips of his fingers brush up against the lining of your panties, just at the apex of your thighs.

So wet already, he practically growls. And I’ve hardly touched you. Does the thought alone excite you?

Stop it. I want to eat my breakfast in peace.

Aggravated, he pulls the material of your panties away, shoving a finger inside your hot sex. You grip the edge of the table, bucking forward against his touch.

Then keep eating your breakfast, pet. And stay quiet for me. Wouldn’t want them to suspect anything, now would we?
You’re such an asshole.

That’s not very nice, pet. Such a dirty mouth for such a pretty thing.

You shoot him an accusatory side glance before picking your fork back up in an attempt to resume normalcy. The buttery morsel is posed just against your extended tongue as a groan of pleasure escapes from your lips, his thumb finding your clit and giving you the pressure you so desire. The table occupants turn to stare at you inquisitively.

“It’s just really good,” you lie, something you found much easier to do now that you’d lost your gift. “Pregnancy cravings, you know? They make everything taste one hundred times better. So ridiculous…”

Loki chuckles beside you before biting into another forkful of syrup smothered pancake. Careful, kitten. That was a close one.

Shut up.

He begins to move, thrusting his finger in and out of you with unrelenting passion, while feigning disinterest in his pancakes above the table, taking more painfully slow bites. You grip to the edge of your chair, shifting uncomfortably back and forth as your need escalates, your arousal dripping down between your thighs. You fight the urge to grind against his fingers to find completion so lewdly at the dining table. Your knees buckle together.

Dirty girl. He licks his lips cleans of a sticky sheen of syrup. You love this, don’t you? Love to be on display like this… Spread your legs for me, sweet girl.

And without hesitation, you comply. The cool air of the kitchen breezes past his chilled fingers, sending a shiver right through your core. You gaze up away from your plate, thankful that Natasha and Clint are seemingly distracted on the other side of the table, huddled close together over their plates of breakfast. And Steve is trying to engage Thor in conversation, though the God of Thunder seems more interested in trying every strange topping Steve has laid out, as if trying to gage the true depth of your cravings.

“So, Rogers,” Loki says loudly beside you, his fingers refusing to stall. Fear creeps up your spine like the licking flames of destruction, clawing through your veins, mingling with the pulsating power of pleasure so equally as torrid. “The Righteous Godfather of my unborn child… How lucky you are to have been honored with just a glorious assignment. You must be thrilled.” You blink, your legs slamming closed as you straighten in your seat, suddenly so painfully aware of your surroundings as Steve’s eyes shift between you and Loki.

“I’m sure I am undeserving,” Steve answers. “But yes, I am actually thrilled. I doubt I’ll have any children of my own so I will treat your daughter as if she were my own.”

“Daughter?” Thor stutters, his mouthful of mashed pancake bits. “I am to have a niece?”

But you ignore him, starring across at Steve. “Don’t say that,” you manage to vocalize, biting the inside of your mouth. You clear your throat, ignoring the pleasure coursing through your loins. “I’m sure you’ll have your own children someday.”

At first, he doesn’t respond, but his face pales and his eyes fall heavy upon the table. And in his silence, you could swear he must hear it, the sounds of your desire, sloshing back and forth against Loki’s fingers. And notice the wanton look on your face, your lips parted as you try, desperately, not to pant with each thrust.
“Twice,” Steve says suddenly. “Twice I found love. Once was not exactly what I was looking for.”
His eyes meet yours and you swear they dazzle.

“And the second?” You prompt, shoving your hand down hard against Loki’s, in an attempt to halt his assault against your sex. And strangely, he complies. With an animalistic snarl no less. “What was the second time?”

“Peggy,” he says. “Her name was Peggy.”
You remember Steve telling you about her once, long ago, but only briefly in vague generalizations. He spoke of her in soft tones, as if trapped in the reverie of the past. Time, you knew, was a villainous device that had held the lock and key to every misfortune that had befallen his life. Time had kept him trapped as an outsider, a relic lost in the wrong decade. But mostly, time had deprived him of the opportunity to love her. To love anyone. To be with someone the way he so desired. Fate couldn’t be so cruel, you decided. It couldn’t be so unfair to reward you so unjustly and yet, leave Steve alone in this world. Without a love he so desperately deserved.

“I lost any chance I ever had,” he continues. “Love isn’t meant for me. It just isn’t.” He meets your gaze, your eyes wide and glistening with the threat of tears. “It’s okay. Stop. Don't look at me like that, please… I’m okay.”
Your grip on Loki’s hand tightens as you fight a wave of guilt plummeting through your chest.

“This life has begun again,” Loki says suddenly in a low grumble. His hand slides away to squeeze your thigh gently. Not in a way to be desirable or tempting, but as a means of thoughtful affection. His gaze meets yours briefly before he turns his eyes upon Steve. “It has given each of us a chance to start again. You shouldn’t waste that opportunity. You shouldn’t stand by and rot in self-pity. I can’t stand such pathetic behavior. It makes me sick.”
The two men stare at each other across the table, an indecipherable energy pulsing between them and slicing through the air like solid daggers. Though, there is no animosity in their gaze. Perhaps, a sort of understanding.

“You know I hate when you’re right,” Steve says finally with a soft chuckle. “It’s humiliating.”

“Good.” Loki smirks. “That should be your default state. Humiliation.”

“And what’s yours? Pompous arrogance?”
Your eyes widen and you prepare to soothe a rage you know will soon consume your lover. However, to your utter surprise, he merely laughs, his eyes a soothing evergreen set against the dark rim of his lashes, staring down upon the small remnants of pancakes before him.

“No, it’s something else entirely,” Loki replies. “Too heinous for the likes of you.”

“But not for me?” You mumble. Gaze low as you cross your legs, unsatisfied. Your sleek paints the insides of your thighs as your core continues to throb, demanding his returned affection. You readjust your skirt with a frown plastered across yours lips when a single thought plummets into your mind, taking your breath away.

Patience, my love. I’m not through with you yet.

He rises his hand to brush across the expanse of your forehead. “My dear, you are positively clammy. Are you feeling alright?” He asks with perfectly constructed concern. But as you raise an eyebrow in question, he continues. “Perhaps you should go lie down for a bit.”
Finally, catching on, you nod softly. “Yes, I am actually a bit nauseous,” you lie again. “I might have overdone it on the pancakes. They were just too good to put down.”

He takes you by the hand and shuffles you toward the door, without so much as an uttered goodbye to the group, left dumbfounded behind you. However, you turn to look at Steve, wanting to say something, anything to ease the pain you feel pulsating from the tear in his heart. A pain you’ve had a hand in inflicting. This isn’t right. You don’t deserve this. But all you manage to say is “Thank you,” before Loki pulls you from the room. The waves of your regret, a deep penetrating melancholy leaves your expression void as you charge down the hall. You can still feel Loki’s desire fighting for dominance over your other emotions. Sensing your resistance, he stops, pinning you in against the hallway.

“Stop,” he snarls. “Stop letting that man’s life influence you so much.”

“I ruined his life, Loki,” you say in a soft sob, letting a stray tear escape from your lashes. “He deserves so much more. And I… we…”

Loki captures your face in his hands, kissing you deeply before you can continue further. You are lost momentarily in the bliss of his caress, sighing against his lips once he finally pulls away.

“Your happiness is what matters,” he says, his voice deep, stern. “He will find his way. But if you continue to let the lives of others hold prominence over your own… you’ll never truly be happy.”

“Is that what you did?” you ask softly, eyes low. “Did you only ever think of yourself?”

“No,” he whispers against your lips. His eyes narrow. “Everything I did… I did to find my way to you. Every horror I’ve committed was out of survival. Just to see the sun rising over the horizon, to herald a new day. To continue to follow your voice… to come home.” His head falls heavy against the crook of neck and you reach up to stroke his hair affectionately. His lips rest against your skin. You guide your other hand lower, between his legs and cup his sex gently.

“I waited so long for you,” you murmur, stroking him up and down through the fabric of his trousers. He moans softly against your throat. “My whole life… I think I was always waiting.”

He captures your lips in a fervent kiss, one full of those pent-up longings from years of neglect and separation. A kiss to erase the past that had kept you apart, to cleanse him of the crimes he’d committed. The lies, the deceit. Leaving only love in its wake. You moan into his mouth, thrusting your body hard against him before he pulls you further down the hallway, desperate in his need to have you, to fulfill his promise. The passion pulsing between you is enough that you cannot resist your desire long enough to make it back toward your living quarters. Impatiently, Loki pulls you toward a communal gathering space, equipped with a long lounge, the perfect spot for your midmorning tryst. However, it would seem it is already preoccupied with a group of young S.H.I.E.L.D. interns, seeking refuge from their demanding overseers. They are hunched over cups of coffee, laid out on the table before them, laughing lightheartedly and chatting loudly.

“Young, you think, so young.”

“Get out!” Loki screams, his face a mask of unadulterated rage fueled by his burning passion. The young interns lift their heads from the midst of their conversation and with wide, fearful eyes, scurry from the room like frightened mice faced with a tiger. They push past you, blissfully ignorant of the hand Loki has held to your bare ass, exposed from beneath your skirt. He rubs circles into your flesh as they leave. Your eyes dance toward the lounge in anticipation and you attempt to pull him toward it. However, he is impatient, barely closing the door as he pulls you up against the wall. He hikes one leg up, wrapping it around his waist to keep you steady. With one solid pull, your panties are torn away. He rips your dress open at the bosom, allowing your breasts to bounce free for him to knead
aggressively.

“Loki,” you moan, hands at the back of his neck. “Please… need you… inside,” you manage to say through heated breath.

He reaches down between your bodies, pressed so firmly together, to unfasten the clothing restricting your lovemaking. The trousers slide down just barely below his bum, enough for his cock to spring free. He lifts your thigh, gripping it firmly. And with one firm thrust, he fills you. Each movement has your back slamming into the wall and a scream erupting from your lips. You are on the tips of your heels to reach him, straining your calf muscles. You are panting, desperate, overwhelmed by the feeling of being so utterly complete. Your lips slide across his open mouth as you breathe into each other, not kissing but merely wanting the added touch, the intimacy. You shove your fingers through his hair until he purrs against you.

“Fuck,” he mutters and you feel your walls constrict around him, throbbing with impending release. “You’re going to make me cum. Can’t… Can’t hold on…”

“Don’t,” you order, pulling his hair. “Cum for me.”

He grunts before kissing your deeply, capturing your face in his large hands. His tongue is pressed against yours when he moans your name in defeat and empties himself inside of you, just as you go plummeting into the abyss of your own climax. You echo his own name into his mouth. He gives you a few more firm thrusts, pushing his cum deep inside of you before he slows to a stop. He holds you there against the wall as you both come down from your high, hearts racing. You can feel his cum dripping down your thigh as he pulls free from your sex. A trail of evidence left behind on your thigh.

Your breathing settles but your heart remains an incoherent drum, pounding against the restraint of your ribcage. Your core echoes its rhythm, throbbing with residual desire and the evidence of use. He guides your legs down, your back rested against the wall for support as he helps to readjust your dress, mending the broken bits with magic. But there is not an ounce of haste or urgency in his movements. He will take all day if he likes, examining the aftermath of his destruction. You gaze at him with lust-filled eyes when finally, he leans down and kisses your forehead gently, his lips lingering.

“Let’s have more after Moira,” he murmurs softly. His fingers brush up over your perked breast now clothed beneath the cotton dress. “More daughters. Sons, even. A whole litter of offspring to call our own. An army. Wouldn’t that be truly wonderful?”

You smile, reaching your arm up around his neck, stroking the curve of his ear. One hand smooths down your belly, resting there. “Perhaps,” you say. “But one step at a time, my King. We don’t even have this little one yet. We have the rest of our lives to grow our family.”

Your words trail away as you study his expression. How it had once been so bright with promise only to fade into a deep darkness, his eyes heavy with pain, cast down upon your feet.

“The rest of our lives,” he repeats in a low whisper. “Will we though? Will we have eternity together? Will we even have another year?”

You reach out to lift his chin to meet your gaze but his eyes refuse to move any higher than the floorboards. “Yes, of course we will. Why are you…”

“We don’t have any idea when Thanos will come for you,” he growls. “We are sitting here like lambs awaiting the slaughter.” He slaps your hand away and sulks toward the lounge, falling heavy
against it. He rests his head in his hands, knees spread wide. You’ve had this conversation almost every day for the past year. And at this point, you are both on the verge of breaking beyond repair. If Steve is a rift between you, Thanos is a cavern, one that could not be crossed without one of you falling into the abyss and never returning. You don’t know the words to make it right, and neither does he. You step away from the wall, silent as you watch him, his eyes hallow and glazed over. As if he were somewhere else. As if the passion he’d lost himself in with you just a moment ago has already been forgotten.

“Loki, I…” You swallow down the thought and close your eyes, clutching your hands into fists at your side. You accept your frustration, built from months of not truly acknowledging the inevitability of facing Thanos again. You let it consume all remnants of your post-climatic high; the endorphin rush replaced by pure anger.

“You know, what? You are so fucking unbelievable!” You shout. Your whole body begins to tremble, your legs still weak. “Is it so hard to just be happy as we are? To just… live?”

“Yes! It is!” He screams at you, bolting up from the couch to return to your side. He stands before you, a considerable space between you but his shadow suffocating you. “Because if I lose you, I won’t live. I swear I won’t.” You can feel the cold chill of his anguish penetrate the air around you both. A turbulent winter erupting from within him. An extension of his rage.

You stare at him in complete disbelief. Your eyes are wide and blurred with tears.

“You’d… You’d leave Moira alone?” you stutter. “You’d abandon our daughter?”

Finally, his expression softens by a wave of horror, his eyes large with shock. “Norns, no! That’s not what I’m saying…”

“You just said you’d kill yourself!” You scream. “You dare call Steve pathetic when you are a selfish bastard!” You strike him with as much strength as you can muster. And when your hand leaves his cheek, a trail of red left behind upon his skin, your fingers are trembling uncontrollably, forcing you to hold your other hand over the quivering knuckles.

You run from the room, not looking back, not daring to. Your tears stream down your face and you could swear the small glimmer of life within you cries along with you. You can sense the plummeting waves of an echoed emotion filling your lungs and leaving you breathless. And you know that you’ve run out of options. That you could no longer go on pretending as if death did not await you like an impatient mistress. You knew you had to find a way. You had to find Thanos before he found you.
Wow. It's been a month (literally). Work's been pulling most of my creative juices and marriage has been wonderfully distracting in all the best ways. This chapter was quite the labor of love over several weeks of rewriting and working through a writer's block. I knew how I wanted this story to wrap up but I was struggling to get there. But I am quite pleased with the result and I hope you are too. This might be my longest chapter too but I didn't want to break it in two.

As always, thanks for sticking around, for reading and commenting. Please enjoy! (Warning: This chapter should have been titled "All the Feels")

By the way, the very lovely user Yeoshinah made the most beautiful moodboards for this story which literally made me cry when I saw them. I still can't get over them. These, along with some amazing music, broke my writer's block. So thank you!

Moodboards

Songs I listened to while writing this chapter:
Night Sky by CHVRCHES
begin again by Purity Ring
Gloria by the Midnight

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Image Inspiration (High Rise)

Loki's POV

Loki laid in bed for what felt like an eternity, staring forward toward the doorway of your shared bedroom. Waiting. His mind had become an internal typhoon, swirling with self-deprecation and regret as he relived his last few words to you. As if they might hold the answer to his madness. As if he could rationalize a reality in which he wasn’t a monster for making things worse. For making you believe he would abandon your child through suicide. He and the Solider had come to an agreement, one he was gradually readying himself to fulfill. And with each passing second of laying in the
stillness of your room, he was coming closer to accepting that the pendulum of fate would swing against his favor. And those words you had screamed at him in anguish would become reality, but not in a way you had not anticipated. But rather, in self-sacrifice. For as long as Thanos posed a threat, lingering at the edge of existence, he wouldn’t be able to find his happiness. And neither would you. Your happiness meant more to him than his own and he’d do anything to assure you survived the threat of this would-be God. That you and your child would live a life he could only dream of.

And as he pulls the ends of his hair in frustration, fighting the sting in his eyes, he locks his gaze toward the shut door. Perhaps you would arrive at any moment and give him the gift of forgiveness at least. How he craved your sweet, soothing words, and your gentle, nurturing caress against his skin. But the unfathomable bound between you had grown silent, still as death as you closed off your mind to his presence. Besides, forgiveness was no longer an option for a man like him.

Without another moment’s hesitation, he sits up, agitated, and leaves the room in a hurry. He isn’t entirely sure what he means to do or say but he has run out of all other options. He has truly become a desperate man on the brink of collapse. There is only one person left on this godforsaken planet who would be willing to assist him down his path toward ruin. He finds his room and bangs on the door a few times, impatiently. He shoves his fingers back through his hair, already growing much longer, unkept from his neglect over the past year. He leans against the doorframe as he mutters to himself, reality finally sinking in. This is ridiculous. What will he be able to do that I can’t? The pathetic mortal... What am I doing here?

The door opens moments later and the blonde, brawn Avenger stands on the other side. His eyes are wide in disbelief, his mouth opening to speak.

“Don’t say a word,” Loki snaps. He pushes his way inside the room, shoving past Steve’s bodily blockade.

“Well, hello Loki,” Steve says with a hint of laughter. “Won’t you come in?”

“I don’t have time for your mockery,” Loki growls. “I am done being an easy target, waiting around like our hands are tied, just anticipating the inevitable.”

Steve shuts the door carefully and turns to face his unexpected guest. “What are you talking about, Loki?”

“You know damn well what I speak of,” he mutters. “Thanos. I mean to find him and kill him myself.”

Steve leans against the closed door, arms crossed over his chest. He narrows his gaze upon the Asgardian prince, regarding him with a slow, thorough glance. “And how do you plan on doing that?” he questions after a moment of contemplation and quite unexpectedly, his voice does not portray any hint of surprise over Loki’s tentative plans. But rather a odd sort of understanding. As if the thought had been plaguing his mind as well.

“He found a way into my mind before,” Loki responds. “I am sure there are still remnants of that connection left beyond that I can use as a tether to find him.”

“You do understand that in doing this, you will put your own life a great risk. There is a strong possibly that you could…”

“That’s the point, isn’t it?” He stares forward, his eyes empty like two hollow pits. His soul lost somewhere beyond the room around them. “It’s a risk I am willing to take.”
“Well, it’s not one that I am willing to!” Steve’s fist slams into the door. The wooden panel splinters into the force of the impact. “You know as well as I do that Veritas made a grave sacrifice just to save your life. To assure you both could have a happy life together. And you want to throw that all away now?”

“Of course I don’t! But do I have any other choice?”

“Yes! Let me do this. Let me do this for her.”

A predatory growl escapes from deep within Loki’s throat. “I know we agreed that that would be an option,” he begins, staring down at his clenched fist where his emotions have peeled back the delicate Aesir façade form his flesh. A blue tinge peers through around his dark fingernails. He takes a deep breath, willing the illusion to re-stabilize. “But if she knew I let you die for her… for us… I don’t think she would ever forgive me.”

“She’d have the rest of her immortal life to learn to forgive you.”

“No. My mind is made up.” Loki turns away from Steve, a rage boiling in the pit of his stomach, ready to take aim at any willing and available victim. “That’s all I care about… that she lives. That our child lives. My life… my life is disposable.”

“Not to her it’s not.” Steve’s comes nearer, cautiously. He falls against the edge of the couch, positioned between them. His back faces the Asgardian male.

“Do you remember that night I brought you into S.H.I.E.L.D.?“ He asks as he stares down as his hands, intertwined between his legs. Loki curses quite audibly, annoyed at the obvious diversion of the conversation, but Steve continues regardless. “Did you ever wonder why it was so easy for you to escape your cell?” he asks. “Or why your handcuffs came loose with such minimal effort?”

Loki had once bragged that he had been his mere wit and cunning that had aided in his escape that night. He had not been willing to divulge the truth when his aim had been set on seducing you. But as he dives into the remnants of his recall from that fateful night, his heart begins to race, his eyes widen in horror. The door to his cell had been left unlocked, the guards called away. It seemed a strange happenstance. The ignorance of mortals, he thought. But then he had found that small slip of paper wedged into the lock. Beautiful, delicate handwriting decorated the parchment. An address. A destination. A turn of the tides. He considered it a blessing from the Norns, that finally he had been gifted with a small moment of reward, a night of pleasure with a woman he could not resist taking. But the following night, his handcuffs had been left weak enough that a meager amount of his magic left them as discarded metal on the cell floor. It had all been so deliberate. A strange sort of plan to assist him in his efforts. To help him work his way into your heart.

Loki’s mind suddenly becomes haunted by the repeating imagery of Steve’s hands around his wrists as he clicked the cuffs into place. Of his subtle glance as he led the guards from their watch upon his cell. A knowing look held in his blue eyes that attested to a drive beyond mortal reasoning.

“You…” Loki starts, at a loss for words. “Why would you help me?”

“I didn’t know why then,” Steve answers, turning slightly to regard him with half a glance. “I don’t think I ever realized what I was doing. I just felt this force pulling me forward, guiding my hand. I know why now. I know why.” He gets up off the couch and approaches Loki, standing uncomfortably close for his liking. “I think that’s why for so long I confused my feelings for romantic love,” he says, a sad smile curls up over the corners of his mouth. “It was because I belong to her. Not in the way you do. But... my soul and hers will always be connected.”
“Every Goddess needs worshippers.” Loki’s voice is low, guarded. His shoulders are taut with tension, his breath quick and labored.

“And every Queen needs her guard.” Steve stares past him, out the window. “I think even back then, I was subconsciously doing everything I could to help her find her happiness. To bring you to her. And now, I can feel that some invisible force as I did back then pulling me forward. Maybe that’s where my story ends. In ending Thanos’ life.”

The two men finally meet eye to eye. A hundred years of emotion seems to pulse between them in that instant. Hatred, distrust, anger, regret, fear. But then finally, understanding. Acceptance.

“Are you truly willing to do this?” Loki asks, refusing to break the connection.

“Are you willing to let me?”

Loki’s hand comes up to rest on the other man’s shoulder. “Perhaps we’ve seen this the wrong way this whole time,” he says. “Perhaps you aren’t only her soldier.”

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**Reader’s POV**

Your hair is still wet from the shower, leaving the fabric of your dress damp and cold. But your whole body feels warm, overheated. At the edge of your mind, you can still feel Loki trying to break through the meager mental wards you’ve constructed. You’d lost all of your abilities as a Goddess, your soothsaying and your strength. But you’d held onto small fragments of mental control. And this, the blockade you’d constructed against your lover’s persistence to reach you, is all you have left.

You take a deep breath before knocking on the door in front of you. You’d run out of options, lost in the chaos of worry and dread. Thanos would forever serve as a rift between you and Loki, as long as he was a threat to your life. As long as that promise hung around you both. It felt like a dark, ominous mist, waiting for the opportunity to bring forth catastrophe that would kill all hope of happiness. But you would not stand around and wait for that storm to come. You would find a way to Thanos, and you would find a way to kill him. But you wouldn’t risk Loki’s life by bringing him into your plans. Or Steve. No, you needed to confide in someone else.

You wait patiently for what feels like an eternity before knocking again. Finally, you hear Tony’s grunted response from the other side.

“This better be important!” he snaps, as he swings the door open. His eyes widen as he beholds you standing there, looking pale and jittery.

“Hey,” you say in a sort of exhaled whisper.

He cracks a smile.

“Kid...” His hand comes down to rest on your shoulder, holding you squared, steady. “Damn, I’m sorry for yelling. It’s been a... rough morning. Come in.” His hand slides down to take your trembling hand within his grasp. “God, you’re shaking. Are you alright?”

You nod, meekly as you shuffle into his office. You hadn’t visited him in his sacred work space, not since the incident on the roof. Not since you dragged your heels down the hall, unable to shake the crawling guilt for not having spoken to him yet. For letting the days pass before you addressed everything that happened in this new life and in the past. You told yourself that you needed the dust
to settle first, to allow yourself the time to gather up enough courage to face him. To face any of them. But as much as you resisted, you needed to put the pieces of your life back together. It uneased you to feel the remnants of your power, hanging in soft tendrils around their minds. Minds graced by your gift, caressed by clarity. But perhaps too much of it...

You had barely spoken that day, simply staring at each other and nodding softly. “It’s ok,” he kept saying. “We will get through this.” But a barrier had broken between you, one you often denied ever existed at all. Tony had asked you to consider him your friend once. But he was so much more than that. And now, with the truth held between you, there is no denying what he is to you. How important his role had always been in your life. And now, in this desperate hour, you need him, more than you ever realized you could.

Without even offering, he hands you a porcelain mug of tea, freshly brewed. As if he had known you were coming. As if he had known you’d need this liquid comfort. The steam rises up and fills your nostrils with its comforting aroma. Lavender and honey. You sigh, leaning back into the cushioned chair.

“What’s wrong?” he asks, his arms crossed in front of his chest. His eyes brim with worry, and trace lines of sleeplessness.

“Nothing, I just….” You swallow hard. You blamed the tea for the heat the rises up over your cheeks. “I’ve never thanked you,” you whisper, your hands still trembling against the mug. “For everything you did for me. For taking me in. For treating me like I was no different than any of you... For giving me a reason to keep living.”

His jaw comes unhinged slightly, taken aback by your sudden praise. “But I lied to you,” he answers with wide, transparent eyes, glistening against the dim light cast from the lamp beside his desk. “I should have just been honest with you from the start. I shouldn’t have constructed a fake life for you. I helped to fuck everything up.”

You shake your head violently. “No, no you didn’t.”

“Maybe if I hadn’t told you those lies, we could have stopped Ragnorak sooner,” he argues. “You wouldn’t have had to die. You wouldn’t have had to reset time. Kid, this is a fucking mess. And we both know it.”

Tony slams his fist into his desk, the contents vibrating slightly. He shoves his fingers through his hair, pulling. Your eyes drift and you notice why he hasn’t been sleeping. Why you haven’t seen heads or tails of Banner either. His monitor holds the evidence, as does the white board behind him. They’ve been working endlessly on ways to defeat him. To outsmart Thanos. And judging by the fear and anguish plastered over his expression, they were coming up empty.

You rise without thinking and throw yourself upon him. You wrap your arms around him whilst he stood still, dumbfounded. It takes him a moment, too long, to finally reach around to solidify the embrace.

“You did everything you could have done. And more,” you insist. You don’t realize you are crying until you notice the dark stains smeared across the fabric of his shirt. “You were… you are my family, Tony. And that’s all I ever wanted.”

He pulls you tighter against him, letting you cry. “Shit…You know, it’s funny…” he starts, a soft smile pulled up over his lips. “Pepper’s been saying lately that she isn’t sure I’m ready to be a father.”
You pull away, to wipe the tears from your eyes, but he has already taken care of that, reaching up to brush his thumb across your cheek with a smile.

“I never realized I already was one.”

You choke on a whimper, both of you locked in a stare. And simultaneously, you break into soft laughter, holding tight to hold one another. You laugh at the ridiculousness of it all, of this life you’ve constructed. Of the life you’ve lost and gained. He smiles down at you, tucking a strand of wet hair behind your ear.

“Maybe Pepper will change her mind,” you say in a whisper. “Once you’ve gotten enough practice with a little one.”

“A little one?” Tony’s eyes immediately widen. “Are you…”

You nod with a bright smile, tears welling in your eyes. “A few weeks now,” you confirm. “A little girl.” But you close your eyes, refusing to relish in his apparent happiness, spread over his overwise worn expression. You have to focus on your true reason for coming to him. You have to…

He grabs hold of your face and kisses the top of your head gently. His warm caress breaks all determination held within you. Your tears trail down your cheeks as you gaze up at him with wide, hopeful eyes. “I’m so happy for you,” he whispers against your forehead. “You deserve to have a happy life. A good life. And this…” He rests his hand against your stomach. “You deserve your own family. What you never had in any other life. A real family.”

His hands come down to rest on your shoulders, shaking you slightly. “I’m going to spoil the shit of this kid, you know that, right?” he laughs, and you join in with him. “I’m going to be a grandpa!” His smile is contagious, pulling your own lips into a wide curve. But your laughter fades into sobs, as you let the full weight of your emotions flood past all resistance.

You blink up at him as he pulls away to look at you. “Kid, why are you crying? Aren’t you happy? Is it Loki…”

You shake your head violently. Tony still, despite everything, could not abandon his distaste for the father of your child. “I am happy,” you insist. “But I won’t have this life if Thanos finds me.”

The mere mention of his name breaks Tony from the reverie of his shallow bliss. His face immediately pales and he fumbles back against his desk.

“He isn’t going to find you,” he practically growls. His shoulders tense. His hands form into solid fists, knuckles white with strain.

“No,” you reply. “Because we are going to find him first.”

“We?”

You nod, watching as he settles into his chair and leans forward against the desk. He rubs his hand over his mouth in concentration before he speaks, staring up at you intensely. “You really think Loki and Steve would ever allow that? That they’d willing let you run off to the other side of the universe, in your current condition?”

“We won’t tell them.”

“Like hell we won’t!” he shouts. “Did you come here thinking I’d actually agree to this? That I’d care that little about your wellbeing?”
“Tony, please. What other option do we have?”

“There’s always another option. We just have to find it…”

“Isn’t that what you’ve been doing for months?” You gesture behind him, at the evidence of his failure. “Isn’t that what you and Bruce have been trying to do? There is no other way!”

Tony’s phone begins to vibrate. He glares at you before reaching to answer it. He speaks only a few words before he ends the call.

“Banner needs me in the lab,” he grunts, pushing past you toward the door. He hesitates in front of you. “Please, don’t make this harder than it already is…”

“I’m coming with you,” you reply with a narrowed gaze. “Maybe I can help you. Maybe I’m the puzzle piece you’ve been missing.”

He regards you for a moment, his thoughts undetectable beneath his penetrating stare. Finally, he sighs and opens the door, gesturing for you to lead the way. Once you make it inside the lab, Bruce is waiting for you, dressed appropriately in a lab coat and glasses. A familiar face is behind him, joining him in a hunched position over an illuminated monitor.

“Hello, Erik,” you greet him with a warm smile. He returns your gaze but his eyes are bloodshot and weary. Banner seems to be the only one to have gotten any sleep, and that isn’t saying much, judging by the wrinkled wear of his lab coat. He barely looks up to regard you both, his spectacled gaze held to the screen in front of him.

“Got anything useful?” Tony asks, leading you toward the monitor that seems to have their undivided attention. His friend nods.

“Perhaps. We’ve picked up some strange anomalies,” Bruce explains. “For the past few weeks. Sporadic readings…”

“See this here,” Erik interrupts, gesturing toward the screen which is littered with charts and data, written in a foreign language you can’t decipher. He catches your gaze, an annoyed scowl, and decides to interpret for you. “Disturbances in the fabric of time,” he explains, tracing his finger along a curved line across the monitor. “Tears. Wrinkles. Messy work really.”

“Do you think it’s Thanos?” Tony asks sternly.

Bruce shakes his head in response. “We took readings from the Rooftop Incident. This… is different.”

“What do you mean by disturbances in time?” You ask in a low voice. Your palms suddenly feel sweaty but your whole body goes unnaturally cold. You had closed your mind to Loki’s prodding in the aftermath of your argument, needing the silence of your mind, the undisturbed solitude. But now the chill that pours over your skin makes you think of your jolted lover. As if he were in the room with you. Watching you. A reminder that you had to find a way to Thanos. You had to finish this. You rub your hands up and down over your arms, flustered. An audible shiver quivers over your trembling lips. Before you know it, you feel something being placed over your shoulders; a lab coat. You look up and see Bruce smiling meekly at you before he adjusts the frames of his glasses.

“Tony, I keep telling you this place is too cold,” he mutters.

“I’m fine,” you insist, pulling the lab coat tight around you regardless. “Explain this to me.” You gesture toward the broken line. “If it’s not Thanos, what is it?”
“We think something or… someone is altering time,” Erik says. “But we’ve only recorded it in a small, contained area. It is barely noticeable. A few seconds off, really.”

Your heart begins to race as you gaze at the machinery, your mind in a state of panic. A fray in the fabric of time, a sliver of alteration. Enough for someone to slip through and sink their claws into reality. But is that what this is? Your mind regresses back to the point in which you stood, at the end of all hope, before a long and endless corridor. A myriad of doors held every potential of your future before you. You had chosen a path and changed the course of time permanently. You had altered time.

Your body doubles over as you give out a sharp gasp. Rippling pain pours from your abdomen. A wave of nausea follows but you clutch onto the sleeve of Tony’s shirt to stabilize yourself. As if in response, the monitor suddenly begins to beep, the line spiking in time with your heartbeat. All three men have their eyes set upon you in equal bewilderment. You look up, exasperated, the color drained from your complexion. A deep rooted fear echoes through your soul, recalling your previous death. And surely, it affects Tony as well, as he reaches out frantically to support you.

“Is it the baby?” He asks in a strange sort of panic you’ve never before heard in his voice. But you respond, shaking your head as the pain gradually subsides. Just a cramp, you tell yourself. Not the same. Not the same.

“What does that mean?” You ask softly, gesturing weakly toward the machinery.

Bruce looks you over before he turns away, back to the technology, without a word. The silence irritates you.

“Run more tests,” you order. “I am not leaving here until we know what’s going on.”

But despite your insistence, it only takes a few hours before you are pulled from your state of fragile concentration. You sit in a thinly cushioned chair, with wires attached to your arms and forehead by small round suctions. Bruce and Erik had been watching your vitals carefully. Every now and then, Bruce would pull away to jot down some point of significance on his tablet. However, as intrigued as they both seem, nothing was adding up. All chaotic data points. No true connection. You hunch over the chair with an exhausted sigh when you sense the familiar caress across your mind of Loki attempting once again to reach you. You can feel him calling to you, begging for your forgiveness. The ache of his heart feels as strong as your own. You clutch onto the fabric at your chest, overwhelming by the sudden force of his assault on your mind. The monitor ignites with sudden activity, alit with red and green indicators ready to erupt into a burst of ‘Eureka!’

“Kid, you okay?” Tony asks, a mask of vibrant concern plastered over his face. “Don’t push yourself. We can take a break.”

“I think I need some fresh air.” You nod weakly as you tug against the wires. Erik peels his eyes away from the monitor and scrambles to assist you, his hands shaking. His eyes are wide as he gazes upon you, stumbling toward the door. None of the three men attempt to stop you from leaving. They are held frozen, hypnotized by whatever reading you’ve just triggered in your wake.

There are no words, only a desperation, a vague sense of need that overwhelms all reason. The pull of Loki’s allure leads you higher and higher, up the emergency stairway toward the roof. You make it to the top step before you feel your heart launch up into your throat. You hesitate, unsure of yourself. Unsure that you can handle the remnants of your loss and rebirth held simultaneously together on that rooftop. But regardless, you swallow your fears and reach out, wrapping your hand around the doorknob. You take a deep breath and push.
A gust a cool night air kisses your face. You sigh against the wind and step out onto the roof. It appears no different than last you left it. Empty, and dusted with gravel. But standing at the end, leaning over a metal railing, are two men you rarely ever saw together. Two opposites. Your sun and your moon, held at the edge of dusk. Your mind almost sighs at the loss of tension, finally reunited with your other half. You blink, adjusting to the dim light of early nightfall and start forward. Laughter fills the air as the two men converse rather casually. Actual laughter. And not the menacing kind.

“What is this?” You say as you gape at the scene before you. You take a few more cautious steps forward, not wholly convinced that what you are seeing isn’t a strange illusion. “Am I dreaming or are you two actually getting along?”

They turn in unison. Steve instantly smiles upon seeing you while Loki hesitates. You return his gaze, overwhelmed by his pained expression. By the sadness held within his eyes. He opens his mouth to speak but thinks better of it. He silences himself with a mouthful of beer, gulped from the glass bottle in his hand.

“Are you two drinking together?” You ask with an eyebrow raised in question as you eye the libation with blatant judgment.

“I can hardly belief it myself,” Steve replies. “But I think we’ve finished a keg worth between us.” He motions for you to come closer. “Not that either of us can get drunk…. Apparently.”

A small smile creeps up over your lips as you walk the expanse of the rooftop towards them. Your fear dissipates into the night air as you feel yourself held, guided by their duel gaze. Steve turns completely toward you, leaning his back and arms against the railing. His smile is soft, subtle, but his eyes glisten with a sort of cool resolve. The hint of some hidden resolution where a strange melancholy lingers at the edge of his eyes. As if he had let go of some long-held aspiration. As if he were silently in mourning. Loki is more reluctant to meet your gaze, but when he does, it tears your heart in half. His deep emeralds are rimmed like rubies, evidence of the lingering effects of your argument. You swallow hard and push forward, looking away from him. You reach up and clutch at the borrowed coat, hugging it closer.

You settle in between the two men. You stare out at the vast landscape spread out before you, of the metallic city slowly descending into darkness. Each tall skyscraper is illuminated with cubicle lights. Like scattered lanterns set upon each large edifice. The artificial bleeds into the atmosphere, where distant stars burn against the void of the universe. And somewhere in the collection of vast constellations, is Asgard. A home you’d forgotten. A home you’ve long replaced. Maybe someday you’d return. Maybe someday you’d show Moira her heritage. If fate were that generous.

“The view is beautiful up here,” you say in a sort of sigh. “I’ve been so scared to come back up here... I’ve been missing out on this breathtaking view this whole time.”

You can feel Loki’s eyes upon you. It unsets you. He pushes against your mental barrier, begging for admittance. But you aren’t ready to let him in yet.

“What were you scared of?” Steve asks softly. He turns back around to face the railing so that all three of you are staring forward, out into the distance.

“This roof holds a beautiful memory,” you reply. “It was here that I finally found peace. I found my family after years of waiting and hoping that one day I’d see you all again.”

“Then why were you afraid?” Steve asks again.
“I thought that if I came up here, I’d only remember the pain and the loss from that day. The promise I made that has slowly been tearing my world apart... and I knew the happiness I once felt from that day would be taken from me.” Your grip tightens on the railing.

“Veritas.” The sound of his voice pulls you from your fixation on the horizon, your ancient name spoken with a threading of pain. You meet his gaze and your eyes widen. Loki’s lower lip trembles ever so slightly as he fights to find the right words to say. His fists are tight, white. “I never wanted to make you feel that way...” He closes his eyes shut tight. “I never…”

Without thinking, you slide your hand over his knuckles. “Loki,” you whisper. But before you can say anything further, he reaches out, cupping your chin to hold your gaze. “We will end this,” he says firmly. “It’s going to be okay.”

Your eyes widen. It’s as if he had taken the words straight from the edge of your tongue. “End this? What are you talking about?”

Before Loki can reply, Steve steps between you. Loki’s hand falls from your face as Steve’s arm stretches out in front of the other man’s chest. He shakes his head. “Not tonight, Loki. Not tonight,” he warns in a harsh whisper, words that prove meaningless to you.

Irritated, you push his hand away, “If not tonight, when?” you snap. “I’m tired of running, Steve!”

In response, Steve rests his hand on your shoulder. He leans nearer until his warm breath cascades over your cheeks, chilled by the night air. Staring up into his cool, blue eyes, he says in a whisper, “Who said we are running?”

You feel frozen in time, pulled from reality with his words. “Steve,” you whisper softly, but even your own voice seems distance. Why does it feel like he is saying good bye? No. No. No.

“Your happiness means the world to me,” he says, his words circling around you, encasing you in like two solid arms. “Don’t cry. I want to do this. I want to.” And it hits you, as that bitter sting of salt falls upon your quivering lip. Steve meant to sacrifice himself to Thanos. To spare you and Loki. To assure your happiness. To assure your future together.

“No!” You scream into the night, wrought with the horrid realization. Your voice carries against the wind, lost amongst the distant hum of city life. A disembodied cry. As the sound leaves your body, you lose all sense of self and physicality along with it. You meld into the night, into the two men beside you. Your heart equally full of comfort and mourning. Starring into Steve’s eyes, you see the unusual reflection of Loki’s deep emerald ores staring back at you. And standing there, you feel the strings of fate pull tight, connecting the three of you physically and spiritually. Hand in hand, heart to heart, at the edge of a rooftop in the middle of New York City. But also somewhere else. Perhaps in a time lost long ago. A millennia long forgotten. Where three souls had been torn from the thread of fate and thrown into the cosmos of creation.

A part of your soul remembers. A part of your soul wants to forgot. But is this the recall of the past or a premonition of the future? Perhaps both. Time without an end or a beginning. An ouroboros.

You gaze down and find your hand interwoven with Loki’s, who now sits atop a bronze throne. Turning away, your gaze catches two crystalline blue eyes, reflecting the silver of his armor. Or perhaps a shield. You blink and the vision fades and you are overwhelmed by a familiar presence, one you could feel echoing within your womb, still growing.

“Moira,” you whisper in recognition. And beside you, in this strange void of existence, Steve and Loki respond. Their breathing stills. When last you’d met your daughter, you had chosen a new path.
She had guided your hand as if she held the constructs of time within her grasp. Your eyes widen. The time disturbances. The altered reality. “You’re the one doing this, aren’t you?” You ask. But you already know. Your soul knows the truth.

“Did you never wonder how it was we met so long ago, mother?” She questions. Her form is barely distinguishable from the pleasant darkness that encapsulates you all. “How it could have been possible?”

“Of course, I did. But I thought…”

“Chao and Order,” she answers. Her smile is as bright as a newborn star. “When the two are in balance, they hold the very fabric of time in equilibrium. Time... is my gift.”

“She’s altering time,” you say definitively, to explain to the two men beside you. “Enough of a distortion that…”

“He can’t see you,” she finishes. "Can't find you."

“So, are we safe?” Loki asks beside you. “What you’ve done… has it spared us?”

A chill runs through you as you sense your daughter hesitate. “This is temporary,” she finally responds. “Enough to watch me grow up. To watch me become someone you can be proud of. All of you.” Her voice waivers. “I told you this life would be difficult,” she begins again. “That it would be full of a hardship.”

“But it would also be beautiful,” you respond. “Yes, I remember. And it has. I wouldn’t trade this life for any other possibility.” You blink away tears, reaching out, searching against the darkness for your child’s embrace. “Can’t we stop this? Can’t we turn back time once again?”

“You cannot change fate,” she replies. “This much I know. You cannot change the tides of destiny no matter how much you twist and alter time. I’ve tried, time and time again, I’ve tried to change the course of your future… but I cannot. It always ends the same.”

She reaches out and suddenly you can feel her, feel the warmth of her hands held to all three of you at once. All at once, it feels like the embrace of a small child, your child, and that of a wise, old woman, firm and unrelenting in their grasp.

“Your fates are tied together. They always have been. You will face the triumph and consequences of each lifetime together. Never apart. And you will embrace each end and each beginning together.” Slowly, she releases her hand, fading back into the darkness. “But you will always find a way back to each other. Always.”

You feel the pull of reality dragging you back toward the rooftop, now a distant memory.

“No, Moira wait!” You call in desperation.

"Promise me one thing," she whispers into the wind. "Live."

As she disappears, and you float back down toward earth, you are struck by the truth held within her words. Your souls had been separated from one another. You’d once lost your way, your meaning. But now, with the full expanse of that same universe laid out before you, you feel a familiar pulse of energy seep into your skin from Steve’s body. It blends into the very fabric of your being, transferring slowly into Loki’s fingers until you are unsure where it begins or ends. But it feels like home.
Breathless, you shift your gaze between the two of them, trying to comprehend this misplaced serenity. Perhaps, you aren’t meant to understand it. Just as children aren’t meant to remember preexistence, suspended in their mother’s womb. Perhaps, you are meant to simply embrace it blindly. To embrace these small, rare moments of peace. You step closer to Loki until you are pressed tight against him. Loki responds almost automatically, pulling you nearer still until you can hear his heart racing, beating into your own chest. Steve rests at your side, his hand still held to your shoulder. His grip is strong, comforting. The firm hold of a protector. You breathe in deeply, finally letting go as you release all your worries into the stillness of the night. And held so comfortably between the two men, you lose track of time. The moon rises up to take its mantle atop the rich midnight sky. It feels perfect somehow. You are right where you ought to be. Something had shifted in the universe to cause this harmony. Something beyond reason.

You reach up and give Steve’s hand a firm squeeze. “Whatever happens,” you say softly. “Wherever fate leads us, I don’t want to run. I want to face it. Together.” Steve’s eyes glisten as he nods, brushing away the stray hair now whipped around your face.

“Together,” Loki answers before he kisses the top of your skull. Steve watches and responds with a lazy smile, before turning his gaze out onto the dark horizon. Like a deep sea, littered with distant planets and city lights, and endless possibilities. You smile toward that abyss, knowing with a strange certainty that your future held the same capacity of chance. You would live, you decide. You would all live until fate decided to take you toward a new horizon.

Steve’s thumb rubs against your knuckles before he reluctantly pulls away, breaking the pulse of energy threaded so delicately between the three of you. The remnants of its energy hangs at the edge of his fingertips, still so near to your own.

“I can’t wait to meet her,” he whispers. “My godchild.”

He leans in, only to place a soft kiss to your forehead. “I love you,” he says finally before leaving the two of you standing at the edge of the galaxy. You stare after him, torn by a desire to race after him but held, tied to your mate. So instead, you stay and whisper against the wind, “I love you too, Steve.” You are sure he does not hear you. But Loki does.

A sudden fear jolts through your body as you turn to look at him, to gauge his reaction. But he is staring down at you so strangely, you aren’t sure how to feel or respond. It as if he too feels the connection, the tie between you all and has surrendered to its truth. You breathe his name before he captures your face with both hands and kisses you deeply. Your soul sings in surrender, melding into his embrace. The diamonds that had ordained your lashes unleash and before you know it, you are sobbing against his caress.

“I love you, Loki” you whimper against his lips. But rather than spoken word, his answer comes through your mind, as you finally let him in. You finally embrace him fully for everything he is. For everything you are together. I love you. I love you. I love you.

You don’t stop him as he pulls you up onto the edge of the roof, holding tight to your back. The fabric of your dress crumbles beneath his clutches. You arch your back, your hips raising to meet him as he leans you back over the edge. The cool breeze hits your neck, catching wisps of your hair, come undone from their tie binding. You sigh against the wind and close your eyes as you cling to your lover, your nails finding their home in his back. You should be afraid, you tell yourself. You should be resisting this insanity, the notion of hanging on the edge of safety and danger. But that is exactly what has defined your time on Earth up until now. Chaos. And with Loki, you are willing to embrace it. You are willing to live on that line between life and death. You embrace the misplaced serenity of imminent peril.
With one hand, he hikes the thin cotton of your dress up to gather around your waist. He pulls the lace of your panties to the side as you work to unfasten his trousers enough to free his pulsating sex. Clinging to the fabric of his shirt, you guide him inside your already glistening mound. You gasp as you clench around his girth, pulling him further in. Each thrust has you fearing a plummet into oblivion but at the same time, it brings you closer toward needed, mutual release. You rest your lips against his neck, moaning into his skin. He does the same, incoherent praise singing through the bound between you.


You grip your thighs tight around him, unable to respond but rather, letting your moans of pleasure encourage him further. And as you both come undone, screaming a declaration of your love into the night, a familiar sensation fills your veins. It floods forth from his surrender within you, a deep warmth cradled in your sex. Your eyes jolt open as your mind erupts with the forgotten power of truth, driven by his magic and his love for you, now held so perfectly in balance. It is merely a small taste of what had once been lost but it is a promise that you could regain who you are. It is a reminder that as long as Loki was waiting for you beyond the bend of oblivion, you would gladly fall and embrace the night.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter left. Are you ready for this love story to end? I'm not.
Love is Truth

Chapter Notes

This chapter took me some time to write because in all honestly, I really wasn't sure how I wanted to wrap things up. This story was never intended on being as long as it is, and I wanted to ensure I left somethings open ended. It is quite possibly my longest chapter as well. I hope you enjoy the way it turned out!

Song Inspiration: Rather Be - Clean Bandit

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Steve’s POV

He didn’t care how much the team teased and taunted him. He didn’t care how they called him a glorified babysitter or mockingly referred to him as “Uncle Stevie” (even utilizing a cruel lisp for emphasis).

He didn’t care at all.

The only thing he cared about was how that little girl looked up at him, beaming with childish love and adoration. How she gripped firmly to his hand and swung his arm back and forth as they walked side by side. How, ever so often, she’d beg for him to carry her on his shoulders. And how, no matter how hard he tried to resist, he could never say no to her.

He never realized he could love someone so dearly, so unconditionally. Even someone who wasn’t his own flesh and blood. But she very well could have been, in another life. Maybe if she didn’t look
so much like her father. It’s funny, really, how far they’ve come. How years ago, seeing his face reflected in this young child, as evidence of what he’d lost, might have turned his stomach into a curdling mess of anguish. But not now. And never again. He looked down at her and saw her mother. He saw the love he still held for her, stronger than ever. And the friendship he’d created, rather stubbornly at first, with her father. The child is blissfully unaware of the past her family carried. Maybe someday, he’d sit her down and tell her everything. But not now.

Now, he sits on a park bench, leaning slightly forward onto his knees. His eyes are glued to the dark haired little girl running around the wooden jungle gym. She seems to have already made a friend. Not surprising. Thank God she takes after her mother in that regard. Otherwise, her new friend may have been in for a cruel trick or two. Steve smiles as he watches her with the little boy, playing tag. His eyes never leave her. Diligent, watchful. The perfect image of a concerned, but affectionate parent.

“Which one’s yours?”

He turns his head toward the sound of the voice. The owner is a young woman, tall with ruby lips that curl up into a friendly smile toward him. Her brown hair is curled up to rest just above her shoulders. She appears like the shadow of a woman he once knew. Familiar but not the same. Just a cruel reminder of the past. So, he smiles at her, as if she were his old friend, lost in time. He shoves his hand through his hair, now longer and a bit unkept. His beard a sign of his negligence. But the little girl swinging from the monkey bars said she likes his ‘scratchy face and scratchy kisses.’ So, he keeps it that way.

“The little girl with the black hair,” he tells the woman with a smile, motioning for her to take a seat beside him on the bench.

“Ah, looks like she’s taking a likening to my nephew,” she says with a smile. “I wouldn’t have thought she was your daughter.”

“She’s not.”

As if on cue, the little girl comes running forward. Her cheeks are pleasantly pink. Her hair comes undone from the braid her mother had patiently plaited that morning. Stray hairs stick out every which way, making her look wilder than she truly is. Steve recalls hanging in your bedroom doorway, watching you complete the heralding task of keeping the child still as she bounced on the edge of the bed. You turned and looked at him apologetically as the young child continued to squirm.

“But I don’t want to tie my hair back,” she complained. “I want to wear it down like you do, mommy.”

“But if you want your uncle to take you to the park, I have to tie it back,” you insisted sweetly. “Otherwise it will get in the way of your fun.” You were already dressed in a traditional Asgardian gown, a surprising shade of maroon that looked elegant against your skin, pale under the soft morning glow.

“Fine,” the little girl grumbled, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Will you be good for your uncle?” You asked with a warm smile, ignoring her stubborn behavior.

“I always am,” the little girl replied with wide eyes. “I’m always good! Right, Uncle Stevie?” She turned her big bug eyes upon him, shimmering like two soft emeralds.
“You’re the best, sweetheart.” He looked up to meet your gaze, lost momentarily in your eyes. “My best girl.”

You faked offense at his words and smiled. “Thank you for taking her,” you said softly, letting your fingers fall through your child’s long hair in mild defeat.

“It’s no trouble at all. You know that,” Steve replied with a smile, coming into the room. “Going back to Asgard I take it?”

“Only for a few days. Loki has something planned for our anniversary, apparently.” You smiled, turning back to your child who had begun to play with the fabric of your long gown impatiently. “But you’ll have to stay with her overnight. And you know with her nightmares, she can be a handful... so it really means a lot that you’ll look after her.”

“Anything for you, my Goddess.”

You blushed, an unforgiving crimson hue that swept up over your already rouged cheeks. Your mauve colored lips curled into a bashful smile. A running joke. A reminder of the past. And yet, so much more.

“Steve, you know I’m hardly a Goddess anymore,” you argued, looking away. But he turned your head back towards him, saying with a genuine grin, “You’ll always be mine.”

You laughed, pushing him away playfully. “You are truly shameless, Steve Rogers,” you teased. “Flirting with a mated woman.”

“Oh come on, we both know it’s harmless,” he laughed, pulling away. “Have these past four years taught you nothing?”

“I know,” you said with a smile, standing from the bed. “Though there was someone it might have bothered once…”

“Who? Loki?”

But you smiled, rolling your eyes. “Please. You know he got over his jealousy years ago. You two are insufferable now. I might prefer you the way you used to be…”

“Then who?”

You reached up to rest your hand delicately against his cheek. You sweetly kissed the other side, your lips lingering.

“Let’s not dwell on the past,” you whispered, just before bidding your daughter goodbye and disappearing down the bright hallway.

“Uncle Stevie!” The little girl calls out upon her approach, breaking Steve from the comfort of his past reverie. She plummets herself up into his lap, forcing her way up onto his knees. She bounces up and down in excitement. He grunts in response but continues to smile. “Look what I found!” She holds up a rock for him to see. It barely fits inside the palm of her minuscule hand. It is mossy and covered in dirt, rather unremarkable.

“It’s a... wonderful rock,” he says, trying not to laugh as he pats her head affectionately.

“It’s not just a rock!” she cries out. “It’s a geode. There is a pretty crystal inside. I just know it. Like the one Grandpa found for me.”
“I’m sure there is, Moira. We can open it when we get home.”

“Can Uncle Thor use mew mew?” She asks excitedly.

“I’m sure he could if you ask nicely.”

As if finally taking in her surroundings, she turns and sees the woman beside Steve, regarding her with suddenly shy eyes. She wraps her arms around Steve’s neck and buries her head into his shoulder.

“Hello,” she says softly.

The woman’s smile grows into a toothy grin before turning her gaze back onto Steve. “Your niece then?”

“Godddaughter,” he corrects. “Her mother is a... good friend of mine.” Friend. That is the easiest way to explain it after all. Your relationship with Steve is one that could not easily be shoved under any label. And you both prefer it that way.

“That’s so sweet.” The woman leans closer, her eyes held to the young girl this time. “Moira, does Uncle Stevie have a girlfriend?”

Steve chokes on nothing. Moira’s small eyebrows crinkle forward in confusion and perhaps mild annoyance. “Girlfriend?” She questions. “What’s a girlfriend?”

“A girlfriend is a woman who someone is in a relationship with and who they love very much,” he explains to the small, impressionable child, his voice a low, harsh whisper.

“Is mommy your girlfriend?” She asks innocently, blinking up at him. Steve doesn’t realize he is blushing until the little girl’s cool hand rests against his cheek. Her touch soothes the rush of heat over his flesh, almost on instinct.

“No, sweetheart, she isn’t.”

“But you love mommy,” she insists. “And mommy loves you.”

She loves me. He smiles at that but sighs.

“That’s different,” Steve says, but explaining it to a child was a fruitless effort. Explaining it to himself was even more difficult. So instead, he pulls the young child closer, his hands around her back, trying to hush her insistent questioning.

“Why does Uncle Stevie not have a boyfriend or a girlfriend?” the little girl continues regardless. “It doesn’t seem fair.”

It doesn’t, does it?

His phone rings in his pocket, distracting his attention away from the awkward turn of an otherwise casual conversation. The caller ID is enough to justify some needed privacy. He mutters excuses to the young woman, stands, and pulls Moira away with him. Once he has enough clearance, he answers the call with “Rogers.”

“He was having nightmare again.” Natasha. “We had to sedate him. He was inconsolable even in his sleep. Thrashing around. Screaming.”

“Nat, this isn’t…”
“He kept asking for you, Steve.”

Steve’s breath quickens. His palms go sleek. Bucky had come back into his life, into this new life, the same way he once had. As the Winter Soldier. However, with truth and time now on their side, they were able to prevent a lot of their past mistakes with handling his return. They brought him into S.H.I.E.L.D. immediately and had since been attempting to revert his brainwashing. But all effort had proven ineffective. Steve visited him often, at first, until he realized his presence only agitated the man further into decay.

“He’ll remember you,” you reassured Steve one evening. He had come to you in the middle of the night, his body covered in cold sweat, the remnants of another bad dream. Since Bucky had returned, the nightmares had as well. An unending stream that would awaken him with a jolt. In every one, Bucky could not remember him. He would wrap his hands tight around Steve’s throat and as Steve pleaded with him to remember, he’d insist he was no one. When the air finally ran out from Steve’s lungs, he's awaken.

He’d interrupted you that particular evening as you were in the throes of passion with Loki. Your cries of pleasure should have deterred him at the door. But he was desperate, and you were his sole consolation these days. It wasn’t the first time a visit had been poorly timed, and surely it would not be the last. But regardless of the awkward situation, you had run to the door the minute you saw him. Loki materialized a robe over your indecency with a grunt of annoyance.

“I can’t stop thinking about him. Dreaming about him,” Steve explained. He slumped into your open arms, clinging to the silken robe. “Why do I feel like this? I haven’t felt this way since…”

“Since me?” You reached up to cradle his chiseled jaw in the scoop of your hand. You smiled and wiped the sweat from his brow. “I wish I could tell you what truth lies within your heart but that heralding task is your own now, Steve.”

“Uncle Stevie?” The little girl beside him squeezes his hand tighter. “Do we need to go home?”

If he didn’t know any better, he would have guessed that little girl had been born with her mother’s gift instead. The way she looks up at him is telling.

“Uncle Stevie?” she pokes his side.

“Steve, you there?” Natasha asks.

Steve swallows hard, licks his lips and sighs deeply. “I’m on my way,” he replies and ends the call.

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**Reader’s POV**

You would follow Loki blindly to the ends of the earth. Through fire and damnation. Through death and rebirth. You had made your mind up a long time ago, knowing no other alternative would ever taste as sweet. Would ever hold as much love and desire. He completes you in a way no others could. And here, on the anniversary of the day you first met, a cobble path becomes the latest in a long history of pathways through which you would follow Loki into decided fate.

Upon arriving in Asgard, Loki had forgone any formal greeting with the Allfather. Rather, he had led you far from the palace, into the woods surrounding Asgard. You decide not to question it, following him past creek and meadow, into the thick of the forest. Only soft streams of light
penetrate through the thick foliage above your heads. It is spring. Warm. Not uncomfortably so but still, you shed a few layers once deemed necessary in the early morning chill. You walk beside your lover upon a natural path craved into the earth, letting the subtle breeze catch the ends of your skirt.

“Where exactly are we going?” You ask with a smile. You do not care about the destination. Moira left little room for much alone time these days. And with Steve’s growing track record for interruptions, there was scarce opportunity to dull the ache of your mutual desire. This trip alone, no matter its true intention, is enough of a blessing for the simplicity of solitude.

Loki turns to the side enough that you can glean the devilish smirk held over his lips. It would seem that he had been waiting eagerly for you to ask that very question with childish curiosity.

“Don’t you trust me?” He asks in a whisper.

“I trust that your intentions may be mildly deviant.”

“Mildly?” He laughs. “With you, my intentions are extremely deviant.”

“So then, tell me. Where is it you are taking me, my king?” You press your body into his so that your breast pushes against his arm. Catching onto your games, he stares down at you in delight as your nipple hardens.

“Perhaps I am leading you nowhere in particular,” he answers. “Perhaps I’m merely taking you into the greater unknown so that I can ravish you into oblivion. So that I can make you scream where no one else can hear you.”

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep,” you return with your own brand of mischief held beneath a sly smile.

Immediately, he pushes you against the thick trunk of a nearby tree. Your skin scrapes against the rough bark as you arch your back in anticipation. You tilt your head, guided by the delicate caress of his hand circling around your throat.

“Don’t. Tempt. Me,” he snarls, tightening his grasp ever so slightly. His thumb rubs against your tender flesh.

“Or what?” You dare to ask. Always the instigator. Always the brat. Relishing in any and all delivered punishment by the hand of your lover. “What are you going to do about it, God of Mischief?”

He leans into you, his lips brushing against yours. He licks the curve of your mouth, smirking still. “I’m going to fuck you. Hard,” he whispers harshly. “Until the only thing you’ll know is the sound of my cock thrusting in and out of your wet cunt.”

“What are you waiting for then?”

All defiance leaves you with an uttered yelp as phantom hands appear behind the other side of the tree, pulling your arms around the round, thick trunk. The clone works to bind your wrists in thick rope. It holds you in place while the original Trickster God captures your mouth in a fervent kiss. He slides inside, lapping at your sinful saliva, caressing your tongue. You moan against his lips. You test the strength of the ropes and find you can barely move around them. You are held at his mercy.
“Are you wet for me, pet?” He purrs as he pulls away, a string caught between you. His hand slides down your body until he shoves it underneath your skirt and up into your mound with a force that leaves you gasping for air. With a solid yank, your silk panties are torn away and you are left bare and dripping before him; a pearl of your wetness held between your lips. With a satisfactory growl, he glides the tip of his finger up over your slit. He spreads your warmth with his touch as he kisses your neck softly. “So wet.” His finger pushes inside, curling slightly. “Shall I have a taste of you, then?”

You nod eagerly, wanton moans escaping from your traitorous lips. You thrust your hips forward to meet him as he falls to his knees before you. To worship his Goddess in the way only another God could rightfully do so well. In his fists, he gathers the delicate materials of your skirts up around your hips. He stares in full appreciation at the gift you’ve bestowed upon him; your sex for the taking. His breath cascades over your opening like the cool stoke of an icy wind and you shiver beneath him. You squirm, whimpering demands to be touched, to be owned and claimed by your lover. He smirks between your legs, triumphant in your desperate state before finally plunging into you. He sucks and licks and nibbles at your flesh until you at catapulting toward the edge of release. You struggle against your restraints, wanting to hold his head in place as you grind against his face. But he has all the control, deciding when and how you will come undone for him.

He peers up at you from between your parted legs. His tongue is pressed to the tip of your swollen bud and he smirks.

“You love this, don’t you?” He hums. “Such a little masochist...” His tongue flicks over your clit once more before he grabs both your thighs fiercely and shoves the fullness of his mouth back upon you. You throw your head back against the tree and sing the song of your pleasure into the forest as you cum against his mouth. You dig your nails into the bark behind you as you try to settle back down to earth, having soared up into the clouds upon your high.

Loki licks his lips clean of your cream before pulling your legs around his waist. He lines up his erect cock to your dripping mound, gliding it up and down, coating it, before plunging into you fully. You gasp as you adjust around his girth. Though, he gives you little time affordance to get comfortable before he begins to slam into you relentlessly. His mouth is on your neck, biting, sucking, whilst you grip to the tree to steady yourself with each invigorated thrust. You gasp and moan, gripping hard onto the bark behind you for balance. It doesn’t take long for you both to come undone, screaming your mutual pleasure into the stillness of the forest, awakening a flutter of birds that soar off overhead.

With a kiss to your brow and the swift stroke of his magic, your hands are released from their bonds. He gently helps you back down onto your feet. His hands linger on your trembling thighs. Your muscles are worn from the delicate balancing act you’ve just performed.

“Was that my anniversary present?” You ask, your voice exasperated.

He laughs lightly as he straightens out his robes. “No, that was a distraction.”

He interlocks his fingers with your own as he leads you further back into the forest. You walk, on wobbly legs, until you reach a small clearing. A crisp field speckled with marigolds and violets. They have grown into a pattern across the earth, creating a jagged path up toward a break in the rich green earth, where a dark abyss awaits. It is a reflection pond, that reflects only black nothingness. It is as if it were a window into the furthest ends of the universe where no starlight had ever reached. Nor even a glimmer of hope. But somehow, it does not feel innately evil, but rather distinctively neutral, lacking any sort of allegiance toward one side of fate or the other.
“What is it?” You ask as you tentatively inch closer. The tips of your feet rest at the edge of the pool.

“Legends would have us believe that this pool is in fact a well,” Loki explains. “A well containing all the knowledge of the universe. An endless pit of wisdom.”

“Is… is this my gift?”

He gives your hand a firm squeeze. “Only if this works.”

You swallow hard, fear suddenly forming deep roots within the cage of your chest. “What are really we doing here, Loki?”

He turns to look at you, taking both of your hands in his. “If this well is as powerful as they say, it can restore your gift. Your truth. Give you back what you lost.”

You shake your head, trying to pull away. “I don’t need it back. I have you. That’s all I ever wanted. Am I… Am I not enough for you without my gift?”

His eyes narrow. “You are enough,” he says firmly. “All of you, just as you are. Don’t ever doubt my love for you. Don’t you dare.”

“Then what is this about?”

He turns his gaze upon the dark pool. You wonder if he feels it too. It’s strange allure, pulling you nearer. Beckoning you in. “I couldn’t live with myself if I didn’t at least try,” he says. “If I didn’t try to return the favor. You gave me life, Veritas. Let me return yours.”

You stare down at that speck of black in the dirt, the stain amongst a beautiful vision of spring. Despite your lack of power, you can sense an ancient energy contained within, rippling off the edges where the water meets with the small blades of grass. You could swear there are an invisible set of eyes that stare back at you from within that deep pool, daring you to step inside.

“I will go in with you,” Loki says. “I won’t let you do this alone. But if you’d rather we didn’t…”

“I want to try,” you say firmly. “I have to try. For you. For Moira. You may need my gift again someday.”

Loki pulls you tight into his arms, kissing your temple and stroking your hair lovingly.

“Whatever happens,” he starts.

_We go together_, you finish across his mind. The words had become a chant, a motto. A reminder that wherever life led, you would take its journey together. Either through life or through death. And with the reassurance of your bond held tight between you, you both step into the pool.

You sink down immediately, falling into its tunneling pit of cool water as if invisible hands pull you under. You plunge deeper and deeper, hands held tight to one another. Finally, when all the air within your lunges bubbles out of your parted lips, your descent ceases. You float, staring at nothing, as if your eyes are sealed shut. And when you open your mouth, air rushes in rather than water. You take a deep breath.

“You come seeking truth,” a voice suddenly says from above. From below. From within and from beyond. It is both female and male, young and old. But it is undeniably knowing.

“Yes,” you answer, your words surprisingly clear, carrying across the water as if you were on land.
“What will you give me in exchange for such a gift?” the unknown being asks. You feel it then, circling around you, shifting the water with its mass. Something brushes against your arm, like the scaled tail of a large serpent.

“I will give you my gift,” Loki answers for you. “My magic.”

What? No! You protest across your bound. I won’t let you do that!

“Your magic…” the being hisses. “Yours… Intriguing that you think it belongs to you.”

The long tail begins to wind around you both, like a boa constrictor ready to feast upon its prey. “Magic belongs to no one. As no one belongs to magic. What you offer has no value.”

In the darkness, you shift your body against the restraints of the creature’s body. You strain to view anything, seeing only with your sense of touch and sound, your hands outstretched to caress the being’s scales.

Its blind, you realize. This creature, whatever it is… is blind.

“I would offer you my eye,” Loki offers quickly. He squeezes your hand firmly, hushing your protests in a stern whisper sent across your mind. “An eye for truth.”

The being laughs. “What use would I have with an eye, Laufeyson?” it mocks. “My world is darkness. I have no need for sight.”

“Stuck down here you may not. But in the universe beyond your well, there are sights beyond wonder. Worlds you couldn’t possibly dream of, having been trapped in darkness. What is the use of knowledge if you do not truly know what lies beyond your shallow world?”

There is silence for some time, a penetrating stillness that leaves you frozen with worry. But just when you are certain it will deny Loki’s offer, the well begins to ripple around you, energy seething and growing.

“I will except your offer.”

You scream as a force bleeds into your skin, burning, searing, melting away your flesh. The force assaults your mind, bringing forth a flood of tears that pour down your cheeks in an endless wave. You cry, knowing all, seeing all, remembering what it meant to hold the power of truth. The immense burden of it all. And as if an echo of your own cries of pain and remembrance, you hear the creature scream out. But not in pain, but in the cruel realization of darkness.

You feel the strength of Loki’s arms wrapped around your waist just before he begins to swim, pulling you with him up and out of the well. Slowly, the blinding darkness around you becomes illuminated by the shimmering light of the end coming into view from above. The sun breaks through the water in streams of promising light. Finally, you emerge through the surface. Loki throws your body up onto the grassy shore as you both gasp for air. Real air, rather than the fabricated source of life you’ve been forced to breathe whilst trapped within the well. You clutch desperately to the earth, letting the dirt gather under your nails. You savor the feeling, the weight of the world heavy upon your chest.

A gash of wind comes flying out from the depths of the well behind you. You turn just in time to catch the bright, reflective glimmer of a scaled beast soaring up into the heavens. It moves so fast that it disappears from sight just as quickly as it appears. It is as if it were never there at all. However, the remnants of pure euphoria are left behind in its wake, a testament that Loki’s offer had been well received. In a panic, you turn to look at your lover, who is lying on his back, staring up at the sun.
With two eyes.

“Loki, your eye,” you stutter in disbelief.

He turns to look at you with a smirk. “You didn’t think me so foolish as to actually give that beast my own eye, did you?”

You gape at him like a drowning fish. He laughs lightly and reaches out for you, pulling you to rest upon his chest.

“Then what did it take as an offer?” You ask.

“The eye of a goat,” he explains. “I had my suspicions that the well’s guardian would be blind and took a spare from the butcher this morning just in case.”

You sigh and smile into the wet fabric of his shirt. “You should have told me,” you scold.

“You are a terrible liar,” he laughs. “You would have foiled my plan.”

You stare up at the sky where path of the beast is etched into the clouds. You wonder why such a creature had been held inside the well. You fear what you’ve unknowingly released upon the world.

Feeling the tendrils of your gift returned, you dare to unearth its truth, touching your hand to the water as a source of its connection. But just as you do, a sharp pain surges through your chest. You clutch at your dress, gasping for air as you double over. Loki grasps onto your shoulders, his magic seeping into your veins as a means of soothing your pain. But what you are feeling isn’t tangible. It is the force of truth returning to physicality within your body as its host. But it isn't the truth of the beast that leaves you crippled.

“We have to go back to Midgard,” you manage to say through gasps and moans of discomfort. You try to stand but your legs double underneath you. Loki gathers you up into his arms.

“What is it?” he asks in a panic. “What’s wrong? Is it Moira? Is Moira alright?” He doesn’t once question your demand. He doesn’t need to. The link between you has left him affected as well. You notice him wince in tandem with each stabbing insistence of truth that assaults your mind.

You shake your head. “No, it’s Steve. He… I don’t know but I have to…”

Without another moment’s hesitation, Loki calls for Heimdall to open the Bifrost. In an instant, you are soaring back down to earth. Loki lands with a thud. He hardly seems stable enough to walk on his own. But regardless, he sets you down gently on your own two, wobbly feet. He stays close at your heels as you follow the tug of an invisible cord, a tether that had formed in the resurgence of truth, linking you to Steve. It calls you blindly forward to him, leading you within S.H.I.E.L.D.’s headquarters, but more specifically, to its medical ward. The pain subsides as you near your destination: a white room at the end of the hallway. Stepping inside, you are immediately overwhelmed by the strain of energy around you. It washes over you like a cruel poison, thick in your lungs. Anger. Fear. Regret. All stifling any breathable air. It’s been so long since you could decipher truth that it threatens to overwhelm you. To push you out from the room completely. But you stay strong, determined the moment you see Steve. He is standing at a considerable distance from your former rival, Bucky. You suspect that Steve has been told to not get any closer to the man lying in stasis. But his eyes are glued to him, strapped down and muzzled atop the bed. Your daughter is behind Steve, clinging to his leg as she peers around him, curiosity out ruling her fear.

“You brought her in here?” Loki growls beside you. His eyes are like daggers upon the First Avenger, who barely turns in recognition. His eyes seem empty, his skin pale.
Upon hearing her father’s voice, the young girl turns her head, her eyes as wide as her smile.

“Daddy!” She runs into your mate’s awaiting arms. Always her father’s daughter. You smile softly as you watch Loki lift the young girl up, all anger washing away, replaced by the pure love of a father. She holds tight to his neck. He gently kisses her cheek, nuzzling into her.

“How is my little princess?” He hums.

“I missed you!” She whines into his shoulder.

“I was only gone for a day, my love,” he answers back.

“A day too long.” His hand is against the back of her hair while hers are tangled around his neck.

“Well, I’m here now. And I’m dying to hear all about your adventures with your uncle.” His eyes lift to look at you, and slowly drift toward the soldier, standing like a broken doll in front of you. He nods his head, his thoughts a silent murmur held between just the two of you.

_He needs you_, he says across your mind.

_What can I do?_ A question more to yourself than to Loki.

_Give him the truth_, is his answer regardless. _Give them both the truth._

He leaves the room with your daughter in his arms. The little girl peeks over her father’s shoulder to look at you one last time. Her eyes telling, aged beyond her years. She smiles.

You rest your hand gently on Steve’s shoulder. Your caress breaks him from his delicate concentration. He sighs once he finally sees you. He lifts his hand to take yours from his shoulder and plays with the ends of your fingers mindlessly. Steve’s eyes widen slightly as if he can sense the change in you from that single, simple touch. He opens his mouth to speak but you interrupt him.

“Do you think he remembers?” you ask. “The previous life, I mean.”

“I’m not sure…” Steve mutters, shaking his head. He intertwines his fingers through yours, until you are held together as an impenetrable mesh of flesh and bone. “They say… They say he has been calling out for me.”

You step closer to the hospital bed where the dark-haired man lay unconscious, a limb missing at his side. “I could try to awaken his memories. His memories of you.”

Steve squeezes your hand as if he meant to steady himself. You can feel his heart racing beneath the flesh of his palm. “Veritas, how could you…”

You turn slightly to look at him, giving him a weak sort of smile. “My anniversary gift,” you say simply before you pull away, stepping nearer to the bed until your knees hit the metal frame.

You stare down at Bucky, remembering who he once was, who he’d been to you. How quickly you’d forgotten how much you missed his playful teasing. You play with the edges of your newly restored power, caressing its strange new branding. How it is still as much your own gift as it a part of that well. Borrowed but stolen. Old but new. You let it coil around your mind, dancing around the corners of your forgotten memories. It pushes and pulls until it releases itself out into the known
world, out into the room around you. It compels you toward Bucky, as if drawn in by a third, exterior source.

Emerging through the first layer of his mind feels like stepping through barbed wire. You wince but pry deeper, stumbling through the shambles of his mind. Years of brainwashing have turned it into a manipulated scramble. How had he freed himself in that previous life? What had been the key to his release? You decide that perhaps truth itself could be enough to help him. Using your gift, you slowly begin to break the chains that bind him. A sharp pain seeps into your veins as you take in the truth of his torment. You dig your nails into your palms, resisting the need to scream and surrender. But as blood trickles from the crescent shaped self-inflicted wounds, you push deeper. Tears coat your lashes, the taste of blood on your tongue. You gradually untether his mind with each wave of truth you bestow upon him. You can sense Steve at your back, pressing nearer, but your concentration is held to Bucky. You fall deep into his memories, where he and Steve were young, when the beginnings of their relationship had only just begun to take root.

Steve’s sudden hand on your shoulder causes a jolt of truth to soar from his hand, through your mind, and out into Bucky. You feel a cord pull tight between them, unraveling the remaining shackles that have kept Bucky from truly living. A flood of recall threatens to drown you both. It is a powerful typhoon constructed from loss but also carries the deafening hymn of love. And just as you begin to remove yourself from the intimacy of his mind, you feel a bond snapping into place. One very much like your own. A mate’s bond. A single word flutters through your mind as you pull free. Steve.

You step away, letting Steve take your place beside the bed as Bucky’s eyes flutter softly open. The two men look at each other and all at once, it as if they are seeing each other for the first and last time. Tears coat Bucky’s long, dark lashes as he blinks, taking in the bright, blinding light of the room. He struggles to sit up, stumbling with his metal arm now removed. Steve immediately reaches out, lifting him by his torso until he is upright. With his arms around him, he crumbles, falling fully into the other man’s embrace. He holds him tight, hands gripping fistfuls of his shirt.

“Steve,” Bucky whispers into his neck as he reaches his arm around him to hold him tight against him.

A tear runs down Steve’s cheek as he closes his eyes with smile. “Hey, Buck.”

You wipe your eyes and leave the room, before stealing one final glance at the two men together. You notice Bucky’s lips resting against Steve’s skin, moving slowly. And with your gift, you can feel the truth as loudly as the beating of your own heart. I love you. I love you.

It’s strange, you decide. After so many years of selfishly wanting Steve’s love, whether it be romantic, platonic, or something else entirely, you stand in a doorway watching as he embraces Bucky. And you smile, feeling a sense of true resolve, of true completeness wash over you. You turn away and close the door behind you as you make your way out of the medical ward.

You walk the halls aimlessly for what must be hours. You memorize each hallway, each face that passes by. Life is too short not to live each moment with love in your heart, you think to yourself. When finally, you feel the heaviness of needed sleep weighing down upon your shoulders, you hear him calling to you,

Veritas.

He is pulling you forward, up toward your bedroom.

Veritas.
Impatient, you chide.

He laughs lightly. Only eager. Moira just fell asleep.

This early? I wanted to spend some time with her before bed…

It’s rare she sleeps so soundly. Let her rest.

You emerge through the doorway, stepping out of your shoes. You round the corner, into Moira’s room where you find Loki propped up beside her atop the bed, his head rested against his fist. Moira is curled up against him, her small hands clutching his shirt.

Is Rogers alright? he asks. You are surprised by the sincerity in his voice.

I gave him the truth like you suggested.

And?

I don’t think you’ll have to worry about him yearning for my love after today. He has someone else to occupy his heart.

Loki laughs out loud. I knew he had a thing for men, he jokes.

Not men, you ass, you growl. Just Bucky. And you’re one to talk.

She told me about her nightmares, he speaks into your mind as you settle into bed, on the other side of your daughter. Your eyes widen as you stroke her hair, untangling bits of an already mangled braid.

Her nightmares? She told you?

Moira would never admit what she saw in her dreams. But you knew they frightened her enough to flee into the comfort of your arms in the middle of the night. Her little body would tremble against your hold as she cried and cried, without rest. Sometimes Steve would come knocking, as if he sensed the poor girl’s suffering. The three of you would tell her sweet stories until eventually, she’d give into sleep in the comfort of your arms.

I think she dreams of the future, Loki explains. She says she see a tall man, a man who wants to take mommy away.

Thanos.

Loki reaches for you across the bed. She sees her uncle and I beside you. She sees us walking into battle, hand in hand.

I’ve seen that too. In my own dreams.

As have I.

You stare down at your young child. How peacefully she looks here, lost in one of Loki’s illusions; his fix for her night terrors. You know that dream is no dream at all, but your daughter’s gift warning her of a path you would someday follow. A path the three of you must take in order to end this cycle. In order for you all to finally find peace.

Do you ever wonder if we will live long enough to see her fall in love? You sweep your fingers across her forehead gently.
I’d like to hope we would, Loki replies. And even if we don’t, we will watch from Valhalla. We will watch her live. We will watch them all live.

He leans over and kisses you softly. You smile against his lips, quickly sweeping away the stray tear that trickles down your cheek.

You promised. No tears. His own smile is sad, his eyes crinkled at the edges. You shake your head, cradling his face in your hands. These aren’t tears of despair, my king. They are tears of joy. You stare down at Moira as you settle in against a set of pillows at your back. Loki follows your lead and the two of you cradle your daughter tight between you. Your arms both lock around her, holding her close.

“I love you,” Loki whispers aloud. And whether his words are meant for your daughter or for you, you smile all the same. You smile as you welcome a new day, a day in which life would begin again. In which love was new and thriving, a victory over despair. And in which you would chart your own truth, making this world your own.

Chapter End Notes

Well, this is it my friends. This story was so much fun to work on and I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did writing it. I had always planned for Bucky and Steve to ultimately end up together but the poll only solidified that decision as it seems a lot of readers are Stucky fans too.

I am clearly on a Stucky kick as I am working on a Polyfic now "A Lack of Remorse" if that sort of thing interests you! I will still be working on "Spitfire" as well. Thanks again for sticking with me through this crazy tale!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!