In Exchange for Submission

by VillainousShakespeare

Summary

Loki’s invasion has taken a turn for the better, and he is now in charge of the city and a growing percentage of the US. During his campaign he acquired a group of hostages from resistance pockets and is keeping them captive in Stark Tower. Now, with things settling down a bit, he needs to decide what to do with them. Two of them, from a prominent Midagardian family, are set to be released to assuage the political elite left in America. One of these, a feisty, irritating, impossible woman, desperately offers to ransom the rest of the prisoners, including her best friend, herself. Loki has no need of Midgardian coin, but the woman, who has been a thorn in his side for weeks, has something else that he desires - her submission. He offers her a bargain - every day he will require a new willing act of submission from her, and in exchange, he will release one prisoner. How long can she keep up the deal? And how much of herself will he demand she surrender?

AU - Loki never killed Coulson, so the Avengers never coalesced. Other occasional cannon divergence. Any feedback always appreciated! :) *** Please note that this is AU - some characters (particularly Thor) act out of character. Please read tags!!
Chapter 1

There had been moments, and quite a number of them, where Loki thought his cause was doomed. Earth had managed to pull together a rather impressive (though Loki would die before admitting so aloud) group of compatriots resist him. If they had only fought together, they might very well have triumphed. But like most of those he had met on this cursed planet, and indeed like most of those he had met anywhere, they were too concerned with their own egos and competing agendas to coalesce into a solid fighting unit. There was something to be said, after all, for authoritarianism. As long, of course, as he was the one with the authority.

Acting separately, Earth's mightiest heroes had fallen or fled one by one. His dungeons now boasted Rodgers and Stark, both of whom he deemed too dangerous to attempt to control with the scepter, and his minions included Romanov and Barton, who he judged to be less a risk and therefore had leading factions under his tight psychic oppression. His brother had returned to Asgard in an attempt to rouse Odin to take direct action, but it seemed the Allfather was waiting to see the outcome of his adopted son's siege before committing to what could be looked at as another alien invasion. That left Banner, a specter that haunted Loki in his quieter moments. He had no idea where the scientist had retreated to, and was expending considerable amounts of energy to locate him. He was not sure what he would do when he found him, but he could not allow a creature of such power and unpredictability to remain on the loose unaccounted for.

Other than the constant nagging worry of Banner and Thor, Loki was enjoying a moment of rare calm. The city of New York had been subdued, along with about a third of the United States. He had carved out a nice little kingdom for himself, a good starting point from which to launch the rest of his take over. Local leaders, political, financial, and cultural, were either dead or converted to his cause, either by scepter or good enough sense to recognize the winning side. He had the President here with him at Stark Tower, to be paraded out when needed in order to show how completely he had overturned the old order. Loki had taken over Stark Tower as his seat of government, turning Tony's press hall into his throne room and, of course, usurping Tony's living quarters for his own.

He sat now in the "throne room" on the golden chair he had demanded be placed on the raised dais. His aide, a studious young man named Timothy who he converted without undo coercion once he saw how over worked and underappreciated the youth was by his former superiors, stood at his side, his ever present tablet in hand.

"My Lord," Timothy said diffidently, bowing to Loki anxiously.

"What is it Timothy?" Loki asked with a sigh. He had hoped to put in a brief appearance in his hall, as he tried to do everyday - it was important that he be seen - and then spend the rest of the afternoon in his rooms. It had been forever since he had had any time to himself, and he was craving the space to think, read, and relax.

"The prisoners, my lord," Timothy looked even more worried than usual. "They are to be released
"Ah, yes," he murmured. "Bring them up. All of them. We need to come to some decision on what
will become of the lot of them."

Over the past month he had somehow managed to collect a number of humans in the converted
cells of the tower. Pockets of resistance had popped up here and there, and rather than allowing the
Chitauri the pleasure of slaughtering them, he had taken prisoners where it seemed advisable. He
had never been a fan of needless killing. A man or woman who was dead could not be of any use,
but one alive, and owing their life to his largesse, well... they could sometimes be quite valuable
indeed. And so now he had a score or so of humans to determine a fitting punishment for.
Rebellion could not be left to go completely unpunished, after all. At least, not most of the time.

Unfortunately, two of the prisoners were now destined to escape Loki's punishment, whatever he
decided it was to be. It seemed that the group of cyber saboteurs they had caught three weeks ago
counted among them the son and daughter of one of the more important media moguls of this
wretched country, one based out west in territory he had yet to claim, and in return for promise of
their safe release, Loki had been enjoying much improved coverage on the airwaves. It was the day
appointed for the release of the pair. The son, Ben, younger of the two, he would part with easily.
The lad had clearly been following the lead of his more intelligent, assertive sister. Without her
leading the way, Loki had no doubt rebellion would never have entered the boy's mind. He had
been brought easily to heel once captured, and bowed to Loki, calling him "My King" as was
proper. The sister... she was another story.

Megan Bell was a constant irritant in Loki's side. For one thing, she refused to bow, or use any
form of title when addressing Loki. For another, unlike the other prisoners festering in the bowls of
the tower, she did not grovel when brought before him, but looked him dead in the eye, chin raised
and gaze defiant. He didn't know if it was security in the knowledge of her parent's position and
therefore her status that gave her the courage, or if it was the innate stubbornness of her own
nature, but it was entirely unacceptable. Worse, it inspired the others, who were quite pleasingly
cowed in her absence, to discover spines of their own. He dearly wished he had leisure to teach her
better manners, but knew it was in his best interests to send her away, no matter how much it ate at
him.

As he lounged in his chair, contemplating the various ways he would like to humble the earth girl,
Timothy reentered the room, accompanied by four guards, two Chitauri and two human thralls, and
twenty three prisoners, manacled at wrists and ankles. Ben and Megan were at the front of the
group, along with the two or three others who had been arrested with them. One other woman,
Loki knew, was close with the siblings, and she was now gripping to Megan's hand.

"Megan and Benjamin Bell," Loki called out, spearing the woman with his eyes, "step forward."
After squeezing the other woman's hand, Megan and Ben stepped forward, the latter staring at the
floor, the former glaring at him belligerently.

"It seems, against all odds," Loki drawled, "that someone considers you two worthwhile. I
personally cannot conceive why, but there you are."

He smiled mirthlessly and looked the woman up and down, curling his lip in a sneer. Her chin rose
even higher. He itched to grab it between his thumb and forefinger and force her eyes to the
ground, followed shortly by the rest of her body. Her small, curvy, perfectly proportioned body. At
his feet.

"While I would love to make an example of you," his eyes lingered on hers, narrowing, "I'm afraid
your ransom has been paid. You will be sent home to the custody of your parents."

Loki did his best to make the sentence sound debasing, as though they were nothing more than petulant children being punished for speaking back to their school master.

"What of the rest?" it was Megan, of course. Ben had slumped in relief, eyes filled with moisture of unshed tears. "Kate, our friends, the other prisoner? What will become of them?"

Kate must be the name of the girl she had hugged, he supposed, glancing over to her. He had never bothered to learn the names of the other prisoners, he realized. Only Megan, and because he was her brother, Ben. She was the only one who had roused such animosity in him.

"That is none of your concern," he told her, putting on his best evil sneer. Let her worry herself with thoughts of what was becoming of her companions in her absence. It would be the sweetest revenge he was like to see for her days of small defiances.

"Tell me," she insisted, clearly not recognizing her place in the slightest. If she were any of the other prisoners here, the guards would be beating her by now. Of course she was the one, well, one of the two, he could not touch.

"You have no right to ask me anything," he said silkily. "You are nothing. Less than that. A spoiled child ransomed by an overly indulgent father. I owe you nothing. As for the prisoners, they are mine to dispose of as I wish."

He intentionally worded it to suggest that he meant to kill them, though he highly doubted it would come to that. Some of them would be put in thrall, most likely, and made to serve in some capacity. The rest would be kept until their will was broken, then sent on their way. No need for her to know that, though. She thought him a monster, he would be one for her.

The guards grabbed her by one arm, her brother by the other and began escorting them out. Her friend Kate darted forward and hugged her again, and a Chitauri pulled them apart, throwing Kate to the ground in the process. He then raised his gun and pointed it the cowering girl. Loki was just about to call him off when Megan surprised him by breaking free of her thralled guard and crossing quickly to stand before the dais on which Loki sat.

"Wait!" she cried as she ran. "Please, Loki, do not let them hurt her. I will pay her ransom. Indeed, I will pay ransom for everyone here."

There was a murmur throughout the hall as the prisoners looked hopefully from her to him. Once again, she was stirring hope within them. They knew she was from an alarmingly wealthy family; she had the resources to spare. He had obviously come to some sort of arrangement with her father to secure her release and that of her brother, why not one for the rest of them?

"I have no use for Midgardian coin," he said, voice dripping with contempt.

"You allowed father to ransom us," she countered boldly.

"Not with money," he told her.

"With what then?" she asked, looking a little less sure of herself. It suited her, he thought.

"Your father runs a media empire, he is useful," he told her. "But his use is only enough to buy the freedom of the two of you. I need not part with my other disposables."

"Is there nothing then?" she asked, looking desperately to where her friend lay crying on the floor.
"Nothing I can offer you in exchange for their freedom? Please."

The last word was ripped out of her grudgingly, and it began to give Loki an idea.

"There might be, perhaps, a way for you to buy their freedom," he mused, looking at her through hooded eyes. "But I don't think you will pay it."

"What is it?" she did her best to look strong, but he heard her voice tremble. "What do you want from me?"

"Your submission," he told her, cruel grin spreading across his face.

"What?" she took an involuntary step backwards.

"I want," he said slowly, enjoying the moment, "your submission. Your free, willing, submission to me."

"I don't understand," her voice was now no more than a whisper, but as the hall had gone unnaturally quiet it carried easily.

"Allow me to explain," he smiled patronizingly. "I will graciously allow you to purchase the freedom of one captive a day by agreeing to an act of submission to me. It must be performed completely and with good grace. If, at the end of the day, you have succeeded, I will let a prisoner go. On the next day, a new act of submission will be added. Perform that one as well, and I will release a second human. And so on."

"So the one act would not replace the first," she said, realizing quickly the trap he had hoped she would over look. "They would compound upon each other."

"Indeed," he agreed, "although they will not all be required everyday. It will be entirely at my discretion."

"And if one of these... acts... is too much?" she asked. "If I find I cannot comply?"

"Then you are free to go," he shrugged, as if he could not care less. "Your freedom has been bought. I will not compel these things from you. I will allow you them in order to pay off the debts owed to the crown by your fellows. However, once you choose to leave, no additional prisoners will be released. It is all completely up to you, Ms. Bell."

He saw her fighting with herself, teeth worrying at her bottom lip. He tried to look as though he was completely indifferent to what choice she made, but inside he was practically panting, willing her with all his might to accept his offer. Loki did not know quite why he longed so much to bring her under thumb, but the idea coursed through his blood and filled him with longing.

"Meg, don't do it," Kate said at last. "We will be fine. And we all knew the risks. It is not your fault we are here."

Perversely, her friends entreaty seamed to have the exact opposite effect as intended. Megan squared her shoulders and looked up at Loki.

"What is it you require of me today?" she asked, resolve shining from her.

Loki stood and descended the stairs to stand in front of her. She was so short that the top of her head came up only to the center of his chest. Up close he could tell she was trembling, and he relished it as he stared down at her.
"We will start with something simple," he all but purred. "All you need do today, Ms. Bell, is kneel down and kiss my boot. Just do that one simple thing, and I will set someone free."

Her jaw dropped to the floor. A ripple of sound moved through the prisoners. She was proud, they all knew. Very, very proud. She would not do it. He could feel them all thinking it. Pure hatred pored out of her overly round eyes. If she could have killed him then, he knew, he would be done for. Had he asked too much, too soon? It was a small thing, true, and he intended to demand much, much more in the days to come. But in some ways this would be the hardest. He meant it to be a test, to see if she was as noble as she liked to think as or merely the semblance of bravery.

With agonizing slowness, Megan swallowed her pride and lowered herself to one knee. She took a breath and looked up at him, gritting her teeth.

"Lower," he said.

Hating him, hating herself, she dropped her other leg and prostrated herself on the ground before him. A smile of triumph tugged at his mouth as he extended his foot towards her. He was in his leather and metal armor, functional not merely ceremonial. The boots were polished to a high shine, but they had seen much action in the recent past. They were, in themselves, a symbol of the subjugation of her world. She looked as though she dearly wanted to spit on it, but after a lengthy hesitation she lowered her lips and kissed the top of his right boot. He raised it slightly and ground it into her lips, causing her to gasp. Beneath his leather pants he felt his cock twitch and grow. He knew it would show clearly through the tight material. He hoped she noticed. With deliberate lack of haste he drew his boot back smirked down at her.

"You see," he told her, "that wasn't so hard, now was it? Guards, take Mr. Bell and the gentleman standing next to him out of the tower, they are free to go."

"What?" Megan cried, rising to her feet and looking over at Kate.

"I said I would free one person," he smiled at her, "I never said which one."

"But-"

"If you don't like the rules, you are free to go. Or you can stay, and try to save another worthless slave tomorrow."

"I'll stay," she grumbled.

"As you wish," he kept his voice carefully neutral. "Timothy, take the prisoners back to their cells, then find a guest room for Ms. Bell. It seems she will be with us for a while. Of her own free will."

"Yes, Sire," Timothy replied at once.

Loki felt a surge of triumph rise within him. He would teach her who had power here, teach her to obey, and strip her of her pride. And he would enjoy every second of it.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Loki has Megan where her wants her. What will his next demand of her be?

Loki had intended to keep to his plans for the afternoon. Let Megan stew in the uncertainty of what he had planned for her. He knew she would be seething from her humiliation that morning. He could picture her, pacing the small suite of rooms he had allotted her, green eyes sparkling with indignation. It was a bewitching image.

And that was just the problem. He could not get the picture out of his mind. Except, of course, when it was replaced with the picture of her, body lowered in abject debasement, brushing her lips to his boot. It was where she belonged, on her knees in front of him, acquiescing to his masterdom.

The memory made it damn near impossible to concentrate on anything else.

And so here he was, just five hours later, taking up her doorway and denying her her peace just as thoughts of her had denied him his. It was only fair.

She had bathed and changed clothes in the hours since he had seen her last. Predictable since the suite he had allotted her contained a large soaking tub and shower. It had belong to some executive of Starks; her belongings still sat on their shelves and hung in the closet. All except the electronics. He had instructed Timothy to make sure that every last thing that ran on electricity had been removed from the rooms. Megan had a knack for hacking; he was not going to give her another chance to use it against him.

"What do you want," she asked rudely. "I thought you were done shaming me for the day."

"There is no shame in bowing to your king, Miss Bell," he corrected her. "And you should be honored that your lips were allowed the privilege of contact with my boot. I understand, though, that you are from an uncivilized world and unaccustomed to royalty, therefore it is only natural to be overwhelmed. Perhaps when you repeat the obeisance tomorrow it will seem less intimidating."

Her mouth hung open, gaping at him.

"Tomorrow?" she gasped.

"And the day after, and the day after that," he smiled. "Assuming, that is, that you want to keep earning the release of the rebels?"

She glared at him, chewing on her bottom lip. He had noticed the habit in her long since, when she was pondering something, or trying to keep her mouth from speaking words she knew would land her in difficulty.

"You really are going to make me do that every day?" she finally asked.

"It is about to become our own little ritual," he told her. "The perfect way to start each day. I will let you pick the boot, if you wish, but other than that, your mornings will begin prone before me, lips to my foot. Unless, as I said, you wish to depart without your cohorts."
“You will not get rid of me that easily,” she grumbled at last.

"I am not trying to get rid of you at all. I am trying to educate you on your proper place in the world. Now, I assume you are hungry?"

Without waiting for an answer he swept past her into the room, arm brushing against her wet strawberry blond hair as he did. It was starting to form little curls around her neck, he noticed absently.

A servant wheeled in a meal cart behind him, silver cover hiding a plate of some sort of roast fowl and vegetables. He was still accustoming himself to the food on this planet. He had found though, to no surprise, that Stark kept an excellent chef on staff.

"I trust the accommodations are to your satisfaction?" He asked as the servant quickly set out her meal and scurried off, shutting the door behind him.

"They’re fine," she shrugged. "I wonder what happened to the woman who lived here before?"

"I have no idea," he confessed, “nor do I particularly care. She stood against me, she is gone. That is all that matters.”

In truth most of the residents of Stark Towers had been evacuated long before he took possession of the building. He had found escape tunnels beneath the basement leading out and across the river into the outer boroughs.

"Whoever she was, she obviously didn’t suffer from your ridiculous deficiency of size,” he pointed out cruelly. “That dress looks absurd on you.”

"Was there a purpose for your visit, Loki, or did you just want to antagonize me?"

"King Loki,” he corrected.

She clamped her mouth shut mutinously. Eyes burning with the effort to hold her tongue.

"Come now, Megan,” he said, in his most reasonable tones, “you are a guest in my home, and as such you should offer me my due respect.”

"I am offering you all the respect you are due,” she snapped.

"Hmm,” he smiled down at her, stepping closer to crowd her with his height. He had over a foot on her, and in comparison she seemed almost childlike before him. “I will allow you your obstinance for tonight. Tomorrow that all changes.”

"How,” she asked. Just the one word, but he could see how much it cost her.

"I have referred to you as my guest,” he began, “but I think that since your stay here is to be extended you should earn your keep, don’t you?"

"How?” She asked again.

"Beginning tomorrow, you are to see to my personal needs,” he paused for a moment, watching her squirm as the possible interpretations of this flew through her mind. He could tell from the crimson that stained her cheeks where her mind had flown to first. For the second time that day he felt his cock stir in his leather pants.

“As my page,” he added, smiling innocently as she reached out a steadying hand for the table. She
really was delightful to toy with. Her emotions flit so closely to the surface of her face.

"You page," she repeated the words back to him. "What does that entail?"

"You will wait on me in the Throne Room and dining hall," he explained. "You will run errands, fetch and carry, announce my guests, and serve me at table. Page to the King is a position of high esteem on Asgard. You should be giddy with gratitude."

"You’ll have to imagine the giddy on the inside," she said, dryly. She was looking at him with a furrowed brow, trying to puzzle out the purpose of this submission. It was obviously too easy. "What aren’t you telling me?" she asked.

"You will address me, at all times, as King Loki, Your Majesty, or Sire," he said sternly. "You will curtsey when entering or leaving my presence, and you will not do either of those things without my permission, for any reason. And you will wear the appropriate livery."

"Livery?"

"It means uniform," he explained, deliberately condescending.

"I know what it means," she snapped. "What is your livery? I have not seen anyone here dressed in it."

"I have not had any personal servants here before," he said, giving the word personal just the barest touch of a caress to increase her discomfort. "Here it is."

Loki flourished with his hand and produced a neat bundle of folded clothing. He sauntered over to the large bed on the far side of the room and deposited them on the foot of it. With a small smile he sat down on the mattress, crossing his legs at the ankles and leaning back. Her eyes widened and he saw the pulse at her neck increase its pace. Interesting. It appeared that his was not the only mind jumping to lewd interpretations of things. He filed that away for later use as he enjoyed the wave of sexual fear emanating from her.

"Don’t you want to inspect it?" He asked innocently, glancing to where it lay next to him on her bed.

Walking as though to her execution, Megan crossed the room to the bed, going around to stand at the foot instead of risking coming near to him where he lounged on one side. She picked up one of the dresses, there were five identical ones on the pile, and held it up. The dress was in his dark green color, with a low, square neckline, and a very short flounce of a skirt. A black ribbon cinched in the waist.

"There are underthings there as well," he told her, as though it was the height of indulgence that he let her have them.

"It’s a French Maid costume!" She protested, staring at the dress. "I can’t wear this!"

He knew very well what she referred to, of course, but there was no need for her to know that. After dealing with Thor for the past years, Midgardians seemed ready to believe them all uninformed dolts.

"I assure you, no mere maid would wear this on Asgard, whatever they wear in France," he growled at her, standing and stalking around until her invaded her personal space, forcing her to retreat until the backs of her legs hit the bed. "You will appear in the throne room tomorrow morning at ten o’clock in what I have provided or nothing at all, or you will vacate the Tower and
forfeit on our agreement.”

He advanced one more step, until his body was hard against hers and grabbed the back of her head in one of his large hands, tilting it up to look at him. His breath caught in his chest as he felt her pulse beat wildly. His cock, now fully erect, pressed into her stomach and caused her to gasp. The urge to throw her back onto the mattress and take out all his frustrations on her small, soft body was suddenly almost impossible to resist. She had come to represent for him all of the stubbornness, the foolish resistance of the mortals of Midgard. It would be so easy, so pleasant to take her now, force her to bend to his will.

With a deep breath he dropped his hand to his side, spun on his heel and walked back to the door.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Miss Bell," he said at the door, and left her.
Chapter 3

Megan begins her run as Loki's Page. He cannot wait to put her through her paces.

Loki was surprised by the sense of anticipation bubbling in him as he sat his throne the next morning. Would she do it? Could Megan bring herself to put on the dress, complete with black lace and leather underthings, and make her way to the Throne Room? He wasn't sure, but he was startled how much he hoped she would. He was greatly looking forward putting her in her place again, this time for the entire length of the day.

He was just beginning to think that he would not get his wish, that she had failed to rise to the challenge and had decided to put her own pride above the safety of fellow rebels, when the doors opened and Timothy escorted a furious looking Megan into the room. Loki's stomach flipped upside down as he looked at her.

Until now, he had only seen her in the clothing provided for the prisoners - baggy, grey, and shapeless. He had known despite this that she was attractive, her brilliant green eyes and strawberry blond hair assured that even if she was shapeless as her prison garb, but seeing her in the uniform of his household she was stunning. The low, square neck showed off an ample amount of cleavage. He knew that underneath was black lace and leather lifting her breasts high and leaving her nipples uncovered. He could see the outline of those firm, pebbled nubs trying to push through the tight green satin of her bodice just below the neckline. He made a mental note to make sure the temperature in the Throne Room was kept low at all times. The flounce of skirt came down only to her upper thigh, and her shapely legs, long for her tiny height, were sheathed in black stockings with seams running up the back. He could just make out the tops of the hose before the skirt began, teasing an enticing stripe of flesh.

The sight of her was making his mouth water and his cock hard. The fire in her green eyes caught
the green of her costume perfectly, even down to the gold flecks in around her pupils picking up the gold of the lace at the hem. It was as though she were born to wear his colors.

Loki crooked his finger and gestured her forward. She walked carefully, in order to keep her skirt from revealing more than she was willing to show. He bit back a grin at the way her ankles wobbled in the black heels. Obviously she was not used to wearing their like. She stopped when she got to the bottom of the steps up to the dais and looked at him questioningly. With a smug grin he extended his foot and dropped his eyes from hers to the top of his boot, raising one eyebrow as his eyes returned to her face.

Shaking her head slightly and pursing her lips, Megan ascended the steps to the dais, holding her skirt with both hands to keep it in place. When she reached the top she lifted her eyes to him in entreaty. Foolish woman. Loki chuckled silently and tapped his boot.

"With good grace," he reminded her as she glared at him.

Keeping her hands balled in the material of her skirt, Megan carefully sank to her knees. She took a moment to figure out the best way to bend down without flashing the small audience milling about the chamber. They had all stopped the conversations they had been having and turned to watch the spectacle on the dais. Megan's defiance of Loki had not gone unnoticed over the past weeks, and he had heard rumors that there was gambling going on over how long she would endure the hoops he planned to make her jump through. He had instructed Timothy and some of his other willingly loyal men to encourage the betting. Anything to increase her discomfort.

Finally giving up on any pretense of modesty, Megan bent forward and brushed her lips against his boot perfunctorily, barely making contact. She started to rise up but he placed his other foot on the back of her neck and held her there. He exerted just a fraction of pressure as he ran his eyes over the curve of her back. He wished he had the view that his subjects were currently enjoying. He found himself aching to see the lovely ass he was sure she was hiding under that skirt of hers. When he finally decided she had remained prostrate before him long enough, he removed his foot and allowed her to scramble to her feet, getting a tantalizing look down her bodice as she did.

"Good morning, Ms. Bell," he greeted her with a smile.

"Good morning," she all but snarled. He raised his eyebrows at her again. For a moment she looked confused, but the realization set in. "Sire," she added, as though it burned her tongue to say it.

He would have preferred King Loki or Your Majesty, but it was one of the terms of address he had allowed her.

"I must say, you look lovely today," he told her condescendingly. "My colors suit you."

"Thank you, Sire," she growled.

"Timothy has a list of petitioners for the morning. You will show them in one at a time, introduce them to me - using my title and proper deference of course, and attend me while I dole out justice. You may either stand at the foot of the steps, hands behind your back, or if you prefer you may sit."

He gestured and a large green cushion appeared to the side and slightly in front of his throne. It resembled nothing quite so much as a dog’s bed, and he saw her nostrils flare at the implication. He smiled thinlly. Well, he would see how she viewed it after a few hours in four inch heels.

Megan snatched the list of names from Timothy and turned to leave.
"Uh uh uh," Loki stopped her. “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

Really, she was going to ruin her teeth if she kept grinding them so hard.

"May I have leave to depart and get them,” she asked, pasting a false smile on her face. “Sire.”

"You may, girl, as soon as you curtsy.”

She was many admirable things, but apparently graceful wasn’t one of them. Her curtsy was a travesty, but it did give him another lovely view down the front of dress.

The day progressed amusingly, though he was completely unable to concentrate on any of the petitions brought before him. Her cursties got marginally better as the day went on, and she soon began to grow accustomed to her dress if not the ridiculous heels he had provided. He managed to catch quite a few glimpses of her fetching rear as the skirt swished when she walked down the stairs, and they were inspiring ideas for future degradations.

It was after lunch time when he began to notice her fidgeting back and forth where she stood at the bottom of the steps to his throne. He smiled as she rotated her ankles, switching from one foot to the other. It wouldn't be long now; she could not totter on those stilettos forever. He caught her glances up to the cushion and fought to keep the smile off his face. He began coming up with excuses to have her run back and forth from the room, making her walk as much as possible, hurrying her in and out of the chamber. When she finally stumbled on her way up to introduce a woman asking for permission to reopen a string of restaurants in the neighborhood (something he had no interest in whatsoever) he pounced on the moment.

"Miss Bell," he said, as mildly as possibly, "it is apparent that you can not stay on your feet. Please, for the dignity of our proceedings, have a seat."

He gestured to the cushion next to him. As she struggled to her feet he saw the moment where her shoulders slumped and her resolve slipped. Limping a bit she made her way up to stand before him.

"Sire, I beg leave to present Dianna Reese," she said, reciting the words she had been given. "Miss Reese, His Majesty, King Loki."

Never had his title sounded sweeter than it did falling from her lips. She had even lost the bitter tone her voice had possessed at the beginning of the day.

"Thank you, pet," he said with a smile, causing her eyes to dart up to his face. "Would you care to have a seat while we hear her case?"

"Thank you, Sire," she sighed, giving in, and sank down onto the pillow.

Loki smiled slowly. He was willing to give the woman presenting her plea before him anything she wanted. Hers had been the case that brought his obstinate page girl to her knees, literally. Megan had kicked off the offending heels and had her legs curled underneath her. As Loki pretended to listen to the petition, he reached down and, seemingly absentmindedly, ran his hand through her hair, treating her as though she were his pampered pet. He could feel the resentment coming off of her in waves, but also her relief at being off of her feet for the first time in hours. Her hair was thick and silky as he twisted a curl around his finger, leaning down absently and bringing a strand up to sniff at it. There was something soothing about having her there. Absently he let his hand slip down and caress her neck and she stiffened. Her pulse was once again running. Good. He liked that she responded to his touch. He could use that.

Without thinking he interrupted the petitioner to grant her request out of hand. The woman started,
stopping her speech for a moment and gaping at him in shock before babbling her thanks.

"Thank Ms. Bell," he said, cryptically. His hand tightened into a fist in Megan's hair, pulling it sharply, and her head shot back. "Megan, pet, show the woman out."

Megan quickly got to her feet and, eschewing her shoes, showed the woman to the door. She had forgotten to curtsy. He would remember that to use tomorrow against her, but for now it had been a marvelous first day.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

The first week goes by as Loki ups the ante. How much will Megan be able to take before she breaks?

It had been a week since Loki had begun his assault on Megan's peace of mind, and he was loving every moment of it. He could not say the same for the object of his torment, but that was rather the whole point.

Megan had adapted well enough to certain aspects of the situation. The dress no longer seemed to bother her, and it was delightful how unaware she had become of the way it put her on display. Her perky nipples all but cut through her bodice on a constant basis, and Loki had daily glimpses of the delights lurking beneath her skirt. His title no longer seemed to choke her quite so much as use had accustomed her tongue to its utterance.

She still resisted the daily ritual of keeling before him, and it continued to be a highlight of his day. He tried to find different ways to make it more difficult for her, one morning withdrawing his foot as she began to lower her lips, forcing her to lie prone on the floor in order to reach it, another instructing his valet to leave off cleaning them so that she would have to press her lips to the dust and grime accumulated over the previous day. It all gave him great amounts of pleasure.

She also tried to fight against the need to sit, knowing that it gave him license to treat her as a pet rather than a person. He had gradually increased the height of her heels, too subtly at a time to be easily detected, so that her resistance would crumble sooner and he could have her beside him to pet and caress during the afternoons. He found it relaxing to play with her hair.

He had added new challenges as well of course. The third evening he had ordered a particularly messy dinner customarily eaten by hand to be served, and when his fingers had become covered in a sticky sauce he had called her over to his table.

"Page Girl," he snapped abruptly.

She approached his chair warily, knowing he had yet to give her the day's new order.

"My Lord King?" She asked, only a slight bitterness audible in the words.

"I seem to have made a mess of my dinner," he sighed, regarding her with hooded eyes. "You will clean me."

"Yes my lord," she replied reluctantly, after a brief pause, and reached for a napkin.

"With your mouth," he added, and watched her cheeks grow absolutely crimson.

"Sire?" She asked in shock.

"You heard me," he smiled evilly at her and held a finger to her lips. "Suck them clean."

He watched in delight as she fought every impulse in her body. His fingertip rubbed back and forth
against her full, red lips, spreading the sauce along them.

"You can’t mean it!” She protested.

"Can’t I?" He asked. “Then I suppose I shall have to tell the rest of my prisoners they are for the block. How disappointing for them.”

He took his finger away, but like clockwork her hand shot out and grabbed his wrist.

"Wait!” she said. “I’ll do it.”

She brought his fingers to her lips and, with a deep breath, sucked the first into her mouth. Loki leaned back and watched the erotic display before him as each of his digits were brought in turn into her hot, wet mouth, her tongue running over them to lick him clean. He would not allow her to rush it, forcing his middle finger further in when she would have quickly pulled it out.

"Careful girl,” he warned her. “If you leave so much as one speck of dinner on my hands, I shall dirty them and make you start again.”

When she started on his second hand, Loki made a great show of inspecting the first before moving it down to openly stroke the erection straining beneath his pants. He let out a low moan as she sucked particularly hard on his thumb, and her eyes flashed to his face before dropping to his lap where he was working his leather encased cock in time with her lips’ movement. Horror shone on her face and he licked his lips in response.

"Who would have suspected you had such a talented mouth on you,” he groaned. “I will have to remember that for future use.”

She was shaking in humiliation by the time she finished, and it was a job well done.

The next day he had gone easy on her, merely insisting that she spend her time between duties on the cushion at his feet. He was too fond of having her there, and he knew she would not stop fighting against it unless directly ordered her to sit. He was convinced she was secretly relieved, and took amusement from watching her try to hide her reaction.

Day five he reversed course and made her beg if she wanted the pleasure of the cushion. After a full day of relaxation her muscles screamed at having to stand in the miserable shoes, and at lunch time she capitulated and pleaded for the opportunity to lounge at his feet, head pulled by her hair to rest against his leg.

On the sixth he demanded she leave her underpants in her room. He had thought that this indeed would be the ultimate limit to what she could tolerate, and worried that he had pushed too hard too fast. She had done it though, showing up in the throne room just at the last acceptable moment with a thunderous scowl on her face but no knickers covering her delectable bottom. She was back to being overly conscious of her dress, of course, but that was part of his fun.

To push matters further, he had managed to spill wine on the thigh of his trousers, and called her over to clean it off.

"You know how you have to do it,” he told her with a smirk.

Closing her eyes for a moment to try to block out all thougt, Megan sank to her knees next to his chair and began running her tongue over his leg, lapping up the spill. If he thought her work with his fingers was exciting, this made him almost wince with the pain of his throbbing cock. He fisted the hair on the back of her head and held her face fast against his crotch, bucking up into her as
she licked over the expanse of his lap. He made no attempt to hide the sounds of his arousal and all eyes in the dining room had turned to watch his display of dominance. He considered keeping her there until he finished, but instead pushed her off suddenly, sending her falling backwards onto her bare bum, legs splaying in ungainly fashion, giving him a quick peek at the pink folds in between.

"That's enough pet," he warned her. “You have not earned the privilege of my cum... yet.”

With that he had dismissed her for the night, before he lost control and took her there on the floor of the dining chamber. She had clambered to her feet, dipped a tiny curtsy, and beat a hasty retreat before he could change his mind.

The next morning she had arrived in the Throne Room red eyed and tired looking. It was obvious she had not gotten much sleep the night before. Loki almost felt sorry for her, the stress was showing so clearly on her face. He wanted her humbled, but he wanted to make sure her stamina kept up. They were approaching the phase of his plans he had been anticipating so avidly for the past week and he wanted her rested and fully able to participate in her tarnishing.

As the afternoon advanced she was obviously anxious as to his next intentions. Her eyes kept straying to his, beseeching him silently, and he felt an odd lump in his chest. Abandoning all of his plans he stood abruptly and turned to her.

"Megan," he blurted out. "For your act of submission tonight I want you - "

She held her breath as she waited for an axe to fall. Despite his more charitable impulses, he couldn't help pausing there to see her squirm.

"-to have dinner with me," he concluded. "Alone in my dining chamber. Tonight."

"Why would we do that?" she seemed honestly confused. Until now she had been scarfing down the food he gave her in the few minutes she had to herself.

"Because I want to," he replied as if it was the most obvious answer in the world. "And you do what I want."
Loki and Megan share a meal and answer questions. What could she possibly say to make the God of Mischief jealous?

Loki lounged on a sofa in the outer part of his private chambers on the top floor of Stark Towers. He had bathed off the day's grime and changed from his hard leather armor to a forest green tunic, black pants, and soft black boots. The servant who brought up the two silver trays of food and bottles of wine had set them out over his dining table. He had offered to stay and wait on them, but Loki had sent the man away after the wine was uncorked. He wanted to be alone with her.

Not long after there was a knock on his door and he opened it to see Timothy standing with Megan. His secretary wasn't happy that he would not have a guard with him, but really, what could the tiny woman do against Loki? He was hardly the one who needed protecting in this scenario.

He ushered Megan in and shooed Tim away, locking the door behind him.

"This is different," Megan said, looking around to take in the lush green brocade fabrics framing the windows and covering the floor, as well as the plush gold sofa and matching divan that he had brought in to add some comfort to the sleek, modern chambers that had once belonged to Tony Stark.

"I like to put my stamp... my mark if you will... on those things that belong to me," as he spoke he let his eyes wander over her green uniform and the pale mounds of flesh that rose from the top of it, imagining how her chest and neck would look with a few choice bite marks to lend color to the skin.

"I do not belong to you," she said reflexively, bringing her arms up instinctually to cover her bosom.

"It is amusing that you think that," he smirked. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

With an ill covered sigh she sank into a curtsey.

"Good evening, Sire," she said.

"Good evening, Megan," he replied, grinning. "Won't you sit down?"

"Why am I here?" she asked as she plopped down into the appointed chair.

"I told you, because I want you to be."

"Very well, why do you want me to be here?" she persisted, as he handed her a glass of wine.

"You are hardly in a position to demand answers, Ms. Bell," he smiled. "However, I will make another deal with you, since our first is progressing so nicely. I will answer one question of yours in return for every one you answer of mine."
"Things can never just be easy with you, can they?" she asked, sighing. "Very well. You have a deal."

"Excellent. And, in answer to your first question, no. They can not. There is no fun, no challenge to be had in what is easy. Now, my turn."

She gasped, but he merely grinned and cocked one eyebrow at her and she made a continuing motion with her hand.

"Good girl," he smiled with approval, lifting their covers off the food and cutting his meat. "Why did you offer yourself to save the others? Your friend, Kate, I can understand. Even the others who were caught with you. But most of those fools you had never seen before my dungeons. Why put yourself through all of this for their sake?"

He had taken the time since her servitude began to inquire more thoroughly into his prisoners. She was friends with three others who had assisted with her attempts to break into his communications apparatus, but the lion's share were random strangers picked up for various other infractions.

"You need my father's cooperation," she replied, then amended, as his active eyebrow went up, "or at least, you want it. You weren't going to seriously hurt me without severe provocation and risk making him an enemy. The same could not be said for the rest of them. Your forces have already killed hundreds, if not thousands, so twenty more give or take would not make much of a difference to you, I assume. Death is permanent, by very definition it cannot be survived. I can survive what you are doing to me. If I let them die to save my pride, I become guilty of their death."

It was a strange twist of logic, but as it served his purpose he wasn't about to argue with her. A noble, if misguided reason. He nodded.

"My turn," she said. "Would you have freed Kate and my friends first, if I had been more specific when I asked?"

He could tell that this had been troubling her. Could she have secured the release of those close to her?

"No," he assured her, thinking it was probably even true. "If I did I would have lost my main hold over you. While you do have a grievous martyr complex, I don't know if a threat to virtual strangers would be enough to keep you here through what I intend to do with you. A threat to your closest friends, however, that provides motivation to comply."

She shuddered at his frank admission that he intended worse than she had already been put through. Well, she would have to be stupid to expect otherwise, and he had found her to be anything but that. He watched her nibble at a roll, managing to somehow make it look erotic, and smiled.

"Do you have a lover?" he asked. "On the outside?"

Megan's face turned scarlet. She obviously had not been expecting such a personal question.

"No," she replied, tersely. He looked at her expectantly and she rolled her eyes and elaborated. "My most recent boyfriend and I ended things when he became jealous of my work. He did not like that I was advancing faster than he."

"It is just as well," Loki replied, feeling quite pleased. "You have no need of a boyfriend, as you called him. You have a God. Anything else would be a mere distraction."
There was a brief pause as she did her best not to roll her eyes again.

"Why are you making me do all of these things?" she finally blurted out. "Why humiliate me? And then invite me to dinner tonight? It makes no sense."

"Those are two different questions," he pointed out lazily, "but I'm feeling magnanimous, so I will allow it. I told you already that there is no fun without a challenge, and you my dear, are a lovely, albeit easily conquerable, challenge. It provides an enjoyable diversion to the drudgery of this dreary planet. Did it never occur to you that I could simply use my scepter to put you in thrall and command you to do whatever I want? But where is the reward in that? No, the thrill, the exquisite pleasure, is in breaking your will and making it my own. In the end, I will make you long to please me, and if you are a good enough pet I may even let you. As for dinner... you make for very pretty viewing, and it is pleasant to eat with someone who is not either a sycophantic toad or a sadistic psychopath."

"I wouldn't know," she snarked, causing him to laugh deeply. Seemingly against her will she joined him and chuckled lightly.

He liked that she still had fire to her. It would make his inevitable victory all the sweeter. It appeared that his little servant had layers to her. She was loyal, brave, intelligent, and her smile made her vivid green eyes come alive.

"Why did you try to sabotage my communications? What inspired you to risk so much?" he asked, finding that it was not just an idle question. He wanted to know.

"I was hoping to free Tony," she sighed, smile fading from her face.

"Tony?" he asked, ice crystalizing in his voice.

"Mr. Stark," she clarified, as if he hadn't inferred that. "You had taken him prisoner. I thought that if I could find out where and how exactly you were holding him, I could get the word to the people capable of mounting a rescue. Obviously things did not work out the way I had hoped."

"You risked your freedom, you very life, for Stark?" he asked, voice dripping with loathing. "Why?"

He knew what the answer would be, of course. He had heard the rumors since coming to this dismal world. Tony Stark, billionaire playboy. A different girl, or girls, every night. Each of them disposable, and each clamoring over the other in a desperate fight to stay in his bed. He would not have thought Megan would be so pathetic. He had thought she had pride, had taken pity on her even tonight, and invited her here to dine with him instead of debasing her further. And all this time she had been pining for that reprobate? His lip curled into a sneer.

"He's my mentor," she told him, giving him an odd look.

"Ah, is that what they call it on Midgard?" he asked.

Suddenly he remembered her comment when she had first entered the room. That it was different. He had thought she meant different than the rest of the soulless tower, but now realization struck. This was not the first time she had been in these rooms. The private rooms that had once belonged to Tony Stark. No doubt she was quite familiar with the bedroom that lay just through the door on the far side of the room as well.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "He hired me out of college, trained me."
"You will forget his training" Loki sneered. "You will forget everything about him. About him and about every other man from your past. You have only one thought in your head, and that is me. I am your King and your God!"

"Loki," she began, and he stood, towering over her.

"King Loki," he growled. "Or Your Majesty. You forget yourself, Ms. Bell."

"Your Majesty," she echoed back, fear standing out in her eyes.

Good. She should be afraid. He had been far too lenient with her. Loki stalked around the table until he was looming above her and lifted her chin with his hand.

"I wonder, my dear Megan," he said quietly, "if you realize just how many times you have forgotten to call me by my proper title over the past week. How many times you have failed to curtsy when entering or leaving my presence. Do you know pet?"

Mutely Megan shook her head. A triumphant smile spread over Loki's face.

"Well, fortunately my memory is not quite so faulty. You have failed in your duties a thundering thirteen times. Five missed curtseys and eight omissions of my title. Now, I don't know how things are normally done on Midgard, but on Asgard there are consequences for dereliction of duty."

Loki walked over to the divan and sat down, spreading his legs wide. Megan's face had gone ashen.

"Come here," he said softly.

Megan stood on shaky legs and walked halfway across the room towards him. She stopped and looked at him where he sat like a small animal held in thrall by a bright light.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to punish you," he told her, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. "Now shut your pretty mouth and lie across my legs."

"You already demanded your submission tonight," she reasoned. "I joined you here for dinner."

"This is not a new submission," he explained, as though to a rather obtuse child. "This is punishment for not following a previously established one. You should count yourself lucky that I do not kill one of my prisoners instead."

Megan gasped and quickly crossed the room to him. Still, she hesitated, staring at his legs.

"Megan," his voice was dangerous, "you have two choices. You can submit to this now, administered in the privacy of my chambers and by my hand, or tomorrow I will bend you over my throne and thrash your naked little ass with the leather of my belt for the amusement of all those gathered to speak with me. You choose."

Swallowing hard Magen lowered herself over his lap. He reached down and flipped her skirt up, revealing the soft curve of her ass. Acting as he had longed to all week, he reached down and ran his palms over it, then grabbed a cheek roughly in each hand, squeezing her flesh. He heard her sharp intake of breath and felt a surge of warm pleasure shoot up inside him.

"I will strike you once for each lapse," he told her. "After each time, you will thank me for
correcting you. Addressing me correctly. There will be consequences if you do not. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," she breathed.

He had seen her angry before, but this was the first time he had truly seen her scared. It was lovely. Not waiting until she had even finished speaking, Loki brought his palm down hard on the left side of bottom.

"Thank you, Your Majesty," she gasped, muscles in her stomach tensing.

He looked down at the red print on her cheek and growled with approval. Raising his hand again he smacked the other side, reveling in her cry as his hand made contact.

"Thank you, Your Majesty," she said again, strain in her voice.

He was getting hard, and they had only just started. The combination of the sound of her cries, the sight of his hand print on her pale skin, and the feel of her squirming on his lap were an intoxicating blend. He rubbed her for a moment, delaying, torturing her by making her wait and anticipate, and then brought his hand down on the back of her right thigh. She yelled in surprise as much as pain, before thanking him. He hummed in appreciation and widened her legs a bit, bringing the next slap down on the inside of her left thigh. She whimpered and barely got her thanks out, but her body had betrayed her as to why. Where his hand lay between her lovely legs he could feel the heat radiating from her center. Very interesting. It seemed he was not the only one getting aroused.

"My King," he instructed her with the next slap, moving back to her wiggling ass.

"Thank you, My King," she obeyed, causing him to jump in his lightweight trousers.

He spanked her again and felt his cock trying to echo his hand and smack up into her stomach. He had settled into a bit of a rhythm, but varied where the blows landed. His own breathing was becoming a bit ragged, but hers was positively panting. Her voice was heavy with sobs as she thanked him for each, and tears were running the mascara around her eyes. On the twelfth spank he brought his hand down on her right inner thigh, and she positively groaned out her thanks. He couldn't help himself. The final slap landed between her legs right on her quivering pussy.

"Thank you, My King," she wailed, sobbing, lost to reason as his hand cupped over her drenched sex.

Loki's fingers slid over her wet lips and, unable and unwilling to resist, he slid a finger inside of her, another brushing against her clit. That was all it took. Megan cried out louder than she had for any of the administered punishment as her inner walls spasmed and clench around his digit. Her whole body shuddered over and over again as she struggled for breath. Slowly he withdrew his finger from her gushing insides and gave a low, dark chuckle.

"What do you say, pet?" he asked her.

"Thank you, My King," she whispered.

"You're learning," he told her approvingly, holding his hand to her mouth. "Now clean my fingers."
“Loki.
More stories to tell.
More Mischief to make.
More to come.”

— Tom Hiddleston
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Loki makes it clear who Megan belongs to.

Loki had not kept Megan long after bringing her to completion in his chambers. She had stood up, legs trembling, stockings falling down around her ankles, makeup smeared all over her face, eyes glazed in the after glow of her orgasm, and mumbled her request for permission to leave. He had magnanimously granted it, triumphing in the way she tottered to the door. She remembered at the last moment to stop, turn to face him, and curtsy.

"Good night, My King," she mumbled, and left the room.

Loki had instantly called Timothy and made arrangements for this morning. His aid was even now
in the process of carrying out Loki's commands. All that was needed was Megan's presence.

When she arrived, Loki could not help but feel a smug sense of pride. Despite the indignities of last night, or, he hoped, because of them, she looked like she had actually slept for the first time in a week. The circles that had etched themselves under her eyes had lightened. Still, if her fatigue had lessened, her embarrassment had increased tenfold. She could not bring herself to meet Loki's eyes, keeping her own green gaze firmly on the floor. The blush on her face was beautifully echoed on the backs of her thighs, where he could just make out his own hand prints below the lace of her skirt. From the way she walked, he could tell she was sore from his manhandling of her. Good. She would have no choice but to think about it.

As she shuffled towards the throne, the door opened and Timothy led in the group of prisoners. There were seven missing from the last time they had been brought to the Throne Room of course, representing the days she had suffered through his torments, but there was also one addition. Last of all the humans dragged in manacled together was a rather short man in ankle cuffs with a collar and chain around his nec and gag stuffed in his mouth. His dark hair, peppered with a bit of grey, had grown out over the last month, and his stupid goatee had become a rather shaggy beard. The sight of him in such a condition gave Loki a sense of deep satisfaction. See if Megan lusted for Stark now, in his bedraggled, helpless state.

Megan was concentrating so hard on not meeting Loki's gaze that she didn't seem to notice the newcomers to the room. She knelt down silently in front of him, trying and failing to keep the proof of last night's chastisement from showing to all in the room. An audible gasp circulated as the imprint of Loki's hands became visible for all to see.

"Good morning, pet," Loki purred sweetly at her, placing his toe underneath her chin and keeping her from completing her task. "You look lovely this morning. Red is a most becoming color on you. Tell me, did you sleep well?"

Her face burned as he forced her to meet his eyes. He saw deep rooted embarrassment in their depths, along with anger, shame, but also, hiding under it all, he was convinced was just a hint of arousal. He had taught her something about herself last night. Loki had learned something as well. She desired him. She might hate him, she might hate herself for it, but she wanted him on a primal level that her body couldn't hide.

"Yes, thank you My King," she said in a voice that was almost a whisper.

"Ah, that sweet phrase," he sighed. "It sounds so delightful when you say it. Even more so when you moan it. Would you like me to make you moan again?"

"No, Sire," she answered hastily, panic high in her words.

"Very well then," he smiled. "Perhaps later. You may proceed."

As she bent her head and pressed her lips to his boot, his eyes sought out those of Stark. The billionaire was staring in horror at the girl debasing herself for Loki's gratification.

"Megan, don't!" Kate called out. Megan froze where she was, her body going stiff as she recognized the voice.

"Is something wrong pet?" Loki asked, looking smuggly down at her.

She shook her head and raised herself up. When she was up on her knees he stopped her, turned her around, and reached out to slide his fingers into her hair and hold her still, facing the crowd.
"Subjects of Midgard," he intoned, raising his voice to fill the space, “and prisoners of my reign. Most of you were here a week ago when this beautiful woman offered her services to the throne. At the time she was willful, stubborn, full of pride and disobedience. What a difference a few days can make. Let her be a lesson to you. You see now how prettily she bows before me now. She has submitted herself to the will of her one true King, and works off the sins of her rebellion and yours.”

Loki saw Megan’s eyes guiltily scan the crowd, then saw her go white with shock when they came to Stark, struggling uselessly in his chains.

"See someone you recognize, pet?" he asked cruelly, then raised his voice again. “I am a benevolent King. I reward my faithful servants. And so, Megan my sweet, I have a gift for you. A token of favor for my favorite pet from your appreciative Master.”

Loki made a flourish with his arm and produced a circle of soft green leather. A golden charm hung from it in the shape of his helmet’s silhouette. Engraved on the charm were the words “Property of King Loki.”

"Do you like it pet?" he asked her. “I realized last night that you needed something to remind you to whom you belonged.”

"I won’t wear that!” she breathed softly, recoiling at the collar.

"Very well," he shrugged. “Do you want to tell them they are not to be saved after all, or shall I?”

Megan glared at him. For a moment her resistance held, but then her shoulders slumped in defeat and he knew he had won.

"Lift your hair for me pet," he commanded, forcing her to take an active part in putting it on.

As she obeyed he slipped the collar around her neck. There was no visible clasp, his magic sealed it together in an unbroken loop. Only he would be able to remove it. A wave of sound rippled through the hall as she lowered her hair back down. They may not be able to read the inscription, but the symbolism was clear. She was his. His pet, his possession. To drive it home, he reached down and stroked the top of her head.

“Good girl,” he praised her. “Now, begin your duties.”

"Yes, My King," she replied, voice dripping with venom, eyes bright with shame as she curtsied before him.

Megan brought forward the first supplicant, eyes avoiding any of the prisoners in the hall. He knew her legs would be sore, and he saw her looking for the cushion that normally sat at his feet. Her eyes narrowed as she realized its absence.

"Something wrong pet?" he asked, innocently.

"I was hoping to sit, Sire," she ground out.

"Ah," he sighed, shaking his head sadly. “I’m afraid your cushion has been taken to be cleaned.”

"I see," her discomfort was stamped all over her face. She would not be able to stand for long in the now five inch stillettos.

“However,” he smiled, “as we are rewarding good behavior today, we would not have our most
loyal page girl in distress. You may sit here.”

With a wave of his hand he indicated his lap to her. She drew back in horror at the idea, and he could see her remembering being over that lap just the night before. Gods knew he had thought of little else. The battle within her went on for some time, but at last she closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and settled herself on his lap.

He placed her straddling his legs, facing the audience. Megan hissed as her abused ass made contact with the leather of his trousers, and squirmed a bit in an effort to get comfortable. Her movement did wonderful things to his groin, and he hummed in appreciation, smiling. One hand reached down to circle her waist, pulling her little body flush against him, while the other busied itself in her hair. It was a blissful feeling having her there, a warm little toy just for him to play with.

When the first applicant had been dealt with Megan made to stand, but Loki held her down and gestured to Timothy to take up her duties. She was far better suited to warm his lap. He could feel the heat from her core on his legs and slowly moved them farther apart, taking her legs with them and opening her to him beneath her. As he pretended to pay attention to the proceedings, Loki twitted his hand and magically opened the front of his trousers. Set free of its confines, his cock pressed up beneath Megans skirts to lie hard against her ass. He lifted her slightly, pretending to be innocently repositioning himself before the next case, and settled her down so that his length lay nestled against her hot, wet slit.

Now that there was no barrier keeping him from the sopping heat of her core, it was all that Loki could do not to immediately thrust up into her. She had gone very stiff in his arms, then begun to tremble. He knew she was fighting against her body’s response to his insistent presence against her entrance, but she could not hide the way her sex spasmed as he subtly slid back and forth along the outside of it.

Once again Loki’s eyes found Stark’s, and a smile spread across his lips. The other man knew, it was written clear on his face. Stark was well versed enough in the art of debauchery, he would recognize the glazed look of unwelcome pleasure that was all over Megan’s face.

Loki brought his hand from her hair and idly fondled one of her nipples through the thin fabric of her top. The atmosphere in the room was intensely charged. The prisoners, especially her friends, were squirming uncomfortably, unsure where to look. Loki’s own men were openly enjoying the show as he played with his pretty toy on his lap. He was now coated in her juices and a thought sprang to his head. He was not quite ready to take her yet, not until she begged for it, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t have his fun. After all, he had brought her to orgasm last night, it was only fare she return the favor.

When the second petitioner had left, Loki turned Megan’s face towards him. Her eyes were closed, attempting to deny, to block out, what was happening to her.

"You have made a mess, my pet,” he told her, disapproval in his voice.

"What?” She asked, baffled eyes popping open to look at him.

"Of my lap.” He clarified, working to hide a grin. “I can not go to my meeting like this. Clean me off.”

Megan stared, all trembling denial, as he slid her from his lap onto her knees before him, using her body to block the sight of his erection from the hall before him.
"Cleaning me is something you have already submitted to," he reminded her quietly. "If you change your mind now, our deal is off. It is not my fault you could not contain your lust when in contact with my body. Now, suck."

Loki drew in a breath as her full lips made contact with the head of his cock. Realization was starting to fly through the hall and a chaos of noise had erupted, shouts of denial, lewd cheers and encouragement, but Loki shut all that out and concentrated on the sensation of Megan’s mouth sliding down around him. He moaned loudly and held her down by her hair, the tip of his cock brushing against the back of her throat, chuckling as she gagged a bit on his length. Her eyes looked up at him, full of hatred but also of lust. It drove him wild. He had meant to just make a few thrusts into her sweet mouth, just to demonstrate his dominion over her, but now that he was inside her he could not be satisfied with so little. Using her hair to control her movements he brought her up and down on his shaft, her tongue lapping him and her cheeks hollowed as she sucked. She was loosing herself to it as well, he could tell. The strangled noises coming out of her mouth as she took him deep were like music to him. With one last heaving thrust his cock pulsed and rope after rope of his hot cum shot into her mouth and down her throat. He held her there, forcing her to swallow it, and listened to his soldiers and courtiers erupt into raucus cheers.
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Loki has some new rules for his dinners with Megan. Is she starting to weaken?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The following day he all but ignored her as she brought petitioners in and out. Her cushion returned, and he contented himself with petting her hair and neck without allowing his hand to drift any further down her body. Megan held herself stiffly, as if waiting for the axe to fall, but Loki was on his best behavior all day. He knew it was driving her to distraction, and it was this push/pull that would eventually bring her where he wanted her.

When the day’s proceedings came to a close, he smiled at her.

"I’ll see you in my chambers in half an hour for dinner,” he told her as she curtsied to him, and saw her swallow.

He loved dominating her in public, reveled in showing off his control over her body, but there was something about the intimacy of having her alone in his rooms that was equally, if not more appealing. It would not be long now. He could almost feel his cock sinking into her, hear her moans and screams as he finally broke her resistance and made her his own.

She was on her highest guard when she entered the room, and he smiled at the way she attempted to keep a piece of furniture between them at all times. Foolish mortal, as if that would save her. Loki did not speak a word as she made her curtsy. He circled around her slowly, making a show of
looking her over in inspection. Megan fidgeted under his scrutiny.

"You are lovely as always, pet," he told her with a small smile. “But I think your livery needs adjusting.”

Stepping to her, Loki reached out and took the neckline of her dress in his hands. With one firm tug he brought it down below her breasts. The black leather push up bra underneath lifted her large breasts framed by wisps of lace, presenting her rosy nipples to him. Leaning down, Loki took first one, then the other into his mouth, sucking on them and pulling them with his teeth until they stood stiff and distended.

"Much better," he purred, smirking at her. “I have told you that part of the reason I wish to dine with you is to give me something pleasing to look at. I find this view pleases me. From now on, when you enter this room, you will lower your top and present me your breasts. I expect you nipples to be at attention. If you prefer, you may make them so yourself for me, I am sure I will quite enjoy the show, or I will gladly provide the use of my teeth and tongue. Now, shall we eat?”

Megan was distracted and quiet all through dinner, unable to carry the thread of the conversation for more than a few moments at a time. She kept glancing down to her exposed bosom, which was tinged red with her blush. Loki stared openly, eyes devouring her as surely as he devoured his meal, but made no move to touch her again that night, dismissing her when dinner was done. She scurried towards the door, almost forgetting her genuflection to him, when he stopped her with his voice.

"I have meetings all day tomorrow," he told her. “Take the time to rest and be here early for our meal.”

Loki watched her face pass quickly from relief to dread at his words and smiled.

By the time he opened the door to her the next night, he was aching for her. The day had not been pleasant. First he had to deal with his Chitauri troops, angry that he had curtailed them in their burning and pillaging of the conquered city. He wanted something left to rule when he had consolidated his power, and did his best to contain their blood lust. He also had to deal with the shadowy figure behind them, who was unhappy that Loki had as yet failed to deliver on his promises. He was more than ready now to push that all out of his mind and allow his little pet to soothe his jangled nerves.

As Megan entered the room he saw her pause in adorable confusion as she tried to decide whether his rules called for her to curtsy or display herself for him first. Finally settling on delaying her partial disrobing as long as possible she dipped down and greeted him. Loki smiled and sat down to watch her reluctantly pull down her blouse, revealing her round breasts for him.

"You are not quite erect, pet," he informed her. “Would you like me to help you with that?”

"No, Sire," she said quickly.

Loki grinned. In truth her nipples were already nice and pebbled, but he leaned back and watched in enjoyment as she pinched and pulled at them until they were at maximum arousal.

"Much better," he purred, licking his lips. “Please, be seated.”

Tonight it was Loki who couldn’t seem to keep his thoughts in order. He barely picked at his food and while he happily ogled Megan’s exposed chest, he wasn’t torturing her with his usual teasing comments. Finally he got up and began pacing the room.
"Do you think I’m a good king, pet?” He asked suddenly, catching her off guard.

"You are an invader and a tyrant,” she replied, looking at him as though he had lost his mind.

"Still, put all that aside,” he waved off her protest.

"You brought an alien force to our world and killed countless people!” She reminded him. “That cannot be just set aside!”

"No coup is bloodless,” he shrugged, “and every government began somewhere. But think about it, pet. You have listened to the people’s petitions and heard my decrees. Could your previous rulers have done any better? Be honest, I have read your history. That girl yesterday, the one assaulted by the wealthy merchant - would she have even been heard, much less ruled in favor of by your courts? And the starving family? Would they have instantly been given food and work? Tell me! Would you have done any different than I did for them?"

"No,” she said slowly and begrudgingly. “You did everything as I would have had you do it.”

"Come here,” he said roughly, holding out his hand.

Megan set down her folded napkin and cautiously walked to him, placing her hand reluctantly in his.

"Kiss me,” he commanded.

It started out gently, just a slight pressure of her lips against his, but that light touch alone was enough to send a wave of fire coursing through his blood. Loki deepened the kiss, nipping at her lip until she opened to him, and plunging into her mouth. His arms pulled her hard against his body as he fought her for dominance in her mouth, lapping against her own tongue. His hands wandered her form, sliding up her skirt to grasp her buttocks and press her hips up into him. Megan’s own hands soon found their way around his neck and into his hair, as she gave over to the passion of his kiss. She sucked his lower lip between her teeth and bit it hard, causing him to groan in pleasure as he tasted the metallic tang of blood. He kissed down her neck, drawing out sighs and gasps as his teeth raked against sensitive skin. When he reached the hollow of her throat he sucked long and hard, pulling the blood to the surface to form a lovely purple bruise.

“Megan, pet,” he gasped, hooking her leg under the knee and bringing it up to wrap around his hip, pulling her onto her tiptoes as his mouth suckled on her breast.

"Loki,” his name came out as a moan.

"Beg, me, sweet,” he demanded. “Beg me to take you. Beg me to make you mine.”

Megan stilled in his arms. She took three deep, steadying breaths and brought her leg down from his waist. Stepping backwards out of his arms, she looked at him with eyes glazed over with lust.

"You already claimed you submission for today,” she told him, smiling slightly as he gaped at her.

“Good night, your majesty,” she said as she curtsied.

Loki stared after her as the door closed.

Chapter End Notes
Wow, I know that I will often have little typos and whatnot, but after typing today’s chapter on my phone and losing the whole thing when I went to post it, I retyped so quickly (and with such irritation) that it was riddled with them! I think I have managed to fix most of them, but I apologize for any that I missed! <3
Loki’s first reaction once the shock of Megan’s exit wore off was one of fury. Anger at her for turning the tables and leaving him wanting, and even more so anger at himself for allowing it to be possible. He knew she needed a day or two more before she was ready to give in to his ultimate desire and beg for him. He needed to raise her levels of frustration and desire, keep her off balance for longer before she finally snapped and pleaded for the end to her torment that only he could provide her.

That kiss had completely undone him. He had known she desired him, much as she might want to deny it, known that his touch made her pulse race and her cunt gush. He had been given ample proof of both. But never before had she been such an active participant as she was with that kiss. He could feel marks from her nails on his shoulders and neck, and his lip was swollen where she had pulled at it with her teeth. The sound of her moaning his name in want had set him aflame.

And then she had dared to deny him. She was already his. His servant, his pet, his toy. The collar around her neck declared as much. He would bend her to his will.

But it seemed his pet wanted to play some more. Very well, he could do that. After all, Loki had gotten great enjoyment from their games so far. If she wanted to up the ante, that was fine. The end result would be the same.

With this in mind and a new level of manic cruelty in his smile, he instructed that a small box be
delivered to her room the next morning, tied with a green ribbon. Inside was a small, bullet shaped, silver device with a note reading:

“Submission for the day: Before you enter the Throne Room, you will place this inside of yourself. As I am a magnanimous King, I will let you decide precisely where. L”

He smiled the next day when she entered, discomfort on her face, trying to hide the existence of the toy currently lodged in her tight little cunt. Loki fondled a small square in his pocket as she advanced to the throne. She would have thought she won the round last night, he knew. Would have been congratulating herself on working him up and leaving him unfulfilled. That would all change now.

In the moment Megan’s lips made contact with his boot, Loki pressed a button on the device in his hand and saw her body jump in shock as a low level of vibration began deep within her pussy. Her eyes flew to his face and he smirked back at her, turning the vibrator back off again. Oh, this was going to be fun!

“You left last night without permission, pet,” he scolded her as one would a naughty puppy. “I thought I had trained you better than that. It is a far graver omission than leaving out a title. You will be punished, of course, but I am afraid that will have to wait. We have a busy day today. Go bring in our first suplicant, and don’t do anything careless like allowing my gift to fall out. I would hate to have to hold up official procedures while I placed it back inside you, though the court might enjoy the show.”

Megan stared at him a bit wild eyed. Her mind would still be adjusting to the fact that with a press of a button he could stimulate her most intimate parts, and now she would have to endure that torture while simultaneously anticipating the spanking he would be administering that night. They both knew how the last such punishment had ended, and he intended to spend the entire day ahead working her to a frenzy.

With that goal in mind, he began taunting her with the device. At first he just held the remote in his hand while he listened to his subject, fingering it absently, teasing the idea that he was about to activate it, but leaving it off instead. When the second person was brought in and Megan took her place standing at the bottom of the stairs, Loki gave it a few minutes, lulling her into a false state of comfort, and then turned the vibrator up to full power. Megan actually yelped and stumbled forward a step before regaining her composure.

"Everything alright, Pet?” He asked innocently, clicking it off again. “You sound distressed.”

“I’m fine,” she snapped, a bit breathlessly, adding “Sire,” quickly as he quirked his brow.

“Well do try to control yourself,” he siged, as if with great tolerance. “If you are too weak to stand you cushion is always available for you. As is my lap. All you need do is ask nicely.”

He knew she would have no choice but to do so ere long, as he refused to let up on her torment. During the next interview he set the toy on a powerful, but not overwhelming, level and let it run constantly for a full forty five minutes. He barely heard the man addressing him as he watched her twitch and gasp, trying to stop the pleasure building up within her. When she brought in the next person she looked up at him, sweat beading on her brow. He had stopped the vibrations, but she knew it was only a matter of time until they began again.

"My King,” she forced out, “I beg permission to sit at your feet.”

“Why pet?” He asked, the vision of concern, as he began a pulsating rhythm inside her with the
remote. “Is something bothering you?”

"No my King,” she lied. “I just find my legs are a bit weak today.”

Loki pretended to consider it, then graciously nodded his head.

"Have a seat, pet,” his voice was indulgent.

"Thank you, My King,” she made the words sound like a threat and he chuckled to himself.

Loki let the toy pulsate within her, watching her reaction instead of the couple before him. Her eyes eventually closed, held tilted back, and he knew she had to be close. Her hands clenched the fabric of her skirt, teeth bit her lower lip, and breathing came fast and shallow. She was breathtakingly beautiful in that moment. Without warning he switched the toy off completely. Her eyes popped open and she gaped at him, torn between relief and intense frustration. She had been right there!

And so it continued for the rest of the day. He used the various settings on the device to bring her to the edge of release and then backed off completely, leaving her gasping for that final push that would send her into the stars. He once again enlisted Timothy to take her place as page, as her legs began having difficulty supporting her. Instead he kept her as his pet. While the vibrations tantalized her puss, his hands traced lines down her neck, ghosting over her cleavage and adding to the sensory overload. By the end of the afternoon she was a whimpering, panting mess. He could smell the arousal on her from his throne and the eyes she raised to him were all blown pupils and desperate lust.

"Come pet," he said abruptly, "time to go."

Loki stood and held out his hand. From seemingly nowhere, a gold chain appeared, looping around his hand and connecting to the front of Megan's collar where the charm hung. Pulling her up by the leash, Loki exited the Throne Room, leading Megan behind him.

"Am I not going back to my room, Sire?" she asked as he pressed the elevator button for the penthouse.

"Not this time pet," he told her. "You have a punishment coming."

He had no intention of leaving Megan alone. She was at the height of sexual frustration, practically screaming for completion. The last thing he was going to do was let her see to her own needs or come down from her peak of desire. Instead he led her into his rooms.

"Breasts," he said tersely and smile covetously as she immediately pulled her top down. Her nipples were already as hard as he had ever seen them, but he sucked them each anyway, worrying at them with his teeth while his hands cupped her from underneath. Megan could not contain her moan as she arched into him.

"Go to the table, pet," he commanded. "Bend over it, cheek pressed to the surface, arms in front of your head, legs wide apart."

Without pausing to question him, Megan obeyed his every instruction. He pulled her legs backwards and apart a bit more, positioning her so that her scrumptious ass stuck up in the air. Staying within her field of vision, Loki slowly removed his own shirt, watching as her eyes raked over his lean chest and abdominal muscles, trailing down to his hips, then further to the obvious proof of his desire for her.

"Enjoying the view, pet?" he asked with a chuckle.
Walking around to stand behind her, he stroked over her ass, running his fingers along her slit. Sliding his fingers into her, he grasped the handle of the toy and slowly pulled it out of her. He had considered leaving it in while he punished her, but he feared that vibration along with her spanking would be enough to send her over the edge.

"Did you enjoy your day, sweet?" he asked her, laughing as she whined plaintively in reply.

"I'm going to punish you now," he told her. "Twenty blows for your gross breach of protocol last night. I expect thanks for each one, of course."

Megan whimpered, lifting her ass slightly higher towards him. Very good.

"If," he continued with a smile, fingers everywhere but where she obviously wanted them after seven hours of constant teasing, "you find that you can no longer endure your spanking, if you decide you prefer to commute your punishment, you know what you have to do. Beg me to bring you the release you crave."

Loki did not tease as much as he had with the last spanking, staying away from her already engorged cunt. He didn't want her tipping over the edge. Instead, he rained the blows down right onto her plump cheeks, pausing after each to bask in her thanks. Halfway through the count she began to lose his title, even to lose the thanks, and simply moaned his name over and over after every stroke of his hand. Loki himself lost the count before long, basking in the sound of his named uttered in want and desperation.

"What do you want, pet?" he asked, pausing his blows to rub his erection against her swollen ass. "Tell me."

"Loki," she whined.

"I'm hear love," he answered, squeezing her. "Use your words."

"Make me cum," she panted at last, all resistance gone. "Please! I need to cum. Please Loki."

Loki closed his eyes and took a deep long, deep breath, savoring the moment. Her hips were bucking back against him, trying to find his cock. Her eyes were completely void of anything other than lust, tears running down onto the table. She was the absolute embodiment of wantonness, and everything he had wanted her to become.

Stepping back from the table, Loki walked around to crouch down beside it, bringing his head to the level of hers. He took her chin between his thumb and forefinger and brought it to within a breath of his own. He slowly licked his lips, tongue just missing brushing against her own, and smiled with ultimate cruelty.

"No," he said, stepping away from her.

"What?" Megan gasped.

"No," he repeated.

"Please," she begged. "Please, Loki. I want you. Please, please fill me with your cock. I need you. Gods, I need you to fuck me!"

"And what kind of punishment would it be if I gave you what you want?" he asked disdainfully. "You do not deserve to cum tonight, and you certainly do not deserve my cock. Try better to please me next time, and we shall see if you can change my mind."
It was infinitely hard to turn away from her, as she stood there, bent over and pleading for him. At the same time, the look of desperation and despair on her face was a balm to his soul. He would still have her, but let her suffer first.

"Make sure you clean up in here," he told her. "I will see you bright and early tomorrow."
Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Will Loki keep Megan begging, or will he end her suffering? How much more can she take?

Loki almost changed his mind and went back out into his sitting room to grab Megan and fuck her senseless until the sun rose. He had never wanted a woman more, and the fact that she was so desperate for him made his resolve fray around the edges. She was so wet, so eager, so ready.

Instead he transported himself to her rooms one flight below, so that he had time to once more leave a beribboned box on her bed. It once again contained the small vibrator, but this time the note read:

"remember you are still under punishment, pet. You are not allowed to orgasm until I decide you have earned the privilege back. To that end, do not even think of touching yourself, or doing anything else that might bring you to completion in my absence. I will know if you disobey me, and it will have unfortunate consequences for one of my prisoners. - L.

PS - here is your gift back, we couldn't have you forget to wear it tomorrow, now could we?"

He was back in his bedroom before she made it down to her suite. He didn't want to risk seeing her again, as he doubted he could resist her twice in one night. He thought about calling for a whore to come up and service him, but there was no challenge in that. In the end he unsatisfactorily brought himself off and settled in for a restless night.

If Loki thought he had a bad night sleep, however, it was obviously nothing compared to what Megan had suffered. She arrived in the Throne Room looking worn to a nub. Her eyes were haunted and her limbs shook. He could tell at a glance that she had obeyed and refrained from pleasuring herself. Every nerve was strained and on edge. Her eyes met his with a potent mixture of hatred, shame, and need before trailing down his body and landing on the already growing bulge in his pants. The way she stared longingly at it told him everything he needed to know about her mental state.

"Good morning, Megan," he purred, advancing his foot as she knelt. "I trust you were a good pet for your master? You left that juicy little cunt of yours untouched for me, didn't you?"

"Yes my King," she said bitterly, pressing her lips to his foot. Her eyes darted around in embarrassment as they took in the others within earshot, most snickering at the interplay between the king and his favorite toy.

"Well done," he condescended, helping her to rise. "If you are a very good pet for the rest of the day and please your King, I might take pity on you and allow you to cum this evening. Would you like that, sweet girl?"

"Yes, my King," she said again, the barest hint of a moan in her voice.

Loki smiled and turned the vibrator on to its lowest setting. Her eyes closed and she inhaled as the
renewed assault on her pussy began.

"And if you are very, very good, I may even fuck you. Now, as you look a bit worn out, I think we should let Timothy do the fetching today, don't you?" he asked rhetorically. "Why don't you come here and sit with me."

With a wave of his hand her leash once again appeared. He knew she was far gone, as she had not, either last night or this morning, so much as mentioned the addition of it to her collar. The Megan of a few days ago would have fought against it and all it implied with fierce objection. Now, she simply allowed him to lead her up to the dais. He wondered what she would do if he made her crawl on her hands and knees. The idea made his cock go even harder, but he had a different debasement in mind for her today, so he filed it away for future use.

When they reached his throne she finally noticed that once again her cushion was missing. Smiling, Loki sat down and pulled her onto his lap. She went docilly, all her energy concentrated on the toy buzzing away in her cunt. Already her breathing was labored, and he only had it on the lowest setting.

"Oh, look pretty girl," he cooed as Timothy once more led the prisoners in. "Some of your friends have come to say hello."

Megan choked and tried to sit up straight to hide her desperate arousal, but Loki activated the pulsating feature on the toy and she swayed back against him. He kept her there as the first petitioners came in to plead their case. He wanted all of the captives, Stark in particular, to get a good look at how malleable she was in his arms. She tried to close her eyes and block out the environment, but Loki was having none of that.

"Uh, uh, uh, pet," he scolded her, pulling sharply on her nipple. "Eyes open. Show them all what an eager girl you are to please your King. You do want to please me, don't you? So that I will then please you?"

One of his hand wrapped around her and dipped into the front of her bodice, fondling her breast roughly, while the other slid up her thigh. She gasped and rubbed herself back and forth against him, grinding into his leg. Careful to avoid her aching clit, Loki ran his fingers over her slick center. He then brought his hand up and held it to her lips. Without thinking, Megan drew his fingers into her mouth and sucked on them, desperate for anything that might induce him to end her torment. He withdrew his digits and kissed her, tasting her sweet nectar on her tongue. Her arms went around his neck as she forgot where she was, who was watching, everything except how much she needed release from the steady stimulation he had inflicted on her.

Loki tore himself away and reluctantly called in the next people to be heard. Her friends in the gallery were squirming uncomfortably. It was obvious to anyone with eyes that Megan was no longer resistant to his advances, but she also very clearly did not have the blue shiny eyes of one held in thrall. He could almost hear them wondering what he had done to her to turn the once proud woman into the pliant play thing on his lap.

As the morning wore on, he continued to tease her. She was outright whimpering and clinging to his shirt by the time the midday break arrived. He looked down on her fondly where she trembled on his leg.

"Pet," he said, chuckling, "is there something you want?"

"You will say no again," she replied bitterly, a hint of her spirit returning as she glared at him in resentment.
"I might," he allowed, "but then again I might say yes. You have been a very good pet for me this morning. Would you like me to reward you?"

Megan mumbled into his chest.

"I didn't hear you," he admonished.

"Yes, my King," she said louder.

"You want me to fuck you?" he asked.

"Yes, my King," her voice was breathy.

"You realize that if I do, that will make you not my Page, but my Whore?" he demanded. Megan whimpered. "Are you sure that is what you want?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Louder," he ordered.

"Yes, my King," she admitted.

"What do you want to be? Say it loudly."

"I want to be your whore," she said, loud enough to carry.

"And you will be a good pet for me?"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, I will be a good pet for you. I'll do whatever you want. Just please, please fuck me."

Loki smiled as he looked at the faces in the crowd. Kate had tears streaming down her cheeks and Stark was red faced with anger he could not express due to the muzzle he wore. That was all he had been waiting for. In a blink they were in his bedroom.

Megan looked around in shock, disoriented by the transport. Her eyes landed on his enormous bed, covered in its green comforter. Loki set her on her feet and took a step back.

"Clothing off, pet," he commanded.

With shaking fingers Megan lifted the dress over her head. Reaching behind she unhooked the bra and let it drop to the floor, standing nude before him. Loki had seen most of her bits and pieces at one time or another, but having her completely naked in front of him was different. His eyes took in every inch of her as she stood there, nipples hard, breathing shallow, eyes glazed with lust.

"On the bed, and spread your legs," he ordered, and she scrambled to comply.

Pushing her knees up, Loki reached within her and removed the vibrator, smiling at the small device that had brought her to her knees. He tossed it aside and leaned forward again, spreading her lips and taking a good, long look at her swollen and gushing pussy. Megan keened as he dipped his tongue inside her, lapping up the moisture that flowed from her. She tasted like ambrosia.

"You realize what this means," he said sternly. "This is your submission for today. You are
agreeing to be my whore. This means from now until you leave, I will fuck you hard every day, as often as I like. You will be my own personal sex toy. If you do not wish to agree to this, tell me now, and I will choose another way to bend you to my will. But keep in mind that if we do not fuck now, you will not be allowed to cum today, and I may not allow it for the length of your stay. The vibrator will be put inside you every day, and I will continue use it at my discretion. So what is it to be, pet? Shall I make you mine?"

"Please," she said, the sweetest word he knew. "Please take me."

This time, Loki didn't resist. His clothes were gone in an instant and he was on top of her. There was nothing soft or gentle about it, they had both been driven too mad with lust for that. As his bare skin made contact with hers, she wrapped her limbs around him, clawing her nails down his back and drawing blood in an effort to get him closer.

He took his rock hard cock in his had and slapped her with it before lining it up with her throbbing entrance. With one great thrust he plowed into her cunt, feeling her walls suck him in until he was balls deep in her. She screamed out, arching her back to take him in as his tip hit against her cervix. Pulling almost all the way out, he slammed into her again, coating himself with her slick. Her hips moved frantically in time with his, flesh slapping against flesh as he began a punishing pace. Obscene squelching noises fought with his grunts and her cries for prominence as he lifted her leg over his shoulder to improve the angle on her clit.

"You are mine," he growled, feral and animalistic. "You are my toy, my pet, my whore. I own every part of you. You will give me what I want, when I want it. And right now I want your pleasure. You will cum for me, whore. Cum on my cock as I claim you. NOW!"

"Looooooki!" Megan screamed, and clenched around him, teeth sinking into his shoulder as she shattered beneath him. The combination of her vicelike cunt milking his cock and the sharp pain in his shoulder where she bit him sent Loki over the edge himself, and with a cry ripped from his very soul he spent himself into her, coating her womb with spurt upon spurt of his cum before collapsing onto her.

"A very nice opening act," he purred, once he got his voice back. "And now, shall we play?"
Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Playtime for Loki and Megan!

Chapter Notes

Ten chapters! Woohoo!!

Thank you all for sticking with the ridiculous, smutty story! I love the feedback and get excited for every comment.

Loki smiled as he gazed at the sleeping woman tied to his bed. Megan had drifted off, spent and sated, shortly after he had taken her. He supposed it was only natural, he had kept her in a state of continuous arousal for more than 24 hours, denying her any form of release. He was sure she had not slept last night. This, followed by the vigorous fucking and intense orgasm he had given her seemed to have worn her out. He had decided to allow her to sleep, that she might regain her strength before the next round began.

This, of course, did not mean that Loki had to stay idle. While Megan dozed on his bed he had carefully manipulated her limbs, pulling her arms up over her head gently and securing them with green silken ropes to the hooks Stark had drilled into the headboard. Her legs were likewise separated and secured, spread wide, to the foot of the bed. The view it provided him was lucious, and he began to languidly stroke himself as he took the time to examine her naked form.

It would be interesting to see what her reaction was when she woke up, and not just to being tied to the bed. How would she feel, knowing that she had succumbed to his manipulations? That she had begged him, in front of her friends and all his assembled court, promising to be his whore and agreeing to be used as a sex toy by him. She had been positively feral in their lovemaking. He imagined it would not be an easy thing for her to accept. He could not wait to rub her pretty little face in it.

As his eyes wandered down her body they came to rest on her navel. He had come inside her earlier, and had every intention of doing so again, daily, multiple times, coating her womb with his
seed. He knew she had not had access to contraceptives in the month since she had been taken prisoner; it was highly possible that he would impregnate her. To his surprise, Loki found that the idea pleased him. The thought of proud, independent Megan being forced to bear his progeny had a definite appeal. Earth had proven to be tiresomely resistant to the concept of alien rule, perhaps they would capitulate more easily if he were able to assure them that his heir would be at least partially human.

Imagining Megan growing big with motherhood, Loki began stroking himself in earnest. Apart from everything else, it would give him an excuse to hold her after her service in exchange for the prisoners was done. He had already decided he was keeping her, any doubt of that had vanished when he discovered how rapturous her cunt felt wrapped around his cock. Let her father denounce him, Loki didn’t care as long as he could continue to thrust his dick into the man’s daughter at will.

Reaching down to where Megan’s legs seperated, Loki used his long fingers to scoop out some of the moisture that was still seeping from her used pussy and rubbed it over his cock, getting it nice and slick. Straddling her sleeping form, he leaned forward and mashed her tits together, surrounding his pulsating length, and began thrusting. She had the perfect breasts for fucking, and he had fantasized repeatedly about this. Reality was even sweeter.

As he continued to thrust, Megan’s eyes flittered open, and her body beneath him stiffened as she came awake.

"Mouth open, pet," he comanded, looking her in the eyes.

When she did not immediately comply, he lifted one hand to her lips and pried them apart, hitting them with the head of his cock as it emerged from between her breasts. There was panic all over her face as she realized that she was bound. He could tell her mind wanted to deny him, but her catlike tongue, as if of its own will, found itself lapping the precum dribbling from his slit. The combined image - fear, panic, and arrousal in her eyes as her lips kissed his swollen cock sent him over the edge, and with a groan he shot his cum all over her chest and face. He watched in delighted facination as it ran down her chin, the ties that bound her keeping her from wiping it away. Reaching down, he rubbed a bit into her nipples, then scooped up a glob of it and forced it into her mouth, holding her lips closed until she had no choice but to swallow.

“I've never seen anything look better on you than my cum,” he told her, sighing with contentment at the mess he had made of her. “I like the idea of you smelling like me. I think from now on you shall only be allowed out of my bed when some part of you is dripping my seed. Usually it will be your cunt, of course, but we don’t want to be neglectful of your other welcoming places.”

As he spoke the words, his hand drifted down and his finger circled her tight little arsehole.

"No!” she gasped trying to pull away.

"Don’t worry, pet,” he reassured her, moving his hand to her pussy and pushing his fingers inside of her. “I won’t go there today. We have more than enough to keep us busy for now with breaking in your delicious little cunt. But you might as well get used to the idea. I told you once you said yes to being mine I would own all of you, and I will make use of everything that’s mine. By the time I am done with you, you will be begging me to fuck your cute little arse.”

"You’re wrong," she denied, chin raising.

"Ah, but that’s what you thought about your pussy,” he reminded her cruelly. “Yet there you were, begging like a bitch in heat to be fucked. You have not yet thanked me, by the way, for taking pity
on you granting your request.”

"You manipulated me," she accused him. "You tortured me incessantly with that toy until I would have said or done anything, or anyone, to make it stop. You didn't play fair."

"My sweet little mortal pet," Loki laughed, genuinely amused, "I am the God of Mischief. Why in the Nine Realms would you ever expect me to play fair?"

Loki began running his hands all over Megan's body, seemingly at random. He traced her side, making her twitch when he tickled her, feathered over her abdomen, encircled her slim throat with his large hand. He never did anything overtly sexual, but every touch, every caress, was making her pulse beat faster. She could claim she had been responding to the vibrator all she wanted, but the truth was that she responded just as strongly to Loki himself.

"I'll make a deal with you, sweetheart," he said, grazing his palm down the length of her leg. "If you can look me in the eye and tell me honestly that what we shared wasn't the best sex you have ever had in your life, I will let you and all your low-level rebels go free, no strings attached."

Megan's eyes lit up at the offer, but Loki silenced her with a raised finger.

"Know, however, that I am also the God of Lies, and I will know whether or not you are speaking truthfully. Try to deceive me, and they will pay the price for your sin with the lash. So, pretty pet, what is it to be? Can you claim that any man you've ever known could make your body feel as good as I did? Has anyone ever made you cum as hard? Just tell me the truth, and you are all free."

Megan held his eyes for a long moment, worrying her lower lip, then looked away, shame darkening her features. Loki laughed low and dark. He had known it, but the confirmation still tasted sweet.

"So," he mused, "my little hell cat needs a God to fulfill her. Not even the legendary Tony Stark is man enough to do what I have done."

"I never slept with Tony!" she insisted, voice angry.

"Do not lie to me, pet," Loki grabbed her by the chin and forced her to look at him. "I saw the way he looked at you in the throne room!"

"And did you see the way I looked at him?" she demanded. "Like a brother! That is all he has EVER been to me! I don't care how many times he tried to get me into his bed, I never went there! I never would! Use your lie detector super powers - I'm telling the truth!"

"Wait a moment," a light had flipped on in Loki's soul. "Are you telling me that Stark desired you, attempted to bed you, and you refused him?"

"It was not the type of relationship I wanted with him," she muttered. "I don't know why he would never accept it."

Loki's chest swelled and his face beamed. It had been lovely, wonderful in fact, to think that he had despoiled Stark's former lover. But to know that the man, that sarcastic, belittling, nuisance of a human, had been forced to watch while the woman he desired, the woman who had repeatedly rejected him, had writhed on Loki's lap, pleading with him to use her anyway he saw fit, begging to be his whore, was treat beyond words. He had also been made to watch her days before with Loki's cock in her pretty little mouth, sucking down his cum for all she was worth.

With a growl of intense satisfaction Loki lowered his mouth to her delicious cunt. She deserved a
reward for the gift she had just given him. Bound and helpless, Megan could do nothing but lie back and enjoy as Loki's mouth went to work on her pussy, sucking licking her with abandon and his dexterous fingers curled inside her, finding that spot that made her toes curl in pleasure. He reveled in the speed of her arousal as she began to drip her cream into his waiting mouth. Sucking her clit in, he skillfully worked at it with his teeth and tongue, causing her to thrash back and forth in her bonds, unable to fight against the climax he was pushing her towards. He heard himself growling against her, and felt her shudder in response. Every nerve in her body was alive to him, and he made her dance to his tune as he played her body like a fine instrument. When her release finally washed over her, she once again screamed his name, exciting him even more.

Rising from her sex, Loki dragged himself up her body, biting and licking as he went. With rabid hunger he raised her hips and pushed his engorged cock inside of her. Megan lost herself to the feel of his massive size within her, screaming out encouragement as he rode her. He sucked at her neck, branding her with his mouth and teeth. Her whole body arched like a bow beneath him, unable to do anything else but accept the pleasure he was raining down on her. His hands grabbed at her breasts, still sticky with his cum from his last orgasm. He rubbed it in, using it like lotion on her welcoming skin. With a powerful series of thrusts, he came once more inside her, the feeling of his warm sperm filling her leading her to her own second climax. Hungrily he claimed her lips and kissed her through her descent. He never wanted to release her. He reaffirmed to himself that he never would. She was his, no matter what she might think to the contrary.
Loki woke with a strange sense of wellbeing permeating his body. He had slept - actually *slept* - and not found himself tormented by nightmares. There was a lightness to his breathing that was foreign to him. Loki felt...*good*. He wanted to keep his eyes closed, to shut out the reality of what lurked beyond them, of who he had become.

A soft, cooing noise penetrated the cocoon he was building for himself, and Loki slowly became aware of the soft, curly head resting on his chest. It seemed one of his hands was twined within those curls, and the other arm was snaked around a supple, feminine body, holding it close to his own. A slim leg was lying across his thighs, drawing him towards a warm center. There was *rightness* to this that he couldn't quite track down. A sense of belonging that Loki hadn't felt since that day in the vault, grasping the casket, when his life had come crashing down around him, filled him.

Gently, so as not to wake or startle her, Loki shifted his body so that his shaft, more fully awake than the rest of him, was lined up with the beckoning center of the woman entwined with him. It took no effort at all to slide inside of her, she was wonderfully wet and slick from their exertions the night before. She moaned softly as he pushed himself in to the hilt and began a slow, languid,
lazy rhythm. His lips found her hair, her face, her neck, but the fierce demand of the previous night had been replaced by a sense of giving. He wanted to give back to this woman who had brought him his first night of true rest in years. He knew his pride would not allow him to acknowledge his debt in the fully wakened world, that this oasis of peace would shatter as soon as reality intruded its ugly head back in. He would most likely, he knew, even feel the need to debase her further because of it. But for now, he allowed his body to worship her.

Megan began to wake as he kissed her, her tongue dancing back with his, her arms and legs pulling him more deeply within her. Loki felt her lips feather kisses over his eyes, his cheeks, before returning to his mouth with a sigh. Her delicate back arched and her breath caught as his thrusts became more insistent, though they did not loose the sensual, caressing pace. His eyes opened at last and found hazy green pools staring into his soul, pulling him deep within her own. There was a vulnerability to her in that moment that he had not seen through all the days of tormenting her. A truth within their depths that terrified him. There, in that instant, Loki saw her heart, and it had his name written all over it. The power of that truth was all it took to bring him to the edge and push him over it. He came deep inside her, feeling her answering climax wrack her whole body.

As Megan once again began pressing kisses to Loki's skin, panic began to set in to his brain. They were too close. He was too happy. He was not meant to be happy, not like this. Not when it was dependent on someone else. Other people hurt you. They took your heart and shattered it into a million jagged pieces that could never be put back together again. And this woman now burrowing into his very soul, how could he trust her not to do so, when he had broken her world, tormented her for days on end, done his very best to break her will? Of course she would turn on him, it was only a matter of time. Gone was the clarity of the image he had seen when she had unintentionally opened herself up to him, and in its place was her defiance when he had brought her for the first time into his court.

"Good morning, pet," he smirked, breaking the spell. A part of him screamed at the death of peace, but he hadn't lived so long by listening to sentiment. "I hope you slept well, you have an important day ahead of you."

"What do you mean?" she asked, suddenly on her guard.

"You'll find out," he laughed, "now into the shower with you."

He had her again under the streaming water, of course. He had startled her by stepping in to join her, running his hands up and down her wet skin as he soaped her up, paying particular attention to the cleft between her legs. He pushed her up against the wall, mashing her full breasts against the cold tiles, and entered her from behind. There was none of the tenderness of before, just pure, dominating lust. When he pulled her out of the shower more than just water was dripping down her thighs. He toweled her off, avoiding the cum running out of her. That needed to remain.

Megan was on her guard as she looked at him. He sensed that she had been as thrown off her guard as he was by their love making that morning. Loki could see her doing her best to summon her spirit of defiance, to rebuild the wall around her and remind herself that he was "the enemy".

"Where is my livery?" she asked looking around the room. There was no sign anywhere of the dark green dress.

"Here you are, pet," he replied, handing her a new dress in a brighter shade of green.

"What is this?" she asked.

"Your new livery," he replied with a half smile, "in keeping with your new position."
"New position?" awareness was slowly dawning on her.

"You are no longer my Page," he reminded her. "You have a new title, a much more exalted one. You, my sweet, are the Pet Whore to the King."

Megan had slipped on the dress over her pushup bra. The top was cut lower, gold lace of the trim only barely covering her nipples, and the curve of her ass was clearly visible below the higher hemline of the skirt. The bright green of the material made sure that all eyes would be drawn immediately to her. She looked at herself in his long, full length mirror and gasped.

"You don't really want me to wear this, do you?" she asked, panic in her voice.

"I want you to wear nothing," he smirked, "but I didn't think you would submit to that in public. So this will have to do. You are a whore, after all. My whore."

"I thought that was just a turn of phrase," she stuttered, "to acknowledge the fact that I was submitting to having sex with you."

"Oh no, pet," he grinned. "It is a very official designation. Your body is now my plaything, and it is my right to display it how I see fit. Be thankful that I do not parade you naked through the court, clothed only in my bite marks. You must admit that I do very pretty work with my mouth, don't you think?"

Standing behind her to watch her reflection in the glass, Loki traced the pattern of love bites that decorated her body.

"I can't do this," she said, meeting his eyes in the mirror. "Please, Loki. Please, don't make me do this."

"King Loki," he reminded her. "And I make you do nothing. You are free to leave at any time."

"And leave my friends to their death," she clarified, bitterly.

"There is that," he admitted. "All things considered, I'd say enduring my games is a small price to pay, wouldn't you pet?"

"Yes, my King," she said, dropping her eyes.

"I am glad we agree," he smirked. "Now, shall we get going?"

Megan's chain appeared, and for the first time her eyes went big on seeing it.

"Must you?" she asked him.

"You know, I believe I must," he said, "you'll get used to it. Come along, pet."

Leading her by the collar around her neck like the pet she was, Loki began the walk to the Throne Room.
Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Megan's new title brings new complications for her and new opportunities for Loki.

As expected, Loki and Megan caused quite a stir as he paraded her through the halls of Stark Tower on her golden leash. As the people they passed, mostly men, stopped to bow to him, their eyes inevitably went to Megan in her bright green dress that left very little to the imagination. The bruises and teeth marks adorning her flesh, as well as one or two love bites visible on Loki’s own neck, left very little doubt how the two of them had spent their night. The collar with its leash wound around his hand made blatantly clear the power dynamic between them. Loki saw envy in the eyes of every man who would meet his gaze, and he preened at the knowledge that they all wished to possess what he owned.

When they entered the throne room, the noise stopped as it always did for him. The eyes of all present, once again including his prisoners, turned to Loki and his pet. When the masses had made their bows, Loki turned expectantly to Megan and smiled, waiting to see if the night before had changed this for her.

Realizing what he was waiting for, Megan pursed her lips and glared up at him, before indicating silently the abbreviated length of her dress and the state of her legs. If she tried to bend down low now, not only would the court see her ass, but they would also get a lovely view of the dried white of his seed he had refused to let her wash off standing out against her still red thighs, and quite possibly some fresh cum from their shower sex still trickling out of her. It was one of the lovely side benefits of not allowing her panties.

"If you don’t want to kiss my boot, I could make you lick it instead," he suggested softly.

Megan’s eyes widened momentarily, then she lowered herself to the ground, surrendering to the inevitable.

The sense of power Loki felt was almost overwhelming. It would be abundantly clear that this woman, this once resistant, still proud, gorgeous woman, had enthusiastically engaged in bed sport with him, even though he put her through the most humiliating rituals his mind could concoct. He degraded her in front of all his court, and yet her cunt dripped with desire for him. He could smell her arousal, mixed with the scent of his sperm, coming off of her even now. He was hard from the rush of it all.

Seeking out his nemesis in the sea of faces, Loki grinned at Stark, stroking over his cock as he did so. He knew human senses were not as keen as Asgardian, but he hoped that the man was close enough to scent Megan's desire. Loki drew her up slowly, holding her for a moment with her face pressed to his groin just to watch the other man turn red. When he allowed her to come at last to her feet he kissed her mouth and felt her body press against his of her own will. He had her, and they all knew it.

Climbing the steps to dais, still leading her by the leash, Loki gestured to her pillow. Holding her skirt daintily, Megan sat. He gave a tug of the leash and her head came to rest against the inside of his knee. He reached down and stroked her hair, signaling Timothy to come forward.
"There has been a change in our Royal Court," he instructed the young man, and by extension the rest of the assembly. "Ms. Bell will no longer be serving as my page. She has more important duties to attend to. Isn't that right Megan?"

Loki smiled down at Megan, running one finger along her face. She met his eyes with a silent plea, but he could tell she knew it would be of no use. He grinned and she closed her eyes and nodded. Oh, she should know it he would not make it that easy.

"Tell them, sweet," he instructed. "Tell the people of Midgard the exalted honor I have bestowed upon you, a mere mortal. What is your title now?"

She wanted to sink into the floor. It was obvious in every fiber of her. He began to think she was not going to say the words, so he yanked on her chain, letting the shock bring her back to the reality of the situation. He saw Stark growl and fight against his restraints as her body jerked from the tug. The man was dying to be her savior. It was time he learned that Megan did not want to be saved. Not really.

"Loudly, clearly, so that all can hear," he instructed her quietly. "Remember, you agreed to this submission yesterday. You don't want to go back on our deal."

He was playing fast and loose with the technicalities of what was included in each submission, but he knew that he had her discombobulated enough that he could get away with it. Sure enough, Megan took a deep breath and addressed the crowd.

"I am now the Pet Whore to King Loki," she declared in clear voice, face turning scarlet.

"And a very good pet and eager whore she is too!" he added, smiling. "How many times did you come for your Master last night darling? I seem to have lost count. You should all feel a reflective honor that I have chosen to bestow such a position on one of you. Now, Timothy, who are my first petitioners?"

Timothy brought in a trio of men from a city in the center of the country. Loki knew at first glance what type of creatures they were. Opportunistic thugs who had jumped into the power vacuum and wrested control of their home. They were offering an alliance with him. Ignorant churls, they should be begging him to serve, not seeking to place themselves on a par with him. Keeping his thoughts to himself, he listened to the leader brag of their accomplishments. The entire time the man spoke, his companions were leering at Megan. One of them was obviously sporting an erection and was trying to catch her eye as his friend droned on, licking his lips as he stared at her. Appreciation, envy, those were one thing. Disrespect for Loki's ownership was something else.

Tightening his hold on her leash, Loki pulled Megan up along his leg. Reaching down, he lifted her with ease and deposited her on his lap. By the time her lovely flesh made contact with him, he had freed himself sorcerously from his trousers and he brought her down directly onto his cock. Megan cried out as she was impaled by his size, but he brought his hand up to cover her mouth and muffle her. She bit into his hand and he bucked up into her, letting everyone in the room know that he was sheathed in the warmth of her cunt. The man addressing him faltered, looking at his friends then back to Loki, but Loki only raised his eyebrow and gestured for the man to continue.

As the thug droned on, Loki lowered his head to whisper in Megan's ear.

"Ride me," he commanded, feeling her body tense at the command. She was in shock from unexpected intrusion, though her pussy had been wet enough that he had not encountered undue difficulty in breaching her. He could tell she was horrified at the idea of fucking him so publicly. It made him all the more determined.
"You will bring yourself to completion on my cock, and you will do so enthusiastically," he murmured to her. "Show these two bit thugs who has the real power in this room. You are a whore, and this is what you were made for. Fail me, and you mentor will be the first to suffer for it. Please me and I will please you later."

Reluctantly at first, Megan began to move up and down on Loki’s cock. He kept himself from looking down at her, eyes instead staying on the men before him, humor in their depths as the thugs struggled to present their case while Loki’s woman rode him before the assembled court. He reached down her low top and fondled her breasts with one hand, letting out the occasional low moan or grunt as her tight cunt caressed him in its velvety grasp. Obscene noises began to be heard as her pace quickened and her ass smacked against him. He took her hips in his hands and helped bounce her up and down to meet his thrusts. He was no longer paying attention to the trio of men gaping in front of him. He gave a small part of his mind to the assembled throng of people watching as he openly fucked his plaything in front of them, but most of his energy was concentrated on her and the way she made his body feel. Reaching a hand under her skirt, he flicked over her clit with his thumb and she shattered around him, crying out his name as she came on his cock. Her muscles tightened around him and he began pounding into her more erratically, until with a loud grunt he came within her. He leaned forward and bit her shoulder affectionately, running his tongue along her skin, then looked up at the bully boys before him.

"You are nothing but opportunistic thugs preying on your own people," he told them, voice dipped in disdain. "You should be glad that We have our pet here. Normally I would not hesitate to kill such as you, but it is hard to summon up killing anger when sheathed in her cunt. Guards, put these three in chains. They shall make excellent thralls. Pet, you've made a mess again. On your knees."

Loki sat back and smiled as Megan began to tend to his already re-hardening manhood. It was good to be the King.
Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Loki and Megan pay visits in the cells of Stark Tower. We get a bit more of a look into Megan's thinking.

As Loki led Megan along the hallways the next morning, he sensed her confusion.

“Something wrong pet?” He asked, knowing the answer full well.

”Aren’t we going to the throne room, Sire?” she asked.

“So anxious for the attention, are we?” he asked, grinning. “Have I created a little exhibitionist?”

Megan’s face turned red and looked at the floor. Loki smirked, knowing there was more than a bit of truth in what he said. She would die before admitting it, but a part of Megan got off on the shame of the public spectacle he made of her. It was clear by how wet her pussy was whenever he claimed her in front of others.

“We have a visit to make,” he told her, taking pity on her at last. “Your friend Kate has been refusing to eat until you are released. I need you to talk to her and assure her I am not holding you against your will. You are here of your own choice and by your own desire.”

Loki chose the last word deliberately. Her desire had certainly been evident that morning, as he had woke to find her running her little hand over his hardened cock, eyes bright with lust. Her blush deepened, unable to deny the craving she so obviously had for his body. It filled him with want, and he gave serious consideration to slamming her against the wall and mounting her here in the hall, but he had had her twice already that morning, and they did have a busy day ahead of them. It could wait an hour or two.

As they arrived in the basement cells, an idea occurred to Loki and he changed course to approach the maximum security hall.

“Change of plans, pet,” he told her with an evil grin. “There’s someone else I think we should pay our respects to first.”

After a quick exchange with a pair of Chitauri guards, Loki and Megan stood before the window to a dim, dreary cell while the intricate locks were undone. A single cot furnished the room, and like
the suite that had been given Megan before she started warming Loki’s bed, there was not a speck
of technology in it. There were, to Megan’s obvious surprise, a number of books stacked neatly in
one corner. As Megan turned her eyes inquisitively up to him, Loki felt a rare surge of
embarrassment at this show of mercy and shrugged his shoulders.

I’m not a savage, after all,” he muttered. Wanting to regain his sense of upper hand, he glanced
down at her body.

“Breasts,” he snapped the one word command. Megan hesitated. It was not an uncommon
command for him to give her, though she usually bared herself automatically for him now when
they entered his room, but they were not alone. Her eyes flew to the man reading on the cot, who
had yet to acknowledge their presence. Loki considered pulling her bodice down himself, but
restrained his hands. It was important that she do it, that she participate actively in her own
debasement. With obvious reluctance Megan pulled the material under her breasts.

”That’s a good little pet,” Loki praised her with a wink. “After all, the man has been staring at bare
walls for months. It is only humane to give him something nicer to look at.”

Loki noticed the Chitauri staring at her and beginning to drool. He honestly didn’t know whether
the creature wanted to rape her or eat her, and he shuddered slightly, pulling Megan protectively
against his side. He would love to be rid of the beasts, but the time was not yet right to allow that.

Loki entered the cell, leading a reluctant Megan by her leash. She knew better by now than to try
and cover herself, but she slouched bit, making herself as small as possible to hide from the other
man.

”What do you want?” Stark growled, putting aside his book. His eyes landed on Megan and he
tried to stand, but chains held him to his bed. “Megan! What have you done to her? I will kill you
for this!”

”Tony, it’s okay. I’m fine!” Megan insisted, taking a step towards the bound man, all she was
allowed with Loki holding her leash tightly.

Loki looked at his pet, seeing her as she must appear to her friend. Her eyes were circled with
smudges from sleepless nights, first from worry and then from lust. Her luscious breasts were
mottled with red and blue marks left by Loki’s hands and mouth. One particularly large bruise
ended in teeth marks surrounding her erect left nipple. The backs of her thighs and the sweet curve
of her ass were branded with the fading prints of his large hands. She looked thoroughly used. It
was beautiful.

”You are not fine!” Stark insisted, unable to keep his eyes from devouring her exposed flesh.

”She certainly is not,” Loki agreed. “She is far more ravishing than merely fine. Tell me, Stark,
don’t you agree that she has the most perfect breasts?” He asked conversationally, grabbing one
from beneath and rolling her nipple between his thumb and finger as she gasped. “Of course, they
look even better covered in my cum, but that is true of all of her lovely parts, I’m discovering.”

Tony growled and attempted to lunge at him, but of course the chains held him down.

”Loki, my king, don’t, please,” Megan pleaded, looking up at him.

”She begs wonderfully, doesn’t she?” Loki asked rhetorically. “She didn’t at first, but she's
beginning to learn her place. But then you’ve heard that in the throne room when she pleaded to be
fucked.”
“There is not a hole deep enough, a galaxy far enough for you to hide from me,” Stark promised.

"But I’m not hiding at all,” Loki smirked. “I’m flaunting. Would you like to hear all the different ways I’ve had her? All the different times we’ve fucked in your bed? Your sweet Megan - my sweet Megan - is an insatiable little cum slut. Just this morning I awakened to her insistent hands, demanding my cock grow hard so it could sully her again, isn’t that right love? Then I had her again as desert for my breakfast, spread out on your dining table like a feast just for me. You’ve heard her scream my name when she climaxes, is it not the most rapturous sound you’ve ever heard? I think tonight I just might breach her scrumptious little arse. You are still a virgin back there, aren’t you pet?” he asked, pushing his hand between her cheeks and pressing at her back entrance with one finger. “Answer your master.”

"Yes, my King,” she gasped.

"You see? An anal virgin. But not for long. She’ll soon feel my cock in her tight passage, my seed dripping out of it. She’ll let me do it. She’ll do anything I ask. She’d even service you if I asked her to. Would you like that, Stark? To finally feel those rosy lips-“ I mean, those rosy lips on your dick? To have her talented tongue - and believe me, it is quite skilled - running over your shaft as she takes you deep into her throat? To feel what you’ve been longing for, and to know that she does it all only at my command? Only to please me? I think she would do it if I commanded. Shall we put it to the test?”

Stark’s face had gone red, then absolutely white as Loki spoke. His eyes had strayed traitorously to Megan’s lips. The bulge in the front of his pants betrayed his arousal at the thought of her servicing him. Loki couldn’t blame him. She had an undeniably fuckable mouth.

"What do you think, pet,” he asked Megan, raising his eyebrow. “Do you want to get on your knees?”

"No my King,” her eyes begged him not to do it.

"But you would, if I asked it of you as your submission for the day, wouldn’t you?”

"Yes, my King, if you asked it” it was barely a whisper. A single tear ran down her cheek. Her eyes flew to Stark’s face as the other man stared dumbfounded at her. “Only to save the others!” she insisted. “I’m buying their freedom with my obedience.”

"You are worth more than that, Meg,” Tony said quietly. “Do not buy their freedom with your own. Stop this while you still can."

"No,” she replied, just the one word, but full of determination. Loki could feel her beginning to kneel, and held her upright where she stood.

"Don’t cry, sweet,” Loki wiped Megan’s tear away. “I have no intention of sharing my favorite toy, least of all with a drunken reprobate. I just wanted to make sure that we all knew I could. Now kiss me, pet.”

Megan all but threw herself at him, arms encircling his neck as she clung to him in relief. As his tongue danced with hers, Loki’s eyes found Stark’s over her head and smiled. He believed he had made his point.

They left the cell containing Stark and made their way down a different hallway, one guarded by humans rather than Chitauri. He had no doubt about what passed through the minds of these men as they eyed her surreptitiously. At least they were aware and intelligent enough to attempt to hide their urges from him.
"My pet is here to talk to the prisoner in room 12," Loki told the squirming guard. "You will wait out here with me, I want them to be free to talk."

The guard looked as though he wanted to protest, but had enough sense of self preservation to refrain. Megan looked up at Loki in shock at his allowance.

"Is something wrong?" He asked mildly. "Did you not want to see your friend alone?"

"No! Thank you my king!" Megan beamed up at him as he disappeared her chain, pulled up her top, and waved her into the room.

She might not have been so quick to thank him had she realized the truth. No sooner had the door closed behind her than he waved his hand and became privy to the conversation on the other side of the wall.

"...disabled the recording equipment my first day here," Kate was saying. "They never bothered to fix it, I’m not important enough."

"You are to me," Megan said, emotion raw in her voice. "You’re my sister, or you will be once I get you out of here."

"I think we both know if your parents planned to allow Ben to marry me they would have ransomed me with the two of you."

So that was the connection. The other girl was betrothed to Megan’s brother. And the weakling had walked away allowing Loki to keep her? Allowing his sister to try to win her freedom? The boy was a coward of the lowest sort. If someone tried to hold Megan apart from him, he would tear the world, the universe apart to reclaim her.

"They don’t matter," Megan insisted. "I will win your freedom and Ben will marry you with or without their blessing."

Loki was beginning to feel that none of his pet’s family deserved a woman of her caliber. She might be stunningly naive, but she was loyal and brave to a fault. Fortunately for Loki.

"You are so naive, Meg!" Kate echoed Loki’s thoughts. "Do you really think Loki means to honor his word?"

"He has so far," Megan defended him. "He has let someone go each day I have submitted to him. Fourteen in all so far!"

"Random strangers, perhaps," Kate countered. "But not me, or Jake, or Lisa, or anyone you know. He keeps us to hold over your head. Meanwhile every day he takes more captives. Do you really think he will let go of us and loose his grasp on you?"

The girl was sharper than Loki had thought. He had been waiting for Megan to notice the new faces among the prisoners he paraded into the throne room to watch her humiliation on their behalf. Though, to be fair, he did keep her rather occupied when she was there.

"That is, if you even want to escape his grasp any more," Kate added darkly.

"What do you mean?" Megan’s reply was indignant. "Of course I want to escape! Just not without you!"

"You forget, I know you Meg," her friend sighed. "You’ve always had a thing for the bad boy. It’s
the reason I could never understand why you spurned Tony. And I’ve seen you in Loki’s arms. What can you be thinking? He’s the enemy! The enemy of our entire world!”

”I know,” Megan’s voice was almost a sob. “God help me, I know.”

”You know what they call women who sleep with tyrants.”

”Nothing worse than he calls me himself,” Megan laughed. “And I am doing this for the cause!”

”Are you?” Kate asked. “In the beginning you were. But now? Look me in the eye and tell me you feel nothing for him.”

Loki realized he was holding his breath as he waited for her answer. It took some time to come out.

”I can’t,” Megan admitted at last, and something very close to his heart soared. “It’s twisted, and it’s dark, and it’s wrong on so many levels, but of course you’re right Kate. I want him. I want him to my very toes.”

”The sex can’t be that good,” Kate actually laughed as she said it.

”You have no idea,” Megan groaned. “But it’s not just that. There’s something within him, deep inside, that I see sometimes. A lost soul, yearning for the light. I think sometimes that I can reach it, that I can bring him back to himself.”

Loki felt a lump in his throat and ruthlessly swallowed it. She was deluded. Of course she was.

”You sound like every battered woman, afraid to leave the man who’s beating her,” Kate said.

”He is not beating me!” Megan insisted. This was followed by a brief silence, during which Loki could practically hear Kate gesture to Megan’s bruises.

”Those don’t count,” Megan mumbled. “I enjoyed getting them too much. But I am not stupid, Kate! I am not blind to what he is, no matter how much I want him to be more. I will get you out of here, and then I will leave and never look back. He has promised to let me go, and so far he has stayed true to his word.”

”And if he gets you pregnant?”

”What?!?” Megan gasped, facing the idea for the first time.

”You may not be stupid, Meg, but you are damned naive. He’s plowing you every day, more than once by the looks of you. Has he even once used protection? Pulled out? How long before a little demigod takes up residence in your womb? If it hasn’t already. Do you really think he’ll let you go then? Will you really want to?”

There was a long, drawn out silence and Loki decided that he had let the conversation go on long enough. Apparently Megan had come to the same conclusion.

”Eat your food, Kate,” she said with authority. “I will get us out.”

The door to the room opened and a Megan exited, deep in thought.
Chapter Summary

Loki gets a little dark(er) in this chapter, as he struggles with emotions he is not ready to deal with.

The moment the elevator doors closed behind them Megan turned to pierce Loki with fierce green eyes. The effect was rather like a house cat trying to stare down a jaguar - adorable, but completely unthreatening. Loki had to work hard not to laugh at her valiant attempt.

"Is Kate right?" she demanded.

"I’m afraid you’ll have to be more specific," he replied blandly. “If you recall, I was not in the room with you.”

"Don’t take me for a fool,” she snapped. “I know you well enough by now. The sound may have been disabled, but you heard every word we spoke.”

It seemed he had underestimated his little pet. She saw more than she let on. Loki’s brain began looking for a believable way of diverting her.

"Are you trying to get me pregnant so you can keep me here?” she demanded.

"Well, someone thinks a great deal of themselves, don’t they,” he sneered. “Don’t misunderstand me, my sweet little pet, you are a pleasant enough diversion for a time, but how long do you expect that time to last before I begin to grow bored of you?”

Megan’s jaw dropped as the cruel words fell. In truth, Loki doubted he could ever grow bored with her. Her body responded so unexpectedly well to his every touch, and her cunt encased him as though it had been specially made just to sheath his cock. Add to that the fact that she had a mind and spirit, and he could spend centuries delighting in her charms. Still, there was no reason she had to know that.

"As for impregnating you,” he continued, a look of disdain on his face, “you know by now my opinion of mortals. Do you really think I would allow my child, my heir, to be bred on one?”

Megan chewed her lower lip while her eyes searched his face. He stared back blandly. He had not lied, exactly, he had just led her conveniently away from the truth. As Loki studded her face, he was surprised to see hurt and even a touch of disappointment lurking in her eyes. A rogue part of him experienced an intense urge to take back the words. To tell her that if she was not pregnant now, she would certainly be so soon, and nothing in his life would have filled him with such joy. Ruthlessly he stuffed the soft feelings down below the surface. Reaching out he lifted her chin with his hand and placed a patronizing kiss on her nose.

"Come now, pet, don’t pout,” he told her. “I’m not done with you yet. There are still lots of ways left for me to besmirch your honor, and we can’t have you leaving until you have not a scrap of pride left, now can we? After all, the whole point of this is for you to learn where you belong.”

With me, that traitorous part of him screamed. Under me, around me, beside me, just never far
"You are a bastard," she whispered, bitterly, "Your Majesty."

"Quite possibly," he shrugged. "Do not look for light in me, Megan. There is none left. It was tossed into the abyss and never emerged with the rest of me."

It was in a sober, sour mood that he entered his Throne Room. Even her ceremonial kissing of his foot didn’t have its usual effect on his spirits. She did it without comment, without fighting him, as if she too was subdued by what had just passed between them.

What was wrong with him, he wondered, as he sat not really listening to some peasant drone on about taxes. He should be exuberant. He had had an exceptional morning. Stark had been humbled, made to see exactly how much control Loki now possessed over Megan. Forced to endure the humiliation of Megan agreeing to pleasure him only because it was Loki who asked it of her. More, he had been visibly hard by the insulting idea of her forced, reluctant servitude. His shame at that would eat away at him, Loki was sure.

Megan herself had expressed aloud, even knowing, it seemed, that Loki would be listening, that she had feelings for him. She wanted him. He knew that, of course, but hearing her admit it, calmly and not just in the throes of her wild passion, was immensely gratifying. He had been able to deflect her suspicions about his intentions for her. Hell, she had even all but admitted to her friend that she would not leave him were his plans for her womb to come to fruition. So why was he not celebrating? Why this gloom inside of him? It was infuriating.

"Pet," he said abruptly as the third supplicant bowed their way out of the chamber. "I am bored. Entertain me."

"How, Sire?" wary suspicion shown from her eyes as she gazed up at him from her cushion.

"Play with yourself," he said, smirking as an appreciative murmur rose from those closest to the throne. He had noticed of late a particular faction of his court that seemed to eagerly watch each day, anticipating and appreciating the different ways he manipulated her for his twisted amusement.

"My King?" she squeaked out.

"I want something interesting to watch while I wait for the delegates from the West Coast to arrive. So you will pleasure yourself for my amusement."

"If My King wishes to play, we could go to your chambers," she suggested, eyes flicking to the expectantly leering faces of his chief courtiers.

"That would take too long," he said, though they both knew he could have them there and disrobed in the blink of an eye if that was what he wanted. It was not. What he wanted, what he needed, was to punish her for this mood that had descended on him.

"Sire," she began, but he cut her off.

"Whore," he said, sitting up and enunciating each word, "listen carefully, for I will not tell you again. Put your fingers in your pretty little cunt and fuck yourself while I watch, or I will find someone else to come up here do it for you. I am sure there would be no shortage of volunteers."

Megan’s face went white as a sheet as a chorus of voices shouted out their willingness to violate her. She had to know he was bluffing, he had told her just that morning that he had no intention of
sharing her, but panic still clouded her eyes.

Blanking her features, she moved her hand up under her skirt and gave a little gasp, presumably as she found her slit.

"Lift your skirt and spread your legs like a good slut," he instructed silkily. "The whole point is to allow me to watch how deliciously wet and swollen your pussy becomes, and I can hardly do that if it's hidden under all that fabric, now can I?"

Swallowing hard, Megan angled her body as best she could on the tight leash so that her back was mostly to the chortling masses and raised her already scandalously short skirt and opened her legs to give him a clear view of her privates. Once he nodded his approval, her fingers began slowly pumping in and out, occasionally rising to ghost over her clit.

"So pretty," he smiled, running his hand over the hard ridge in the front of his pants. "Keep your eyes open! You may look at your Master, or you may watch your fingers as the work your cunt, but you will not hide from your what you are doing or what your are."

"Um, my King?" Timothy stuttered from the doorway. "The delegation is here..."

"Show them in," he instructed.

Megan sighed in relief and began to remove her hand, but Loki snapped at her.

"Who told you to stop, whore?" he snarled to more ribald laughter. "You will keep going until you to cum, and you will not do so until I grant you permission."

Timothy nervously led in a pair of well dressed humans, trying studiously not to look at Megan.

"My King, the Governor of California, Ms. Lakes, and her husband."

"Governor," Loki said with a regal nod of his head.

"Prince Loki," she replied, trying her best to ignore the woman masturbating before him.

"King Loki," he corrected.

"I beg your pardon, but our intelligence says that you are a prince of Asgard," her husband countered.

"Perhaps, but I am King of Eastern America," he replied with a thin smile.

"That is not a title we acknowledge," the Governor said tightly.

"Then we have nothing to say to one another," he shrugged.

From her place on the cushion, Megan let out a small, involuntary gasp and Loki saw the husband's eyes flick to her and then quickly away.

"Forgive me, My Lord," the Governor began again, trying to avoid the dangerous topic of titles by staying with something neutral, "but the ah... young lady with you? On the... the leash? That wouldn't by any chance be Megan Bell, would it?"

"And why would that be any concern to you?" Loki asked coldly, twining Megan's chain more tightly around his hand. Her fingers had paused as she heard her name, and her eyes had snapped into focus from where they had been staring, fixed, on his growing arousal, but at the pull of her
chain they began pumping in and out again.

"Her father, Mr. James Bell is a constituent of mine, and a very well connected, powerful man. He has informed me that though he arranged with you for the release of his daughter, she has not been returned to him. If this... person... is indeed Miss Bell, I am afraid I she must be turned over to me to be taken home to her parents."

"You hear that, pet," Loki turned to Megan, her eyes rising to meet his. "This insulting woman attempts to control your movements. Tell her, and tell her true, do you want to go with her or do you want to stay here with me?"

Megan's eyes locked with his for a moment. She was intensely angry with him, he could see it clearly, and for a moment he thought she would seize the opportunity to end all of this. But she was made of sterner stuff, and after a slight pause her chin rose and she turned to face the other woman.

"I want to stay here with the King," she answered, and turning back to Loki arched her back and returned to fingering herself. The court cheered and whistled for their king, and the Governor fidgeted uncomfortably while her husband openly gawked.

"Prince Loki, we all know you are a sorcerer, and capable of holding people in thrall. I am afraid I must insist on taking Megan Bell home with me," she said.

"Enough!" Loki shouted.

Suddenly he had had enough. He was past anger, past rage at everyone and everything. At this small, powerless official who dared to threaten to take Megan from him, at Stark who coveted her for himself, who would have accepted her mouth on him even though it was Loki she craved to serve, at Kate for planting the seeds of doubt in Megan's brain. He wanted to obliterate them all. He was unreasonably furious at Megan for displaying herself like a common trollop in front of all of these lesser men, even though it was at his command, and he wanted to rip out each and every one of their eyes that had dared look at those parts of her that were for him and him alone. Most of all he was angry at her for making him care. For making him want her more than reason. For making him feel something, anything, more than hatred and an intense desire for revenge. For seeing good in him when he knew that it was a cause long lost, and that he was destined to disappoint her.

"Leave my Throne Room!" he demanded, looking around at the shocked assemblage. "All of you! NOW!"

Standing and forcing Megan to do the same, he reached down scooped her into his arms. Seconds later they were on the top floor in his chambers, and with a wordless snarl he tossed her like a rag doll naked and face down onto his bed. The next moment he was on her, pushing her face into the mattress and yanking up her hips until her ass was raised into the air. Holding her down by the back of her neck he savagely entered her wet center, hilting himself on the first thrust.

"You are mine!" he snarled, pounding into her while she gasped beneath him. "You belong to me. Not to Stark, or your worthless family, or those cheering sycophants in the Throne Room. None of them will have you. They will not take you away from me. You. Are. MINE!"

With the last words he released inside of her, hands leaving dark bruises on her neck and hip, teeth biting into her back, days of pent up emotion pouring out of him along with his seed. She would not leave him. He would not let them take her. She was staying where she was. With him.
Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Okay, so in a complete reversal of tone, we have a Soft!Loki scene! Make of it what you will.

Love you all!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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Everything was darkness. He would say that he was falling, but there was no direction. No up or down, no left or right. Time did not exist. It was only the void, the black, and the awareness of something else, a malevolence darker than black lurking. Waiting to swallow him. And it would, he knew it would. It would swallow all that he had been or ever could be. The proud, mischievous, artistic, intellectual would be wiped out and only darkness would remain.

But then, there, at the very edge of his senses - was that a flicker? Not a light. Nothing so radical as a light could exist in this lack. But a flicker of a glimmer. It taunted his awareness, daring him to hope. Desperate for any chance of respite from the cold emptiness, he tried to focus all of his being, such as was left to him, on that small, barely existent spar. He reached out for it with all that he was. And just as he thought he would touch it, the flicker died and he was once again alone in the dark, the echo of malevolent laughter filling what once was his mind.

Loki awoke from the nightmare with a sharp gasp, head jolting up from the pillow. He was covered in a sheen of perspiration, and his breathing was labored and painful. He closed his eyes and tried to convince himself that it wasn't real. He was not in the void. He was out, and in his bed at Stark Towers. The mattress was soft beneath him, the blankets tangled around his legs. His arm was stretched out, reaching toward the other side of the bed. Which was empty.

With a groan Loki pulled himself up to a sitting position, wiping the back of his hand across his forehead. Slowly the dream was receding, but the sense of unease still remained. The bed beside him should not be empty. There should be a small, soft body curled into him, providing him warmth and comfort as he slept. An anchor in the void. It was remarkable how in just a few short nights he had become so accustomed to her presence that the lack of it was almost an ache. Almost like a spark going out.

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Shaking his head to rid it of fanciful images, Loki looked around the room. There she was, sitting in an arm chair near the window. It was where he liked to read when he had leisure, something he had not done of late. Her feet were pulled up onto the large chair and her knees were tucked below her chin, encircled by her arms and a large blanket. She stared at the lights of the city, but didn't seem to really see anything.

"Megan, pet," Loki called, sleep heavy in his voice. "Come back to bed, love."

She didn't move. He should be angry, but he wasn't sure if she had even heard him, she seemed so lost in her own world. Grumbling to himself, Loki heaved his body out of bed and walked naked to where she sat, standing behind her chair and gazing out into the night.
"What's wrong, darling?" he asked, night time smoothing out the harshness that had been in his voice of late.

"Seriously?" she laughed mirthlessly. "You can really ask me that?"

"It's cold, pet. And very late. You should be in my bed. Our bed."

"I couldn't sleep," she still hadn't looked at him, hadn't turned her eyes from the view.

Loki sighed and knelt down next to the chair and, gripping her chin, turned her face toward him. Her downcast eyes were red, and there were wet tracks down her cheeks. His chest constricted and he reached to wipe the damp away.

"You've been crying," he stated, and saw her nod. "Why?"

"Because I'm a trapped," she said, tonelessly. "I'm trapped in a snare of my own setting. I can't leave, people would die. But if I stay, I loose myself. A little more every day. You do these things to me, and I let you. I help you. I participate. I'm a traitor."

"A traitor?" he asked, taken aback. Of all the things she could be accused of, that was the last that would have occurred to him.

"I'm a woman who has sold herself to a tyrant," she shrugged.

"For other peoples lives," he pointed out. "You're here to save others. That's why you participate."

"Am I?" she asked with bitterness, eyes still downcast. "Is that why I let you take me? Why I perform for you like a trained monkey? Is that why all it takes is a look from you for me to be open and ready? Why your command alone brings me to orgasm? Why even now while I sit here, looking at the remains of my home, a home that you destroyed, every cell in my body is longing for you to take me in your arms and back to your bed? Your bed, not ours. An object can own nothing, and I am just an object. A toy. You've said so yourself."

"Megan," Loki searched for words as she finally met his eyes.

"I hate you so much, Loki," she told him softly.

He didn't know what to say. He had never seen her like this. Her contempt he could take, her rage excited him, her fear made him hard. But this... this despair, he did not know how to handle.

"It's my birthday in a few hours," she told him. "It's silly, I know, but we always make a big deal out of it. Ben and Kate and me and... whoever is my and at the time. We dress up and go out. Kate and I have bought each other a ridiculous number of tiaras over the years. Gaudy plastic ones, mostly. Every girl should be a princess on her birthday, we like to say. But Kate is in prison, and Ben doesn't seem to care, and I don't have an and. It's just me. And I'm not even me any more. I'm your pet."

"You are indeed," he said, voice seriously, "but that doesn't make you any less you. You are the strongest human, the strongest person I know, Megan Bell. Being mine doesn't stop that, it just adds to it."

Megan sighed a great, heartfelt sigh and released her legs, preparing to stand. Loki reached out and lifted her into his arms, standing as he did. Two long strides brought him to the bed, and he sat down, still cradling her. She rubbed her cheek against his bare chest like a kitten and he gently kissed the top of her head. The stillness of the room was uncanny. It was too much like his dream.
Too dark and cold. He needed to push it away.

"Megan," he began, suddenly unsure of himself, "just for now, for tonight, I will not force you. You can say no with no fear of repercussions until the sun comes up. But pet, I am in such desperate want of you. Would you allow me to have you?"

"If you don't" she said tightening her arms around his neck, "then I believe I will kill you in this bed."

Loki choked back a laugh and leaned down to take her in a kiss. It was more gentle than their usual battle of teeth and tongues. There was a need, a supplication in both of them tonight. Loki didn't know what to think of the fact that each of them had arrived at this place together, but for now he didn't want to think at all. He wanted to feel. To feel the way she pressed her naked body into his, the way her hand combed through his long hair, and her lips glided against his. He closed his eyes and pushed everything away except for Megan in his arms.

"I need you so much, Loki," and it was just exactly the same tone, the same inflection, in which she had told him she hated him.

"I'm here, love," he told her, laying back and bringing her astride him.

Megan reached down and clasped him in her tiny hand, running her grip up and down him, making him moan. She raised herself up and guided him to her entrance, then slowly lowered down onto him, sighing as he filled her. She sat still for a moment when she had taken him all in, looking down at his pale body lying beneath her.

"You are impossibly beautiful," she told him with a wry laugh. "It is wholly unfair."

With that, she began to move on him, slowly at first, rising until he almost escaped from inside of her before easing back down around him. He let her control the pace for a change, simply letting his fingers run over her skin, worshiping her body with his hands. Her back was arched like a bow, and her own fingers traced designs over his chest. He cupped her breasts and raised himself up to take one in his mouth, gently this time, suckling at her. She sighed out his name as he switched to her other breast. One of her hands came down behind her to fondle his balls and he hissed in his breath through his teeth. She was moving faster now, eyes closed and head tilted back. Her hips moved forward and back with every rise and fall, dragging her clit against his skin and hair, stimulating her.

"Megan," he whispered, making it sound almost like a prayer. In a way it was. A prayer to keep away the dreams, and the darkness, and the void.

With a look of serenity that was new to her face, at least in his experience, Megan's body arched further, muscles going rigidly stiff for a moment, as her breath came in gasps. Her walls spasmed around him, drawing him deeper inside her trembling body as shock after shock raked through her. Loki's arms came around her and she clung to him, pitching up and down on him blindly as her body milked him for what it knew she needed. His own body was more than happy to respond, and with long, low moan spent himself into her.

They sat like that for some time, limbs wrapped around each other, him still sheathed inside her. Her breathing was slowly returning to normal, and her head had dropped to his shoulder. Loki gently pushed her hair out of her eyes, and realized that she had fallen asleep in his arms, body full of him. He kissed her once more and laid her back on the bed, pulling the blanket up around her and tucking it under her chin. She looked so peaceful lying there, a small smile resting on her lips, and Loki realized that he was smiling back.
She had given herself to him. Not to save someone, not because she had to, or because he trapped her into it. She had given herself to him because she wanted him. Because she needed him. He knew who he was and what he was. None of that had changed. But for this one moment, he would let himself see the small flicker of light, even though it was doomed to go out.

"I need you too," he told the sleeping girl softly, knowing she wouldn't hear him and therefore allowing himself the luxury. "More than you'll ever know."

Chapter End Notes

Over 2,000 views! I'm overwhelmed. Thank you all for the love and support, the comments and kudos. <3
Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Loki plans a surprise for Megan. Will it be a happy one?

Loki had cancelled all of his obligations the next morning. There would be no audience in the Throne Room - let the vultures look elsewhere for entertainment- and postponed his meeting with his generals. Instead, he had spent his day on a series of impromptu conversations that had left him a bit bemused, a bit amused, but overall rather pleased with himself.

He had snuck out of bed early, a feat not made any easier by the fact that Megan had managed to wind a long section of his hair around her fist. For a moment he had actually contemplated cutting it off she was gripping it so tightly, but he had finally managed to pry her little fingers open and free himself. It was rather sweet, actually.

He had left her a note instructing her to stick to their chambers, but giving her the day off. If he knew his pet, and he was beginning to think he did, there was a long soak in his pool-like tub and a good book (his library was, of course, extensive) in her future. He was regretful that he was not sharing it with her, but he had tasks to accomplish.

When he entered his sitting room that evening, he was rewarded with the results of one of those tasks. Instead of her usual livery, Megan stood, backlit by the large picture window, in a stunning evening dress. It fit her even better than he had thought it would. The silky material, green of course, fell from her shoulders where it was clasped with gold roses. The gown dipped dangerously low between her breasts, and hugged her hips before falling narrowly to the floor, a high slit allowing her to walk. Her hair was piled atop her head, and she had taken obvious care with her makeup. It was subtle, but her eyes and lips popped even more than usual.

"I might have do too well," he mused looking her over from head to foot. “I am tempted to cancel all my plans and keep you in this room after all.”

“Plans?” She asked, clearly beyond curious. “What plans?”

"I would say you look like a Goddess, but I lived with some, and not one could hold a candle to you. It’s just missing a few finishing touches."

Loki crossed the room to her and turned her around to face the large mirror on the wall. He ran his hand over her collar. It remained fastened in place, but instead of green leather, it was now gold filigree with small emeralds embedded in it. Leaning over, he nipped each of her earlobes, and when he raised he head she gasped as emeralds shimmered on her ears as well.

"Almost,” he murmured, looking at her reflection, "but not quite enough."

With a flourish of his hand, Loki produced a small gold tiara. On careful examination, it was a tiny, delicate, and very feminine version of his helmet. Two emeralds glinted at the base of the upsweeping horns. Smiling, he placed the tiara carefully on her head, securing it with the combs hidden in its base.
"Like it?" he asked with a cocky grin.

"It's beautiful!" she gasped, regarding her reflection. "I hardly recognize myself."

"Well, I've been told that every girl should be a princess on her birthday. And now, for myself."

With a brief flash of green Loki transformed his usual armor into a black suit and tie. He rather liked the effect, the way it highlighted the paleness of his skin. From the way her eyes ran over the tight fitting fabric, he gathered that Megan approved of it as well. With an exuberant, almost boyish smile, he offered her his arm.

"Shall we?" he asked.

Looking adorably confused, Megan took his arm and allowed him to escort her out of the suite of rooms. Her face looked a bit alarmed as they descended into the basement, but he was not taking them to the cells this time, and instead brought her in the other direction to the underground garage. When they arrived near the entrance, Timothy stood next to a dark green jaguar. Looking rather sick, Timothy opened the passenger side door for Megan and gestured inside.

"Ms. Bell," Timothy said, not meeting her eyes. With a glance at Loki for conformation, she got into the car. Loki smiled and got into the drivers seat, putting the keys Tim handed him into the transmission.

"Buckle up, pet," Loki suggested, not bothering with his own seat belt, and pulled the car out of the garage.

Not particularly bothering with the normal rules of the road, he made the rules these days after all, Loki careened through the streets of Manhattan. Megan held white knuckled to her armrest, eyes wide as they sped down the road.

"You know how to drive?" she asked, rhetorically.

"When you've piloted space crafts a simple automobile is child's play," he shrugged, taking a corner at high velocity. "Though I don't think Timothy quite approved. He wanted me to take a limousine with a driver."

"I don't think Timothy approves of me," Megan laughed.

"He doesn't approve of fun," Loki corrected. "He works too much. Perhaps I should find him a pet of his own. He could use a girl... or a boy. I really don't know what his preference is, if he has one."

Megan burst out laughing and stared at him in disbelief.

"For an all-knowing God you can be rather blind," she giggled.

"What do you mean?" he asked, bristling.

"You are his type My King."

Loki was rather taken aback. He had never noticed before, but now that he thought about it her words did make sense. Timothy had stared at him with a kind of hero worship from the first. It filled him with a sense of amusement.

"Well," he shook his head, "it's a shame I wasn't aware of this sooner. It could have saved both you and me a world of difficulty. Too late for the poor boy now though, my interest has been fixed.
Megan gasped and Loki looked over to her in surprise.

"Come now, pet," he chided. "Don't tell me you're prey to the confining prejudices of your culture. Why should I limit myself to one sex?"

"It's not that," Megan said quickly.

"Than what?" he asked, confused.

"My dear King," she purred, looking at him through lowered eyelids, "do you mean to imply that you are faithful to me?"

Loki was struck dumb. On the one hand, the notion was absurd. Megan was his pet, a toy. One did not remain faithful to a toy. You played with it when you felt the urge, and moved on to something else when the mood struck you. On the other hand, now that he had her in his bed every night, and by his side every day, the idea of indulging with someone else never so much as entered his mind. He might be a God, and possessed of the stamina that implied, but he didn't know if even he had the energy for more sex than they were currently enjoying. Fortunately, he was saved from answering when they arrived at their destination.

Loki didn't bother to park, just stopping the car on the street in front of a small Italian restaurant. He hopped out and walked around to open Megan's door and help her out, getting an enticing look at her long leg as he did so. Her eyes glowed as she saw where they were.

"This is my favorite restaurant," she gasped.

"Is it?" he asked, smugly. "Well then, shall we go in?"

There was a stir as the entered. Only two of the other tables were occupied, one by an elderly couple and one by three businessmen. There were few people out and about these days in the city, not with Chitauri patrolling the streets day and night. Only those with a feeling of security in their status dared to venture out. All eyes looked at them as he led Megan to a large, candlelit table in the back. It was obvious that they were people of import, but out of his armor and helmet not many recognized him for the tyrant on tv. A battalion of waiters stood ready, one holding out a chair for each of them, another pouring champagne into two goblets.

"How did you know?" Megan asked, quietly when a dish of dark chocolate mousse was delivered to them.

"Know what?" he asked innocently.

"This place, it's my birthday choice every year. The music playing, the wine, the desert first before dinner... it's all perfect. How did you know to do all of this?"

"I'm a God," he shrugged, arrogantly.

"My King..."

"Use my name," he told her, impulsively. "Just for tonight, no titles."

"Loki," she whispered, and he felt the tell tale stirring in his pants. Gods, but his name sounded delicious when she spoke it.
"I may have had a conversation with your friend Kate," he said casually.

"With Kate?" she gasped. "She told you about this place? Why?"

"You know I like deals, darling," he reminded her. "It seemed to me that her freedom was but a small price to pay to find out all the secret desires locked inside your lovely little brain. Well, at least all of the innocent ones. The rest I look forward to drawing out myself. Some of them, I am sure you are not even aware of yet."

Megan had stopped listening to him. She stared wide eyes and mouth gaping, looking adorably confused.

"Her freedom?" she asked, voice shaking, not daring to believe what she had heard. "You mean..."

"I had Kate released this afternoon. By this time she should be on a plane headed back West."

"Thank you!" she shrieked, and launched herself out of her chair and into his arms.

Loki was completely taken aback as Megan began kissing all over his face, arms wrapped tightly around his neck. Setting down the glass he had been in the process of raising to his lips, he pulled her up onto his lap, returning her passionate kisses with enthusiasm. His hand slid the silky material off of her shoulder and he kissed her smooth skin, raking his teeth lightly over her. When Megan's hands went down to his waist and reached for the buckle of his belt he laughed breathlessly.

"Darling, it's not that I don't appreciate the impulse, but we are in public," he said, moaning as her hands worked to free him. The elderly couple were looking at them in shock and horror, the business men with a blend of surprise and appreciation. The waiters exchanged glances with each other. They, of course, knew who he was, and so were not about to do anything so foolish as interfere with his pleasure, but their discomfort was painfully obvious.

"Since when has that ever stopped you before?" she asked, biting at his lip.

Fuck it, he thought, if she was willing who was he to say no. He stopped hindering her efforts and let her open his zipper and draw him from his pants. With a naughty smile she reached out and took a finger full of the mousse. Slipping off his lap she dropped to her knees and smeared the chocolate along his length.

"Oh dear," she shook her head and looked up at him as he gasped. "I seem to have made a mess. And of course, I know my duty is to clean it up."

Lowering her head, Megan ran her tongue slowly up him. The old couple were now standing up and hurrying out of the restaurant.

"Delicious," Megan purred.

She began licking lower, tugging at his trousers. He lifted himself slightly off the chair, allowing her to lower them. He had never seen his pet like this before, so eager to take him in her mouth. Leaning back he hissed as she began running her tongue over his balls, occasionally pausing to anoint them with chocolate so that she could lap it off. She made her way back up, worshiping his cock as she went, rubbing it against her cheek and decorating it with wet kisses. When she reached the head she took him into her waiting mouth and deep into her throat, sucking hard as she did. She swallowed him twice, as far as he would go, then slowly pulled off of him, flicking the slit with her tongue as she released him from her mouth.
Getting to her feet, Megan lifted her skirt and straddled him. He could feel the wet heat coming from her as she arranged her legs on either side of him and it was like a beacon drawing him in. It was all the encouragement he needed to pull her down hard, sliding into her hot, juicy cunt. He pushed the shoulder of her dress the rest of the way down, letting it fall off of her breast. Reaching for his glass, he let a stream of champagne fall onto her nipple before lowering his head to drink it off of her. Megan moaned and arched her back, raking her fingers through his hair. Loki worried at her nipple with his teeth, pulling it to a distended peak.

"You are so beautiful like this," he told her, licking up her neck. "So enticing when you are all wet and willing, so desperate for my cock."

"Yes," she groaned, leaning back to take him deeper. "Yes, please. God, I need you inside me."

"You have me," he told her, pushing in until he could feel his head hit her cervix.

Reaching down he cupped her ass with one hand, then slowly slid his fingers between her cheeks. As she rode him tirelessly, he gently pushed one finger inside her back entrance. He heard her gasp, and she stiffened briefly, but her rhythm didn't stop, so he pushed further, exploring her. He could feel his cock on the other side of her thin wall thrusting into her, and it was obscenely erotic. Carefully, so as not to frighten her, he added a second finger and began to stretch her. He had further plans for her tonight, and it would be easier for both of them if she was prepared.

"Loki," she gasped into his ear as he filled her, other hand now playing with her clit. "Oh, you make me feel so good."

"This is just the start," he told her, feeling the muscles in his thighs and stomach begin to tighten. "I am going to fuck you until the only thing you know is my name and that you belong to me."

"Please," she begged, "please, Loki."

"Come for me, darling," he commanded her. "Let me hear you say my name, the name of your God."

"Lokiyyyyy!" she moaned, as her body shook and spasmed on top of him. Hearing her, unbridled and unabashed, crying out in bliss on top of him, he felt his own release spill into her.

Ignoring the business men staring at them in stunned disbelief, and the waiters looking studiously out the window, Loki gave all of his attention to the very willing woman bent backwards on his lap. He had given away his trump card today, allowing her friend to go free, but it was worth it. The look of adoration on her face was everything he had ever hoped for.
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Another short(ish) chapter tonight! Megan and Loki continue her birthday celebration.

Loki and Megan did finally have a proper dinner, and he understood why she liked the restaurant so much. The food was delicious, especially after having worked up such an appetite. The staff didn't meet his eye for the rest of the evening, but he was used to people avoiding his gaze any way. Loki kept their wine glasses full, and the conversation flowed almost as freely.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd think you were trying to get me drunk," Megan remarked as he
filled her glass yet again.

"What, do you think I'm trying to lower your inhibitions?" Loki quipped, raising his eyebrow at her.

"I suppose that ship has sailed," she sighed, turning an endearing shade of pink. "Are you going to be alright to drive back though?"

"My dear pet," he laughed, "it would take far more than this fruit juice to get me intoxicated. You need not fear for your safety with me."

"Only from you," she answered, eyes clouding over for a moment.

"Not tonight," he assured her. "Shall we go home?"

"I'd like that," she replied, smiling almost shyly.

The jag was right where he had left it in front of the restaurant. Even had anyone dared try to interfere with it, the simple spell he had woven over it would have stopped them. He drove them back to the tower through almost empty streets, not bothering with stop lights or speed limits.

When they had made it back to the penthouse, Loki sat in on the large sofa and pulled Megan down next to him.

"Did you enjoy your night?" he asked her fondly.

"Very much," she smiled up at him. "Thank you."

He was glad she had liked his surprise, but was starting to feel a bit anxious about the lengths to which he had gone to ensure it. Megan's lost look the night before had gone straight to what was left of his heart and led him to the prisons to strike his deal with Kate. The girl was no threat to him, he had known that from the start. She was clever, of course, but without Megan to spur her on she lacked the bravery to be of future risk. On the other hand, her talk with Megan had led his pet to begin to suspect his ultimate plans for her. Would it not be better then, he had thought, to get her away from Megan where she could not influence her further? But what if the result was Megan now feeling free to leave? She was grateful tonight, but what of tomorrow when reality set in, and she realized that he no longer had quite such a hold over her? Would she attempt to leave?

"Thank you for freeing Kate," she told him, seeming to pick up on the direction of his thoughts. "She never would have attempted defiance on her own, she was only there because of me."

"I'm aware," he told her, running his fingers through her hair. "You, my pet, are a bad influence."

"Says the pot to the kettle," she laughed. "I'm afraid we stained my dress with champagne."

"It was not destined to survive the night anyway," he shrugged. "Had you made me wait until we returned here to have you it would have been torn savagely from your body and thrown to the floor in my rush to get at you."

"Hmm... You make me almost wish we had waited," she grinned.

"Sweet, you don't know what you're saying," he warned her. "One would almost think that you wanted to be here with me."

"Almost," she agreed.
"Look at me," he instructed seriously.

Megan's head turned towards him and he held her gaze with his.

"I want to be sure that there is no misunderstanding here," he told her. "It is your birthday, and you have behaved yourself well of late, so I decided to treat you. This does not change the nature of our relationship. You belong to me, and you will serve me as I see fit. Tomorrow morning, you will kiss my boot before the assembled court of my realm. If I decide you will do so naked and bound, that is how it will be. You will be used to slake my lust and entertain me in any way I see fit. There will be times when I punish you for no other reason than that it pleases me to see you suffer, and you will smile and thank me for it. I am not a human man who you can twist around your finger. I am a God. Your God. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Loki," she said, barely more than a whisper, eyes wide and a bit glazed with wine.

"In that case, I am told there is another birthday ritual that needs to be performed," he face split into a grin. "Dress off and over my lap, pet. Time for your spanking."

Megan gasped, but rose to do as he commanded. Her dress slid from her body to pool on the floor, and she gingerly lowered herself over him, ass in the air on his lap. He knew that she enjoyed this, and that it bothered her that she did. He could already feel her breathing speed up in anticipation as his hand caressed her smooth skin. The timing was perfect, his hand prints from before had all but faded, and he thought she could use some color on her pale skin. His hand came down hard on her, and he watched in fascination as the skin began to glow a pale red.

"Thank you, My King," she breathed.

"You're well trained," he smiled, smacking her again.

"Thank you, My King," she moaned again, both for the complement and the spank.

"You have a remarkable ass," he told her, pausing for her thanks after his swat. "I can't wait to penetrate it."

"Tank you," she panted.

"I think I'm going to make it a goal tonight to cum in your mouth, your cunt, and your ass. Would you like that pet? Would that make for a good birthday?"

Megan moaned, words not forming properly in her mouth.

"I would love to see my seed gushing out of all three, wouldn't you? Perhaps I'd have to photograph it, for posterity. My own whore, filled to the brim."

Her skin was hot and red now, practically glowing from his attentions. Loki reached into nothing and conjured a small bottle of oil. Holding it over her, he let a few drops fall soothingly onto her sore ass. His hand began rubbing it in, circling closer and closer to her little pucker. As always happened when he spanked her, she had become wonderfully wet, and he dipped his hand down to add some of her own juices to the slick oil he was messaging into her. He once again managed to insert a finger into her tight little ass, and then another joined it, working the slippery combination inside her and spreading her apart.

"I think you're ready," he told her, and with lightning quick movement switched their positions so that she was lying face down on the sofa, himself hovering above her.
Loki drizzled some of the oil over his painfully hard cock and positioned himself at her back entrance. He could feel a wave of fear and slight panic shoot through her, and it increased his excitement.

"Now, I need you to relax darling. This is going to happen, I'm going to claim this part of you, but we can make it as pleasurable for you as possible, hmm?"

Reaching underneath her, he began to play with her clit, brushing the pad of his thumb roughly over her. She was already aroused, and the wine he'd been feeding her all night had loosened her. She began to relax her muscles a bit, though he could still tell that part of her wanted to resist. It made him want to invade her more. Slowly, he pushed his head into her, hissing as her ring of muscles clench ed down on him. Megan stiffened beneath him, whimpering softly at the unfamiliar feeling, and he held himself still for a moment, letting her grow accustomed to him.

"I don't think I can do this," she fretted. "You're too big, my king. I can't take you there."

Loki throbbed from the words and the fear behind them. It was all he could do to keep from slamming into her then and there, but he didn't want to damage her.

"You can, and you will," he told her. "I promised you from the beginning that I would make use of all that was mine. This is mine. I have given you plenty of time to get used to the idea. Now be a good pet and lie still."

His hand went back to work on her until she began to relax again, and he pushed farther into her. It felt almost painful how tight she was, and Loki worried that he would cum too quickly from the pressure of her. He wanted to make this last, the exquisite sensation of knowing that he was broaching virgin territory within her would only happen once. He pulled back a bit and then slid forward, pushing more of his length in.

"Halfway there, love," he told her, and heard her sob beneath him. "You are being so good for your Master."

Holding himself in place, Loki inserted two of his long fingers into her pussy and began to finger her, feeling his cock pressing in. Megan moaned as she gushed around his fingers. He was not the only one enjoying this. No matter how panicked her mind might be, her body was loving being so thoroughly owned. Feeling her cream coat his fingers, Loki pushed in the rest of the way, burying himself completely in her ass. Megan gasped into the cushion of the sofa as she came to grips with the fullness. Being careful not to go to fast and injure her unduly, Loki began shallow thrusts into her, moaning at the sensation. His fingers pumped in and out of her cunt in tandem to his cock working her ass, and his thumb still played with her clit. She was sobbing a bit by now, but her cunt constricting around his fingers told its own story. Driven past the edge of control, Loki shattered, cumming into her with a moan of sheer pleasure. As he felt his warm seed sliding past him to seep out of her, Megan bucked beneath him and came to her own subdued but intense climax. Her breath was panting, and her fingers clawed at the sofa as she shook from head to toe.

Loki stayed where he was for a few minutes, enjoying the sensation, then slowly dragged himself out. He watched in delight as a stream of white ran out of her as he withdrew. It contrasted so nicely with the red he had left on her.

"Are you alright, pet," he asked, running his hand down her spine.

Megan nodded her head, seemingly still unable to speak. Her eyes were glazed and her mouth hung open a bit. The small gold tiara he had gifted her with hung drunkenly off her head, and the green emeralds glittered on her ears. She looked like a fallen princess.
"You've learned another way to serve me tonight," he told her, "and as with all the other ways I've taught you, you managed quite well. But I did promise that I would make use of all of your orifices tonight. Shall we continue in the bath?"

Scooping her limp body into his arms, he carried his lovely toy to the next room, ready to continue their night.
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Loki’s gets some upsetting news.

Loki woke in an exceptional mood, hard and ready. His little pet had come undone for him repeatedly last night. He had now succeeded in claiming almost every inch of her delectable body, owning every secret part of her. Only her womb remained her own, though perhaps not so. Perhaps even now his seed had taken root in her and was growing into the heir he had not realized he wanted before she had stormed into his life. Once that was done she would never be able to slip free of his grip on her, though he was proud enough to believe that even without a child connecting them she would never be able to get him out of her blood. He did things to her no mortal ever would or could.

She looked so at peace curled up beside him, he decided to take pity on her body. She would doubtless be exhausted and sore after the night they had shared. On top of their normal coupling in the bath, he had rather forcefully used her mouth and throat, before finishing the night as he had begun and once again claiming her previously virginal ass. The level of complete submission that act had pushed her to was sublime. She had barely moved beneath him, her shallow breathing and shaking body adding to the thrill of the small wimpering noises she made as his large cock invaded her tiny passage. She had cum for him, her entire body shuddering under him as he filled her to overflowing.

He went easy on her abused body as a result that morning, and contented himself with stroking off to the site of her bruised flesh. His marks were everywhere on her, and he was delighted that his own body bore its fair share of scratches and bite marks as well. She may still be resisting him when she remembered, but those times were getting farther and farther between. Her unsolicited initiating of things in the restaurant just went to show how close she was to being completely under his sway.

Megan was so exhausted that she barely stirred as he shot his release across her body, painting her tummy and breasts with his sperm. On impulse, not wanting to completely waste it, he scooped some off if her navel and used his long fingers to push it into her cunt. She opened automatically for him, but winced a bit in her sleep as his fingers invaded her. Loki chuckled and kissed her gently on one nipple before climbing out of bed. She would wake covered in him, as it should be.

Unfortunately, his good mood was not destined to last. His generals, not happy with having been pushed aside yesterday, were open in their discontent today. The Chitauri wanted blood, to expand and destroy other cities, razing it all to dust. They also wanted more of the spoils of war - namely human women to play with. Loki was hardly squeamish, but he had seen what had become of the females they took, and he did his best to keep them to the worst of his prisoners.

The humans, it seemed, were also upset. He had promised more freedoms as the conquered zones settled under his rule, but had not yet gotten around to drawing up the contracts granting their renewed liberties. He had been busy with other things.

Timothy was no less concerned as Loki made his way to the Throne Room. It appeared the Western coast was starting to rumble with discord. Until now, they had been existing in a state of
uneasy truce, but the media had recently begun reporting out there on some of the more gruesome of the Chiauri’s excesses. It did not take a genius to discern the reason for the shift.

"It has been a pr nightmare,” Timothy bemoaned, following him down the hall. “But, if I may, My Lord King, there is an easy solution to the problem.”

"No,” Loki snapped, knowing where this was heading and wishing to nip the idea in the bud.

"It is not just the bad press, my King,” Timothy persisted. “The Chitauri generals grouse at you taking a bed slave while you deny them the same. And those countries we’ve managed to make alliances with see it as a warning - if you would go back on your promise to free the girl, the thinking goes, when her father upheld his part of the bargain, how can they believe you will honor your word to them?”

"I did free her,” he ground out. “It is not my responsibility if she chooses to stay of her own will.”

"But that is just the thing, Sire, no one believes it is her choice. She has become a cause celebre, a rallying point for your enemies. Especially after her... performance when the Governor was here. Is it really worth alienating all of your allies, just to keep one whore? A replacement would be easy enough to come by.”

"It would, wouldn’t it,” Loki said with a cruel leer. “Perhaps one even closer than I had previously thought to look.”

All of the color drained from Timothy’s face, but the boy held his ground.

"I only have your best interests at heart, Sire,” he said stiffly. “Releasing Miss Bell would be seen as a sign of good faith.”

"No,” Loki spat. “My pet will stay precisely where she is.”

Timothy nodded passively, there was really nothing else for him to do, and bowed himself out if the Throne Room. Loki strode to his throne in anger, ignoring all of the toadies genuflecting to him. As he sat he glared at the empty pillow before his seat. Where was she? It was long enough since he had risen, surely she should be down by now? He had made it quite clear last night that her respite had been a temporary one, and he expected her at his feet this morning. He was risking war for her, she could at least be bothered to put in an appearance. His nerves were raw, and he longed to have her near, a calming presence to stroke and play with.

When half an hour later she was still nowhere to be found, he rose from his throne and charged out of the room. He would teach her to keep him waiting. Did she not realize that he was a king? A God?

As he exited the elevator and rounded the corner to the door of his chamers, his heart stopped. There on the floor, lying in a crumpled, bloody heap, was Megan.

All anger forgotten in a moment, Loki rushed to her side. She was unconscious, an angry red welt on the side of her head, and a knife wound in her back, but she was breathing. The front of her dress was torn and bruises not of his making adorned her neck and arm.

Loki’s mind exploded in a sea of red. Who had done this? Who had dared to lay hands on his woman? Whoever it was, death would be too good for them. They would suffer as none before them. He would burn the whole planet to the ground if need be to get to them.

"Stay with me, Megan darling,” he said, lifting her into his arms. “I have you, love. You are safe.
They will pay for this, I promise you.”

In a flash of green he brought her down twenty floors to the infirmary. The nurses shrieked in fear as he suddenly appeared in their midst, then dropped to their knees in terror. He had not been in there above once before, when he took over the facilities. He was not as delicate as the pathetic humans they serviced. Turning to the senior member of the staff, he glowered over the woman.

"Miss Bell has been attacked," told her, trying to keep the panic out of his voice. “You will determine what has been done to her and fix it. Failure is not an option.”

"Yes, Sire," the woman said briskly. “Set her down on the bed and then get out of the way.”

Loki bristled briefly, but the woman's non-nonsense demeanor reminded him of the healers on Asgard, so he backed away.

After a brief exam, the doctor turned to him with a grim expression.

"I will do what I can," she said, "but she has lost a lot of blood."

"You will save her, or I will kill every one of you," Loki countered.

"We will work no harder because you threaten us, Sire," she told him bluntly. "Now let us do our work."

With that, the woman turned her back on him and crossed back to Megan's bed.

Loki would find whoever had done this. And when he did, there would be no God who could help them.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Loki searches for the truth of what happened to Megan.

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING!!!
This chapter includes non-Loki assault/attempted rape. If you are not comfortable reading that, skip once the flashback begins.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Loki was not patient by nature, and the ensuing minutes were pure torture. While the doctor worked on Megan his mind ran to every worst possibility. When she finally turned and walked to him running her hands through her steel grey hair, he was convinced that his precious girl was dying.

"She’ll live,” the doctor said with a satisfied nod.

"Your future is made,” Loki gasped out, sinking into a chair.

"I didn’t do much,” the woman shrugged dismissively. “It turned out to be mostly superficial, though she lost more blood than we would have liked. Most of the bruising seems to have been done prior to the attack.”

As the doctor eyed him disapprovingly, Loki felt the most absurd impulse to blush. Ruthlessly he squelched the feeling and crossed his arms over his chest.

"What was done to her?” He asked. “Today.”

"The stab wound in her back is shallow, I would say it was done by someone who was not accustomed to it. An amateur if you will.”

"And are you a forensic expert as well as a healer,” he asked sarcastically, wanting to regain control of the situation.

"I have seen enough battle wounds since your invasion to recognize a professional or an amateur,” she countered. “Had this been done by one of your alien friends she would be dead on my table. The blow to her head worried me at first, but as long as she comes around in the next hour or so she should be fine. My guess, for what it’s worth, is that you are looking for a rather inept human. Possibly more than one - there appear to various sized hand prints on her body.”

Loki’s rage was quickly returning. One of those ungrateful bugs had dared to do this, to strike out at something Loki held dear? His retribution would be merciless.

"For the future,” the doctor was saying, “it would have helped if we had known of her condition
beforehand. It wasn’t an issue this time, but there are some tests best avoided in her state.”

”What state?” he asked, barely hearing her.

”Ah. You don’t know. In that case, I will wait for Miss Bell to awake and discuss it with her.”

Loki’s eyes snapped up, suddenly alert. Was something else wrong with Megan?

”You will discuss it with me. Now.”

”Sire, medical ethics dictate -“

”To Hel with your ethics!” He raged, “You will tell me what is wrong with her or I will kill every one of your little helpers.”

The doctor pursed her lips and glared at him for a moment, but then gave a little shrug and sighed.

“There is nothing wrong with her,” she told him. “Ms. Bell is pregnant.”

There was a ringing in his ears louder than anything Loki had ever heard before. It was true. His precious darling, his Megan, was pregnant with his child. The triumphant elation that filled him threatened to overcome him as Loki felt his eyes fill with tears.

Only to be replaced a moment later with a white hot rage. Megan was pregnant, and someone had done this to her. They had put not only her life at risk, but that of his unborn child.

“You will say nothing of this,” he told the doctor, “neither to Ms. Bell nor anyone else. I wish to be the one to inform her of our impending joy. Believe me when I tell you defiance will cost you dear in this matter.”

The woman’s eyes hardened, but she was wise enough not to argue the issue.

“I will see her now,” Loki declared, and brushing past her walked into the small cubicle where Megan lay pale on the bed.

Loki placed his large hand on her abdomen. Even now their child was growing in there. It was a wonder. The intense protective surge inside him was overwhelming.

Who could have done this to her? In that moment, Loki suspected everyone. For a brief moment he even wondered if Timothy had somehow been her attacker, before dismissing the idea. He had been with him all morning, and besides, as much as his aide may jealously resent Megan, he was not a violent man. But Loki needed to know, and know now. Delay might lead the villain’s escape.

Brushing her hair back, Loki placed his hand on Megan’s forehead.

“Forgive me for this, sweet,” he murmured.

In a blink he was in her memory. It was new enough that the details were brightly clear. Megan exited their chambers, limping slightly from the night before. As she rounded the corner to make her way to the elevator, two men stepped out and blocked her way. Loki recognized them vaguely from the Throne Room. They were two of the hangers on from prominent mortal families who had attached themselves to his court. He had seen them, eagerly watching as he degraded Megan each day, and now they eyed her hungrily.

”And where are you off to in such a hurry?” the darker haired man asked.
"Isn’t it obvious, Luke,” the second, fairer one sneered, “she’s off to grovel before the Tyrant, isn’t that right, whore?"

Megan stiffened and glared at them.

"I am, in fact, going to attend the King,” she said, tartly. “So of you wouldn’t mind getting out of my way...”

"Not so fast,” Luke wheedled, stepping in front of her. “We want to talk to you, don’t we Chris?”

"Yup. Talk.” The smile on Chris’ face was not pleasant.

"I’m afraid I don’t have time,” she told them, and stepped around him.

"Not even if we tell you Stark sent us?” Luke asked, raising his eyebrows.

"Tony sent you? Why?”

"We’re supposed to debrief you,” Chris said, making the word sound lascivious.

"What do you mean? Debrief me on what?” Megan asked, confused.

"On anything you might be able to tell us,” Luke shrugged. “You’ve been able to get closer to the mad king than anyone else. You must have seen something we can use against him. Stark seems to think you are still loyal to the human race, even though you whore yourself out to a fucking monster. We’ve all been waiting to catch you on your own. Lucky for us, we found you first.”

Luke reached forward and ran his hand over her neck and shoulder, making Megan wince and pull away.

"Aw, look at that, Chris, she’s shy,” he mocked.

"I don’t know anything,” she told them, backing away. “It’s not as though Loki and I talk about his battle plans.”

"No, he uses your pretty mouth for other things, doesn’t he, slut?” Chris smirked. “I told them you were a useless traitor.”

"I don’t know if I would say useless,” Luke corrected. “I can think of quite a few ways I’d like to use her.”

Megan tried to run, but Luke’s hand shot out and gripped her by the throat.

"Let me go,” she fumed. “We are on the same side. I would help you if I could, but I don’t know anything.”

"On the same side?” Luke laughed. “I don’t think so. You’re nothing but an alien invader’s little bitch in heat. Well, maybe it’s time you found a new Master.”

"Let me go!” she said again, seething. “Loki will kill you if finds out you laid a hand on me.”

"Oh, so Loki will, huh?” Chris pounced. “I said you were a traitor. No useful information coming out of you.”

"That doesn’t mean this has to be a total waste though,” Luke smirked. “I’ve seen him use that pretty little cunt of yours. Maybe it’s time to remind you what a real man feels like.”
"You fucking worm!" Megan snapped, anger replacing her fear. "I’ve had a God inside me. Do you think I would even feel whatever pathetic, minuscule thing you have between your legs?"

Luke’s face turned an ugly shade of red as his hand tightened around her throat.

"Bitch!" he said, slapping her. "Well, maybe you’ll feel us if we take you at the same time. What do you think, Chris? You want the front or the back entrance?"

Spinning her he tossed Megan over to Chris who caught her by one arm and with the other took out a small knife and sliced her top open, leering at her naked breasts.

"Look at all her badges of service," he mocked at Loki’s marks on her skin. "You take her ass first, I want that juicy pussy. See if it’s worth all the fuss. You know, I hear it might even start another war. You really that good, slut?"

"The only question will be who will kill you first, Tony or Loki," she growled.

"Tony?" For the first time Chris looked uncertain.

"Think about it, fool," she snarled. "He sent you to me. He trusts me. What do you think he will say when he finds out how you treated me? That is, if Loki doesn’t find you first. He may not actually care about me as a person, but you’ve seen him. How do you think he will react when he learns you’ve played with his toy?"

She was beginning to get through to them. They exchanged a worried look and Chris loosened his grip on her arm. It was all Megan needed. Wrenching free of him she spun and fled towards Loki’s chambers. She had almost gotten there when a blow to the side of her head sent her falling.

"Oh God, we are so fucked!" came a voice behind her as she started to fade. "Do something!"

There was a sharp pain near her right shoulder blade just before everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry there is no Loki smut in this chapter, but I felt the need to move the plot along a bit. It will be back, I promise!

Kisses!!!
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Loki searches for information on Megan's attackers. Things just don't ever seem to go smoothly for him, do they?

Chapter Notes

Wow, 20 chapters! That went fast. Thank you all for staying with it and reading. :) All your feedback, (kudos, comments, etc.) are greatly appreciated!

Loki dragged himself out of Megan's memory with a howl of pure rage. Seeing the result of the cowardly bastards' attack on her had been bad enough, but witnessing it through her eyes, impotent to avert it, was almost unbearable. A killing haze descended on him as he thought of them touching her soft skin. Both had dared put their hands on her, one had struck her face, and though he had not seen it clearly, he believed the other had struck her from behind and plunged the knife into her back. Such men, if one could call them that, could not be suffered to live. He had to find them and make examples out of them. He didn't want to leave Megan unprotected though, especially now that he knew the precious life growing inside of her.

Two minutes later Timothy arrived, along with two enthralled human guards. Loki pulled his aide aside.

"Megan has been attacked," he stated baldly. "I know the faces of the men responsible, but not their names or information. I must find them, but do not dare leave her alone. You will stay here, along with the thralls. No Chitauri or non-enthralled humans besides the medical staff are allowed in this room until I return."

"Sire," Timothy began, carefully, "I am sorry that Ms. Bell has been injured, but surely you are over reacting."

Loki looked at him. His paranoia was intense. He knew that Timothy had his best interests at heart, but what if he decided that interest was served by eliminating the problematic woman? He had just been cataloging all of the reasons Loki should let her go, after all.

"Megan is pregnant," he told him, deciding to take the rare leap of faith. If the doctor knew, surely he could trust his right hand human? "She carries my child. Someone has tried to kill her. I trust no one but myself and, to some extent, you. Do not make me regret that faith."

Tim's eyes went big and he nodded reflexively.

"I will guard her with my life," he said, seriously.

"Guard the secret as well," Loki instructed. "I don't want her finding out until I am here with her. I should not be gone long."
With a flash he was gone, transported to the cells. As much as he hated what he was about to do, he needed information on the assailants, and he needed it quickly. There was only one person he could be sure would have the knowledge he needed.

"Out," he snarled to the Chitauri guarding Stark's cell. Not waiting to see if they obeyed, he stalked into the room and glared down at the man who had been a festering wound in his occupation, whose accomplices had been the cause of Megan's pain.

"Do you have any idea what you have done?" he snarled, looming over Stark.

"Uh, won a Nobel Prize, revolutionized clean energy, and been voted People's sexiest man of the year three years running?" Stark asked with a smirk.

Loki growled and backhanded him across the face. Tony turned and spit blood out of his mouth onto Loki's shoes.

"What's the matter, Princess?" he asked, mockingly. "Someone steel your gold tiara?"

"You," Loki threw at him. "are the reason Megan lies in the medical rooms above. You nearly got her raped!"

"What?" Stark's face fell in shock. "You're lying. There's one rapist in this cell, and that's you, big guy. Try looking in the mirror."

"I never raped her," Loki seethed.

"Just keep telling yourself that," Stark sneered.

"I may have coerced some of her actions in the beginning," Loki admitted, "but I never entered her without her enthusiastic consent. Your henchmen, on the other hand, had no such scruples."

"What do you mean?" Tony looked at him hard.

"I mean that two of your little spies approached her in the hall for information, and when she didn't have any to give they dared to lay their hands on her."

"You're lying," Tony said again, trying desperately to believe it.

"Am I?" Loki asked, and with a flick of his wrist he projected the image of Megan in the hallway, the two men manhandling her, cutting her dress, her body falling to the floor in pain. He worked to hold back the single tear that threatened escape from his eye at the sight of her limp body helpless on the floor again.

"Son of a bitch," Stark swore. "Motherfucking bastards!"

"For once we can agree," Loki said bitterly. "Tell me who they are, Stark. Tell me who they are so that I can find then and make them pay."

"You mean kill them?" he asked bluntly.

"Do you think they deserve any less?" Loki demanded. "You saw what they did to her. Heard what they intended to do. Are these the brave Midgardian freedom fighters I have heard about? Preying on a defenseless woman? One who is..."

"One who is what?" Stark asked, as Loki cut himself off.
"One who is even now fighting to return to consciousness," Loki improvised, cursing his tongue for almost giving his secret away. He had to get a hold on himself. He could not let sentiment run away with him. "Help me avenge her."

"I won't help you kill them," he said, stubbornly.

"I thought she was your friend," Loki insisted. "She speaks of you as a brother, with affection, and yet you will let her attackers go free."

"I will track them down and deal with them myself," Stark insisted.

"From a jail cell?" Loki asked. "And when you have escaped and found them, what then? Your courts have been disbanded, and even were they not, when did your justice system ever punish the sons of the rich for their sins? Especially now that Megan is known to be my concubine. You know well that your people will think she deserved her fate, when all she ever wanted was to help others."

"Yeah, until she met you," Stark spat at him, "and you worked your voodoo on her. You Stockholm Syndromed her nice and good, didn't you? Pretending to care about her all the while you treated her like an animal."

"I do care about her!" Loki roared.

"Maybe you do," Stark shrugged. "Maybe in your own, messed up, over grown goth kid way you give a damn. I don't know. But I will not help you murder humans."

With a howl of anger Loki drew back his arm to strike him again when his communicator sounded. "Yes," he demanded in a clipped voice.

"Sire, she's awake," Timothy's voice said in his ear. "She knows the full names of the men who attacked her. I can locate them from there."

"Good news, Stark," Loki sneered. "I don't need you after all. Megan is awake, and has named her assailants. I will be sure to tell her how concerned you were for her well being."

"You do that," Tony said. If Loki was in a charitable mood he would have admitted that Stark looked genuinely relieved that Megan was alright, but as it was all he saw was defiance. With a snarl and a flash of green he left the cell.

He manifested back in Megan's cubicle, and unthinkingly pushed past Timothy in his haste to make it to her bedside. Dropping to his knees, he grasped one of her hands in his as he brushed a stray lock of hair out of her face.

"Loki," she sighed, opening her eyes and looking up at him.

Loki blinked back a tear as he looked at her, trying to get his emotions under control. He glanced sharply over his shoulder, and Timothy beat a hasty retreat, shepherding everyone else out of the room as well.

"Welcome back, pet," he smiled, leaning down to place a light kiss on her forehead. "You gave us a bit of a scare there."

"They hit me," she said, groggily.
"I know," he told her. "They will never get the chance to do so again. Timothy will track them down, and then I will make them wish they had never been born."

"You found me?" she asked, furrowing her forehead.

"Lying on the floor outside our chambers. The cowards had left you there and fled. At least they had the good sense not to enact their plans on your poor, defenseless body."

He was getting taken by his anger again, and missed the look in her eye.

"Their plans?"

"I promise, pet, I will never let anyone else touch you in that manner. As long as you are mine, you will be safe from such indignities."

He ran a soothing hand over her hair and brought her palm to his lips, calming the raging in his heart at the memory of what he had seen.

"Loki, how do you know what happened?" she asked, confused.

Loki looked up, eyes not quite meeting hers.

"I am the king," he shrugged. "I know everything."

"We were alone in that hallway," she said, puzzling it out. "Timothy knew their had been two attackers. What is going on? Was someone else there? If so, why didn't they help?"

"No, no one else was there," he evaded.

"Then how?"

"I read your memory," he said, tossing it off as if it was the most ordinary thing.

"You what?" she asked, withdrawing her hand from his.

"I read your memory," he said again, beginning to grow defensive. "It's an easy enough skill, once you get the hang of it. I needed to see who had attacked you, so I... dipped into your brain and played it back."

"You dipped into my brain?" she tried to rise up in the bed, but he put a restraining hand on her shoulder.

"Stay calm, darling," he ordered, pressing her back.

"I will not stay calm!" she said, voice rising. "You went into my head and rummaged around like it was a kitchen cabinet!"

"You're being dramatic, pet," he snapped. "It's not as though I went traipsing through your fantasies, although I think we both know what those would be..."

"And how do I know that?" she asked. "It's not enough that you have invaded every part of my body, claimed it all as your own, but now you invade my mind as well?"

"And why shouldn't I?" he demanded. "You are mine. You belong to me. Not just your body, though I do enjoy that, but your mind too. Your heart and soul as well, if it comes to it. I will have it all."
"Then what makes you any different than them?" she hissed.

"Well, that's easy, love," he said, and he ran one of his hands up her leg and into the cleft between, stroking over her. Drawing his hand back, he showed her the shiny moisture glistening on his fingers before sucking them off. "Even lying injured your body knows its Master."

"How dare you?" she demanded, eyes snapping.

This was all wrong! He had not meant to antagonize her. He had come here to calm her, to let her know that everything was going to be alright, that he would care for her. That from that day forward he would make sure no harm came to her or their child. Why was she ruining it all with her senseless anger? So he had read her mind, it was only to find out what had been done to her, and by whom. Why was she acting like he was the enemy?

"We are on the same side," Megan's voice from her memory, talking to her assailants, came back suddenly into his head. "I would help you if I could."

Loki went cold. He was a fool. She was acting like he was the enemy because that was what he was to her. Here he was, thinking that things had changed. He had spent so much time the past few days indulging in this fantasy that he had begun to believe it. She wasn't with him because she wanted to be. She was with him to protect the other prisoners. He was letting sentiment cloud his reason, and it would lead to his downfall. He refused to let that happen.

"I need to speak with Timothy," he told her, rising and placing a chaste kiss on her mouth. "We will hunt down the swine who did this and make a public example of them. I will allow no one to touch what is mine. And that, my little pet, most definitely includes you."

Turning on his heel, he walked out of the room, the news he had longed to share just minutes before unspoken.
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Loki is not happy with the state of affairs. And when Loki is not happy, no one is happy.

The ensuing days were miserable for everyone unfortunate enough be at Stark Towers. Loki was in a mood to strike fear into anyone who crossed his path, and more than one human had cause to regret bringing their grievances before him while Megan convalesced.

He had her moved from the infirmary to his rooms, commanding a bed be placed in the sitting room for her. He didn’t trust himself to sleep next to her and keep his hands to himself, and the doctor had told him in no uncertain terms that she needed to rest unmolested if her wounds were to heal properly. Loki was appalled at how fragile humans were, and how long it took for them to recover from such injuries.

He considered returning her to her rooms on the floor below, but he rejected the idea out of safety concerns. The entire top floor was now off limits to everyone but the two of them, a nurse, and a body guard (both female, both in a state of thrall) to attend to her.

In Megan’s absence from his bed Loki’s nightmares has returned. Now, however, in addition to the familiar memory of the void, new visions had appeared. Images of Megan, bloody on the floor, life slipping from her body tormented him in some of these dreams. In others, he stood in his throne room while she, along with a blue skinned youth with long black hair who held fast to her hand, both rejected him turned instead to his enemies, a smug looking Stark stepping forward to claim them both.

Loki would wake from his dreams and prowl out into the sitting room to stare at Megan as she slept. Sometimes he would allow himself to touch her, to lay his hand on her belly or brush her hair back from her brow, but he was careful not to wake her. Her own sleep seemed troubled, and she often whimpered she or called out in her slumber.

It was on the second night when, as he stood vigil, he had heard her whisper the name “Tony” and murder had entered his heart. He had almost decended to the cells to rip the man’s heart out with his bare hand, but Timothy had managed the Herculean task of talking him around it. He had avoided her during waking hours since then, not returning to their rooms until he knew she would
be asleep and rising early to leave before she woke. The lack of sleep was beginning to take a heavy toll.

Her two attackers were found four days later, hiding in a storage facility in a remote area. They were brought before him in chains. He knew that Timothy hoped that punishing them would help lift Loki’s mood, but they were so pathetic, sniveling before him like the worms they were, that it disgusted him. One of them had even soiled himself when Loki approached him. Normally such terror would have gladdened him, but there was only one person he wanted to take his angst out on, and she was off limits to him.

"Hang them," he ordered dismissively, "and have their bodies displayed in the loby. Let everyone see what happens to those who dare to touch what belongs to me."

It was two weeks later when, late one night, he woke to the sound of someone slipping into his room. He stayed perfectly still, hand under his pillow gripping the hilt of a dagger, as light footsteps crossed the room.

"Loki?" Megan’s voice said softly, and he relaxed his muscles as she sat down on the edge of the bed.

"It’s late, pet," he told her, not turning to her.

"Well, you’re never here when it’s not," she said tartly. "I want to talk to you."

Resigning himself, he rolled over and raised himself on one elbow, the blanket falling down to reveal his bare chest. Megan ran her eyes over his pale skin, biting her lower lip, before looking down at her hands. A long, virginal, white nightgown covered her, and he found it oddly erotic. It had been far too long since he had been inside her, and he longed to taste her.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I... may have over reacted," she admitted. "I know why you did what you did, and I understand your reasons."

"How gracious of you," he said, sarcastically, and saw her flinch as if struck.

"I had just been attacked," she continued, plunging ahead after a hard look at him. "I was feeling disoriented and violated."

"It was not my intention to violate you," he snapped.

"Violated by those men," she said, from between clenched teeth, fighting to keep her temper from flaring as he deliberately misconstrued her words. "I let that spill over onto you, when you were only trying to help me."

Loki desperately wanted to believe her. To take her in his arms and tell her that everything was forgotten, that all that mattered was that she was safe and whole. To share the joyous news that they were to be parents. But his head replayed her claiming allegiance to the slime who had attacked her, saw her in his dreams turning her back on him, and heard her whisper another man's, his sworn enemy's, name in her sleep, and he kept himself still.

"What I'm trying to say," she went on, tenaciously, "is that I forgive you for trespassing in my mind."

"You forgive me?" he repeated.
"Yes," she nodded. "Just this once."

"You forgive me?"

"Well... you did force your way into my brain without my permission."

"You forget yourself," he told her, pushing up so that he could look down on her. "I am your God. I do not need permission for anything."

"Loki, I'm just trying to say..."

"It occurs to me, pet," he cut her off, "that you have not been reminded of your place in some time."

Megan pulled in a deep breath and backed away from him a bit. Loki reached out and grasped her wrist with one hand, tugging her further onto the bed.

"Now now, darling, you wanted to be in here. Don't run away now. Down on the bed with you."

Pulling gently, he guided her onto the bed, pressing her shoulders back until she was lying down. The chest of her nightgown strained tightly across her breasts. He could just make out the dark circles if her nipples where they pressed against the thin fabric, and the sight caused an instant tightness in his groin. He lightly ghosted the palm of his hand over them, and smiled as they leapt into hard nubs. Her breathing had accelerated, and her pupils were blown wide. He was not the only one suffering from want of contact, it seemed.

"Have I ever told you, pet, how hard I get at the sight of your breasts?" leaning down, he took one in his mouth, sucking on her through the fabric. Megan's hips rose off the mattress as she moaned softly. "Uh uh uh," he scolded. "You are supposed to be resting. You will lie perfectly still while I take what I want from you."

Loki moved to the other breast, suckling gently at first, but then adding his teeth when he could no longer resist. He drew out the torture, feeling Megan struggle to stay calm beneath him. His hand ran up the inside of her thigh slowly, pushing her nightgown as it went and spreading her knees apart.

"Are you wet, love?" he asked her. "I think you are. I think the real reason you have crept into my room like a thief in the night has nothing to do with forgiveness, and everything to do with how desperate your pussy is to be pulverized by my cock. That is what you want, isn't it pet?"

He pressed a kiss to her thigh, licking her skin. Her body shuddered and a quiet whimper escaped her. He pushed her gown up higher, so it bunched around her waist, and ran his nose teasingly just above her mound. He inhaled deeply, taking in her sent, and hummed appreciatively.

"You smell like lust, my dear," he told her, "like want. I can help you with that if you'd like. Would you, pet?"

"Yes, Sire," she panted. "Please."

"Please what?" he asked.

"Please help me cum," she pleaded.

"If you are a good pet and don't move, I will make you cum. But only if you allow me to please myself with your body. Do you understand?"
"Yes, My King," she whined.

With painstaking slowness, Loki licked her body, tasting her sweet skin on his tongue as he ran it over her thighs, her hips, her lower abdomen. His hair trailed across after him, tickling her with its silky strands. Strong hands on her hips held her to the mattress, as she struggled not to move. He was everywhere on her lower body but where she most wanted him, determined to make her suffering last. His own need rose with hers, but he ruthlessly pushed it away as he tortured her with his teasing elusiveness.

When he finally brought his mouth to her cunt all he did at first was gently blow across it. Megan moaned in need, and every nerve in her strained silently towards him. Relishing his effect on her, he at last brought his head down to clamp over her sex, pulling her clit into his mouth and sucking the sweet, tangy taste of her in. She was drenched with longing, and he knew it would take next to nothing to have her squirting onto his waiting tongue. He drew back his head and listened to her frustrated sobs.

"You taste divine, pet," he purred, rising up to remove his pants.

Her eyes watched him hungrily as he returned to the bed, naked and engorged. He took himself in hand and dragged his head through her sopping slit, coating it with slick. Crawling upwards, he tapped it on her lower lip and watched as she greedily opened wide.

"Have a taste," he told her, filling her mouth.

Her tongue went to work, sampling her own juices, collected on his cock and mixed with his precum.

"Remember, no movement," he reminded her, "just lie there mouth open so I can fuck your lovely face."

Slowly he slid in and out of her, pressing against the back of her throat. His hand was on the side of her head, holding her still as he used her mouth for his pleasure. He had moved her hands above her head and held her wrists with his other hand, keeping her from becoming more than a passive participant.

"It feels so good to have those lips around me again," he told her, increasing his speed. "They were made to service my cock. You should be happy that you found your true purpose in this world. Few are so fortunate."

Megan made a gurgling noise as he hit the back of her throat and he felt himself begin to gather in anticipation of his climax.

"In a moment, I am going to cum," he told her. "I am going to pull out of your luscious mouth and fill your needy cunt. When I do, when I force my way back inside you, granting you the honor of my cum, you will orgasm for me, and you will scream my name as you do. You will feel who exactly controls this body. Do you understand me?"

She couldn't speak, but the mumble around his throbbing cock was decidedly affirmative. Loki pressed far into her mouth two times more before abandoning it with a long cry and, throwing his body downward, pushed deep within her cunt, cum streaming out into her as he did. As she stretched wide to accommodate him, Megan's over sensitive clit brushed against his skin and her climax hit her hard. She arched her back beneath him and the sound of his name echoed off the walls of the chamber. Tears rolled down her cheeks as he held her shoulders down, careful to keep his full weight from settling on her and the precious gift she did not yet know lived in her womb.
It took him some time to come back down after the release of taking her. When he did, he found himself on his side, holding her trembling body fast against his own. He would not deny himself this any longer. She belonged with him. In his bed, in his arms, crying out beneath him. He did not have to trust her, but he would not be without her.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Megan has a surprising offer for Loki. How will he respond?

We The nightmares were gone. Loki didn't know what it was about her presence next to him, but with Megan in his bed he could actually rest. In some ways it terrified him more than the nightmares did. What power did she possess that her mere nearness brought him peace?

She had made remarkable progress, and the doctor had pronounced her healed. Megan was anxious to leave the rooms, as she had begun to go a bit stir crazy with no company other than the two thralled servants during the day.

"I have been thinking," she said to him as they ate, picking over her food.

"Dangerous words," he teased, and laughed at the face she made at him.

"I have been thinking about our bargain," she clarified, and Loki’s stomach dropped.

There had been no discussion of her servitude or the prisoners during her convalescence. He had almost lulled himself into believing the fiction that she was with him by choice, without coercion or ulterior motives. That he wanted nothing more from her than a warm presence in his bed and a sharp mind at his table. But of course this domestic calm was not meant to last.

"What about it, pet?" he asked, pushing away his plate as his appetite left him.

"Well, I obviously have not been in a position to earn ransom for anyone of late," she sighed. “And I therefore assume the remaining prisoners still languish in cells. Unless... Loki, you haven’t killed them, have you?"

The panic in her voice cut at him. Did she think him so cruel? He could be, of course, but not with her, not in that way.

"The only executions have been of the men who assaulted you," he assured her. “Surely you would not attempt to ransom them?"

"No," she said with a shudder. “I know I should not be, but I am happy they are dead. I still feel their hands on me, sometimes, and I want to scrub off my skin where they touched it.”

Loki took her hand and raised it to kiss her wrist where one of the men had left bruises. The marks were gone now, but the memory of them was burned on his brain. He could only imagine how it was for her.

"Your skin is far too perfect to mar in such a way," he told her. “Now that you are better I will give you bruises of my own making to block out the memory of any left by those worms.”

“That’s sweet. But the prisoners,” she said, tenaciously.

"Are the same as before your attack. In cells, but alive. Perhaps one or two have been added.”
Megan was silent for a moment, chewing on her lower lip, then she drew in a deep breath and raised her eyes to him. Loki felt an ice cold dread grip him. She was going to ask to leave him. Kate was free, why would she endure this place, endure him, for virtual strangers? The words would cut him, but he vowed he would not show it.

"I would like to amend our deal," she told him.

He would not let her go. She carried his offspring, though she knew it not. They were tied together in ways she would never unknot.

"Megan," he began.

"I propose," she ran over his words, "that you let them go. All of them. Now. In return, I will vow to stay here and be yours, your pet, for as long as you want me."

Loki stared, stunned, at the beautiful woman across from him. She could not mean it. Why would she agree to this, much less suggest it? To be his for as long as he wanted her? That was to be his forever. Was it a trap? Some strategy to bring about his fall? Had someone managed to get past her guard these past weeks and conspire with her?

"Why?" was all he could bring himself to ask.

"You can ask me that?" she laughed, a small touch of bitterness seeping into her voice. "Do you think there is any life for me with the resistance? They all think me your whore, and they are not even wrong. No one will ever trust me again. There is nowhere left for me but with you."

It was what he wanted, what he had worked to achieve, but it felt like a stone in his gullet. She would be with him, but only because she had no alternative, not because she desired it. How could it be otherwise? He was the monster who had destroyed her world.

"How tragic for you," he murmured.

"Is it?" she asked, smiling just a bit. "I suppose you could say so. But to be honest that is hardly my greatest tragedy. You have spent the last month and more taunting me with how my body responds to you. As much as I might have resisted and resented it, you were not wrong. Don't you understand, My King? You have ruined me for anyone else. Do you really think that there could ever be another man for me, after I have been with a God?"

Loki's eyes shot to her face. Had she really just said that? She did want him, enough to stay?

"Megan, Pet," he reached out and took her hand. "Are you saying what I think you are?"

"I want you," she told him, raising her eyes to his. "I want to be yours. Perhaps I am a traitor, not even perhaps, I know I am. I traitor to my whole species. But maybe I can do some good to counterbalance that. Maybe I can help to rid you of some of your disdain for human kind. Perhaps some of your affection for me can run over onto the rest of my kind, and you will use them more gently."

She wanted him. She had said it. To his face. There was no hiding from it, no pretending she was staying for noble reasons. He had won. Totally and completely. It terrified him.

"I don't know if you realize what you are asking," he told her, part of his brain screaming at him to hold his tongue. "The last two weeks, you have been injured, and so I have used you gently. Megan, you know this will not always be the case. I could wish that I would always treat you with kindness, but I will not lie to you. Cruelty is a part of my nature. I crave not just your desire, but
your subjugation. It excites me to hear you grovel, it arouses me to sense your fear. You above all others, who are so proud and so strong. I will use you hard, love, seeking to prove my dominance in any and all situations. If you agree to stay with me, I will allow no quarter in this. My word will be your law."

"Do you think that I have been blind the last month?" she asked with a small laugh. "I know you, Loki. You will drive me mad on a regular basis. More often than not I will want to rip your throat out. The thought of living with you is a horror. The only thing worse I can think of is to try and live without you. My body has betrayed me once again, and I choose the lesser pain. So I will kiss your boot in the mornings, and warm your bed at night."

"You are sure? You can live with the monster?" Why did he keep giving her a chance to change her mind? He wanted to cut out his tongue!

"I know who you are and what you are," she said, trust in her eyes. "You have been honest with that from the start. You have never hidden anything from me or sought to deceive me. That is more than I can say for others from my past. Yes. I can live with a monster, if he is an honest one."

Alarms were going off in Loki's brain. Warnings screamed at him to tell her. Tell her the secret, the life changing secret he had been hiding from her. Two of them, in fact. The life that she carried inside her, and the fact that not only would it not be wholly human, the other half would not even be Asgardian. What would she think when her baby came out blue skinned and covered in ridges? Would she be appalled? Disgusted? Would she still love the babe? She would. He knew her enough to know that she would love her child regardless. But how would she feel towards the father who had passed on the monster genes? Who had led her to believe that she didn't need to fear fertilization, while working to ensure that his seed was planted in her womb? She might choose him now, but then?

He would deal with the Frost Giant situation later, he decided. There was time to worry about that. The pregnancy was another matter. He could not just confess it, he had waited too long. He would talk to her doctor. Have her perform some routine follow up work on Megan and then deliver the news to the two of them as if she had just discovered it. The woman wouldn't like it, but she would do it. He would see to it. Then Loki could react with stunned disbelief and amazement that such an unsuspected blessing had befallen them.

"I will not release Stark," he blurted out. "Or Steve Rodgers. They remain below."

"I was not stupid enough to think that my presence would be enough to buy anyone of such consequence," she nodded.

If she only knew. He would give up much to keep her with him. Only if he had to, though. He would much rather others gave up all.

"Then we have a deal, pet," he told her, smiling. "Tomorrow I will give the order to release them, and you will join me again in the Throne Room. Your presence has been missed. I find I think much clearer with my fingers in your cunt. Now, I believe you are not properly dressed. Breasts out, love. Show them to your master."

Rolling her eyes, Megan unbuttoned the top of her nightgown and exposed her breasts to him. They were woefully short of decoration. Leaning forward, he attached his mouth to the side of one and sucked until the blood and come to the surface, leaving a nice red mark.

"I saw that eye roll, pet," he told her. "I have been far to lax with you while you were recovering. I see I shall need to remind you of your place. Bend over the table and spread you legs. We will
begin with a spanking. I wonder if I could make you cum from that alone. Shall we find out?"

Lifting the hem of her virginal night gown to reveal her creamy white ass, Loki smiled. There were a million ways that things could fall down around him, but for tonight he would enjoy the sensual woman spread out over the table for him in as many ways as he could.
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Loki makes Megan jump through a few more hoops in order to secure the release of his prisoners.

Loki sat on his throne, a feral smile on his face that would have struck fear into the soul of anyone who knew him well. The hall was packed with humans, all waiting to see why he had called them there. They would find out soon enough.

There was slight stir by the door, and he knew that Megan had stepped in with her body guard to one side and Timothy to the other. He had told her that today would be difficult for her, but had not explained how or why. She would be hating him soon. Hating him for the public humiliation. He had warned her, though. And there were actual reasons beyond his own lusts and desires, although he had to admit that those played a great deal into it.

He had promised Megan that he would free the hostages languishing in the cellars, and Loki would keep his word. They weren't worth anything, not really. Most of them had broken long since, and most that hadn't had simply lasted because he couldn't be bothered to break them. He gained nothing by keeping them. On the other hand, he could not allow it to be thought that let them go simply because his pet asked him to. Loki could not afford to look weak, to look like he could be manipulated by his woman.

And so, Megan would have to earn their release. The terms of their previous agreement were well known. He had been using them to torment her for weeks before she was set upon. If those terms were to change, they would need to change visibly.

Timothy approached Loki's throne, and he nodded his head as his aide bowed to him.

"My Liege," Tim said to him, "Ms. Bell is here, and has a boon to ask of you."

"I am always willing to entertain a request from my loyal pet," Loki said graciously.

He looked to where an aisle had formed between him and Megan. She looked delectable in her bright green livery. Her breasts strained even more than before against the thin fabric. She had commented that morning that her lack of activity while she healed seemed to have caused her to gain weight. Loki had distracted her by pulling her top down and suckling on her full breast,
assuring her that he was more than happy with the enhancement.

He had not vanished the leash from her collar when he left her with Timothy to enter the hall. She held it now in her hand, fingerling it nervously as she looked up to where he sat. Her eyes were narrowed, and he could hear her wondering what hoop he had for her to jump through this time.

"Sweet," he called down to her, "we hear you have something to ask of us."

Megan kept her eyes locked on his as she dipped into a curtsey. He was impressed by the improvement she had made to the maneuver during her time in his service. She no longer looked ready to topple from the movement. Of course, she was also no longer wearing five inch heels.

"I do my King," she said, pitching her voice to carry.

"In that case, you may approach the Throne," he told her generously, inclining his head.

Megan began to step forward, but Loki held up his hand and stopped her.

"Uh uh, love," he shook his head. "You forget yourself and your place."

"My place, Sire," she asked, eyes hardening.

"You are my pet," he reminded her, "and I desire you to approach me as such."

Loki saw comprehension dawn in Megan's eyes and his grin widened.

"On your hands and knees, love," he commanded. "You will to crawl to me."

Megan glared as she dropped to her knees. He would quite possibly regret this at some point, Loki knew, but for now it was worth it. He smiled as she looked in concern at the leash, trying to decide what to do with it. She raised her eyebrow at him and he smiled thinly.

"Something troubling you, pet?" he asked her.

"My leash, Sire," she spit the word out. "it has been left on the collar."

"Indeed it has," he grinned. "I want you to present it to me, to show the court who your Master is."

"If I am to approach on my hands and knees..." she left the question unasked.

"Then you will have to find another way to carry it," he smiled, loving this.

Face blushing scarlet, Megan closed her eyes, drew a deep breath, and then took the leash between her teeth and began to crawl towards him. Loki was hard as a rock. The sight of her, all pride stripped away from her, approaching him on hands and knees had him completely engorged. Her adorable naked ass swayed back and forth, and her kneeling position afforded him a perfect look at her increased cleavage.

When she neared the bottom of the steps to dais, Loki stood and made his way to stand on the top step. He leaned down and held out his hand, grinning as she dropped the leash into it. Smirking, he patted her head, stroking her hair like a spoiled animal. When he had finished petting her, Loki straightened and extended his foot. He could have sworn he heard her mutter something under her breath, but she dutifully dipped her head and kissed his boot.

As she lifted her head from his foot, she rose to her knees. Loki took her chin in his hand, and stroked her cheek along the ridge of his leather encased cock.
"What is it you would have us do, pet?" he asked her indulgently.

"My King," she said. "I would have you free the hostages."

"We have been freeing them," he told her, playing his part. "One a day, as you earn their release."

"I would earn them faster," she all but snapped. "All of them at once, in fact."

"And what will you give Us in exchange for their expedited freedom?"

"I will give you myself," she said simply. "For as long as you like, in any way you like."

"Well, that is something," he purred. "Beg me."

"Please my lord," she entreated him. "Please, release the prisoners."

"You misunderstand," he interrupted her, quietly. "I want you to beg for the opportunity to
pleasure me. To worship me as the God I am."

If Megan's eyes could kill he would be dead. She was magnificent, all fire, anger, and pride. She
was still the woman he had taken trying to bring down his communications in order to save her
friend. She would do what was needed, at any expense to herself, to help others.

"I beg for the honor of serving you," she said. "Please, allow me to worship at your feet. I swear to
be faithful to you."

Loki was running his hand over his erection, smiling at her. He slowly shook his head and raised
his eyebrow. She knew what he wanted, and he would have it from her.

"Please grant me the honor of your cock," she said at last, giving in. "Use me to bring yourself
release. Take your pleasure from my body. Leave me used and wet and covered in your cum. I am
yours for as long as you will allow me the privilege of your worshiping body."

"Show me," Loki urged her.

Megan reached forward and unfastened his pants. She pulled him out, holding his heavy cock in
her hand. She brought it to her face and rubbed it against her skin, wetting her cheek with the
precum seeping out of him. Working along his length she licked and kissed him worshipfully.
Rising slightly, she nestled him between her breasts and moved up and down around him.

Loki moaned and gripped her hair, enjoying the slavish devotion she was showing him. Tightening
his grip, he brought her head down and thrust into her mouth. Holding her steady, he fucked her
mouth, staring out at his subjects. When he felt his release drawing near, he pulled out of her
mouth and, holding his hand over hers along his shaft, directed her in a few final strokes before
ejaculating onto her. Megan looked up at him wide eyed, his cum dripping over her lips and chin,
running down her breasts to disappear into her cleavage, and staining the green fabric of her dress.

Loki tucked himself back into his pants before running his thumb across her lips, pushing the
sticky white into her mouth. He smiled into her eyes, and let his face gentle.

"Well done, pet," he murmured, for her ears alone. She glared murder at him, but that just made
him chuckle. He had made his point, provided the hoard a bit of theater, and now it was time for
the final piece.

"I have decided to accept Ms. Bell's offer," he announced to the room at large. "I find her devotion
to me and my throne refreshing. You have all watched her, how she has transformed from rebellious discontent to obedient pet before your eyes. Let her be an example to all of you, if you serve your King faithfully, you will be rewarded. And in that spirit, We have decided that, in consideration of her extended pledge of fidelity, we are once again raising her. Stand up, love. You have been a delightful pet. Rise and take your place now as Consort to the King.

Megan's jaw dropped as Loki drew her to her feet. With a wave of his hand, his seed vanished from her face, though he did leave it decorating her cleavage. Loki turned over his hand and the tiny gold tiara that he had fashioned for her on her birthday appeared in it. With a bright smile, he settled it on her adorable head and swept her into a deep kiss.

"From here on in," he told the assembled masses, turning her around and holding her to his side, "think of your behavior to her as behavior to myself. A slight to her is a slight to me, an offense treason. We will hold a feast in her honor this evening, and tomorrow the prisoners will be released, saving any we judge a material threat to our realm."

"You could have told me," Megan hissed at him as he lead her off the dias and towards the door.

"I could have," he shrugged, "but what would have been the fun in that. You are so beautiful when you are angry, after all."

He laughed as Megan bit his hand. She was his now. Tonight they would celebrate, and tomorrow they would discover, to their mutual amazement, that they were expecting. It was all settled.
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

Loki and Megan celebrate. What could possibly go wrong?

Loki was uncertain what the strange feeling inside him was. He sat at the table with Megan beside him, feeding her occasionally from his plate. Her hair was upswept and topped with the tiara he had given her. Emeralds glittered on her ears and throat, where once more the golden collar had replaced the leather one. He had refused to remove it all together, or the charm proclaiming her his property. She was still his to control and play with as he pleased after all, and a reminder of that was necessary, but she had become a precious toy indeed, and so worthy of the gold and gems. Her livery was gone and in its place she wore a green gown. It was cut dangerously low, of course, and high slits up either leg granted him easy access to her. One of his hands even now was slid inside, casually fondling her swollen lips while he lounged in his chair trying to chase down his mood. If pressed, he would say he was happy.

True, there were still troubles rumbling throughout his territory. Humans were tiresomely rebellious. The release of the prisoners tomorrow should help to quell the worst of it. The elevation of Megan, a mere mortal, to a status of all but queen should also serve to defang those who hoped to use her as a rallying point. And when they announced their impending joy tomorrow... it was all beginning to come together.

He smiled fondly at Megan as she chatted brightly with one of his generals, doing her best to ignore his teasing fingers. She had, naturally, been ready to throttle him for his treatment of her once he had returned them to their chambers. She was intelligent enough to understand the reasoning behind wanting the release of the prisoners to appear earned, but had strong opinions about the way he had chosen for her to pay that price.

"The deal we struck originally was their release in exchange for your submission," he had reminded her. "I thought the most obvious transition therefore was to show how total your submission to me has become, with an unequivocal act of obedience. And I must say, you performed exceptionally. I don’t think I have ever been so hard in my life."

She had tried to keep her anger, but Loki had tossed her onto the bed, securing her wrists and ankles with seidr, and proceeded to drive her to such distraction that she became lost to everything but the feel of his mouth on her.

"My King," Timothy came up nervously to him. "If you have a moment, there are some details for tomorrow that I need to go over with you."

Loki sighed. Did his aide never rest? Drawing his fingers out of Megan, he absently sucked her moisture off of them before leaning down to kiss her head.

"I need to step away for a few minutes, love," he told her. "You should be safe with your guard until I return."

"I will be fine, My King," she said, rolling her eyes at his overprotectiveness.
He kissed her hard on the mouth, reaching down to squeeze her breast as he did. She gasped and bucked a bit in her chair. Her body was even more responsive these days, and he was loving the way she reacted to his every touch.

As irritated as he was to be interrupted, Loki had to admit there were a few matters that needed his attention. He had let himself become distracted for the entirety of the afternoon seeing how many orgasms he could draw out of Megan without rest. He was rather proud that they had both completely lost track before she begged him to stop for her sanity’s sake.

He was giving a last review of the list of prisoners set for release when an explosion rocked the building. Loki and Tim went flying, along with furniture and paperwork as the small office shook.

"What in the nine?" he gasped, righting himself.

Another shock rocked the building, and suddenly screams and the sound of battle could be heard from the hallway outside. Quickly materializing his armor and a set of knives, Loki sprinted out into the corridor.

Everything was chaos. Chitauri soldiers and human thralls were engaged in battle with Large warriors clad in gleaming gold armor, and his troupes were not doing well. Of course they couldn’t be expected to. Loki knew who this was, and in an instant all his goals came crashing down around him.

As he tore down the hallway, negligently knifing anyone, ally or foe alike, who got in his way, only one thought sounded in his head. He had to find Megan. Midgard could be retaken, or not - it really wasn’t worth all the trouble it had caused him - but Megan and his child were irreplaceable. He could not let anything happen to them. They could escape, leave Earth and find another world, a more grateful world, to conquer. With her at his side and a child to follow him, Loki could achieve anything. As long as she still breathed.

As he reached the entrance to the banquet hall Loki paused for a moment. They would surely be looking for him, and to a man they would know him on sight. With slight flick of his fingers Loki was suddenly broader and fair of hair. Gold plated armor covered his chest, and his knives were replaced with a long spear. Cautiously he stepped into the room.

The fighting was mostly over, though here and there were small pockets of resistance. He had not allowed any but his thralled guards to carry a weapon in his presence. They would have been child’s play for the warriors. His eyes scanned the room for a telltale flash of green, and he saw her near the opposite wall, partially coverer by the general she had been talking to. It looked as though the man had been shielding when he was struck down.

Loki slowly began edging towards her when a voice he would know anywhere boomed through room.

"Loki! Brother! You are defeated. I have the unrivaled force of the Einherjar behind me. Reveal yourself now and save your followers needless bloodshed."

He would dearly love to hurl one of his daggers, he thought. Send it flying end over end through the air and into the smug eye of his idiotic brother. But he had other priorities at the moment.

“He won’t show himself, Thor” a large, bearded man opined disdainfully. “He’ll leave his forces to rot and flee.”

"Hello, what have we here?"
Loki’s blood ran cold. He was halfway to Megan when a blond man who had been searching the fallen humans seemed to notice her.

"Up you get, lovely," the man smiled, pulling Megan to her feet. "Aren’t you a vision! Gentleman, I believe I may have found someone who can be of use to us."

Megan looked scared and shaken, but unhurt.

"Who have you got there, Fandral?" asked the bearded man.

"I don't know for certain, but wouldn't you say she has a certain... look to her?" Fandral asked, smirking.

"Indeed, I would recognize my brother's hand anywhere," sighed Thor, looking over her dress and gems.

"And what's this?" Fandral looked down to read the charm on her collar, spending good deal too much time, in Loki's opinion, also looking down her dress. "'Property of King Loki.' It's nice to know he hasn't lost his subtlety."

"Tell us where to find my brother, and we will let you go."

"I don't know," Megan said, eyes big as she looked from man to man.

She would be terrified, Loki knew, and remembering the last time she had been caught by his enemies. He longed to reveal himself and jump between her and danger, but he didn't think they would actually harm her, the noble idiots, and he was waiting for his moment.

"Well, aren't you loyal for a whore," Fandral smiled condescendingly at her. "I will give your brother this, he has excellent taste."

"Let me go!" Megan insisted. "I don't know where Loki is. He left the feast some time ago, I don't know why.

"And left such a delicious little morsel behind?" Fandral asked, running his finger along her cheek.

Loki had seen Megan's memories. He knew that one of her attackers had caressed her in a similar fashion. He was therefore not as surprised as he might have been when Megan tore herself out of a stunned Fandral's grasp, snatched a knife from the nearest table, and turning stabbed it into his shoulder. Her eyes went wide with horror as she saw the blood begin to seep. Fandral cried out as he staggered backwards, and Megan fled.

She did not get far, however, as Loki's giant brother caught her and easily wrested the knife from her hand. In a lightning fast series of moves Thor had her body pressed stiffly back against his chest and the knife held to her throat. A thin line of red appeared on the blade and Loki sprung to action.

"STOP!" he shouted, reverting instantly to his own form. "I am here. Release her!"

Loki held his hands out at his sides, empty, in an attempt to pacify his brother. He met Megan's eyes and tried to let his own flood with reassuring compassion.

"Ah, there you are, brother," Thor smiled. "I thought you must be near at hand."

"Let her go, Thor."
"And why should I? After all the lives you have destroyed, give me one good reason why I should let your whore go free."

"She is an innocent," Loki seethed.

"Innocent, ha!" said Fandral, holding a balled up napkin to his shoulder. "She's a hell cat. I say kill her, kill him, and be done with it."

"There is something to what he says," Volstagg shrugged. "Then we can get down to the serious business of keeping all this food from going to waste."

"Loki," Megan gasped, as the knife bit her for a moment when Thor turned his head. Her eyes looked at him with such trust, Loki wanted to take the knife and plunge it into his brother's heart.

"Well, brother?" Thor demanded, his grip tightening.

"How is this for a reason," Loki asked, tearing his gaze away from Megan to look his brother dead in the eye. "Would Mother ever forgive you if you allowed anything to happen to her first grandchild?"

He avoided Megan's eyes as he heard her gasp, keeping his stare locked on his brother. It took a moment; he had never been the swiftest of thought, but suddenly Thor's stern face split into a wide grin as Loki's meaning became clear to him.

"My felicitations!" he cried, dropping the knife and wrapping Megan in what was obviously too tight of a bear hug. "Welcome to the family! In that case, we will bring you both with us. Secure my brother. Our Father wishes to have some words with him."

Loki closed his eyes and winced. Between Odin and Megan, he wasn't sure who he would rather face at the moment, and now it seemed he would have to deal with them both.
This was not how he had envisioned his return to Asgard. Hands bound, surrounded by guards, Loki entered the palace with his head high despite it all. He had been a king here, however briefly, and he would not give them the satisfaction of appearing humbled.

Beside him, Megan walked in a daze. Her hands rested on her stomach, as if seeking to confirm or refute the life that grew inside. She ignored all of Loki’s attempts to speak to her, and answered Thor with monosyllabic replies.

To his surprise, Thor did not bring them to the dungeons, but rather up to the high tower and Lil’s own set of rooms. He was internally relieved, but wary of the reason.

"Not seizing on the opportunity to throw me in a moldering cell?" he asked, raising his eyebrow.

"I admit it had been my intent," Thor conceded. "But given the circumstances, I thought this more appropriate."

Thor gestures to Megan, who was looking around the room with unseeing eyes. Of course, his weak hearted brother would never toss a pregnant woman into a cell.

"My thanks," Loki said grudgingly.

"Do not mistake my indulgence," Thor warned. "There will be guards stationed outside the door at all times, and the room has been warded against spells."

"So a comfortable prison, but a prison none the less."

"It’s more consideration than you deserve," Thor snapped. "I will go tell Father you are here. I suspect you will be summoned before him soon."

"How delightful," Loki sneered.

"Loki," Thor looked uncomfortable for a moment, and then pulled him away from where Megan had sat on a couch, "be careful what you say to Father. You know how he feels about relations with Mortals. He will not be happy with you about this."

"When has he ever been happy with me about anything?" Loki asked bitterly.

"For myself," Thor looked at him with a surprising amount of compassion in his eyes, "I am... pleased for you. You deserve someone to love, and to love you. If you have found that with this mortal, then I welcome her, and hope that it will begin to heal you and lead you back to your true self."

Thor clapped his shoulder awkwardly as Loki stood, stunned, and then turned and walked to Megan.
"My Lady," he said, going to one knee and taking her hand. "I am truly sorry for any injury or distress I may have caused you. I welcome you to Asgard as a sister. If you have need of anything at all, just ask the guard at the door to send for me and I will see to it."

Loki crossed and stood behind Megan, one hand proprietarily coming down on her shoulder. Thor quite unnecessarily brought her hand to his lips, then made his departure.

As Loki stared after his brother, his mind raced over the sentiment Thor had expressed. Love. Did he love Megan? Was he capable of loving anyone? And could it be possible that anyone could ever love a creature as broken as he was? Desire he understood; even now as his fingers lay on her cool shoulder he felt the stirrings of it in his loins. But love? It was a completely foreign concept to him.

"How fare you, sweet?" he asked, moving forward to take Thor’s place kneeling in front of her.

"You dare ask me that?" she scoffed.

"I know it is a lot to take in," he said, carefully, "the first time one travels to a new realm can be overwhelming. But please know that you have nothing to fear. I will not let any harm come to you."

Megan gave a small bark of laughter and raised bitter, haunted eyes to his face.

"How long have you known?" she asked quietly.

Loki considered lying. He could pretend his claim to Thor had been an empty one, designed to play upon his brother’s chivalric weakness and keep her safe. It was the sort of thing he might have tried, in fact, were she not with child. He would then be stunned along with her when his “lie” turned out to be true. Judging by the way Megan’s eyes narrowed as she watched him, he knew she guessed the direction of his thoughts and would not for a moment believe them.

"Since the day of your attack," he confessed, abandoning subterfuge and opting for honesty. "The doctors discovered your condition when they were treating you."

"You’ve been planning this from the start," it was not a question.

"From the first time I had you," he admitted. "I knew then I could not let you go."

"Until you bored of me," she threw his words at him.

"That might have been a bit harsh," he hedged, "but I needed to distract you from the truth. I couldn’t risk your leaving me."

"You must think me the biggest fool in the world," she said bitterly.

"I think you are beautiful, compassionate, intelligent, and delightful," he tried to assure her.

"It must indeed have been delightful to find a woman dim enough to allow you repeated, unprotected access to her body, so that you could use her as your brood mare. I’m sure the fact that I also let you humiliate me for your perverse amusement was a sweet bonus for you."

"If all I required in an acceptable mother for my offspring was a comely wench willing to spread her legs for me, believe me pet, the universe would be littered with my gettings. You are special."

Megan’s hand flew, making shap contact with Loki’s face with a loud slap. He sat back on his heels from the shock of her strike, raising his hand to his cheek.
"I will allow that this once," he told her quietly, “as I suppose I deserve it.”

"You deserve to be flogged,” she spat, rising to her feet and walking away from him. “Castrated.”

"Come now, pet, I don’t think either of us would enjoy that,” he purred.

"Don’t call me that! I am not your pet!”

"Aren’t you?” he asked, approaching to finger the charm on her collar. “The sooner you accept that you belong to me, the happier we will both be.”

"You are mad if you think I will let you touch me again!”

"Oh, I will do more than touch you, pet,” he told her, stepping in closer to her and grabbing the back of her head, fingers gripping her hair. “You seem to forget that I own every part of you. You will not deny me what is mine. And now that my seed has taken residence in your womb, no man will contest me my right to you. You will submit to my will, and you will enjoy it.”

"But it’s not your will that matters any more. You are as much of a prisoner now as I am, maybe more so. It is Odin that will decide my fate, and yours.”

Loki felt as though she had slapped him again. The fact that she spoke nothing but the truth only made him angrier.

"No man, not even Odin Allfather, controls my fate,” he snarled. “I do what I like. And you will do what you are told. Now lie down on the couch and spread your legs for me.”

Megan stared at him, shock, anger, and desire warring on her face. She made no move towards the sofa, but he could see her breath catch and her pulse speed. He was about to forcibly move her when a knock sounded on the door. Her face flooded with relief and he smiled cruelly.

"This is a temporary reprieve only, love,” he warned her. “We will continue this. You. Are. Mine.”
Loki’s hands wandered deliberately down Megan’s body, pausing to squeeze her breast and cup her sex through her dress before he turned and, with brazen slowness, sauntered to the door.

He was expecting a small group of guardsmen, or perhaps his brother, come to lead him to his audience with Odin. His mouth was therefore curled into a sneer and his eyes dark with aloof malice when he opened the door. At the sight of the tall, golden haired woman standing there, his entire disposition changed. Of all beings on Asgard, this was the only one whom he had longed to see, to converse with during the dark, bitter nights of his absence. For one brief, unguarded moment, he allowed his eyes to go soft and affection to shine from their depths, as his mother stepped forward to embrace him.

"Loki," she sighed, stepping into his arms and filling his nose with the bright scent of her. "My son, I am so glad you are returned to us."

"Hello, Mother," he greeted her, pulling back to kiss her on the cheek. "I wish I could say I was as pleased to be here. Do come in, won’t you. I'm afraid I am not allowed to come out to you."

Friga entered the room, rolling her eyes slightly at his bitter tone. One of the pair of guards outside the door began to follow her in, but she held up her hand majestically.

"I will speak with my son alone," she commanded, in a tone that brooked no argument. The poor guards looked pained, but after a quick exchange of glances they allowed her to close the door on them.

"I will speak with my son alone," she commanded, in a tone that brooked no argument. The poor guards looked pained, but after a quick exchange of glances they allowed her to close the door on them.

Friga made a quick scan of the room, and her eyes landed on Mega, trying to make herself invisible in a chair placed in the corner of the room. Loki suddenly saw his pet as she must appear to his mother. Hair tumbling messily down to her shoulders, dress stained with spilled food, wine, and not a little blood, bruises and bite marks patterning her deep cleavage, the girl looked a mess. A beautiful, eminently fuckable mess, but a mess none the less. The look his mother directed at him was heavy with censure.

"Mother, I have the honor to present to you Miss Megan Bell, my consort. Megan, pet, my mother, Queen Friga, Allmother of Asgard."

Megan stood and curtsied to Friga, embarrassment written all over her face.

"You Majesty," she mumbled, red faced. "Please forgive my state."

"So it is true," Friga breathed, closing her eyes for a moment. "My dear, there is nothing to forgive. Indeed, you have been ill used at the hands of both of my sons."
Loki bristled at his mother's words. He and Megan had been quite happy until Thor had come barreling in like a bull and upset their evening. True, he had tormented her a bit, but it was all for her own good. She had learned to serve him well, and he would have rewarded her for the rest of her days.

"I have something for you, my dear," Friga said, and with a turn of her hand a pile of soft clothing appeared. "Why don't you go wash off the grime and change into these. I know I find my mood always improves and troubles seem less when I am in fresh clothing."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," Megan said gratefully, and taking the clothes offered to her disappeared into the bathing room Friga indicated.

"Really, Loki," his mother chastised him when she was gone.

"I was told magic was forbidden in these rooms," he said, raising an eyebrow, "and that they had in fact been warded to prevent it."

"Do you really think any warding would prevent me?" Friga asked with a laugh. "And the least I could do was provide the poor child with fresh clothing. Something also, perhaps, not quite so provocative."

"I like the way she was dressed," he said, hating the childish defensiveness that crept into his voice. "And pleasing me is the only thing that should matter to her."

"Really?" Friga asked. "Is the girl your consort, as you claimed, or your slave?"

"What's the difference?"

"Oh, Loki!" she shook her head in disappointment. "Thor tells me she is with child."

"My brother still loves carrying tales, I see," he sniped.

"Is it true?"

"It is. Well? Do you not wish me happy, mother?"

"I always wish you happy, Loki," she said, gently, "I just wish you sought it for yourself. Tell me about your Mortal."

"She is lovely, as you have seen," he began, only to have her cut him off.

"As are any number of women you have met over the centuries. I know you well enough to know that is not what draws you to her."

"It doesn't hurt," he laughed, "and I personally have never seen a woman to match her, present company excluded, of course. In fact, she is quite like you, mother. Clever, fierce in her defense of her friends, loyal, passionate, passionate in many ways, in fact..."

"You can spare me that part, please," Friga looked pained. "I saw all the evidence of that I needed on her abused skin."

"I never knew you to be a prude," Loki laughed. "And indeed, that part is no small thing. In all my years, I have never before found someone who accepts my passion, twisted as it may be, and is excited by it. She may fight against it, but she was given ample chance to leave me, and she stayed. She chose to be with me, knowing what I was and how I would use her. She may be resistant now,
"but I will bring her to heel again soon enough."

"Why is she resistant?" Friga asked, eyes narrowing. "Loki, what have you done?"

"Must it always be something I've done?" he asked, and laughed when she merely looked at him. "Very well. I may have hidden the truth of her pregnancy from her. She was set upon by loathsome villains, and the doctor discovered her condition while she was unconscious. I was still awaiting the proper time to tell her when it all came out in the battle today."

"How long were you waiting?" his mother's tone told him she knew there was more to the story.

"A few weeks," he shrugged. "I may also have led her to believe that it was not a fate she had to worry over, before ensuring that it came to pass. Though, in my defense, she enjoyed that part just as thoroughly as I did."

"Loki! You tricked the poor girl into baring your child? How could you?"

"Why can't you be happy for me?" he snapped, loosing his good humor. "Is it not enough that I have been lied to all my life, denied knowledge of my true nature, my true family? Now that I have finally found a way to build a family of my own, can you not find it in yourself to wish me happy?"

"Of course I wish you happy!" she sighed, shaking her head. "I have no doubt that you will be an excellent father. But you have used Megan horribly. And that is just going from what I know of things. Loki, this is not some palace whore to be used and tossed away. This is the mother of your child. The woman you have chosen as your mate!"

"Yes, she is my mate. And I will treat her as I see fit!" he shouted. Seeing his mother flinch, Loki hung his head and took a steadying breath. "Forgive me, Mother. It has been a long day. I had just raised Megan up to her position as concubine. We were celebrating, if you would know, feasting her elevation, when Thor came upon us unexpected. It was to be a moment of triumph for me, but like all such moments Odin and his son conspired to deprive me of it. I do not mean to take that out on you."

"I see. You will have your moment of triumph, Loki. You must just be patient."

"Not my greatest virtue," he smiled cynically.

"As well I know."

"Do you know what Odin has planned for me?" he asked, hating the weakness that drove him to it.

"I do not," Friga sighed. "He will not discuss it with me. Is there anything I can do for you, my son?"

"There is," he said, marshalling his thoughts. If Odin was not discussing his fate with Friga, that made it likely things were bad for Loki. "Promise me you will take care of Megan. She is a bit in shock, I believe. The combination of our travel here and her unexpected condition have taken their toll. She is strong, but she will be alone if anything happens to me. Promise that you will not allow that to happen. She is innocent of my perceived crimes. I do not want her to suffer for them."

"Of course I will care for Megan and your child," Friga promised, smiling at him.

"Thank you. I can bare whatever Odin throws at me, as long as I know they are safe."

"You do care for the girl, don't you?" Friga stared at him.
"Of course I care for her!" Loki said. "She is carrying my child!"

"It is more than that. You care for her. Loki, my son, are you in love with her?"

"You are just like Thor!" he snapped. "All this talk of love."

The door to the adjoining room opened and Megan emerged. She had washed and brushed her hair, leaving it to curl around her shoulders. The gown Friga had provided was a soft blue, and while Loki preferred her branded in his colors, he did have to admit the color was fetching on her. It was the most modest garment he had seen on her in some time, the round neck covering her cleavage though her bosom was full enough now that it strained against the fabric. The waist cinched in and the full skirt fell to the ground. She looked noble, like a woman of the Asgardian court, and Loki found himself uncomfortable at the sight.

"Well, that is an improvement!" Friga smiled at her.

"A matter of opinion," Loki murmured, stalking around to stand near her.

"Thank you again, my lady," Megan said, managing a weak smile. "I know I must have looked a fright before. I do feel more myself now that I am clean."

"Entirely too much fabric," Loki opined, running his gaze over her. "We will have to make some adjustments."

"Loki!" Friga admonished him. "You will not parade the mother of my grandchild around Asgard dressed as a strumpet! If you have no respect for yourself, have respect the rest of your family!"

"You would do not to meddle, mother," he griped.

"You have asked me to extend my protection to Lady Megan," Friga informed him, "and I will take that seriously. As far as I am concerned, it includes protecting her from you and your more outrageous impulses. Now, I'm afraid I must be going. Do mind your tongue and try to be on your best behavior with your father. Megan, I will be back to see you soon."

Chapter End Notes
Smut will be back, I promise. Just a bit of prodding to get Loki thinking.
Chapter 27

Chapter Summary

Loki tries to sway Megan back to his side.

As Frigga left the room, Loki turned to look accusingly at Megan, who was struggling to keep a rather smug smile off her face. The offending blue dress added an air of superiority that he did not at all approve of. Were she not so diminutive in size, Megan could easily be taken for one of the noble ladies who attended upon his mother.

"Queen Frigga is very kind, and, of course, lovely," Megan murmured, as though to herself.

"She is an annoyingly meddlesome woman," Loki griped peevishly. "You are my consort, and therefore should be mine to dress as I see fit!"

"Do you really relish having other men leering at my most intimate parts?" Megan asked in exasperation, sinking onto the sofa.

"I relish having other men look in envy at what belongs to me," he countered, stalking towards her. "I relish knowing that they all covet you, dream of touching you, long to taste you, but that only I get to possess you. I relish having the power over you to make you bend to my will, even if it offends your dainty sense of propriety. And I adore showing off that power, that all may see that I am the one to tame you and compel you to obey your master."

As he drew near and perched on the arm of the sofa, staring down at her, his narrowed eyes were drawn to the rapidly beating pulse in her neck.

"And you would do well not to act so prim and proper," he told her smugly. "I may enjoy showing off my favorite toy, but you forget love, I know you. I have seen your response to all those eyes on your body. I have felt how wet you little cunt becomes when I parade you all but naked on your leash. You flat out gush in your excitement at having me display my ownership of your body."

Loki reached down and, beginning at her delicate ankle, slowly traced a path up her leg, raising her skirt as he went.

"I would, in fact, bet all the coin in Odin's vault that you are slick and ready for me at this very moment, just from the idea of my using you so scandalously."

Megan's breath was coming rapidly, though she did not move otherwise. Her eyes were wide and staring at him, blown pupils betraying her. She did not confirming his claim, but also did not dare
to deny it. As he reached the top of her thigh, bringing her skirt around her waist, Loki drew back in mock horror.

"Now that is going just too far!" he proclaimed, staring in horror at the underwear protecting her sweet nether region from his prying eyes and hands. "She can hardly claim this is to protect you from prying eyes - who but I would dare lift up your skirts? No, she may be my mother, and queen, but those horrid things have got to go!"

With a flick of his wrist, Loki released the catch of the small knife hidden up his sleeve and slid it into his waiting hand. Megan gasped, staring at the contraband weapon in shock, and he chuckled at her naivete.

"Come now darling," he said, shaking his head, "did you really think I would allow them to completely disarm me? That I would not keep in my possession some means of defending myself and my family?"

"Your family?" Megan asked, eyes latching on to his in question.

"You and our child," he said, discomfort making him shift uneasily on the arm of the sofa. "You must be aware that there is nothing I would not do to keep you safe. I would kill for you, die for you if necessary. I will allow no harm to come to what is mine, I promise you."

"You also promised me you would take steps to keep me from getting pregnant," she reminded him.

"I did not, in fact, if you think on it," he smiled triumphantly. "I merely asked you if you believed I would ever allow a mortal to bear my child. You were the one who decided I would not. I will admit that before you your assumption would have been correct. The idea of allowing any of my seed to remain in the body of one of the Midgardian whores I sampled before you still leaves me repulsed. But with you... I could not get enough of my emissions into you. From that very first night I longed for it to take root and grow inside of you. I could just picture our son, or daughter, I truly care not the sex, either or both, with their mother's coppery curls and fierce but warm green eyes. Tell me you can't see it too, sweet. Our perfect child, clever beyond words, passionate and brave?"

As he wove his spell of words, Loki's left hand continued to caress her, rising up to her bosom to dip into her dress and cup her oversensitive breast. Megan fought it for a moment, but he saw the feeling wash over her body. She would be scared, terrified in fact, and struggling not to show it. A new world, full of alien life, teemed all around her. A new life, sired by an alien God grew inside of her. He was her only anchor, and she was letting herself use him to keep her tethered. Arching her body, she allowed him to open the button on the back of her dress and tug the front down to bare her chest. He slid off the armrest to kneel beside where she sat and took one nipple into his mouth, suckling gently.

"Soon, I will have to fight for access to your gorgeous, full breasts," he smiled, rising his head to smile at her before descending on the other. "A small head with tousled red hair will be in my spot, enjoying one of my favorite meals."

"Or perhaps with his father's pale skin and blue eyes," she suggested, moaning as her played lightly with his teeth on her nipple.

Loki felt as though an icicle had stabbed him in the heart. It was one more secret, the last and the greatest one, that lay between them. He needed to tell her, and soon, before someone else did. But not now. Not when he had managed, against all odds, to stir the need in her and bring her back to
him. He would take her one last time, slow and sweet and loving, before she realized that she had tied herself forever to a monster in more than just name.

Reaching down with the knife, he pulled the fabric of her smalls away from her skin and deftly sliced through them, first one side then the other. Peeling away the cotton, he hummed in appreciation at the pretty pink folds that lay open to him beneath. Sliding down, he ran his tongue along her, tasting the sweet saltiness of her desire as she gasped and panted her appreciation.

"How do you do this to me?" she asked, moaning as his moth latched on to her clit. "I am so angry with you. So very, very, deservedly angry!"

"Then be angry, pet," he told her, opening her up wider with his fingers. "Be angry, be frustrated, be whatever you need to be. Just be mine while you do it."

"Always," she keened, pressing up towards him. "Always yours, Loki. How could there ever be anyone else after you have ruined me so?"

"I am the luckiest man alive," he told her, pressing a wet kiss to her center before standing to unclasp his trousers and free himself, pushing them to the floor. "I will keep you safe from everything, I swear it."

"Everything but you," she amended. "Even you cannot protect me from that."

"Everything but that," he agreed, laughing. "I am far to selfish a man to save you from myself. I want you all, Megan. I will have you all. Every. Last. Inch."

With his words, he drove home into her, groaning as his cock was grasped by her slick pussy and pulled deep within. He made himself be gentle at first, slowly sliding in and out, grinding a bit at her entrance for her additional stimulation. After a few minutes of this, Megan decided she was having none of it. Hands coming around to grip his firm ass, she began to guide him faster and harder, raising her hips from the bed to meet his thrusts. He sensed her need, the need to block out all of the strangeness around her, and willingly leaned down to take her in a kiss, hungrily dominating her mouth as his cock began overwhelming her passage. He grunted into her and growled in his need, breaking away from her lips to bite down on her neck, feeling her nails rake down his back, drawing blood. Her legs wrapped tightly around him, crossing at the ankles, and his every thrust pushed her farther up the bed.

"That's it, my darling pet, my precious Megan," he moaned, loving the wet slapping noises their bodies made as they came together, "take me in. Take your master, your King. You please me so well, welcoming me into your slick cunt. Letting me claim possession over your body. Opening up to my cock like the good little pet you are. I shall make you my queen, and everyone shall envy you, and envy me my ownership of you. You will be the jewel in my crown. Now cum for your King and God. Cum on my cock as you scream for me."

Megan's body tensed and her breathing became no more than ragged gasps. Throwing back her head onto the sofa, she dug her nails hard into his flesh, screaming out his name as her orgasm shook her entire person. Loki slammed into her erratically, crying out in ecstasy as he released into her. The clenching walls of her channel grasped him and pulled him deeper inside, desperate for every last drop he had to give.

Panting and glistening with sweat, Loki lowered his forehead to touch with hers, smiling as his body spasmed in post orgasmic shock. His sweet girl's eyes were closed, and she fought to regain her breath, shuddering every few seconds. Slowly she lowered her legs and opened her eyes to look at him, a small smile playing around her mouth. He raised an eyebrow as he held her stare.
"I am still angry," she told him. "But if you are very nice to me, I will allow you to make it up to me in this way, until I am completely satisfied."

Loki burst out laughing, completely delighted by his beautiful pet. The icicle that had pierced him was still there, however, and he decided to avoid making the mistake he had made with the pregnancy. He would speak now, while she was caught in the blissful aftermath of their lovemaking.

"Megan, love," he said carefully, eyes lowering from hers, "there is something I must tell you. Something you need to know."

A loud pounding sounded at the door.

"Loki, it is time," Thor boomed, opening the door and striding in, stopping short when his eyes lit on Loki and Megan, still joined on the sofa.

"Odin's beard, can we not have any privacy?" Loki snapped.

Thor closed the door behind him quickly, keeping them from the prying eyes of the guardsmen outside. He himself, of course, continued to stare, Loki noted, doing his best to shield Megan from his gaze. It was strange, he had blatantly displayed her goods to the entire throne room on Midgard, but the idea of Thor's eyes on her body made Loki livid.

"You have been summoned to the throne room," Thor told him, continuing to stare at Megan's shapely legs.

"So I gathered. Now turn around and grant my lady a modicum of respect, if you don't mind!"

Belatedly, Thor blushed and turned around. Loki stood, retrieving his pants and yanking them on as Megan straightened her dress and did up the button.

"Forgive me, my lady," Thor apologized. "You do have a bedroom just a door away, Loki."

"Too far for me, brother," Loki laughed. "I could not wait the time it would take to cross the room to have her. Would you if you were in my position? You may turn back."

Thor's eyes widened as he took in Megan dressed in Frigga's dress.

"You look lovely, my lady," Thor told her, bowing.

"Thank you," she mumbled, blushing.

"Eyes up, brother," Loki growled.

"Forgive me," Thor apologized again. "Are you ready, brother?"

"Not really," Loki sighed. "But I don't suppose that matters. Lead away. Let's get this over with."

"Good luck," Megan whispered, and he kissed her hard on the mouth.

"All will be well," he assured her, wishing he could assure himself, and left with his brother to face their father in all his wrath.
Chapter 28

Chapter Summary

Loki has an audience with Odin.

Loki strut down the hallway at Thor’s side, staring down anyone who dared to meet his eye with a small smirk. He would allow none of them to see his unease.

“I have spoken to Father,” Thor confided, eyeing him earnestly. “I have told him that I believe your affection for the mortal is sincere, and that it would reflect ill on the royal house to treat a pregnant consort of their son with anything less than the honor and respect due to her position, whatever her race. Regardless of what decisions he makes, I pledge to you that she will have my full protection, as will the babe she carries.”

“I will care for my family!” Loki snapped. “They need no protection from you, Odinson.”

“They are my family too,” Thor said mildly, setting Loki’s teeth on edge. “And even were they not, I would never allow such an innocent, lovely maiden to suffer unduly.”

“Hardly a maiden,” Loki demurred with a smirk. “I have seen to it she is far from that. Every day she takes a step further into debauchery. You would have no idea how to satisfy all the urges I am teaching her.”

“Is that really necessary?” Thor asked with a sigh. “Must you so debase her, even to me? When I just wish to offer my help as a brother?”

A noble sentiment, but Loki was not fooled. He had seen the way Thor’s eyes had lingered on Megan’s person, and it was not the look of a brother with which he regarded her.

They had reached the great hall, and Loki braced himself as Thor led him inside. At least he was not in chains, he supposed. It was surprising, really. He had expected to be brought in like a common criminal. Instead he sauntered at his brother’s side, smiling up towards the bearded man occupying the golden throne at the end of the room.

“Farher,” Thor said, bowing slightly, “I have brought my brother before you, as requested.”

Odin stared impassively at Loki, making his nerves twitch. It was all a power play, he knew. The elevated throne, the gold, the forcing of one’s opponent to speak first. Loki was the master of it himself, but he had learned it all from the man now wielding it against him. The sudden sensation of being an adolescent called to account flooded him, and he laughed up at the King.

"The prodigal son has returned,” he proclaimed, sketching a mocking bow.

"Loki,” Odin replied, ignoring his irreverence. “It appears that the mourning of your death was premature.”

"Sorry to disappoint,” Loki answered sourly. “I will try harder next time.”

"Loki!” Thor hissed at him in warning.
"Enough," Odin snapped. "Thor, leave us. I will speak with your brother alone."

"Oh, now you want to talk," Loki griped as Thor gave him a speaking glance and left the room, leaving him alone with their father. "Are you sure you don’t feel a convenient nap coming on?"

"So you still blame me for all your misdeeds,” Odin sighed. “A true Prince would take responsibility for his actions.”

"And a true King?" Loki shot back. “What of your responsibility?”

"Silence! Your childish temper tantrum has caused enough trouble for the realms. Are you not ashamed to show such weakness?"

"Weakness?" Loki spat out the word. “I was only following in the great Allfather’s footsteps, carving out an empire from the lesser beings.”

"Yes, I have heard about your doings with the ‘lesser beings’. Have you truly no more respect for your rank and position? To breed with a mortal? It is not done!"

"Obviously it is,” he shot back, angry at the slight to Megan. “Besides, it's not as though I have precious Aesir blood to taint. Why should you care what I mix it with?"

"You are my son!" Odin shouted. “You may not be Aesir by birth, but I raised you as one. I meant to marry you to a noble woman of rank, that the children you sired would contain royal blood of two households.”

"Megan’s blood is just as good as any woman’s you would have forced into service as a reluctant brood mare for me,” he told him, seething. “She has more nobility in her finger than most posses in their entirety. It is you who are unworthy of her!”

"Your mother told me you seemed inappropriately enamored with the creature. Both she and Thor have spoken to me on her account, and on yours.”

"How charitable of them. To think that you had a heart to appeal to, that is.”

"Indeed," Odin eyed him stonily for a moment with his one good orb. “Very well, here is my decree. Out of respect for your mother, and in an attempt to maintain peace in my domestic life, I will not follow my inclination and throw you into the deepest cell I can find, washing my hands of the matter.”

"Your fatherly affection is overwhelming. Imagine my surprise.”

"You will remain in Asgard with your... companion” Odin continued, ignoring Loki’s interruption. “Your movements will be confined to the grounds of the palace. I will expect you to comport yourself as befits a prince of the realm. You will assist with affairs of state that are best suited to your talents. There is much work on treaties and writs that has gone lacking in your absence. You will NOT parade your whore lewdly dressed through your mother’s home, as I hear was your habit on Midgard. You claim she is your consort, so you will treat her as such, and confine your amorous activities to appropriate times and locations.”

"How dull this place has become in my absence,” Loki sighed dramatically.

In truth, it was all better than he had dared hope for. He would have some semblance of freedom, and Megan would be allowed to remain with him. Given time, he was sure he could bend the rules enough to win them escape.
”As you have proven yourself unworthy of trust, you will of course be monitored at all times. Heimdall will have his sight on you, I am putting Thor in charge of your parol.”

Loki gnashes his teeth in frustration at the additional constraints to his liberty. To have to live under the constant thumb of his overly righteous brother was not a situation he looked forward to.

"I had high hopes for you once, Loki. Your Mother still does. Perhaps she shall prove the wiser, but until then do not tempt my temper. I would suggest, nay, insist that you take your paramour to see our healers at the earliest possible moment.”

"She does not carry a disease!” he shot back, angry again.

"No, she carries a Frost Giant, at least in part. Does she even know? I would guess not, judging by your face. A Frost Giant/human hybrid is something the universe has never known. We cannot know what the result will be. Do you really think the doctors of her realm, with their backwards medical knowledge, were equipped to treat her?”

"I suppose not,” he confessed grudgingly.

"Very well. You are free to go. We will revisit your state when the child is born and we see what manner of creature you have unleashed on the world.”

"As you will,” Loki nodded, eyes grim. “But know this, Odin Allfather, no matter what you determine with regard to my child, I will move land, sea, and sky to protect him and his mother.”

"I would expect no less from my son,” Odin replied, leaving Loki for once at a loss for words.

“You are dismissed.”

And with another ironic bow, Loki turned on his heel and stormed out of his father’s presence.
Loki felt rather smug as he swaggered freely through the palace, no guards following him. He could not have hoped for any better outcome to his situation. True, he would have to deal with Thor, but knowing his brother he would soon get bored or distracted and Loki would be free to get up to whatever mischief he saw fit.

He entered his rooms with a triumphant smile, anxious to tell Megan the good news and to celebrate with his pet. He had not claimed her sweet ass in some time, and he thought such a strong display of dominance was warranted after her witnessing his capture at his brother’s hands. He knew being held face down on the mattress with his huge cock invading her back passage and stretching it almost beyond its limit made Megan feel more vulnerable than anything else he had done to her, and he craved the visceral feeling of her trembling in fear and subjugation, along with desire, beneath him. He was hard just thinking of how tight she would feel as he asserted his right to use her body how he saw fit.

"Where are you, pet?” he called when he did not find her in the sitting room. “I have news!”

Perhaps she had decided to rest. Certainly the recent past had been eventful, and she was growing a new life inside her. It would make sense for her to be tired. He would enjoy waking her with penetration, increasing her sense of helplessness. When his bed proved empty he began to feel the stirrings of irritation. Where was she?

Suddenly it dawned on him. Frigga. Of course his Mother would send for her. Now that Loki had been officially, if with provisos, welcomed back to Asgard and his position and rank, it was only natural for the Queen to take his Lady into her service. She had vowed to take care of Megan, and unlike Thor, Loki believed that Frigga’s intentions were pure. It was annoying to not find her waiting in his bed, ready for him to use for his pleasure, but he could allow himself to be magnanimous about it.

Taking his ease, Loki poured himself a glass of wine from the sideboard and wandered out onto the balcony. He had always enjoyed the view from here. The castle boasted a more formal garden in the front public area, all box hedges and geometric patterns, but his rooms over looked Frigga’s private sanctuary. The trees and flowers of this garden were allowed to grow almost wild, and twisting paths led to sheltered nooks and arbors where one could lose themselves in the glory of nature.
As he stared down now, Loki realized that he had missed this view. There were many things he loathed about his home, but that was still what it was at the end of the day; home. He found himself suddenly wanting to show Megan the garden, perhaps to find a secluded place where they could enjoy each other outdoors.

As he began fantasizing about becoming lost with her in the small woods, a flash of red among the green below caught his attention. Looking down from his perch, Loki saw his brother emerging from a vine covered path into a tiny clearing centered around a trickling fountain. Thor turned, holding out his hand to help his companion cross the little rickety bridge that led to the open space, and Loki felt a red hot fury descend on him as Megan came into view.

Thor seated her on a bench and sank down next to her, keeping her hand clasped between his large mitts. Loki could not hear what was being said, but his brother was obviously speaking quite earnestly to her. Megan smiled up at him, and at one point Loki saw her laugh at something Thor said.

The stem of his empty wine goblet snapped in his hand, and glass bit into his fingers. What were they doing, sitting so close and privately together? They could not have heard the results of his meeting with Odin yet, for all they knew he was even now being cast into the dungeons, never to be seen again. And yet there they were, laughing together as though without a care in the world. It was unacceptable.

After a few moments of smiling conversation, Thor rose and helped Megan to her feet. Tucking her arm through his, he led her from the clearing and Loki’s view. Loki stood there, staring after them for some time, fury growing in his chest. At last he stalked back inside and paced the rooms. Something would have to be done.

When Megan returned half an hour or so later, Loki was in the bedroom, lying down in deceptive calm. She smiled and crossed to the bed, sitting on the edge.

“You are back!” she crowed, relief in her face.

“As you see,” he said, nodding.

“What did Odin say?” she asked, chewing on her lower lip.

“We are to remain in Asgard until your time. I am confined to the palace, but restored to rank and duties.”

“We are to stay here?” She asked anxiously.

“You do not like the palace?” He asked.

“It is beautiful, of course, but so different from what I am used to. I admit I feel rather daunted.”

“I am sure you will make friends quickly,” he remarked with a shrug, thinking of her hand clasped in Thors. “My brother seems already quite taken with you.”

“He is very kind,” she said with a smile.

“Indeed?”

“He showed me around a bit after he left you with Odin. It was quite thoughtful of him.”

“Thought and Thor are not words often associated with each other,” he said with a sneer. “Tell me,
did he delight you with tales of his feats of strength? Did he turn your head with his golden looks and bulging muscles? Do I have a rival now for my little pet’s affections?”

The words were mild, but there was a bite to his tone. Megan’s face was uncertain as she looked up at him. A hint of something like fear flickered in her eye as he glared down at her. It excited him.

"Don’t be ridiculous,” she scoffed.

"Ridiculous?” he echoed, grabbing her wrist. “I saw you with him, in the garden. Laughing, holding hands. Do I have to remind you, pet, who you belong to?”

"No,” her reply was breathy.

"I think that I do,” he contradicted her.

With a rapid series of moves, Megan was suddenly pinned to the bed beneath him. He reached out with his siedr, and her hands were lifted and secured to the bed by invisible bonds above her head. Loki looked down at the blue dress covering her demurely and growled. Taking the fabric in his hands, he tore it from the neckline all the way down to her legs, roughly pushing it aside when he was done. Megan gasped as her pale skin was exposed to him, and he smiled at the rapid rise and fall of her chest.

“These breasts,” he told her, “are mine.”

Leaning forward he savagely took one in his mouth, sucking and biting hard on her nipple, marking her, before repeating the action with the other. Megan cried out in a combination of pleasure and pain, arching up to him.

“This mouth,” he told her, raising two fingers to pry her lips open, “is mine.”

Moving up her body to straddle her torso, Loki vanished his clothing to reveal his raging erection. Holding her by the jaw, he pushed forcefully into her mouth, his balls slapping against her chin. Megan’s eyes stared wide at him as he proceeded to fuck her face, letting his head slam back into her throat. The sounds she made as she struggled to take him drove him even wilder. He pulled out of her as she began to choke and moved back down her body.

“This cunt is mine,” he proclaimed, and not bothering to be gentle he shoved three fingers up inside of her. Megan’s cry turned quickly from pain to pleasure as he curled his digits to expertly work her sweet spot, flaunting his expert knowledge of her body.

After working her cunt ruthlessly for a few minutes, Loki drew out his fingers, dripping, and inserted them into her mouth, forcing her to taste herself.

“This lovely nectar, your pleasure, is mine,” he growled as she sucked the proof of her lust off of him.

Rising slightly off of her, he grabbed her by the hip and flipped her over onto her stomach. When she was still once more beneath him he dove his fingers back into her drenched pussy and scooped up some of her wet. Pulling his fingers back, he inserted two of them into her ass, coating it with her slick.

“This ass is very much mine,” he smirked.

Taking his cock in his hand he dragged it over her cunt, covering it in her natural lubricant. When he was nice and slippery he placed it at her back entrance and slowly pressed forward, working his
way into her tight hole. She gasped at the intrusion and trembled beneath him, making his cock twitch in appreciation. He rocked back and forth, forcing her to take progressively more inside of her until he finally bottomed out, her velvety walls gripping his entire length like a vice as she panted and moaned.

"Who does this tight little ass belong to?" he asked her, reveling in the feel of his domination.

Megan gave a whimpering sob and buried her head in the pillow. Loki pulled back and then shoved once more into her, less gently than he usually used her ass.

"Who does this ass belong to?" he asked again, voice demanding.

"You!" she gasped.

He pounded into her again.

"Who?"

"Loki! My King!" she cried.

"And who does this cunt belong to?" he demanded, filling her pussy once more with his fingers.

"Loki," she screamed.

He continued to fuck her with both cock and fingers, loving how she sobbed into the pillow at the same time she was creaming all over his hand.

"And who does your heart, your mind, and your soul belong to?" he asked, feeling the tightness building in his thighs.

"Loki! Loki! Only you my King!" She gasped, shattering beneath him.

Her body convulsed around him, and the added pressure was all it took to bring him to his finish. With an animalistic growl he drove himself forward one last time and filled her with his cum.

He had reminded of her place, and she had taken her lesson well. Loki sighed, and for the first time since arriving back on Asgard, he felt at peace.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

Loki must share his true origins with Megan. How will she react?

Chapter Notes

I hope you are all having a wonderful holiday week if you celebrate (whatever you celebrate)!

Family time hampered my writing a bit the past few days, but writing should be picking up again soon once I get back home! Love you all!

Megan was always rather shakey after Loki took her ass. He preened a bit as he watched her hobble from the bathroom back to the bed. Her eyes still had a slightly glassy look to them, and a new set of marks decorated her smooth skin. While he always thought her beautiful, she never seemed more so than when she was so obviously mussed and reeling from a good, hard fucking.

"You look very pleased with yourself," she observed, lying back down gingerly next to him.

"Why should I not be?" he smiled smugly, running his eyes over her. "I have the most desirable woman in all of the known realms in my bed, my own personal whore, willing and eager to be used as I see fit. My child is in her womb, my marks are all over her body, and she can barely walk from the pounding I have just given her. I am the envy of every male on Asgard, including my idiot brother."

"You wrong your brother," she said, rolling her eyes. "He was just being kind. He does not think of me that way."

"Trust me, pet," Loki replied, shaking his head at her naïveté, "all men think of you that way. Especially Thor. But no other man shall have you. Is that clear?"

"When would I ever have the time, let alone the energy?" she asked, letting out a little laugh. "You keep me quite busy with your own needs, my lord."

"Are you complaining?" he asked, arching a brow. "Should I find another mistress to take to bed and remove some of the work of satisfying me from your dainty shoulders?"

"Only if you want to wake up to find them dead," she replied, smiling sweetly. "Followed shortly by your own mortality."

"Has my little pet grown teeth and claws?" he chuckled.

"You no longer have hostages to hold over my head any more," she reminded him. "I need not be so docile now."
"I never really needed the hostages to begin with," he smirked. "We both know that you would have ended in my bed one way or another. It was only your pride holding you back from submitting to what your body craved from the start. If I really set my mind to it now, I could have you on all fours again, crawling to kiss my foot."

"And do you think I could not also command you?" she asked, fire coming into her voice.

"I think I would do almost anything for you," he said, evading a direct answer. "Is not that enough?"

"You are enough," she said, snuggling her head into him. "I suppose that is all that matters."

"My darling pet," he sighed pulling her close.

They lay in silence for a time, enjoying the calm for a change. Loki could not be at peace, though. Odin's words kept playing in his brain, and he knew he had to tell Megan his secret shame, before some interfering troll broke the news to her.

"Megan," he began, hesitating slightly.

"What is wrong?" she asked, immediately on alert.

"Why should anything be wrong?" he asked.

"You used my name. You only do that when you have something serious to discuss with me."

"You are far to perceptive for my liking," Loki huffed, standing up and beginning to pace, naked, about the room.

"You are making me nervous," she told him, sitting up and biting her bottom lip. "Please tell me I am not having triplets. I don't think I could handle it."

"No, love," he laughed, wishing it was that. "You are only to give me one bundle of joy this time. Believe me, that will be more than enough."

"What then?" she asked.

"You are a deeply caring woman," he began, "with a large capacity for love. I have seen this with your brother, your friends, even those you do not know. This is how I know you will love and care for our child no matter what."

"Of course I will love our child," she scoffed. "Why ever would I not?"

"He will not be what you expect," he hedged.

"I know he - or she - will not be human. At least not fully. And I am sure it will be hard for them, being half human and half Aesir, not really wholly at home anywhere. They will need more love because of this, but that is nothing we can't provide."

"It will need more than you know, darling. You see, though I was raised on Asgard, and believed myself Aesir, the truth is otherwise."

"What do you mean?" Megan was looking at him with wide eyes. "I know you are not human."

"No, indeed not!" he laughed disdainfully. "My love, the truth is... I am a giant."
"Well, at least well above average," she laughed, staring at his huge, semi-hard phallus meaningfully.

"This is not a jest, Megan," Loki snapped, then immediately regretted it. He should be doing everything he could to woo her, ease her, not shouting at her and putting her further on edge.

"Forgive me," she murmured, looking down.

"There is nothing to forgive," he sighed, sitting and taking her hand. "At least, not to forgive you for. But this is no easy thing for me to tell you. I only discovered it myself shortly before I left Asgard the last time. It was what drove me away, what has been driving me ever since. You see, Odin lied to me. My whole life, he let me believe I was his son, that I belonged here. None of that was true. I was nothing more than the spoils of war. He had defeated the Ice Giants in battle, and came upon small infant in a sanctuary, the child of his great foe. Wanting a pawn to use against his enemies in the future, he took the babe, and disguised it as Aesir. I was that child. Kept here, hidden from the truth of my own nature, until he might have use of me."

"How did you find out?" Megan asked, breathlessly.

"My idiot brother, in a fit of pique, decided to wage an assault on Jotunhiem. I went with him, of course. I would have followed him anywhere in those days, just to feel some of his reflected glory. I also knew that I was the only one with any hope of talking sense into him. We were horribly outnumbered, you see. The Frost Giants have a touch that burns cold when it touches Aesir or human skin. During the battle one of them grabbed me. Instead of freezing, my arm turned blue. Just the blue of the creature touching me.

"When we returned to Asgard, only saved because I alerted a guard to our intended destination, and instructed him in turn to tell Odin so that the Allfather might ride to our rescue, I could not get the thought out of my mind. I was cursed. It was the only answer that made sense to my mind. I snuck down to Odin's vault and lifted the ark of the Frost Giants. It was as though it called to me from the moment my skin turned color. When I held the casket in my hands, the change happened again, only this time it was worse. My hands, arms, even face turned blue, and ridges appeared to mark my skin. I was not who, not what I thought. I was a monster. One of the monsters whose atrocities I had been weened on. One of the monsters my brother had vowed all our lives to destroy, until no one remained living.

"As you might imagine, I was devastated. Everything I knew was a lie. Odin found me there, casket in my hand. I asked him for answers. In my heart I begged him to tell me it was a mistake. That I was no different from Thor, from any of them. He did not. He rattled off the bare facts of my origin; my abandonment, my true nature, and promptly fell into a convenient sleep. When he woke, I had done everything I could think of to prove my worth to him. Thor had already been banished for his unprovoked attack, so the throne had fallen to me. I had killed Laufey, my birth father, saved Odin's life, and I was just moments from fulfilling Thor's plan to rid the world of the Ice Giants forever, when Thor returned and ruined it all. Just days prior he would have happily led the charge to kill the giants, but because some woman from Midgard made him all soft and fuzzy he suddenly made a complete turn and embraced pacifism. Well, if the mighty Thor says peace must reign, then everyone else must instantly rearrange their priorities as well. We fought on the rainbow bridge, and I ended up being tossed off by my own brother. It was then that Odin made his appearance, of course. I tried to tell him what I had done. How I had tried to prove my worth to him. All he said was no. Just "No Loki." If ever there was a summary of my life, those two words were it. I realized in that moment I did not belong on Asgard. There was nothing for me there. There was nothing for me anywhere. And so I let go."
He had not meant to say so much. Indeed, he had not meant to tell anything at all beyond the bare
truth of his heritage. There was a quality about Megan's eyes, however. When they looked at him,
all deep and compassionate, he found his soul spilling out. Now, as she sat quietly looking at her
hands, her teeth worrying at her lower lip, he wanted to take it all back. To deny the story he had
just spun as lies and trickery, meant to amuse her. Almost he opened his mouth to do so. But then
Megan lifted her head, and he saw the tears falling freely down her face.

"My poor love," she said, moving to take his face in her hands. "No one should ever have to suffer
what you have! No wonder you have been so lost!"

As Loki's mouth fell open, Megan pressed her own to it. He did not know what to do or think. He
had expected her to recoil in horror, instead she was kissing him with all her soul. Before he knew
what was happening, she had laid him back on the bed and was pressing kisses all over his body.

"You are not a monster," she told him, green eyes boring into his. "It is your father who is the
monster in this tale. How did he expect you to react? He turned your life upside down, and then
rejected you? He should be begging for your forgiveness! I have half a mind to march down to the
throne room and tell him myself what an ass he has been to you!"

"As much as I would love to see that, darling," Loki said with a breathless laugh, "I do not think
that it would make for quite the first impression we want with the Allfather. You are not upset,
then, that your child will be half Frost Giant?"

"He was already going to be half alien," she said with a shrug. "Once you have come to grips with
that, what kind of alien is rather small an issue in comparison. He will still be half you. How could
I not love him."

It was Loki's turn to kiss her, nearly smothering her with his passion. When he finally rose from
her, both of them gasping for air, the import of her final words hit him.

"Megan, pet," he asked, small smile playing around his lips. "are you trying to say you love me?"

"No, I was not trying to say that!" Megan said, chagrin clear on her face.

"But you did!" Loki crowed. "You love me! Admit it!"

"I did not!" Megan shrieked, as Loki pounced on her, tickling her sides and making her squirm
adorably.

"You know I always win, mortal!" he pronounced, straddling her and holding her arms above her
head. "Admit you love me, or I will torture you!"

"Mmm... yes please!" Megan said with a giggle.

"Very well, admit you love me or I will not torture you!" he said.

"Must you be so insufferable?!!?" she demanded.

"Yes!" he answered, instantly. "Admit it!"

"You are not going to let this go, are you?"

"Never! You love me!"

He leaned forward and sucked her nipple with a pop. Megan squealed again and he nipped at her
neck, tickling it with his tongue. Megan was laughing now, and struggling to catch her breath. Over and over Loki demanded her confession, twisting around on the bed with her, making her squirm beneath him.

"Alright! Alright!" she finally gasped.

"Alright what?" he asked, staring hard into her eyes.

"Alright, I love you," she said, seriously. "And I will love our child. No matter what color he is."

"I knew it," Loki smirked, and with a snap of his hips he was inside of her. Inside of his love.
Chapter 31

Chapter Summary

Loki introduces Megan to the Asgardian court.

Once the healers had gotten over the shock of Megan being human and, even worse, her child being half Frost Giant, the appointment went rather well. Loki had quelled the protests with one look, and insisted on staying at Megan's side while the team of medical professionals poked and prodded her. The team jumped and scurried about, avoiding his gaze as he glared murder at them, Megan's hand clutched in his own.

At last the head healer shooed all of his assistants aside and turned to address Loki and Megan.

"My Lord Prince, My Lady, I am pleased to say that everything seems to be going as hoped for with this pregnancy," he told them without a hint of pleasure in his voice. "I'm afraid that you are not as strong as a normal Asgardian female, and that I can therefore not guarantee a problem free delivery, but for the moment the... child," his words dripped with disdain and Megan put a quelling hand on Loki's arm as she saw him ball his hand into a fist, "is strong and thriving."

"Is it too early to know the sex?" Loki asked.

He had almost asked after the race, the color, if there were horns visible. He really didn't care if it was male or female, or if it took after him and could change shape at will.

"It is far too early for that," the healer said repressively. "She is only two months along at most. Still, not being overly familiar with the species of either parent, it is hard for me to say exactly how the pregnancy will progress. I would suggest regular check ups, but other than that everything seems to be going according to plan, considering the unorthodoxy of the whole situation. Sex can be determined in a month or two, if you wish it."

"Speaking of sex," Loki purred, pulling Megan close to his side, "do we need to be careful in our activities? I would not want to do anything to harm the babe, but I do enjoy making rather vigorous use of its mother."

"As long as you do nothing to damage the mortal creature, your spawn should be safe inside her," the doctor replied with a look of distaste.

Loki was so relieved that he allowed an embarrassed Megan to whisk him away without letting the doctor know just how he felt about the way he had chosen to address Loki's family. Time enough for that, he supposed, if the man didn't change his attitude by the next visit.

They had been staying mostly to Loki's chambers for the first week while Megan accustomed herself to the idea of being on another planet, and Loki caught up with all of the papers that had gone unaddressed while he was away. It was a miracle that the realm was still standing given the way that things had been neglected. A strong sword, or hammer, arm was all well and good, but what use was it without a subtle mind telling the user where to swing it? There was much for him to sort out of the mess Thor had made of the diplomacy and tactics in his absence.
Tonight was to be their first official function since his return, and he was anxious to show Megan off to the assembled nobility of Asgard. The gossip that not only had he been welcomed back, however reluctantly, into royal favor, but that he had done so with a beautiful and reportedly pregnant mortal by his side had been circulating wildly through the palace, and he knew that everyone would be giddy to see the scandalous couple.

Frigga had gifted Megan with a number of dresses, naturally none of them to Loki's taste. He had amused himself with making small modifications to them. Nothing that would outright offend his mother, of course, but just enough little touches so that it would be clear to all that she belonged to him. When Megan entered the front room as he sat at his desk, Loki couldn't help but stare at his results.

He had insisted for her first court appearance that she dress in his colors, of course. Her gown was of green fabric, with roses embroidered on it. The gold serpent now twining through the roses had been easy enough to achieve. The neck had been altered so that it sat almost dangerously low on her ample bosom, revealing the swell of her breasts and the purpling bruises marking them. Her golden collar was highlighted by the cut, emeralds matching the dress to perfection. A hidden slit had been cut up one side of the skirt. It was invisible most of the time, but to one who knew its location it was a perfect invitation to slip a hand inside and caress her most intimate, hidden parts. All of the delicate cotton panties had, without a second thought, been shredded to pieces the moment he set eyes on them. To top off the ensemble, her dainty horned tiara twinkled on top of her head.

"You are ravishing, pet," he smiled at her. "How do you feel?"

"Nervous," she confessed. "Almost I wish I was back in the dungeons at Stark Tower."

"If you like, I could reproduce your leash," he offered, feeling a stirring at the idea. He still had not removed the collar from around her neck. She might be his consort now, but she was still his property, and he wanted to make sure she did not forget the fact.

"Don't you dare!" she squeaked, reaching up to make sure the offending chain was not materializing from her collar. He resolved at that moment to use it later to chain her to the bed. It wouldn't do to have her become complacent.

Smiling at her discomfort, Loki led his pet down the hallways and to the dining hall. He could smell the fear on her, and even though he was not the primary cause of it, it made him want to shove her up against the wall and have his way with her. He noted the way people they passed turned to stare, and puffed out his chest a bit. They did beyond a doubt make a striking couple.

When they entered the dining hall all conversation came to a hush as their presence became known. Loki took his time, eyes surveying the room with thinly veiled contempt as his arm snaked around Megan's waist and pulled her closer to his side. She was stiff as a rod next to him, and her body was shaking slightly, but she held her head high and turned to smile at him with her dazzling brightness. Smiling slowly and sensuously at her in return, Loki leisurely crossed to room until he arrived at the high table. His parents were not present tonight, Odin being rather in a sulk about the whole affair he assumed, but Thor rose from his seat and stepped around the table to welcome them. With ceremonious solemnity he kissed Megan's hand and drew Loki into an embrace.

"Welcome home, little brother," he boomed, so that the hall echoed with his voice. "We have missed you. And welcome to you, My Lady. Our court is made all the brighter by your presence, for you outshine every other lady here."

While Loki thought this undoubtedly true, it was a little over done of Thor to say so. Also, the way
his lips lingered on Megan's hand and his eyes on her cleavage made Loki's lips purse in annoyance. True, he had dressed her to draw the appreciative male gaze, but that didn't mean he wanted his brother to drool all over her. Reclaiming her hand and tucking it in his arm, Loki allowed Thor to lead them back around the table and to seat them beside him. As soon as they were seated, the hall erupted back into noise, as everyone turned to their neighbor to frantically discuss what had just happened.

"Well, that should give the crows something to chew over for a while," Thor laughed, slapping Loki a touch too hard on the back. "The mischievous prince welcomed home. Quite a tale for the fireside. And with a gorgeous piece at his side. I envy you brother."

"As well you should," Loki smiled, running the back of one finger down Megan's arm and making her shiver. Her face had a lovely rosy glow to it as she smiled shyly down at her plate.

"Are you going to introduce us, Loki?" Fandrall asked, smoothing his mustache with one hand.

It was the last thing Loki really wanted to do, but he grit his teeth to make the introductions.

"There is no need, sir," Megan interrupted tartly. "We met the other day, back on Earth. I could hardly forget your so solicitous conduct towards me at the time."

"Ah, yes," Fandral mumbled, hand going of its own accord to where she had stabbed his shoulder. "How could I forget."

"I hope your wound has healed," Megan's voice was patently insincere, and Loki grinned openly. "Indeed, it was only a scratch, My Lady," Fandral assured her.

"I must say, I am glad I didn't take your advice," Thor laughed at his friend's discomfort. "Killing her would have been a waste of a pretty maid!"

"Thank you, your Highness," Megan blushed gracefully.

This did not amuse Loki, and his hand moved proprietarily to her knee. Fandral noticed his movement and a half smile grew on his face.

"Oh, relax, trickster," he laughed. "No one was really going to hurt your precious pet. Not when there were so many other things one could do with her."

The mead had been flowing freely, and a raucous laughter greeted this pronouncement. Loki smiled thinly, his hand sneaking into the slit in Megan's skirt to lie against the flesh of her upper thigh.

"I must say, I do envy you, Loki," Volstagg told him, leering at Megan's cleavage. "I hear you have the lass very well trained indeed."

"She is the perfect pet," he affirmed proudly.

Raising his free hand, wet with spilled mead, to her lips Loki grinned as she automatically took his fingers into her mouth one by one and sucked the liquid off of them. Around the table Thor and his friends groaned as they watched her plump lips take him in, and Loki felt his cock grow hard at the heady combination of the feel of her tongue working on him and the sight of their jealousy. His hand in her skirt moved to stroke her pussy, and Megan gasped and arched her back as he discovered how wet her lower lips were.
With a firm tug, Loki pulled Megan on to his lap and positioned her so that she could feel the hard length of his erection against her ass. He made no move to disguise the fact that his hand was now knuckles deep in her cunt, and she turned her head to the crook of his shoulder to hide her reactions to his invasion.

"Now now, pet," he purred in her ear. "The gentlemen just wanted to see how well you pleased me. It wouldn't do to deprive them of the beauty of your face as you cum for me, now would it?"

Grasping her chin with his free hand, Loki kissed her deeply before turning her back out to face the gawking men at their table. It would be only them, only Thor and his cronies, who knew what he was doing to her. They would therefore be safe from Odin's wrath and Frigga's censure. His brother and the rabble that followed him, however, would see just how much control he had over the beauty now riding his fingers before them all.

"Norn's that's a sight," Thor groaned, his hand going down to his own arousal as Megan moved up and down, mouth parted and eyes glazed in lust. "Is she wet, brother?"

"Like you wouldn't believe," Loki smirked. "She has come to enjoy being on display, haven't you pet? Though she will deny it later and be angry with me for this."

Megan gave a little sob at his words, and he knew if she was not so far gone with want at the way his thumb was circling her clit she would be angry and denying him now.

"She's magnificent," Fandral sighed, licking his lips as he ogled her breasts. "I don't suppose you'd consider..."

"She's mine!" Loki snapped, before the blond man could finish his sentence. "Do not even think of touching her. I will kill any man who tries."

With that last statement he felt Megan stiffen on his lap, and he brought his mouth down to hers to capture the cry that burst forth from her lips as she came on his hand. When she had stilled, he pulled out from under her skirts and raised his drenched fingers to her lips. Once again she took them into her mouth, sucking her own slickness off of them until he was clean.

"Have you had your fill love?" Loki asked her fondly as he removed his fingers from her mouth. Megan glared at him and he chuckled, knowing his prediction was about to be made fact and she was indeed angry at him.

"You must excuse me, my lords, for disrupting your dinner," she ground out, in obvious discomfort.

"Lady Megan, you may disrupt me any time you choose," Thor said with feeling. "Brother, if you ever tire of her, I will be first in line to take her off of your hands."

"You flatter me, your Highness," Megan squirmed uncomfortably.

"I insist you call me Thor," he said. "After all, we are practically family."

"Very well... Thor."

Loki did not like the way Megan batted her eyes as she said his brother's name. The demonstration he had just made was meant to show his brother and the rest how obedient Megan was to his will, not to give them ideas of using that obedience themselves.

"Well, little one," he said, capturing her attention again with the edge in his voice. "I believe it is
time for us to retire. You have had your release, but I am still hard and aching for mine. Unless you would prefer to drop to your knees and finish me here in the dining hall?"

He could tell by the sudden panic in her eyes that she feared he might actually make her do it. For a moment he considered it. The racing of her pulse made his blood sing and he did love the way she looked with her lips wrapped around his cock while her eyes filled with shame. The eager faces of their dinner companions showed that they would all welcome further entertainment and proof of her skills. Such a demonstration, however, could not escape the notice of the rest of the room, and it was too soon to test his parents' good will.

Loki stood, depositing his little pet on her feet as he did so. All of the men at the table with them rose as well, most sporting at least a partial erection visible beneath their trousers. Norns knew Loki himself was hard as stone, but he alone would have the exquisite pleasure of fucking the woman who had made them all so aroused. He thought again of her leash, and the various ways he would make use of it back in their rooms and grew harder still. Nodding like the cat who ate the cream he took hold of the back of Megan's delicate neck and led her out of the hall. They would all be wishing they were him right now, and they didn't know the half of how good she felt wrapped around him. For the first time he could remember, Loki allowed himself to bask in the knowledge that he was the envied brother. It felt good.
"Why must you humiliate me at every opportunity?" Megan exploded before the door even shut on their suite.

"Because I can," Loki said with a shrug. "Because it excites me. And it excites you too. Don't act so prudish, love. I felt just how wet you were."

"That is not the point!" she exclaimed, stamping her little foot adorably.

"Oh, but it is. The point is that I have the power to do with you whatever I like. You are mine to play with. Even without your friends to dangle over your head, you are helpless against me. And you love that as much as I do. I love to see the panic and fear war with the lust and the lewd desires in your eyes. And you love that I make those desires a reality. From the moment you pressed your lips to my boot, you have all but dripped for me, and every debasing thing I made you do caused you to desire me all the more. Why else would you let me do it? You crave my rule, my commands, the dirtier the better."

"No," Megan's denial was weak at best. It didn't help that as Loki spoke he had circled around her like a wolf stalking its prey.

"Tell me, pet," he purred, leaning down to nuzzle her neck, "was it just me that was making you so aroused at dinner tonight? Was it just being on display? Or was it the idea of being shared? Did you want all of those men surrounding you, staring at you, watching you cum, to touch you as well?"

"No," this time there was more confidence in her voice, but there was confusion as well. "I don't want them. I only want you. But..."

"But the idea of pleasing and being pleased by more than one man arouses you?" he suggested, nipping at her ear. "No need to look so stricken, love. You are right to only desire me. And I certainly have no intention to share you, especially not with those simpletons. But there is a way we can fulfil your fantasy without having to involve anyone else."
"How?" the one word slipped out of her before she could help herself and Loki smiled.

Burying his hand in her hair, he pulled her into an embrace. While half of his mind became thoroughly involved in kissing her, the other half split off and with a soft flash of green a second set of arms slinked around her waist from behind, while a second pair of lips pressed a wet kiss to the back of her neck. The experience was intense for him. He could feel her tongue in his mouth, her breasts pressed against him, but at the same time he could also feel the sweet curve of her ass pressing into him. The sensations doubled into an almost overwhelming experience.

"What?" Megan pulled her head back and stared at him, wide eyed, as his double behind her lifted his hands to pull down her bodice and lift her breast free so that the original Loki could take it in his mouth.

"Just relax, pet," the clone purred in her ear, "and let us take care of you.

"Loki?" Megan's head turned back and forth between the two incarnations of the god.

"That's right, sweetheart," the first Loki said, lifting her dress while his twin raised her arms above her head so that he could remove the garment.

In the beat of his heart they were all naked, and Megan, his sweet, naughty Megan, was pressed bare between his two selves. His four hands were all over her body, kneading her ass, pinching her nipples, and dipping between her legs to ghost over her plump pussy. Both of his mouths worked on her neck, marking it front and back.

Slowly he maneuvered her until they were next to the large sofa. The first Loki laid down on his back while the clone gently urged her on top of him. Loki groaned as her wet heat settled over his raging erection. His twin placed his hands on her hips and pressed her down to sheath his cock. Reaching up, he pulled her head down to kiss him, while thrusting up into her. His second self was kneeling next to the couch, hands groping her ass as it moved up and down. Slowly the twin pulled her cheeks apart while she continued to ride the first Loki. One finger then a second pressed into her ass and she gasped as he began to spread her.

When she had been stretched enough by the clone’s fingers, he climbed onto the couch to straddle the original Loki’s legs behind her. Loki paused in his thrusting and brought his hand up to stimulate her clit, his tongue firm and demanding in her mouth, distracting her from the cock head now pressing insistently at her back entrance. Loki pinched her clit hard, and as she arched her back and cried out in pain laced pleasure, the clone smoothly inserted himself into her ass.

It was like nothing Loki had ever experienced before. He could feel himself filling her juicy cunt, pressing up against her cervix, while at the same time came the sensation of her even tighter back walls almost choking him in their grasp. With a moan of intense pleasure the twin Lokis began moving in synchronicity within her. The friction was phenomenally intense. Each of his cocks could feel the other sliding in and out on the other side of the thin wall separating them. Megan herself was making almost inhuman noises, eyes rolled back in her head, mouth gaping in ecstasy.

Only one thing was needed to complete the experience. It took an overwhelming amount of effort to focus his energy, but he knew it would be worth it. Pulling a bit of self from the clone and a bit from his own form, Loki caused another flash of green and a third body, identical to the other two, stood by the sofa, naked and engorged. Reaching out to turn her pretty head, the third Loki pushed his shaft into her open mouth.

Looking through the eyes of the Loki standing by the bed, he took in the amazing sight. There was
his woman, sandwiched between two versions of himself. He could just make out the cock sliding in and out of her cunt, and he could clearly see the one taking ownership of her ass and the one stuffing her mouth. All three orifices welcomed him with wet, gripping warmth. She was moaning around the shaft in her mouth, drooling down her chin. Her eyes were pure black as her pupils were blown wide with lust. It was heaven.

As his third cock hit the back of her throat, Megan started shaking all over and then every muscle in her body tightened as she arched back. A gush of moisture flowed down around the original Loki’s cock as she came hard. Her nails scratched bloody tracts down his chest before she fell forward onto him.

Growling like an animal, Loki increased his pace, his clones doing likewise. His fingers returned to her clit, working her back into a frenzy as she was pounded from all directions. The cock in her ass came first, filling her rear with sticky white. Next her throat was coated with his cum as, with a deep grunting noise, he came in her mouth. Finally, after sharing the release of his clones, Loki thrust one final time inside her and spilled rope after rope of his seed into her womb.

They lay there for a moment, filling her up. When he had recovered enough of his senses, Loki vanished his clones, taking all of his awareness back into his original body. He still felt her slick walls around him, as well as the slow trickle of warm cum dribbling out of her ass.

“How are you feeling, pet?” He asked her, brushing hair out of her eyes.

”Wow,” was all she answered.

He decided that would do for him as well.
Chapter 33

Chapter Summary

Loki and Megan have an unexpected guest.

See the source image

Loki scowled at the papers set out before him, trying his best to concentrate. It was a difficult task considering what he knew awaited him on the other side of the bedroom door. He was determined to stay out in the sitting room at least an hour, just to raise her level of agitation. The fact that it was also raising his own level was insignificant.

He had quarreled with Megan earlier in the day - not an uncommon event in their lives these days. He attempted to blame it on her hormones being out of whack, but honesty compelled him to admit that it was just as likely his own capricious nature at fault. Still, while he might admit that to himself in the private of his own mind, he was not about to admit it to his pet.

Megan had wanted to go riding with some members of the court, but Loki was unable to accompany her. He was, as per Odin's command, confined to the palace grounds. It only stood to reason that if he could not leave the palace, then Megan should not leave them either. It was only fair. When she pointed out that she had never committed treason, attempted genocide, or led an armed invasion against a friendly world, he had failed to see her point.

It didn't help that there were several male warriors planning on going on the ride, along with a few other ladies that Frigga had meddlesomely introduced her to. Loki knew all too well what could happen on one of these excursions. He himself had used the freedom of being unchaperoned outside the walls to despoil more than one lady in his past, counting on his charm and standing to smooth things over afterwards. He was not about to allow Megan the chance to be tumbled by some over eager guard looking to increase his standing by tupping the prince's consort. Even worse was the idea that some singer or poet might actually take her fancy and begin to steal her thoughts away from him. On Midgard it had been easy for Loki to take her desire for granted; the so called men there were weak and lacking in stamina and learning to attract such a dazzling creature as his pet. Now that they were on Asgard, however, he was starting to have concerns about keeping her fidelity.

And so he had forbidden her to go on tomorrow afternoon's ride. Not a tragedy by any respects, and certainly within his rights as her prince. From Megan's reaction, however, you would have thought that he had hobbled her. She had insisted that he was treating her like a slave, keeping her locked in his quarters. That she was dying of boredom, that it wasn't her fault if he didn't trust her. He had
tried to answer calmly, to assure her that he would have time the following night to play with her and keep her entertained to her heart's delight. None of this had placated her.

"If that's all you trust me," she had spat out at him, like a petulant child, "I am surprised you don't just keep me tied to the bed until you have the leisure to make use of me."

It was just too tempting of a suggestion for him to resist.

That had been over an hour ago, and the noise had only just died down from the bedroom recently, when he had shouted out a threat to gag her if she didn't keep still and allow him to finish his work. He rather thought that he had handled the whole thing brilliantly, except for his inability to concentrate on the amendments to the Vanaheim treaty.

He was just considering putting down his pen and putting them both out of their misery when the door to his chambers burst open.

"Brother!" Thor greeted him, never having learned to moderate his volume. "We missed you at dinner."

Loki sighed and rubbed his eyes. He had instructed dinner to be served in their rooms. He was tired of the way Thor and his companions seemed unable to take their eyes off Megan. His brother, in particular, followed her everywhere with his gaze. Even now, Loki noticed that Thor did a quick sweep of the room before deflating somewhat.

"I have too much work to do correcting your mess," Loki groused. "Why in all the realms would you agree to such horrid trade terms with Vanaheim?"

"Oh, Loki, you know I just sign whatever they put in front of me," Thor laughed good naturedly, clapping him on the shoulder. "You put too much energy into such things."

"It is a wonder the Nine Realms are still standing. Now, is there something you wanted from me?"

"Yes..." Thor glanced down, then up again, his face lightening. "I just wanted to borrow that spyglass mother gave you. For Sif. She wanted to look at the stars, and I told her you had an exquisite glass."

As excuses to visit his chambers went, it was pathetic even for Thor. Loki sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. Well, he wasn't getting any work done anyway, might as well play along.

"It's on my balcony," he told Thor, standing. "Give me a moment and I will fetch it for you."

"Oh, no bother," Thor said blithely.

And as Loki watched in horror, unable to act quickly enough to stop him, Thor opened the door to his bedroom and stepped in. As soon as he crossed the threshold, he stopped, glued to the spot, eyes devouring the bound Megan spread out on Loki's bed.

She was naked save for the collar around her neck, leather again since he had told her it was all her actions deserved. The leash had been attached to it, and the other end hooked to the head of Loki's bed. Her arms were held together by gold leather cuffs, which also secured to the leash, holding them stretched above her head. Matching cuffs circled her ankles and chains latched them to opposite corners of the foot of the bed, spreading her wide open. A green silk scarf had been secured over her eyes, keeping her from seeing who had entered the room. For a finishing touch, small gold clips had been placed on her nipples, bringing them to hardened peaks, and the small vibrating toy had been slid into her cunt. As she lay there whimpering, she writhed back and forth
as much as her bonds would let her. She was nothing less than a living invitation to lust, and Loki seethed as his brother stared, mouth agape, at her.

"Loki?" she asked, voice straining. "Please tell me you are done torturing me."

"Not quite yet pet," he said, and with a wave of his hand he deafened her to the sound in the room.

"Norns, that's the most glorious sight I've ever seen," Thor breathed, grinning as Megan sobbed and bucked some more on the bed, looking for the friction she could not achieve.

"It is not for your eyes!" Loki snapped, trying to pull his oversized brother out of the room. "I would thank you to take yourself out of my bedroom!"

"Oh, come on, Loki," Thor wheedled, unabashedly ogling her. "It's not as though we've never shared a woman before."

"That is different!" Loki growled. "Megan is mine. I have said that I will kill any man who touches her, and I mean it!"

"Well, I'm not touching," Thor pointed out logically. "But you can hardly blame me for looking. Odin's beard, brother, I have never been more envious of anyone in my life than I am of you at this moment!"

The admission stilled Loki. Thor had finally managed to pry his eyes away from Megan and was looking at Loki with frank admiration and, yes, envy in his face. Loki did not think he had ever seen his brother look at him that manner. It filled him with a sense of satisfaction. Let Thor have all the hammers he could swing, Loki had secured the ultimate prize, and she was right there, moaning for him on his bed.

"Will she really do anything you ask?" Thor asked, awe in his voice.

"I have yet to find something she won't," Loki answered with a deliberately casual shrug. "On Midgard she would grovel before me dressed in not much more than this for all my court to see and then beg for me to take her."

"Could you make her do that now?" Thor asked him. "Make her beg, I mean? I would love to hear it."

Loki looked at him, eyes going hard, but Thor raised his hands as if to ward off a blow.

"I swear, I will not touch her. But brother, you said you made her perform before all your court. I dare say a large number of them enjoyed it. Could you not grant your brother the same privilege? Show me how well you have tamed her?"

Loki's eyes narrowed as they swung from Thor to Megan. On the one hand, he had lived his life jealous of his older brother, so successful not just on the battle field, not just with their father, but with women as well. Loki could remember more times than he liked to admit when a maiden he fancied had ended up in his brother's bed. The idea that he might set out to woo Megan filled him with a killing rage. On the other hand, however, there was something deliciously sweet about the idea of Thor being the one on the outside. Thor wanting his woman, and having to settle for watching Loki take her. Slowly, the idea began to take on an unavoidable appeal.

"You will not lay so much as a finger on her," Loki clarified in warning.

"I swear it by Mjornir," Thor promised.
A wide grin spread over Loki's face.

"In that case," he smiled, "is there anything in particular you would like to see her do?"

"The list is too long to begin," Thor shook his head, then his voice dropped to a dark, hungry tone as he said, "start with the begging."

"My pleasure," Loki grinned.

Walking over to the bed, Loki put out his hand and materialized a small, thin crop in it. She had wanted to go riding after all. Thor had crossed over to the chair across from the foot of the bed, allowing him an excellent view of the tied up woman. His hand was unabashedly working over his erection. Loki only spared him the briefest glance as he stood beside the edge of the bed and lifted the sound muffling spell from Megan's ears.

"Well, love," he purred, running the head of the crop down from her lower lip, over her neck, and between her large breasts. "Have you learned your lesson?"

Megan whimpered loudly and he raised the crop and brought it down on her left inner thigh. The noise that left her was half a sob, half a moan. Loki dragged the crop upward, stopping just short of her clit, and chuckled as she tried to lift herself up to it.

"Now, none of that, pet," he told her, bringing it down sharply on the inside of her other thigh. "You know the rules. What do you say?"

"Th...thank you, my...my king," Megan managed to get out between gasps as the vibrator in her pussy increased in speed.

"It is my pleasure, pet," he told her, stroking her face with his hand. "Part of my responsibility as your Master is to discipline you so that you remember your place, isn't it?"

He brought the crop down, not overly hard but enough to sting, on her erect nipple.

"Yes, Master!" she cried out. "Thank you, my king!"

"See, you can be a good girl, when you want."

Loki tapped the head of the crop lightly against Megan's pussy lips, and she whimpered loudly.

"I'm sorry, pet," he sounded surprised by her noises. "Was there something you wanted?"

"Yes, my king," she gasped.

"And what would that be?"

"You my king!"

"You want me?" he asked, loving this. "Want me to do what?"

"I want you to fuck me," she ground out.

"Do you? You know, I don't know if I should. You were a very naughty girl earlier today."

"Please, please, my king!" she begged. "Please, I promise I'll be better. I'll do whatever you say. I'll clean you with my mouth in the dining hall if that is your wish, cock and balls and all. I'll do it naked for you. Whatever you wish. Just please, please make me cum! Please, I need your cock
"Well, perhaps I can allow you to cum," he considered the idea, "but I really don't know if you've earned my cock inside of you."

"Loki," she whined, straining at her chains as he leaned down to lick a wet trail from her hip to her nipple. "Please, please fuck me. I'll take you anywhere, I just want you inside me."

"Maybe I can have someone else come fuck you," he pretended to think about it, shooting a look over to Thor, who had freed himself from his trousers and was panting as he stroked his large cock, eyes glued to the scene playing out before him. "Maybe Fandral, I know he wants you. Or my brother. Would you like to feel Thor's big beefy cock in your little cunt, pet?"

"No!" she shook her head frantically in denial and he beamed in triumph as he heard a grunt of displeasure from behind him. Megan was too far gone to notice. "No, my king! I don't want any of them. Please don't make me fuck them! Please, Loki, I only want you. I love you. I'll be good for you, just please, please, take me. Claim me. Own me!"

"Well, if you insist, love" he smiled. His clothing disappeared in and instant. Reaching in, he yanked the vibrating toy from her drenched cunt and tossed it over his shoulder to where Thor sat working his shaft. Out of the corner of his eye he saw his brother bring the toy to nose and take a long sniff of her scent from it, licking her dew off of his fingers. Loki took that as his cue to bury his head in her pussy, using the flat of his tongue to ladle out some of her slick. Let Thor have his cast off scraps, he had her whole body laid out like a feast for him. Rising with a smack of his lips, he moved up her body, positioning himself over her.

"You are sure you want this?" he asked her, just to rub it in. "That you want me and only me?"

"Yes, yes Loki!" she groaned. "Only you and always you."

With low growl he sank balls deep into her with one great thrust. Not pausing when he bottomed out, Loki began pounding into her as she screamed out like whore for him. The only word she seemed able to form was his name, but it was the only word he wanted to hear. Her arms and legs, suddenly free, wrapped around him and pulled him into her as though she wanted him to bury is whole self inside of her. He was more than happy to try as took her as hard as he ever had. Her hand pulled at his hair and her teeth sank savagely into his neck, making him laugh wildly as she drew blood. His own hand lifted her hips and two of his fingers sunk into her ass, a small part of his mind aware that his voyeur brother would be sure to catch how she bucked even harder into him as he violated both her passages.

"Cum for me, pet," he growled into her ear. "Scream the name of your king as you cum for him."

"LOKI!!!!!!" she screamed, her cunt gripping him tight as she gushed around him, pulling his own climax out with her.

He mumbled what a good pet, an excellent toy, she was into her ear as he spasmed into her a few final times. Then, as he started to come down, he nuzzled against her neck,

"Thank you, my dearest love," he whispered.

Raising his sweat drenched head from her shoulder, he turned to see that the chair across the room was empty, and that Thor had left. He had won.
Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

A fight and a first.

Chapter Notes

No real smut in this rather short chapter, but some plot movement. Hope you enjoy!

Loki was amused to see what a sour mood his brother was in as he joined Thor and a handful of other warriors at the training pitch the next morning. Loki himself could not stop smiling as he played back how Megan had screamed for him, desperate for his cock after flatly rejecting the offer of Thor as a potential lover. His brother’s manly pride had taken a severe blow, and he was visibly sulking as a result.

"You look damnably chipper this morning, Loki," Volstagg noted, as Loki twirled his daggers, throwing them flawlessly at an all but impossible set of targets, grinning all the while.

"He would be," Thor grumbled, glaring at him.

"I’m surprised to see you here," Fandral said slyly. "I would have thought your lovely mortal would have you too worn out for battle practice. I know that’s where I’d be putting my energy if I were you. What do you say, Thor, maybe you and I should drop in on her and see if she wants for attention. It wouldn’t do for her to feel neglected.”

"Fat lot of good that would do,” Thor spat out. “Let’s hit things.”

The rest of the morning progressed the same way. Loki was afire with his blades, blocking everything that was thrown at him and exploiting the weaknesses of the heavier warriors with lithe grace. Through it all he wore a mocking grin as he watched his usually dominant brother draw back and fall off of his game. When Loki’s dagger came up against his throat after he stupidly fell for an obvious feint, Thor angrily called a halt to the session.

“What’s the matter, brother?” Loki queried innocently. “Feeling a bit impotent today, are we?”

Thor just growled at him in response, stalking off with Loki’s mocking laughter trailing behind him.

"What’s got him so out of sorts?” Fandral asked, stowing his weapons.

"I don’t know, but I’d hate to be the one who put hil such a foul mood,” Hogan replied.

Loki silently begged to differ. He was more than happy to be at least a large part of Thor’s wounded ego. And while Megan was unaware of her role in his humbling, he could not imagine she would object too strongly to the pompous lech being brought down a peg. Maybe Thor would even cease his unwanted advances, now that he had heard first hand just how truly unwanted they
were.

On top of all of the blows to his brother’s pride, one other thing stood out. In the midst of her crying for him, Megan had professed her love again. Loki heard the words echoing through him every time he drew a breath. He had not asked her for them, not this time, and Megan was not the type to throw them around just to end her suffering. Not if she didn’t mean them. Which, by logical reckoning, meant they were true. His beautiful, brilliant, infuriating mortal loved him. And she had proclaimed it full voice in front of Thor.

Loki stayed to practice a bit longer, working up a sweat as he went through the patterns of his martial discipline. He might not have the sheer size of Thor, but he was possessed of his own brand of lethal beauty, and it would not do to allow himself to become rusty or complacent.

When he finally returned to his quarters, hair dripping and skin glistening, he was full of plans to pull Megan with him into the deep tub in their bathing room. He would show her their were far more pleasant things to ride than horses.

Her glaring absence, therefore, was not a welcome discovery to him. A quick search showed her to be nowhere in their rooms, but he did find a note laying on the bed where he had left her sleeping some hours before.

-Gone riding, be back by dinner. Love, Meg-

That one sentence was the sole contents of the note. Loki stared at the offending missive in shock, rereading the terse communication multiple times before he could credit its import. She had defied him! Blatantly and deliberately, she had gone against his explicit, unambiguous command. It was not to be born!

Loki felt his eyes flash red as he tore the offending letter to shreds and hurled it into the fire. How dare she? Did she not realize that he was her God? That as far as she was concerned, his word was law? And to blithely dismiss it with a single sentence! And then to toss the word “love” in the closing, as though that one syllable could expiate all of her sins. A white hot rage decended on him as he sat to await her return.

When Megan waltzed in the door some three hours later, Loki’s rage had hardened into a cold but blazing fire inside of him. One look at her windswept hair and rosy pink complexion, eyes bright from the fresh air, only made it worse.

"And where have you been?” he asked, voice made of ice.

For the briefest of moments Megan’s smile vanished, and he caught the distinctive look of fear behind it, but before it could register the breezy look was back in place. Well, he had never doubted her courage, he would grudgingly give her that.

"Didn’t you get my note?” she tried to bluff her way through, crossing to the mirror to sort out her hair. "I went riding."

Loki stood and grabbed her by the wrist.

"I told you you were not going riding," he growled at her.

"And I told you I was," she said with a shrug, not looking at him, "it appears one of us was wrong."

Loki spun her roughly to face him. He could feel her arm trembling slightly, giving lie to her nonchalant air. As he glared down at her, Megan struggled to meet his eyes, hers going wide and
betraying her anxiety as she blinked up at him. She was right to fear.

"I don't think you realize who you are dealing with, pet," he said with soft menace, "or what I am capable of."

"What are you going to do, fuck me into submission again?" she asked, a sneer distorting her pretty mouth. "You tried that last night. I confess, it worked for a brief time, but even you, my love, are not quite good enough to induce amnesia."

Loki gave out an inhuman sound as his hand went to encircle her slender throat. Applying just enough pressure he to scare her, he held her against the wall.

"I would be very careful what your next words are, pet," he seethed. "My patience is not limitless."

The air around them crackled with tension. Loki wanted to shake her, to kiss her, and yes, fuck her into submission. She in turn was obviously fighting a battle to balance her own anger and not a small amount of fear. So when Megan suddenly gasped and shrieked out, it surprised both of them equally.

"Oh!" she gasped again, free hand going to her stomach.

"What is it?" Loki asked, grip immediately loosening around her throat, and cradling her face in concern instead. "Are you all right? Is something wrong? Is it the baby?"

"I... I think so."

"Think so to which?" he asked in concern.

"It feels like... but that's not possible!"

"What's not possible?" concern was fast losing out to frustration. "Megan, pet, if you don't tell me instantly what is happening, I am transporting us to the healers."

"I think I felt it kick!" she told him, face splitting into an amazed grin. "But it can't be! I'm still in the first trimester - it should be at least another month or more before it starts to quicken."

"You forget, this baby is half Frost Giant," he reminded her, "and half human. We have no idea what the gestation period is. Normal rules don't apply, love."

Loki tentatively reached out to touch her belly. Megan took his hand in hers and pressed it against her. He held it there for a moment, silently willing something to happen, and was just moving it away when Megan gasped again and he felt the small movement against his palm. Mouth dropped open in shock and wonder, Loki turned to look at Megan. If he had feared for a moment what he would see in her eyes, he had no need. They radiated intense joy and love back at him as he slowly brought her hands, first one then the other, to his lips.

"No one, in all my long years, has given me such a gift," he told her softly.

"I haven't born the child yet," she laughed with some trepidation. "Let's wait until we see what 'giant' really means before we begin celebrating."

"I didn't mean the child," he told her, "though he is certainly part of it."

"And the ride?" she asked, eyes narrowing.

"We will not speak of it again."

"I haven't born the child yet," she laughed with some trepidation. "Let's wait until we see what 'giant' really means before we begin celebrating."

"I didn't mean the child," he told her, "though he is certainly part of it."

"And the ride?" she asked, eyes narrowing.

"We will not speak of it again."
He knew it wouldn't be that easy, could not be, but for now, he was willing to pretend.
Things seemed to settle down a bit in the wake of the riding trip fiasco. Loki realized that a large part of Megan's frustration was that she had nothing to occupy her mind. He knew she was a woman of high intelligence. Before her work as a saboteur had landed her in his dungeon, she had enjoyed a quickly rising career in electronic engineering. It only stood to reason that allowing her brain to atrophy would lead to her misbehaving.

He had hit on the perfect solution when it occurred to him that she might be able to learn quite a bit from Thrane, a senior technician who was ancient even by Asgardian standards. He was also quite thoroughly devoted to his wife of centuries. Megan leapt at the chance to study with him, and now spent her afternoons happily ensconced in his workrooms, tinkering with gadgetry she never would have come in contact with on Midgard. True, he missed her presence in their rooms as he worked, breasts displayed for his viewing pleasure, cunt, ass, and throat available at any and all times to take his seed, but the gratitude she showed him had almost made up for the loss.

It also helped that Thor had acquired a new playmate. Leita, a lady of the Asgardian court, had begun warming his brother's bed, and was doing everything in her power to make sure that everyone knew it. Her conversation consisted almost entirely of Thor's prowess, rhapsodizing over his strength, his size, and his stamina while he basked in her praise. Loki had sampled her wares himself a century or so ago, as had most of the men he knew. She was pretty enough, he supposed, though he liked his women with more curves to them. When he had fallen drunkenly into bed, or more precisely a hay loft, with her one afternoon she had begun to mewl instantly and unbelievably, like a dog in heat. She was in desperate search of a high placed lover, and what higher place could there be than the crown prince? At least she gave Thor an outlet for his lust, though his eyes still followed Megan in a predatory fashion that made Loki's teeth clench.

A week or so after their interrupted argument, Loki and Megan sat in the dining hall finish their desert. Odin and Frigga had left some time ago - by tacit agreement Loki and Odin had been keeping a wide breadth of each other - and Thor had moved to take the high seat at the table, Leita perched on his knee. One of his large hands was shoved into her top, but his eyes were on Megan's superior cleavage as he fondled his mistress.
"I don't know how you can stand being cooped up all day in that musty old lab with that corpse of a man," Leita was saying to Megan, a braying note to her laugh. "Don't you just want to scream and tear your hair out after an hour even?"

"No indeed!" Megan replied, trying to sound amused. From a few things she had let slip, Loki knew that his love did not card for Thor's paramour anymore than he did. The woman was small minded and catty, and tended to lash out instinctively at anything or anyone she saw as a threat. "I am learning far more than I ever could have hoped to on my own world, and I was under the best tutelage there was to offer before Loki captured me."

Loki smiled fondly at her while her eyes twinkled up at him. It was hard to remember sometimes that she had begun as his prisoner. He could not now imagine his world without her. It frightened him to no small extent.

"I need to relieve myself," Thor announced to the table at large, slapping Leita on the side of her ass. "Up you get!"

Standing up, he deposited the woman on her feet, adjusted his glaringly obvious erection, and with a last, lingering look of hunger at Megan, staggered out of the room.

"I would think that the whole point of being consort to a prince is that one no longer needs to toil away," Leita opined. "To spend one's hours taking orders from some tradesman is just so degrading."

"Ah, but Megan likes being degraded, don't you pet," Loki winked at her. "And I rather enjoy it myself."

"I heard that about you," Leita said with a giggle.

"Heard what?" there was an edge to Megan's voice now, and Loki slid his hand into the slit of her skirt, gently stroking her thigh to calm her.

"That you get off on being degraded." Leita said, as though it was obvious. "Why, Fandral was telling us all how on your very first night in the dining hall, Prince Loki fingered you to an orgasm right in front of everyone."

They had captured the attention of the whole table now, and all conversation had stopped as they waited for Loki or Megan to respond. Keeping his voice carefully neutral, Loki glared daggers at the woman.

"You are hardly in position to pass judgement, sweet," he said coldly, "considering just minutes ago my brother had his hand in your bodice, groping what meager charms you posses in his giant paws."

"Yes, but enjoying a little fondling is different than panting like a whore while you cum in public," Leita was angry now, though oddly it seemed to be directed at Megan rather than Loki. "Besides, as Thor is the Crown Prince, one must grant him greater license in these matters. I assume, after all, that that is why you let him share your pet mortal, isn't it?"

"What?" Megan asked, looking at her as though she had sprouted an extra head. "And just when was this supposed to have taken place?"

"Last week in your chambers, when Prince Loki had you tied to his bed. You know, when he invited Thor to come in and join you."
"Loki?" Megan asked, eyes swinging to look at him, searching for a denial.

Loki tried to think of a way to tactfully silence Thor's bitch before she could say anything more, but Leita didn't so much as pause as pause for breath.

"Thor told me all about it," she said, eyes swinging to Megan maliciously. "How they made you writhe and moan like a slut. Tell me, did you take them both at once, or did you have them fuck you one after the other without pausing to bathe in between? Thor wouldn't tell me more than that you begged like a common whore. Can you believe, he actual wanted me to do that? I told him that no self respecting lady would ever grovel like a peasant."

Megan stood up and quickly and stepped away from Loki.

"Oh no," Leita simpered, voice cruelly victorious. "Didn't you know? He did mention you were blindfolded, but of course I assumed that Prince Loki must have gotten your permission first. Did I speak out of turn?"

With a tiny sob, Megan ran out of the room Loki glared at Leita, wanting nothing more than to stab her through her smirking face.

"I will deal with you later," he promised her.

Rising in haste, he followed Megan out of the room, snarling at a returning Thor as he passed him. Leave it to his fool brother to run his mouth to a jealous bitch of a woman. He caught up with Megan halfway down a corridor. Grabbing her arm, he manhandled her into the nearest empty room, closing the door behind them and sealing it with his magic. Holding her by the shoulder he watched her warily as fury radiated from her every pore.

"Is it true?" she asked, voice shaking with rage. "Was Thor in the room that night?"

"Yes," he confessed, deciding it was pointless now to lie. "I didn't invite him, he barged in on his own accord."

"But you didn't cover me? You didn't use your magic to shield me from his view? You didn't make him leave?"

"I asked him to leave," he said defensively.

"Oh, you asked him. How gracious of you. And did he?"

"Megan..."

"Did he?"

"No. I didn't let him touch you."

"Well, thank you so much for that, my lord prince. My protector. But you let him see me. Look his fill of me."

"I couldn't very well prevent him, you were all splayed out and open," he knew the words were a mistake the minute they escaped his mouth.

"And who was responsible for that?" she snapped, voice rising.

Loki was starting to feel anger himself. It had been her own fault she had been tied there. She had questioned his orders. She had provoked him. Hell, she had suggested him tying her to the bed in
the first place! It wasn't his fault that his brother was a boor or that she was a wet dream made flesh.

"You let him stay, didn't you? You wanted him to watch us. You made me perform like a whore just so that he would see that you could."

"Yes."

"Fucking bastard!" she yelled.

"My dear pet," his voice was cold now, "I really don't see what all the fuss is about. I had already fucked you in front of scores of men on Midgard, what is one more give or take in the grand scheme of things?"

Loki's head snapped back as she slapped him across the face with all of her might. With a growl took possession of both of her wrists, holding them fast between their bodies. He was enraged now. At Leita for being such a petty shrew, at Thor for failing to hold his tongue, at Megan for making him feel guilty for asserting his rights to her body, and at himself for failing her. Unfortunately for her, Megan was the only one present for him to take his anger out on.

"You forget yourself, pet," he all but hissed at her. "Once again you forget your station, your place. You are nothing but a lowly human. You are on Asgard only by my sufferance. By my will. You have no rights and no say about anything here. I decide what you do. I decide who you do. If I want to hold you down while Thor, the Warriors Three, and a whole garrison of soldiers fuck you raw, then that is what will happen. And you will thank me afterwards for allowing you to please me by pleasing them. The other night I wanted my brother to watch me fuck you while you screamed for me, so that is what happened. Instead of whining about it, you should be grateful for the orgasm I allowed you to have in the process. Or perhaps the reason you are truly angry is that I didn't let him join in. Tell me, did our experiment with my doubles turn you into such a little cum slut that one cock is no longer enough to satisfy you?"

Megan's face had gone from white to red. A part of Loki, lost in the fog of the back of his mind, could not believe he was saying such things to her. He wanted to rewind time and take them all back, to beg her for forgiveness. But another part, the raging, forward part of his mind, was aware of just how hard he had become from the anger, terror, and shame in her eyes. He wanted her so badly it was a physical pain. He wanted to dominate her, to brand her, to force her to take him in all his twisted, broken anger.

"It occurs to me, whore, that it has been some time since you have shown the proper deference to your king. Get. On. Your. Knees."

Transferring both her wrists to one hand, Loki shoved her down to her knees, and then lower still so that she was prostrate before him. He still held her arms above her, knowing the discomfort he must be causing her, as her forced her face to his shoe. He held her there for several moments, savoring the feeling. This was how it was meant to be. He should not be the soft weakling he had allowed her to turn him into, but a conquering king who took what he wanted. Her.

Pulling her back up to her knees with one hand, he opened his trousers with the other.

"We made a deal the other night," he told her, a cruel smile on his face. "You promised if I fucked you to clean me with your mouth. Cock and balls, naked in the dining hall I believe you said. Let's see..."

With a wave of his hand all of Megan's clothing was gone and she was naked before him. Murder
in her eyes, Megan glared up at him as she bit her lips closed. Her defiance was glorious.

"I will give you a choice, pet. You can get to work here and now like a good slut, or we can go back into the dining hall and have our fun there, for all to see and enjoy. You have until the count of three. One... Two... Thr…"

With a cry of frustration, Megan lower her mouth and took him in. She sucked long and hard on him, and he could feel her rage. Pulling out, he tilted back her head and forced her jaw to open wide. Savoring his power over her, Loki lowered a testicle into her mouth, letting his stiff, wet cock hit her in the face as he did. He took his time, holding her steady as her tongue worked over first one and then the other of his balls. When he was satisfied, he took his cock in hand and slapped her with it across either cheek, dripping precum onto her, before shoving it back into her mouth. She was sobbing impotent tears now, but he would bet everything he possessed that she was also sopping wet. He knew his pet better than she knew herself. Knew that as much as she hated him at this moment, she was desperately aroused. Her lips and tongue were working wonders on him. She was not gentle, but the slight bit of pain they inflicted was welcome to him. He pulled hard on her hair, guiding her to quicken her pace, and let go of her wrists so that he could pinch and twist her nipples, causing her to cry out around his cock. Her freed hands grabbed his ass, nails carving half moons in his flesh. The gurgling noises she was making as he repeatedly hit the back of her throat were music to him. Holding her all the way down on him, forcing his entire length into her, Loki screamed out in pleasure as he began to cum. Half way through he unexpectedly pulled out of her mouth and shot the rest of his load all over her face and chest, branding her with his warm cum. Megan was a sobbing, shaking, sticky mess, and it was beautiful. Reaching down, he roughly ran his finger through her pussy and, to no surprise, found it gushing wet. He held up his fingers to show her the proof of her obscene desire, then slowly licked them off, smirking.

"Get up and put your arms around me," he commanded her brusquely.

"Go fuck yourself," she rasped in reply, throat sore from his abuse.

"It is up to you," he told her, feigning indifference. "Stand up and put your arms around my neck and I will transport us back to our rooms, or you can walk back naked."

After a long moment of indecision, she rose shakily to her feet and put her arms around his neck.

"I hate you," she hissed at him.

"I don't care," he told her.

For the moment it was true. But he had a sinking feeling that the moment wouldn't last. And the Norns help him then.
Chapter 36

Chapter Summary

The fallout from Loki's temper tantrum of sex and dominance. It cannot end well.

Loki woke to a feeling of nameless dread. Even in that moment before events of the previous night came crashing back into his brain, he knew that something was wrong. There was an ache, a hollow feeling in his chest, and a coldness inside of him that had been absent for some time. Stubbornly he kept his eyes shut, not wanting to open them and accept whatever new despair awaited him in the waking world. The despair of his dreams had been bad enough.

He could not hide forever, unfortunately, and memory was beginning to seep in despite his best efforts. There had been Thor's harlot in the dining hall, speaking truths no one else had any right to hear. Megan in the empty chamber, eyes full of anger and betrayal, hand rising for the second time to strike across his face. That strike had done something to him. The dark side of his brain, the wrecked, twisted, angry side he had been keeping at bay of late, had emerged in all its destructive glory. And there had been glory to it, he had to admit. The way she looked, the way she felt, as she knelt before him, completely at his mercy, servicing his every lascivious desire was mesmerizing. She had felt it too, he knew she had. She hated him, hated that part of herself, but it existed in her almost as much as in him. The events that occurred when they returned to their room had given ample evidence of that.

When he brought her back in their bedroom, still unclothed and covered in his ejaculations, she had taken her third swing at his face, hand curled into a fist this time. It would have been easy enough to stop, but he found her attempt at injuring him humorous in that moment, so he had taken the blow. When he laughed afterwards, it had pushed her over the edge of reason. Eyes a burning with fury, she had tried to push away from him, only to be held fast in his vicelike embrace. In a desperate effort to stop his laughter, she had lunged up and bitten his lower lip, drawing blood. From there, everything had spiraled.

Where she got the strength from he didn't know, but his dainty little Megan had somehow managed to push him backwards onto the bed, landing hard on top of him. Like a woman possessed, she had proceeded to bite, scratch, and pummel him, declaring her hatred for him over and over, while he lay beneath her, enjoying her frenzy. When she had torn open his trousers and roughly pulled out his hard cock, he had begun playing back, teeth marking her flesh in turn. She raised herself up and sheathed him inside her, growling in her own need as she road him hard. Her nails continued to score his flesh - chest, neck, thighs - as she took what she wanted from him, eyes closed, face contorted in desperate hunger. When she came, she did that with her eyes closed as well, not wanting to share it with him. She attempted to dismount him as soon as she had finished her climax, but he was having none of that. Flipping her over and pulling her up to her hands and knees, he pounded into her from behind, reaching below to stroke her clit and force another orgasm from her body as he came within her.

When it was over, she had rolled over on to her side and pulled the blankets over her body, neither touching nor talking to him. He thought at one point he heard her quiet tears, but he couldn't be sure. She had been asleep soon after, and there was nothing for him to do but follow her into slumber.
He rolled over now, and looked to her side of the bed. It was empty. Placing his hand on the sheets, he found them cold to the touch. Anxiety mounting in him, Loki rose and did a quick scan of the rooms, confirming that she was nowhere to be found. Heart hammering, he opened the wardrobe to pull out fresh clothing and his heart sank to his feet. All of Megan's belongings were gone. Racing into the living chambers and then the bath, he discovered the same thing in each. The only things of hers that remained were the emerald earrings and gold tiara he had gifted her with on her birthday, sitting on the center of their table. She was gone.

It was absurd. Where could she go? She was a human on Asgard. He was her protector. She had to stay with him. Odin might not like that he had brought her here, that he had impregnated her, but now that it was an accomplished fact he would not send her back to Midgard. To do so, with his child in her womb, would be to subject the lesser realm to an unknown and unknowable threat. Even if Odin were inclined to be so callous, Frigga would never allow it.

Frigga! Of course! He was an idiot for not seeing it from the first. He was not her only protector. His mother had sworn to look after her as well. Damnation, he not meant for her to protect his pet from him! He loved his mother more than almost anything else in the world, but she did have an annoying habit of interfering where it was not wanted. Magicing on clothing rather than wasting time in dressing, Loki slammed out of his room and stormed to his mother's chambers.

When the guard told him that the Allmother was not inclined to see him at that time, and had left instructions that he return later in the afternoon when his blood had cooled, he knew he had guessed correctly. He thought about overpowering the man, it would be easy enough to do, but one searching probe with his seidr was enough to prove to him that Frigga had once again anticipated his actions and warded her rooms against him.

It was too much to bear! In all of the universe there were only three souls that he would ever claim to love, and all of them were locked away on the other side of that door, beyond his reach. He wanted to howl, to do violence so great that they had to come out and deal with him. Instead he swallowed his anger and went to the battle yards, wasting the morning hacking at strawmen and wishing they were his brother, Leita, everyone and anyone who was not Frigga or Megan or their child.

When lunch time had come and gone, he bathed himself and walked once again to his mother's chambers, anger held coiled tightly inside him. With exaggerated politeness he asked if the Allmother might graciously allow him access, and bared his teeth in what would never be considered a smile as the guard allowed him inside her sitting room.

Frigga sat at her writing desk, finishing up a correspondence. Although Loki made enough noise to alert a deaf man to his presence, his mother made no sign of acknowledging him until she had finished her letter, folded it, sealed and addressed it, and set it to one side on a stack of other papers. Only then did she raise her eyes and look at him. Disappointment and pity flowed openly from her soft blue eyes, so like and unlike his own. Her mouth tilted down at the corners, and her head tilted to one side as she looked at him.

"Loki," she sighed. "Why do you do such things to yourself?"

"What things, Mother?" he asked, unsure of how much she knew and not wanting to give away more than he had to.

"I don't know the details," she replied, reading him perfectly, "but I have managed to piece together enough to know that you have treated that poor girl abominably."

"Then she hasn't told you?" Loki was hit with an overwhelming surge of relief. There could be
many reasons that Megan had withheld his actions from Frigga; embarrassment, shame, uncertainty about her treatment if the queen were to take her in disgust, but there was the smallest of chances she had held back to shield Loki from his mother's scorn and anger.

"Megan arrived at my rooms before sunrise, eyes red from crying and fresh bruises and bite marks covering her skin. She asked me for sanctuary for her and her baby until the time of its birth. When I asked her what had happened, if you had beat her, she said no. She told me that she had been an equal participant in the acquisition of her marks. While I see from your own condition that this might have been in some ways true, I think we both are aware of the extreme inequality in both strength and status between the two of you. All she would say was that she was too ashamed to show her face in public, and that she could no longer stay with you. I could get no more out of her."

"Mother," he began, adopting a highhanded tone, "Megan is my consort. I have claimed her. She is carrying my child. She belongs with me, in our rooms."

"You should have thought of that before you drove her away," Frigga said with a touch of sharpness. "I will not expose that sweet girl or my innocent grandchild to unhappiness."

"You have no right!"

"You gave me the right! I swore to look after them, and I will!" she stood up and met his eye with a note finality in her gaze.

Loki deflated and threw himself into a winged chair, burying his face in his hands. Frigga let him sit there for a few minutes in his misery, before crossing and stroking his hair as she had done when he was a child.

"You always have to make things so difficult for yourself. Is it so hard just to admit your love and be satisfied that she loves you in return?"

"If she loved me, why did she run away?" he asked, voice raw with unreleased emotion.

"I can only speculate, and I am trying my best not to," Frigga answered dryly. "Loki, please tell me the worst of the rumors are not true. You did not share her with your brother without her consent."

"I do not share!" he growled, looking up at her with fire in his eyes.

"I thought as much," she nodded. "Yet your brother is mixed up in this mess somehow. He was here, earlier."

"Thor was here? Why?" Loki was suddenly on edge at the mention of his brother. His presence around Megan at this moment could only be trouble.

"He wanted to apologize for the part he played in her unhappiness," she told him. "Something, I hasten to add, that you have yet to seek to do."

"Did he see her?"

"He did. She agreed to receive him in my presence. He went down on one knee and begged her forgiveness quite handsomely. He pleaded drink and becoming lost in the "beauty of the moment," whatever that means. Please, do not tell me. I don't think I want to know."

"Will she see me?" he asked, a note of pleading creeping unintended into his voice.
"She will not," there was no give to his mother's voice. "And do not think to force your way in. From the moment she entered my keeping my sanctuary became barred to you. That means my rooms beyond this point, the gardens, and my temple. They have been warded against you by me, so there is no point in trying to break it. I will not have you adding stress to her life and endangering my grandchild."

"You let Thor see her, but keep me at bay?" he snapped, anger happily replacing the despair that had threatened to overwhelm him. "Why? Because he is the favored son? Perhaps you seek to give her to him, babe and all. Another thing for my precious brother to take from me."

"Loki, no one wants that," she tried to calm him.

"Thor wants that!" he insisted. "You refuse to see him for what he really is! The threat to Megan is from him, not from me!"

"That is for Megan to decide. She is a person, Loki. She has her own free will. All you can do now is hope that she finds a way to forgive you."

"Will you tell her I was here?" he asked, eyes full as swallowed his pride. "Tell her I sought to make sure she was safe and well. And that she is welcome back in our chambers when she wishes to return?"

"I will tell her," Frigga answered. After a long hard look at him, Frigga cupped her son's cheek in her hand. "I do believe she loves you, Loki," she told him. "Try to have faith that that will be enough to lead her back to you."

"Take care of them," he said roughly, and turned and fled the room.
Chapter 37

Chapter Summary

Loki struggles with his feelings alone and is forced to some uncomfortable realizations.

Chapter Notes

So I've been a little under the weather and therefore feeling down the last couple of days. Hopefully that hasn't bled too much into this chapter! Hope you enjoy the angst!

Loki was beginning to feel like a wraith haunting the palace. He drifted through the halls on the few occasions he left his suite talking to no one barely acknowledged by the people he passed. It was fine with him, he had nothing but contempt for most of them anyway. Still, the solitude was starting to eat at him. He was used to being alone, but he wasn’t used to feeling this lonely.

The first few days after Megan had left him he had sought out ways to see to her, feeling that if he could just talk to her he could smooth things over and win her back. It seemed his love was of this mind as well, and as a result was avoiding any place she might encounter him. She spent all her time in Frigga’s rooms, and Loki’s mother stood firm in her determination to bar him entrance.

He had thought that Megan might make an exception and leave her sanctuary to visit Thrane’s workshop. He had hovered around the rooms, inventing reasons to drop by and pester the terse engineer, hoping to hide his desperation, until finally the man had had enough.

”She’s not coming, my lord prince,” Thrane told him.

Loki considered asking who he meant, but one glance at the old man’s eyes stilled the impulse. Thrane looked at him rather as his mother had, with a mixture of pity and disappointment. It was almost more than Loki could stomach.

”She sent me a note the first day, informing me that she was going into seclusion. I have not heard from her since. It’s a pity. She was a gifted student with a remarkable mind, for all that she was a mortal. I could have made something of her.”

Loki was stricken with a highly uncommon and inconvenient pang of guilt. He had known Thrane most of his life, and this was the most praise he’d ever heard come from the ancient’s mouth.
Megan must indeed be possessed of superlative skill for Thrane to praise her so.

"Tell her she can come back, I'll not interfere with her here," Loki choked out. "She is free to continue to learn without fear of my spoiling her peace."

It burned like acid to speak the words. Thrane, however, looked at him with what might quite possibly have been the barest hint of respect.

"That is good of you, your highness," he nodded in approval. "I will send a message saying so. But if you break your word and seek her out in my shops you will answer to me for it, be you prince or no."

Loki nodded brusquely and left, letting go of the last hope he had of seeing her up close.

He did catch sight of her, sometimes. He had taken to lingering on his balcony, watching Frigga’s ladies frolic through the foliage. He had always loved the view, but now it was even more dear to him, as from time to time he would spy a head of coppery curls among the trees. Megan was usually alone, though occasionally his mother or one or two of the other ladies would be with her. In the beginning Loki had driven himself mad trying to break through his mother’s wards and transport to her, but Frigga was far too adept a sorcerer to allow him success. She had been the one to train him, after all, and she knew all of his tricks.

The day he stood there, three weeks into their separation, and saw Megan walk into the clearing by the fountain on Thor’s arm, he thought his heart had stopped. It was just as it had been that first day, when they had been so disastrously interrupted at the feast in Megan’s honor and brought to this cursed palace. Thor was a model of solicitude as he helped Megan cross the wooden bridge and sat her on the bench. He wasn’t sure from this distance, but Loki thought his Megan might be beginning to show. She looked sad, somehow. Tired. Her shoulders were slumped, and she didn't walk with the usual bounce to her step.

The rage in his soul threatened to overpower him. That was his lady Thor was touching. His child growing in her womb. It should by all rights of the natural world be Loki down there with her among the trees, smiling into her eyes and retailing her with stories, making her laugh softly. Loki did notice, though, that the laugh was only a small shake of her shoulders, not the true sort that lit her from the inside.

As the days passed, he saw them more often together and he began to give serious thought to his brother's murder. His frustration with not being able to touch her, to talk to her, to beg her forgiveness, was threatening to consume him. And there was Thor, raising her hands to his lips, gently draping his arm across her shoulders. He even wondered, more than once, if his brother knew he was watching. There was a set to his muscles, back to Loki, that almost gave the appearance of one on stage.

It was the fourth week when a knock on his door startled Loki out of his moody revelry. He did not really want to see anyone, well, almost anyone. After a moment, the persistent hammering alerted him to who this must be. What by all the fates could Thor possibly have to say to him?

Curiosity more than anything else prompted Loki to open the door. There stood Thor, magnificent as ever and just as aware of it. Loki caught himself drawing a deep breath, sifting the air to see if he could catch Megan's scent. To both his relief and disappointment it was nowhere to be found.

"What do you want?" he asked gracelessly.

"Brother, you look horrid!" Thor told him, taking a hard look at Loki's face. "Have you been
"Never better," Loki lied. In truth he slept as little as he could, not wanting to face the nightmares that awaited him when his mind drifted off. As for food, he ate when he remembered. Sometimes days went by without it crossing his mind.

"You should get out more."

"Hard to do when I am confined to the palace, and the private gardens are barred to me," he pointed out acidly. "I've noticed you've been spending quite a bit of time in mother's sanctuary."

Damnation! He hadn't meant to say that, to admit that he had been spying on them. Thor eyed him knowingly, eyes glowing with something Loki could not quite place.

"Yes," he said, crossing and sitting on Loki's couch. "I wanted to talk to you about that."

"About plants?" Loki was intentionally obtuse. "Mother would be far more helpful with that than I. Unless you are looking to make a poison, in which case..."

"No, not about plants!" Thor cut him off impatiently. "Don't play the fool, it doesn't suit you. I want to talk to you about Megan."

"Ah." Of course.

"Loki, I want you to release her from your claim."

"I see," his voice was like ice.

"She has chosen to leave you, brother," Thor told him brutally. "Why prolong the pain, the humiliation? Let her move on and find happiness elsewhere."

"Such as with you?"

"Well, why not?" Thor puffed out his chest. "Would it be so horrible for her to belong to the crown prince of the realm?"

"And you would take her," Loki asked softly, "with my babe planted in her womb?"

"I don't see why not," Thor shrugged. "It just proves that she is fertile. She will be able to give me a whole litter of bastards for my heirs to play with."

"Bastards?" if he had been angry before, Loki was seething now.

"Well, yes." Thor looked at him in confusion. "You can't expect me to marry the girl, or even make her my consort, after all. Not when I will be King one day soon. I will have to have a Lady of nobility to reign by my side. But that doesn't mean I won't have a place in my heart for the woman in my bed."

Loki's hands had formed into fists. He realized that he was seconds away from summoning his daggers. The thought of Megan, his Megan, playing whore to Thor while a bitch like Leita queened it over the court was enough to drive him to murder.

"Have you mentioned this to the lady in question," he asked, careful to keep his killing rage on the inside.

"Not yet. I wanted to do the respectful thing first and ask you renounce your claim in my favor."
That way it will spare her the embarrassment of having to reject you and accept me. She will not even have to be told until the deal is done."

"I see," Loki did see. Thor was trying to have it both ways. To be the chivalrous lord and the lecherous knave at one and the same moment.

"I must have her, Loki," his brother said suddenly, rising from his seat. "Ever since that night in your chambers, she's all I can think of. The way she writhed in her bonds, the way her breasts arched for the heavens and her tight cunt glistened with want. I hear her moaning and begging, even when I take Leita, and I know that I will not be satisfied until she is under me in bed, screaming my name the way she screamed yours. You must give her to me!"

He could stand no more. With a feral snarl, Loki drove his fist square into his brother's handsome face, following it up swiftly with a knee to his privates. Completely unprepared for his savage attack, Thor fell backwards, sprawling on the floor. Loki stood over him, breathing heavily while his eyes smoldered with rage.

"I will never renounce her," he spat at his brother. "I love her, and she loves me. If you want her, brother, do not look to me to smooth your way. I will block you anyway I can. And I tell you now, she will never have you!"

"Don't be so sure," Thor growled, hand going to his swelling chin. "It has been weeks since she's seen you. Whatever spell you had her under has had time to fade. I had hoped to do this kindly, to spare your feelings. But if you force me, brother, I will bring you low in order to have her."

"Try it. You will find I am not so easy to best, brother."

"It didn't have to be this way, Loki. You asked for this. Remember that."

Picking himself up off the floor, Thor stomped out of his room.

Well, it seemed it was time to stop licking his wounds and get back onto the playing field. He had hurt her, yes, and he was truly sorry for that. But he would not surrender. Not when he knew with a certainty beyond anything he had ever known before that she belonged with him. He had lost everything else. His identity, his place in the world, his first family, he would not lose her. He would not lose his child. Not to Thor or to anyone else.

Sitting down, he tore into his dinner, suddenly ravenous and eager to regain his strength.
Chapter 38

Chapter Summary

Loki has decided to fight for his love. Frigga weighs in on his decision.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It was announced not long after Thor’s visit to Loki’s rooms that a Royal Embassy was to be sent to Vanaheim to deliver the new trade agreements. Given that Loki had singlehandedly rescued them from disaster, one might have expected him to be sent as ambassador. That, however, failed to take into account his prisoner-like status. As quick as he was to make use of his disfavored son, Odin was not so trusting as to let him off his tether.

It stood to reason then, that the onus fell to Frigga. She was, after all, a native of that realm. It would give her a chance to reconnect with old friends and visit childhood haunts. Odin, in a rare moment of sentiment, decided to accompany his wife. And so the Royal Couple was preparing for an absence from Asgard. All due pomp and circumstances would, of course, be needed to see them off.

Two thoughts, from the moment this announcement was made, plagued Loki’s every waking hour. The first was that, absent Odin, Thor would be left to rule. Given their recent developments, this did not bode well for the younger prince. Thor’s last words to Loki had been a threat, and since that time Thor had been gone from Asgard himself. Strange, considering his vow to win Megan’s affections. Loki has been unable to ferret out where he had gone, but he had looked unsettlingly smug upon his return last night. Loki would have to be extra cautious going forward. While he didn’t think his brother would physically harm him in any permanent manner, Thor was much more capable of malice than most people gave him credit for.

Loki’s second thought was that, while she rarely ventured anywhere other than Frigga’s sanctuary or Thrane’s workshop, Megan would almost certainly be at the ceremony bidding her benefactress farewell. It would be his best chance to actually speak to her, since both Thor and Frigga would be tied up with formal duties and unable devote their concentration to watching over her.

Loki had given considerable thought to what he would say to Megan if given a chance, and he still had not come up with anything suitable to the occasion. It was ironic. He, known far and wide for his Silver tongue, for being able to talk anyone into anything, be it in their best interest or no, was at a loss as to how to win over one small, mortal woman. He would just have to trust his instincts when the time came.

He was a bit surprised when, the morning of her departure, Frigga appeared at his door. Loki would have thought that she would be far too busy with last minute details to spare time for her disgraced son. She looked at him expectantly until he graciously ushered her in and invited her to join him at the breakfast table.

"No thank you, I already ate," she demurred.

"Then to what do I owe this honor?" he asked, trying to hide his anxiety.
"You know your father and I leave today for Vanaheim," she began. "To begin with, I wanted to thank you for all the work you did on the treaty. I am well aware that if we are as successful as I anticipate in this endeavor, it will be almost entirely thanks to you."

"It helped to pass the time," he replied with a shrug, waiting for her to get to her real reason.

"I would have brought you with me instead of Odin had it been my choice," she said, surprising him somewhat. While she might argue with Odin in private, she always sought to present a united front before others, even her own children.

"Thank you, Mother," he said, honestly grateful for the vote of confidence. "But I don't think that's the only reason you are here on such a busy morning."

"You have always been too clever for your own good," she sighed. "It has been a month since Megan came to stay with me. I worried, at first, if I had made a mistake in taking her in. It seemed to me at the time that the only way to stop the repeating cycle of dysfunction was to force a temporary separation between you. But you were so miserable apart, I feared for you both. These past couple of weeks, though, I have seen signs of life reemerge in each of you. I am urging you to continue in that direction."

"If I have shown signs of life, as you say, it is only because I intend to fight to share that life with her," Loki told her, looking her dead in the eye.

Frigga sighed again and looked down at her hands.

"You know, I suppose, of your brother's intentions towards her?"

"To make her his bit on the side?" he said with venom. "If you recall, I warned you of it from the beginning. You treated me like I was paranoid."

"I was mistaken," she admitted. "I did not realize the depth of his regard for her."

"His regard is only as deep as his cock is long," Loki told her crudely. "He has no intention of honoring her, but only of using her and tossing her aside."

"He spoke with her last night," Frigga told him.

Loki's insides froze. He had done it. Thor had actually gone to Loki's avowed consort and offered to make her his mistress.

"What did she say?" he asked, trying to keep his voice calm.

"I do not know," Frigga replied. "But I do not think it was everything he wished for. He was only with her for a matter of minutes, and when he left he looked determined rather than elated. Megan would say nothing to me, other than that he had honored her."

"He has no honor," Loki snarled. "Why do you tell me this?"

"Because while your behavior towards her has been appalling, and reflects poorly on me as a mother I might add, I do believe that you love her. And I have no doubt that she returns your passion. If anything, the problem the two of you have is that their is too much passion between you. It burns so hot that it singes you both."

"An apt observation," he admitted. "Though I would say I am as I am despite your mothering, not as a result of it. What would you have me do?"
"Fight for her, as you have said you intend to do. Fight for that love, and fight to be deserving of it. When I have left, the barrier to my chambers will be lifted. Talk to her. Tell her how you feel. I would be willing to wager that you have never come to that point with her, have you? You need to allow yourself to be vulnerable with her, Loki. If you do not let her in, she will have nowhere else to go in my absence other than to your brother."

Loki looked at her sharply, then away, afraid that she would see the tears welling behind his eyes.

"I have your blessing, then?" he asked.

"You always have," she smiled. "I want nothing but the best for you, Loki, and for you to find happiness. Now, I do have a million things to see to. You will be there to wish me a formal farewell, but I will take a Mother's leave of you now."

Rising to her tiptoes, she brushed her lips to his cheek and touched his forehead in benediction.

When she left, it was as if weight had been lifted from him, not due to her absence, but what she took with him. His doubt and his fear. She was convinced that Megan loved him. Thor had not gotten all of what he had sought from Megan the previous night. Frigga believed that Megan belonged with him and not his brother. There was reason for hope.

As he stood on the dais, next to Frigga and as far from Thor and Odin as he could physically move himself, his eyes did not once waver from Megan's face. She was in the front of the crowd, given precedence as official guest of the Allmother. Dressed in a simple blue dress, hair curling around her shoulders, she looked breathtakingly lovely. A small bump was clearly visible under her dress, and Loki felt an inordinate amount of pride looking at it. Megan kept her eyes down for most of the time, only looking up once during the entire ordeal. The moment she did, their eyes met. If Loki had any doubt that the pull still existed between them, it was laid to rest in that moment. Frigga was correct, as usual. The heat that burned in that one quick glance could have lit the entire capital aflame. Quickly she lowered her eyes, but he had seen what he needed.

Odin droned on, then Thor, promising to protect the realm in his absence. Loki made no pretense of hiding his boredom, leaning insolently to one side and rolling his eyes more than once. At one point Frigga looked over to give him a quelling look, but he could read her well enough to catch the humor lurking behind her eyes. She saw the pomposity as much as he did.

When they had finally departed in an arcing of the rainbow bridge, Loki began to move. He had to get to Megan before she had time to retreat. He could tell that she was already looking for the best way to maneuver through the crowd and out of range. Loki ruthlessly tracked her, running her to ground half way to the exit.

As fast as he was, alas, Thor was faster. As Loki reached her, Thor arrived from the other side and claimed her hand, shooting Loki a triumphant look.

"Lady Megan," Thor boomed, as always failing to modulate his voice. "You look beautiful as always. I am glad to see you out and about at last."

"Thank you, your highness," she said quietly, eyes darting back and forth between the two princes.

"Have you thought any more about our conversation last night?" Thor asked, a smug note in his voice.

"I have, my lord. Must we discuss it here?" Megan sounded strained and looked nervously around at the curious stares they were drawing.
"I think it best," Thor grinned confidently. "Come now, sweet, there is no reason to delay. What is your answer? Will you have me or no?"

It was like Loki was watching a nightmare brought to life. His brother, the personification of all he was not his entire life, holding the hand of the woman he loved, asking her to be his. Loki forgot how to breathe as he and countless others waited for her response.

"I cannot, my lord," she said, raising her eyes to look point blank at Thor.

Thor's face turned as red as his cloak. No was not a word he was accustomed to hearing, most certainly not from a woman. He had chosen to do this in public, and as a result his shame would be public too. A warm glow kindled in Loki's chest.

"I see," Thor rasped. "You think you love him, don't you?"

"It does not matter, my lord," Megan told him.

"You have told me numerous times, Lady Megan, that above all else you value openness and honesty," Thor said, pitching his voice even louder. Loki furrowed his brow, trying to predict where this new line of conversation was headed.

"I have, my lord," she affirmed warily.

"You have," he nodded again, "and yet, you keep yourself tied to the God of Lies. You might still think you love my brother, but you do not know him as I do. You do not know the truth. In fact, most of you are ignorant to it," he added, looking at the throng around them, watching in avid fascination. "Odin was able to keep it from you all. He thought he was doing what was best for Asgard. But Odin has gone, and the safety of the realm is now in my hands. I believe, as Lady Megan does, in truth and openness. And so I think it is time that she, and all of you, see that truth."

He had the barest inkling before it happened. The glove on Thor's had was not one Loki had ever seen before. It was of a fashion that Loki had only seen a handful of times. As his brother reached out with the glove covered hand, Loki did his best to dodge, but he was too late, just a hair too slow. Thor's hand grasped the side of his face, pressing the glove to his skin.

The glove that had been created on Jotunhiem by the Frost Giants. And as he stood there, held by his brother's envy and lust, surrounded by the one woman who mattered and scores of people who didn't, Loki felt his skin, from his face, down his neck, and over his entire body, turn a bright shade of blue as his eyes glowed red.

Chapter End Notes
Smut will return in the next chapter, never fear!! <3
Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

Loki deals with the truth of his identity being made public.

He was frozen. Not just outside where his skin had turned blue, but inside as well. He had ceased to breath, to think. He would not be surprised if his blood had stopped flowing in his icy veins. All that Loki could do in those moments that seemed to stretch on forever after Thor touched him with the glove was stare at his unnaturally blue skin. A blue that in his case, it seemed, was totally natural after all.

All around him was chaos as people screamed in terror and shrieked in outrage. He ignored them all. Ignored everything as he stared at his blue, blue hand. Until that one voice spoke, the one voice he was listening for, and cut through the din as it whispered the words his heart had been dreading.

"You are a monster!" Megan breathed, revulsion dripping from her voice.

His heart was breaking. It was done. He had nothing left. What he had feared from the moment he claimed her had finally come to pass. In a way, there was almost relief in that.

"How could you do such a thing?" Her voice continued. "And to your own brother?"

Loki’s head snapped up. Megan, all five feet three inches of her, had turned to the land mass that was Thor and, hands clenched into fists, was glaring at him with a hatred he had never seen from her before.

"He was deceiving you," Thor stammered, taken aback by her open hostility. "Hiding his true nature."

"Is that what you think?" She asked, scorn in her voice. "You could not be more wrong. It was you who deceived me. Hiding the petty cruelty of your nature behind a golden mask. You would never have dared do such a malicious thing were Frigga here. But of course, that’s why you chose now. Your mother is not here to shame you for your bullying. You are a nothing but a coward, as most bullies are."

The gasp that echoed around them came from scores of throats as the assembled nobility of Asgard witnessed his glorious, magnificent love decimate their golden god.

"But look at him!" Thor protested. "Look at his skin, his eyes. You can’t possibly love him!"

"Do you think I will not love my child, then? It is very like she or he will look much the same. Do
you think me as shallow as you, my lord?"

"I did not mean..."

"You are nothing but a bigot. I had hoped Asgard would be more evolved than my own world, but I see I was mistaken. I did not fall in love with Loki for his pale skin, though it is beautiful, and I will not fall out of love with him because his skin is blue. A color, I might add, that is also beautiful. I love him for his fierce heart and his creative mind and his poor, broken soul. I can see now where the pain he carries comes from."

As Loki watched, still not daring to move, Megan walked up to him and, with a small, fascinated smile, traces the ridges decorating his face. He drew in a sharp breath as her fingers touched him, suddenly remembering how to breathe. Life flowed back into him as he turned his face into her hand, kissing her palm in adoration. Reaching up, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him lingeringly on the mouth.

"Take us away from these fools, my love," she murmured.

He didn’t need to be asked twice. Sparing a quick look of triumph at an idiotically gaping Thor, he gathered her to him. A flash of green from his siedr and they were gone, leaving the roiling crowd to stare at where they had been.

When they rematerialized, he released his hold on her and she staggered back to sit inelegantly on a wide sofa. He took a step back as well, away from her. She had done and said all he could have hoped for before Thor and the crowds, but that could very well have just been her anger speaking. She would always champion the underdog, it was an integral part of her nature. Now that his brain was functioning again he realized that there were few things Thor could have done to antagonize her more. But that did not mean she wanted him. It could very well have all been theater.

"Are you in any pain?" She asked him, curious eyes memorizing his new face.

"Not as such," he shrugged. "I feel cold, especially in my veins. My heart beats a bit slower than usual. Also, my clothes are a bother."

"How so?"

"I am slightly bigger in this form," he explained. "They are suddenly very tight and pinching in awkward places."

"Well, perhaps you should take them off," she suggested, looking up at him from beneath her lashes.

"Megan," he breathed, sucking in his breath, "do you know what you are asking?"

"You know, I believe I do."

The slow, naughty smile that spread across her face was all the encouragement he needed. With a wave of his had his was naked before her. Megan's eyes roamed over him, that smile never leaving her face. Standing up, she crossed back to him and continued her perusal until her eyes dipped down. When she saw his fully erect, ridged cock pointing proudly at her, her eyes went wide.

"Oh my," she said, looking startled, appreciative, and perhaps the tiniest bit alarmed. "You are bigger, aren't you. And you were hardly lacking to begin with!"

Reaching out, she began tracing all of the ridges that marked his skin, skimming her hand all over
his body. It had been so long since he had felt her, Loki worried he would shame himself and cum just from her touch. When she started to dip lower, he reached down and grabbed her wrist.

"My love," he said, blood pounding in his ears, "I need you to be very, very sure."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean that if you touch me... there... I will lose all control. Please, Megan, do not do so out of pity, or prove a point. I could not bear it."

Taking his wrist, she hiked up her skirt. Looking him in the eye, she brought his hand to her sex and held it there, allowing him to feel the wet heat emanating from her center.

"Does it feel like I do this out of pity?" she asked.

"In this form, you must understand, I am not as completely in command of myself," he tried one last time to be responsible, fighting against every instinct he possessed, holding himself by a very thin tether. "I fear... I fear I may not be gentle with you."

"Then don't be," she told him simply. "I do not need you to be gentle. I just need you to be inside me. Please, my love, it has been too long."

The tether snapped and he was upon her. His hands, nails sharp points and strength increased, tore her clothes to ribbons and roughly shoved the tatters from her body. Pulling her against him with a savage howl, he felt the swell of her breasts press against his cold flesh, and then lower the swell of her belly beneath which his child slumbered. They were all he would ever want, and he had them again, within the circle of his arms. Megan laced her fingers in his still black hair and tugged, bringing his mouth down to meet hers. His tongue met only welcome as it plunged into her hot mouth, dominating her with his insistence. With a growl his hands slid down to her hips and then hoisted her up, her legs coming around his body to hold her in place as he turned to shove her against the nearest wall.

Loki could feel her cunt, radiating a welcoming heat at his waist, and he longed to thrust up into her, but wet as she was he still needed to prepare her in case she were to take his enhanced size without pain. Carful of his claws, he reached one hand between them and dragged the pad of his fingers along the lips of her pussy, panting at the slick feel of her. Megan moaned and pressed forward into him, running her hands down his back along the pattern of his markings.

"Please," she whimpered as he pressed two fingers into her, stretching her open. "Please, Loki."

He could take no more. Raising her up and positioning her over him, he brought her down to be impaled on his ridged, rigid cock. She was so tight around him, she struggled breath for a moment. His warning had been prescient, however, and he was no longer able to contain himself. Snarling in feral heat, he thrust up into her, rutting like an animal. Megan cried out in pleasure and just a hint of pain as he filled her cunt more than ever before, slamming her back against the wall.

Turning, Loki crossed the room in two long strides, never breaking the rhythm of his movement inside her. When he reached the sofa, he briefly pulled her off of him to toss her down like a doll onto it. Pulling her to her hands and knees, he folded his long body over hers and with a desperate motion drove back into her again. Grunting and growling, he pushed her hair aside, baring her neck. As he bucked into her with ferocity, he leaned down and bit her. Her cry as his sharp teeth broke her skin and marked her as his drove him wild and he increased his pace as he sucked on her skin, tongue lapping the small rivulet of blood that trickled out. She felt so warm, so tight, so soft, and so wet on his cool, hard cock. The noises she continued to make as he pounded into her, full of
pleasure and desire, washed over him like a symphony. He knew he would not last much longer, not after having been without her for more than a month. Reaching beneath her, he brought his hand to her clit and brushed over it with his rough fingers. Three times was all it took, and Megan screamed out, arching her back and straining her neck to give him better access. Pulling her as close to him as he possibly could, Loki gave one final, monumental thrust and released inside of her, a gushing stream of pent up cum that filled every small bit of space left inside of her and seeped out around him to run down her thighs.

When he could think straight again, Loki rolled them onto their sides, still cradled inside her, and felt tears begin to roll silently down his cheeks. He let them fall, not caring if she saw them. She deserved his tears, and she deserved to see them. Slowly their breathing was returning to normal, and he could feel himself beginning to drift off.

"All you alright, darling," he asked her voice slurred with sleep.

"Mmmh" she answered, dreamily.

"Loki?" she added, a few minutes later.

"Yes," he mumbled.

"Do you think, at some point in the future, would it be possible, perhaps..."

"Spit it out, pet," he prodded her, kissing the top of her head.

"Could you maybe keep this form, and create a double of your other?" she asked, shyly.

Loki burst out into the first peal of genuine laughter he had uttered in over a month. Norns, but he had missed her!

"Is that something you would like?" he asked her, still chuckling.

"Oh my, yes!" she said, giggling.

"Well then, for you, I think that could be arranged," he told her, kissing her again. "For you I would do anything."

"Good," she smiled.

"I love you, my Megan," he told her. "I have never loved anyone or anything as much as I love you."

"I love you too," she said.

Burying his head in her hair, breathing in the scent of her, Loki drifted off into a peaceful slumber.
He was back in his Aesir form when he awoke some time later. He supposed he should be grateful for that. At least Thor hadn’t made the transformation permanent. Although with the way Megan had reacted, perhaps he would be appearing as a Jotunn more often.

Smiling, Loki planted a soft kiss on the back of her head. She just felt so right curled up into him, their legs entangled. His arm draped over her, hand resting protectively on her swollen belly. As he gently rubbed it, he felt a small movement under the surface. The babe was responding to his touch!

Moving gently so as not to wake her, Loki slid down the sofa until his head was even with her stomach.

“Hello baby,” he said fancifully. “I think it’s time I introduced myself. My name is Loki, and I am your father.”

Loki was delighted to feel another kick and grinned wide, but aloud he sighed and shook his head tragically.

”I know, I know, little one,” he went on. “The deck is pretty stacked against you there. A disgraced prince with Frost Giant blood? Someone wasn’t doing their job when they stuck you with me. But don’t worry, because they made up for it with your mother.”

”Loki?” Megan asked drowsily, looking down to where his face was pressed against the side of her belly. “What are you doing?”

“I’m having a private conversation with our child,” he told her seriously. “We have a lot to catch up on. You’ve already had your chance, so hush now and leave us be.”
Megan looked at him like he had lost his mind, and he almost thought she was right. Still, he couldn’t help himself. Lying there with her in his arms and his child kicking away, he was practically giddy.

"That’s her," he confided in the bump, “but you know that. She’s a little bossy, and nosy, and whatever you do, don’t ever hurt somebody she cares about, because she is the fiercest person you will ever meet in that situation. But I will tell you a secret, baby. Just beteen the two of us; you can’t let her know we know this. If you are wily enough to trick her into loving you, as you and I have done, she will move earth and sky to protect you, even if you don’t deserve it. So you and I, we are the luckiest two people alive. I hope you appreciate that. And if for some reason she is not there when you get into trouble, I will always protect you as well. And trouble is what I do best. So rest easy, little baby. We will take good care of you.”

Loki planted a kiss on Megan’s stomach, and looked up to see tears streaming down her face.

"Something wrong?" he asked her casually, giving her a lazy half smile.

"Not any more," she said, smiling back.

He closed his eyes and savored the feeling.

"Um... where are we?" Megan asked after a few minutes of silence.

Loki opened his eyes and smiled, looking around the elegant room. It was decorated in a variety of blues and soft golds. There was the wide, overstuffed sofa they were currently lying on, a table with four intricately carved chairs, a large elegant armoire, and on the other side a gigantic canopy bed. The fact that they had ended on the sofa and not said bed spoke to the urgency they had had for each other.

"You've never been here before?" he asked, and put his hands up in mock defense as she looked speakingly at him. Of course she had not if she was asking him. "This is Frigga's room. We are in the inner sanctum. I thought we could use some alone time, and they would be less likely to seek us out here than in our... my rooms."

"Loki!" she squeaked. "You had sex with me in your mother's room?" How could you?!? Wait! How could you? I thought she warded these rooms against you.

"At least we ended on the sofa and not her bed," he defensively. "As to how I was able to enter, Frigga lifted the warding. The minute she left Asgard, I was free to enter."

"You know this how?" she asked.

"She came to see me this morning," he told her. "Norns, it really was just this morning! She encouraged me to fight for you. I had no intention of doing anything else."

"Interesting," Megan mused. "She really is an extraordinarily perceptive woman. With me she played devil's advocate, telling me all the reasons I should stay away from you and forcing me to defend you. I see now where you get your scheming from, love."

Loki laughed at his mother's deviousness. He knew her well enough not to be surprised that she had resorted to such strategy. She had not spent centuries influencing the most arrogantly powerful being in the nine realms for nothing. She had known exactly how to maneuver each of them to get them here. Still, there was a conversation that needed to be had.

"About those reasons," he sighed, standing up and beginning to pace. "I think we need to have a
serious conversation, my love. You had your reasons for leaving me, and it would be best for us to take a hard look at them. I told you once before that I wish I could always treat you gently. At moments like this I swear to you that is all I want to do. But there is another side of me, my darling. We both know that."

"I know," she grimaced, watching him walk. "And I have to acknowledge that there is that side of me as well that gets excited when you master me."

"Then why do we end up as we do?" he asked, eyes searching her face.

"I have had a great deal of time to think about it," she answered, fiddling with the edging of the blanket that lay over her lap, "and I think I have an answer. When you... play with me in public, as you did our first night in the dining hall, say, you obviously are in control. But I am a knowing participant. I have agency. I can get up and walk away. Even back on Midgard, in the very beginning, when you had me perform in your throne room, I agreed to it. It was coerced, but I could have said no. I had that option."

"It is adorable that you think so, sweet," he told her, a sardonic twist to his mouth. "I cannot say I am as sure as you are that I would have taken no for an answer. I was determined to have you, and was willing to do whatever it took to make that happen."

"Very well, at least I had the illusion of a choice. I knew what was happening to me. You degraded me daily, but you were honest about it."

"How gallant of me," he laughed.

"When you brought Thor into our bedroom," she barreled on, ignoring his sarcasm, "I was ignorant. You abused my trust. And to compound that, everyone else did know. Everyone, Loki! The humiliation you put me through in other circumstances is titillating. I admit it. I find the act of submitting to you highly erotic. I choose not to think of what that says about me. But I do not enjoy being made a fool of. You could have let me know that Thor was in the room. You could have told me. I would have been angry, furious in fact, but I would have understood."

"So, the key to our relationship is that I have to degrade you openly, rather than secretly?" he asked her, finding hilarity in her explanation.

"Don't laugh at me!" she threw a pillow at him. "I never suffered from these kinks and perversions before you came bursting into my life! You have made me into a deviant!"

"Well, I certainly have been doing my best," he grinned.

"Do not hide things from me," she said, trying to bring sobriety back into the proceedings. "Look at today! Thor tried to drive us apart for good by exposing a secret you were keeping from me. The fact that you trusted me enough to have already told me your truth kept his plot from working."

"Ah, poor Thor," he smirked. "He had no idea how badly that would backfire on him."

"Exactly! So keep that in mind. Tell me what is happening. Allow me at least the pretense of agency. I may get angry with you. No, I will get angry. I think we both know this. My guess is at least once a day. But I will always love you, and I will always want you. Love me enough to believe that."

"I think I can do that," he said with a smile. "I don't deserve you. You know that."

"I do," she said seriously, then giggled.
"But I will take you anyway!" he said, sinking to his knees before her and wrapping his arms around her waist.

Chapter End Notes

I know the gif at the beginning is Tom and not Loki, but it was the inspiration for the beginning of this chapter, so I wanted to add it. :)
Chapter 41

Chapter Summary

Thor has a new proposition for Loki and Megan. Will they agree?

Chapter Notes

Aaaaaand we’re back!

I took a break for the week to decide where I wanted to take this story next (and give some love to my languishing Magnus story that only I and a handful of others will ever read) but the Lokster would not let me rest any longer!

Consider this the start of Act III!

Love you all!!!

He had known it was only a matter of time, but he had hoped to have longer. When banging began on the outer door Megan practically leapt out of his arms, eyes going wide with panic.

"Relax, love," he told her, easing her back down onto the sofa.

"Loki, we know you are in there. Release the wards and open the door!"

"You warded the room?" Megan asked needlessly.

"I thought we had both had enough of Thor and his intrusions," he shrugged. "I wasn’t sure where the afternoon would lead, but I was hopeful enough plan for the best. And if you were of a mind to leave me, I would have had you nice and trapped inside!"

Megan shot him a look as though trying to determine whether or not he was joking. He honestly wasn’t sure himself if it came down to it.

"Open the door, Loki! It will go worse for both of you if you don’t.”

Loki was not, in fact, as calm as he appeared. The truth about his heritage was out now, there was no hiding it. Thor had known, of course, but now that it was public he could use it against them. Would he go so far as to imprison Loki in his mad jealousy? Normally Loki wouldn’t have believed it, but neither would he have believed that Thor would expose him in such a way. There was no knowing what he was capable of at this point.

"There is another reason I brought us here,” he told Megan, ignoring the shouting from without. “There is a gateway out of Asgard in this room. An escape route known only to Frigga and myself.”

"Then what are we waiting for?” She asked, standing.
"Not so fast, love," he cautioned. "We have to think this through. There is the babe to consider. The healers here might not think much of us, but they are the best in any realm. We don’t know what sort of complications you might be facing as your pregnancy progresses. Are you truly willing to risk being elsewhere?"

"What happens if we stay?" She asked, teeth working her lower lip.

"Best case, things go back to how they were before. You move back to our rooms, and we spend the foreseeable future making up for all the ways I didn’t get to fuck you while you so stubbornly strayed from my bed."

He could think of several things he longed to do to her right now, starting with a good, hard spanking for her denying him her body for a month. He would follow that with an intense period of edging, where he teased her to the very point of orgasm only to pull back and make her pant for more. It was time she was punished for what she had put him through, swanning around the garden bellow his rooms on his brother’s arm.

"And worst case scenario?" She asked.

"I am imprissoned," he admitted with a sigh. His visions of her chained to the ceiling, up on her tip toes with arms stretched above her head, legs spread wide, while he alternated between the crop and his tongue up and down the length of her body, faded.

"And what happens to me then, worst case?"

"Thor will do everything in his power to make sure you end in his bed. I Would like to say he would stop at rape, but I am no longer certain. You eviscerated him before the entire court today, and then chose me over him. He will not forget or easily forgive either of those things, the hit to his pride will not allow it. He will need to regain the appearance of being the alpha male if wants his lackeys to continue following him. Hopefully he will take out his anger on me. Hopefully I will remain free to protect you."

"That's a lot of hopefullies," she worried. "And I am not okay with him taking out his anger on you. You are far to pretty, my love, to become Thor's punching bag. So if the outcomes of staying here for you are either ending in jail or in traction, I say let's go."

"Loki, open the damn door! I have a proposition for you!" Thor thundered.

"We heard your proposition already," Loki snarled. "You will not be getting Megan in your bed."

"No, brother, listen. Forget the girl for a moment."

"Impossible."

"Loki, it's Earth. Midgard. I've received a message from them, and I need to discuss it with you."

Megan grabbed Loki's arm and her eyes sought his.

"Loki, if something is happening on Earth, we need to know. That's my world. Half our child's world. Everyone else I've ever loved is still there."

Loki did not particularly care for the idea of her loving anyone else - he and their child should be enough - but when she turned her big green puppy eyes up to him he could not deny her.

With a wave of his arm the door to the outer chamber vanished. Thor, flanked by a trio of guards,
stood outside. The moment the door disappeared, Thor charged forward, only to bounce backwards and land on his backside on floor.

"The warding is still there," Loki said with a smug grin. "I simply made it transparent."

"You could have warned me," Thor groused, rising to his feet in annoyance.

"You didn’t give me time. Besides, after what you pulled this morning why would I spare you anything unpleasant? You said you had something to discuss. Talk."

"I received a distress call from Midgard," Thor began after glaring at his brother a moment. "It seems that a malevolent force has stolen your scepter. They are unequipt to deal with the threat on their own."

"Wait a moment," Loki stared at his brother in horror. "You left the scepter on Midgard?!? All that power in the hands of some ignorant human? No offense, love. What were you thinking?"

"The metal man said that he would protect it," Thor whined in his defense. "I didn’t know what it was. I thought it was just a fancy spear. Where did you even get something like that?"

"Never mind that. What business is it of ours?"

"Loki!" Megan protested from behind him.

Loki saw Thor’s eyes flit to her and a low warning growl formed in his throat.

"It is your fault, and therefore Asgard’s fault, that the weapon is there to begin with. It is a weapon beyond any of them. They have asked for assistance."

"So go ride to the rescue. Isn’t that what you do, oh brave and mighty Thor?"

"I can’t," he fretted. "I am sworn to stay here and rule Asgard until father’s return. I cannot help them."

"Pity," Loki shrugged. "I still don’t see what this has to do with me, unless you would like me to rule in your stead."

Loki smiled at the thought. The throne of Asgard was a prize that he would claim one day, he was set on it. How helpful if his brother ran off and left it to him.

"I cannot do that, father would never understand."

"probably not," he admitted.

"But that doesn’t mean Earth must be abandoned. You could go."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Earth has asked Asgard for a hero," Thor said, smiling at him. "I propose to send them one. You."

Loki burst out laughing at the sheer absurdity of the idea. Only his brother would think it a good idea to send Loki, who had but recently invaded Earth, to save it. The idea was almost too delicious for words.

"I jest not!" Thor insisted. "You know the scepter better than anyone. You can track it, counter it, retrieve it for us."
"Why should I? You are the one who left it behind. This is your mess, you clean it up."

"Loki!" Megan spoke sharply and he turned to look at her. "Earth might mean nothing to you, but it is my home. My family is there, my friends. If you can help to save it, please my love, for my sake, please do so."

"What would you have me do?" He asked with a sigh.

"The human Stark is leading the search. He has offered me use of the place where we found you as a base of operations. You will work with him to locate the scepter."

The idea was so beyond ridiculous that Loki laughed again.

"I have conditions," he said, getting control of himself as he thought things through.

"Name them."

"One, Megan comes with me," he said at once, and had his suspicions confirmed as he saw Thor grimace. "Indeed. I will not allow you to use my absence as an opportunity to force my woman into your bed."

"Fine," Thor sulked reluctantly. Loki could tell by his shifting eyes that Thor had not given up, but he let it go for the moment.

"Two, if at any time she should feel the need, you will have Heimdal instantly transport both of us back here at once to the healers in order to help her and the baby."

"Of course," Thor agreed at once. "I know you think me a villain right now, my lady, but I would never allow harm to come to you or the child you bear."

"How noble," Megan said dryly, much to Loki’s delight, glaring at his brother.

"Anything else?" Thor asked, fidgeting uncomfortably under Megan’s glare.

"One more thing," Loki said with a smirk. "You say we are to be put up in Stark Towers. Very well. I want my former suite back."

"Loki!" Megan said in shock. "You know those are Tony’s rooms! You can’t mean to oust him from his own living space. Not after you imprisoned him for months!"

"Oh, but I do," he grinned, imagining Stark’s face. "Those are my terms. They want my help, we get the penthouse. And I am in charge of the operation."

"He’ll never agree," Megan predicted.

"What choice does he have?" Loki smirked.

"None," Thor answered. "They have no choice. They will accept your terms, I will see to it."

"Very well then," Loki said, looking at Megan with a fiendish grin. "Are you ready to go home, pet?"
"I don't know why you look so anxious, love," Loki said to Megan as they prepared to depart for Midgard. "After all, I am doing this for you."

The look she shot him was skeptical at best. Ah well, he supposed there might be one or two other reasons for his decision to rescue Earth from the chaos that had gripped it since their departure. It would be good to get away from Asgard and the sensation that the revelation of his true nature had caused. He was aware even now of the fearful looks being cast his way by most of the people they passed on the way to the bridge. And yes, he was looking forward to showing those ingratiated humans what a mistake they had made in not embracing his rule. It would be particularly gratifying to see the look on Stark's face as he was made to humble himself and grovel for Loki's help.

"You are not going to be too terrible are you?" Megan asked, as if reading his mind. "To Tony, I mean."

"Why should I be horrible to him?" Loki asked, sarcastically. "What possible reason could I have to seek retribution on the man who led the resistance to my reign, who defied me at every turn, and who dared to covet my woman?"

"I was in the resistance against your reign, I defied you, and Tony's interest in me long predated my being with you," she pointed out.

"All completely beside the point," he shrugged. "You were clever enough to realize the error of your ways and properly take your place at my feet and in my bed. And anyone who saw you should have instantly realized that you were destined for far greater things than a mere mortal. Only a God would be good enough for my darling pet."

"It's nice to see that your humility has returned," she sighed. "Just please try to play nice."

Loki grinned, but was spared the need to make any further response as they arrived at the gate. He reached out and wrapped a strong arm around Megan, pulling her close, and nodded to Hiemdal. Moments later they were standing on the busy street outside Stark Tower.

The month of their absence had been all the time needed for Stark to restore things to their previous, prosaic status. A security guard approached them as soon as they entered the lobby. Loki had changed into his full battle armor, complete with horned helmet, so that no one could mistake him. Megan had taken one look at him and rolled her eyes speakingly. The added height of his horns made him just that much taller than the puny guard, and the man swallowed visibly, fear plain in his eyes.

"I have been told to bring you to Mr. Stark's office on your arrival," the man hastily informed.
"Ah, no need. I know the way," Loki told him dismissively, and strode past the security gate, ignoring the alarm that sounded until the guard was able to catch up to him and swipe his pass card.

All conversation stopped as he swaggered through the hall, gasps following in his wake. He occasionally would smirk at anyone bold enough to lift their eyes to him, but most of the sheep kept their eyes lowered when he glanced their way. Pathetic. When they reached the Executive Offices, the guard tried once more to assert his authority enough to introduce them, but once more Loki swatted him aside.

"No need," he said, "I'm sure he'll recognize us.

Loki opened the door to the office and saw Tony Stark seated behind a desk littered with papers. The man had trimmed his beard and put some weight back on since being released from the dungeons below the tower, but he still had the air of a reprobate about him. As the door to his office slammed open, he looked up to see Loki looming in the doorway and pushed to his feet.

"What, they kick your ass out of Asgard already?" he asked, lip curling as he glared at the god who had kept him in prison for months in his own building.

"I was told that the dull creatures infesting this world were too pathetic to fight their own battles, so I graciously agreed to come back and clean up your mess for you," he replied, voice dripping with condescension.

"Our mess?" Tony's voice rose an octave. "You're the one who left a city crawling with alien cockroaches, and a super powered weapon lying around unguarded!"

"Now boys, don't make me separate you," Megan sighed, stepping out from behind Loki.

"Meg!" Tony cried, coming around the desk to embrace her. "Thank god, you're alive! No one knew what had happened to you. We were all afraid that you had been killed in the Asgardian battle! This is the best news I've had since the Jolly Green Giant here was arrested by his big brother!"

"Stark, you will kindly release me betrothed," Loki's voice practically froze the air. "I have not given you, nor will I ever, permission to touch her.

"Your what now?" Tony asked, taking half a step back but still keeping his hands on Megan's arms.

Megan had turned red and didn't quite meet Tony's eye. Loki smirked as he saw the other man slowly look her over and suddenly register the small bump just visible beneath Megan's dress. His eyes went wide with horror, as he looked from her expanding waist line to Loki and back again.

"Aren't you going to offer us your felicitations?" Loki asked smugly, stepping forward to place a proprietary arm around Megan's shoulders, pulling her out of Stark's grasp.

"Please, Meg, tell me you've been overeating," Tony begged his former protégé.

"I'm afraid not," she placed a hand over her belly and gave a shaky smile. "You're going to be an uncle, Tony."

"No. No, this is not happening. You cannot possibly have let this freak show plant his parasitic alien spawn in you! I'm calling the clinic now, we can have that thing out of you by the end of the
A snarl ripped from Loki as he grabbed Stark by the throat and lifted him to slam against the wall. Face turning red and eyes bulging, Tony's feet kick helplessly as Loki applied pressure to his windpipe.

"You will never speak of my child in such a manner again," he hissed. "Should you do so, in my hearing or out of it, I will snap your neck with no more hesitation than I would swat a fly."

"Loki, let him go," Megan plead, grabbing his arm.

With one last slam into the wall Loki opened his hand and let the mortal drop to the floor.

"Tony, you are my friend and I love you, but if you ever talk about our baby like that again, I will not be the one to stop Loki," she said, eyes blazing. "You may not approve of my choices, and I completely understand that, but they are my choices, and I choose to be with Loki. I choose to have his baby. I love him, and I will love this child. They are my family, and anyone who tries to harm them will have me to answer to."

"What has he done to you? You love him? What kind of magic spell does he have you under? Never mind what he did to the planet, I saw what he did to you! He used you like a toy in front of everyone for his own self gratification. Now, I understood your reasons for putting up with it at the time, even if I didn't agree with them. You were trying to save your friends. But what hold could he possibly have over you now that you would stay with him?"

"That's easy Stark," Loki purred, pulling Megan back against him and reaching around her to grope her between her legs through the fabric of her dress. "I satisfy her needs in a way you never could. Isn't that right, darling? She wants to be dominated, to be controlled. She wants to submit to someone who knows how to use her hard and make her beg for more. Even when her mind was fighting against it, her body knew that I was its master. How else to you explain that she has been wet for me since that first morning in my throne room, haven't you pet?"

Megan moaned shamelessly as he rubbed the material of her dress back and forth over her clit, her head falling back against his chest. He could feel her becoming soaked, and decided that he had bandied words with the man long enough.

"Now, if you don't mind," he smiled darkly, one hand working Megan's clit, the other snaking down her top and fondling her breast, "it's been hours since I've fucked my pet. She gets cranky if I go too long without filling her with my cum. Where would you like it this time, love? Your wet cunt or tight little ass? Or shall I fill your lovely mouth with my seed? Would you like that, pet? To swallow me down like a hungry little slut? There are just so many choices! So many ways to defile her. So if you don't mind, we're going to head up to our suite now, unless you would prefer me to take her on your desk while you watch."

"She's going to wake up one of these days and realize what a bastard you really are," Stark said from where he leaned against his desk, hand massaging his neck where bruises were beginning to show, "and when she does, I'm going to be there to see it. And then nothing will keep you alive."

"Brave words, mortal. Now give me your keys to our room."

Reaching into his pocket, Tony snatched out a key card and hurled it at Loki. He caught it easily with one hand and with a parting grin pulled Megan out of the room.

The elevator doors had not even closed when Loki had her up against the wall, hiking her skirt up
around her waist. The way she had defended him, defended their child, had turned him so hard he
didn't think he could wait to get her into their room. Lifting her by the hips, he brought her down
hard onto his cock, pinning her between his body and the cold metal of the elevator. Megan's hands
found their way into his hair and held on as he drove up into her, mouth crushed to hers as he thrust
in and out of her cunt. He heard the bell chime and the doors slide open, followed by a shocked "oh
my god!" from the hall outside.

"Don't!" snarled, not turning around to see if the man obeyed, trusting he would stay out and wait
for the next elevator. The doors shut again and Loki continued to pound into his love, sucking on
her neck. When they finally reached the top floor, he turned around and carried her, still impaled
on his length, to the door of the penthouse. Pressing the card to the lock, he kicked the door open
and brought her over to the table, setting her down on it. His hands now free from having to hold
her up, he reached down and tore the top of her dress open, giving him access to her lovely breasts.
Grabbing one roughly he pinched her nipple hard.

"Breasts out in this room," he reminded her, sucking on the other nipple until it was a hard nub.
"That's better."

"Yes, my king," Megan panted, lifting her hips to meet him.

"You may be my consort, you will be my queen, but you are also my pet and I am your god. You
will worship me in the way you were designed for. With your body, however I want it. And I want
it all."

"Take it," she moaned, grabbing his ass with both hands and pressing him into her. "Take me. Take
all of me. I am yours."

"You serve me so well," he praised her, shoving a finger into her tight ass. "Now cum for your
God. Let him hear how much you long to please him."

"Yes, my king," she cried, arching her back. "Oh God! Oh Loooooookiiiii!"

Locking her ankles around him, Megan screamed as she held him tightly inside her, her inner
muscles working spasmodically around his pulsing cock. Loki growled into her shoulder and
unloaded inside her, pressing her into the table with his body.

With a smile he ran his hand down her side, making her twitch. He was glad to be back, even if he
was no longer king. This was the place where he had first had her, where they had created their
child. They were home.

Chapter End Notes
My understanding and only slightly longsuffering husband got me a book called "The Loki Gospels" for my birthday! If I'm long in updating, it will be because my nose is stuck in the book! :)
Chapter 43

Chapter Summary

Loki and Megan settle back in to life on Earth

Loki was annoyed but not surprised that Stark had undone all of his redecorating to the suite. The black leather sofa he sat on now as he prepared for the day ahead of him was not nearly as comfortable as the gold plush seating he had brought in. Still, it was hard to be too out of sorts about anything with Megan on her knees before him, working his cock between her voluptuous, oiled up breasts. The feel of her soft, pillow like flesh surrounding him as he slid up and down within their slick embrace was wonderfully decadent, and when she bent her head down to lovingly suck or lick his head he groaned out his encouragement.

They had spent the night before rechristening each room of the suite. It had been their first night together since their separation, and Loki had shown a soft affection for her that was rare in their love making. The gentle way in which he mapped her body with his mouth and hands, the long, slow manner in which he slid in and out of her, drew out the pleasure of their coupling. He wanted to demonstrate to her just how much he had missed her over that month, to discover all of the changes to her delectable body - the increased fullness of her already large breasts, the new, hyper sensitivity to her skin, and most importantly of all, the small mound of her tummy where the miracle of their making now slumbered.

It had been a long night, and he had kept delving into her for hours, pushing her to one orgasm after another, until she finally begged him to let her rest. He had laughed at the desperation in her voice, then pulled one last climax from her just to prove that he was in charge, allowing himself finally to release as well.

But if last night had been moonlight and romance, this morning his needs were more pressing. He walked into the room where she sat, lazily eating her breakfast, breasts obediently exposed to his gaze, and grinned.

"Come here, pet,” he instructed, sitting on the irritating sofa.

"I’m eating, Loki,” she protested, popping a piece of fruit in her mouth and licking its juices off her fingers. She was being provocative and she knew it!

"Exactly, love,” he grinned.

She rolled her eyes, but he was having none of her resistance. Walking over to her, he looped her hair around his hand. With a gentle tug he used it to pull her, protesting, from her seat and over to where he desired her, in front of the couch. With a look of reproach she settled on her knees pursed her lips at him.

"None of that, love," he admonished her. “You don’t want me to have to punish you, now do you?”

From the way her pulse jumped he knew that she was not entirely opposed to that idea, and he filed it away for later.
"I’m afraid we don’t have that much time,” he sighed. “I am due down in the lab soon, and you have work of your own, I know. Still, I believe I shall concentrate much better if you relive some of my stress first.”

Grinning, he suddenly flicked his wrist and her arms pulled back to tie behind her. She let out a shriek as invisible hands grasped her bosom, pressing the round mounds of flesh together. Grabbing a vial of oil from the air, he slowly drizzled over her, watching as she glistened in the light.

"Gorgeous,” he smirked. “Now, be a good girl and hold still while I fuck your lovely tits.”

She had feigned irritation at first, attempting to pull away as he slid up inside her cleavage, but withing minutes her mouth was at work on him, greedily probing and sucking the top of cock as it leaked precum onto her waiting tongue. When he released with a growl she sucked it down, small, appreciative noises signaling her desire for him.

Loki sighed with contentment as he looked down at her.

"I have half a mind to keep you this way until I come back,” he suggested, doing up his trousers. “There is something quite appealing in the idea of you waiting bound and oiled up for me.”

"I have work to do, that’s not funny!” She protested, struggling to get to her feet without the use of her hands.

"What could be more important than being ready to serve the needs of your God the moment he returns?”

"I can be ready to serve you just fine with my hands free,” she told him. “Now let me out!”

With a fond laugh he released her bonds and pulled her onto his lap. He was running late for his meeting, but he rather fancied the idea of them all waiting for him while he dallied with Megan.

"Loki,” she asked, biting her lip, “did you mean what you said to Tony yesterday?”

"About killing him? Most certainly.”

"No, and you will most certainly not kill him! About me being your betrothed.”

"Of course,” he looked at her in surprise. “Why would you doubt it?”

"Well... because you never asked me.”

"Were you planning to say no?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Of course not! That’s not the point. You still should have asked.”

"I don’t see why,” he said, perplexed. “You are mine, and I want to wed you. I have no intention of our child being a bastard. What is there to question?”

"It’s just... it’s just how it’s done!” she was looking at him in consternation.

"I would think by now, pet, you would stop trying to apply your human customs to me. But since it seems to mean so much to you, and with the understanding that our wedding will take place regardless of your answer - Megan Bell, will you be my wife?”

"When you put it that way, how can I refuse?” She asked, with a laugh.
"Precisely!" He grinned. "Is that a yes?"

"Of course it’s a yes!"

"Pity, I was just thinking of all kinds of ways to get you to change your mind. Ah well, I’m sure you’ll be considerate enough to defy me in some other way soon so that I can apply some of the torturous persuasion I have in mind."

Smirking as she shivered in his lap, Loki kissed her one last time and forced himself to leave the room.

He entered the large laboratory with a swagger to his long stride and a haughty glint to his eyes. Stark, agent Barton, and Captain Rogers were all sitting around a table waiting for him. He flicked his gaze around dismissively and walked over to sit a the head of the table.

"Nice of you to join us, Rudolph," Stark muttered.

Loki smiled as he noticed the purpling around the man's neck.

"I was unavoidably detained," he shrugged.

"Polishing your jackboots?" Barton asked snarkily.

"Fucking my betrothed's breasts, actually," Loki said casually.

"Whoa!" Rogers objecting throwing up his hands. "Way too much information!"

"I should think you'd be relieved," he shrugged. "Her body put me into a tolerant enough mood to deal with all of you."

"Do you really have to objectify her at every turn?" Stark snapped, glaring at him.

"It must eat you up in side," Loki smiled. "Tell me, Stark, how often do you fantasize about it? That day in your cell."

"What day?" Barton asked, looking from one to the other.

"It's nothing, ignore him."

"How often do you imagine her on her knees, those soft, plump lips encircling your cock? How often does your mind circle back to the knowledge that at one look from me, one nod of my head, she would have taken you in her wet mouth, stroked you with her tongue, reached her little hand down to fondle your balls? After becoming accustomed to my size, she would have easily been able to take you all the way in, and I have trained her to swallow every drop. Do you pleasure yourself to sleep at night to that thought? Because that is as close as you will ever come to having it be a reality. Where as I had those lips, that tongue on me only minutes ago. Not her hands; I bound those this time. She likes being restrained, being forced. It makes her wet. Dripping. Gushing. And it's all for me, unless I decide to share."

"Okay, I think we're getting way off topic!" Rogers said, standing up and putting himself between Loki and Stark, who had also pushed himself to his feet.

"So tell me how you managed to be careless enough to loose the scepter," Loki smiled, turning away from them. It was so easy!
Chapter 44

Chapter Summary

A quick check in with Megan!

Chapter Notes

A little short, a little tally... more soon!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The day had been productive one, taken in all. They had been able to determine that humans, not one of the remaining bands of roving Chitauri, had made off with the scepter. This was cause for relief as far as Loki was concerned. Humans would be after control, where as the aliens wanted nothing more than rampant destruction. You couldn’t negotiate with someone who simply wanted to watch it all burn. He knew that from experience.

A few pointers from him had sent Cap and Barton out with new strategies to round up the stragglers of the alien hoard. They had been reluctant to show it, but he could see their appreciation of his inside information. Stark had seen it too, and it ate at him. Even better.

Loki was not sure what it was about that human in particular that bothered him so much, drove him to torment him more than any other. Maybe it was that at one time he had thought Megan desired him. Naturally he didn’t see him as a rival - he would admit none! But there was no denying he delighted in his discomfort.

As he opened the door to his suite, female voices assailed his ears. It seemed his pet was not alone in their bedroom. Slipping into the sitting room silently, Loki perched on the arm of the sofa near the half open bedroom door and listened.

"So you’re not upset?” a familiar voice was asking. “I know how much you wanted us to be together.”

"I wanted you to be my sister, Kate,” Megan's voice smiled. “And the truth is you already were. You are worth a thousand of my spineless brother, and if you are no longer together, then that is
his loss."

Ah, so her friend had finally had the good sense to drop the worthless boy. Loki could only approve.

"I am surprised you ended up back here though."

"I wanted to help," Kate explained. "And when Steve, Captain Rogers that is, came to see me, he made me realize that there was work to be done rebuilding the city."

"Steve?" Megan’s voice was teasing. "Came to see you?"

"He visited everyone Loki kept captive. To make sure we were recovering from the trauma."

In the next room Loki rolled his eyes. Yes, he had imprisoned her, but she had had a spacious room, good food, and books to read. He would hardly say he had traumatized her.

"Why Kate, you’re blushing!" Megan crowed in delight. "I am amazed someone so righteously good as Steve Rogers could make anyone blush!"

"I know, I know," Kate sighed. "He’s not exactly your type."

"You mean sociopathic diva?" Megan asked with a laugh. "While I admit that yes, he would bore me to tears within an hour, even I have to admit that he is almost worthy of you. And I must say easy on the eyes. Besides, who am I to give relationship advice? I’m engaged to the sociopath!"

Loki was uncertain how to react to this string of nonsense. He was glad that Megan found the soldier just as uninteresting as he did, and even he had to admit that the man was handsome. But her description of himself? Unacceptable!

"Engaged?" Kate squeaked. "I don’t know how you do it. I am terrified when he so much as looks at me! And you’re engaged?"

"So I was informed this morning. Informed, mind you, not asked."

"You look happy though."

"I am. Strange as it is. I know you can’t possibly approve, but he makes me feel... everything. I want him all the time, even when I hate him. And I hate him a lot! But never as much as I love him. Even when I want to strangle him I still want to kiss him... Plus there’s the baby. You did call that one, didn’t you? You always were more perceptive than I. And now that I am back to work again, my life is complete!"

Loki basked in a warm glow as the words fell over him. He was about to make his presence know, but held off as Kate spoke again.

"Have you found anything?"

"I have," Megan confirmed. "It seems someone has been using a very advanced monitoring system to record images in the private areas of the tower. I am thinking that is how they knew where Loki was keeping the scepter hidden. I haven’t been able to track down the cameras yet, but there seems to be a microscopic one most places, even in here."

"Here!!"

"Don’t worry, no sound. And we’re not exactly doing anything interesting. But I have to admit, I
tracked some of the images that they replayed... and I am glad that I don’t know who was on the viewing end.”

”What do you mean?” Kate breathed.

”Well... you know Loki and I lived in this suite for over a month... and... well...”

”Oh! Oh dear!” Kate giggled.

”Oh dear indeed!” Megan laughed. “I have got to find and disable those cameras! And please, don’t tell Loki! It will only make him worse!”

”Don’t tell Loki what?” he asked, deciding to take that as his cue and entering the room. “Hello Kate, good to see you again.”

”Your Majesty!” she gulped, before realizing her error and turning beet red. “I should go.”

”I hope I haven’t interrupted anything?” he purred, sauntering over to give Megan a lingering kiss. He deliberately stood looming over them, enjoying the way Kate squirmed in obvious discomfort.

”Loki! Stop that!” Megan admonished him.

”Stop what?” He asked innocently.

”Stop looming.”

”I can’t help my size, pet, and it has never seemed to bother you before.

”See what I mean? Diva!” Megan sighed to her friend giggling.

Loki let them say their goodbyes with a smile on his face. What an interesting conversation he had overheard. He had a good idea who was watching the video that was recorded here, and it had nothing to do with the scepter. His poor, naive little darling. Well, this could be amusing. This could be amusing in so many delicious ways!

Chapter End Notes

A sadly smut free chapter, I know, but I felt it was time for a bit of Megan character check in. And it gives Loki ideas!!!

I will add the chapter photo when I am back at home and not posting from my phone. :)


Chapter 45

Chapter Summary

Loki wants to play.

ALL the SMUT!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Loki yanked hard on the leash, bringing the woman crawling on the floor next to him to heel as they entered the bedroom. He looked down and smiled darkly as her head hit against the side of his boot, her naked body trembling slightly as she tried to anticipate what perverted desire was driving him this time. His smile widened as he watched the moment she realized they were not alone.

“I was in the audience chamber this morning, pet,” he said conversationally, stroking her hair the way one would an actual pet, “and it suddenly occurred to me. All of those times I had you in there, those occasions when you rode me to your pleasure, when you greedily slurped on my cock, all of those peasants, those mere mortal scum, had an opportunity to watch you that was denied to me. You must have looked lovely, the perfect whore, helplessly taking whatever I chose to gift you with. And so tonight, I thought we would remedy that. Up you get.”

With an evil leer he pulled her up onto the bed. He chuckled as the naked man lounging there ogled Megan with a wide, toothy grin. He was slim, thinner even than Loki, though his face still had some youthful fullness to it. Blond tousled curls contributed to the young appearance. He ran a hand over his proudly straining member, eager anticipation stamped on his face.

"Loki...” Megan began hesitantly.

"My King, or Master,” he corrected her with a smirk. “Now, you will service him while I watch.”

Grabbing her by the hair, he pushed her head down towards the man’s waiting crotch, then crossed to sit on the couch against the far wall and enjoy the view.

"Well,” the young man said with a grin. “Get to work, whore. It’s not going to suck itself.”

With a whimper Megan lowered her head and took the man’s cock into her mouth. Loki moaned along with him as her wet tongue glided along his length. Not satisfied with her gentle lapping, the man’s hands dug into her curls and began moving her up and down faster, almost gagging her in his eagerness to fill her throat.

Loki gestured and another man stepped out of the shadows, also naked and erect. This one was broader shouldered and supremely well muscled. His close cut bronze hair and militaristic baring left no doubt he was a man well used to command. He sauntered over to Megan and ran one large, powerful hand over her upturned ass. Without warning, the hand rose and fell with a loud smack. Loki moaned and stroked himself as her ass twitched and she shrieked around the cock in her mouth.

"Thank you, My King,” Megan gasped, raising from the young man’s cock. Her eyes widened
when she looked back and realized it was not, in fact, Loki who had struck her.

"She’s a well trained whore,” the man approved with a laugh. “But I don’t believe anyone told you
you could stop, pet. Now hurry up and make him cum like a good little slut. Then I’ll show you
other ways to thank me.”

As the man on the bed dragged Megan’s head back around and down onto his cock, the larger man
behind her grabbed her wrists and pulled her hands behind her back. Picking up a discarded belt
from the bed he secured her hands tightly. Whimpering around the insistent cock fucking her
throat, Megan arched her back as the second man tugged on her makeshift bonds. When he was
satisfied they were secure, he held the belt wrapped in his left hand while his right resumed
spanking her.

Megan cried out with every well muscled swat, drool running out of her mouth as she continued
sucking and licking the intruding cock.

"You’re taking your sweet time, whore,” the man growled, smacking her again. “I was going to
wait until the boy was done with you, but since you can’t seem to finish him off you’ll have to take
us both.”

As Megan whimpered Loki watched the larger man spread her legs apart and lean forward to
inspect her slit.

"You’re drenched, you slut,” he laughed. "You’re getting off on this.”

"Whores like to be used,” the one on the bed grinned. “It’s what they were made for. And she is a
very good whore. Try her and see.”

"I think I’ll do just that.”

With that, the man lined up his cock with Megan’s entrance and shoved hard inside, balls slapping
against her as he buried his cock in her pussy with a groan. Loki grunted as his grip tightened
around his own phallus. Standing up he walked over to the bed so he could get a good look at the
large cock sliding out of his betrothed's soaked cunt only to slam back in. The man drilling into her
held her cheeks apart to give Loki a perfect view of the obscene way her pussy pulled his cock
inside.

Humming in appreciation Loki moved up to her head, where her flushed face was being taken by a
second cock, eyes rolled back and spittle staining her chin.

"You are perfect, pet,” he told her, stroking her back and then reaching under to grab and pinch her
breasts. "The perfect little fuck toy.”

He was stroking himself rapidly now, drunk on the heady sight of her sex ravaged body. The grunts
and slaps coming from the man fucking her pussy mixed with moans from the man being sucked
so greedily, and her own desperate cries as she began to climb her own way to bliss.

“Finish,” he told the man working her cunt, his voice a rasp.

With a loud shout the man complied, thrusting into her a final time and filling her with his seed.

"Heaven,” he growled, dropping the belt and stepping back.

Loki walked back down and spread her open wider, watching as the milky white cum gushed out of
her. It was so erotic he almost slammed into her himself. But there was one more thing he wanted
to do first.

"Your turn," he said, strain in his voice, and watched as the new man stepped forward.

Steve Rogers was indeed the perfect specimen, if you liked that sort of “All American” look. He was well muscled and handsome, though not as largely endowed as Loki or the other two men. That would make what was about to come easier on Megan.

"I left her ass for you,” Loki grinned, picking up the belt.

Megan was still desperately sucking the cock in her mouth, eyes rolled back in her head and face turned away, so she didn’t see who it was who took his place on his knees behind her bent over form. Loki stroked down her back with the end of the belt and then once more spread her ass cheeks, presenting her to the soldier. With a sick satisfaction Loki stared as Roger's cock worked it’s way smoothly into her ass.

Megan gasped, but the young man’s hands held her firmly in place, keeping her from realizing who was plundering her pert rear. Loki’s hold on the belt around her arms was all that was keeping her up, he knew. Her whole body trembled. Finally, with a last cry, her mouth filled with cum as the young man exploded into her. He laughed boyishly as he pulled out, rubbing his softening cock over her face and marking it with his sticky release.

"Well done,” Loki praised, panting a bit, not even sure himself if he meant Megan or the boy. “You look beautiful, love. Perfect. Just how I imagined you would look. Made to be fucked. Now all you need is to cum yourself. I think you’ve earned that, don’t you?”

Her only response was a whimper, but her eyes pleaded with him, pupils blown with lust.

At that moment Loki looked down as with a grunt Rogers came into her ass, making her eyes roll once again.

"Thank you,” the man smiled, always polite.

"No, thank you,” Loki grinned. He made a dismissive gesture and the Captain and the boy left the room.

Reaching down, Loki flipped Megan over onto her back, arms still bound beneath her.

"Just look at you, pet," he groaned. "You're filthy!"

Megan's face was slack, mouth agape with wanting, sticky white cum adorning her skin. Her breath panted, causing her breasts to rise and fall rapidly. Her legs were splayed open, globs of cum seeping slowly out of both her cunt and ass to mix together on the bed. In desperation her hips were rocking up and down, trying to find the release she so frantically needed.

"Please," she begged, eyes pleading with him. "Please, my King. I need to cum!"

"And so you shall," he growled. "You have pleased me greatly, and earned a reward."

Closing his eyes briefly, Loki breathed deep and allowed the charm that always concealed him, so accustomed now he didn't even realize it was there most of the time, to fall away. His muscles adjusted, filling out more. Teeth and nails grew, ridges rose to decorate his body. A red tint colored the room. Looking down, he saw the blue slowly take over the paleness of his skin. One glance at Megan's face showed Loki that her lust, already teased almost to its limit, had overwhelmed her.
"Yes!" she cried. "Yes, Master. Take me!"

Loki snarled, fangs bared as his red eyes raked over her naked flesh. One beat of his heart elapsed, and he could take it no longer. Descending down onto her, Loki's mouth latched onto her neck. Grabbing her legs beneath the knees, he wrenched them up onto either side of him, settling between. His senses, heightened by his transformation, could smell the sperm on her body, her own arousal mixing in with it. He needed to add his own Jotunn scent to it, now. With a savage growl he plowed forward and felt her wet, welcoming cunt draw him in. The beast in him set free, Loki rutted into her, frantic to find the deepest possible seat within her. Every time his cock slammed into her the ridges ringing it mercilessly stimulated her clit. Megan was sobbing in an overheated mixture of pleasure, driving him on.

"Cum!" Loki barked, pulling her hair to get her attention. His red eyes bore into her as he bottomed out over and over. "You are mine, and you will cum on my cock. NOW!"

Megan screamed, unable to even form his name, and his huge cock was flooded with her wet. Pulling her tight to his body, practically crawling inside her, Loki let go and spewed into her. Panting as though he had run a marathon as he continued thrusting through their orgasms.

It was some time before either of them could speak, much less move. Loki realized his lips were pressed to her forehead, and he had been kissing her ceaselessly. Locked in each other's embrace, their eyes met and a slow, exhausted smile spread over Megan's face.

"When you said you wanted to play, that's not exactly what I thought you had in mind," she said, still gasping for breath.

"You should know by now never to expect the expected with me," he grinned. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"What do you think?" she asked, giggling. "Your clones looked different this time. It startled me at first."

"I thought you might appreciate variety," he smiled, kissing the tip of her nose.

"They still had your face, though, if you really looked."

"Well, why try to improve perfection," Loki grinned, and laughed weakly as she nipped his lower lip.

"The last one," she said suddenly, eyes focusing a bit, "I never got a good look. Was it my imagination, or did he look like Steve Rogers?"

Loki laughed for real now, amused that she had noticed. His body was actually sore from having cum so many times so quickly, albeit in different forms.

"He did," he confessed.

"Loki! How could you!" she admonished him, blushing.

"I couldn't resist, love," he told her. "You know it will be the closest the poor man ever comes to actually penetrating someone there. He's far too vanilla for his own good."

"And you gave me this, at the end," she sighed, kissing over the marks decorating his face. "You are becoming more at peace with who you are, and that makes me so happy. I love you, my Jotunn prince."
Loki felt one brief moment of guilt as she continued to smile at him. It had been easy enough to find the hidden camera once he knew what he was looking for. Magic had certain advantages over science, after all. He knew where to have his doubles enter from to make it look like they had walked into the room, normal human beings. Ruthlessly he pushed the guilt out of his mind. After all, what had he done? Simply failed to tell her about the cameras, as she had failed to tell him. Was it his fault that it was not, in fact, some faceless, distant militant rebels watching them, but someone much closer at hand?

Unbinding her hands and pulling her to him once more, Loki smiled contentedly. He was as completely sated as one with his drives could ever hope to be. Now he would sit back and watch what mischief came of his fun. He had a feeling it would not take long.

Chapter End Notes

A big thank you to AU Oakley and Caius Marcius Coriolanus for agreeing to cameo in this chapter! They were the TH characters most distinct from Loki physically in my mind. Hope you liked it! I know it was quite a ride to write!
Chapter 46

Chapter Summary

Loki and Megan discover who has been spying on them.

It ended up taking less than 24 hours for the results to play out. Loki escorted Megan down to the dining area for their evening meal the next day. He found the need to eat with the rabble infesting the facilities a chore, but Stark refused to provide him with a catering staff in his rooms. There was something gratifying at the way they all went scurrying out of his way with one glare or slight rise of his eyebrow. For some it was fear, for others hatred, but the results were the same; he was given a wide breadth as he swaggered into the room.

"You could try to be a little less awful," Megan sighed in exasperation.

"Why?" he scoffed, grinning at her. "In all my experience, there is only one human worth knowing, and I already have her eating out of my hand."

"You could do it for my sake," she suggested.

Loki laughed. Megan had been a touch grumpy all day, obviously sore and limping a bit from their nocturnal activities. Loki in his Jotunn form was punishingly huge, and she was a small woman to begin with. That was not even taking into account the three other forms that had had their way with her body.

From the other side of the room Kate, seated at a long table next to Steve Rogers, waved to Megan. Megan waved back half heartedly, but made no move to cross the room and join her friend. Her face was painted scarlet, and she seemed to find something intensely interesting in her shoes.

"Something wrong, pet?" Loki asked her with a smirk, waving fatuously to Kate himself.

With a word to Rogers, the shy girl actually got up and crossed the room to them. It was the first time Loki could remember her ever approaching him of her own choosing. The fact that she was doing so today of all days tickled his sense of amusement.

"Hey Meg!" she smiled, giving her friend a quick hug. "Come join us!"

"Um, I'm not sure that would be such a good idea," Megan demurred, glancing at Steve.

Loki stifled a laugh. Her mind was perfectly aware that it had been Loki and not Rogers enjoying the tight friction of her ass last night, but she would still be acutely aware that the form making her quake in subjugation had belonged to the blond soldier.

"No, it's okay," Kate assured her with a sunny smile. "Steve says Loki has actually been very helpful the past few days."

"How generous of him," Loki murmured. "What do you say, pet, shall we join them?"

The glare she shot him was murderous. There was no way for her to say no; she had been only moments before pestering him to be more open and friendly.
They had just turned to walk over to the table when the door to the room slammed open with a deafening bang. All eyes turned to see Tony Stark, eyes wild and nostrils flared, burst into the room. Instinctively, Megan moved her pregnant body in front of Loki, hoping to shield him from what she surely saw as the inevitable confrontation approaching. To almost everyone's surprise, Stark brushed past them all to cross the room and with a coiled fist knocked Rogers to the ground. As the room erupted into cries and shrieks, Tony pulled stunned Steve off the floor and threw him against the nearest wall, left forearm across his neck as his right arm pulled back in preparation for another blow.

"You!" Stark snarled, as Roger's looked at him in complete confusion. "I expected nothing more from him, the alien psychopath, but you! I was actually almost buying that awe shucks, apple pie shit."

"Stark, what are you talking about?" Rogers demanded, blood trickling down from his lip.

"Was it fun? Huh? Did you enjoy yourself?" Tony was raving now, as a duo of workers were trying to pull him off of Rogers. "It wasn't enough to watch him whore her out to other random men, you had to join in. I assume that was fun for you, abusing a helpless woman? Tying her up and forcing yourself on her for his sick gratification?"

"Tony, what is going on? Steve would never do something like that!" Kate insisted.

With a wrenching pull, Stark managed to free himself from the men restraining him. Reaching inside his jacket he pulled out a tablet and slammed it down onto the table. Pressing a button, an image projected itself into the air above the table. If the shock before had been palpable in the room, now it was overwhelming. There, for all eyes to see, was Megan naked and restrained from the night before. A random youth lay on the bed, face in the shadows, holding her head down on his cock. And there, at the other end of the bed, was Steve Rogers, also naked and obviously aroused, smiling as he rammed himself into Megan's ass.

"You were saying?" Tony snarled.

Loki hid a smile as Megan turned and buried her shame filled face in his chest. Rogers stared, perplexed, at the image, his embarrassment if possible even more heightened than Megan's. Kate turned from the image to look first at her beau, and then at her friend, and with a sob ran from the room.

"Yeah, that's what I thought," Stark called after her, triumph in his voice.

With a flick of a button, Tony flipped through still after still of the encounter. There was Megan, being punished by a rough man who elusively kept his face down while he spanked her upturned ass. There she was, one cock in her mouth and another in her cunt as Loki teased and taunted her body in between. There she was again, face covered in cum as Rogers, orgasmic face upturned and pointed right at the camera, released into her tight ass. And then there she was, lying on her back, cum from three different men covering her used body as she begged for more.

"That's not me," Steve said quietly. "I don't know where or how you got those, but that is not me." Spinning on his heel, he stormed out of the room, red faced and shamed.


There was Megan, face in ecstasy, as a blue skinned Loki filled her with his seed.

A hush had fallen over the room as over thirty people looked in shock at the threesome
surrounding the image. Stark was breathing heavily, lips pulled back in feral rage. Loki ran a soothing hand down Megan's back as she continued to hide in his arms. His own face stared down the shorter man before him, looking at him as one would a particularly loathsome insect.

"Might I ask," he said, voice deathly quiet, "how it comes to be that you have images of our private chambers? And on what possible grounds you choose to display the activities, consensually entered into by a committed couple, to the assembly at large?"

"Consensual? She's tied up! Collared! Whored out!" Stark raved.

"Why don't you ask the lady?" Loki suggested silkily. "Megan, love, I know this is upsetting for you darling. But I need you to be strong. Would you be so kind as to tell Stark the truth about last night?"

"How dare you?!!?" she seethed, looking up at her former mentor. "How dare you do this to me? To Steve? To Kate? To Loki?"

"To LOKI?!" Tony echoed in disbelief.

Pulling away from Loki, Megan slapped Stark hard across the face. Loki winced involuntarily. He knew from experience just how hard his love could strike when she was so angry.

"I thought it was Hydra who put the cameras in our room. I thought they were placed there as espionage as part of the plot to steal the scepter. It never occurred to me that it was you who put them there in your sick, perverted jealousy. Is this really what you've come to, Tony? Spying on friends who are here to assist you? What I choose to do in the privacy of my sleeping quarters with my fiancé is my business. The fact that I have had the great good fortune to end up with a God who can satisfy me in multiple shapes and endless ways is no concern of yours. Perhaps you are merely upset that even when Loki fucks me in other forms I never choose for that form to be you. You have hurt Kate, you have embarrassed Cap, and you have humiliated me. I hope you are proud of yourself."

"Wait... you mean... they're all reindeer games? Even Rogers? How is that possible?"

With a green shimmer, Loki transformed into the image of Thor, blond hair, bulging muscles, and all.

"You humans are so limited," he boomed, smiling as eyes widened around the room.

With another shimmer he stood back in his own Aesir form.

"Well I'll be damned," Stark breathed.

"I have no doubt," Megan agreed. "Now, if you will excuse me, I have to go find Kate and try to salvage my oldest friendship. Thank you, Tony, for a lovely evening."

Pausing to give Loki a long, lingering kiss that involved her whole body pressed to his, Megan fled the room and the image, still projected for all to see, of her moment of release. Loki watched her go, admiring again the slight limp to her gait, before turning to smile with toothy glee at his nemesis.

"Son of a bitch," Stark shook his head, realization flooding him. "You totally set that up, didn't you. You fucking demented Lord of the Sith."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Loki lied.
"Like hell you don't," Stark glared at him.

"Just so you know," Loki told him, just loud enough for his ears, "the cameras have been disabled. If you want to pleasure yourself to the sight of my woman being fucked senseless again, you will have to ask first."

With one last triumphant smile, Loki reached down and collected the tablet, shutting off the image. It was like a spell had been lifted, and everyone returned to their own business, trying to pretend the recent events had never happened. Picking up a piece of fruit from the display before him, Loki bit into it lustily and turned to make his way out of the room.

That had been fun.
Chapter 47

Chapter Summary

Megan's feeling guilty. Loki would never take advantage of that, would he? ;-)

After the scene in the cafeteria, Loki had gone about his day as if it were any other. The looks he received were scandalized, sometimes frightened, sometimes amusingly lustful. He tucked that away to tease Megan with later if she ever tried to reject his advances. It seemed there was a certain portion of humanity that would welcome his particular skill set. Not that he would ever lower himself to accommodate them.

He did feel a pang of what he could only label remorse that Kate might hold his actions against Megan. He had been thinking only of causing trouble between Stark and Rogers, not of hurting someone his pet cared about. He supposed he would have to see if he could assist them in making amends. It was a nuisance to care about someone else.

When he returned to their rooms that night, a lead on the location of the scepter making him rather puffed up with his own skill, he expected to find Megan depressed and cross. He did not expect the scene that awaited him.

There was his pet, on her knees in the sitting room. She was clad in the bright green dress of her whore’s livery, top pulled down to expose her ripe breasts, hands clasped behind her back making them push forward aggressively. She had obviously taken time with her makeup; black lined her eyes and bright red stained her lips. Her hair was pulled up on her head to expose her pale white neck. She was an absolute vision.

"Pet?" he raised an eyebrow at her as she looked up at him. “What is all this?”

"I am afraid I have to atone," she said, blushing.

"Is Kate still cross at you?” he asked, trying to feel out what was happening here.

“No,” she said with relief. “At least, not really. She isn’t happy with the form you chose - she hasn’t been intimate with Cap yet, and it was a little too much to see you as him with me. But she understands that it was a you, and that you didn’t know of their blossoming relationship.”

"How could I?" he asked, ignoring another pang. “So then, what is there for you to atone for?”

It was becoming hard for him to concentrate. She looked so deliciously submissive as she was, on
her knees, breasts thrust forth.

"I have asked, demanded in fact, that you be open and honest with me," she said, looking profoundly uncomfortable.

"You have."

"And you agreed to my request. But, my love, I am afraid I have a deceit of my own to confess."

"Oh?" he was being very careful now.

"Yes," she swallowed in obvious anxiety. "Loki, I knew about the camera. I discovered it while I was tracking clandestine communications in a hope to discover who stole the scepter. I knew our bedroom was being filmed, and I kept it from you. They came today and removed it, by the way. I thought it was agents of Hydra, or some other malevolent cell. It never occurred to me it would be Tony. So you see, it is my fault we were subjected to that public humiliation."

"I see," he looked down at her, brain spiraling with potential implications. Should he tell her that he had known of the cameras as well? He need not admit he had spied on her and Kate, he could simply lead her to believe he had discovered them on his own and made the same assumptions as she. Surely that would ease her conscience.

"I still don’t understand why you are on the floor, love," he said, playing for time while he weighed his options. "Not that you don’t make a lovely picture."

"I have betrayed your trust in me," she said with sincerity. "I have broken my own first and only rule."

Megan swallowed hard again, blushing, and then raised her eyes to look at him in supplication.

"Because I want to make it up to you in a way you will appreciate. I have been a bad partner. A bad pet. And I submit myself for whatever punishments my master thinks might absolve me of my crime."

Loki’s chest and groin constricted at precisely the same time. Was she saying what he thought she was? Could she possibly be offering him this?

"Are you sure, pet?" he asked, mouth dry and voice coming out as a rasp only.

"Use me however you will, my king," she nodded, nervous but accepting. "I deserve whatever punishments you think fit."

Slowly, a smile spread across Loki’s face. Oh, he would make her regret those words. Regret them at the same time she praised them, with what he would to her body. With a wave of his hand the leash was attached to her collar. He crossed and sat in a chair, as far from her as he could get in the room.

"Crawl to me, pet" he commanded harshly. "You will crawl to me and present your leash, and beg me to teach you proper behavior."

Megan took a deep breath and dropped to her hands, placing the leash between her teeth as she did so. Slowly, her eyes locked on his, she crawled across the carpeted floor. Loki held out his had and accepted the leash she dropped into it. On impulse she lowered her head and kissed his boot, the old ritual that had begun it all.
“Not so fast,” he said, as she began to raise her head. “Good whores get away with a kiss. Bad whores need to show more subservience. Lick it.”

With a flash of her eyes up at him in weak protest, Megan bent again and ran her catlike tongue over the top of his boot. He would have sworn it was his cock she licked, so hard did it become. He schooled his features, not to let her see the effect she was already having on him. When she was done, he allowed her to rise to her knees between his spread open legs. Loki leaned back, looking at her covetously.

"Release me from my pants," he instructed. Megan reached forward, but he held up a hand quickly. "Pets do not use their hands," he reminded her, grinning darkly. "Keep them clasped behind your back."

Her eyes widened slightly, then she took a deep breath and leaned her head forward. It took quite some time for her, using her mouth, teeth, and tongue, to undo the buckle of his pants. He had to concentrate in order to keep his breathing steady as she worked on him. The friction and pressure she was providing to his straining cock was making him pulse with want. When she finally got his pants open, his hard member sprung free, hitting her nose and then lying insistently against her face. A small line of precum splashed out onto her face. With a small hum of satisfaction, Megan pulled back and made to take him into her mouth. Loki grabbed her by the shoulders and forcefully moved her back off of him. He had to remind himself to be gentle and not shove her back onto her ass forcefully as he wished. She was pregnant. He would need to take care not to give way to his more aggressive urges. That was fine. He had plenty of urges he could indulge.

"No you don't, pet," he told her, standing and circling around her ominously. "You remember the rules. You have to earn the privilege of my cock. Now stand up, slut."

Megan rose shakily to her feet. He folded his arms over his chest so as to keep himself from offering her assistance. When she had risen, Loki leaned forward and gripped the front of her dress between her breasts. With a slow deliberation, he tore the material from neck to hem. One yank pulled it off of her body, leaving her standing in nothing but thigh high stockings and her pushup bra. With a sneer on his lips, Loki circled her once more, pausing sporadically to grab her flesh or run his hand over her skin. When he was behind her, he placed his hands on her hips and ran them up the sides of her body, pushing her arms up as he went until he held them above her head. With a brief flash of his siedr, her wrists were wringed with cuffs which held them there, as though chained to the ceiling. A moment raised the cuffs higher, causing her to be pulled up onto the balls of her feet. Smiling, Loki kicked her legs farther apart, making her strain even more.

"You have not yet begged me, whore," he reminded her. "Tell me what you need."

Blinking rapidly, Megan licked her lips and took a deep breath.

"I have misbehaved, My King," she said, nervous now. "I beg you to punish me. To teach me proper behavior."

"You have indeed been a naughty pet," he agreed seriously. "Lying to your Master, even by omission, is a grievous sin. Normally I would flog you. However, considering your condition..."

Loki held out his hand and the riding crop appeared in it. He began running the leather over her, circling her nipples, caressing her jaw line. She was tense with anticipation, and he delighted in drawing it out, making as though to strike her with it, only to pull back and the last minute and stroking her instead. Megan's breath was shaking as she waited for the inevitable. When it finally came down just below her left buttock, her cry was almost relief.
"Thank you for correcting me, My King," she gasped.

Loki hummed in acknowledgement, continuing to tease her. Every so often, at inconsistent intervals, he would bring the crop down on her. Soon there were red marks decorating her ass and her thighs. After each strike he would wait for her gratitude and accept it as his due. By the time ten minutes had elapsed, she was panting. All at once Loki stepped forward and slid the crop between her legs. Holding one end in front of her and one behind, he pressed it length wise up into her slit. Megan groaned and pressed down onto the leather, rubbing her pussy back and forth along the handle. When she had humped it for a few moments Loki slid it out from her, holding it up to show her how slick the rod was.

"Why, pet," he gasped in mock disbelief. "You're wet! One would think you were enjoying this. You are a little whore, aren't you! Here, hold this."

With an expectant look he held the crop, still coated with her juices, out in front of her. Unable to move her hands, Megan realized what he wanted and with a deep blush opened her mouth. Loki placed the handle of the crop in her mouth and she bit down on it, making a small face as she tasted herself on it.

Loki held out his hand and two gold and green jewels appeared in his palm. Reaching down, he took one of her heavy breasts in his other hand and began kneading it, working his way towards the nipple. After a moment he took it in his mouth and sucked hard, nipping at her with his teeth until she was hard against his tongue. When he had turned her nipple to a nub, Loki took one of the jewels and, smiling, clamped it onto her, tightening it until she hissed through her teeth. Loki repeated the actions with the other nipple, tightening it as well. When he was done he stood back and admired his work. Her nipples looked like flowers, the gold and green petals encircling her little buds.

"Lovely," he purred, leaning down to take one in his mouth again, tugging at it and making her moan.

"Do you like my gift?" he asked. "Speak, pet. But you better not drop the crop."

"Es, 'Aster," she mumbled, trying to get the words out around the obstruction in her mouth.

"I think you have been given too long a leash," he told her tugging on the other clip. "All that time away from me has made you forget your place. Forget who you belong to. Let's remind you, shall we?"

Crossing the room to the dining table, Loki looked at the small plate of bread, fruit, and honey. Smiling, he picked up the honey and walked back over to her. Dipping two fingers into the jar, he scooped out some of the golden liquid. With precision he scrawled his name with the sticky substance down the length of her body, the bottom of the "I" disappearing into her pussy. When he was done he liberally slathered more over her clit and grinned at her as he dropped to his knees.

"Don't you dare cum. If you do, you will regret it."

With that warning, he began an all out assault on her clit, licking and sucking the honey from her folds. It tasted so sweet, mixed in with her own essence. Loki moaned into her, reaching down to add his fingers to the war he was waging on her cunt. He began with two fingers, spreading her apart and hooking into her. By the time he had removed the majority of the honey, he had four fingers up inside her, knuckles deep in her sopping pussy. The squelching noises they made as he dragged them in and out was positively obscene. Megan was moaning loudly, obviously close to her breaking point. He could feel her muscles coiling around him, and cruelly pulled his fingers all
the way out, abandoning her clit at the same time. Megan sobbed in her frustration, body trembling.

"I told you, you don't get to cum," he growled.

Placing his hand on her shoulder Loki pressed Megan downward, allowing her bonds to give, until she was on her knees. He removed the crop from her mouth, noting how it was now coated in drool as well as slick, and gave a quick flick of the end to each of her nipples, causing her to cry out sharply.

"Open your mouth, whore," he commanded, tapping her lip with the crop. "Beg me for my cum."

"Please, Master," she panted, watching as he began stroking himself in front of her. "Please cum for me. Please, My King. I know I'm not worthy of it. I know I have disappointed you. But please, please, let me have your cum. I will do anything, anything you like. Use me. Debase me. Just cum for me."

"That's what I thought," he smirked. "Nothing but a greedy little cum slut. You like this, don't you? You like being bound before me. On your knees. Serving no purpose but as a receptacle for my seed. You'd take it anywhere, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, My King," she moaned, eyes fixed on his engorged cock as he relentlessly worked it inches away from her face. "Please, let me suck you. I want you in my mouth."

"No," he snarled. "You will sit there with your mouth open and wait for me to finish. When I do, you will leave your mouth open. You will not swallow. You will hold it there on your tongue until I tell you you may drink it. Is that clear."

Megan whimpered and he reached out and twisted on her nipples, hard.

"I asked you a question. Is that clear?"

"Yes, My King."

Loki held her chin between his thumb and forefinger as he felt his peak approaching. With a loud cry, he shot out his thick ropes of white. Most went into her waiting mouth, but he made sure to aim some at the rest of her face. Following his instructions with difficulty, Megan let her mouth hang open, a pool of white cum held in the hollow of her tongue.

"Gorgeous," he smiled, looking at her sullied face. "You are so beautiful when you are filthy. Now bend over and present me your ass."

Her arms suddenly released, Megan half bent half fell forward onto her hands and knees.

"You are lucky, pet," he purred. "Do you know why? It is because I am a God rather than one of your pathetic mortals. They would be spent by now, but all it takes for me is one look at this wet, juicy cunt, and I am hard again. I am going to fuck you now. You will cum when I give you permission, but you will not allow the cum in your mouth to move. I want to still see it on your tongue when I am finished with you. Is that clear?"

"Yes," she said, carefully, nodding her head.

With a chuckle he pressed the head of his cock, hard and ready as he had boasted, to her opening and pushed his way balls deep into her. Holding her hips firmly, he began ruthlessly pounding into her. Every few thrusts he would strike her hip or thigh with the crop, causing her to moan and cry. When he had been rutting into her for some time, he reached around and slapped her clit repeatedly
"Do you know pet, what I thought about doing to you before?" he asked rhetorically. There was no way she could possibly answer now, between the way he was pumping into her and the effort she was exerting to keep his discharge safe in her mouth. "When I was sucking on your sweet sex earlier, when your cunt was greedily pulling in my fingers? It occurred to me that, tight as you are, you might still be able to take my entire hand. Would you like that, slut? My fist inside your cunt? All five fingers free to feel you from the inside? Seeing nothing but my wrist emerging from your pussy? I think that's something we need to try, don't you?"

Whether it was his filthy words or the crop flicking mercilessly over her sex, Megan was obviously at the end of her tether. Past the ability to form words, she was whining desperately, nonverbally pleading with him to allow her release.

"You like that idea, don't you? Very well, my little slut. My lovely pet whore. Cum for me. But remember my command. Don't disappoint me. Do it. Now."

Inside walls clamping down around him, Megan came with a shattering moan. Loki took her through it, rutting over and over in her dripping cunt. When he felt the final wave hit, he pulled out and painfully stroked himself a few more times until he came all over her ass, back, and thighs, grunting like a beast. Panting in release, he smacked her ass hard with his open palm, the sound wet and sharp.

"Let me see," he ordered, turning her head back towards him.

Her eyes were red and tear stained. Drool and a small amount of white dribbled out the sides of her mouth. Her face was sticky with quickly drying cum. But as Loki forced her jaw apart, he saw that still held safe on her tongue was a small pool of white.

"What a good pet," he praised her approvingly. Scooping a glob off of the small of her back, Loki slid it into her mouth and pressed her lips together. "Drink."

Relief flooding her face, Megan allowed herself to swallow the cum she had held at his command.

"You are the most depraved woman I have ever met in my life," he told her, licking honey off of her tummy. "Do you have any idea how in love with you I am?"

Megan burst out laughing, soon falling into hysterics at his admission. Loki was taken aback. That was not the reaction he had hoped from a declaration of love. When she looked up, however, he saw such devotion shining out of her eyes that he relaxed and smiled back at her.

"I am forgiven then?" she asked.

It took a moment for Loki to remember what her offense had been. When he did, he had to suppress another uncomfortable moment of guilt. Still, it was not as though she had not also enjoyed her punishment. As for himself... well, while he loved having her a willing equal in his bed, there was a part of him, a rather large part, that would always want her at his feet, debased and desperate, unable to resist any of the things he did to her body.

"My love, there was nothing to forgive," he told her.

"What?" her eyes went wide and she gaped at him. "Then why..."

"You didn't really expect me to pass up such an opportunity, did you?" he asked with a sly grin. "Not when you were so desperate to be punished. And when I so delight in doling it on your sweet,
supple body?"

"I suppose not," she sighed. "We have made a bit of a mess, my love," she said, looking down at her body. "I am covered with all manner of sticky substances."

"Well then," he smiled, licking more honey from her skin, "shall we have a bath?"

"Oh yes," she agreed enthusiastically. "That sounds like heaven."

Lifting her in his arms, Loki carried her to the bath, his guilt a distant memory.
Chapter 48

Chapter Summary

Some quiet time before the quest for the scepter begins.

Loki closed his eyes and let the warm jets of water go to work on the muscles in his back. The jacuzzi tub was one of the amenities he had most missed in their time away from the tower. He might not care for Stark personally, but he had to admit he approved of the way he lived. He liked being able to take that away from him.

Megan sat before him, wrapped in his arms. Her tight walls embraced his cock lovingly, and every so often he would rock his hips and gently move within her. One of his hands played absently with her breast while the other ran light circles over her sex, teasing rather than urgent in his touching now that he had so thoroughly used her in the other room.

"I forgot to tell you, pet," he said, leaning back and closing his eyes to the steam. "I believe I have located the scepter."

"What!" Megan’s eyes shot open and she made to get up from where they lounged in the tub, but Loki’s strong arm held her in place.

"It’s quite nearby, actually. That had been my problem before. I had assumed whoever took it would be clever enough to spirit it far away, but it seems they are just across the river from us."

"Loki, how could you forget? You have to tell someone. Right now!"

"I was rather distracted, love, by your insatiable need for my mastery. How was I supposed to concentrate on anything so mundane as the scepter when you were kneeling before me, begging to be defiled in whatever perverted way my mind could devise? That was not an opportunity I was about to pass up for anything. Besides, who was I to tell? Stark? Rogers? For some strange reason, both of them seem a bit vexed with me at the moment."

"They will just have to set that all aside," she said determinedly. "This is no time to coddle their egos or sense of modesty."

"Perhaps, but it can wait until we are done here. I promise you, now that I have found the pull of its magic, I will not loose it again. The scepter... does not let one go easily. I almost pity whoever the fool was who took it from here."

"What do you mean?" she asked, arching her back and gasping as his hand returned to stroking her clit.

"The jewel in it, it is no ordinary stone. You have seen that."

"It allowed you to control people’s minds."

"Among other things. But it also exerts a control of its own on the wielder. Has it not occurred to you that my actions have a been a bit... milder since it has been out of my possession?"
"I would hardly call tonight mild," she laughed. "Or our fight on Asgard."

"True," he grinned. "I fear I will never be a tame house cat. My own pride and ambition is strong in its own right. But while I still yearn to master you, to bend your will to my own, I no longer feel the urge to hurt you. Likewise, while I would love to see Thor brought down for all the pain he has caused us, I never seriously throughout it all sought to murder him. That was not the case when the scepter was close at hand. It took the darkness of my nature and amplified it to extreme extents."

"Hence the Chitauri?" she asked.

"They were given to me as an army along with it. I was to conquer this world and then locate an object for my... benefactor. I did not realize at the time how my mind was being twisted. Not until you."

"Me?"

"Mmmhmm. I don’t know what it was, but when you were in my bed, sleeping by my side, the nightmares stopped. The constant reminder, night after night, of the pain and emptiness. You are my spark in the darkness, love, helping to hold off the insanity. If whoever posses it now doesn’t have such a spark, they will soon be driven mad by the darkness. Particularly if they possess nothing more than a feeble human brain. Such a one could never hope to stand against the corruption of the stone."

"One of these days you will remember that I am a feeble human, and stop insulting us all."

"You are the exception that proves the rule, pet," he smiled. "After all, you were wise enough to recognize my divinity and offer yourself up as a willing sacrifice at my alter."

"That’s not what -" she began, but cut off with a moan as he pressed up into her, pinching her clit and sucking her neck as he did.

"You were saying?" he asked with a grin.

"You don’t play fair," she whined, grinding down onto him. "I know, I know, you are the God of Mischief and I cannot expect you to."

"You see, humans can learn!"

Megan turned her head and bit him hard on his shoulder. Loki laughed, but at the same time the sharp pain had reignited his never fully doused lust. Growling, he gripped her hips in his large hands and began moving her up and down on his lap in earnest.

"You are such a lovely offering," he purred into her ear, quickening his pace. "You singlehandedly appease your God and bring his forbearance onto your kind."

She made the most arousing sounds as he pumped into her. Her neck arched back so that her head lay against his shoulder, and he worked at the shell of her ear with his mouth and tongue.

"That’s it, my love," he rasped, "my lovely human sacrifice. Take me. Take your pleasure from me. You are such good fuck, pet. So tight and wet around me. Everything I could ever want in my bed. Or in my tub, on my floor, in the main hall of the palace of Asgard."

"Yes," she moaned. "Everywhere and anywhere."

"Let go, love. Come undone for me. Let me hear you."
He brought his hand back down to her clit and rubbed gently, while he filled her over and over. The cry that rose from her when her climax hit was somewhere between a sigh and a moan, long and full of feeling. Her muscles clamping down on him brought his own release, rocking up into her as gentle grunts came from his chest.

When she was settled back into his embrace again, Loki kissed the top of her head.

"Tomorrow," she murmured sleepily. "First thing tomorrow, you tell them about the scepter."

"You are tenacious, pet," he smiled. "Agreed. Ten more minutes, then to bed before you turn into a beautiful prune."

Let the thief have another night of terrors. He would sleep peacefully embracing the woman who had brought joy back into his life.
Chapter 49

Chapter Summary

Let's go on a hunt for the scepter!

A short, chock full of plot chapter!

Loki sashayed into the control room of Stark Tower, smirk plastered to his face. The atmosphere was charged to begin with; anyone could feel the tension between Stark and Rogers as they sat at different work stations, actively avoiding each other in a small space, but when Loki swanned in, with his aggressively gleeful triumph it was amplified by a hundred.

"What do you want," Stark snapped churlishly, barely looking up from the computer array before him.

"World domination," Loki replied with a careless shrug, "unlimited power, my enemies under my boot, and Megan down on all fours panting for my cock. Oh, wait, I already had that last one this morning. But I suppose you can't ever really get enough of it. She does beg so prettily after all."

Tony turned and took a step towards him, fist clenched, but Steve grabbed him by the arm and shoulder and held him back.

"It's what he wants," he pointed out, voice tense. "Don't let him rile you up."

Tony growled and turned back his work. Steve crossed his arms over his chest and glared at Loki, self righteousness coming off him in waves.

"What can we do for you, Loki? I assume this isn't a social visit?"

"I just thought you heroes might be interested in knowing that while you've been pouting and licking your wounds, I have located the scepter."

"What? How?" Tony spun.

"Where?" Cap demanded eagerly.

"Ah, so now I've got your attention, have I? I will spare you the how, as I doubt your simple intellects could comprehend the skill and art needed to cast the necessary spell work. Suffice to say I have located the signal, and it seems to be coming from just the other side of the East River."

"You mean all this time it's been that close at hand?" Stark shook his head.

"Apparently. I intend to go now to retrieve it. I suppose I could allow a small tactical force to accompany me, as long as you promise not to get in my way."

"Um, yeah we're going with you," Tony scoffed. "You don't think I'm going to let you reclaim that thing for yourself do you?"

"That thing, as you call one of the primal forces in the galaxy, is going back to the Asgard vault for
safe keeping," Loki said, tone brooking no dissent. "It is beyond any of you to wield."

"Yeah, well, if Thor comes back, he can have it," Steve compromised. "As for you, I'm with Stark. No one wants you anywhere near that thing again."

"Ah yes, the Nobel Thor," Loki sneered. "Ask your friend Megan about him sometime. I know you won't believe my accounts, but perhaps she can shed some light on his moral, upright character. As for the scepter, I have no intention of taking it for myself. The cost is not worth the benefits in using it."

"What cost?" Steve asked, brow furrowing.

"It brings out the darkness in its wielder. Whoever has it now, I could almost pity them."

"Excellent. An alien super weapon infused with bad juju. Just what we needed. Alright, let's get this over with. Vader, you, me, and Cap will go reclaim this thing. Let's keep it small - if that Staff of Rah can turn people into zombies we want as few apocalypse army recruits around as possible."

"I almost understood that," Steve sighed.

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It took a few hours before they actually were ready to go. Loki was vastly impatient with the humans as they finished up current projects, checked in with other team members, and secured the vehicle that would take them to the location where the scepter was to be found. This was the problem with humanity left to its own devices. Had he been the supreme ruler here, as it should have been, they would have been out the door and on their way the moment he had conceived the plan.

They arrived in the borough of Queens some time later, at what would generously be described as a rundown, abandoned warehouse. Stark wanted to simply knock down the door with a blast of his suit, but Rogers insisted on doing reconnaissance first. Loki felt a grudging respect for the man as he convinced his companion in arms to use actual stealth rather than guns blazing bravado. He knew from centuries with Thor how difficult that could be.

It was when Loki crept around to the back of the building, disguised with glamour that left him invisible, that he spotted the first sign of trouble. Two Chitauri soldiers lounged on the back loading dock. Loki could not understand their garbled language, but the intent was clear. They were obviously happy about something. This could not be anything good, as far as Loki was concerned. They each died of a knife to the throat before they even knew he was there.

"Back here, the guards are dead," he called to the others.

"Loki! What did we tell you about killing?" Cap admonished, running around the corner. He stopped when he saw the bodies of the two alien soldiers.

"You were saying?" Loki asked. "You're not honestly going to complain about my killing Chitauri, are you?"

"Not this time," Tony admitted grudgingly. "Just keep your murderous impulses to alien cockroaches."

"As you wish," Loki sighed. He had no such intentions if it kept him from getting his hands on the scepter, and he was sure Stark knew that as well, but they would keep up the fiction for as long as the mission lasted.
It was laughably easy for Loki to do away with the lock holding the door closed. He was pleasantly surprised by how quietly the other two could move, especially considering Stark's suit, as he led them through the warehouse. The pull of the scepter was coming from the second floor. Wending his way through a maze of crates and metal containers, Loki located a steep stair that led the way up to a raised, glassed in control case.

That was it. He could feel it pulsing. Feel it calling to him. The voices that had been quiet for the last months started whispering in his head again. The void was in front of him. One wrong step and it would open before him and drag him down into nothingness. He would be nothing. Just pain.

Stopping in place for a moment, Loki closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He needed to stay calm. Focused. He had fought against the power of the scepter for months and held it at bay. He could do so again. Instinctively, he conjured the image of Megan in his mind. How she had looked that morning, flush faced and bright eyed, as curled his body over hers, sinking deep within her warmth. He could hear her voice declaring her love for him. Promising to be his. Saying his name over and over again in her clear, golden voice, thrumming with passion and trust. "Loki. Loki. Loki"

"LOKI!"

It was the voice he had been hearing in him mind, but heart wrenchingly different. The cry that rang out now in the dark warehouse was filled not with love or trust, but with fear and warning, echoing through the cavernous room.

"LOKI! It's a trap!"

At once the lights in the room blazed on, momentarily blinding him. As he blinked his eyes back to working order, Loki frantically scanned his surroundings. There. At the top of the stairs, in front of the door to the glassed in room. There she was, hands tied behind her back, the scepter held like a gun to her precious middle where their baby slept.

"Kate!" Rogers called, and dimly Loki realized that her friend was also there, bound.

But Loki was not looking at the taller girl. He was not even looking at his own love, though he had taken the moment necessary to assure himself that she seemed unharmed. No, all of his energy was focused on the man standing in between them. The man holding the scepter to Megan's womb. A white hot killing rage filled him as his eyes met the no longer meek gaze of the man who had served him so well for all the time he reigned on Midgard.

"I knew you'd come," Timothy said disdainfully. "If not for the scepter, then for the whore. God knows you wouldn't come just for me. I learned that when the Asgardians invaded. I learned what it was to loose all of my faith. And now you will learn what it means to loose all. On your knees, your majesty."

Truly shocked for one of the few times in his life, Loki sank to his knees, hands wide in front of him. His world was turned upside down, and the one thing that made it worth living was under dire threat. It would take all of his trickery to get them out of this one.
Chapter 50

Chapter Summary

The standoff! Another plot heavy chapter.

As he knelt on the ground, hands raised, Loki calculated the odds of reaching the top of the stairs before Timothy could unleash the destruction of the dagger on Megan. He could move fast, far beyond the ability of a human, but he was not certain it would be fast enough. A nanosecond too slow would mean the death of Megan and their babe. He simply could not risk it.

"Loki, I’m so sorry,” Megan called down to him.

"Silence, whore!” Timothy snarled, poking her with the tip of the scepter. “I never understood how or why you put up with her. Everything would have gone so much better if you could have seen her for the traitorous cunt she really is and gotten rid of her.”

"So why bring her here now?” Loki asked, keeping his voice calm with effort. “Why inflict her presence on yourself if you find her so repellant?”

"It was not the plan,” Tim confessed. “But she and the other bitch interrupted me this morning while I was setting the explosives. It was kill them there and then or bring them along. And it occurred to me that she might add a bit of incentive for you to accept my offer.”

"Explosives?” Cap echoed anxiously. “What explosives?”

"The ones in the garage of Stark Tower,” he said, smugly. “Did I not mention them? They should be going off in... oh I’d say twenty minutes or so.”

"Cap -“ Stark said urgently.

"Go!”

Without a moment to loose, Stark spun and sprinted for the exit, firing up his suit as he went.

“He might make it in time,” Tim shrugged. “It really doesn’t matter any more. The explosion was just meant to get your attention anyway. That way when you found my note you would know I was serious.”
"What note?" Loki snapped.

"The one instructing you to come here. I had given up on you ever finding me on your own. You have greatly disappointed me again, Sire. Your distraction with the slut is still dulling your mind. I have been in and out of the tower any number of times through the escape tunnels. I ran that building, along with the rest of your empire. Do you really think I wouldn’t know all it’s secrets? I was rather disappointed when you dismantled the camera system. Hacking in to that was providing me with excellent entertainment while I waited for you to figure things out. You are even more beautiful out of your armor than you are in it."

"Very well, it is obviously me you want. Let the women go. Rogers can take them out of here and you and I can talk things out, just the two of us."

"Do you take me for a fool?" Timothy laughed. “Why would I give up the greatest leverage I could possess? Besides, I’ve already promised her to the Chitauri general when she exceeds her usefulness. You remember him? The one you repeatedly denied a bed slave while you flaunted your own fucktoy before him? He has been quite anxious to have a go at her, and unlike you, I keep my word to my allies.”

Loki swallowed his nausea as he heard Megan gasp in terror. He had seen what became of the women taken by the Chitauri; it was not a pleasant sight. What was left of them after coupling could barely be identified. He would not, not EVER, allow that to be her fate.

"Tim, this is not you. This is the scepter. It does things to you, brings out the darkness. The boy I knew would never subject an innocent woman, a pregnant woman, to such a fate."

"I am a man, not a boy!" he snapped. “I was old enough, after all, to singlehandedly run your kingdom and keep you in power until you became corrupted by her cunt. I did everything for you. I thought you were my savior. You saw potential in me and elevated me to where I belonged, a position of power. Your right hand. Then she came along and the truth was revealed. You were only using me just like the others.”

"That’s not true. I valued you greatly. I still do."

"Save your lies! I have seen the truth. When the invaders arrived, did you spare one moment to see if I was safe? I was right beside you, did you even look? No! You ran away, left me to their mercy, so that you could protect your whore. Shall I tell you what they did to me? How I was beaten and mocked by those thugs?”

"No," he whispered.

He knew only too well how it would have been. Timothy was no fighter. He would have been seen by the Asgardians as weak, less than a man. Loki had first hand experience from his youth, before he had come into his strength and skill, how that played out. And Tim would not have had an older brother to protect him. As much as Loki resented Thor, he had always stepped in to stop things before the others had gone too far.

"So what's your endgame, son?" Rogers asked the young man. "You got Loki here. You don't really think he's going to give himself up, not when you've already told him you don't mean to free his fiancé."

"I'm not your son! And I am not an idiot. My allies will be here any moment. I admit you arrived before I anticipated, but that just means I have to keep you neutralized until they get here. I believe a squadron of Chitauri soldiers equipped with Asgardian handcuffs that will hold even you, should
"And then what?" Loki asked. "You kill me?"

"Kill you? No! Then I use the scepter on you. Once I have you in thrall, I will fix what you have let come undone. I will return you to the king you once were, the king you were meant to be, and place you back on your throne. Together, we will conquer this world!"

"You're insane," the words seemed to slip out of Megan's mouth unbidden.

"I did not ask your opinion, slut!" Timothy said, turning on her with a snarl.

Megan used the movement to pull herself out of his grip and attempted to run to the staircase. Loki's heart was in his mouth as he saw Timothy flail out with his free arm and grab her around the waist, to drag her back. But when his hand connected with her midriff, something inexplicable happened.

Loki was watching unflinchingly, or he would have sworn he imagined it. The skin beneath Timothy's hand, where Megan's top had ridden up above the waistband of her skirt, turned a very clear blue color. Timothy reeled backwards, dropping the scepter and holding his hand as though he had immersed it in boiling water. At the same time, Megan toppled back, her heel searching for the top step and finding only empty air. Moving with at the speed of light, Loki shot forward up the stairs with all the effort he could muster and wrapped his body around hers, absorbing the blow as they went tumbling down the steps.
Loki usually enjoyed being a tangle of limbs with Megan, but in this case his concern outweighed his desire. She lay atop of him, her head tucked into his shoulder protectively, her body wrapped in a bear hug to keep her from feeling the impact of the hard stone floor.

“Are you alright love” he asked anxiously, lifting her head by the chin to obsessively scan her face.

”I’m fine,” she said, belying her words with a wince as she tried to move her ankle. “At least, most of me is. You make a lovely safety net.”

”And the baby?” Kate asked, voice tense.

Loki looked up and saw the girl was standing over Timothy, scepter in her hand pointed at his prone body, Cap’s arm around her shoulder.

”Kicking up a storm,” Megan laughed.

”Apparently he doesn’t appreciate anyone threatening his mama,” Loki laughed affectionately, placing his hand on her stomach and smiling as he felt a small kick. “Well done, baby.”

”The baby did that?” Rogers asked in disbelief. “You turned blue!”

”She takes after her father,” Megan said fondly. “So what do we do with him?”

”I say we leave him to his Chitauri allies,” Kate suggested fiercely. “Let’s see how they treat him when he doesn’t have his pretty magic wand to control them.”

”Kate!” Steve gasped, as Tim whimpered in fear.

”It was what he intended to do to Meg,” she snapped. “And me as well, most likely. Why not give him a taste of what he planned for us?”

”Because we are the good guys,” Cap told her gently. “We don’t do that sort of thing. We bring him in to stand trial for treason.”

”Treason? I was the only one who stayed true to my King! Do not abandon me now, Sire.”

”Timothy,” Loki sighed, rolling Megan off of him carefully and advancing to stand over the boy, “I will admit you have some legitimate cause for grievance. I should have looked after you when the Asgardians came. At the least I should have inquired after you following the battle. You served me well and faithfully. I should have rewarded you better. You are smart, capable, trustworthy, and handsome. If things had been different and I had not met and fallen in love with Megan, I might have even indulged some of your fantasies.”

Tim’s eyes went big at that, and Kate and Steve looked at him with shock. Megan, he smiled to see,
accepted the admission easily, as she had accepted most of him, with no judgment or censure.

"You knew?" Timothy winced.

"Not until Megan pointed it out to me."

"It wasn’t hard to see," Megan shrugged. “Besides, who wouldn’t fall in love with Loki?”

"However that may be," Loki’s voice turned hard as he ignored the incredulous looks from Kate and Rogers as Megan’s pronouncement, “you threatened my family, and that I can never forgive. The power the scepter had over you at the time is the only reason you are not dead already. Come near them again and death will be a fate you long for by the time I am done with you.”

"Let's get out of here before the Chitauri arrive," Cap suggested, hauling Timothy to feet. "I'll bring a team back later to wipe them out, now that we know where the nest is.

"Um, is no one going to talk about it?" Kate asked, looking from one of them to the other.

"Talk about what?" Loki asked, legitimately stumped.

"Meg’s stomach turned blue. BLUE! and Timothy jumped back as though she bit him!"

"Oh, that," Megan said, with a small laugh.

"Yeah, that!" Kate squeaked, her voice rising.

Loki looked at Megan, waiting to see how she was going to handle this question from her closest friend.

"Well, you know Loki is not human..."

"Obviously," he murmured.

"Sure, but he's not blue!"

"Actually... he is. In his natural form."

"What?" Steve asked. "Asgardians aren't blue."

"Loki isn't Asgardian. At least not by birth. He's a Frost Giant.

"A what now?" Kate gaped.

"A Frost Giant. He was adopted by Odin and Frigga as a baby."

"You're joking," she said, staring at Loki.

"I assure you she's not," Loki replied with a small smile.

"Perhaps it would be easiest just to show them," Megan suggested.

Loki looked at her, uncertain for a moment. She smiled up at him encouragingly and gave a little nod. Internally he rolled his eyes. He knew what she was doing, trying to make him more comfortable dropping his glamour spell in front of other people. She was tenacious enough that he knew she would not give up until he was just as at home being blue with fangs as he was pale with blue eyes. He might as well go along for the moment.
Taking a deep breath, he let the green shimmer over just his face. No need to change his entire form, he didn't feel like dealing with the confining nature of his armor when he grew larger in certain areas. He could always feel when the change happened, and see the red tint to his visage.

To his great surprise, both Kate and Rogers looked at him not with horror but with fascination. Kate took a step towards him and cocked her head to one side, a small smile on her face.

"My King!" Tim gasped, falling to his knees.

"Oh, get up," Steve groused, yanking him back to his feet.

"So, is that where your magic comes from?" Kate asked.

"No, at least not much of it."

He was so unused to this! On Asgard, the fear and hatred of Jotunns was preached from the cradle. To have people intrigued rather than screaming was a novelty, to say the least.

"Did you know she could do that?" Megan asked, putting her hand over her tummy.

"I didn't in fact," he admitted. "Baby is full of surprises, and I am not as knowledgeable on Frost Giant infants as I could wish. Now that I think of it though, it explains something that had confused me. Normally, when a Jotunn - a Frost Giant - touches someone's skin, it burns them. That did not happen with you. I was not exactly thinking clearly in Frigga's chambers when I first showed you this form. It had been weeks since I had you, and Thor had, of course, just revealed my secret to the whole of the court. It wasn't until after that it occurred to me that I might have hurt you. But now, I wonder. Perhaps carrying Baby has made you immune to the freezing."

"Wait, you mean you... when he was like this you..." Cap's face turned pink as he stammered his shock.

"You should see the rest of him when he changes," Megan giggled, eyes raking over his body.

"Really?" Kate looked very intrigued by the idea.

"I'll tell you later," Megan said under her breath, but obviously intending Loki to hear from the way her eyes twinkled at him.

"Okay, well that's a conversation I don't need to be a part of," Rogers said, still blushing furiously. "Let's get back to the Tower."

"If it's still standing," Timothy added with just the hint of a smirk.

"You had better pray that it is," Steve said grimly. "Or I might just change my mind and let the women give you to the Chitauri."

"Put your arm around my neck, pet," Loki ordered, arm going around Megan's waist.

"That's really not necessary," she demurred.

"I don't believe I asked," he replied, eyebrow raised. "You ankle is twisted at best, and you have been through an extreme trauma. Now don't make me say it again."

"He's a tyrant," Megan sighed to Kate, obeying him.

"He is," her friend agreed. "I'm beginning to see what you saw in him."
Lifting a giggling Megan into his arms, Loki let his face turn back to normal. It felt good to be holding her. They had had a narrow escape, but she was safe. His heart could beat again.
Chapter 52

Chapter Summary

Loki tries to set some ground rules for Megan going forward.

Chapter Notes

Real life and a bit of depression (nothing too serious) have kept me from writing as much as usual this week, but I had to post a chapter in honor of my wonderful Muse's Birthday. So once more, thank you TH for being a constant inspiration.

On a different note, I cannot believe that this absurd piece of smut has now surpassed 10,000 views! Thank you for your views, your likes, your comments, etc. You are all equally brilliant and ridiculous and I love all of you so very much for that!

Loki sat on the end of the bed, Megan's dainty little foot cradled in his lap. Firmly but gently his blue hands worked over her twisted ankle, massaging healing cold into the slim joint. From the way she sighed contentedly and the small smile hovering on her lips, she seemed to be enjoying his ministrations.

"There are just all kinds of benefits to mating with a Frost Giant," Megan said with a hum of pleasure. "I must say I highly recommend it. And I, for one, don't plan on ever going back to dating a human again."

"You, my dear, are most certainly never dating ANYONE again," he growled possessively, running a freezing thumb over the sole of her foot and making her shriek. "You belong to me, and will for the rest of your life!"

"So possessive," she chided, though she didn't particularly sound as though she minded.

"I am," he agreed. "You had best remember that. I would hate to have to murder any pour mortal simply because you forgot who owned you."

"No you wouldn't," she laughed.
"No, I wouldn't," he admitted. "I would gladly make a long, bloody end of any other being you so much as smiled at. I will have all of your smiles, all of your moans, all of your orgasms."

"Well, that escalated quickly," she squeaked, as his cold hand slid up her leg to the sweet center of her body, and let out one of the moans he had mentioned as he curled his fingers along her seem, feeling her damp lips open for him.

"I don't know if you realize, love, what it does to me," he told her, voice serious as he continued to stroke her with his icy hand, "seeing you like that. At another man's mercy. A weapon pointed at you. A threat made against your person, your life. It is the second time I have been able to do nothing but watch as someone threatened you with rape and torture. I would rather, ten times rather, face torment myself."

"It was hardly an enjoyable moment for me either," she murmured, gasping as he slipped one long finger inside her.

He had carried her all the way back to Stark Tower. Tony had mercifully returned in time to find and defuse the bombs that Timothy had hidden in the lower level of the building. Loki had to grudgingly admit that he could on occasion have his uses. It had taken Stark less than a minute to assess the explosives and determine how to best disarm them. Very few people even knew of the threat. The evacuation had been waved off as a training drill.

When they had reached their bedroom, he had discovered the note from Tim on their bed, and ruthlessly shred it to pieces after depositing Megan on the mattress. He was not ready to examine his feelings about his former assistant. There was too much wrapped up there. Too many memories of his own youth as a smaller, cleverer, overlooked boy that threatened to turn him soft towards the human. He didn't want to feel soft. He wanted to feel rage. Rage was a much more simple emotion to deal with, more comfortable a companion for Loki after all of his years of betrayal and hurt. He tried to focus instead on the threat to his family.

"What, I wonder," he asked, voice deceptively mild as he slid slowly in and out of his darling's slick hole, "were you and Kate doing in the garage?"

"We were getting her car," she said, struggling to focus as he found her clit with the pad of a finger.

"Ah. Going somewhere, were you?"

"Just out," she gasped, breath coming rapidly now as he worked her faster. "To get some lunch, maybe see a movie."

"And it didn't occur to you to ask me?" the warning signs were all there in the mildness of his tone, the tension of his hand as he played with her sex. She was too far gone to the pleasure he was bringing her to notice.

"It didn't seem important," she shrugged. "Oh, yes. Please, Loki, that feels so good. Oh!"

Her cry broke off as he suddenly and roughly yanked his hand from her heat. He felt his eyes go hard as he looked at her whining form spread out before him, skirt pushed up around her waist, red hair wantonly fanned against the pillow. He had only turned his hand Jotunn, but for all that Loki felt his eyes struggle to stay blue and not glow red.

"Didn't seem important?" he asked her, voice hard as iron.

"Well, you were busy... Please Loki. I was almost there."
Megan's hips rose off the bed, seeking greedily for his fingers, but he merely pressed her back onto the mattress with the palm of his other hand.

"Stop that," he snapped, holding her in place as she pouted and wiggled under his hold. "Good pets get to cum. Bad ones do not."

"Well, if I have been bad then punish me," she suggested, licking her lips as she gave him her best provocative gaze.

"This is not a game, pet," he admonished her, "and you do not make the rules. You could have died today. Could have suffered a worse fate than death. And it never even occurred to you to let me know you were leaving the premises?"

"I am not a child, Loki," she sniped, eyes narrowing as she realized he was serious. "Nor am I your prisoner any longer. I am free to come and go as I like and do not require your permission to do so."

"No?" he asked, voice quiet.

"No. You do not own me, much as you might like to say you do."

"Oh, I think we both know that's a lie, pet," there was danger in his voice now.

"Loki, I love you," Megan's voice was strained with a combination of lust and anger as she glared up at him, "you know that I do. And yes, you own my heart. I am not so foolish as to pretend otherwise. The sun rises and sets with you as far as my foolish emotions go. But you do not own my will."

He had been scared, terrified, in fact. Sure that he was going to lose her. It had made him weak, and it was unacceptable. He would not be put into that position again. His instinct was to lash out, to put her in her place. To fuck her hard into the mattress, using all of her until she was a sobbing, boneless mess beneath him, ready to be pliantly bent to his will. But he had tried that before. He had tried it when he held her here, and he had tried it on Asgard. It had been glorious, it had made him preen to see how completely he could dominate her. And it had not worked. She had still ended up with the scepter pointed at her in anger, her life mere instants from being extinguished. As much as he hated it, he would have to try something else. He would have to be honest with her.

"That sounds like a challenge to me," he purred, moving his hand slowly back to her cunt. "I will have all of you, my precious little love. A God can accept nothing less. You will tell me where you go, when you go. If you say you shall not, then you will stay put. I have many enemies, in this realm and beyond it. Many who would like to hurt me, and will see you as a perfect avenue to achieve that. You, my love, and soon our child, make me weak. Did it ever occur to you what I would have done if Timothy had been successful? How many people would have died, how large a hole I would have blown in this world? It would be decimated, love. The whole of the Earth would have burned. I would tear apart the very fabric of reality and put it back together to have you with me again. My love for you is not human. It can not be contained within the bounds of the laws of your world. I am more than that, and so are my feelings for you. I do not want to break the world, but I will if I must to have you with me. Do you begin to see, pet? Does it begin to make sense why you can not enjoy the freedom you would in a normal, human relationship? Surely there are some things in our union that make up for this? Surely it is not that bad of a bargain you have made?"

As he spoke he expertly opened her up and slid his fingers back into her cunt. "I will have all of you, my precious little love. A God can accept nothing less. You will tell me where you go, when you go. If you say you shall not, then you will stay put. I have many enemies, in this realm and beyond it. Many who would like to hurt me, and will see you as a perfect avenue to achieve that. You, my love, and soon our child, make me weak. Did it ever occur to you what I would have done if Timothy had been successful? How many people would have died, how large a hole I would have blown in this world? It would be decimated, love. The whole of the Earth would have burned. I would tear apart the very fabric of reality and put it back together to have you with me again. My love for you is not human. It can not be contained within the bounds of the laws of your world. I am more than that, and so are my feelings for you. I do not want to break the world, but I will if I must to have you with me. Do you begin to see, pet? Does it begin to make sense why you can not enjoy the freedom you would in a normal, human relationship? Surely there are some things in our union that make up for this? Surely it is not that bad of a bargain you have made?"

As he spoke he expertly opened her up and slid his fingers back inside her. Her eyes stared at him, big and awed, as he explained the horrific lengths he would go to for her love. Her mouth hung open adorably, no sound but her ragged breathing emerging from it. He leaned down and kissed her
deeply, tongue forcing its way into her open mouth and laying claim to it. He slowly added a third finger to the two pumping smoothly in her pussy, quickly feeling the wetness of her insides coat them. When his little finger joined the other three, she began to mewl a bit, a hint of fear creeping into the almost inhuman noises he was coaxing out of her body. He raised himself from her lips and smiled wolfishly at her, meeting her wide, frightened eyes with his own demanding ones.

"I told you there was something I wanted to try, love. Now seems as good a time as ever."

Megan shook her head in panic, but when he lowered his mouth to her clit she moaned in pleasure and pressed up into him desperately. His free hand gently brought her knee up and pushed it to one side, opening her wide to him. With a bit of concentration and seidr, he felt the hand fucking her squelching cunt become slick with a warm oil. As he nipped gently on her clit, eliciting a deep moan from her, he tucked in his thumb and, painstakingly slow, pushed up into her cunt. It was tight. So tight he wondered for a moment if he would, in fact, be able to do this. But just as the moment of doubt hit he felt her body relax with a guttural sigh, and he slid his entire hand up and into her wonderful cunt. The walls contracted around him, pulling his hand in, and she screamed with a noise that was equal parts pain and ecstasy and he buried his hand completely inside her.

"Oh god," he moaned, looking closely at where her lips surrounded his wrist. "Oh gods, Megan, you are so perfect. So good for me. You must never leave me, darling."

"Looooki," she breathed, and her walls clamped down around him, drenching him in her pleasure.

When he had brought her through her orgasm, curling his fingers gently inside her while his tongue lapped at her clit, he carefully drew his hand out, marveling that something that large could emerge from her tiny opening. It was wonderfully obscene to watch. With a flick of his wrist he vanished his clothes and lifting her up from the bed, plunged his cock deep into her ass. She cried out at the violation, but his hand was quickly back at her center of pleasure, and moments later she was pressing against him, trying to take him as deep within her as he could go. When he spent his seed in her with a primal growl, she came with him, nails scratching a path of red down his chest, eyes glazed and unseeing with lust.

It was some time later, limp and entangled, when she reached over and brushed his long dark hair out of his eyes. Her own green eyes were serious as she looked down on his face, serene with the afterglow of their love, and kissed his sweat glistened forehead.

"I understand, love," she told him, quietly. "I will bend this much. I will tell you where I go and I will listen to your caution. I will keep myself as safe as I can. The bargain I have made is well worth that."

"Thank you," he sighed, bringing her hand to his lips. "I know I am not easy to live with, but in this you will also be keeping the world safe from me. For our child, if for no one else. I love you, my silly little human pet."

"And I love you, my ridiculous, pompous, alien God."

He pulled her onto his chest, head nestled beneath his chin, and let the rhythm of her breathing lull him to sleep.
Chapter 53

Chapter Summary

Loki has a surprise visit from Kate.

Loki sat in front of the large window, a book resting in his lap but mind refusing to focus on it. Usually reading was an escape for him, and it frustrated him that he seemed unable to slip into that welcome distraction now.

Megan was in a conference room some floors below, giving a presentation on the tech she had learned on Asgard. She had hesitantly asked Loki to stay away that morning, insisting that his presence would make her too nervous. It had been some time since she had lectured in her field, she explained, and everyone already looked at her differently due to her liaison with him. If he were there, she reasoned, no one would pay any attention to her work, too caught up in the scandal of her romance with their former alien conqueror.

He had tormented her by refusing to agree, of course. She should expect nothing else by now, and he didn't want to disappoint her. Besides, driving her to distraction was one of his favorite pastimes. When she had insisted, he had countered her request by suggesting he attend the event invisible. That way he would be able to watch her without distracting her audience.

She seemed to be considering this until he began a string of helpful suggestions of how he could aid her in relaxing during her presentation. Personally, he thought his idea of an invisible tongue slavishly driving her to orgasm every time she finished a section was an inspired and thoughtful gift on his part, but she had glared at him and threatened to name the child Thor if he even attempted any such thing.

He had almost done it anyway, just to confound her; he was fairly certain her own history with his brother would stop her from carrying through on her threat. Instead, he had agreed to stay away on the condition she let him outfit her for the occasion. She knew it was a trap, he could see it, but she reluctantly agreed when he began fading his form slowly from her sight.

And so it was with bright red cheeks both above and below that she had left their rooms. He hadn’t meant to spank her, but she had tried to refuse when he slipped the vibrator into her cunt, so had he felt completely justified in taking her over his knee. She had stopped complaining after a few well placed slaps, combined with the buzzing in her pussy, brought her quickly to orgasm. She was still coming down when he had pulled her glowing cheeks apart and worked a pretty little plug into her ass. The green L on the gold circle peaking out made him smile.
Of course, once he saw her like that, naked, writhing, and stuffed with his gifts, he had no choice but to use her. Pushing her to her knees, he had wasted no time driving down her throat. Automatically she had gone to work on him with her tongue, sucking lustily while he ground her face into his pelvis. He pulled out just before he came and covered her torso and thighs with his cum, leaving a sticky trail over as much of her body as possible.

Once she was thoroughly marked, he had lovingly dressed her in a tight green blouse, buttons straining against the pull of her generous breasts, and a short black pencil skirt. She would have to be careful how she bent down, or the entire conference room would get an enticing view of gold and green peeking out, as of course she was not allowed underwear.

The thought of her as she had been when she left, aroused by the toys he had placed in her, covered in his ejaculation, smelling of his seed, was enough to keep him from concentrating on his book. He was just about to give in and sneak down to the hall when a knock on the door startled him. Loki rose and crossed to the door, opening it to see a shy looking Kate standing on the threshold.

"If you're looking for Megan, she's giving a lecture at the moment," he told the timid looking girl.

"I know, I was just there," she smiled hesitantly. "I snuck out once she got into her flow; she can catch me up later. I wanted to talk with you, if I may."

"Oh, of course," Loki said, taken aback, stepping aside and allowing her to enter.

He was not sure how to treat this friend of Megan's. She had been his prisoner after conspiring against him, but then so had Megan, and the majority of people now living in this building with him. As far as he knew, she was a quite competent tech, and had been Megan's right hand when she sabotaged his communication network. Other than the one conversation on Megan's birthday, he had never really talked to her, and he couldn't for the life of him think of what she could want with him now.

"The talk was going well," she said, crossing to the chair he indicated. She seemed to be uncomfortable with his silence and was trying to fill the space. "She was a little fidgety at first, and seemed to be distracted, but once she started talking she settled into it."

Loki smirked. Oh, he was sure she was fidgety. He knew the vibrating in her cunt, made more intense by the toy pressing in her ass, would be wreaking havoc with her. He liked that even not present he would be making her wet between her legs. She would need a good, hard fucking when she returned, and he would be more than happy to provide it.

"I beg your pardon?" he realized suddenly that he had missed something Kate had said.

"I said, thank you for rescuing us. From Timothy. Steve told me it was you who tracked the scepter. Without that, the Chitauri would have been there waiting for you all by the time you arrived, and Megan and I would be... well, I don't even like to think of it."

"Nor I. I am glad to have been of service," it wasn't even really a lie. If Megan had to have a friend besides him, at least Kate appeared to actually have her best interests at heart. And while a bit of a mouse, she was intelligent.

"You should leave here," Kate said, awkwardly.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Take Meg and get out of Stark Tower. Tonight."
"Why would we do that?" he asked carefully.

Kate sighed and looked down at her hands before raising her eyes to his and squaring her shoulders.

"Because Shield is coming tomorrow, and I don't think you are on top of their Christmas card list," she told him.

"Shield? But there are already agents here. Barton, Romanov..."

"This is different. This is Director Fury. If you stay, you'll be arrested for war crimes. And so will Megan."

"What? Why in all the Nine would anyone arrest Megan?"

"Because of you," she explained. "They see her as a collaborator. She may have started out as your prisoner, then reluctant guest, but its pretty obvious that she didn't stay reluctant for long. The whole world has seen footage of her, well, begging for you among other things. And the fact that she is with you to this day, pregnant with your child, is all the proof they will need."

Despite the seriousness of the situation, Loki could not help a small, smug, feeling of satisfaction at the thought of her desperation for him going global. Megan would feel differently, of course, but he was happy to have everyone see how completely she had subjugated herself to him.

"Even if they don't lock her up," Kate continued, forcing him out of his reverie, "they will use her as leverage against you. I don't know what their eventual plans for you are, but I assume you would rather not be their pawn."

"You assume right," he agreed, looking at her hard. "Stark sent for them, didn't he. Now that I've tracked down the scepter for him."

"Look, I know that things are tense between you and Tony," she huffed, rolling her eyes. "You have to understand, he's been in love with Meg for years, at least as much as he could be with anyone, and she just laughed him off. Said she didn't want to commit herself to anyone, that she was too independent. Then along you come, and not only is she obviously smitten with you from the first time we see you on the television, she completely gives up all of her valued independence and submits to your rule. You, the man who wrecked his city, stole his home, and imprisoned him, were now flaunting the woman he had pursued before him at every opportunity. Of course he's going to hate you. Just let it go. You won. Now take Megan and get out of here."

"How do you know about Shield?"

"Steve let it slip," she said, blushing.

"And won't your noble soldier be upset that you passed on the information to me?" he asked, mouth twisting.

"I don't think so," she replied, thoughtful look on her face. "In fact, I think he meant for me to tell you. He was grateful as well, you see, for the help you gave in locating the scepter and in rescuing me."

"Then why not tell me himself? Why manipulate you into it?"

"He is still uncomfortable around you," she said frankly, meeting his eye. "So am I, to be honest, but you make Megan happy, and that makes me happy, so..."
"Why should he be uncomfortable around me?" Loki asked innocently, suppressing a grin.

"The little matter of your taking his shape?" she suggested. "Payback at Tony was one thing, but did you have to use Steve to do it?"

"You knew?" he was taken aback.

"Of course. It was all too perfect. The faces of the other two were always in shadow, but there was Captain America, smiling for the camera. Bound to set off Iron Man and all his jealousy. Clever, but hardly subtle."

"Megan was fooled."

"Megan wanted to be fooled. And, as smart as she is, she can be terribly naïve. It comes from wanting to believe the best in everyone. Surely you've observed this in your time together."

"I have," he nodded. Loki was tremendously amused. Megan's little friend was proving much more intelligent and insightful than he had imagined. "I am sorry if I interfered in your courtship, or your friendship with Megan."

"I forgive you," she said seriously, making him smile. "My courtship, as you call it, has survived. And it would take worse than that to hurt my friendship with Meg."

"Any ideas where we should go, since you are so wise?"

"As a matter of fact..."

Loki burst out laughing.

"You are a delight, Katherine!" he beamed. "I see why Megan is so fond of you. Tell me, oh wise mortal. Where should I take my pet?"

"Her family is in Washington DC," she told him, obviously uncomfortable. "They have been since your disappearance. Meg knows this, but has made no move to contact them because of how they treated me."

"I heartily approve of her good sense," he said.

"I don't," she sighed. "She loves them, Loki. She is mad at them right now, but she will never be all the way happy if she is at odds with them. And now that she is pregnant, that you asked her to marry you... she needs to see them or it won't be right for her. You'll have to surprise her, though. Don't tell her where you're taking her, or she will refuse. She is too loyal a friend."

"There might be something in what you say," he mused, thinking of his dealings with his own family.

"But Loki," her voice turned stern, and for a moment she sounded like his love, "remember that she loves them. They are wealthy and powerful and can be awful and insulting, but deep down they love their daughter and despite their faults she loves them. If you kill them, or even injure them seriously, she will never forgive you."

"A wise warning," he grinned. "You have my word, little Kate, that I will keep my homicidal tendencies under control."

"In that case," she said, fishing in her pocket and pulling out a set of keys and a piece of paper,
"here is the address of their hotel and the keys to your jag. It is in the same spot in the garage. Try not to kill her or your baby driving there."

"I will do my best," he assured her gravely. "Thank you, for the warning, and the advice. You are a good friend to her. And to me."

"You make her happy," she shrugged. "That's all I've ever wanted for her."

Loki walked the girl to the door, then surprised himself by laying a hand on her shoulder as she was about to leave.

"You will never get what you want if wait for your soldier to act," he told her impulsively. "He is too much of a gentleman for his own good. If you crave his defilement of you, you will have to initiate it. I know of a store not far from here that specializes in things that might assist in this. Here is the card. Tell them I sent you, and leave yourself in their hands. I guarantee they steer you in the right direction to loosen his rigid sense of duty."

He was more stunned than he'd been in some time when Kate threw her arms around him and stood on her tiptoes to give him a sisterly kiss on his cheek. Taking the card from his hand, she slid it into her pocket and winked cheekily at him, her face flaming red.

"Tell Meg I approve of her choice," she mumbled, suddenly embarrassed again. And with one last, shy smile, she bolted.

Loki tossed the keys in the air and caught them again. He would never understand mortals. But he supposed that was half the fun.
"Um... Loki?" Megan asked, hand clenching the handle on her door, white knuckled.

"Yes love?" he asked, looking over to where she sat in the passenger's seat as he shifted gear.

"I know this is a foolish question, but... do you have a license?"

"For what?" he looked at her, baffled.

"To drive," she squeaked, as he tore around a car doing 90 in front of them.

"Do you have a license to brush your teeth?" he asked her.

"Of course not, why would I need one for that?"

"Exactly."

Honestly, he loved her, but sometimes humans had the silliest ideas.

"Maybe you could slow down a little bit," she suggested, closing her eyes.

"Pet, are you nervous?" it had honestly not occurred to him until that moment.

"Uh... maybe a little," she confessed.

"Do you have so little faith in my ability that you think I can't even handle a simple automobile? It doesn't even fly!"

"No, it's not you... it's the other people on the road around you!" she hastened to reassure him.

"Ah. That makes sense. For a moment I thought you doubted me, and I was going to have to punish you severely for that."

"Blame it on my pregnancy hormones," she suggested. "But perhaps, for my sake, you could slow down just a little."

He glanced over at her, narrowing his eyes. She had been using her pregnancy for an assortment of things lately. He was sure she was preying on his overprotective instincts in many of these cases, but the problem was he was not entirely sure which ones. He had no experience with mortal gestation periods, and so had nothing to compare her actions to. He supposed she put up with her fair share of things with him, he could stand to be indulgent with her. He slowed the vehicle by 2 miles per hour and complimented himself on his accommodating nature.

"Are you going to tell me where we're going?" she ventured, a hopeful look in her eyes.

"South," he replied, and heard her sigh quietly.
"You are in a mood today," she told him, shaking her head.

"Why should I not be? We have left that infernal tower and its overbearing inhabitants. Asgard is an entire realm away, but still accessible should the need arise. No one has any claim on us. It is just you and I and the world before us. Soon to be joined by our brilliant son or daughter. We can get up to any mischief we like and need answer to no one for it."

"And is there any mischief in particular you had in mind?" she laughed, smiling at his infectious mood.

"Oh, I can think of a few things," he smirked.

Reaching over, he claimed her hand and brought it to his groin. He was, as was often the case when she was with him, hard beneath his pants. He had changed into the black suit before they left, wanting to be a bit more inconspicuous than his armor would allow him to be. One benefit, he now discovered, was that he could feel her hand much more clearly through the material of the dress pants than the leather he usually wore. Her fingers automatically bent around him, and he pressed into her hold, feeling his manhood pulse under within her grip.

"Loki," she said, attempting to pull away and yet still caressing him when he kept her little hand firmly in place on him, "you can't really expect me to do anything while you're driving!"

"I don't see why not," he answered, popping the button on his pants. "After all, you are not operating the car, you are free to do whatever I want you to."

"It will distract you!"

"From what?"

"Driving!"

"As if that takes more than a fraction of my attention! I am more than capable of piloting this vehicle and receiving affection from my intended. In fact, if it makes you feel any better, your actions will most likely relax me, improving my skills. Now, be a good little slut and tend to your King."

He felt her resistance wavering, and firmly took her hand and slid it into his pants. Her fingers moved to fist around his cock, and he felt the cool air of the car hit his hot skin. She was hesitant at first, but as he directed her up and down along his shaft she began to go with the motion, running the pad of her thumb over the head where he was leaking precum and tightening her grip on his length.

"That's right, my little pet," he purred, feeling her relax into it. "Show me how much you want me."

Lacing his fingers in her hair, he applied pressure to the back of her head and slowly pushed her down until her face was in his lap. Her wet little tongue came out reluctantly and ran over him, lapping up the white pearl of liquid. Loki sighed in contentment as she unthinkingly took him between her lips. He groaned appreciatively and rocked up towards her, pressing further into her waiting mouth. Her resistance in tatters, Megan began sucking in earnest on him, fondling his balls as she bobbed up and down. His hand left her hair and pushed up between her legs, not taking his eyes off the road as he spread her thighs and began fingering her.

A horn honk made him look to his left. A large vehicle was beside them, and the man in the passenger seat was gawking down at Loki and his pet as she pleasured him while he drove. The man's eyes swept over the front seat, and stared again when he saw Megan's wide spread legs and
the fingers buried deep in her pussy.

"We have an audience, pet," Loki smirked. "Why don't you entertain them."

Megan took up his challenge, taking the wrist of his hand that was pleasuring her and moving it faster in and out of her cunt. She arched her back as he took up the faster rhythm and brought her hand up to play with her breasts, massaging them and pinching her nipples hard. Her mouth still worked his cock, releasing him every so often so that she could run the flat of her tongue up and down his length before deep throating him again and hollowing her cheeks as she swallowed around him.

Loki would never admit it, but he actually was having a bit of a difficult time concentrating on the road. He was going to cum any moment, and despite his claims to the contrary, the amount of traffic on the highway would make it difficult for him to navigate when she brought him over the edge. Making a decision, he swerved over into the right most lane and then brought the car to a stop on the shoulder of the road.

"Out!" he said, preemptively, pulling her off of him by the hair.

Eyes blurred with lust, Megan opened her door and climbed out of the car in confusion. Not bothering to do up his trousers, Loki got out as well and walked around to grab her by the shoulders. Turning her roughly, he brought Megan around to the front of the car and pushed her down so that she bent over the hood.

"What are you doing?" she asked, turning to look at him with wide eyes.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" he asked with a grin.

Pushing her legs apart, he lifted her skirt and thrusted up into her.

"Loki!" she screamed, whether in protest or in pleasure he doubted even she knew. Most likely a combination of the two.

Holding her head against the hood of the car so that she faced the traffic streaming by them, Loki began to move inside her, grinning at the sound of horns and shouted encouragement from passing motorists. Megan squirmed at first, shocked at the very public display he was making of them, but as he pounded into her she began to loosen herself to the feel of his cock hitting her in just the place she loved. Her cries came faster and louder as he reached around to add his fingers to the mix, rubbing her little clit as he pounded her into the front of the car. When she came around him, her cry of his name ripped through the evening air like a prayer. He pressed her harder into the metal of the car and pistoned into her, grunting as her walls gripped him in a tight embrace. When he finally came, it was hard enough to make the car inch back a bit as he pushed as far into her as he could possibly get.

For a moment they stayed there, as though glued to the hood of the car. A low chuckle came from his chest as he bent his head to kiss the side of her face. She really had become a wanton for him, his darling mortal. He sometimes wondered if there was any length she would not let him push her to sexually. He was certainly looking forward to finding out and testing the limits. She was so much fun to play with.

"I can't believe we just did that," she said, face turning red as he at last rose, allowing her to do the same.

"Why pet? We've coupled many times before."
"Not on the side of the highway in front of rush hour traffic!" she protested, burying her head in her hands as she quickly adjusted her skirt and got back into the car.

"Does that make a difference?"

"It's illegal!"

"Rules do not apply to gods," he sniffed, resuming his seat behind the wheel. "I wanted you, and so I had you. Those who were given the opportunity to watch, however briefly, should feel honored."

"There could have been children in one of those cars!"

"Ah," he hadn't thought of that. Not that he saw anything wrong in what they did, but he didn't want to give mortal children false hopes for what their future might hold. "In that case, I would feel slightly apologetic."

"I am glad to see there are some standards," she laughed.

"I have the highest standards!" he huffed, slightly offended. "I would hardly have taken some undeserving wench out in the open like that, for all the world to see. Only one such as yourself, who is worthy of my affection and my seed."

"I'm honored," she said dryly.

"As you should be. Now, fasten your seat belt, and we'll be off again."

"Off where?" she asked.

He should have known he couldn't distract her for long. She was terribly tenacious when she wanted to be. Loki sighed shook his head.

"You'll find out when we get there. Now be a good pet, and find some music for us to listen to."

She looked at him suspiciously, but did up her seatbelt and turned her attention to the radio. They would be there before long. Kate was right. For the sake of their future and their child, he knew that facing her family was a step that they needed to take.

His energy felt particularly manic, and he knew she was picking up on it. He had the sinking suspicion that the next few days were not going to be smooth sailing for either of them.
Chapter 55

Chapter Summary

A bit of a plot heavy chapter, as Loki and Megan arrive in DC.

Loki pulled up to valet station at the Four Seasons hotel in D.C. He tossed the attendant at the stand his keys as he walked around to open the door and help Megan out of the passenger side. The awkward looking youth missed the keys and scrambled around on the ground for them before accidently getting an eyeful of Megan's legs as he found himself staring up her skirt.

"See something you like?" Loki asked with a raised eyebrow as he gawked.

The poor boy turned bright red, banging against the stand in his haste to stand up.

"No sir, I mean... yes sir... I mean... I am sorry miss, I didn't mean to stare."

"It's fine, really," Megan smiled at him, causing him to blush even deeper and almost drop the keys again.

"Steady boy," Loki hid a smirk.

"I'm sorry, sir," he swallowed, looking pained.

Loki glanced over and saw that Megan was shivering in the night air and rubbing her bare arms.

"Cold love?" he asked. "Here you are."

With gesture and a flash of seidr a long green coat appeared draped over Megan's shoulder. She smiled at him and slid her arms into the sleeves, as the valet made a strangled sound in his throat gaped from one of them to the other with his jaw hanging open. Loki winked at him, then worried for a moment that the boy was going to faint.

"Take good care of my car, mortal," he instructed, pulling a $50 bill out of the air and handing it to the stupefied attendant.

"Yes sir! Anything you say sir!" he babbled, staring at the bill as though it were about to bite him.

Loki smirked and placed his hand on Megan's back, escorting her towards the door.

"Thank you," Megan smiled at him. "Have I told you how handy you are to have around?"

"You may have mentioned it," he replied, letting his hand dip down to her rear and squeezing. "I'll let you pay me back later."

"I'm sure," she laughed.

They walked to the counter and an officious looking woman with a prim smile greeted them.

"How can I help you today?" she asked, looking them over where they stood without luggage.
"We would like your best room," he told her, letting just the slightest hint of condescension register in his voice. "The Penthouse."

"I am sorry, sir," she simpered, falsely, "but the penthouse is in use."

"Indeed. It is now in use by us," he smiled, a mere baring of his teeth.

"You misunderstand," the woman narrowed her eyes. "We have long term guests staying there. They have been with us for some time."

"I understand perfectly," he contradicted her. "I will pay extra to have them moved."

"Loki, it's alright. We don't need the penthouse..."

"Yes, we do. And this oh so helpful woman, Mary is it?" he asked, looking at her name tag, "Mary is going to get it for us. The people staying there now can have another room. I will pay triple."

With a thin smile Loki produced a bag from nowhere and set it on the counter. He opened it and tilted it towards the employee, letting her catch a glimpse at the stack of bills inside.

"Kindly tell whoever is in our room that I will also compensate them for their inconvenience. But you must understand, I cannot allow my lady to stay in subpar lodgings."

The woman looked at the bag of money before her, and her resistance crumbled.

"Just give me a moment to contact the current occupants," she said at last.

"Of course. We will be at the bar."

With a smirk, Loki led Megan across the lobby and into the hotel bar.

"Was that really necessary?" she asked, letting him help her onto a stool.

"Appearances need to be maintained," he shrugged. "You are soon to be a Princess of Asgard. How would it look for you to be staying in a lesser room than some random Midgardian peasant?"

"You, my love, are a snob!" she admonished him.

Loki heartily agreed with this, and ordered her a sparkling water. It had just arrived when a loud voice from the other side of the lobby shouted out.

"MEG?!?" the male voice screeched up an octave.

Megan's head shot up and she spun in her chair, leaping out of it when she saw the boy rushing to meet her.

Loki remembered Megan's brother from his time in captivity at Stark Towers. A rather callow youth who broke all too quickly. With a sneer on his lip, Loki remembered how the boy had allowed his parents to ransom him, while leaving Kate, his paramour at the time, to languish in chains. And then, as if that weren't enough, he had allowed Megan to sacrifice herself for Kate and the others without once speaking up to dissuade her or offer his own self instead. Not that Loki would have accepted such an offer, of course. It had been Megan from the very first moment he desired, with all her bright defiance and proud obstinance just dying to be tamed.

"I can't believe it's you!" the boy was saying now, embracing his sister. "We thought... well, we didn't know what to think! You vanished!"
"Ben!" Megan had tears in her eyes, obviously delighted to see her undeserving sibling.

"How did you get away from that psychopath?" he asked, eyes wide on his sister.

"What psychopath would that be?" Loki asked sweetly, stepping forward to smile blandly at them.

"You!" Ben went white as ghost. "What are you doing here? I thought you had been brought back to your own world to face justice!"

"Ben!" Megan tried to warn her brother with her tone.

"I did go back to Asgard," Loki smirked at him. "As did your lovely sister. We spent a quite enjoyable time there at the palace, but then your pathetic heroes needed assistance, so we deigned to come back and rescue this tedious world. I'm still not sure why."

"Loki! Behave!" Megan shot him a quelling look. "He is right though. Tony needed assistance from Loki for a mission. We've been at Stark Tower for the last week or so. I'm so sorry, Ben, I should have gotten in touch with the family, but there has just been so much going on."

"At the tower," Ben's eyes looked away from her, and he shuffled his feet uncomfortably. "Then you saw Kate. I'm sorry, Meg. They made me end things."

"I'm not the one you owe and apology to," Megan's eyes hardened and her voice went a bit cold.

"Still," Ben seemed to miss the change in his sister's demeanor, obvious as it was to Loki, "I know you always wanted us together. And so did I, of course. I hope she's not too upset. I'm sure she'll find someone else in time."

"If you're talking about Katherine, I wouldn't worry about her," Loki put in, brushing invisible lint off his coat. "She has traded upward rather nicely since freeing herself from you."

"What do you mean?" Ben parroted stupidly.

"The Pink Pussycat sells any number of useful items," he said smugly. "I suggested one or two that might help bring Captain Rogers out of his shell. Katherine was very happy to take my advice."

The siblings continued to stare at him dumbfounded, and Loki laughed.

"Haven't you ever heard the expression treat a whore like a princess, and a princess like a whore?" he asked them. "It worked wonders on Megan. And who is more of a princess than Captain America? I'd say they're both in for quite a bit of fun tonight."

Megan wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him, obviously happy for her friend. Ben, on the other hand, was just about to begin pouting about his ex, when the sight of his sister willingly embracing their former captive made their relationship suddenly sink in to him.
"Megan!" he gasped. "You can't mean to tell me that you are with this man? Willingly?"

"I would have thought that was rather obvious," Loki laughed.

"Wait! You're the ones who are trying to kick us out of our suite!" Ben said, affronted.

"Your suite? Who's us? Who else is here?" Megan asked.

"Who do you think? Dad and Ava! Oh, and Laurie," Ben told her. "We've been staying in the Penthouse here ever since the Asgardian's took New York back from him. Dad's been trying to get the government to locate you, but no one would tell us anything."

Megan turned and stared at Loki, her eyes narrowing. He did his best to put on his most innocent expression, but she was obviously not buying it for an instant.

"Did you know about this?" she asked him, voice dangerous.

"That your family were the ones in the penthouse? No, I did not. Though I do applaud their taste."

"That my family was here. In DC. In this hotel. Is that why we are here?" she demanded.

"Kate may have mentioned it during our talk this morning," he said offhandedly.

"Your talk? Would this have been when you were advising her on sex toys and tying Avengers to beds?"

"It was around that time, yes," he smiled. "Though she was really only interested in tying up one Avenger. I don't think she's quite reached our level of kink yet, love."

"Loki! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You were giving your lecture," he explained. "She suggested that all things considered, it might be time to take you to see your family. Apparently she thought you might be resistant to the idea, considering how certain members had treated her."

He decided to wait and tell her about Shield's imminent arrival when they were alone. The last thing they needed was her idiot brother deciding it was his patriotic duty to alert them to Loki's whereabouts.

"So my best friend and my mate are conspiring against me?" she huffed, glaring at him.

"Conspiring for you," he corrected, smiling.

"You mate?" Ben demanded, causing both of them to turn and glare at him. "Megan, you didn't answer me before. Are you and this animal really together?"

"Benjamin Branden Bell," she said, voice suddenly cold, "I love you, but I will not allow you to speak about Loki in that manner."

"You... you won't?" faced with his sister's anger, he sounded suddenly like the scared, pathetic creature from the cells once more.

"No, I won't. Apologize. Now!"

Loki crossed his arms over his chest and looked at Ben expectantly. The young man sputtered and protested, but Megan's gaze stayed steady. At last his shoulders slumped and he looked at the floor.
"I apologize," he muttered.

"As you should," Loki answered.

"Loki!" Megan's glare turned to rest on him. "You can hardly blame Ben for not being your biggest fan. You did hold him captive after all."

"But that was ages ago," Loki scoffed.

"And you... you disgraced my sister!" Ben said, voice wavering as Loki stared him down.

"I did no such thing," he said, pulling himself up to his impressive full height so that he could stare down his nose at the boy. "I elevated her. I allowed her the privilege of pleasuring a God. And in return, I showed her what real pleasure is. Look at her if you think I am lying. Look at her tell me if you have ever seen her happier, more at peace with her true self. I brought out the goddess in your sister, along with the whore. And now she will be a princess. One day a queen."

"The parents aren't going to like it," Ben said sullenly.

"They don't have to like it," Loki replied. "They do have to accept it. You all do. Megan is mine, now and always."

"Meg?"

"I love him," she said simply.

Loki smiled triumphantly.

"Alright," Ben gave in. "Let's go tell them then."

"Yes, let's," Loki agreed, smile turning absolutely evil. "I for one cannot wait."
Chapter 56

Chapter Summary

Loki has his first meeting with Megan's family. This is sure to go well.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this is a bit short. I had a busy weekend with lots of obligations in the real world, but I wanted to post something! I promise there will be more soon!

The elevator doors opened directly into the suite on the top floor of the hotel. Loki noticed Megan take a deep breath and square her shoulders as she followed Ben out and into the empty room. It was obvious she was anxious about this, the first meeting with her parents since her capture all those months ago. Wanting to reassure her, he stroked down the back of her head and gently wrapped his hand around the nape of her neck, squeezing once to let her know he was there for her. Her eyes darted to his face, and she smiled rather queasily.

"Ben, I hoped you settled things," a female voice called from another room. "Did you find out who had the effrontery to try to kick us out of our rooms?"

"I did," Ben called back, his voice strained as he glanced at Megan and Loki. "You might want to come out here."

"Benjamin, I am too busy to deal with -"

The woman entering the room stopped, freezing on the spot halfway through securing one earring to her ear. She was tall, almost six feet, Loki would guess, with long dark hair and thin, striking features. Her eyes, though a warm chocolate brown color, nonetheless managed to be cold and hard in her high cheekboned face. Loki had often found it difficult to assess Midgardian ages, their life span was so ridiculous, but she did not look quite old enough to be him to be a parent to his pet. As
she looked at Megan standing in the long green coat, her words died and her jaw dropped. "Megan!" the woman gasped, staring with something less than joy. "You're alive!"

"Hello, mother," Megan said, giving the word a strange inflection. "I have asked you not to call me that," the older woman flinched. As if suddenly released from a trance, she came forward and took Megan in a brief hug. Once the swiftest possible embrace had occurred, she took Megan by the shoulders and held her at arms length, scanning her from head to toe. "My," the dark haired woman said, shaking her head, "you have filled out a bit, haven't you. I had thought that maybe being held captive would have helped you lose some weight. That would be a silver lining and all, you know. But if anything you seem to have put on more pounds!"

Loki could actually hear Megan's teeth clench together. This woman was nothing at all what he would have expected Megan's mother to be. They were as unalike as two humans could get. The tall woman in the black, beaded cocktail dress turned and looked at him. Loki saw her eyes take in his excellently tailored suite, expensive shoes, and what he would assume was his general princely look, and her calculating eyes brightened. She turned from a fuming Megan to smile at him. "Megan, aren't you going to introduce me to your friend?" she practically purred.

Megan sighed and unclenched her jaw. "This is Loki, my fiancé," she introduced him, causing him to preen a bit. "Loki, this is my mother," she added, voice dripping with a rare malice.

"I am no such thing," the other woman all but stamped her foot. "You must forgive her, I don't know why she insists on calling me that! I am Ava Bell. I'm married to Megan and Benjamin's father."

"Mrs. Bell," Loki said, taking the hand she offered and bringing it to his lips. She was Megan's stepmother then. That explained their closer ages and different looks.

"Oh please, call me Ava," the woman all but panted, batting her eyes at him. "Loki, what an interesting name. Now, why does it sound so familiar?"

"Because he's the one who was holding us prisoner!" Ben exploded, sharing an exasperated look with Megan.

"Benjamin, don't be silly!" she admonished him, playfully placing her hand on Loki's chest. "He is always saying the most absurd things!"

"Absurd, perhaps, but in this case, perfectly true," Loki smiled stepping away from her and draping his arm around Megan's shoulders. "It was my pleasure to host your children in my cells for some time. They were quite charming guests. Megan so much so that I invited her to stay... well, forever."

Ava's face had turned white, and she took a few staggering steps back. Loki caught Megan smirk as her stepmother reeled in horror. "You... you're...."
"Loki, Prince of Asgard, former King of Eastern America," he supplied, smiling as she sat down onto a chair with obvious shock. "Soon to be your stepson-in-law."

"Jonathan!" she shrieked. "Get out here at once!"

"Just a minute," a male voice called back.

A moment later a man came out of one of the other rooms. This was more what Loki had expected. The man was redhaired and jovial looking, with twinkling green eyes and smile lines around his mouth. The moment he saw Megan his eyes filled with tears, and he raced across the room to grab her in his arms, pulling her away from Loki to swing her around off of her feet in a circle. Megan gave a breathless laugh and hugged him back.

"Dad!" she smiled. "Put me down, please!"

"I will, lass, just as soon as I make sure you're really here," he said, pulling her into a hug again. "My Meggy! I knew you would come back to us! And look at you! Don't you ever put me through something like that again!"

"I'm sorry, Dad," she said, smiling again as he finally set her on the floor and let her go.

"Thank you so much sir, for bringing her back to - " the man's words cut off as his eyes focused on Loki for the first time. "YOU!"

Loki took a step back as the man pushed Megan out of the way and lunged at him. The look in his eye had been just enough of a hint, and Loki was half expecting his movement. It gave him just enough time to step neatly out of the way and let the punch aimed at his face fly by. Allowing inertia to take its force, Loki waited until her father's body had swung almost all the way around before taking his other hand and twisting it behind his back, rendering him incapacitated but unharmed.

"I see you recognize me," Loki said once the shouts and screams had died out. "It is nice to finally make your acquaintance, Mr. Bell."

"I should kill you," Jonathan fumed, struggling in Loki's hold. "After what you did to my little girl, I should rip your guts out and hang you with them!"

"Dad! Dad calm down. I'm fine," Megan said. "Loki didn't do anything to me."

"Well, that's hardly true, pet," Loki smirked at her, earning him a glare from his darling.

"She says he's her fiancé, Jonathan" Ava said maliciously from a chair in the corner. "Have you ever heard such a thing?"

"Her WHAT?!!?" Jonathan exploded.

"Is this where I'm supposed to ask him for your hand, pet," Loki asked Megan, raising an eyebrow. "As you know, I'm not entirely up to speed on your quaint Earth customs."

Jonathan roared and struggled again in Loki's arms. Megan, shooting Loki a deathly look, stepped in front of him.

"FATHER!" she yelled, making her voice crack like a whip. "Look at me! I am fine! Loki did not hurt me. Yes, he held me captive, along with Ben. But we were on opposite sides in a war. It is what armies do. We were well treated, and he released us when you paid his ransom."
"He didn't release you!" her father countered. "Ben came home to us, but you did not."

"Because I *chose* to stay. My choice!" she snapped.

"Megan, lass, we heard what he did to you. We know how he used you. What he made you do."

Megan's face turned redder than Loki had ever seen it before. She swallowed hard and looked at the floor, but to his pride she stood her ground.

"He did nothing to me," she said. "Nothing that I did not agree to. Loki never forced me into anything. I am a grown woman and I make my own choices. I chose to stay with him then, and I choose to be with him now. I love him."

Jonathan sagged in Loki's arms, the fight suddenly going out of him. Megan sought out Loki's eyes and pled with her own green orbs. With a slight nod he released her father, who staggered over to a chair and sat down, defeated.

"If it makes you feel any better," Loki offered with a grin, "my father is just as pleased with the match as you are."

Megan and Jonathan glared at him with identical eyes. Megan sighed and unbuttoned her coat as the tension in the room, while not going away, at least seemed to settle into a simmer rather than an explosive boil. Stepping forward, Loki chivalrously helped her out of her coat, only briefly tweaking her nipples as he did so out of deference to her father's presence. As he vanished the outer garment into the ether, a gasp dominoed through her family.

"Yes, Loki can do magic," Megan sighed, sitting down on a long sofa as he perched on the arm beside her proprietarily. "I know it is very alien, but it's also very useful as well."

"Megan, love," Loki said, amused. "I don't think that's why they are in shock."

"What do you mean? Of course it is."

She looked up at him, confused, before turning around and realizing that three sets of eyes were fastened on her stomach. With a sheepish look, Megan's hands went to cover her midsection, where a very noticeable bump now protruded that had not been there when she saw them last.

"Oh, that," she said.

"Megan!" Ben breathed, eyes huge.

"Congratulations," Loki smiled at Jonathan. "You're going to be a grandfather."
Chapter 57

Chapter Summary

Loki has one or two late night visitors.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Loki lounged in bed, hands behind his head and eyes staring at the ceiling. He was in the largest of the rooms, of course. There had been surprisingly little pushback about that. It seemed that the sight of Megan's baby bump had taken all of the fight out of Jonathan. He had been moving like a man in a trance, going through the motions of relocating his belongings to the room Ben had been staying in. Ben, in turn, had taken a room the floor below. Megan was down there now, with her father and brother, trying to explain how she had ended up the intended of the alien god who had invaded their world and turned her into his own personal sex toy. He wished her luck with that. He had offered to accompany her, but for some reason she seemed to think it might be better for her to take a stab at it on her own.

He was just drifting off into a doze when he heard the click of the door. Someone was coming into his room, and making a great effort to keep quiet. It wouldn't be Megan then. She was completely incapable of stealth. In addition to that, he always knew when she entered the room. He could be in the dark, blinded with his ears muffled, and he would still sense her exact location. It was as thought every nerve in his body was perfectly tuned to her. No, whoever was here with him now it was not his pet.

"I don't know what you're planning, but it is not wise to sneak up on me," he called out, fingering the dagger that had appeared in his hand.

"Forgive me, my Lord. I did not mean to disturb you," a low, sultry voice said.

Loki sat up a bit and raised his hand, summoning a small ball of glowing green light. There, by the door, in nothing more than black satin slip, stood Megan's stepmother.

"The family is down stairs," she said with a bitter twist to her voice, "and I thought you might enjoy some company."

"How kind of you," he drawled, sending the glowing orb up to light the room.

She was an attractive woman, if not his preferred type. Her hair was lustrous and long, a deep black that he suspected she died to keep dark. Her legs were long and shapely, and quite naked to his gaze for most of their length. A year or more ago, he might have had her under him now, face buried in the mattress while he rode her anonymous body to his pleasure.

"They will be some time," she told him, coming to sit on the edge of the bed, eyes caressing the bare expanse of his muscled chest. "None of them can ever stop talking. Jonathan will let that girl go on and on, wrapping him around her finger like always. In the end he will give her whatever she wants. It is only a matter of time."
"Well, considering what she wants is me, I can hardly be expected to share your bitterness at that," he smiled.

"Yes, but what do you want?" she asked, leaning towards him. "I realize you are in a difficult situation, with her state and all. It is no easy thing for a man to cast off a woman when she is carrying his child. But you can't really be happy with her."

"No?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"She is completely impossible," Ava said, encouraged by his continuing the conversation. "She does not know how to behave, what is expected of one of high position. All her life, she has fought against doing what her station demands. She made an impossible daughter, and would make an even more impossible wife, or queen. A man of your position needs someone who knows how to comport themselves properly."

"Ah, but I am a fan of impropriety myself," he smiled wickedly. "As, I am guessing, are you."

"There is a time for that, of course," she smiled back at him. "And an experienced woman knows how to discreetly dabble in all manner of impropriety."

Eyes going dark, Ava rested her hand on Loki's leg, covered in the soft sleep pants. Slowly she slid her long fingers upwards, tracing a path up his thigh. When she reached his hip, she leaned in and closed her eyes, waiting for his kiss. He sat perfectly still as she waited, inches from his face, for the kiss that never came. After a succession of moments, she opened her eyes and saw him staring back at her, a sardonic look in his eyes. Realizing he was mocking her, she sat back in anger.

"Do you really think that I would betray Megan with you?" he asked, smiling at her cruelly. "I would sooner take a snake to my bed."

"You cannot possibly love that girl," she snapped, snatching her hand off of him.

"And why is that?" he asked, genuinely interested.

"She is completely unruly!"

"On the contrary, I find her quite enjoyable to rule. She begs and grovels so beautifully. You, on the other hand, I find rather pathetic. Sneaking into your stepdaughter's room to lie with her betrothed?"

"I will make sure you never have her," Ava said, anger roused now. "I will talk with Jonathan. Megan will have to go abroad for her confinement, since the old sap will never do the practical thing and rid her of the brat. No one will need to know who she is there, we can keep it secret. Once your spawn is born, you can claim it if you want, or it can be fostered off to some institution. And then Megan will return to the course we have set her on. A wealthy husband with advantageous connections. I will not allow that slut to ruin the legacy that her father and I have built all of these years!"

"Father is looking for you, Mother," a voice said from the doorway.

"Laura! What are you doing out of bed?" Ava was suddenly off of his bed, arms wrapped around herself.

Loki looked at the door and saw a young girl, maybe ten years old, standing there. She had reddish brown hair that curled at odd angles and huge eyes that were far too big in her pale face. She was tall for her age, and very skinny, all arms and legs.
"Benny left me a note that Meg was home!" the girl said, excitement in her voice. "I found it when I woke up and wanted to find out if it was true, so I came in to ask Daddy."

Laura's eyes went to Loki, lounging in the bed, definitely not her father. He smiled at her and made the light brighter. Her eyes went even bigger as she realized the light was coming from a floating ball near the ceiling.

"Am I still dreaming?" she asked.

"Yes," Ava snapped. "You are dreaming. Now go back to bed!"

"No," Loki contradicted her. "Laura is it? You are not dreaming."

"Laurie," the girl told him. "You are not my Dad."

"No, I am not," he said seriously, suppressing a smile. "You, I am guessing, are Megan's sister?"

"Yes," she smiled, looking in that moment very like her older sibling.

"Half sister," Ava corrected.

"Well," Loki said, ignoring the older woman, "I am Megan's fiancé. My name is Loki, and I am very glad to meet you."

"Loki? Like the evil wizard on the television who kidnapped Meggy?" she squeaked, shrinking towards the doorway.

"Well, yes," Loki admitted, smiling at her. "But even wizards can be under enchantments, and your sister saved me from mine."

In a way it was true. The grip of the scepter, the sleepless nights it had caused him as he dreamed of death and nothingness, had been a sort of evil enchantment. The light that Megan had brought into his life had allowed him let go of the worst of that.

"With true love's kiss?" she asked, looking at him in wonder.

"Exactly," he nodded.

"Oh please," Ava spat, face twisting in disdain. "It was true opportunist's cunt that she used."

"Laurie," Loki said, ignoring the bitter woman, "Would you like to go down to the bar for an ice cream with me? I find myself in need a snack."

"I'd love to!" she squeaked eyes lighting up. "But can Meggy come with us? I haven't seen her in forever, and she's the only one who treats me like a person!"

"She is in another room with your father and Ben," he told her, getting out of bed and donning his suit with a wave of his hand. "Why don't we go rescue her?"

"Laura cannot go out at this hour in her nightgown!" Ava snapped.

Loki glared at her, wanting to gag the woman. Instead, he grinned and gave an overly dramatic gesture. In a swirl of green light, Laurie stood in the doorway dressed in a diaphanous green and gold princess dress, complete with glittering tiara.

"How did you do that?" she breathed, rushing to look at herself in a long mirror.
"I'm a wizard, remember," he told her with a wink.

"I look like a princess!"

"Well, I am a prince, you know," he confided in her. "And I am going to marry your sister. So that makes you practically royalty yourself. Now, shall we go get ice cream?"

"Loki," she asked him shyly as he walked passed Ava and out the door, "Meggy used to tell Mother and Daddy all the time that she didn't want to get married."

"Well, that was because there were no worthy Princes to be found," he explained, laughing. "I'm not really worthy myself, but I tricked her into thinking I was."

"I think you are!" she said, blushing. "And if Meggy still won't marry you, I just want you to know that I will!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Laura!" Ava bit off.

"I am very honored, Lady Laurie," he told the girl. "I am afraid Megan got to me first, and a gentleman would never abandon his Princess."

"No, I guess not," the girl said with a sigh.

Loki laughed as they took the elevator down one floor and knocked on Ben's room. Megan opened the door, an obvious scold on her lips for interrupting, but when she saw Laurie her whole face changed. Twin smiles lit the girls' faces as they hugged each other. Loki was amused to see that they were practically the same height.

"Laurie! What are you doing here? And with him?" Jonathan asked from where he sat on the bed with a defeated look on his face.

"Prince Loki is taking me for ice cream," she said, looking at Loki with worshipful eyes. "We came to ask Meggy if she wanted to come."

"So I see one of my daughters is not enough for you," Jonathan grumbled, glaring at Loki.

"Megan, he told me you freed him from a magic spell!"

"Something like that," she smiled, looking at him. "But we have to be careful, because he still turns into a dragon every once in a while!"

"Dragons are noble creatures," he said with a huff. "There is no shame in becoming one. But I prefer turning into a giant myself. Your sister seems to like it when I do as well."

Loki winked at Megan and saw her cheeks turn pink.

"So, ice cream?" she said, as he chuckled.

"Indeed. I know you enjoy the cold."

Megan swallowed a squeak as Loki placed his cold, blue hand on the back of her neck. They would have to make their snack a quick one. Loki was suddenly hungry to snack on something completely different. Still, he supposed this would be good practice. They would have their own little one before long, and he would need to get used to delaying his lust. It would just make it that much sweeter when he had her later. As the sisters chattered on the way to the elevator, Loki began planning their evening. A snack was good. They would be needing their stamina.
Chapter End Notes

So this chapter turned out way different and fluffier than I anticipated. Sometimes the characters just write themselves. I promise there will be more smut, snark, and sass to come!
"I have come to a decision, love," Loki announced grandly as they returned to their room an hour later.

"Dare I ask what that is?" Megan smiled, sinking onto the bed with a sigh.

"I have decided that there is at least one other member of your family of whom I approve. Laurie will therefore be allowed to interact with our baby."

"How generous of you," Megan replied dryly.

"I know," he agreed, ignoring her sarcasm completely. "I had not thought to come to that determination after meeting the rest of them. She, like you, defies the mold. Especially considering that bitch is her mother."

"There I share your opinion," Megan frowned. "Ava is poison, and always has been. The fact that Laurie has emerged as sweet as she has is a miracle. But she is a darling."

"She is also an extremely good pick pocket," Loki praised, sitting down behind Megan and beginning to rub her shoulders.

"What?" Megan exclaimed, sitting straight up and turning to glare at him.

"You were in the lavatory for some time pet," he shrugged, pulling her back to him. "I had to entertain her somehow. And she really did show a remarkable skill. Coupled with the absurdly innocent way she looks, she exceeded even my high expectations. We paid our entire bill with the money she slid from the pocket of that inebriated salesman at the next table."

"Loki! How could you? She’s just a child!"

"It’s best to learn these life skills young," he insisted, working on a particularly large knot in her right shoulder. "I promised to teach her how to pick a lock next."

"Ava will kill you, and me," Megan grumbled, beginning to melt from his ministrations.

"You perhaps. I don’t think death is quite what Ava has in mind for me," he smirked.

"What do you mean?"

"She paid me a visit tonight," he said with an evil smile, "while you were all downstairs. She had quite an interesting proposition."

"She didn’t!" Megan gasped. "That bitch!"

"Unfortunately for her, I prefer a bit less desperation in my bed partners."
"Partner," Megan corrected.

"Beg pardon?"

"Partner. As in one. Sadly for you, I cannot replicate myself, and so you, my King, will only ever have one partner in your bed."

"Jealous are you, pet?" he chuckled.

"Protective," she said, turning and pushing him down onto his back. "As your betrothed, I find it completely within my rights."

Megan reached down and untied his tie, sliding it free from his neck. Loki smiled as he anticipated her unbottoning his shirt, but instead she surprised him by taking his wrists and pulling them up above his head.

"Whatever are you doing, love?" He asked, amusement in his voice.

"Hush," she commanded, wrapping the tie around his wrists and knotting it.

"Pet, I don't know what you are playing at..."

"I would think that would be rather obvious," she said, tying the other end to the bed post.

With a smile Megan leaned forward and kissed his mouth. Loki felt his heart beat accelerate as he tested the bonds holding him in place. They were impressively done for one inexperienced. Working down from his mouth, Megan placed wet, sloppy kisses over his neck, in the hollow of his collar, and then began undoing his buttons one at a time, placing kisses at each bit of exposed flesh. By the time she had untucked his shirt and finished the last button he was shockingly hard. When she undid the waist of pants and ran her tongue slowly along the vee beneath, he let out moan of sheer desire and arched his hips off of the bed.

"What has gotten into you, pet?" He groaned, watching as she rose up and lifted her dress off over her head.

"Nothing yet," she smiled at him with devilish eyes. "But we will soon change that."

After her bra followed her dress to the floor, Megan retook her place on the bed, her naked body straddling his legs. Leaning forward, she teasingly allowed her hair to drag down the length of his torso, then slid back up, ghosting her hard nipples along his skin.

"You are playing with fire, sweet girl," Loki growled as Megan grabbed his pants and pulled them down and off his legs, tossing them to the floor with her dress.

Megan gave him a naughty smile ran her nails up and down his legs. His cock stood tall and proud, straining towards her as she let her hair fall around it. Her hand moved up to cup his balls, and squeeze gently. Her head dipped down to suck one thigh, drawing blood to the surface. He groaned in need, twisting back and forth in his bonds, and then cried out as Megan bared her teeth and bit hard into his inner thigh, just under his sex.

"Stop toying with me, pet, or there will be consequences," he rasped through clenched teeth.

"You do not make the rules here, slave," she said, crawling up so that she was kneeling directly over his cock, just out of reach.
Reaching down she took his shaft in his hand, pulling another moan out from his lips. After gently giving him a few strokes, she placed him against her cunt and dragged the head of his cock back and forth along her wet center. Once he was coated in her slick, she slid him up and circled him over her clit, arching her back and giving a breathy moan as she used him to pleasure herself, causing him to growl once more.

"You want something, love?" she asked, getting off on the friction she was creating with his head. He grunted in response.

"You have to tell me what you want," she smirked.

"You know damn well what I want, tease," he told her. "Now open up and let me in."

"I'm sorry, slave," she said, licking her lips. "I'm afraid you're going to have to beg."

"Megan..." he voice took on a warning tone.

"Beg me," she ordered again, placing him right at her entrance, so that he could feel her welcoming heat urging him in, and then raising her hips so that all that lovely wet heat was taken away.

"Take me," he growled. "Ride me. Use me for your pleasure."

With a triumphant cry Megan lowered herself down onto him, tight walls caressing him as she took him all the way into her cunt. Drunk on the power of control, she rode him for all she was worth.

"Tell me," she demanded, stroking his face and looking him in the eye, "who does this cock belong to?"

Loki growled and thrust up into her, not giving her an answer. Her nails raked hard down his chest, leaving a red trail in their wake.

"I asked you a question," said sternly, leaning in so that her mouth was a mere breath from his. "Who does this cock belong to."

"You," he ground out, pressing up as hard as he could into her as her lips descended to take his own.

"That is right," she said, coming up for air. "You are mine. You belong to me. All of you. Now, make your mistress cum."

With a cry ripped from his core Loki's arms came around her and he flipped them over so that she lay impaled beneath him. Driven past reason, he slammed into her, grunting her name like a mantra as he fucked her into the mattress. She wrapped her arms and legs around him, clinging to his body as his long, hard strokes into her pushed her closer and closer to the edge. When he finally felt her tighten around him he bit into her shoulder, holding her as close as physically possible while he emptied into her.

"You could move the whole time, couldn't you?" she asked with a sigh when they had at last gotten their breath back.

"Of course," he told her gently, bringing her hand to his lips and holding it there.

"Why didn't you?"

"You wanted me bound. I saw no reason to deprive you of that. And I will also confess I was
curious to see what you would do with me."

"And?"

"You, my love, are an excellent student," he smiled at her, eyes twinkling.

"I had an excellent teacher," she replied, smiling back tiredly at him. "I think we may have been a little loud."

"A little?" he laughed, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh dear," her face was turning his favorite shade of pink, and she buried it in a pillow.

"Look at it this way," he offered, "at least you don't have to worry about Ava thinking you leave me unsatisfied."

"I suppose that's true," she allowed. "I was thinking more of Laurie and my father."

"Laurie is a girl of excellent taste," he opined, "she worships me already. She will not begrudge you my affection. As for your father... well, he should be glad you have done so well for yourself. But either way, he will have to get used to the idea. As you well and truly proved tonight, I am yours. And I am not going anywhere. Except to sleep. You have worn me out with your demanding pussy."

Rolling onto his side, he pulled her snug against him, one hand resting protectively over her tummy. A little kick met his hand, and murmured a sleepy goodnight to the baby before closing his eyes and drifting off to sleep.
Loki and Jonathan have a talk.

Loki lay in bed having what had become his ritual morning conversation with the baby. While the little one was not much of a conversationalist yet, s/he always let Loki know that s/he was listening, kicking strongly against his hand as he spoke. Megan had not been a morning person before she became pregnant, and her current state had only made her more keen to sleep in. Loki happily indulged her as it gave him a chance at some one on one time with the life taking up residence in her tummy.

"You will like your Aunt Laurie," he was telling his child. "She is smart and sneaky just like your mom, just like I hope you will be someday. But stay away from her mother. I will let you know what I decide on the men. My instinct is to discard them, but you know what a soft touch your mother is. She will want you know them."

A light knock at the door roused him from where he was lounging halfway down the bed in order to be at a level with Megan's midsection. Quickly he got up and crossed to the door, irritated at having been interrupted in his talk. When he opened the door, Jonathan stood awkwardly in the hall, shifting from one foot to the other.

"What?" Loki barked, raising an eyebrow at the gaping man.

"For god's sake, man," Jonathan gasped, "put some damn clothes on!"

Loki glanced down and realized that he was completely nude. Jonathan was red faced, obviously not knowing where to look with Loki's pale muscles and semi-hard cock on display. With a roll of his eyes and a negligent wave of his hand he dressed himself in soft lounge clothes.

"Better?" he asked irritably.

"Yes, thank you," Jonathan squirmed. "My lord, no wonder Megan stayed with you!"

"I assure you, that is not the only reason," Loki said with a grin, secretly proud. "Size can only take you so far, it is skill and imagination that keep them coming back for more."

"All right, that's enough of that. It is my daughter after all."

"You brought it up," Loki reminded him with a shrug. "Was there something you wanted?"

"I came to see if you cared for a bit of breakfast," he offered with a sigh.

"I'm afraid Megan won't be up for some time," Loki hedged.

"Good, as she's not invited," Jonathan replied. "I thought it was time you and I had a conversation, man to... whatever it is you are."

"Very well, but I should warn you now that nothing you say will convince me to give up Megan or
our child."

His curiosity raised, Loki followed Jonathan downstairs and into the restaurant. After ordering coffee and a large breakfast, he leaned back and regarded Megan's father with frank appraisal. He had been inclined to despise Jonathan just the afternoon before, but since meeting him he was not so sure. He saw too many quick flashes of Megan in the man to be able to write him off so quickly.

"So," Jonathan said, sipping his black coffee, "it appears you've managed to convince my daughter she loves you."

"Human females are just helpless against my charm," Loki grinned. "It's a curse."

"Sure, you joke. But you've got both my little girls wrapped around your finger now. I trust you will not use little Laurie like you have her sister," Jonathan's voice turned hard and the look he shot Loki was downright murderous.

"Laurie is a child," Loki said coldly, offended to the core at the very idea. "She is at least twenty years younger than Megan. I am not a monster, sir."

"And yet, that's just what they say you are," Jonathan sighed. "And judging by the things I've heard you did to my Meggy, I'm inclined to agree with them."

"Megan is a grown woman, with a mind of her own," Loki answered. "Yes, our courting might have been... unusual, but she made the decision every day to remain with me. She could have left at any time she wanted, and yet she did not."

It might have been true. Loki had asked himself many times over the past months what he would have done, in the beginning, if Megan had decided to go. He would have tried anything he could, he knew, to trick her into staying. Pulled out every bit of mischief he could conceive to keep her by his side. His need for her was a visceral, palpable thing, stronger than any drug he knew. Even now, having drank his fill of her the night before, he longed to be upstairs, naked skin pressed to hers, her velvety soft walls wrapped tightly around his cock as it slid home into her. He could feel himself stiffening from just the thought. Would he have stopped at violence, at force, if she had tried to walk away? To this day he wasn't sure. Fortunately it had never been tested. He did know he would kill anyone who tried to take her, tried to get between them. Up to and including the man now seated across from him.

"She has always been too headstrong," Jonathan grumbled. "Benjy was a biddable enough child, but Meggy, she never did learn to obey."

"Allow me to set your mind at rest," Loki smirked. "I can happily report that I have corrected that flaw in her. She now obeys very prettily indeed."

"Are you trying to make me hate you?" Jonathan asked in genuine curiosity. "You are to be a father soon. How would you feel if some man treated your daughter the way you've treated her mother?"

"Ah, but I am not some man. I am a God."

"Be that as it may, I will not have you harming my little girl," Jonathan growled. "Now, Meggy says you love her, and I have no choice but to take her word on that. But know this, Asgardian. God or no, if you ever hurt her I will end your miserable life."

"If I were ever to seriously hurt her, I would allow you to do it," Loki acquiesced. "I do love her. I will not say it again. Not to you."
They sat, silently appraising each other as the servant brought their food. Loki poured syrup onto his large stack of pancakes, trying to decide if it was worth the mess it would make to smuggle some up to his room and pour it over Megan when he returned. He would quite enjoy licking it off of various portions of her body. Then letting her do the same to him. She was so very good at cleaning him with her tongue. Damn, he was getting hard again. This was what came of being dragged out of bed before he had time to avail himself of her body in the morning.

"You are hardly one to be lecturing anyone on their choices of life partners," Loki opined, savoring the sweet taste of his food. "After all, you married a cunt of a snake."

"That I did," the other man agreed, causing Loki to choke on a bite of bacon. "What? Did you think I didn't know? Tell me, has she already tried to slither her way into your bed? If she hasn't, it is only a matter of time."

"You know?" Loki had to admit, he was surprised.

"Of course I know, I'm not a fool."

"Then why - "

"Why am I still married to her?" Jonathan asked. "She's my Laurie's mother. She's not perfect, not by a long shot, but she's the only one the girl will ever have. I am busy much of the time, she needs someone."

"Then hire a nanny," Loki suggested. "That woman is toxic."

"I said till death do us part. I stand by my word. Will you?"

"Do not think to question my honor," Loki growled.

"I just want to make sure you have thought this through. You and Meggy are different races, and not just color. How old are you, if I may ask."

"Older than Megan," Loki smiled.

"Oh, I'm sure of that. Older than me as well. What are you, about a thousand years or so?"

"Something around that," Loki allowed.

"And how old does your species live?"

"I have some time ahead of me, if that's what you're getting at."

"So I've gathered. You will outlive Megan by centuries at a minimum. Have you thought of that? What will happen when she reaches the end of her life? She's young yet, but even still she'll only have at most another sixty years or so. Are you prepared for what this means? Prepared to watch the woman you love, the mother of your children, fade away and die? Trust me when I say it is not pleasant."

"Your first wife?" Loki asked.

"Meg and Benjy's mother," Jonathan nodded. "She was a firecracker, that one. Feisty, smart as a whip, beautiful, and fiercely protective of those she loved."

"Sounds familiar."
"Like mother like daughter," Jonathan agreed. "It took her over two years to die. I was by her side every day at first. It almost killed me along with her. In the end, I hid in the bottom of a bottle, which is where Ava found me. If you really love my gel like you say, what will happen to you when she begins to age? Will you still be so hot for her when she begins to gray? Or will you run off to find your next play thing?"

"I could kill you for that," Loki snarled. "For suggesting that Megan is just a toy to me. True, that was the plan at first. And she was such a lovely toy, so fun to play with. But it didn't take me long to see that she was more than that. I will move heaven and earth to keep her with me, but if nothing can be done then I will be with her to the very end. Do not dare to question my devotion."

"You are an intense fellow, aren't you?"

"So I have been told."

"Well, I suppose it could have been worse. I was afraid she was going to end up with that Stark fellow she worked for."

"Megan would never have such poor taste," Loki scoffed.

"That's what I said, but Ava kept insisting that it was the perfect match!"

"That woman is as tasteless as she is vulgar," Loki sneered. "Come to think of it, she would be perfect for Stark!"

"Hah! Don't think she didn't try!"

"I suppose even Tony Stark has some taste," Loki laughed. "No offense intended."

Jonathan waved off the comment good naturedly.

"I'm past being embarrassed by her. I just wish she didn't hate Megan quite so much. Reminds her too much of her mum. Watch out for her. If you did turn her down, she'll be spitting mad and out for revenge."

"I assure you, I can take care of myself."

"Oh, I'm sure your can, but Meggy is too soft for her own good. We'll need to make sure Ava's claws don't end up in her."

"Trust me, no one but myself will get their claws, or any other parts, into Megan."

"Good." Jonathan gave Loki a long, searching look and nodded once. "I suppose it could be worse."

"I'm honored."

"But, son, must you be so loud? I just about blew out the speakers on the television last night trying to drown the two of you out.

"I am so deeply sorry," Loki smiled delightedly. "That must have been traumatizing for you. We shall endeavor to keep the noise to a minimum."

With a subtle wave of his hand the syrup vanished from the table. He couldn't wait to make use of it that night. With any luck, they would put last night's lustful aria to shame.
Chapter 60

Chapter Summary

A bit of plot, a bit of smut!

Chapter Notes

Having family with children in town is exhausting! Sorry this took a few days!!

All in all, Loki thought his breakfast with Jonathan went as well as could be expected. They had reached a cautious truce as far as Megan was concerned, and he did not think that the man would attempt to block Loki’s relationship with his daughter. Considering Megan would most likely not look too fondly on his casually murdering her father, this could only be seen as a positive.

He sauntered into their room ready to celebrate the victory of his charm by having his way with her, only to find an empty bed and a missing pet. Irritated at being denied the instant gratification he obviously deserved, Loki went back out into the common area, slamming the door behind him.

"She went out with Ben," Laurie told him, looking at him with her big eyes.

"Well then," Loki replied with a devastating smile, “I suppose we should see what mischief you and I can get up to.”

Four hours and several illicitly visited hotel rooms later, they returned to the suite with a large chocolate cake, a bottle of champagne, and what Loki assumes was enough pocket money to last a young girl for weeks. She was certainly clever, and had picked up multiple tricks for opening various types of locks at a surprisingly rapid pace. They were laughing conspiratorially about the bellhop they had just managed to elude in the last room, but as they entered the suite the amusement died on Loki’s lips.

Megan sat on the sofa, a wealth of baby paraphernalia surrounding her. She was flushed and smiling and looking all together delicious in a flirty summer dress that showed off all of her delectable features. It would have been a feast for his eyes had it not been for the man sitting next to her, clutching her hand in a proprietary fashion that made Loki instantly want to defenstrate him.

"Loki! There you are!” Mega said, snatching her hand away and smiling guiltily at him. “We’ve been shopping!!”

"I see,” he smiled thinly. “It appears you bought an entire nursery. But I don’t believe I know your friend, love.”

"That’s Scott,” Laurie offered, sounding less than impressed. “What did you bring him up here for, Meg.”

"Laura!” Ava snapped from where she sat on the other side of the room. “Mind your manners.”
"I missed you too, runt," the human chuckled derisively.

"I didn’t miss you at all," Laurie snarled.

"That is enough!" Ava told her. "Now go to your room. And put down that cake, for heaven’s sake. The last thing you need is to start gaining back the weight we worked so hard to take off."

Grabbing a handful of cake and shoving it in her mouth, Laurie stomped out of the room.

"Oh dear," Megan sighed, turning to the visiter. "You two never did get on, did you?"

"She’s a spoiled brat," Scott shrugged. "So, you must be the baby daddy. Scott West."

"Loki, God of Mischief and Prince of Asgard," he said in his most superior tone, merely looking at the offered hand in disdain.

"Scott is an old friend," Megan hastened to fill in.

"Oh, come on, Meg, I’m a little more than that," the look he gave her had Loki seeing red.

"Indeed?"

"Scott was Ben’s college roommate," Megan said quickly.

"And this little thing followed me around like a puppy for four years," he laughed, making Megan turn red. "Of course she didn’t look then the way she does now! Just a geeky little mousy thing desperate for any attention anyone would give her."

"Yeah, well, my mother had just died," Megan explained, looking away in embarrassment. "It wasn’t the easiest time for me."

"I wish I had known you then, pet," Loki said, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"You’re lucky you didn’t," the obnoxious mortal laughed. "I bet she’s much more fun now. She was a prude who wanted to be a princess."

"And now she will be," Loki said.

"Look, I have to get going, but I wanted to invite you all to a fund raiser ball I’m throwing this evening. It’s formal, so I don’t know if you have anything -"

"No worry there," Loki said with a sniff. "As we are royalty, we are always prepared for all occasions."

"Well then, I will see you there. And Meg, I’ll save you a dance."

Loki thought that if the insufferable man wanted to keep his eye, he had best stop winking at his betrothed. Once he had left, Loki took Megan by the hand and pulled her into their room, shutting the door.

"If we are going out tonight, I should get some rest now," she said hesitantly. "Baby takes a lot of energy."

"That man pet?"

"We ran into him at the mall," Megan explained, a little too quickly. "Ben had to go run another
errand, and I needed help carrying everything back, so he volunteered to help.”

"How chivalrous of him,” Loki took her chin between his thumb and finger and lifted it up to look at her. “Do I have to worry, pet?”

"Of course not!” She laughed nervously. “He’s just an old friend.”

"He did not look at you as a friend does.”

Loki stood over the bed, staring down at where she lay. Her flirty little sundress had ridden up her leg so that most of her creamy thighs were showing, and her rapid breathing was doing wonders for her barely contained cleavage.

"I don’t know if I approve of you going out dressed like this without me,” he told her, placing a hand on one of her legs above the knee and sliding it up slowly.

"Loki, please! I am visibly pregnant! I am not likely to be inspiring lust.”

"You under rate yourself,” he disagreed, hand now making the delightful discovery that she had not found panties since their arrival. “You are radiant. And all your pregnancy has done is increase your already ample charms.”

To illustrate his point, Loki reached down with his other hand and squeezed her breast, managing to quickly release it from beneath the flimsy material of her dress. Megan moaned softly and pressed up into him.

"We don’t have to go to the ball,” she said, voice tight as he pinched hard on her nipple.

“Oh we’ll go,” he said, pulling her other side free. “I will show that puny human how true royalty comports themselves. But I believe he has designs on you, love. And so we will make sure that you are clearly marked as mine.”

With that, Loki bent forward and latched on to her throat above her collar with his mouth, sucking hard. Sliding his hand to her ass, he rolled her so that she lay on her side and stretched out on the bed beside her, a quick adjustment removing his clothes. With a smile he flicked his hand and a clone lay behind her, also naked.

"As you are tired, we will take care of two at once,” he said, cryptically as the clone began to kiss down the back of her neck. “And I believe you had a fantasy you told me of...”

A moment later it was his icy blue skin pressed to hers, and he felt the feral rush of the Jotunn mating lust sweep over him. With a growl tore her dress open and claimed her breast again with his mouth, sucking hard on one and then the other. His clawed hands were between her legs, pulling her apart and pushing inside to prepare her. On the other side of her he felt the Asgardian Loki rubbing his cock up and down against her ass, as the Jotunn pushed her back into him. A wave of his hand added some lubricant to the sliding cock, and he felt his double slip slowly and deliberately into her ass.

That was all the Jotunn in him could take. He might know that the other was him, might feel all of his feelings, but he still had an urgent, unquenchable need to claim her for his own. As the other Loki slid back, he positioned himself and with a savage growl forced his way into her waiting cunt. Megan screamed out as she was stuffed more full than ever before. He knew he should let her adjust, but she felt so good, so tight with the large cock pushing in from her ass and his gigantic Jotunn size filling her pussy. He began to move roughly, forcing her to take his full length while the clone moved in and out more gently from behind. They soon were moving in a
coordinated rhythm, pressing her between the two bodies, so different and yet both him.

Megan was lost to the invasion, eyes rolled back, cries coming with each paired thrust. Their mouths worked on her, leaving a trail of bite marks and bruises as they put an unmistakable claim all over her body.

"Please," Megan gasped, voice barely a whisper.

"Cum! Now!" He snarled.

With a wail she complied, her body clamping down around him like a vice. It was almost painful how she gripped him, milked him for his sperm. Losing himself again, Loki rutted into her, feeling his double shoot his release into her ass at the same time he unloaded ropes into her pussy.

Brushing the clone into oblivion, Loki pushed her legs wide apart and stared at the deluge of cum seeping out of her. Carefully scooping with his fingers, he took a large glob of his seed and brought it up to rub onto her breasts. He smiled as he looked at her, chest, ass, and cunt all dripping his cum.

“You will not wash me off of you,” he told her in a voice that brooked no resistance. “You will go to that party tonight Coated in me. Feeling me in all your most private places, knowing that I have marked you inside and out.”

Megan’s only response was a whimper; she was far beyond words. Gently, Loki brought the blanket up to cover her shivering body and placed a gentle kiss on her brow. It took no time at all before she was asleep in his arms.
Loki stood surveying the ballroom, a contemptuous set to his mouth. None of these Midgardian men had any hint of what made a person draw attention. Just look at them all in their all but identical black and white, blending in with each other, as interchangeable on the outside as they were in personality. It was no wonder all eyes had turned to them the moment they walked in. His golden horns had made it necessary to bend down to fit through the door way, and now they added to his already enhanced height, making him tower above the crowd. His long green cape fell to the floor from his shoulders, setting off his formal Asgardian armor to perfection. He commanded every look and he knew it.

By his side, tiny in contrast to his height, Megan was no less magnificent. Her green gown fit tightly over her cleavage, displaying a pillowy expanse dotted with love bites ineffectively covered with concealer. The satin material was caught beneath her breasts by a gold and emerald empire waist band, and fell in a column to pool just a bit on the floor. Her matching tiara glittered in her red curls. Best of all was the slight trace of scent that clung to her body. Obedient to his command, she still carried the stain and the smell of his leaving on all of her most intimate parts. It made him smug with satisfaction that she was so lewdly marked as his property.

"Megan, you came!" Scott came up to greet them, kissing Megan’s cheek and setting Loki’s teeth on edge. “You look absolutely gorgeous. And Prince Loki... what an interesting get up.”

"You said it was a formal occasion,” he shrugged.

“Sure, guess they do things different in space. Come on, let me get you kids some champagne.”

"Scott, I’m pregnant. I can’t drink,” Megan protested as he led them to a server carrying a flute laden tray.
"Nonsense, one glass won’t hurt anything," he insisted, handing them each a drink. "There are a ton of doctors here, ask any one of them!"

"I don’t think any of them have experience in my type of pregnancy," she demurred, returning the glass.

Loki saw a look of irritation flit across Scott’s face before he shrugged and set the glass down on a table beside them.

"Up to you," he said. "But it's a shame to see you’re still a goody two shoes. I thought after all we heard about your recent activities you may have learned to live a little."

Megan flushed and looked at her feet. Loki pursed his lips as he regarded the man responsible for her discomfort. He seemed to effect Megan emotionally in a way that he had not seen anyone else achieve before. It ate at Loki that she seemed to take the words of this toad so to heart.

"I need to visit the lady's room," she said, smiling up at Loki with none of her usual confidence. "Will you be alright?"

"I think I can manage, pet," he chuckled, kissing her before letting her go.

"She certainly has grown up nicely," Scott said appreciatively as they watched her walk away, hips swaying enticingly.

"Watch where you put your eyes, mortal," Loki warned as the other man ogled her rear.

"Oh, lighten up," Scott laughed. "After all, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before."

"Oh really?" Loki’s voice dripped in menace, but it seemed to go over his companion’s head.

"She didn’t tell you?" Scott laughed. "Just like a woman. Wanting to seem all innocent and untouched. I was her first."

"Her first what?" Loki was sure he knew, but he wanted to make certain before committing to violence.

"Her first everything," Scott shrugged. "She used to come and visit Ben and just moon over me. It was embarrassing, really. I mean, here she was this shy little thing, and yet she was practically begging for it. I finally took pity on her one night after a party. Figured it would be fun to try a virgin for a change. After that we would hook up every so often when she visited, but she knew I wasn’t looking to tie myself down, especially to someone like her."

"Like her?" Loki didn’t know how Scott could miss the thread of murder in his voice.

"You know, prissy. Wouldn’t even go down on me, much less do anal. And she made me wear a condom every time, even though she was on the pill. I’ve got to tell you man, I have nothing but respect for the way you got her to show her nasty side. I couldn't believe that the girl in the reports we got from your headquarters was the same one I knew."

"She is not," Loki growled. "The girl you knew is gone. The girl you heard about, the one here tonight, is mine. You would do well to remember that."

"Hey, far be it from me to break up a happy home," Scott smirked. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to make the rounds."
Clapping Loki on the shoulder, he walked away towards a group of men on the far side of the room.

"Charming, isn't he?" a voice purred from beside him.

"What do you want?" Loki sighed as Ava sidled up beside him.

"Just to see how you are enjoying the party," she smiled. "They make a handsome pair, don't they? Megan and Scott. She was in love with him for years, but he never really noticed. Or if he did he didn't care. He used her appallingly and she allowed it, welcomed it. I guess she's always been a masochist when it comes to relationships. And now here he is, after all this time, pursuing her. Not that he'll admit it, but of course he is. How do you think she'll react, little Megan? To having her childhood obsession finally return her interest? I for one can't wait to find out."

"You are poison," he seethed, polishing off his champagne.

"Maybe, but I'm not wrong," she smirked, and sashayed away.

Across the room Loki saw Scott intercept Megan where she was coming back from the washroom and, taking her by the arm, lead her out of the room. With a snarl he reached down and downed her untouched champagne in one long swallow before stalking after them.

He walked into a long hall, with many doorways leading off of it. There was no sign of Megan and her ex anywhere, and he paused to try and listen for their voices. As he stood there, intent, Loki began to feel a swirling in his head. It was as if a layer of mist had fallen across his mind. Stumbling a bit, he made his way towards a door further down the hall from which he could just make out conversation. He had made it almost to the room when he fell heavily into a chair beside it, shaking his head to try and clear it from the miasma that was consuming it.

"Scott, stop it," he heard Megan's voice through the haze from the room just a few steps away.

"Oh, come on, babe," her former flame cooed, "I won't tell anyone. You know you want to."

"No, I don't," she said firmly. "Now let me go."

Desperately Loki tried to focus on moving. He needed to get up. To get into that room and put a stop to what was going on inside.

"It's not like we've never done it before," Scott wheedled, "and you remember how good it was."

"I found better," she sniped, and through his haze Loki smiled.

"Have you? Or do you just know how to appreciate it now? You know you want to find out. And you're making me so hard. Just let me stick it in a little, just the tip. I took pity on you once, take pity on me now. It's not like you have to worry about my getting you pregnant."

"Don't you understand you idiot? I'm trying to save your life. Now get your hands off of me!"

His love knew him well. That cur had his hands on her. He was going to remove them. Permanently.

"What, you think I'm scared of that pretty boy alien with a god complex?" Scott laughed. Oh, Loki would make him afraid!

"If you're smart you are. Loki doesn't have a god complex, he is a God. And you are nothing but a
spoiled boy. That's all you ever were."

That was his girl. Struggling, Loki pulled himself to his feet. His head was beginning to clear. The champagne, he realized, suddenly. Megan's drink. The slime must have drugged it. It explained the irritation on his face when she refused it. Oh, he was going to regret the fates that brought him back into her life with ill intent.

"You're as much of a tease as ever!" Scott hissed. "Flaunting that ripe body, trying to pull attention, just begging to be taken, and then saying no at the last minute."

"It's not your attention I was trying to draw," there was strain in her voice now, and a trace of fear. "If you don't let me go I will scream and he will come and kill you."

"Go ahead, scream," Scott said. "Open your pretty mouth so I can finally feel those lips around me."

"No! Stop!"

Loki rounded the corner into the room. Scott had a struggling Megan backed up to a wall, arms on either side of her keeping her in place. One hand was trying to gather up the material of her skirt while his knee pushed her legs apart.

With a cry ripped from his chest Loki grabbed him by the back of his collar and tore him off of her, throwing him into the opposite wall. Although not quite up to his usual lithe grace, Loki still was more than a match for the pathetic human, and it was with great pleasure he set about beating him to a pulp. Within moments he Scott was a bleeding mess, cowering in a corner with his hands raised as Loki stood above his sniveling body. His mind was in a cloud and he raised his fist to deliver what would surely be a killing blow.

"Loki, enough," Megan said at last, crossing to grab his arm and hold him at bay.

It took him a moment to even realize that it was her, and all of the concentration he could muster to realize she was telling him to stop. With a snarl he turned to look at her, staring up at him. The look in her eyes took his breath away. She had never doubted, he realized. Never wondered for a moment whether he would find her, save her. She looked at him with such love and trust, that suddenly the creature on the floor was completely forgotten.

"Always," he rasped, and pulled her to him, he crushing his lips to hers, loosing himself in the kiss. Megan let out a whimper of a gasp and clung to him, kissing him back with fervor. He ran his hands down her back, cupping her ass and pressing her to him. Her hands buried themselves in his hair and she lifted one of her legs instinctively to wrap around him as he pulled up her skirt to assist her. Spinning them around he pushed her up against the wall and, freeing himself magically, thrust up into her.

They were fierce in their coupling, uncaring that her would be attacker lay curled up on the floor. Her voice filled the room, calling out his name over and over again while he took her frantically, finding clarity in the unwavering devotion of her love. When he came inside her he brought her along with him, feeling her wrap around him in her ecstasy. Loki collapsed into a chair, pulling her down with him. With a smug, satisfied smile, she turned and looked at the man on the floor.

"That," she told him, "is what I meant by better."
Chapter 62

Chapter Summary

Loki takes his revenge.

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! What the hell is going on here?"

Jonathan's voice broke through Loki's haze. He looked up to see Megan's father, stepmother, and brother in the doorway, with at least a dozen others standing behind. Jonathan moved his gaze back and forth between Loki and Megan on the chair and where Scott lay curled on the floor in a bloody heap. Loki gave a twitch of his hand and their clothing righted itself, causing a gasp to ripple through the gathered throng. Humans were so easily shocked.

"You animal!" Ben said, glaring at Loki. "What did you do to him? Scott, Scott are you alright?"

"Ben!" Megan snapped.

"No, pet, allow me," Loki said smoothly, standing and depositing her gently back in the chair. "You might want to save some of your anger for your friend there. When I came in he was attempting to rape your sister."

"What?" Jonathan pushed into the room and knelt next to Megan.

"Fortunately I got here in time. Just in time. It was a close thing, due to the drug he slipped into the champagne."

"Drug?" Ben looked less certain where he knelt near his friend.

"Meant for Megan. Fortunately for all of us your sister is an overly cautious mother and wouldn't drink it. I, on the other hand, downed it to try to get the taste of this event out of my mouth."

"Megan, is this true?" Ben asked.

"I didn't know about the drug, but it doesn't surprise me. It wouldn't be the first time."

"I told you to steel her back, not drug and rape her!" Ben yelled, standing up and walking over to join his family. "Megan, I am so sorry."

"You whoreson bastard!" Jonathan snarled, storming over to kick Scott in the ribs.

Loki smiled as the slime writhed in pain. Still, it was time to remind them all who was in charge. With a small sigh of regret he pulled Jonathan back.

"Not that I don't appreciate the sentiment," Loki purred, "but Megan is my responsibility now, not yours."

"As long as you make him suffer," Jonathan said.

"Oh, don't worry there," Loki smiled.
With a wave of his hand Scott lifted off the floor to hang, suspended in the air by Loki's magic. Gasping for air as an invisible hand gripped his throat, Scott glared at Loki through swollen, bloody eyes. His left arm hung at an unnatural angle, and he winced every time he managed to draw a breath.

"Now," Loki said slowly and clearly as the other man struggled in the air, "I think it is time for you and I to have a little chat. You realize, of course, that your life is forfeit. You touched something that belongs to me. Something that I hold very dear indeed. Something that I love."

Scott made a gurgling noise as the grip around his neck grew tighter. Loki stalked very close to him, smiling at the obvious pain he was in.

"What's that? No answer? No, I suppose there is no answer that you could make. Now, normally I would kill you here and now. But luckily for you my lovely bride to be is not a fan of murder, and since she has already been put through one trauma because of you tonight, why don't we see if we can come up with something else, shall we?"

Scott's one visible eye became noticeably relieved at this possibility. Loki grinned. He would not be relieved for long.

"This is my pronouncement of your sentence. You will walk from this room, taking your miserable excuse for a life. But know this. For the next ten years of your life, you will not be able to be with another woman. That small little worm you have dangling between your legs will not harden no matter how you pull on it. No matter what sweet morsel catches your eye. You will be celibate, a eunuch. I'm sure it will be a blessing to every woman you encounter, wouldn't you agree pet?"

"I think you have hit upon the perfect punishment, my love," Megan smiled.

"I am glad you approve," he smiled at her and turned back to Scott. "Now. LEAVE."

Loki turned his back and Scott fell to the ground as though a rope had been cut. Jonathan grabbed one arm, Ben the other and between the two of them they hauled him towards the door.

"Don't act like you're all so innocent," Scott mumbled. "We all heard how you forced her to perform for your court. Hell, you fucked her here in front of me just now. And the drugs weren't even my idea. Ask Ava where they came from!"

"You lie!" Jonathan snarled.

"Why would I?" he scoffed. "What more could you do to me besides kill me? And all for a cheap piece of ass I tapped years ago."

"We'll deal with her later," Loki told Jonathan.

Leading a parade of onlookers in their wake, Megan's relatives dragged the bloody pulp of a man out of the door and towards the exit. Loki closed the door and turned to Megan, not sure how she would be reacting. What he did not expect was for his love to be giggling uncontrollably into her hands.

"Are you alright pet?" he asked, in complete confusion.

"That was perfect!" she gasped between giggles. "Nothing could have been better!"

"I'm glad it met with your approval."
"You can't really do that to someone, can you?" she asked. "Make someone impotent I mean."

"You doubt me?" he said, voice hurt. "I am wounded, love."

"Do I doubt that the God of Lies would tell the truth to the slime stupid enough to try to rape his woman? Call me crazy, but yes. I do."

"Ah, you are too smart for me, darling," he grinned. "I can indeed incapacitate a man, but not through magic."

"I do not need to hear other ways of castrating men," she said emphatically.

"What I have discovered is that the power of suggestion is its own type of magic. It may not last ten years, but it will be some time before his cock so much as twitches. His mind will be convinced and it will do the rest."

"Brilliant," she cooed, standing on her tiptoes and kissing him.

"The fact that you appreciate that is why you are the perfect woman," he told her.
Chapter 63

Chapter Summary

Party Aftermath

Chapter Notes

Hello my lovelies,

So sorry for the delay, I spent the week dealing with really bad neck pain from TMJ, and it made it difficult to concentrate on anything. Fortunately, I was able to get in to see the acupuncturist yesterday and am now on the mend!

So without further ado I give you a chapter with a little angst, a little smut, and a little retribution. Hope you like it!!

As always, I am sooooo very greatful to everyone who reads/likes/comments! :)

The party, of course, broke up soon after Scott was ejected from the premises. Uncharacteristically Loki acquiesced to Megan's suggestion that they take one of the provided limousines back to the hotel rather than drive himself. He was a bit more shaky from the drug than he liked to admit. He could only imagine what condition Megan would have found herself in if she had been the one to drink the laced champagne. She would have been completely at the mercy of the fiend. Which, of course, was precisely what he had been after. Loki began wishing that he had castrated the man in earnest.

When they arrived back at there lodgings he let Megan lead him straight into the bedroom. They could hear screaming from Jonathan and Ava's room, but he didn't have the energy to deal with that conniving bitch at the moment. Let her live in fear of his retribution for the night.

As he sunk down into a chair against the window, Loki realized that Megan had not spoken so much as a word the whole drive back. Looking at her now, he saw that she was overly anxious, worrying her hands at her collar and chewing on her lower lip in her agitation.

"Something troubling you, pet?" he asked.

"I would never have let him," she blurted out, face turning red.

"Let who what?" he asked, trying to track her thoughts.

"Scott. I would never have let him... do what he wanted to do with me."

"You mean fuck you?" he said, smiling at the dainty sensibilities she still maintained, despite all the different ways he had used her. "You made it perfectly clear from your words and actions at the time, pet. Why would you think I would doubt you?"
"Because at one time I might have," she confessed with a sigh, eyes staring at the floor. "I hate that it's true, but at one time I would have let him do things to me, though not as much as he wanted. Even after that first time. Even after I knew, deep down, that I wasn't just drunk when he took me."

"Tonight would not have been the first time he drugged you," Loki said flatly, feeling the desire to go find the man and end his miserable life.

"I can't say for sure, but I don't think so. We had been at a party, but I only had one beer. I didn't drink much back then. I passed out, and when I came to, we were... well he on top of me."

"And that was your first time."

Megan nodded as Loki seethed. The man needed to be killed.

"It never made sense to me," she said, a look of confusion on her face. "I would have slept with him without the drug. I had made that clear enough. So why would he use it? When I brought it up he denied it, of course, but it's all so clear now. He told me I was just a desperate little tart who he had taken pity on."

"That man has definitely outlived his time on this planet," Loki growled. "Pet, he wanted to control you. He was too weak to do that if you had all of your faculties about you. He knew that. The only way he could ever master you was through drugs."

"I guess," she shrugged, sitting on the bed.

"You say there was a time you would have let him do what he wanted to you. Was that true of any time since you met me? Even when you hated me?"

"No!" the answer was instantaneous. "And don't forget, I still hate you sometimes."

"That's my girl," he smiled. "Would you have let him do any of the more... adventurous things to you that I have done? Take you before a crowd? Claim you in all your warm, tight, little holes? Send you out in public with wet, hot cum dripping down your body?"

"Never," she shuddered.

"Because you were never really his," Loki smiled. "You never really belonged to him or anyone else for that matter. You body, your soul, your heart all knew that none of those who tried to conquer them before were their true owners. You were destined for me and me alone."

"Conceited," she smiled, sinking down to sit at his feet and rest her head against his leg. It reminded Loki of her position in his throne room, kneeling on her cushion. With a wave of his hand her gown shimmered and she was wearing her livery. The golden leash had appeared on her collar and he rapped it around his hand.

"Have you noticed, love," he asked, stroking her hair, "that their is a pattern wherever we go? At the Tower it was Stark, in Asgard, Thor, here that overmatched mortal. Whoever sees themselves as the powerful, alpha male is irresistibly drawn to you. They covet you. There is something about you, my love, a beacon that calls out to all of us. Your pride, your passion, your intelligence. You have a beauty that shines out above all others around you, and you feel things more deeply than any other mortal I have ever come across. It makes you undeniably arousing. The thought of taming all of that passion, of breaking such a bright a spirit and making it submit. Well, just look at my cock and you will see what it does."

It was no less than the truth. He was hard as steel just from thinking about it. Her big eyes glanced
at the erection straining against his leather pants and she licked her lips reflexively. The motion made him pulse and ache. Reaching down, he opened his trousers and pushed them down around his legs, letting his cock spring forth. As Megan's eyes fixed on it, he slowly stroked it up and down.

"Say it, pet," he whispered, drawing his finger slowly along her cheek.

"I am yours," she told him, voice breathy.

"More," he insisted.

"You own me."

"More."

"You are my God, my King, my Master," her pupils were huge, blown with lust as she watched his hand move over his cock. "I live to serve you and bring you whatever pleasure my body my afford you. To worship you with all that I have to offer."

"Then worship," he said.

Her head dipped forward and planted a soft kiss on the head of his cock. Loki moaned happily and let his own hand fall away as she took over stroking him with her own small hand. He leaned back and watched as she brushed kisses up and down him, then caressed his length against her cheek softly. Her eyes closed and she looked worshipful indeed as she rubbed him all over her face, smearing the pearly white liquid seeping from him onto her skin.

With a wave of his hand Loki produced the syrup he had stashed away that morning and, pulling her up by her leash, drizzled it all over his sex, making sure balls and cock were completely covered in the sticky substance.

"I am a mess pet," he told her. "Clean your master. Arms behind your back. I expect not a trace left when you are done or we will start again."

With a moan Megan obediently clasped her hands behind her back. He thought of binding them, but there was something more powerful in the idea that she willfully submitted to his stipulation. Like a woman starving she went to work on him. The flat of her tongue found his balls, and licked all over them, sucking them into her mouth one at a time to make sure she got every crevice where the syrup might be hiding. Loki groaned as she lavished attention on them, teasing the delicate skin and making them tighten with need. All the time his cock sat rigid against her face, staining it with a combination of syrup and precum that she didn't even seem to notice, so intent was she on her task.

When she at last was satisfied with the state of his balls, she let them slide out of her mouth with a pop and slid her tongue up his perineum, applying just enough pressure to make him gasp. Smiling, she licked a long slow line up the underside of his cock, making an appreciative humming noise as she went. Loki's breath caught as she reached the top and gently brought it within her lips for a moment before releasing it and tracking back down his length. She repeated this a few times, until he was panting from the sensation, hips rising off the chair to seek her elusive mouth.

With a greedy hum, Megan finally took him in, only to suck hard on the head of his cock, flicking her tongue on the slit and lapping up the salty liquid. After a few minutes of intense sucking, she softened her mouth and pressed down, finally taking all of him in until he felt himself moving into her working throat. Loki cried out, just barely managing to stop himself from thrusting hard into
her mouth. It was her job. He meant to let her complete it. Megan did not disappoint, beginning to bob up and down, hollowing her cheeks and taking him in so far that she struggled not to gag around him. Loki's hands went into her hair, carding it and occasionally pulling when hit a particularly sensitive spot. She seemed lost in the motion, eyes closed, lips skimming his flesh, tongue ceaselessly caressing. He could feel his balls tighten more and knew he would not last much longer.

"Look at me, slave," he hissed, and was rewarded with her large, watery eyes rising to meet his. "This is where you belong. You were made to serve me. No one else. You know this. I know this. Never fear that I doubt your devotion to me. I know you love me, and I will give you your reward."

With that Loki cried out as his cum shot into her mouth and down her throat. His hand held her chin, forcing her eyes to remain on him as he emptied rope after rope onto her waiting tongue. When he had finally finished, he slowly slid out of her and smiled as she almost frantically licked the last bit of cum off of the head of his cock, greedily swallowing it all.

"Such a good pet," he purred, thumbing over her mouth. "So eager."

He pulled her up onto his lap and kissed her hard and deep, tasting his release in her mouth. Megan sighed, and he felt the tension she had been carrying for the last twenty four hours melt away.

"You see, love," he murmured, stroking her, "that's all you needed. To be reminded who you belong to. You feel better now, don't you?"

"Yes, Loki," she admitted, burying her face in his chest as he chuckled.

"I think I know something else that might help," he mused, kissing the top of her head. "It is time that we formalized things. I have decided. We will be wed by weeks end."

"What?" her head shot up and her eyes stared at him.

"I have met your family, and informed your father he will be giving me his permission," Loki shrugged. "Is there any other asinine Midgardian ritual we need to attend to?"

"Well... no," Megan blinked in adorable confusion. "But, where will we do it? How will we do it? You're not Catholic, that's for sure, so a church wedding is out. I don't even know what religion you are. Hell, you ARE a religion!"

"You are precious when you are befuddled, love, have I ever told you that?" he grinned. "I thought perhaps you would agree to have my mother perform the ceremony, as she is the only authority figure I even slightly respect."

"Frigga?" Megan squeaked.

"Well, certainly not my birth mother," he laughed. "I have no idea who she even was. I assume Frigga is acceptable to you."

"Of course! I would be honored! But she's in Vanahiem!"

"So?" Loki looked at her in confusion. "Why should that stand in the way. Her favored son is about to bind himself forever and irrevocably to a woman. Do you think she would for a moment allow something as petty as a trade agreement keep her away?"

"I suppose not," Megan's eyes were like pinwheels as she gaped at the speed with which this was all coming about. In truth Loki had been diligently putting all of the pieces together since they had
returned to Earth, but there was no need for her to know that.

He was just starting to drift off with his pet held snuggly in his arms when a scream from the next room startled him awake. Setting Megan on the floor behind him, Loki crossed the room in two long strides and threw the door open.

Ava stood in the middle of the living room, towel rapped around her naked bod. She was wailing like a banshee as her wild eyes darted around the room, hands pressed to her head. It took a moment for Loki to realize what had happened. As Ava shrieked and screamed, large clumps of long black hair fell to floor from between her fingers. Try as she might, she could not stop it falling until she was completely, utterly bald.

Loki didn't even try to disguise his glee as a full body laugh coursed through him.

"You!" she hissed at Loki, crossing to glare at him. "You did this to me, didn't you!"

"I cannot tell you how much I wish I had!" he replied, beyond amused with the current turn of events.

From the far side of the room, he caught movement as a door open just a bit wider, and heard a small chuckle before it silently snapped shut again. The women in this family! Loki was more delighted than ever that he would be able to look after Laurie and guide her steps. She had the makings of a genius!

"What in the Hell is going on?" a sleepy Jonathan stormed into the room, took one look at his irate wife, and burst into hysterics.

"Are you going to allow him to do this to me?" Ava asked him in a towering fury.

"I'm just sorry I didn't think of it first!" Jonathan guffawed. "But for the sake of all that's decent, Son, put some damn pants on!"

Loki glanced down at his lower half and materialized trousers, a lopsided grin on his face.

"That's more like it," Jonathan breathed. "Now, shall we figure out what to do with this screaming harpy?"
In the end, Loki had to use his magic to gag Ava. He tied her arms and legs as well, after clothing her in a simple, drab dress. Lying there on the sofa, bald headed and dressed as a peasant, she was a far cry from the glamorous socialite that had greeted them the night before.

"That is a nifty trick!" Jonathan exclaimed, grinning at where his wife lay immobilized and fuming.

"Thank you," Loki replied modestly. "Though I enjoy it much more when I use it on Megan."

"Loki!" Megan chided, blushing.

"Son!" her father admonished at that same time. "That is my daughter you are talking about!"

"Oh, don’t worry," Loki waved off his concern. "It is usually consensual, and she always ends up enjoying it thoroughly."

"If there is any justice in this world, that is a girl Megan is carrying, so that one day you will know my pain."

"We’re getting off the subject here," Megan interrupted, red faced. "You can’t just leave her tied up forever."

"No, I suppose not," Jonathan sighed. "You really aren’t responsible for her hair loss?"

"No, to my great regret. I believe someone a little closer to home did that."

"Ah, Laurie."

"Dad, I know you want her to have a mother, but really. Having one who was ignores her accept to belittle and deny her is worse. Believe me, I remember what it was like to live with her."

"You’re right, of course," Jonathan looked sadly at his older daughter. "At least you had your mother for your younger years. Poor Laurie never had a proper mom. If only my Margaret had survived."

"I loved her too, Dad, but it’s time to stop punishing yourself."

"You are right as usual. Well then. This is what we will do. Ava? Are you paying attention?"

They all turned to look at the woman seething on the sofa. She glared at them each, and then gave a brief, bitter nod.
"Good," Jonathan smiles grimly. "Now, you will do as I say. Don’t look at me like that, I could have you thrown in jail for conspiracy to commit assault for giving that boy the means to drug Megan. I also have documents stretching back ten years. Proof of all of the money you’ve been embezzling from Bell Comunications. Enough to get you thrown away for a good long time. Then there are the videos of various trysts. I assume you would prefer they not go public. So, you and I will be getting a long overdue divorce. And before you get your hopes up, you get nothing. Not one red cent more than you had eleven years ago when you were working as a temp receptionist at our satellite office. You will make no attempt to come near me, my children, including and especially Lauren, or my company ever again. In fact, I want you to stay out of California, New York, and D.C. all together. You will disappear completely. Once Laurie has reached adulthood, she may make her own decisions on whether she wants to seek you out. Until then, I want to forget your very existence. If you fail in this, then I will have no choice but to turn all of the material in my possession over to the authorities. Do I make myself clear?"

Eyes wide with combined anger and fear, Ava nodded her head. Loki smirked at the pathetic woman, done in by her own spite.

"I will add one thing," he said silkily. "Should anything even remotely connected to you so much as momentarily inconvenience Megan or Laurie, I will not go to the police. I have much more direct ways of dealing with threats to those I care about, and both women are here with under my protection. Go near them, and no one will ever find your body. Not that I could imagine anyone looking overly hard."

"I am just going to pretend I didn’t hear that," Jonathan mumbled magnanimously, pouring himself a scotch and gazing out the window.

"Now," Loki continued, "I am going to untie you and remove your gag. When I do, you will have exactly five minutes to collect your belongings and vacate the premises. Do I make myself clear?"

This time Ava nodded much more rapidly, clearly terrified at the danger Loki represented. Well, at least she was not stupid, even if she was a conniving bitch.

Loki waved his hand and she sprung off the couch, edging quickly out of the room. The second she was gone Laurie’s door opened and she cautiously crept in.

"Is it safe?" She asked.

"Yes, sweetheart," Jonathan said, opening his arms to hug her. "Although I am afraid I have some bad news. Your mother will be leaving us. For good."

"Thank God!" She said, smile lighting up her face.

Giving Jonathan one more hug, she released him to turn and throw her arms around Loki. After a startled moment, he reached down to hesitantly return her hug.

"I knew you weren’t just making things up!" She beamed up at him. "You really are a God, and you answered my prayer!"

"Laurie," Megan groaned, pulling the girl away for a hug of her own. "Don’t make things worse. His ego is large enough as it is!"

"Meg," Laurie asked, scrunching up her nose, "what are you wearing? And what is that around your neck? It looks like my puppy Caliban’s leash!"

Loki had to turn away to hide his bark of laughter as Megan looked down at her whore’s uniform
Jonathan, too, had finally noticed how his older girl was dressed, and he lowered his face into his hands, shaking his head in denial.

"It’s... that is to say...” Megan looked at Loki for assistance, but he just grinned at her as she floundered, taking no pity. “It’s the latest in Asgardian fashion,” she final answered lamely.

"That may be,” Jonathan said in a pained voice, “but we are on Earth now. For the sake of your poor father’s health, girl, please go put some proper clothes on. Between you and your pants-averse friend here I may never recover.”

"Of course,” she agreed quickly, and made to go back into their room.

"One moment,” Loki said, grabbing the convenient leash and pulling her back to him, ignoring Jonathan’s look of acute discomfort. “It pleases me to inform you that Megan and I will be wed in two days time. It is our wish for the two of you to attend and take part.”

"And Ben,” Megan added.

Loki glared at her.

"He was a part of the conspiracy,” he growled.

"To separate us, yes,” she admitted. “But can you really blame him for that? After all, you did imprison him for weeks. But I truly believe he would never have been part of the rest of the plot.”

"What plot?” Laurie asked, all wide eyes.

"Never mind,” the adults said in unison, causing her to sulk.

"Think of it this way,” Megan reasoned. “What greater punishment could there be for him than to be forced to watch us wed?”

"Very well,” Loki acquiesced grudgingly.

"Well,” Laurie said, smiling at the two of them, “I still think you might have waited a few years for me to grow up, but if you have to marry someone else, I am so glad it’s Megan!”

"Daddy?” Megan asked, ignoring her sister. “Will you give me away?”

"Never,” he said, gruffly. “But nothing would stop me from walking you down the aisle. But please, Meglet, go put some proper clothes on!”

With a laugh she turned and dashed into her room. Loki was watching her with a smile when he was completely taken aback by Jonathan, who enfolded him in a great bear hug.

"Welcome to the family, Son,” he said as Laurie joined in the hug.

"Thank you,” Loki managed, an odd feeling in his chest. “Of course, you do realize that I am over a thousand years your senior?”

"That doesn’t matter in the slightest,” his soon to be father-in-law told him with a smile. To his surprise, Loki found himself smiling back in genuine pleasure.
No picture, as our internet has been out for over twenty four hours, forcing me to update from my phone... grrr...
Chapter 65

Chapter Summary

Loki’s bachelor party - this should be interesting.

He would never get used to the the absurdity of Midgardian customs, Loki thought in bemusement as he stood, glass of what passed for alcohol here in his hand. They were back in New York at Megan’s insistence. She had run off with Kate and Laurie to find a “dress that didn’t make her look like a beached whale,” whatever that meant. He had tried to explain to her, with what he thought was a commendable amount of patience, that she looked beautiful in everything, and moreover that he could simply create any dress she liked for her to wear. The result had been gasps of horror by all three women as they stared at him with varying degrees of shock and pity.

"Don’t you know anything?” Laurie had asked, in what he saw as an almost unforgivable moment of defection. “You can’t see her dress before the wedding! That’s bad luck!”

"That’s the most ridiculous superstition I’ve ever heard,” he scoffed, looking at the truculent faces of the three normally intelligent woman.

"Just let this one go, Son,” Jonathan advised. “The last thing you want is to contradict a bride on her wedding planning. Best to just stand back and let them get on with it.”

"I’d listen to him,” Rogers advised. “He’s the only one of us to have lived through this. Twice.”

Jonathan grinned at Steve. There had been an uncomfortable moment when the extended Bell family had first come in contact with Kate and her new beau. Rogers had walked up to an obviously uncomfortable Ben, apologized, and then matter of factly punched him in the face. The startled man had reeled, falling over backwards as the ladies all gasped. A moment later, Cap was offering his hand to help the other man up, a slightly sheepish look on his face.

"That was for Kate,” he said, by way of explanation. “You really should have treated her better. Of course, now that that’s out of the way, I’d like to personally thank you for ending your engagement. I wouldn’t have gotten a chance to know her otherwise.”

"Glad I could help,” Ben replied in a sulky voice, hand going to his swiftly bruising chin.

"You should put some ice on that,” Rogers suggested, making Loki burst out laughing. He had never appreciated the overly earnest soldier more.

Once the women had departed on their mysterious errands, giggling as though they were all Laurie’s age, Jonathan had insisted on dragging Loki and the other two men to a bar that Tony naturally had on main floor of the Tower for an impromptu “bachelor party.”

So now he stood at the bar, sipping what he was assured was a very expensive, very strong whiskey that his future father-in-law had ordered for them all. From the way the others were reacting, Jonathan seemed to be right about its potency, by Midgardian standards, and even Loki admitted it was nicely smooth to the taste. He was feeling rather mellow and at peace with the world, a rare mood for him. Though rather less so since Megan had come crashing into his life.
They were a few glasses in when Loki reached into the ether and pulled out a bottle of Asgardian ambrosia. Jonathan’s eyes went wide at the blue-green liquid emitting a faint vapor from its decanter. Loki’s face assumed an evil grin as he glanced around at his companions.

”Would anyone care for a real drink?” he asked, bright eyes daring them to try as he poured out a glass for himself.

The men looked back and forth at each other, uncertain whether to try anything so risky as the liquor he gently sniffed, savoring its rich, spicy aroma.

”I’ll give it a go,” said a voice behind him. “Assuming it’s not poison.”

Loki turned to see Stark sauntering over, half smile on his face.

”Are you sure, Stark?” Loki asked, even as he poured out a second tumbler of the drink. “It may not be poison, but larger men than you have been brought down by this.”

”Heh, I have been training for this most of my life, Jolly Green,” Tony shrugged.

Loki handed him the glass and watched as he raised it to inhale the steam.

”Well, what kind of Irishman would I be if I didn’t rise to the challenge?” Jonathan asked, a glint in his eye.

His acceptance had a snowball effect, and soon Loki was passing out portions to the other three mortals, Rogers looking uncertain as he accepted his glass.

”To Megan,” Jonathan said, raising his drink to toast. “The only person who could possibly bring this motley group together. We may not all like or trust each other, and damn sure none of us deserve her, but we are all blessed with her in our lives regardless. May she never have reason to regret it!”

As the glasses clinked together Loki and Tony eyed each other warily and drank. Loki had to admit a grudging admiration, as Stark was the only other man who didn’t choke on the strong bite of the liquor. Ben almost spat his back out again, and even Jonathan pulled a face at the sweet burn in his throat, but Stark just smiled excitedly and took another long swallow.

”I may need to adjust my opinion of your culture,” he said, finishing off his glass. “Any place that can create something like this can’t be all bad!”

”Another?” Loki offered, finishing off his own with an appreciative sigh.

”You know, I don’t mind if I do,” Tony said, holding out his empty glass.

There was a small pause while they all drank, with various levels of enjoyment. Loki and Stark continued to watch each other warily, until at last the latter grimaced and sat down on a stool.

”You really do love her, don’t you?” he asked reluctantly.

”I beg your pardon?” Loki asked quietly.

”Meg. Short girl? Red hair? All kinds of spunky? It’s not all just some out of hand, alien power trip. You really do actually love her.”

“Could you doubt it?” Loki asked quietly.
"Um, yeah. I mean, you did offer to share her."

"What?!!?" Jonathan roared.

"I didn’t mean it," Loki said in exasperation. "I don't share. Ever. Especially not her."

"Then why did you say it?" Stark asked, looking hard at him.

"To show you that I could,” Loki answered with a cruel smile. “To show you the hold I had on her, and to prove to both of us the truth she couldn’t even admit to herself at that point.”

"Which was?"

"Just how completely she was already in love with me. Enough to do whatever I asked of her. Almost as much as I was in love with her.”

"You are one messed up mother fucker, you know that?" Stark asked with a shake of his head. 
"And when you displayed her to your 'court'? More power games?"

"Well," Loki smiled at the memory of her ripe, supple body bent in submission to him, her mouth moving to please him while he sat his throne, her wet cunt encasing his hard cock as he gave half his attention to some lowly human peasant, the rest of him glorying in the feel of fucking her before the eyes of all his underlings, "perhaps not completely. It was deliciously arousing to force her perform in front of you all. And believe me, I was not the only one who got off on it. My filthy girl is quite the little exhibitionist, among other things. The more deviant the act, the wetter she gets. And far be it from me to deny her that."

"That's my daughter you're talking about!" Jonathan slurred from where he was now slumping in a chair, struggling to keep his eyes open.

"No, that's my wife I'm discussing," Loki snapped, sparing him no more than a glance. "I am done apologizing for giving her what she so desperately craves. So the girl likes it dirty. So do I. There is no shame in that. There is glory in it. And so very, very much pleasure for us both. I have brought her beyond the petty concerns of your human morality. I have shown her her true nature and encouraged her to revel in it. I have offered her the universe, as long as she continues to serve me as I wish. I am making her my princess and will raise her to a queen. Have made her the mother of queens or kings to come. I have forsaken all others to shower her with my love and attentions. Must I continue to assure you that my love for her is genuine? WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT OF ME?"

A profound silence greeted Loki's shouted declaration. His breathing was coming hard and fast, and realized that there was a red tint to his vision. Slowly, he set down the glass he held grasped tight in his hand, afraid that he would shatter it and waste the priceless liquor it contained. The quiet tension held a moment longer until it was broken by sudden, loud, long snore from the corner. Ben, head bowed forward to rest on the table in front of him in a pool of spilled drink, had slipped into unconsciousness. Loki, Stark, and Jonathan exchanged glances and then all burst out in raucous peels of laughter as Rogers hurried over to reposition Ben and keep him from drowning in his mess.

"Boy never could hold his drink," Jonathan lamented, shaking his head sadly. "Sometimes I wonder if he's even mine. Not that my Margaret would ever had played me false. Much like my... your Megan, my Margaret."

"You were a lucky man then," Loki told him, sincerely.
"That I was," Jonathan agreed, tear in his eye.

"So are you, reindeer games," Tony told Loki with a sigh, holding out his glass for a refill. "Keep her safe, keep her happy."

"That is my intention," Loki nodded, filling their glasses a third time.

When Megan and the others came in some time later, he was sitting on the floor, Stark's head resting on his shoulder as they stumbled through the lengthy verses of a complex Asgardian drinking song. Loki smiled blearily up at his bride-to-be and held out his hand.

"Meg!" he called, loving the view his position gave him of her shapely legs. "Meg, come sing with us!"

"What on Earth is going on here?" she asked, eyes going to where Jonathan and Steve lay on either bench of a table, passed out and snoring. Ben had long sense stumbled off to be violently sick in his own guest room.

"We got drunk," he told her proudly, making Laurie giggle.

"Come on, Laurie, let's get Steve and your father up to bed," Kate suggested, taking the overly amused young girl in hand.

"You didn't kill each other?" Megan asked with surprise.

"Why would we do that?" Loki looked at her puzzled.

"Why indeed," she said dryly.

"You husband makes a damn fine cocktail, Megs," Tony told her in a very unsteady voice. "And if he fucks half as well as he drinks, I can see why you're marrying him."

"I fuck better than I do anything," Loki boasted, with a huge smile. "Come here, woman. Let's show him."

"You are drunk," she laughed, shaking her head.

"I very much hope so, or we have wasted a preponderance of good ambrosia. Now come perform your wifely duties."

"No, no that's okay," Stark said, rising unsteadily to his feet. "I think it's time for me to find my bed or I won't be able to make it tomorrow."

"What about tomorrow?" Megan asked.

"Stark has agreed to be my best man," Loki grinned. "A ridiculous title, since we all know I am the best man, but most of your Midgardian creations are ridiculous. Now come here and fuck me!"

Loki grabbed her hand and pulled her down onto the floor with him as the others hurried out of the room. He might be drunk, alright, make that very drunk, but he was a god, after all. Nothing so trifling as alcohol was going to keep him from having his way with the woman he loved. It was not long before she was straddling his hips, back arched and head thrown back, riding him hard as he thrust sloppily up into her welcoming heat.
Chapter 66

Chapter Summary

It's the morning of the big day!

Chapter Notes

Sorry this took so long to post - I'm on vacation!!! I finally managed to block out a little bit of writing time, however, so here you are! Hope you like it. Thank you all once again!!

A strange substance seemed to have take up residence in Loki’s mouth, and it was not at all pleasant. His head pounded and his eyes did not obey his first command to open. Worst of all was the absence of a warm, pliant body pressed to him, head nestled snugly under his chin, filling his senses with her feminine smell, ready to be used in any manner he saw fit. Blindly he reached out with one arm and searched the other side of the bed, intent on bringing her back to where she belonged, comforting him with her sweet touch. When only cool, unruffled sheets met his grasping hand, Loki growled in frustration.

"Pet!" He called out irritably, eyes still stubbornly closed, “where have you gone? Come back to bed this instant! Your Master did not give you permission to leave his bed, and he is in need of services only you can provide! You know better than to rise before I have had a chance to fuck you. Now get back here and spread your legs for your king. And you had best be wet and ready for me, because I am not in a mind to prepare you after such insolent behavior!"

"If this is how you speak to her, I don’t wonder she has run away,” a familiar voice said from the far side of the room.

Loki’s eyes snapped open and he was met with a blinding flash of renewed pain as the pounding in his head increased. Ignoring it completely he rose to a sitting position and gave a half smile to the woman sitting at her ease in the chair across from him.

"How in all the realms you managed to get that poor girl to agree to marry you when you bark at her like that is beyond me,” Frigga sighed, disapprovingly shaking her head.

"If she were here now instead of you, I would be making up for my lack of gentlemanly words in ways she finds quite impossible to resist, or to stay angry at me following,” Loki said, grinning at her. “But I doubt you want to hear about that. Good morning mother. Do you by chance know where Megan has scampered off to?”

"My guess is the note on her pillow might tell you,” she suggested dryly.

Glancing over, Loki saw there was indeed a note placed neatly on the pillow she never used, preferring to rest her head on his chest. A momentary jolt of terror rocked him. Had she indeed thought better of tying herself irrevocably to a creature such as himself? A monster out of
nightmares who was an outcast everywhere he went? Was the reality of there situation finally sinking in to her?

Some of his panic must have shown on his face, for Frigga crossed the room and sat on the edge of the bed beside him. Gently she reached out and smoothed a stray dark hair back from his pale face. As she touched him the pounding in his head ceased and the strange taste in his mouth vanished, taking with it some of his anxiety.

"I but jested, my son," she told him softly. "Megan loves you completely. Any fear you have on that score is an injustice to what you share."

Taking a deep breath to calm himself and wondering again at how easily his mother read him, Loki opened the note and scanned its contents.

"My love," it read, "one of the ridiculous Midgardian customers you so deride is that the intended couple sleep apart on the night before they are wed, and not see each other until they meet at the altar. To that end, I will be downstairs with Kate for tonight. Considering the condition you are in, I doubt you will be much inconvenienced by this in the morning. I just hope you will be well enough to make it to the ceremony. However, ensuring that is a task I leave up to your new singing partner and best man, Tony. I expect a full report on how that happened as soon as you are recovered enough to tell it! Until then, my darling God, know that I love you and can not wait to be your wife. - yours, Megan"

"I am lucky beyond all deserving," he said with a smile, placing a small kiss to the paper.

"You will get no argument from me," Frigga smiled. "It warms my heart to see you so content, Loki. It is not an emotion I ever thought to see in you."

"I don't know if I would go so far as contentment," he laughed, conjuring trousers and swinging his legs around to sit next to her. "I am still who I am, after all."

"But you have found love," she replied. "You finally have someone to spend your life with."

Loki smiled back at her, but despite her words he could not shake the niggling concern that had been growing in the back of his mind.

"What is it, Loki?" his mother asked, lifting his face by the chin so that he was forced to meet her eyes.

"I won't though, will I?" he asked, darkness clouding his brow.

"Won't what?"

"Spend the rest of my life with her. Megan is human, with all that entails. She has what, three score years left? Maybe ten more than that if she lives an overly long time by their standards? And then she will be gone. A blink of the eye for me. And what of our child? What if the babe inherits her life span instead of mine? What if I have finally found them, just to loose them both?"

"Is it not worth it, to love and be loved, even if only for a short time?" Frigga looked at him intently. "Isn't that moment of happiness better than nothing?"

"Of course," he said, agitated, rising to pace the room. "But why must it be either or? Why must everything I achieve always be so brief? All of my happiness is always snatched away before I have a chance to savor it. She is perfect, mother. Perfect for me!"
"I know. I have seen it, spent time with her. She is a match for you."

"Then why does she have to be mortal?"

"Because that is what has given her the passion you are so drawn to."

"It is not fair, and I will not endure it!" he snapped.

"What will you do?" she questioned probeingly. "Abandon her? Leave her and your child before you become more attached, that you might not risk more of your heart?"

"Is that what you think of me?" he turned to gape at her, hurt shining in his eyes. "After all we have been through, you think I could bring myself to abandon her? Abandon our child? I am not Odin, mother!"

"What then?" she ignored his dig at her spouse.

"I would ask you to look after them for a time, while I do what needs to be done. Will you?"

"That depends," she hedged, "what is it you mean to do?"

"Obtain one of Idun's apples," he shrugged, as though it was something one did every day.

"Loki!" Frigga gasped. "Those apples are sacred, precious beyond words! Idun would never give you one, and even if she did, your Father would never allow it to be eaten by a mortal!"

"The apples are nothing compared to Megan!" he growled. "And I do not seek Idun's permission, let alone Odin's. I will do whatever I must to obtain that apple. I will not let her die. Hear me, for I am set on this task and will not be dissuaded. All I ask you is whether you will look after my family why I accomplish it or not."

"Not," she said with finality, and Loki felt the weight of betrayal crush him.

"In that case, AllMother," he said with a sneer, "I will you well and ask you take your leave. I will find another way to keep them safe."

"You misunderstand me, Loki," Frigga corrected, smiling slightly. "I will not help you in your quest, because there is no need."

With an infinitely graceful gesture, Frigga turned over her hand and a glimmer of gold appeared. When it had vanished there, in her hand, was a small gold apple. Loki gaped at her, unable to believe his eyes as she held the fruit towards him.

"How?" he asked, unable to elaborate.

"Do you really think you are the only one with secrets?" she asked him with a laugh. "I am the Queen of Asgard, the AllMother of our people. I taught you the lion's share of what you know. I am more than capable of obtaining one simple piece of fruit."

"I would hardly call the apples of immortality simple," he breathed, taking it from her and gazing at it in wonder. "Does Idun know?"

"She owed me a favor," Frigga said with a negligent grin. "I collected sometime ago."

"How long?" Loki asked.
"Since I first met Megan. I had a feeling about her and you."

"And Odin?"

"Will be able to do nothing once the act is complete. Let me worry about him beyond that."

Loki’s eyes filled with unshed tears and he dropped to his knees before his mother. With a sob he did not know he had been holding in, he lowered his head onto her lap and let them flow silently from his eyes. He stayed that way for some time, soundlessly releasing all of the pent up fear he had been holding as she stroked his hair. He had not realized how much this had been troubling him. It was not something he had allowed himself to dwell on. Megan was mortal. She would die unless he fixed that. He had not known how he would accomplish that, and now his mother had offered him the key to the cage that had bound his heart. Finally cried out, he raised his red eyes to her.

"You did not offer this to Thor when he would have wed Jane Foster," he said, the thought suddenly popping into his head and out of his mouth.

"I did not," she confirmed.

"Why?"

"For one, he did not ask," she said simply. "I have been waiting for you to ask for over a month, and feared your pride would keep you from it. I cannot begin to tell you how happy I am it did not."

"And?" he knew there was more.

"She was not right for Thor," Frigga sighed. "Theirs was not a romance destined to endure. I could tell that at the time, as could your father. Thor was infatuated, as with a new toy, and just as easily distracted when the infatuation was over. He knows, by the way, that I am offering this to you for Megan. As he is the current regent of Asgard, I thought I would tell him..."

"And thereby get around having to tell Odin," Loki finished for her. "Clever."

"I thought so. He was more than happy for Megan to have the fruit."

"I'll bet he was," Loki snarled, not wanting to think of his brother and his woman in the same thought on this of all days.

"He will tire of this infatuation as well, Loki. Just give it time."

"Why must he covet her?" Loki asked, riled all over again. "He has everything. The crown, Mjornir, he does not need Megan!"

"Do you really not see it?" Frigga sounded surprised.

"See what?"

"He envies you! Yes, he is a brilliant fighter, but so are you! He may be more flamboyant a warrior, but when the battle is done your dead will be stacked just as high as his. You both are lethal with your weapons, but in addition to that, you have magic. Something that he could never even begin to comprehend. You have an intellect that confounds him. Your father trusts you and no one else to complete the most complex of treaties with our friends and foes alike. He is regent in Odin's absence, but you are all but chancellor when you are in residence. He is jealous of you,
"I know what he sees," Loki interrupted, not wanting to be reminded of his misstep in allowing Thor to witness his coupling with her.

"I don't think you do," Frigga countered. "He sees the way she looks at you. Like you are the only man living. The passion in her eyes blazes the moment you enter the room. Thor has inspired desire, of course, and even obsession, but no woman has ever shown him the kind of devotion Megan gives to you. That is why he wants her. He may not realize it himself, but he is simply wishing for someone to love him as completely as you are loved. You should pity him."

"Don't expect me to go that far," he laughed, quite liking the idea of Thor pining for the love that was given to Loki. Providing, of course, he kept his paws off the woman in question.

A knock at the door interrupted them and Loki wondered who it could be. As he paused to collect his thoughts the banging repeated, louder, followed by a bellow.

"Loki, you alien menace, put some pants on and open the door. In that order, mind you. Or by god I'll break it in!" Jonathan's voice came from outside.

Smiling, Loki crossed and opened the door, letting in a very green looking Jonathan. The man's eyes were a bleary red and puffy, and he trembled visibly.

"What, in the name of all that's holy did you give us last night?" he demanded the moment Loki let him into the room. "I haven't felt this bad the morning after since my university days! Oh! forgive me, Miss, I didn't know he had company. WAIT! Why do you have female company when you're half dressed? And the morning of your wedding to my Meglet!"

"Don't be absurd!" Loki laughed. "Jonathan, this is my mother, Queen Frigga. Mother, Megan's father, Jonathan Bell."

"Your mother?" Jonathan stared at Frigga in disbelief. "This beautiful lady? Forgive me for staring, My Lady, but you are so fair and bright you put the sun herself to shame!"

Stepping forward he took her hand and kissed it with a bow, wincing as he stood.

"How charming," Frigga said with a smile. "I am very fond of your daughter, Mr. Bell."

"Call me Jonathan, please! I am sorry to be meeting you under such circumstances," Jonathan continued. "Your son poisoned us all last night."

"Asgardian Ambrosia," Loki said by way of explanation as Frigga glanced at him.

"Loki! With humans? You know better!" his mother admonished him.

Reaching forward she briefly placed her hand on Jonathan's forehead and almost instantly his face cleared and his eyes turned back to their normal color.

"There," she said, "that should help."

"You are a Goddess!" Jonathan breathed, blinking rapidly. "Where have you been all my life?"

"Married to a God," Loki answered, chuckling. "Though, Mother, he is newly single, and you could do worse. Odin has always mocked my horns, perhaps you should give him a pair of his own."

"Hush Loki," she said, swatting at his arm. "I am glad to have helped you, sir. My wayward son
should know better than to give Asgardian drink to mortal men. Your system was not made for it. Curing you of your pain was the least I could do."

"Well, I suppose he is welcome to it," Loki allowed. "As would be Rogers, for that matter. But do not even think of doing the same for Megan's brother or my best man. They deserve to suffer."

"I have to reluctantly agree with him," Jonathan nodded. "Both have behaved abominably."

"It seems you have found yourself quite a nice little family here," Frigga smiled at Loki happily. "Thank you, Jonathan, for making him welcome. I know he can be... difficult."

"Well, I don't deny that," Jonathan admitted. "I had my doubts in the beginning. But Meggy seems to love him, and she is the happiest I have ever seen her. So I suppose you must have done something right with him. But really, My Lady, couldn't you talk to him about modesty? Between the amount of noise the two of them make and his tendency to forget to dress himself fully, it's almost more than my poor heart can take."

"I can only imagine," Frigga laughed. "I am sorry for his lack of manners."

"Well, there's only so much we can do, truly," he decided philosophically. "At some point they're as grown as they're going to get and we have to let them be."

"Perhaps," Frigga allowed, "But Loki is not yet even 1,500, and I am not quite ready to give up on him."

Jonathan's mouth fell open as Loki rolled his eyes at his mother's words. This conversation was with out a doubt one of the most absurd in his memory.

"Did you want something?" he asked his soon to be father-in-law, "or did you just want to complain about your head?"

"My head mostly. But now that I'm here and have met your divine mother, what say we three pick up Laurie and have some breakfast?"

"Laurie?" Frigga asked.

"My youngest lass."

"You'll like her, mother, she's devious."

"In that case, it sounds lovely."

And so Loki produced a shirt and shoes and prepared to follow them out of the room as they chatted like old friends. Before he left the room he stowed the precious apple away in his own personal ether, wondering again at his luck. Finally, it seemed, everything was going as it should. It scared him more than he could say.

See the source image
Chapter 67

Chapter Summary

A missing person sets the Tower residents into a panic. (You knew it couldn't be that easy, didn't you...)

*** Full disclosure - I was in kind of a dark place when I wrote the next couple of chapters, and the story reflects that. Thor is taken to a dark low, and while I am too much of a romantic to let things go as badly as they may have, be warned that it is NOT canon Thor AT ALL!!!

Chapter Notes

I'm back from vacation!!! A little sunburnt, but splashing in the ocean, hearing lots of great music, and eating way too much food have recharged my creative batteries.

I hope you like this somewhat angsty chapter... I'm afraid it's not all smooth sailing for our wedding couple!

***Trigger warning for mentions of past abuse.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Laurie's room was just the next flight down from Loki's, but by the time they arrived at her door Frigga and Jonathan were old friends. Megan's garrulous father was doing everything in his power to charm Loki's easily amused mother, and the result was that Loki thought his eyes may become permanently fixed rolled all the way back into his head. They were discussing Megan and him, of all things, as though he were a truant school boy who needed to learn to obey his elders and mend his ways. The fact that he was more than a thousand years older than Jonathan seemed to be incidental to the parents as they dissected some of his less scandalous antics (Frigga was at least tactful enough not to bring up the more exotic depravities Loki had pushed the man's daughter into). He found himself breathing a sigh of relief as they knocked on the ten year old's door, which in itself was a bit alarming. His allies these days, while admittedly more diverting, were hardly the type that caused worlds to tremble in their wake. He might have to look at that in the future.

For now, he raised his hand and banged loudly on the door of his young partner in crime, trying to block out the sound of her father's guffaws as his mother recounted a tale from his youth involving a miscast spell that turned him into a mare for a length of time. He didn't know how this possibly tied in to his relations with Megan, but it definitely was not helping his reputation any. When no answer met his knock he pounded louder, calling out.

"Laurie, for mercy's sake, open your door before I commit murder on the very morn of my wedding!"

There was no answer from the girl's door, but the room next to it opened to produce Kate's peering head, looking uncharacteristically cross.
"What are you doing here?" she hissed at him. "You know you can't see Meg until the ceremony!"

"A stupid rule," he sniped back. "You are all little better than superstitious children!"

"Loki," Frigga chided repressively.

"I am not here to see Megan," he explained with exaggerated politeness. "Although should I wish to, no absurd custom would keep me from her. I am looking for the younger Miss Bell, as her addled father and my overly communicative mother wish to bring her with us to breakfast. Is she by any chance with you?"

"No, I haven't seen her since last night," Kate frowned. "She helped me get Mr. Bell into his room and then I left to see to Steve. You're sure she's not in there?"

"With all the noise you're making, I sincerely doubt it," he snarked, conveniently forgetting that it had been him pounding and yelling just moments before. "Let's make sure, shall we? Laurie, I'm opening the door."

After calling out the warning, Loki released the lock with a touch of his hand and opened the door. The room was empty. It was also a mess, with her bedding tossed about and belongings strewn everywhere.

"Laurie!" Loki cried out. "Who has taken her?"

"Hold on," Kate said, trying to be rational. "She is a preteen girl after all. Mr. Bell, is Laurie the type to keep her room a mess? Is this normal?"

"No, it's not," he said, terror in his eyes.

"What's going on?" Steve Rogers asked, appearing in the doorway.

"It looks like Laurie was taken," Kate told him, eliciting a wail from the girl's father.

"It will be all right," Frigga reassured the stricken man, gently putting one arm around him. "We will find her."

"What did you say?" and now Megan was in the room, hovering in her bathrobe as Rogers entered the room and did a quick search of the scene.

"Your sister," Frigga answered, as Jonathan just shook his head. "It appears that she's been taken from her room."

"We will find her," Loki reassured his bride, crossing to take her hand in his. "I swear it on my life, pet."

"Well, there are definite signs of a struggle," Rogers confirmed. "It looks to me like she wanted to make sure we knew she didn't go peacefully. The flower vase was knocked over long enough ago that the water has dried up, which means it must have been last night. Did anyone hear anything?"

As everyone all looked at each other, shaking their heads, Loki began to feel a stab of guilt near his heart. Of course they didn't hear anything. They were all either beyond inebriated or tending to those who were. The Asgardian drink had made sure that none of them had been on their guard, and because of this an entire building of heroes and gods had allowed a little girl to be kidnapped.

"I don't understand," Frigga said, looking at her son. "Who would want to take a little girl?"
"There has been some excitement of late," Loki sighed, putting his arms around Megan to comfort her as she seemed to melt into him in fear. In all of their doings together he had never before seen her like this. Her eyes were terrified, but their was no fight in her. Just abject panic for the innocent young child who was now in some unknown danger. The sight pierced him, and he wanted to move the world to erase it from her brow.

"There always is," Frigga sighed.

"It was not Loki's fault," Megan mumbled. "It was mine. An ex of mine tried to assault me."

"Meg, that was not your fault!" Kate said in her defense.

"And I don't think it was Scott who did this, love," Loki told her, stroking her hair.

"Then who? They've never gotten along, and he knows that threatening her would hurt me more than just about anything. He couldn't very well go after you, after all."

"I agree with Loki," Jonathan said, looking up with murder in his eyes. "I don't think this was that cur. I think we're looking for someone a bit closer to home, and when we find her, I'm going to kill her."

"Ava?" Megan asked, gasping.

"Ava?" Steve echoed in confusion.

"Her mother," Kate supplied, curling her lip in distaste.

"But that must be a good thing," Rogers sounded hopeful. "No mother would hurt her own child, right?"

"I wouldn't be so sure," Kate said sadly. "I had a long talk with Laurie yesterday, we've always been close, and from things she let slip I don't think Ava limited her abuse to the psychological. I'm sorry, Jonathan, but I'm afraid your ex-wife could be vicious when it came to keeping her in line."

"Oh god," Jonathan moaned, "what have I done? My poor little angel!"

"Mother," Loki said, crossing to Frigga, "can you do anything? A tracking spell, perhaps?"

"I'm sorry Loki, but I never even saw the girl, or her mother. I wouldn't know what or who to look for."

"What about a picture?" Megan grasped at the idea. "Or Loki, couldn't you find her? You've spent time with her."

"It's not a physical form I would be looking for," Frigga explained with regret. "And the spell is not in Loki's arsenal. It comes from my ancestral magic. I'm afraid neither of us can find her with magic."

"No," Loki said, a determined glint in his eye. "But I know who can."

"Loki, you know he's not supposed to use his power for this sort of thing," Frigga said.

"Who?" asked Megan, desperate. "What sort of thing?"

"Heimdall, the gatekeeper of Asgard," Loki told her. "He sees everything and everyone."
"Yes, but those powers are only to be used to secure Asgard," Frigga said. "Not to interfere in the
domestic matters of other realms."

"Make him make an exception," Megan insisted, pleading with her eyes.

"I can't," Frigga sighed. "Heimdall only takes orders from one person."

"Odin," Megan breathed, looking defeated.

"Not in this case," Loki said with a grim smile. Lifting his head, he called out, "Heimdall, I would
speak with the King! He has promised to allow my betrothed and I to return if needed. Bring us
home at once!"

The world was engulfed in a multi-colored glow and everything around him shifted as the rainbow
of light surrounded him. Keeping tight hold of Megan, Loki let the energy pull him from the room
of stupefied Mortals. Frigga would fill them in and keep them calm. She was far more suited to that
sort of thing than he was anyway. He needed to have words with his brother.

When they arrived at the gates of Asgard Loki wasted no time. Scooping Megan into his arms, he
went at speed into the castle and immediately to the throne room. There sat his brother, leg draped
over the throne, tossing his damn hammer up and catching it in boredom. As Loki burst into the
hall, Thor sprung up from his chair and all but leapt down from the dais.

"Brother!" Thor boomed, dismissing the guards with a wave. "What is wrong? Is she hurt? Is it the
baby?"

"I'm fine," Megan said, the travel seeming to have brought her back a bit to herself. "Loki, put me
down."

Reluctantly, Loki lowered he to the ground, keeping a protective arm around her shoulders both to
help her adjust to the after effects of the Bifrost, and to keep her securely away from his brother's
grip. It may have been some time, but the way Thor had responded to her was all Loki needed to
know that his brother still harbored inappropriate feelings for her.

"We need your help," Megan said, looking up to Thor in an entreatying way that ate at Loki.

"What can I do for you?" Loki noticed that Thor's question was asked directly to Megan, and that
his overly warm eyes were only on her.

"It is actually Heimdall's assistance we require," Loki corrected. "Megan's sister has been
abducted. We need to find her before any harm can come to her."

"You know that the gatekeeper is forbidden from interfering with the inner workings of other
worlds," Thor said, ascending once more to sit on the throne, and assuming a regal position. "It is
one of our oldest tenants."

"Exceptions can be made," Loki ground out, knowing that Thor himself had argued for those
exceptions on more than one occasion.

"True, but only with the consent, indeed, the command, of the AllFather."

"Which, despite all reason and logic, is you at this moment," Loki snapped. "Brother, will you help
us or not?"

"Please Thor," Megan said, taking a step towards the Throne and gazing up at him desperately.
"Please, I'll do anything!"

Slowly, a predatory smile spread across Thor's face. Inside, Loki felt a knife twist in his heart as he looked at that expression.

"Well," Thor said, savoring the moment. "I do like the sound of that. In fact, I have been waiting for you to say just those words to me for some time now."

Loki growled deep in his throat, but Thor continued, ignoring him.

"I will speak with Heimdall," he went on, and Loki groaned inwardly to see Megan's eyes light up. She was so preciously naïve, she did not see the trap that she had walked into, now about to be sprung.

"Thank you!" she gushed, beaming.

"Hold your thanks," Thor cautioned, holding up one hand. "I will aid you, but I have some conditions."

"Which are?" Loki asked, though he was fairly certain he could guess.

"One, that no one outside of this room knows that this conversation ever took place. Not mother, not father, no one. You will swear it."

"Of course," Megan said, confused.

"And two?" Loki asked. Things were getting worse and worse. If he wanted to keep this away from their parents, Thor must have something truly despicable in mind.

"Her," Thor let the blade fall, looking at Loki with a triumphant gleam as Megan gasped.

"Never," Loki snarled.

"Don't be hasty, brother," Thor smiled. "I don't mean forever. I have accepted the fact that she is destined for you. After all, you are willing to marry her, Mortal defect and all. I am afraid that I can not be so indiscriminate."

"What do you mean then," he spat out, murder in his heart.

"One night," Thor said, finally letting his eyes swing to Megan, travelling up and down her from in the most suggestive way possible. "I want one night with her. One night where she performs anything and everything I wish, and I want her to do it with the same enthusiasm she displays with you."

"Never," Loki seethed.

"But I love Loki," Megan said, shaking her head.

"A regrettable failing on your part," Thor told her with a shake of his head, "but not an insurmountable one. Most women are actresses, I believe. And I will make sure that you get as much enjoyment out of the arrangement as possible. Who knows, you may even alter your allegiance by the end of it."

"I will kill you," Loki snarled, knives appearing in his hands.

"Then the guards will kill you, and who will save the little girl? Come brother, Megan, is one night
really so much to ask to save the life of one you cherish? It is not as though I will injure her... beyond the expected anyway. You can even watch if you like. In fact, I would rather enjoy it if you did."

"Alright, I'll do it," Megan blurted out.

"What?" Loki demanded, eyes wide with disbelief.

"I said I'll do," she repeated, quietly but with determination.

"Love, you don't know what you're saying!" Loki took her by the shoulders and tried to stare some sense into her eyes.

"It is to save my sister," she stated in a detached tone of voice. "I was willing to submit to you to save strangers, how could I fail to do something similar to save my sister?"

"It is not similar!" he said, shaking her. "You love me!"

"I do. And hopefully you love me enough to forgive me this. But I love her as well, and I cannot let her come to harm."

"You are a wise and devoted sister," Thor smirked, standing again. "I will speak with Heimdall and have him relay the information to Stark and Rogers on Midgard. Unless you want to leave her here and go lead the search yourself of course, brother?"

Loki only growled in response.

"Very well then," Thor strode towards the door. "Lady Megan, I will see you in my chambers in three hours. Loki can show you where they are. I cannot begin to tell you how much I have been looking forward to this."

As he swaggered out of the room Megan fell the floor, face in her hands. Loki stared at her in horror. What had she done to them?

Chapter End Notes

Sorry to fans of the Avengers! I don't know why I keep making them so horrible. Tony is finally redeemed a bit, and there I go just making Thor worse!
Chapter 68

Chapter Summary

How will Loki and Megan cope with Thor's demand?

Chapter Notes

Fasten your seatbelts - it's going to be quite a ride!

Loki appeared three hours later at Thor's door, Megan's leash in his hand and killing rage in his heart. The smug smile on his brother's face was almost enough to break the tenuous hold he had on his anger and send his grip hurtling for Thor's throat. He could feel trembling from beside him, and without looking reached out place a stilling hand on her shoulder.

"You have given us your conditions," Loki said, eyes boring into Thor's, "I have some of my own."

"Very well, come in and let's hear them," Thor replied smugly, stepping aside and letting them enter. "Just remember, the deal has already been struck. She is mine tonight."

"Her body is yours," Loki clarified. "That is the first condition. You may use her body for your pleasure, but you will never seek to possess her mind, her heart, or soul. I want to make sure you are aware that those all belong to me, forever and irreversibly."

"You may keep them," Thor agreed with a shrug. "As long as her wet cunt or tight ass is around my cock while her whore mouth screams my name, I care not what she does with her soul."

Loki took a deep breath as his nails bit into the palms of his hands. He knew Thor was baiting him, but he refused to rise to it.

"Condition two," he ground out, "one night is all you get. Once tonight is over, you cease your pursuit of her."

Thor did not look happy about this condition, pursing his lips as he glared at his younger brother.

"What if she pursues me," he asked at last.

"Believe me when I say that will never happen," Loki growled.

"Very well," Thor said with a sigh. "I will not initiate pursuit after tonight."

"Condition three, you do nothing that will injure her or alter her."

"Well, brother," Thor's face split into a grin, "I am rather... large. I cannot help it if the lady is stretched sore by the end of the night. And you can't expect there to not be some bruising in the aftermath."
"Condition four," Loki concentrated on his heart rate, blocking out his brother's words, "you will not leave these rooms."

"Agreed," Thor laughed. "What reason would I have to go elsewhere when such sport is on hand for me here. Anything else? Time is ticking away, and I see a mouth beside you just begging to be fucked."

"Did I miss anything?" a voice from behind Loki asked in eager anticipation.

"No," Thor replied as Fandral squeezed past Loki to enter the room. "My brother was just droning on about ground rules."

"What is he doing here?" Loki demanded, tightening his hold on the leash and hearing Megan whimper beside him as he did his best to avoid looking at her.

"You had an audience with her," Thor answered with a shrug, "why can't I? You've said yourself she's an exhibitionist cumslut. And I want the full experience."

"Rule number five then," Loki told them through gritted teeth, "he does not touch her. He does not cum on her. He does NOTHING but watch."

"Not cum on her? But that's half the fun!" Fandral protested.

"Fine," Thor overrode his friend. "But that is all. Our terms are finished. I own her body for tonight to use as I please. Fandral shall do no more than watch, and we will neither injure her nor leave my chambers. In return, along with the information sent to Midgard regarding the child's location, I leave you possession of her mind and soul, whatever that's worth, and promise to leave off my pursuit unless she desires it. You promise not to tell our parents of the arrangement. Now, give me her leash."

Feeling all of him cry out in opposition, Loki reached out and dropped the leash into Thor's outstretched hand. As the cold metal hit his palm, Thor drew himself up and yanked the leash so that she fell down onto her hands and knees. Loki snarled as he looked at Megan's face blinking up at Thor with anger and fear. Fandral reached out and grabbed Loki's arm, pulling him back to the set of chairs against the far wall.

"You can stay if you want, brother," Thor offered, "I would be honored to show you how to properly treat a slut. But you will not interfere. There are guards outside who will come remove you if I but shout for them. Now, what to do with her first..."

Thor circled the woman on her hands and knees before him. With a covetous smile he reached down and tore the robe off of her, leaving her naked to his gaze and that of his friend. Fandral had opened his trousers and begun to stroke himself as he feasted his eyes on Megan's ripe body. It took all of Loki's will not to reach over and castrate him on the spot. The fact that Loki's own cock was hard from the site of her was driving him almost mad.

As Thor released his big, beefy cock from the confines of his clothing and began stroking it in her face, the look in Megan's eyes changed. There was still fear there, and a touch of anger, but behind the two Loki saw desire in the bright green orbs, and it almost killed him.

"Look at her, panting like a bitch," Fandral laughed. "Do you think she would bark like one as well?"

"I don't see why not," Thor grinned. "You heard my friend, bitch. Bark."
Her eyes darted back and forth from Thor to Fandral, not believing what she was hearing, but a sharp tug on the leash brought reality crashing down. Megan's tongue darted out to lick her dry lips, and then she began to bark like a dog for them, as Thor laughed and reached down to pet her head with his massive hand.

"That's a good girl," he mocked. "She knows who her master is. Now, beg for it. Beg to suck my massive cock."

"Please," Megan's voice filled Loki's ears as the crazed feeling rose within him. "Please, let me please you."

"You can do better than that, slut," Thor protested, smacking her ass hard. "I have heard it. Put some lust into it."

"Please, I want your cock. Please let me suck you. Your cock is so big, Thor! So hard. Bigger than any I've ever seen before. Much bigger than Loki's. I need it in my mouth. I need to taste it. I bet you taste so good. Please, let me have it. Oh god, I want it."

"Well then, open wide."

Loki wanted to look away, but for some reason he could not make himself as Thor rammed himself hard into her mouth. Grabbing her red hair, he forced himself deep into her throat, making her gag and sputter as she tried to keep from vomiting around him. Oblivious or uncaring of her discomfort Thor dragged her head back and forth over himself, moaning as he repeated pushed his way into her throat.

"That's it, take it all slut," he panted before pulling out and grabbing her arms, tossing her onto the bed like a doll. "Now show me that ass. My cock is nice and wet from your whore mouth, and I want to feel it squeeze into you so deeply that Loki is nothing but a distant memory, my cum and my dick all you can feel when you walk out of here."

With cry of pure hatred, Loki launched himself at his brother, but Thor was ready for him. Laughing in derision, he grabbed Loki and pushed him to the ground, calling for the guards. When they entered, completely ignoring the naked woman on the bed, five of them took hold of Loki and dragged him out, slamming the door behind him to the sounds of Thor's laugh and Megan's whimpers. He sat on the floor of the hallway, head in his hands, and wept tears of impotent rage while the guards openly smirked.

Finally, wiping his face with the back of his hand, Loki stood, summoning as much dignity as he could given the situation, and charged down the corridor away from the scene behind the locked door. He did not stop or look up until he reached his own rooms on the other side of the royal wing. When he did, he straitened his back and stepped into his bedroom, eyes boring down on the woman bound and gagged on his bed.

Megan glared at him as she struggled against her ties. Desperately, he tried to get the image out of his head of those eyes, green and fearful, looking with longing at his brother. To get the sound of her voice calling for him out of his head. He knew it was an illusion, he had created it! But still, it ate away at his soul. With frantic haste he vanished his clothing and pounced on her, hands grasping to touch every part of her body. He tugged and pulled at her breasts, sucking and biting her skin and doing his best to crawl inside her. Vanishing the gag, he replaced it with his mouth, stealing her breath as his tongue pushed with need into her. He crushed her to him, seeking to take her soul into him.

"Say my name," he commanded her, coming up for air.
"Loki," she breathed, on a moan.

"Again," he demanded.

"Loki," she moaned.

"You are MINE!" he snarled, biting hard on her shoulder as he forced his way between her tied open legs. "He cannot have you. None of you. I own you! Only me! MINE!"

"Yes Loki," she cried, as he began to mindlessly rut into her warmth. "Yes, I am yours."

Needing to block out the memory, he materialized a double and, undoing her bonds, flipped them over so that she was on top of him, never stopping his assault on her cunt. With a snarl, the double spread her ass wide and pausing only momentarily to scoop some of the slick coming from her pounded pussy onto his cock, shoved himself into her waiting hole.

"No one else!" Loki said again, as he moved dually within her. "Say it!"

"No one else!" she said, words rasping against her throat. "Only you. Loki, my love."

"MINE!"

As she began repeating his name over and over again like a mantra, Loki lost all control of himself and screamed out in stereo as both copies of his body emptied into her. Closing his eyes, he kept both forms in tact, wanting to feel her trapped between him so that no one else could get to her.

He had never been so close to the edge before, not since clawing himself out of the abyss. But seeing his love's form, hearing her voice, had undone him. Perhaps he should have made more cracks in the illusion, he thought, then he might have been able to remain and make sure nothing happened to give them away. But it seemed to him before that there were plenty of cracks just from the substitution.

It hadn't been hard to convince Leita to cooperate. She had no more wish for Thor to cavort with Megan than Loki did. She had certainly objected to certain aspects of it, but in the end she would rather be the one on the receiving end of Thor's misguided passion. It had been difficult to train her, in less than an hour, how to imitate Megan's innate grace and sensuality, much less her wit and passion. In the end, Loki suggested she do her best not to speak at all, and hoped that Thor's brute lust would carry them through the deception. His presence at the beginning, his reaction to seeing Thor begin to use her, should have been an added sheen of believability. Hell, it was real enough with his façade cloaking her that Loki himself couldn't stand to watch for more than a few minutes.

"It is done, love," he told Megan, untying her and holding her pressed to his body.

"How?" she asked, voice raw from screaming.

She had been insistent on keeping her word, his honest little pet. When Thor first strode out of the throne room, guards had entered to ensure that they did not attempt to escape. For all his dull wits, Loki's brother knew him well. They had been escorted to the infirmary, where Megan had been examined by the healers, and assured that everything seemed to be progressing well, though the babe was much more advanced for its time than expected. Loki could have told them that. A part of his mind was surprised that Thor had thought to have her examined, but then he supposed it would dampen his fun later if she suddenly began to hemorrhage during their coupling.

After the exam, they had been taken to his rooms and guards had remained outside to keep her within. Loki and Megan had argued bitterly, with him insisting that she back out of the
arrangement and her panic stricken that this would somehow put Laurie back in danger.

"Why do you insist on putting your own life last?" he had screamed at her.

"It is not my life," she yelled back. "It is only my sex. And that is a small thing to sacrifice if it keeps my sister alive. Would you not sacrifice yours to save the ones you love?"

"YOU ARE THE ONE I LOVE!" he had bellowed, voice echoing in the room.

He had stormed out, determined to find a way to stop the proceedings, leaving her tied and gagged behind him. It had been a surprise encounter with Leita that made it all come clear. Storming around a corner, he had unintentionally knocked her to the ground.

"Prince Loki," she snapped, glaring up at him, "I heard you were back. Kindly watch where you are going, I am not your little whore, so willing to be down on her knees."

From there it had been simple. Convince the woman, bring her back into his sitting room, and when the time came for the guards to escort Megan to the King’s chambers, substitute the bitch for his love.

"Leita," he told Megan now, kissing the top of her head. "Thor said he wanted your body, he didn't care about anything else. So I gave it to him. Your body wrapped around his own whore."

"You can do that?" Megan gasped and Loki smiled down at her.

"My love, when will you stop doubting me. I am a God. I did leave certain parts out, of course. He may get to see your perfection as he fucks her, but there’s no reason he should get to know just how wet and tight you are in certain places. That is for me, only."

"You are brilliant," she smiled.

"Say that again," he teased, biting her earlobe.

"You are brilliant, my God of Mischief!"

"I am indeed," he agreed. "Now, all we need do is wait for them to be done, retrieve her in the morning, and switch her back. Your lovely bits will be unviolated, and he will have sworn to never pursue you again. Then back to Midgard for our wedding, a no doubt rescued little thief-in-training waiting for us, safe and sound."

"Thank you," she sighed, nestling in below his chin.

"I will never let anyone else have you," he said, shaking his head to block out the threatening sound of her voice calling out for Thor. "Never."
Chapter 69

Chapter Summary

Sometimes Loki just can't help himself.

He was awake before dawn, unable to sleep despite all of the energy he had expended with Megan, trying to wipe out every last memory of seeing her body perform for Thor. He thought for the most part he had been successful. Of course that didn’t mean he would stop reminding himself (and her) at every opportunity that she was his, that she longed for only him, screamed for him, gushed for him. Somehow, judging from the sleepy smile she gave him when she opened her eyes as he slipped out of bed, he didn’t think she would mind.

"Going somewhere love?” She asked with a yawn, stretching out and displaying the new track of bruises he had left from her neck down her chest, as well as the clear set of fingerprints on her hip and inner thigh.

"I was a bit rough with you last night, wasn’t I?” Loki grinned, running his tongue along the path of bite marks.

"I didn’t mind,” she smiled, gasping as his tongue moved to caress the bruises on her inner thigh.

"I didn’t think you had,” he smirked, “considering how desperately you were screaming for me. I do so love it when you beg.”

With a quick lap of her cunt to tease her, Loki stood up and magic-ed on his clothing.

"Unfortunately, I cannot stay and indulge you right now. I have an imposter to collect. Thor would never believe it if wasn’t at his door the moment the sun rose.”

"And then back to Earth to make sure Laurie is safe,” she sighed, closing her legs reluctantly.

"I fear we must, as much as I wish we had time to play first.”

"We have the rest of my life, decades to play,” she smiled.

They had longer than that, he thought, remembering Frigga’s wedding gift to them. He would have to find time to share the miraculous development with her, but first, Leita must be retrieved. Thor might be stupid enough to believe that there would ever be a set of circumstances dire enough to convince Loki to share Megan for a time, but he would never believe that Loki would allow that time to run one second longer than absolutely agreed upon.

The moment dawn arrived, therefore, Loki was at Thor’s door, pounding with all his might.

"Open the door,” he shouted, filling his voice with rage and desperation, “I have come to reclaim what is mine!”

"It’s open,” Thor’s voice called back.

Slaming the door open, Loki forced his way into Thor’s room and stopped in his tracks, staring
with unfeigned fury.

Thor reclined on his sofa, arms behind his head, completely nude, while an equally naked replica of Megan moved up and down on his cock. Her back was arched and her head thrown back, displaying the face and body of Loki’s betrothed, almost every inch of which was covered in cum, both dried and still dripping down her body. As she rode his brother with a glassy eyed exhaustion, Loki realized that Thor had literally been using her all night.

"Welcome, brother," Thor smiled at him. “Don’t worry, I will be done with her in a moment.”

"You will give her back this instant,” Loki seethed, eyes unable to look away from where Thor’s fat cock was disappearing and reappearing from her bouncing cunt.

"She’s just about to cum, Loki," Thor admonished him. “You wouldn’t deprive her of that, would you? After she’s been working so hard for it? Come on, little whore, show him how I’ve taught you to do it now.”

As he spoke, Thor reached down and struck her hard on her clit. With a high pitched wail, the woman above him tensed her body and shouted out Thor’s name, calling him her God and King. The fact that all of this came from Megan’s lips, in her voice, and now accompanied by her tears left Loki all but deranged.

"I have to be honest brother,” Thor said after he had pushed the weeping woman off his cock and onto the carpeted floor, and proceeded to anoint her face, Megan's face, with another load of his cum, “now that I've had her, I don't really see what all the fuss was about. I mean, she was very willing, of course, and she let me do all manner filthy things to her... well, you can see how much of my cum she let me paint her with, and that’s on top of what she drank and what I spilled into her ass and pussy... but when it comes right down to it, one cunt is much the same as the other.”

Loki stared at Leita, wearing Megan’s form and Thor's seed, in horror as she wept in exhaustion on the floor. He didn't care for the woman, hel, he damn well detested her, but even still he could not help but feel pity for the state that she was in. The idea that it could have been his pet in that state...

"Go on then, take her," Thor shrugged. "She's yours again. You do have to wonder though... how will you ever be sure?"

"Sure of what?" he could not resist asking, despite knowing better.

"That she is yours again. That every time you take her, every time you thrust you cock into her stretched out cunt, she won't be thinking of me. Wishing it was my meat filling her. Holding back from screaming my name as she fantasizes about the pleasure I have given her tonight as your smaller size struggles to fill the void I have left?"

That was it! Loki had reached his breaking point. He could not let this go on, let the smug look on Thor's face remain there for one second longer.

"You are as stupid as you look, brother," he sneered crossing to help a trembling Leita to her feet and drape a robe around her.

"What do you mean? She enjoyed herself, Loki. She begged for it. Wake Fandral and ask him if you don't believe me."

Loki didn't even spare a glance for the other blond warrior, asleep in a corner with his limp phallus sagging against his thigh. All his attention was on his brother, who had made one boast too many.
"You imbecile," he mocked. "Did you really ever think I allow you to lay so much as one hand on
my woman? Let alone fuck her? I'd sooner share her with Sleipnir than you, she would get more
enjoyment out of it. You will never touch Megan."

"What are you talking about? I touched her in every place imaginable all night long."

"It was your own whore you touched, you oaf!" Loki snapped, and with a wave of his hand the
illusion was gone.

Thor gaped at Leita, desperately trying to hide her own body, taller, leaner, and not nearly so
curvaceous, beneath Loki's robe. Her face was white and her eyes big as she realized that she was
exposed in more ways than one.

"What is this trickery?" Thor boomed, rising and grabbing her arm.

"Relax brother," Loki smirked. "Don't take it out on the poor girl, I had her under a spell. She had
no idea what was going on."

It was a lie, of course, but if Loki was betraying her by revealing who she really was, the least he
could do was protect her from Thor's rage after he left.

"A spell? Where is Megan?"

"Asleep in our chambers, I shouldn't wonder. As I said, you will never have her."

"But you swore!"

"I swore you could fuck her body, and so you did. You didn't care about her mind, heart, or soul, if
you remember, so I gave you what you cared about. The image of her body wrapped around Leita.
If you found her lacking, perhaps you should look to your own taste in bed partners instead of
disparaging mine. It is that soul, that passionate heart, and creative mind, that makes her so
intoxicating a bedmate. Without them, you might as well be fucking a doll. Or a whore, as the case
was tonight. Consider it a lesson learned."

"You cheated!" Thor bellowed, sounding for all the world like a thwarted child.

"It is not my fault I am the better negotiator," Loki said with a smirk. "Perhaps next time you will
think twice before trying to blackmail me or the one I love in a time of desperation."

"You had better hope they have found that little Midgardian brat," Thor fumed. "You will be
getting no more help from Heimdall, or anyone on Asgard for that matter! You are on your own!"

"No brother, I am not," Loki said, realizing it was true. "I will never be on my own again. It is you
who are alone, despite all of your followers. I have a woman who loves me, who would do
anything for me. The best you could do was fuck a facsimile of her. I have won, Odinson. And you
know it."

With one last smile he turned and sauntered out the door. As soon as he had rounded the corner, he
immediately transported to his rooms.

"Grab anything you want," he told Megan tersely. "We're leaving."

"What? What happened? Did Thor find out?"

"He did," Loki answered, avoiding her eyes as he grabbed his cloak and pulled her into his arms.
"He saw through the illusion. We need to go before he decides to take retribution."

Moments later they were in Frigga's bedroom. Crossing to the large armoire in the corner, Loki whispered a brief incantation under his breath and opened the door. A faint blue light shone from within.

"Just like that Midgardian children's story," he said, trying to make light so she would not realize that he had let his anger get the best of him. Shall we go and find a magical talking lion?"

"Let's just go find my sister," she said anxiously.

"Agreed" he nodded.

Taking her by the hand he stepped into the passage, leaving Asgard, Thor, and his brother's anger behind.
Chapter 70

Chapter Summary

Back to Midgard. Will Laurie be safe?

It was a tense trip from the mountains of upstate New York where Firgga’s portal let them out down to New York City where word of Laurie’s fate awaited them. Megan did not protest this time as Loki sped down the highway in a stolen BMW (he had been expecting her to object when he used his magic to unlock the door start the engine, but she had merely shrugged her shoulders and gotten quickly into the passenget’s seat). Indeed, she seemed to be willing him to go faster as she tapped her foot and drummed her fingers anxiously on the arm rest. He understood, she was worried for someone she loved. He had first hand experience of how frenzied that could make you.

"Breasts,” he said tersely, breaking the silence as he glanced over at her.

"Loki, we’re in heavy traffic,” she protested.

"Breasts out,” he repeated in a hard voice.

"I really don’t think...”

"That was not a request, pet,” he interrupted her harshly. “You will take your lovely tits out of your dress so that I may look at what I own, or you will find yourself completing this journey without a stitch on you body. I will not tell you again.”

Rolling her eyes at his high handedness, Megan slipped the straps from her arms and pulled down the front of her dress and her bra. When her breasts were naked to his eyes, Loki sighed in easement as he took in the red and purple stains marking her fair skin.

“You might want to get some rest while you can now, love,” he told her, feeling himself grow hard from the sight of her. “I will not be letting you alone much again tonight.”

"Is something wrong?” She asked, eyes looking over at him with concern. “Not that I mind, but you seem more than usually possessive these last two days.”

"You have no idea what it was like, pet,” he sighed, looking back at the road as he maneuvered around a semi at an aggressive speed. “Seeing him use you, your body covered in his fluids, your eyes hot with desire for another.”

"It wasn’t me,” she reminded him. “Loki, you know that was Leita and not me. He never touched me. And I most certainly could never desire him. Not when I have you keeping me so sated.”

"I know,” he growled, passing the back of his hand over his brow. “I know it was not you. But I can still see it.”

"It was bad? What you saw?”

"Let me put it this way,” he laughed mirthlessly, “if I ever feel guilty for how hard I use you, I need only remember the condition Thor left his whore in. Had it been you in truth he would be
dead by my hand."

"Then I have even more reason to be grateful you found a way around his demands. Is there anything I can do to ease your memory?"

"Just bear with me for a bit," he smiled. "I’m afraid I find myself compelled to mark every inch of your body. You will be covered in marks and limping for the foreseeable future, and you had best prepare yourself for buckets of my cum as well. You are mine and I will see, feel, and smell the evidence of this at all times!"

"So basically the same as usual," she said dryly, making him laugh and raise her hand to his lips.

"Am I such a beast darling?" he asked, reaching over to palm one of her exposed breasts, feeling the the silky weight of it in his hand.

"Fortunately for me," she smiled. "I rather like your beastly side."

"So I’ve noticed. Sometimes I think you would prefer it if I never took my Aesir form."

"Oh no, I like this form on you," she said, eyes raking him appreciatively. "You are easily the most attractive man I have ever seen in my life. But there is something... primal about your Jotunn self that makes me weak. It is my great good fortune that I get them both, the beauty and the beast!"

"I don’t deserve you," he mumbled, squeezing hard on her sensitive flesh and making her gasp. "But I will never give you up."

By the time they arrived in the city he was almost frantic to have her again. He had fucked her twice with his fingers while he drove, desperate to see her body react to his touch. When she came he collected as much of her release as he could on his dexterous fingers and brought it to his mouth like a starving man desperate for his meal. He wanted to bring her pretty mouth down onto him, but he knew she would resent stopping when they were so close to their destination, and the traffic was too heavy to risk cumming while he drove.

They abandoned the car a few blocks away from the Tower when the midtown traffic proved too slow, and he picked her up so he could carry them quickly through the pedestrians. One look from his haughty eyes was enough to send people scurrying out of his way.

After forcing their way through security Loki and Megan made their way up to the common room, hoping to find someone to tell them the news, or at least a usable cell phone. He really should acquire one, archaic as they were, now that it seemed he had somehow acquired a host of pet mortals. He wasn’t sure just how that had happened - he had only intended to adopt the one.

When they burst into the room the most welcome sight imaginable met them - Laurie, surrounded by her family and various friends, a smug look on her unharmed face.

"You found her!" Megan cried, relief pouring out of her. "Heimdall’s information was enough!"

"It turns out we didn’t even need it," admitted Jonathan in an amused voice.

"What do you mean?" Loki asked. "She wasn’t kidnapped?"

"Oh, she was," Stark laughed. "She just didn’t wait to be rescued. Houdini there escaped all on her own. I tell ya, that kid has all the makings of a first class agent!"

"What?!?" Megan stared.
"Well, you were all taking forever," Laurie said, rolling her eyes. "It was obvious I had to do something myself. I didn’t want to be stuck with mom any longer than I had to."

"What did you do?" Loki asked, fave splitting into a wide grin.

"Picked the lock on the room she locked me in," Laurie shrugged. "It was one of the easy kind. Took less than three minutes. Then I nipped into a few of the adjoining rooms and collected a few items from each. Jewelry, computers, whatever they left lying around. I snuck back into mother’s room - that was the hard part, she was asleep and I had to be super quiet, and placed them all in the closet. Then I made my way to the nearest house phone and called management and the police pretending to be from another hotel, with a tip that a known thief had been seen entering their establishment, and sometimes travelled under the pseudonym Ava. I was worried they wouldn’t believe me, I know I sound like a kid on the phone, but sure enough the police arrived not long after. She should be in custody for grand larceny as we speak!"

Loki gaped at young girl, more impressed than he could ever remember being by a child.

"How did you make it back here?" Megan asked, awe in her voice. "How far did she take you?"

"Only to DC," Laurie replied. "I... may have kept a little of the money. Just for my train fare back, you know."

Loki began laughing and soon found he couldn’t stop. She was an absolute delight! A tribute to his teaching! And he had only had her in his training for a matter of days. Given longer, he was fairly certain they could steel the world together!

"Princess Laurie," he said to her when he could finally stop laughing. "You are an example to your race. If our child is half the being you are, I shall be proud indeed."

Laurie had been looking rather offended at his laughter, but with his words her face lit up into the biggest smile he had ever seen from her.

"Does that mean you’ll teach me to use knives?" She demanded gleefully. "You did promise after all!"

As the other occupants of the room recoiled in horror Loki winked conspiratorially at her.

"When you are older," he told her.

"How much older?" She demanded, stepping to him.

"Oh, a week or two should do the trick," he said airily. "They’ll have all forgotten and stopped watching us closely by then, don’t you think? Now if you will all excuse us, I have some unfinished business with the older Miss Bell. Don’t expect us down for dinner. Probably best to send breakfast up as well. Come pet."

And not waiting for a response he gathered her in his arms and whisked them to their rooms.
Chapter 71

It was another week and a half before the wedding could be rescheduled. Frigga feared to leave the treaty negotiations with her native realm in her bellicose husband’s hands, and had returned to Vanaheim in Loki and Megan’s absence. She could not immediately come back without causing notice. Since neither she nor Loki wished to involve Odin in the ceremony they were forced to delay a few days.

During the intervening days Loki continued to pester Megan with his attentions night and day. She, of course, would not normally object to this, but their quickly growing child made her stamina a bit shorter than usual. He had had words with the child about this in several of their early morning chats, but the obstinant baby did not seem to grasp the importance of its parents keeping up their usual constant sex life.

Megan had given him permission, as though he needed it, to make whatever use of her he wanted when she was resting. But while it was arousing to spend himself all over her sleeping body, his hand would never feel as good as her welcoming holes, and said holes were not nearly as fun to plunder when she was not actively wiggling and moaning beneath him.

He supposed he should have used this time to broach the subject of the apple with her, but it just never seemed to be the proper moment. The treacherous thought that he was worried what her reaction might be had flashed in his mind, but he ruthlessly suppressed it. Who would not want to be gifted with immortality? Still, an exchange they had had just after Laurie’s self-rescue would not leave his mind.

"You see love, all are safe and sound," he had purred to her after throwing her down naked onto the breakfast table and spending the next two delightful hours making her cum repeatedly with his mouth while she writhed in invisible bonds.

"I don’t know what I would have done if she were not," Megan had sighed. "I learned from my mother’s passing that I do not deal well with grief. I know it’s selfish of me, but it gives me a great sense of relief to know that I will go first."

"What are you talking about?" He had snarled, not liking what she was implying.

"Well, you’re immortal. So it is a given that you will long outlive me."

"And this pleases you?" he asked in disbelief.

"Don’t get me wrong, I am not looking to check out any time soon," she had laughed, missing his darkling looks, “but I am glad I will never have to live without you. Immortality must be such a burden, knowing you must watch everyone you love die while you just linger on."

"Only if you cavort with mortals," he had said, trying to make light. “Alas, there is something about them, certain of them in particular, that I just can’t seem to resist.”

He had proven the truth of his words by mounting her where she lay stretched out on the table and cavorting with her for the remainder of the evening. He had not sought to bring it up since.

Now, though, with Frigga set to return in a day’s time, he knew he needed to reintroduce the idea. He needed her to have more than the paltry few years given to humans by the vindictive universe. He needed forever, or as close to it as he could get.
And yet he said nothing. Simply went about the day as if he did not have the golden fruit hidden away, just waiting for her to sample.

The morning of the wedding dawned bright and clear. There had been no carousing the night before. By mutual assent they had all, even Stark, decided to stay sober and not tempt the fates a second time. Megan was once more sleeping below with Kate, claiming that she would never get her beauty rest if she was sharing Loki’s bed. This made him grumble a bit, but he supposed one night was allowable if they were to have centuries to come.

A knock on his door brought him out of bed and padding across his room. It was not Jonathan this time, nor his mother, but Stark and Rogers of all people.

"The ceremony is not for hours yet,” he grumbled. “What are you doing here?”

"We thought you might need a bit of a distraction,” Steve said hesitantly. “From what I hear, a marriage can make a man a bit anxious. And I know Megan is with Kate”

"Are you offering yourself in her place, Captain?” Loki laughed mockingly. “I am flattered, and in the past would have been more than happy to take you up on your offer, but it might be a bit inappropriate today.”

Loki had the great satisfaction of seeing Steve turn bright red and try to stammer out his denial. Humans were so quaint with their sexual hangups. The thought made his mind stray to his own pet, and wonder how she would react to him shifting into a female form. It was certainly worth pursuing at some point in the future.

"Easy there big guy,” Stark laughed, interrupting his thoughts. “Cap only just got his feet, and one assumes other parts, wet with the ladies. He’s no where near ready for your level of kink.”

"What? How did you know that?” Rogers stammered.

"Ah, so my suggestion worked. Good for Kate,” Loki grinned.

"I really don’t think this is an appropriate conversation...”

"What suggestion?” Tony asked, speaking right over the blushing soldier.

"I gave her the address for the Pink Pussy Cat Boutique,” he grinned. “And suggested a few purchases she might make there.”

"Oh, they have good merch,” Stark nodded. “What you tell her to go for? Whips? Role play? I can just see him as a naughty nurse, can’t you?”

"Nothing so adventurous for to start with,” Loki replies, ignoring the strangled noises Cap was making. “Just some simple light bondage implements.”

"Good call. Start him slow. Kate’s a creative girl though, she’ll have him in that little white nurse’s number in no time.”

"Gentlemen, please!” Steve finally cut in. “We’re getting off the topic. Loki, stark and I thought you might want to go train for a bit. Work off a bit of energy.”

"Well, I would prefer to work it off with my pet,” he grumbled, “but since she has made herself unacceptably unavailable, I suppose beating you two senseless will have to do.”
"There ya go," Stark said, slapping him overly hard on the back. "And don’t worry, we’ll go easy on you. Meg would be all pissy if we hurt that pretty face of yours today."

"The fact that you even think that’s a possibility shows how deluded you are," he laughed, conjuring himself some leather armor and stepping out into the hall.

"Yeah, we’ll see. You don’t have your wand this time, Voldemort."

As Loki made his way down to the gym, exchanging banter with Stark and Rogers he was surprised to note that he felt an odd sense of comradary.

They passed a page scurrying down the hall, and Loki reached out and grabbed the mortal by the arm.

"You know where Miss Bell is residing?" he asked presumptively.

The young man nodded, eyes wide with fear as he stared up at the alien god.

"Give her this," he said, bringing forth the apple. "Tell her it is tradition for an Asgardian woman to eat it on her wedding morning. And as I have been obeying all of her ridiculous Midgardian customs, I expect her to obey this one. Is that clear?"

Nodding again mutely, the man took the apple with trembling hands.

"Fail me on this and you will wish your parents never met. Go."

Not sparing the page another glance he turned to see his companions staring at him, Rogers with disapproval and Stark with ironic amusement.

"We really need to work on your people skills," Tony remarked.

Loki merely shrugged and resumed walking to the exercise rooms. He had been making far too much of a fuss about the fruit, he realized. There was, after all, no real reason to tell her what it did. She would find out soon enough. And when she did, it would be too late. She might be angry at him for a time, but that could be exciting in itself. She would be alive. That was all that mattered.
Chapter 72

Chapter Summary

It's time for a wedding!

Chapter Notes

I really cannot believe that this silly fic is up to 72 chapters! Thank you all so much for reading, commenting, giving kudos... I really appreciate all of the feedback!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If someone had told Loki a year ago that he would be standing before a small gathering of happy mortals in New York, with Tony Stark of all people beside him, about to bind himself for the remainder of his life to a former member of the Midgardian resistance, he would have thought them mad. Hel, he would not be able to picture himself committing to any other soul. For one thing, who would ever be willing to make such a bad bargain? For another, if did find someone willing whom he loved enough to claim forever, how could he doom them to a life with one such as himself? But then she had come along. A bright spark in the black void that was his life, she had guided him out of the abyss. In all his years of life he had never met another like her, never found any other person who could make him feel so simultaneously safe and excited, aroused and at peace.

So there he stood, in his best Asgardian armor, golden horns gleaming on his head, ready to knit his life to another. The fact that she was late was beginning to bother him just a touch.

“Brides are always late, Loki,” Frigga murmured soothingly from where she stood before him in a soft gold gown trimmed in blue. “She’ll be here, just be patient.”

He was not nervous. Not really. His pet loved him. Of course she would be here. He was making her a princess, offering her all that he was. She would never be so foolish as to refuse him. Unless...

A small worry nagged at the back of Loki’s mind. Had she somehow worked it out about the Apple? He thought back over all of their previous arguments, all of the times she had tried to push him away, and each and every one of them had a similar thread. They had all happened after he had made decisions for her. Correct decisions, it went without saying, but that seemed to matter little to
his fierce girl. She was only human, after all, if by far the best of them. She could not be expected to behave in a logical manner all the time.

Had she, then, somehow found out what the apple was? He had never seen it work before. What if there was some dramatic flourish that accompanied the transformation? A bright light, or a surge of power, something to make her aware that it was far from an ordinary fruit he had sent her to breakfast on. Could the attempted deception have enraged her so much that she would jilt him? Run away with their child in her womb to live out the centuries in hiding from the one who had cursed her to them? Panic began to grow within him, and not for the first time he cursed himself for never placing a tracking device some how on her person. What would he do?

Just as he began to shift his weight, about to dash out to find her and drag her to the altar if necessary, a soft chord of music began to play and the world started spinning normally again. She was here. Of course she was here. She was his and always would be.

To the strains of an aching cello Laurie walked in, green princess dress fluttering around her ankles, a wreath of gold roses on her head and a matching bouquet in her hands. He winked at her and she giggled delightedly, then schooled her features, obviously taking her responsibility very seriously. Kate was next, clad in a simple but elegant gold gown that suited her perfectly. Loki noted absently the way a certain soldier gazed worshipfully at her, and then by instinct turned to catch the scowl darkening Ben’s unhappy face. It seemed the blossoming romance was having additional perks, he thought maliciously.

But then all such thoughts, any thoughts really, were wiped from Loki’s mind as Megan entered on her father’s arm. His breath caught in his throat and his heart skipped a beat - all of those ridiculous cliches becoming true as she looked up at him with an incandescent smile. He thought he might cum from the sight of her, she was such an erotic vision, a fertility goddess come to life. Her enhanced bosom strained against a gauzy bodice of green and gold, pillow out almost scandalously above the low neckline. Her rounded belly preceded her, draped in a dark green satin that accentuated the life inside her. An over skirt of gold was cut away in the front to accommodate her pregnancy, but trailed behind her regally. Her hair had been partially pulled up, but long curls fell artfully around the bare expanse of her creamy shoulders. On her head was perched her little crown, but she had attached tendrils of golden roses with green leaves to it in such a way that they fell down the back of her head like a veil. It was perfect. She was perfect. A glowing bride and mother to be in all her radiant splendor.

Jonathan, teary-eyed, walked her to the front of the room, and with a slight catch in his throat placed her hand in Loki’s as Kate reached out to claim her flowers.

"Make her happy, or I’ll skin you," the proud father muttered before he kissed his daughter’s cheek and stepped back to sit beside his son.

"Last chance, Meg." Tony said in a stage whisper. “You want to make a run for it, Jarvis has a suit on standby all ready to go.”

Loki turned to glare at him, but realized that his former rival was grinning widely, offer no more than an ill timed joke.

"Don’t make me hit you again, Tony," Megan said sweetly, smile never faltering, “I’ll ruin my manicure.”

Turning at last towards Loki, Megan’s eyes found his and he was consumed. There was so much love, so much passion in them that he could not believe such a look was directed at him. Then they strayed slowly downward to the painfully noticeable bulge in his leather trousers and a satisfied
hint of a smile played around her mouth as she raised her eyebrows the tiniest bit and dragged her
gaze back up. Loki grinned shamelessly as he devoured her appearance. He had no idea what his
mother was saying as her musical voice went on in the background. All of his energy was focused
on keeping himself an arm's length away from Megan despite every instinct in him screaming for
him to close the gap between them. He did not think he was going to be able to wait until after the
wedding dinner to have her. Hel, when her pink tongue poked out to moisten her lips he wondered
if he would make it through the ceremony.

"Loki," Frigga prompted him, and he started, realizing it was not the first time.

"My love," he grinned, recalling where they were. "We have many traditions in Asgard when it
comes to matrimony, but one of the oldest and most sacred is the exchange of weapons. The bride
and groom gift each other with blades passed down from their ancestors. As you know, I have no
weapons, or anything else for that matter, from my birth parents, and Odin is... not of a mind to
trust me weapons at the moment."

He grinned again as Frigga rolled her eyes and sighed, but then he turned to his mother and saw her
slight nod of approval.

"I do, however, have one parent who still has a modicum of belief in me, and more to the point, in
us. With that in mind, I ask you to accept this dagger, forged in the flames on Vaneheim millennia
ago. It has been handed down matrilineally for generations, until it came to be possessed by Frigga.
Use it to defend our home, our hearth, and our brood. Not that I will ever not be there to defend
you myself," he felt compelled to add.

Megan's eyes went wide at the sight of the beautiful dagger. It looked more like a work of art than
a weapon of war, all graceful silver curves and sparkling gems, but the blade was razor sharp and
would never dull. Hesitantly she reached one hand forward, but stopped just shy of taking it and
raised her eyes to Frigga.

"Are you sure, Your Majesty?" she asked.

"I never had a daughter of my own to give it to," Frigga replied with a smile. "I am glad that now I
do. Take it, please."

"If you don't want it, Meg, I'll take it!" Laurie breathed in awe, sending a ripple of quiet laughter
through the room.

"Thank you," Megan said, eyes filling with tears as she accepted the blade from his hands. "I will
keep it safe for our daughter."

When she had slid the blade into the belt of her dress, Megan turned to look at him once more, a
blush staining her cheeks.

"Do not worry, pet," Loki smiled. "I do not expect you to have a blade for me. I will accept you
instead."

"Do you truly underestimate me so much, my Prince?" it was her turn to grin now. "I have not been
completely idle these past days. Kate?"

With a smug look, Kate knelt down and slid a long, fabric wrapped parcel out from under the front
bench. Unwrapping it carefully with Laurie's help, she handed Megan an antique sword. The leaf
shape blade was old by Midgardian standards, but obviously well taken care of. The hilt was plain,
wrapped in worn leather with a large ring on the pommel.
"My love," Megan said, triumphantly, "though not nearly so august as yours, my family also has a long and cherished history. My father came from Ireland in his youth with nothing but a few coins in his pocket and a pack full of memories of his clan. One of those memories is this claiomh. It was passed down from his grandfather, to his father, to him. I ask yo to accept it now. Use it to defend our home, our hearth, and our family from any and all foes."

It was Loki's turn now to feel his eyes well up with tears. He could not believe she had thought of this, that she had cared enough to research the traditions of his people and discover something that would mean so much to him. The thought that Jonathan would be willing to bequeath to him something that had been in their family for generations was also a gesture that went to his very heart. Loki would have to be careful not to let his emotions get the better of him or he would embarrass himself by letting his tears flow free.

"Thank you, love," he said with all the seriousness he had. "I will cherish it as I cherish you."

The rest of the ceremony went quickly, with promises made to love and cherish each other, then Frigga was tying a golden ribbon around their joined hands and it was done. Megan was in his arms, her lips crushed to his, mouth open to his invading tongue as their guests applauded around them.

"I am sorry I was late," she smiled at him when he at last let her up for air. "I hope I didn't make you anxious."

"Don't be ridiculous," he scoffed.

Loki looked at his perfect wife. Wife! The word sounded wonderful, even in his mind. He suddenly didn't want their to be any secrets between them. Grabbing her hand, he pulled her into a corner of the room while their indulgent friends and family smiled, assuming he wanted to maul her some more. He did of course, but first he wanted to clear his conscience.

"Megan, love," he began, trying to achieve a light tone, "my darling wife, I have a confession to make to you."

"I have one to make to you as well!" she blurted, a sheepish look coming over her face.

"You do?" he was intrigued. If she truly had something naughty to confess, he could use it to his advantage, to mitigate his own crime with the apple. "What is it wife?"

"It's the apple you sent me this morning," she told him, chewing on her lip as she seemed unable to meet his eye.

"What about it?"

"Well, you see... I was on my way to get my hair done this morning when it was delivered, and didn't have time to eat it first. So I left it on the table to have when I got back, before I applied my makeup."

"Yes?"

"Well, my father came to my room to meet us, and... well... he hadn't stopped for anything to eat..."

"You don't mean..."

"I'm so sorry, Loki. It was a misunderstanding."
"Your father ate the apple," he said stunned.

"Well the first one, but I knew it was important to you, so Kate and I searched the entire tower until we found another apple. We had to have Laurie break into the store room for us behind the kitchens. That's why we were a few minutes late. Now, what were you going to confess?"

Loki stared at her, trying to keep the horror off of his face. Finally he forced a smile onto his lips and brought her hand up to kiss it.

"Nothing, love," he lied. "Just that you were right. I was nervous. For a moment. No more than that."

"There was no reason," she told him, eyes shining up at him. "I am yours, Loki. You have me forever now."

As she wrapped her arms around him, Loki's eyes went to where his father-in-law stood talking to Frigga, boisterous laugh booming through the room. What had he done?

Chapter End Notes

Loki just can't make things easy for himself can he? Hope you all enjoyed the wedding!
Chapter 73

Chapter Summary

Wedding Supper!

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the comments on the last chapter! Yup, Loki screwed up big time, but somehow I don't see him giving up that easily!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Loki sat in the Italian restaurant that Megan enjoyed so much, his loverly wife perched on his lap, occasionally feeding her from the fruit and cheese plate before them with one hand while the other absently played under her skirts. Megan’s head leaned into his shoulder as she chatted with their guests, all of whom chose to politely try to ignore the fact that the groom’s fingers were currently engaged in teasing the bride’s cunt. Fortunately for all concerned, Laurie had drifted off to sleep in the corner, excitement having kept her awake most of the night, and so missed the little gasps and moans that Megan struggled to hold back when Loki’s diabolical fingers found a particularly sensitive spot.

"Are you alright, Loki?” She asked suddenly, looking up at him. “You haven’t said anything in some time, which is very unlike you.”

"Simply enjoying the view” he said cheekily, staring down the front of her dress. “And the way your obscenely wet pussy feels around my fingers.”

To illustrate his point he thrust deep into her, causing her back to arch and a small moan to escape her lips. Jonathan and Kate exchanged a pained glance and swiftly moved across the room to talk with Tony and Steve.

"I think we’re embarrassing our friends,” she giggled as she pressed shamelessly down into his hand.

"They are just lucky I haven’t ordered the chocolate mousse for you,” he smiled, “considering your preferred method of eating it is off my cock.”

The thought made him twitch against her and he leaned down to bite her neck.

"No regrets then?” she asked, a hint of doubt creeping into her voice.

"Regrets?” he echoed in confusion.

"About marrying me.”

"Why would you even ask such a ridiculous question?”
"Well, to be honest," she said, lowering her eyes, "you seem a bit subdued. I had expected you to be more... amorous."

"Pet," he laughed, "you do realize I am knuckles deep in your sweet cunt before all of our loved ones."

"Yes, and for anyone else that would be outrageous. But this is you, Loki. It has been at least twenty four hours since you were inside me. I had hoped the dress might have... some effect on you. If you don’t like it..."

Loki looked at his bride in disbelief as her cheeks turned pink.

"Pet," he said slowly, "are you entertaining the absurd idea that I do not find you desirable?"

"No," she replied, unconvincingly.

"Would you like to know what I thought when I saw you enter the chapel today?"

Megan silently nodded, eyes wide.

"I thought that one of the Goddess figures from the mural in the temple of Love had come to life and walked among us. It was all that I could do not to leap at you and throw you to the floor before everyone, in a feral effort to get my cock inside you, anywhere inside you, before the lust drove me mad. I have no idea what was spoken during the ceremony by anyone save you and me, because it took every ounce of my concentration not to tear that gorgeous, marvelous dress from your body and mount you on the altar. I have never, NEVER seen anything I wanted more. The fact that this body... this luscious, fertile, extraordinarily fuckable body, comes with your passion, your mind, and your soul... and that all of them were being given to me willingly, irrevocably... I am overwhelmed, love."

"You have no idea how much I love you," she breathed, lifting her head to join him in a searing kiss. "But I still sense a sadness in you that doesn’t fit with the occasion. What is bothering you, husband mine?"

"It is..." Loki looked at her and decided that at least half the truth would do. "It is that you are mortal, love."

"Well, yes. We knew that. Do you regret joining yourself to an inferior being?"

"You are no one’s inferior!" he growled.

"What then?"

"You have so short," he sighed. "So short a time to live. Our child and I will only have you for what amounts to a heartbeat. It is not enough."

"It is not," she agreed, pressing her head into his neck.

"Did you just agree with me?" Loki asked stunned.

"Well, yes," she replied. "I tend to do that when you are right."

"I was expecting you to tell me how much you appreciated your tragic life span. How horrible it would be to outlive your family."

"Yes, but I wouldn’t necessarily outlive them, would I? You, and from what the doctors have said
most likely our child, have impossibly long life spans of your own.”

"But when Laurie went missing you said..."

"Loki, I'm pregnant!" Megan laughed. “I am a mess of hormones. My baby sister, who is almost like my own child to me, was stollen by a woman with no care for her wellbeing. Of course my emotions were all over the place. And yes, I would rather die myself than have anything happen to Laurie, but that is in part because she is still a little girl who has barely even begun to live. Likewise, my mother was still very young when she passed, not much older than I am now, and I was still a girl. It was beyond difficult. But, assuming Laurie and Ben and Kate all live out a normal life span, then yes, I would be sad when they died. Devastated. But fear of someday living through that would not be enough to make me refuse extra years with you and our child. Don’t you realize love, the only ones I truly cannot live without are you.”

Loki stared at her, mouth agape.

"So are you telling me that if there was, say, a potion you could drink and live as long as we will..."

"Then I would toast to centuries with you. Is there such a potion?"

"There will be,” he vowed with savage intensity.

With fierce growl from deep in his chest Loki crushed his lips to hers, reveling in how she opened to his all out assault. His tongue pushed into her mouth, dominating her own as his free hand fisted in her hair. When at last he rose for air, he looked around at all of their guests and narrowed his eyes.

"Everyone,” he said, straining to keep his voice level, as he stood and deposited Megan onto the edge of the table, “we would greatly appreciate it if you would leave. Now.”

"Loki,” Frigga admonished him, "mind your manners! We have not even had our meal."

"Mother," Loki said in a pleasant voice, smiling at the room at large, "because I am in a benevolent mood, I am giving you and all of our other guests exactly two minutes to pick up your belongings and get out. After that I don't care who is in the room, I am going to open my wedding present and begin to play with it. You have been warned."

They stared at him in stunned silence for a moment, before an ill suppressed giggle from Megan broke the spell. Suddenly, as if one person, the entire party began moving, grabbing coats and bags and sleeping children to hurry outside. In a comical span of time only Tony remained, grinning at Loki and Megan as he slowly did up his jacket and straightened his tie.

"Ten seconds, Stark," Loki warned as the billionaire sauntered over to pick up his bag. "Five, four, three, two..."

"Have fun you two," Stark laughed, and let the door slam behind him.

"One."

Turning slowly, Loki stalked towards the woman perched on the table.

"Mine," he growled low in his chest.

"Oh my yes," she agreed breathlessly.
When he reached her he pulled her in for a kiss with one hand, while the other reached down and slid Frigga’s ceremonial dagger out of her belt. Lifting his head he leaned back and looked her slowly up and down, admiring how the pulse jumped in her throat and her breasts rose and fell rapidly before his eyes.

"It was very helpful of you to bring this with you, my love," he purred, unsheathing the dagger and testing the edge against his thumb. A small trickle of blood ran out, and raised it to her lips. Unthinking, Megan took his thumb into her mouth and ran her tongue over the wound, sucking hard as she did. Loki groaned at the sensation and felt his trousers grow impossibly tighter.

"Nice and sharp," he commented with a wicked grin. "You wanted to know what I thought of this dress, love. It is exquisite, of course. The perfect wrapping for the perfect gift. But everyone knows, it is what's under the wrapping that truly matters."

Reaching down, he placed the tip of the dagger at the top of the narrow strip of gauze barely containing her breasts. It was stretched taught, holding them raised and separated. With one swift motion he brought the knife down and cut through the fabric like warm butter, releasing her bosom from its confines. With a purr of satisfaction he lowered his head and place a delicate kiss on each of her nipples.

"These are truly perfect, love," he told her, tracing her areola with his tongue. "Large, firm, supple, just begging to be sucked."

Putting action to word he took one nipple into his mouth and sucked long and hard on it. Loki took his time, working her little bud with teeth and tongue while his hand kneaded the breast and scraped it gently with his nails. When at last he let it pop from his mouth, it was only to move on to the other and spend an equal amount of time there, worshiping it in its turn. Megan let her head drop back and moaned freely as he suckled her, hips rising off the table periodically as sparks of pleasure coursed through her body.

"A Goddess," he said at last, letting the second breast escape from between his teeth. "My own fertility Goddess, made just for me."

Taking the knife in hand again, he placed it on the belt of the dress and once again swept downward, this time dropping to his knees so that he could cut all the way to the hem. When the last of the fabric had been sliced through, he set down the knife and, reaching with both hands, pulled the material apart. She was wearing nothing but a gold garter belt and dusky green stockings underneath, and he moan as he brought one of her legs up to kiss the inside of her ankle through the sheer material.

"The sign of a true lady is a well turned ankle," he told her, nibbling, "and yours are, of course, divine. The sign of a true whore, however..." he grinned and began kissing his way up the inside of her leg, punctuating each word, "is her pretty, pink, wet cunt."

He had reached her thigh, no more than an inch away from the perfection in question, when he noticed. Just below the cleft in her legs, on the inside of her left upper thigh, was gold. Loki raised an eyebrow and pulled her legs wide apart so that he could see it clearly. He had not been mistaken. There, just below her pussy, in the most intimate place imaginable, was a small tattoo that had not been there before. A golden helmet crowned with horns.

"Pet," it was less a word than a growl.

"Do you like it?" she asked, sounding a touch anxious. "I wanted to do something for you. Something symbolic. More than the sword or the ring I mean. Something more... personal. I know
how much you enjoy seeing your marks on me, so I thought... maybe... you would like this?"

Loki stared at the gold helmet, his own emblem, guarding the entrance to his most precious possession, and words failed him. With an animalistic rumble in his chest he pounced on it, licking and sucking the image on her creamy thigh, holding her open and hearing her gasp as his hair brushed against her sex, tickling it, as he payed homage to the indescribable, unmistakable honor she had payed him.

When at last he could resist no longer, Loki turned his head slightly and thrust his tongue into her wet heat. Megan, already afire from the attention he had been giving her body, cried out and arched nearly off the table. Loki snarled and pressed her back down before pulling both of her legs over his shoulders and loosing himself in the sweetness of her cunt. With all the skill he could master in his mouth and hands, he tried to show her just how much he loved her, how much he wanted her, would always want her.

When at last he had sucked her orgasm out of her for a third time, he rose, face glistening, and stared at her spread out before him. He was wrong, she was more erotic than the figures in the temple. She was a live, breathing, invitation to lust and he could delay no longer. With a wave of his hand he was naked, his rampant cock purple and pulsing with need.

"Please," Megan begged, eyes blown wide and lips parted to pant desperately. "Please I need you in me. Now."

A second wave of his hand and a pile of cushions were spread across the floor. Lifting her off the table Loki set her down, almost collapsing with the effort to be gentle with her pregnant body, onto the soft pile and descended next to her. Rolling onto his back, he pulled her on top of him.

"I want to watch you," he rasped, setting her astraddle over his raging cock.

Lifting up briefly, Megan brought her more than ready body down hard onto him, taking every last inch of him in until he was flush against her. After the briefest of pauses to adjust, she began riding him, hands splayed on his chest, hair tumbling around her face as she screamed in her need. Not one to be idle, Loki brought one hand up to fondle her breast while the other guided her hip up and down on him, thrusting up to meet her each time. Never in his life had he ever felt anything as perfect as her cunt was for his cock, soft and hot and wet as it pulled him in. He wanted to stay in her for ever, to fuck her until the world died around them.

"My King," she moaned, hair falling into his face as she rode him, "I am so close. So close."

"So am I love," he ground out, feeling the truth of his words as his balls tightened. "Cum with me Megan. Wife. Love."

And with a few more slapping thrusts they did just that, Megan dropping to his chest to ride out the orgasm skin to skin. His arms wrapped around her and he kissed her over and over, moaning his release into her mouth as he claimed it.

It was some time before Loki or Megan could move or talk, so they contented themselves with kisses and caresses as they waited for their breathing to return to normal. Her flushed face was aglow with happiness, and Loki felt the final piece of his heart leave and fly into her.

"I like to remind you frequently that you are mine," he said at last, tracing the contours of her face. "You do know, do you not, that I am just as equally yours?"

"Of course I know," she smiled at him gently.
"We will find you a potion," he told her, closing his eyes.

Determinedly he pushed away the thought that if he had just talked to her about the apple she would be immortal now. There had been one way to turn her immortal, there had to be another. He would not rest until he had found it.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so the picture is cheating as it's Thomas and not Loki, but it's so damn hot I'm using it anyway! Sue me! :)}
Chapter 74

Chapter Summary

Sorry this took a few days - I wrote an entire chapter of my other fic (which is much harder to write for some reason than this one) on Sunday and just as I went to save it my laptop crashed, eating the whole thing. This made me so annoyed that I needed a day or two off from writing.

Anyway, hope you like this semi-short plot chapter. I always enjoy Loki's chats with Frigga, so I hope you do too!

"I hope you realize how inexcusably rude you were last night, Loki," Frigga told him. "I was very disappointed in you."

"Rude?" he looked at her in surprise. "I gave everyone a chance to leave. I'd call that generous."

"That was her father," his mother chided, "her siblings and friends. Not to mention me. Do you really think I enjoy the images you forced into my brain?"

Loki smirked, at the look of distaste on his mother's face.

"I am sorry you were so scarred then, mother," he chuckled. "But I will not apologize for my actions. I was starving and banquet was placed before me. Who could blame me for needing to devour it."

"It had been less than twenty four hours since you had eaten. I'm sure you could have waited until we had all had our dinner."

"I will treat them all to supper at their earliest convenience," he sighed. "But now, perhaps you will tell me why you are still here?"

"You make it sound as though you are anxious to be rid of me. Does having your mother in residence put a crimp in your style my son?"

"I am always happy to have you near, mother," he sighed, sitting back in the arm chair that stood in her room. "However, I did spend quite a bit of time on that treaty. I would hate to have an ill timed outburst from Odin throw it all into disarray."

"Fair enough," Frigga did not even try to paper over her husband's temper tantrums. "In truth I was just staying in the hopes of saying goodbye to you, my son. After the way you dismissed us all last night I didn't dare knock on your door to bid you farewell."

"Ridiculous, you are the bravest person I know. You fear nothing."

Loki stood and crossed to embrace Frigga, breathing in the smell of her that never failed to comfort him.

"I will let you know how things progress," Frigga smiled, kissing his cheek. "And I trust you will do the same with Megan's pregnancy."
"Of course."

Frigga had gotten most of the way out of the door before Loki stopped her.

"Mother, wait!" he called out suddenly.

"Yes, Loki? I thought you were anxious to see me gone."

"The apple..."

"Yes?"

"The one from Idun..."

"I didn't think you were talking about a common, random fruit," she laughed.

"Indeed," Loki cleared his throat, taking a quick lap around the room as he tried to frame his thoughts.

"What about the apple, Loki?" Frigga prompted.

"I don't suppose there is any way of procuring another one?" he tried to keep his tone light and hypothetical.

"Why in the nine realms would you need another?" Frigga gave him a hard, searching look. "Don't tell me something happened to the one I gave you?"

"Of course not," he lied.

The last thing he wanted was his mother finding out the trick he had tried to play on Megan. She would be appalled that he had lied to her again, and no doubt feel it necessary to rain a long lecture down on his head. Worse than that, she might feel compelled to tell Megan herself. Everything was close now. So close to perfect. The only thing needed was her immortality and he would have all he could want.

"Well that's a relief," Frigga said, with feeling. "There is no second Apple, Loki. I used all leverage I could muster to convince Idun to part with the one. There may even have been a hint of blackmail involved."

"Mother!" Loki scolded her in mock shock, trying to push down his panic.

"You do not own the market on Mischief in our family, Loki, no matter how much you may like to think that you do."

"Everything worthwhile that I know I learned from you," Loki smiled with genuine warmth and love.

"I assumed everything was taken care of," she said with a relieved nod. "After all, I know you gave the apple to her yesterday."

"You do?" he tried to keep his voice noncommittal.

"Yes, I saw it on her table when I visited her yesterday morn."

"Why were you visiting my bride?" he asked.
"Don't be controlling, Loki, it's not becoming," she scolded, causing his eyes to roll of their own will. "As it happens, you were not the first one to place... images in mind I would have rather gone without."

"Oh?" he prompted as she gave small shudder.

"It seems you and your wife are a better match than even I had realized," Frigga sighed. "Megan asked me to stop in and see her before she finished getting ready for the ceremony. I assumed it was for a blessing, and I suppose it was, of a sort. It seemed she had gotten you a rather... shall we say unconventional wedding present the evening before, in a rather delicate location."

"The tattoo," Loki moaned, feeling himself harden at the mere thought of the gold ink helmet watching over the entrance to her juicy pussy. While he liked the idea of it guarding her delicious cunt just for him, he was vain enough to enjoy the idea of others knowing it was there. He wondered if there was a way of showing it off, of letting its existence and the act of her placing it there of her own volition become public knowledge without showing off that nearby part of her body belonged to him only.

"Yes, the tattoo," Frigga confirmed with a small purse of her lips. "I don't know if you are aware of the mortal method of applying such a permanent mark. Apparently, it involves extensive work with a needle, and leaves the area sore, scabbed over, and not to be touched for some time."

"That's barbaric!" Loki shuddered.

"I agree," Frigga shuddered. "Megan called me to her room in hopes that I might speed up the process, so that it would be healed in time for your wedding night. I must say, Loki, she can be a headstrong and impulsive girl!"

"That she can!" he agreed, smiling. "I assume you were able to oblige her and taken away the negative effects?"

"You would know the answer to that just as well as I, I'm sure," his mother said dryly. "Yes, I took pity on the girl, and on you, and healed it for her, trying not to think of what the design and location implied in terms of my son. I know you well enough to know that being denied full enjoyment of your bride on your wedding night would not have sat well with you."

"True enough. And it was quite a gift. The sight of it there, on her inner thigh, just fractions of an inch away from -"

"Spare me, please Loki," she interrupted him, and he laughed as her face turned red.

"My poor mother," he teased her. "You did have a hard day, didn't you."

"You will not fully appreciate it until your child is older," she shuddered. "But in any case, the point of all of this is that I saw the apple on her table, so I assumed that the two of you had discussed it and agreed on her consumption of it. I must say I am relieved. I have to confess a small fear that she would refuse out of some misguided loyalty to her mortal family."

"That never even crossed my mind," he lied smoothly.

"If it is your child you are worried about, Loki, I shouldn't be. Immortal genes are by their very nature dominant. I am sure the babe will be blessed with a long life span. Especially since its mother ingested the fruit while she was still carrying. If she had waited, well, that might have run a risk, but it was one we were able to avoid neatly."
"You are no doubt right," he said, hiding the gnawing that had begun in his stomach. "I was simply hoping for insurance."

"And I am sorry I cannot give you any. Even if I did have more to trade with Idun, that was the only ripe apple on the tree."

"Really? The only one?" his voice was strained even to his ears.

"Mm. I shouldn't worry though, the next crop are set to ripen soon."

"Ah, well that's alright then," he breathed.

"Yes," she smiled. "It should only be a century or so and before the tree is bursting with gold. But I am glad for Megan's sake that we were able to obtain the last one from the previous harvest."

Loki needed her to leave, and quickly. There was a queasiness threatening to overtake him that he couldn't seem to fight back. The last apple. Jonathan had eaten the last apple. And now not only was there none for Megan, but it might doom their child to a whisper of a life as well, and it was all his fault. Feeling his knees suddenly weaken, Loki fell back into the chair.

"My son," Frigga said, stepping near him and staring at his face in concern, "are you alright? You have gone very pale, and that is saying something with you."

Loki struggled for words to put her at ease, but none seemed to present themselves to his brain. He shook his head to try and clear it of the panic forcing itself into his scull.

"Lady Frigga!" a high pitched voice called from down the hall. "Lady Frigga, are you still here?"

As Loki raised his head the gangly, thin form of Laurie came careening down the hall and skidded to a stop in front of his mother. Her face was as pale as Loki's felt, and her eyes stared wide and full of terror. Loki took one look at her and rose from his chair, as his mother took firm hold of her with both hands.

"Laurie, what is the matter?" Frigga asked, keeping her voice calm.

"Oh, Lady Frigga, thank goodness you're still here!" the little girls voice shook with fear and unshed tears stood out in her wild eyes.

"Yes child, I am here. Now tell me what is wrong."

"It's Meg," Laure choked out, and the tears she had been holding back flooded from her eyes as she buried her face in Frigga's dress and wept.

"Megan? What is wrong with Megan! Tell me!" Loki demanded, panic turning to a white terror.

"Hush Loki," Frigga barely spared him a glance before giving a Laurie a small shake. "Laurie, darling, whatever is wrong with Megan I can help her, but you have to tell me."

"Oh, Lady Frigga, it was so scary!" Laurie stammered. "We were eating breakfast in my room, and then there was so much blood, and she was screaming."

"Blood!" a cold fist clenched around Loki's heart.

"But that's not the worst of it," Laurie continued, hiccupping sobs.

"What is the worst," Frigga's voice was bracing as she held the girl firmly and compelled an
"She... she's freezing, Frigga. And her whole body, it's bright blue. She's just lying there, bleeding and shaking and blue, not able to say a word. Oh, Frigga, what are we going to do?"

"Well, I am going to go and see her," Frigga said with resolve. "You are going to go find Kate and bring her to the infirmary. Just Kate, do you hear? Not your father or brother or any of the other men who will simply be underfoot. Understood?"

"Understood," the girl nodded, clearly glad to have someone taking charge. With a squaring of her shoulders she darted off back down the hall in search of their friend.

"I hope you do not consider me one of those who would be merely underfoot," Loki said grimly. "For whether you like it or not I am coming with you."

"Of course you are," Frigga said with resolve. "Come. It seems, my son, that you are going to be a father far earlier than looked for."
Chapter 75

Chapter Summary

The rush to save Megan is on!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The one thing Loki was sure of was that he was not going to survive this with his sanity. Time had already ceased to have any meaning. It had simultaneously stopped completely and sped to an impossible pace the moment he saw her lying on the floor of her sister’s room in a pool of blood. Laurie had not been exaggerating, there was a terrifying amount of it underneath her body. It showed particularly bright next to her unnaturally blue skin.

"She is freezing," he exclaimed, putting his hand to her face to take in the temperature of her flesh as she shivered uncontrollably. "Mother, what is happening?"

"She is giving birth to an ice giant," Frigga told him, keeping her voice matter of fact. "There were bound to be complications."

"Complications?" He echoed on a sob. "She is an icicle! And there is so much blood!"

"Pick her up, we need to get her to the infirmary," his mother said briskly.

Scooping her into his arms, Loki cradled her violently shaking body against his skin in an effort to warm her.

"It’s alright, darling," he told her, hoping against hope it was true. "I am here and Frigga is here and we are not going to let anything happen to you."

The next moment they were in the infirmary, creating a wave of excitement and panic among the healers idling there.

"What has happened?" The head woman, the same who had first diagnosed her pregnancy, asked.

"She is in labor," Frigga replied, materializing beside him.

"She is blue," the other woman pointed out needlessly. "And far too early along."

"The baby is a Jotunn, an Ice Giant," Frigga informed her. "I am afraid none of the normal rules apply here. I am Frigga, Loki’s mother, a healer in my own right. Will you help me save them?"

"Of course."

To her credit, the human didn’t so much as blink, ordering her minions about with quick efficiency.

"Put her down on the bed," Frigga told Loki.

He didn’t want to let go of her. He had the overwhelming, illogical fear that the moment he lost
touch with her she would be gone.

"Loki," Frigga snapped, “stop being a child. We are going to get her through this, but not if you act the fool. Set her down and let us do our jobs.”

Loki flinched as though she had slapped him. With a tiny sob he set her down on the cot and moved to the far side, stubbornly keeping her hand in his and glaring at them as though daring anyone to object.

"We need to bring her body temperature back up,” the healer opined, drawing her hand back quickly from where the chill of Megan’s arm had burnt her.

"I am not so sure,” Frigga shook her head. “I think the child might be trying to protect her.”

"Protect her?” The doctor scoffed.

"It has done so before,” Kate replied, entering the room with a giant eyed Laurie. “When we were taken captive by Loki’s aide Timothy. He touched Meg’s stomach and it turned blue, freezing him.”

"I had wondered, Loki,” his mother looked at him. “I have... heard rumors. You were intimate with her in your natural form?”

"I was,” he admitted, guilt washing over him.

"And it did not hurt her? Burn her skin?”

"No! Of course not,” he drew back, stung. “Do you really think I would hurt her in that way?”

"Of course I don’t,” she sighed. “But think Loki! You saw how this woman reacted to a brief touch of her blue skin. Megan should have never been able to couple with you when you were in your Jottun form.”

"That didn't even occur to me!” he sat hard on the chair, stunned. "How could that not occur to me?”

"The first time you were with her as a Jotunn," Frigga held his gaze, "was it before or after she became pregnant?”

"After," Loki replied once he had given it a brief thought. "It was the day you and Odin left for the embassy. Thor had acquired a Jotunn glove, and touched it with me turning me blue. He meant to expose my secret to Megan, to convince her that I was a monster.”

"Oh, Loki,” Frigga breathed. "I cannot believe that he stooped so low! I am sorry I did not intervene more than I did.”

"It actually turned out for the best," Loki said with a small, sad smile. "I had already told Megan my heritage, and all Thor managed to do was bring out her fierce protective side. You should have seen her, mother. She gave him such a verbal drubbing. It was magnificent. I brought her to your rooms to escape his wrath. I naturally expected her to be repulsed by my form once we were alone, but she was not. She seemed... aroused by it.”

"And one thing led to another," Frigga finished for him.

"Rapidly,” he nodded.
"Very well, then," she nodded. "It seems that your child has altered her in some way. It makes sense. The child inside her is half Ice Giant. It could not survive inside her if the touch of a Jotunn would burn her with its cold. She would have to develop an immunity to the cold in her womb. But she herself is human, not Jotunn, and the child is still not even born. Neither of them are in control of the freezing blue. It is instinctual. Now that the baby is trying to be born, it is spreading the immunity to the rest of her body, making sure that she can survive the birth."

"So her condition is a good thing," the doctor clarified, narrowing her eyes.

"I think so," Frigga affirmed. "As long as her heart keeps beating, I would think it should be fine. The blood, however, is troubling. We have to get the baby out, and I think we will have to do it by cesarean. Even as premature as it is, it is still too large to be born naturally."

"I should never have done this to her," Loki gulped, looking at her lying there bleeding. "We were not meant to cross breed. It was all my arrogance, my covetousness. I never considered her feelings, never asked for her consent. I wanted to keep her, and I deemed the best way to guarantee that was to impregnate her. It never occurred to me that I was putting her life at risk."

He could feel an ocean of tears behind his eyes, but refused to let them fall. He didn't deserve the easy release of tears. He deserved to be on that table, life's blood seeping out of his body, not his beautiful wife. She had done nothing to deserve this. Nothing but love a monster who had passed on that monster lineage to her through manipulation and force.

"Oh gods," he whispered, "I have killed her."

"Loki, stop that!" Frigga barked at him. "Kate, get him out of here. Laurie too. They shouldn't watch what we do next, and he will be just be in the way."

"I'll be right back," the girl said, nodding coolly.

"Wait!" Loki said as she tried to pull him to the door.

"Loki, I do not have time for your self flagellation just now," his mother said.

"The apple," he said, needing to tell her so that she could have all of the facts. "She... she never ate it."

"What? She refused the immortality?"

"She didn't know. I sent it to her without telling her its properties. But she never ate it. She is not immortal."

"Well, that is unfortunate," Frigga looked worried now, causing his heart to plunge even lower. "All the more reason for you to step outside and let us alone with her."

"Please, mother," he said softly with one last look at the blue woman stretched out on the bed, "save her for me. I love her."

"I know. I will do my best."

He stepped out into the waiting area in a fog, Kate on one side of him and Laurie crying softly on the other.

"She wanted the child," Kate said unexpectedly when he had sat numbly in a chair by the wall.
"What?" he asked in confusion.

"Meg. She wanted the child from the very beginning. I accused you of trying to knock her up, as a way of keeping her prisoner."

"You were right," he laughed without humor.

"I know I was. But that's not the point. When I brought it up, when first told her my fears, I was looking at her face carefully. Her eyes lit up at the thought. She wanted you to give her a child, Loki. Even then. Even when you were holding me and her other friends, and tormenting her daily, she wanted it. There are a myriad of things you could blame yourself for, don't blame yourself for trapping her, or forcing the baby on her. I know her as well as anyone, I can assure you she would have made those choices herself."

He smiled weakly at her, wanting to appreciate the sentiment, but it was impossible. He was guilty and he knew it.

"Where's my Meglet? They said she was rushed here! What on God's green Earth is going on?"

Jonathan rushed into the room, panic written in every line of his face. Loki took one look at the man and something inside him snapped. Leaping out of his chair, he grabbed Jonathan and slammed him against the wall, holding him by his collar while he shook the old man roughly.

"This is all your fault," Loki snarled as Laurie shrieked and Kate grabbed his arm to pull him off Megan's father.

"Let him go! Loki, let him go!" Laurie cried.

"What is my fault? What is happening?"

"Megan is dying, that's what's happening, and it is all because of you!"

"Me? What did I do? And what do you mean dying? Meg can't die!"

"Oh, she can. Because you ate her apple. You took away her chance at immortality, your greedy mortal! I am going to lose her and our child both and it is all because of you!"

"Loki stop it!" Kate's voice was like a crack of a whip.

"Give me one good reason why I should," he snarled.

"What apple? What are you talking about?" Jonathan asked in bewilderment.

"The one I sent her the morning of our wedding. Idun's apple of immortality. I sent it for her but you ate it instead!"

"No he didn't!" Laurie wailed. "He couldn't have! Papa's allergic to apples!"

"What?" Loki looked at the little girl tugging futilely at his sleeve and then back at her father. "Is this true?"

"Well, yes," he confirmed, more confused then ever. "They make my tongue swell up."

"Loki, listen to me," Kate finally managed to get his attention as he let Jonathan fall to the ground. "Meg ate it. The apple. Yesterday morning. She ate the apple you sent her. I watched her do it."
"But... she said... she told me..."

"Well, what did you expect?" Kate asked him, impatiently. "For her to just let you get away with trying to trick her into living forever without making you pay just a little bit?"

"You mean she knew what it did?"

"Of course she knew!" Kate looked at him as though he were the biggest idiot in all the worlds, and he was beginning to feel that way. "We had been researching Asgardian wedding customs for weeks so that she could surprise you. The sword? She wanted honor your traditions as well as her own. And in everything we looked through, never once was there a mention of a 'wedding apple'."

"But we did read about other apples," Laurie shot at him from where she knelt by her father, an angry look on her face. "I found that story."

"Idun's apples of immortality? And suddenly you send her a golden apple on your wedding day, with a ridiculous lie about tradition when you had shown absolutely no interest in any Asgardian marital customs at any point before? It didn't take a genius to figure it out."

"Actually, it did!" Laurie said, affronted.

"Sorry, Laurie, you are correct," Kate amended. "It took a ten year old genius. Laurie filled us in on what she had read about the apple."

"She knew. She lied to me."

"She was not amused, Loki. Not angry enough to keep her from eating it, or from marrying you - in truth I think she was fully expecting you to do something tremendously stupid that day- but she wanted to let you see what it was like to be manipulated, to be kept in the dark. We came up with the story while we were doing her hair."

Loki sank to the floor, head in his hands. He was a fool. He had been completely taken in by his fiendishly clever wife and her accomplices. He should have known. They were, all three of them, brilliant in their own ways. Slowly, the sobs that were wracking his chest began to change to rather manic barks of laughter.

"Please don't be mad at Meg, Loki," Laurie said in a small voice. "It was only supposed to be an innocent trick for a day."

"I am not mad, Laurie," he told her, managing a wild smile. "I am not mad at all. She is going to live. I could forgive her anything."
So I'm a little uncertain about this chapter, I hope I got it close enough to right. It's abit chaotic.

I know most fics with Jotunn Loki don't bring up the freezing touch thing, but I thought it could be interesting. Hope I explained it well enough. I've also been worried that Megan keeping the fact that she ate the apple from him might be seen as cruel on their wedding day, but after all of the shit he's pulled, I wanted her to give him a taste of his own medicine.

We are nearing the end of this fic. It has gone on MUCH longer than I ever imagined it would. Thank you all so much for reading and commenting/kudoing. I have had so much fun with it and learned a lot. Two more chapters to go, though, and we will have reached the end. I, for one, will miss Megan and Loki. (and Laurie, and Jonathan...)
Chapter 76

Chapter Summary

The baby is here!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Loki was sitting on the floor of the waiting room, head resting on his arms, eyes staring at nothing. It had been some time since Kate had left them to go be of whatever help she could to Frigga and the doctor. Jonathan sat in one of the hard chairs, holding Laurie protectively on his lap with one arm while the other continuously clacked a set of rosary beads. The little girl had cried herself to a fitful sleep not long ago. Loki was envious, wishing he could black the eternal present with sleep or prayer. All he could do was wait.

"She will be fine, son," Jonathan said suddenly.

"You don’t know that," Loki answered in a flat, emotionless voice.

"Megan is a survivor," he stated firmly. "She is a fighter. She is not one to neglect her responsibilities, to abandon a baby at birth. She will be fine."

Loki wishes he could have the man’s certainty. But then he looked closely at Jonathan and he realized that the man was not certain at all. He had spoken as much to reassure himself as Loki. Somehow instead of making Loki more anxious, the other man’s fear seemed to strengthen his own faith.

"I want to apologize," Loki said, surprising even himself. Those were not words that came easily or often out of his mouth. "None of this is your fault. Even if you had eaten the damn apple it wouldn’t be. The fault is all mine."

"She really pulled the wool over your eyes about that whole apple business, didn’t she?" Jonathan asked, chuckling.

"She did," Loki admitted stiffly. "I fail to see the humor at the moment."

"Come on, where's your sense of irony? The "God of Tricks and Lies" being lied to by his own wife on his wedding day? You have to admit, there is a certain poetry about it."

Loki glared at him, eyes narrowing to slits as Jonathan chuckled softly to himself, before suddenly feeling his face slide into a weak smile.

"She did manage to pull the wool over my eyes, I must say," he finally admitted.

"That she did."

"In all my years, and they have been many, I have never met anyone so perfectly suited for me," Loki confessed. "Every time I think I have tamed her, she does something to surprise me. And just when I want to strangle her for going against my wishes, she finds a way to completely disarm me. Every single time."

"Her mother was the same. Just exactly the same. Life will never be dull, I can promise you that."

Loki turned away, so as not to intrude on Jonathan's tears. As he did, the door opened and an exhausted looking Kate appeared.

"Congratulations," she said with a tired smile.

From the other room, Loki could hear the soft sounds of an infant crying, and he leapt to his feet.

"Megan?" he asked, unable to voice the rest of the question over the loud beating of his heart.

"Is fine," Kate smiled. "They are tidying her up now."

"I do not care about that!"

Loki brushed the notion aside and made to push past her into the room, but Kate moved to bar the door, a stern look on her face.

"You may not, but she does!" Kate told him firmly. "She has been through quite an ordeal bringing your giant offspring into the world. Give her a moment to pull herself together before you barge in on her."

"I did not mean..." Loki stammered. "If I had known how hard it would be, I would never have inflicted this on her. A Frost Giant is too much for a human to bear."

"Loki," Kate put a reassuring hand on his shoulder, "it is all right. I didn't mean Giant in a literal sense. The child was just large, and Meg is a small woman. She will be fine."

Surprising himself again, Loki leaned down and kissed the woman on the cheek. The world seemed to be slowly rotating on its axis again, and there was light in the room, in his soul. All he needed now was to see her. To assure himself with his own eyes that his darling was alive and well.

"He can come in now," said a voice from the other side of the door.

They had managed to brush her hair, and cleaned up most of the blood, though he could see the red stained towels in the corner. A new sheet was pulled up to Megan's waist, hiding the wound they had made removing the baby. Her green eyes were darkened by deep circles, and her face was pale from the loss of blood, but the smile on Megan's face made up for all of that and more. It beamed in joy as she stared down at the small, yes small for all he had been told it was big for a babe, baby
resting on her chest. As he watched, the little creature attached its mouth to her nipple and slowly started to suck.

"Hello, my love," she said, eyes remaining on the wonder she held. "Would you like to meet your child?"

"We're old friends," he told her, moving forward to kneel by the bedside. "Hello baby. You caused quite a stir."

"Yes," Megan said with a laugh. "You obviously take after your father with your flair for dramatic entrances and making everyone jump through hoops."

"How are you, love?" he asked, brushing a strand of red hair back from her face.

"I am perfect," Megan replied, finally looking up to smile into his eyes. "We are perfect."

"Yes, you are," he agreed, and leaned down to kiss her lips. "I am so sorry, love."

"For what?" Megan sounded honestly confused.

"For not realizing how difficult this would be on your poor body. I should never - ow!"

Loki was silenced from finishing his sentence as Megan bit his bottom lip hard.

"Don't you dare say that!" she flared at him. "I never want to hear that from you! I would have gone through far worse than this to have our little angel. Never apologize for giving me the greatest joy of my life."

"Well, pet, I know that I am skilled," he smirked, deliberately misinterpreting her words, "but surely I have given you even greater joy sense then. After all, in the beginning we hadn't begun to discover all the delicious thing I could do to your body."

"Loki!" Megan squeaked, glancing over to where Frigga and the doctor were cleaning up on the other side of the room. "You know I was referring to our baby, not the sex!"

"Still, I wonder," he kissed the hollow of her neck, "which time do you think it was?"

"Do I think what was?" she asked, distracted.

"When do you think I did plant my seed in you?" he grinned, enjoying her squirming and the slight cooing noise it caused the baby to emit. "That first night, when you begged me to take you in front of all my court? Or perhaps it was the morning I first woke up to you wrapped around me, desperate for me to make my way inside you. I saw it in your eyes then, you know."

"Saw what?" she asked, smiling in spite of herself.

"How much you loved me," he said with a smug shrug. "Your eyes gave it all away that very first morning as took you so slow and so deep. You were in love with me, despite everything I had done and planned to do with you."

"I was," she admitted in a breathy voice.

"Do you know, nothing has ever scared me that much until this day."

"Or me," she said, staring into his eyes.
"You must never leave me, love," he told her seriously. "I could not bear it."

They sat there in silence for a few moments, the baby nursing while Loki and Megan stared as though it was the greatest miracle ever created. In their minds, it was. Finally, bringing her hand to his lips for a kiss, Loki looked back at his peaceful wife.

"My darling," he said, letting the slightest edge creep in to his voice, "there is one thing we need to discuss."

"What's that?" she asked, biting her lip and averting her eyes guiltily.

"The fact that you, my dear, have been a very naughty pet."

"You know, I am feeling a bit tired..." Megan forced a yawn and batted her eyes at him.

"None of that!" he shook his head. "You do not really think you are getting out of this so easily, do you?"

"Getting out of what?"

"You, my love, lied to me. On the day of our wedding."

"You lied to me!" she squeaked in protest.

"I did no such thing," he protested. "I sent you the apple and asked you to eat it."

"So that it would make me immortal!"

"Well, yes. Did I ever deny that?"

"You never told me that!"

"You never asked! I did not lie, I simply didn't over explain. I am your God, I should not have to explain myself. You on the other hand, my precious pet, deliberately deceived me and, in fact, lied to my face!"

"I did," she finally confessed meekly.

"And I must say, I am impressed," he laughed at her stunned expression and kissed her again. "I see I have been rubbing off on you in a positive way."

"You are not angry?" she asked hesitantly.

"Angry? That you will live a life with me? How could I be?"

"That I lied to you."

"My dear, I am the God of lies. I consider your actions a form of praying."

"Oh, thank goodness!"

"I will, of course, still have to punish you," he said, grinning maniacally.

"What?!?"

"I can wait, of course, until you are healed," he allowed. "That should give me some time to come up with the perfect way to chastise you."
"Loki..."

"We must set a good example for a child, pet. Naughtiness must be punished. Now, I know how much you enjoy being spanked, of course. But then, I don't know if that really counts as punishment if it makes you that excited. Perhaps I will have to get the vibrator back out. Would you like that love? A week or so of wondering when I will press the control and stimulate your greedy little cunt? Or maybe I will simply make you stay in our rooms, serving me naked for a few days. Yes, I do like the sound of that. Well, we'll have to give it some thought. Something for you to look forward to."

Megan's face was bright red, but he could see, even in her exhaustion, the pulse quicken in her throat.

"Now," he smiled, as the baby started to give little hiccupping cries. "I believe you could use some rest, my love. And I have some catching up to do with baby. We will have to come up with a name, of I suppose. But all in good time."

Reaching down, Loki scooped the small infant into his arms. It was truly amazing how small and fragile the baby felt in his arms, and he worried for a moment that he would break it.

"You haven't even asked if it's a boy or a girl," Megan laughed.

"I really don't care," he shrugged. "It is perfect either way. As are you, Megan my love. Absolutely perfect."

Holding the baby, carefully wrapped in a green blanket he noticed for the first time, he bent over and kissed his wife soundly. They were his, his very own family. He had never thought he was destined to have one, and here he had the best one that had ever been given anyone. He had to be careful or he would start to panic at how perfect it all felt.

Looking down, Loki saw that Megan had already fallen asleep, a small smile still tilting up the corners of her lips. Standing carefully so as not to disturb her, Loki bounced the baby a bit as he walk over to the window.

"This is Midgard, baby," he said in a soft voice. "It is your home, or one of them. You may have as many as you want, though they can be a bother to rule over. You of course know my voice, but just in case it sounds differently, I am you father. I am going to make sure that you are safe, and warm, and that you never want for anything. That beautiful woman sleeping over there is your mother. I am sure you recognize her. Try to be as much like her as you can, little one. She is the most special creature in the universe. I am afraid, however, that you are bound to have a touch of me in you as well. In which case, all I can say is try to find someone to love you despite that. The amazing thing is that they will! If I can trick your mother into loving me, you should be able to accomplish anything. And if you are lonely, just come find us and we will give you all the love you need. You have made us a family, and nothing is more important than that."
Chapter 77

Chapter Summary

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Loki sauntered down the hall of his penthouse, balancing the small child on his hip as he hummed a snatch of an old Asgardian battle tune. The small face lifted up to him smiled excitedly as he got to a particularly rousing bit. He only hummed the songs now, after a particularly amusing afternoon (from Loki's standpoint at least) when Megan had stormed into his study demanding to know where her child had learned the lyrics to such a gruesome song. Responding to the joy he saw, he began tossing the toddler up into the air, progressively higher with each throw.

"You best not let Mother catch you doing that," a very self possessed voice chided him from the room to his left.

"I am not afraid of your mother," he scoffed, none the less setting the squealing tot down onto the floor and ruffling his bright red curls.

"I don't know why you try to lie to me, Papa. You know it never works."

Loki leaned against the doorway and smiled at the small, composed girl sitting at her dressing table. Not a strand of her long, midnight hair was out of place, all neatly pulled back by a silver headband. Her pale, blue tinted skin seemed to glow underneath, but it was her bright green eyes that broke Loki's heart every time he looked at her. They were her mother's eyes; the same fire and intelligence burned within.

"Speaking of your mother, Margaret," he said, changing the subject deftly, "she is waiting for you in the living room."

"Why?" her eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"Our guest are going to arrive shortly, and she wants you there to welcome them."

"Ugh! Why must I?" she asked, pulling a face that broke the preternaturally adult look she strove for and revealed her mere fourteen years of age. "We already have Aunt Laurie here, why did we need to invite others?"

"Because it is your birthday, Margaret," he told her, "and it makes your mother happy. Besides, I thought you liked your Aunt Kate and Uncle Steve."

He himself could sympathize with the girl. He was never as happy as when it was just their own little family. He needed nothing more than Megan, their lovely Margaret, and happy little Frigg to feel complete. Laurie, of course, was also always welcome, particularly by Margaret. His daughter would never admit it, but she worshipped the older girl. Megan, though, enjoyed spending time with her friends, and Loki lived to indulge his beguiling wife almost as much as he did to torment her.
"I love them, of course," Margaret sighed, standing up and walking over to him. "But the twins are a menace! Frigg is better behaved than they are, and he is ten years younger!"

Crouching down, Margaret attempted the almost always futile task of ordering her little brother's wayward curls. Frigg squirmed under her ministrations until she finally reached down with a sigh, tracing the raised circle marking on his forehead in what had become a ritual of sorts between the two of them. Almost instantly, Frigg stilled his fidgeting and Margaret completed her grooming of him. Loki was never certain if it was magic that his daughter possessed to calm her active brother, but the trick worked for no one but her. One touch of her cool hand on his ridged markings and he was all but purring.

"Are they too rough for you, baby?" Loki asked fondly, leading them back towards the living room.

"They are, of course, but I can deal with that," Margaret huffed. "Carter particularly likes to knock over everything we build. But it is Bucky that is the worst."

"And why is that, sweet?" Loki asked with a laugh.

"You wouldn't understand," Margaret said superiorly.

"Wouldn't understand what?" Megan asked as they entered the living room.

It had been almost fifteen years, and Loki still wanted her every time he saw her. Looking at her now, sitting on the sofa in a pretty emerald sundress that brought out her eyes, he thought he had never seen anyone more beautiful. She smiled up at him, and some of his thoughts must have been visible in his eyes, for her face turned a lovely shade of red. He loved that she still blushed, and did everything he could to pull that reaction from her.

"Why Margaret doesn't like Bucky Rogers," he told her.

"Margaret!" Megan scolded.

"It's not that I don't like him," Margaret sighed. "I just don't like the way he looks at me."

"And how is that?" her mother asked.

"I don't know. It just makes me feel funny. And the last time..."

"Yes?" Megan prompted.

"Papa will get angry," she hedged, moving to sit by her mother on the sofa.

"No, he won't," Megan assured her, shooting Loki a speaking glance. "What happened last time?"

"Well... he kissed me," Margaret admitted.

"Oh really?" Megan smirked as Loki began to feel a hot fire simmer in his chest.

"It was all wet and sloppy," Margaret added, crinkling her nose.

"I will kill him," Loki said, eyes narrowing dangerously.

"Loki!" Megan snapped. "He is just a boy! What did you do, Margaret?"

"I turned his tie into a snake and sent him screaming," she shrugged. "I don't know why he was so
afraid, it was only a garden snake."

"Some humans are illogically afraid of serpents," Megan explained, trying to hide a smile.

"I will feed him to a snake if he ever attempts to touch my baby again!" Loki seethed.

"Father," Margaret's eyes rolled expressively, "I am hardly a baby! I am not even the baby of this family! Frigg isn't even the baby of this family!"

"Margaret!" Megan gasped.

"What are you talking about?" Loki asked, momentarily diverted from his murderous intent.

"Mother is pregnant again," Margaret explained, disgust evident in her voice. "I do hope it is a girl this time."

"Megan?" Loki asked, staring at his wife.

"How did you know?" Megan asked her daughter.

"How do I know anything I know?" Margaret shrugged. "I just did. I don't know why you insist on having more, Mother, we are perfectly perfect with the four of us."

"Yes, but the getting of them is rather amusing," Loki grinned, stalking towards his guilty looking wife.

"Father!" Margaret said with a shudder.

"Margaret," he said, never taking his eyes off of Megan, "be a good girl and take your brother down stairs to wait for our guests with your Aunt Laurie. When they arrive, you will go to the restaurant without us. I need to have words with your mother."

"Mother?" Margaret asked, annoying Loki just a bit with her ignoring of his authority.

Megan nodded once, and with another heartfelt sigh and roll of her eyes, Margaret gathered up her brother and headed for the door.

"You have been keeping secrets from me, pet," he said the minute the door closed behind the children.

"Loki..." Megan backed away from his steady approach.

"You know that is a naughty way to treat your God."

"I wasn't even sure until this morning!" she squeaked as he cornered her against the table.

"That means you've had hours to tell me," he growled. "Hours where I could have been sharing in the joy. You do know what this means, yes?"

"No," she tried, biting her lower lip.

"Oh, I think you do," he smirked.

Loki's arm shot around her, pulling her to him as his lips descended to meet hers. In no time at all she was pliant in his arms, mouth open to his ruling tongue. He waited just until her guard was down and then, pulling back, spun her around and bent her down over the table.
"Loki!" she shrieked as he gathered her wrists behind her back and held them in one of his large hands.

"You know the rules, pet," he purred.

Loki flipped up her skirt and smiled covetously. Spreading her legs apart with his foot, he leaned over her and bit the shell of her ear. As she moaned, his hand came down hard on her round ass. His cock, already hard, strained against his pants as she pressed up towards his hand.

"Thank you, my King," she gasped, making it impossible for him to remain confined any longer.

A wave of his hand later, and Loki was naked behind her, cock head dragging slowly through her slit, only to be drawn back for each swat of his hand. As she thanked him for each spank, he began to see the proof of her arousal coat his tip.

"You lied to your King, your God, my little whore," he whispered in her ear. "What do you have to say?"

"I beg your forgiveness my King," she panted as he ran his entire length along her entrance. "Please, allow me to make it up to you."

"And how would you do that, pet?" he asked with another slap placed over her wet cunt.

"I offer you my body to use as you see fit," she said, hips rising towards him in search of his touch.

"I already have your body," he pointed out. "It is here, bent over before me, waiting to be used however I desire."

"Then use it," she groaned. "Use me. Fuck me. Make me feel how much I belong to you."

"What an excellent idea, pet," he purred. "Hold on to the edge of the table."

With that he lined himself up with her gaping wet entrance and pushed inside in one long thrust.

"Loki!" she moaned, as he began to move inside of her.

"That's right, pet," he grunted, "say my name. By the time we are done tonight, it will be the only word you know."

Downstairs, Margaret sighed as the limousine containing their friends pulled up. She knew that it would be best if she and the others stayed away at lease until night time. She had learned that when her father got that particular look in his eye, he and mother would not be seen for hours at best. It was one of the reasons that Aunt Laurie had come to stay with them. At least this time she didn't have to worry about another baby. They had already taken care of that. All in all, she supposed it was worth it though. It seemed to make her parents happy, and she did truly love them, and Frigg, and would even love this new baby.

They were her family, and as she had been taught from a very early age by both her beloved parents, she would defend them to the death.
That is it, my dears! Loki, Megan, and their family are happy and complete (if ever growing).

Thank you all sooooo very much for reading, commenting, giving kudos, etc. I really cannot tell you how much it meant to me. I loved reading every comment, and got excited whenever I saw a new one.

I would love to know any of your thoughts on this fic, what you enjoyed the most, what didn't work for you... for myself it evolved so much from the beginning, I hardly recognize my original intent, which was for a short, smutty endeavor of 8-10 chapters. (I should have known better, in my real life even when I start out to write one acts I always end up writing full length plays!) Characters I thought would be in only one chapter, like Laurie, ended up being absolute favorites of mine. Any way, thank you once again, and please know I love you all!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!