**Loki's Kitten**

by *Ursus_minor*

**Summary**

Quite literally as the title says.

You're a witch, visiting your sister in New York, when unforeseen circumstances force you to shape-shift into a cat. You could never have foreseen the consequences of your actions ....

**Notes**

See the end of the work for notes
Hadn't quite seen that coming

You hadn't thought it through.

You were cold and wet, saturated right through to your skin.

And you had to admit, you were terrified.

The noise of the traffic was deafening and for a horrifying moment, you had been trapped between the fast moving legs of people who had almost trampled to death as they were crossing the road in a hurry. By the time you reached the small traffic island and huddled against the pole of the pedestrian lights, your heart was beating frantically and you were shivering.

Admittedly, downtown Manhattan wasn't the place for anyone to get lost - a kitten least of all.

You hadn't thought it through.

In your panic you hadn't considered that once you'd cast the spell, you would, of course, need to turn back into a human being at some stage – which required you to cast another spell. The only problem here was, that you hadn't learnt that one yet.

Those guys in black had thoroughly scared you when they appeared at your sister's door, demanding you to open up. You checked them out through the spy hole. There were three of them. And that black guy with the eye patch was especially scary. You weren't used to that kind of thing, but you were used to hiding from people. Or running away.

So, you snuck out the window and jumped from the second floor into a pile of trash, before you ran.

By the time you had reached Madison Avenue they were on your heels. Five of them, so you shape shifted as soon as you reached the Park and watched from your hiding place under a shrub as they searched for you. When they were a good distance away, you prepared to turn back and realised your mistake.

That was the second time you panicked.

Panic can make you do really stupid things.

You decided to find your way back to your sister's flat. But of course in the small, furry body that you inhabited now, it was highly unlikely you would actually make it back in there.

It was a cold November day, pouring with rain.

*God, you really should have thought it through.*

You had the tendency to plunge into things head over heels, and consequently had to drag yourself out of seemingly impossible situations.

Now, this one, truly was.

Of all the animals you could have shifted into, you had turned into a kitten. In the middle of Central Park.

You hadn't been prepared for what it meant to take on this form in the middle of a city.
The assault on your senses was brutal.

The onslaught of noises, smells and lights that tormented you as soon as you reached the road was almost unbearable.

You hadn't been prepared for how sensitive your senses were in this body. The noise of the traffic and the smell of the fumes was overwhelming. And not only that. You could sense things. Emotions. Vibrations. There was so much fear and anger around you.

In addition to that, you tried to be a good girl and cross the road at a pedestrian crossing, only to be caught between people's legs and narrowly escaped being trampled.

So, here you were, wet and cold and scared. Curled up on a traffic island. Terrified, slightly traumatised and feeling very sorry for yourself.

And then a pair of hands scooped you up and tucked you under a coat, against a warm chest.

The first shock abated as you felt the heat of the body saturate yours. You desperately nuzzled closer, your own body shivering helplessly. You felt the coat close over you, keeping out the rain and a strong, warm hand molded against your back and kept you safely tucked in.

Had you been human, you would have sighed in relief. This was comforting. Soothing. And most of all dry and warm.

A loud rattling noise startled you, which, as you realised a moment later, emerged from your own throat.

Oh my god. You were purring.

You hadn't even meant for that to happen.

Was this some kind of automatic response for cats when they felt comfortable?

You felt yourself relax, the anxiety dissolving as you purred and snuggled closer to soak up more body heat. Apparently the nervous system of your little body wasn't as resilient, because you suddenly felt extremely tired. A moment later you had dozed off.

When you opened your eyes and carefully glanced around, you found yourself in a room with computers and technical instruments you didn't recognise. A man with brown curly hair and glasses sat on the chair next to you moving his fingers over the screen in front of him. You, yourself, were wrapped up in a soft towel, on a chair next to the man with the glasses. You guessed it was him who had found you, because when he turned around to look at you, he offered a smile.

“Hello.” He had a pleasant voice.

“Hi.” You wanted to reply, but nothing more than a high pitched meow left your throat.

You mentally rolled your eyes.

“What were you thinking, sitting out there in the rain in the middle of the Columbus Circle, little one? That's no spot for a kitten.” He chastised affectionally, adjusting his glasses as he spoke and regarding you with gentle eyes.

He was nice. At least, someone nice had found you.

“You can stay here for now, but we have to find you somewhere else to stay eventually. I can't keep
For a horrifying moment, mental images of the animal shelters flashed before your eyes. Half starved, mistreated animals in cages.

*Holy mother of Christ.*

*Was that where you would end up?*

You needed to get back to your sister's flat. Find the spell and transform into your human form. But first you had to figure out where you were.

He seemed to notice your distress, because he extended his hand and carefully patted your head.

“I'll find a nice place for you, I promise.”

Unable to rid yourself of the feeling of doom that had settled over you, you rolled up and watched him, as your mind tried to work out an escape plan. He brought his focus back to the screen in front of him, before he moved his hand to bring up another screen. Only - that it wasn't a screen, it was a *hologram*.

Your jaw dropped. Mentally at least.

This was highly advanced technology. Nothing you had ever seen before.

*Where the hell had you landed? Who was this man?*

“Banner?” A deep voice suddenly boomed and almost made you jump out of your towel.

A gigantic blonde entered the room, approaching your saviour - whose name was Banner, apparently. Banner turned around to greet the blonde.

“Hey Pointbreak, good you guys are back. I need to be on my way soon to join the others in Europe.”

The blonde walked over to where you and Banner were sitting, when his eyes finally fell on you.

“You have a kitten? I wasn't aware Tony allowed pets.”

When his large hands came down to grab you, you instinctively arched your back and hissed. You weren't fond of being touched in general, but he was – scary. Probably because he looked like a giant. And his hands were incredibly big.

“You're scaring her, brother.” A velvet, dark voice stated smoothly, and only now you noticed the tall, raven-haired man who had quietly entered the room behind the blonde.

*Her? How do you know it's a she-cat?”*

“I know a woman when I see one.” The man deadpanned, leaning against the wall next to you. He crossed his arms over his chest and looked - bored.

You were relieved when the blonde, pulled his hands back, as Banner distracted him by asking,

“How's life in Asgard?”

*Wait. Asgard?*
“Thor was drinking and enjoying the pleasures of life, while I was doing the hard work. As usual.”
The tall, dark man answered.

Wait. Thor?

Wait-wait-wait. What?

Your mind drifted away from the conversation, trying to grasp what you had just learned.

If the blonde was Thor, that meant that the dark one, who had just casually conjured a book out of thin air and started reading, was none other than Thor’s brother - Loki. The demi-god who had attacked New York a few years back.

“I found her in the middle of the Columbus Circle. She was cold and wet. Probably starving. So, if one of you could look after her until I'm back I would appreciate that.”

Your ears pricked up.

Was he talking about you?

“I'd love to look after her.” Thor boomed and you hissed instinctively when he reached out his hand again. He was just so - so big. Ginormous. And his voice was far too loud.

“I'd be frightened of that oaf too, kitten.” Loki's smooth voice came from next to Thor.

“Well, if you can handle her so much better, Loki, why don't you prove your talents here?”

Your eyes went wide as Loki approached. And you cowered. You weren't even able to hiss.


You had heard plenty of stories about him, his powers … and his terrifying temper.

“There is no reason to be scared of me, kitten.” Loki purred and you slunk back further when he reached out his hand to scratch your head.

You froze but allowed him to touch you.

Well, you had to admit, it wasn't so bad.

It felt surprisingly good. Maybe he was bewitching you?

His fingers slowly moved down your neck, digging pleasantly into your fur.

You closed your eyes. Good god, this felt good.

Loki ran his hand over your back, and you purred.

Literally.

Then he pulled back, leaving you oddly disappointed.

“This is how you do it, brother, use your charm.” He offered Thor a devious smirk. Thor frowned.

“You enchanted her.”

Loki chuckled.
“Not with my magic, I swear.”

“Since she seems to like you, Loki, why don't you take her in until I'm back?” Banner offered.

Loki might have made you purr, but you certainly did not feel like spending time alone with him.

“Truly, Banner? You trust me to babysit your lost kitten?”

You grumbled.

Asshole.

“Only for three days.”

Three whole days??

Loki’s gaze traveled over to you, and for a moment he locked eyes with you and you shivered. He had beautiful green-blue eyes. They narrowed. Then he frowned and straightened up.

“Fine. Three days.”

Nonono. Wait. Banner! You can't just trade me off to some obscure god with a nasty temper.

“Good, I'm glad she'll be in good hands.”

REALLY? Banner!!

“I'll be retiring to my room, unless we need to discuss anything before you leave?”

Banner shook his head.

Before you knew it, slender fingers wrapped around your body as Loki gathered you into his arms. You stiffened, but then one of his hands moved to your head, patting you carefully. You couldn't help but curl up against his chest.

The whole way to his room, he was scratching you gently behind your ear, which forced you to melt into his arms and elicit a loud purr.

Damned god, he knew exactly what to do to make you melt into his arms.

“You're an unusual one, aren't you?” he muttered. “I can't put my finger on it yet, but I am aware that you are not who you pretend to be, so I guess, I better keep an eye on you.”
In the lion's den

Chapter Summary

Thank you all for the enthusiastic comments and kudos!! 😊... Let's see how Loki will care for his little kitten... he's soft and fluffy - but he's Loki, after all.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When you reached Loki's room, he sat you down on the couch and then bent to look at you.

“I expect you to behave, kitten. No scratching, no biting and no ruining my furniture.”

His tone was stern and you shivered at the authority that laced his voice, embarrassingly it was a shiver of pleasure that ran down your spine.

*Good god, what was he? The God of Seduction?*

You quickly rolled up and watched him settle in a comfortable lounge chair, conjure a book, a bottle of wine and a glass, right there on the coffee table beside him. Then he poured himself some wine and leaned back into the cushions of the chair to read - book in one hand, drink in the other.

You stared. You couldn't help it.

Seeing somebody using magic so casually and with such ease was well and truly awe-inspiring.

So, here you were. In the same room with the person, who was quite likely the most powerful sorcerer residing on this planet, and you were stuck in the body of a cat – a kitten to be precise.

Which meant that escaping from here wouldn't be easy. You'd have to be smart or quick. Or preferably both. Especially under the watchful eyes of a sorcerer-slash-god.

Loki's eyes came up to meet yours and you quickly averted your gaze.

You could tell that he knew there was something off about you.

After a while, you let your gaze wander back to the dark god and a thought crossed your mind. Considering he was such a powerful sorcerer, maybe - just *maybe* he would be able to help you? If you found a way to communicate with him and tell him that you were stuck in this form?

“Why don't you come over here?” His silky voice dissolved your stream of thought.

*That voice.* You were sure that it held some kind of psychic power to make you more compliant, because you instantly felt compelled to rise and move over to where he was sitting.

Loki put the glass of wine on the coffee table and patted his thigh.

“Come here, kitten.”
What?

Gees, he wanted you to sit on his lap?

You blushed - or, at least you suddenly felt hot all over - cats weren't prone to blushing.

Loki's gaze rested on you and grew more intense with every second he waited, so you rose and jumped off the couch to saunter over to him. When you were next to his chair, he scooped you up with one hand and placed you on his lap.

Ugh. That was awkward.

You quickly curled up into a ball, and a moment later his fingers were raking through your fur.

“Such a good girl.” Loki purred and you felt another shiver run through you at the praise, while his fingers massaged you gently as he continued reading and you purred loudly in response.

Ok, you had to admit, this whole situation was kind of embarrassing.

But his touch felt so good - you couldn't help the purring thing.

It was embarrassing, because you knew that Loki wasn't bewitching or enchanting you. You just really enjoyed his touch.

You had never thought that you would enjoy anyone's touch. Most certainly not as you enjoyed Loki's. Maybe it was a cat-thing. They were quite affectionate, weren't they?

You pushed back against his hand and he moved it up to your head, scratching you behind your ear, then under your chin and you stretched your neck to expose your throat to him.

“Good girl.” Loki purred. “Now, why don't you show me who you really are, kitten?”

You froze.

That moment there was a knock on the door and you shot up, trying to escape from Loki's lap, but he held you back.

“Shh. No need to panic, little one.”

“Loki?”

You recognised Banner's voice.

“Come in, Bruce.”

The door opened and Banner entered, carrying two large paper bags. You relaxed, albeit feeling slightly embarrassed for sitting on Loki's lap when Banner looked over at you. While you felt hot all over again, Bruce looked at you as if it was the most natural thing to see a kitten sitting on Loki's lap. Well, it kind of was a natural thing to do for - kittens. Just not for you.

“How's she doing?” You liked Bruce, he had such genuine concern and a big heart.

“I would say, she is an indulgent little thing who demands a lot of attention.” Loki countered.

Ass.
You dug your claws into the leather of his pants and he considered you with a raised eyebrow. Banner laughed.

“So, you like her then.”

“Let's say -” His eyes found yours and the look in them was slightly unsettling. “I am intrigued.” He looked back up at Bruce nodding towards the bags he was holding.

“What have you got there?”

“Cat food, a container for a litter box and a bag of the stuff you fill it with. I asked Jarvis to get different kinds of food for her, so you can try which one she likes.”

Aw!

You could have kissed Bruce for being so thoughtful.

But you hadn't thought about the fact that kittens ate - well, cat food.

Yuck.

“Thank you. That was very thoughtful.” Loki started running his fingers through your fur again.

Bruce put the bags next to the coffee table.

"Yeah, well, I wasn't sure if you'd looked after a cat before.” He rubbed the back of his neck. “Make sure she eats. She seems fragile.”

Loki nodded and trailed his fingers down your spin, which felt - amazing. God of Seduction.

You briefly wondered what his touch would feel like if you'd be yourself, not a cat. Probably only half as amazing, since your senses were heightened in this form.

“You are right, she is quite fragile. I'll keep an eye on her.”

The low tone of Loki's voice made it hard to tell if he was merely making a statement or if he was delivering a threat.

You swallowed.

You surely were just being paranoid. He'd been kind to you, hadn't he?

Bruce bent down and ran his hand over you head. You stiffened.

Two people touching you at once, overwhelmed you slightly.

Good god, how did cats actually cope with that?

You heard yourself purr softly. Apparently you liked it.

“He's not as cold-hearted as he pretends to be.” Bruce encouraged you and pulled his hand away. “You're in good hands and I'll work things out when I'm back.”
“Safe journey.” Loki said.

They exchanged a few more words before Bruce left and you relaxed when Loki started trailing his fingers up and down your spine. Soon after, you rolled up in Loki’s lap and fell asleep with his hand resting in your fur.

Oddly enough, you felt safe. Completely safe.

When you woke, you were in Loki’s arms - well, in one arm. Loki held part of your body in one of his hands, while the rest of it was draped over his arm in such a way that you couldn't slide down or fall off, while he busied himself making a cup of tea. You blinked and took in your surroundings.

“Hello, kitten.” His low voice vibrated in his chest and you sleepily snuggled a little closer.

Somehow this cat-form brought out all the things you would have never done in real life. You weren't that fond of people touching you, you weren't snuggling up to people, you didn't enjoy people's close company.

Because you knew that if you let people close, they would hurt you.

The first time you had accidentally used your gift, you were three years old. You made the honey jar appear on the table beside you, because you felt like having honey. Another time, you pulled a picture book from a shelf that was too high for you to reach. And then you brought down the cookie jar to have a cookie. That jar unfortunately shattered on the kitchen floor. Which marked the end of your father's patience and the end of your peaceful childhood.

Children at school called you a witch and they played practical jokes on you. One time they even set fire to your hair. You did your best to suppress your powers and be normal.

By the time you were ten, your powers went haywire whenever you got angry, which happened a lot, so you ended up getting home schooling.

Your father was bent on removing the “curse”, taking you to see of healers and exorcists, but all they ever did was scare you and hurt you.

If it hadn't been for your mother and sister, you would have run away much sooner.

Loki's free hand came around your body to pull you off his arm and you instinctively dug your claws into his tunic. He chuckled softly and carefully pried your small paws off him.

“Don't get too comfortable in my arms, kitten.”

He put you on top of the kitchen counter and opened up a couple of cans of cat food, placing them in front of you.

You stared at the cat food. It smelled revolting. Apparently your tastebuds hadn't adapted to “cat-mode”. Your mind was still human and this was – well, cat food.

“Are you not hungry?”

You would have wrinkled your nose if you could have done so.

Was he seriously expecting you to eat this junk?

“That's what I thought. Not the innocent little kitten after all.”
He turned around and opened the fridge, pulled out some cream and poured it into his tea. Before he put it back, he halted.

“Would you like some of this?”

You licked your lips.

You actually did. You had cat-instinct enough to recognise a treat when it was in front of you.

Loki lifted the tea cup off the saucer and poured some of the cream onto it, then he dipped his finger in it and held it out to you.

*You stared at his finger. Uhm. What?*

When you realised what he wanted you to do, your eyes snapped up to his and there was a devilish smile on his face.

*You were so NOT going to lick that off his finger.*

His gaze never left yours as he brought his finger between his own lips to suck it clean.

*This god was wicked.*

“Evidently *not* the innocent kitten Bruce believes you to be. A real kitten would have licked the cream off my finger without hesitation.”

He smiled and lightly tapped your nose with the very same finger that had just been in his mouth. You must have looked shocked, because he chuckled softly.

Then he pushed the saucer towards you and you bent down to drink. It was awkward – him watching you for one thing – and the fact that you were licking things up with your tongue. Luckily it was a thing that happened on instinct.

But being a kitten had its perks. Never before had cream tasted so *delicious.*

Loki’s hand stroked over your back while you drank and you had to admit, you were starting to admire cats for handling their emotions and pleasurable sensations so well. Drinking the cream already gave you quite an outstanding sense of fulfilment, but Loki’s touch made your head spin.

*Did he do that on purpose?*

When you finished, you sat back and started cleaning your face with your paws. Another automatic cat response.

Loki watched you, sipping on his cup of tea.

“Why don’t you stop this game of hide and seek and show me your true form? I must admit that you are doing very well hiding your thoughts from me. This is how I usually detect shape-shifters, because kittens don’t usually *think.* But you – you intrigue me, because I cannot read you. And yet for a spy - or a Hydra agent - you’re far too unprofessional."

He looked at you as if he expected you to say something.

So you did.

You offered him a high pitched, albeit very cute, *meow.*
Loki rolled his eyes.

Then he leaned forward and placed two of his fingers on your chin, staring right into your eyes.

“Are you aware of who you are dealing with, little kitten?”

You swallowed. You wanted to tell him. You really did.

You had no idea why he couldn't read your mind. So, you focused and opened your mind to him. Calling out his name to catch his attention.

He sighed.

"You're a stubborn little creature, and I am afraid that I am growing tired of your game."

Nonono. Please, listen, just listen.

You screamed his name in your mind, but judging by the way he looked at you, he couldn't hear you.

“Mr Odinson, your presence is requested in the meeting room.”

The sudden voice startled you and you glanced around the room. It sounded like it had come over an intercom or something.

“Thank you, Jarvis.” Loki let go of you and straightened up.

"Was he seriously expecting you to eat this junk? "

"
Chapter End Notes

... so he knows ...
Chapter Summary

Thank you all for your encouragement!! This gives me so much joy :)

Loki is not amused...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You are coming with me, little one.” Loki said and gathered you from the kitchen counter.

What? Why?

You were grateful that his touch was gentle. Nevertheless it was firm. There was no way you'd be able to escape his arms, and since your small body fitted perfectly into the curve of Loki's arm, you decided to nestle a little closer. Loki's other hand came to a rest on your back, stroking your fur almost absent-mindedly as he walked down the corridor towards the elevator.

You took in your surroundings, searching for escape routes. You wished you'd paid more attention to media and the news over the past year, because then you would probably know which high riser you had ended up in. But you only knew that Thor and Loki were part of a group called the Avengers, whose headquarters where somewhere in Manhattan.

The dark god pressed the button to one of the lower floors of the building and when you exited the elevator, Loki and you stepped into a long, brightly lit corridor with doors on either side. One of them stood open and you could hear Thor's voice, but as soon as Loki stepped through the doorway into a room with a large round table and several chairs around it, you froze in his arms.

There was the guy. The guy with the eye patch. He turned away from Thor to greet Loki with a grim expression on his face.

Ok, don't panic, girl. Stay calm. Stay. Calm!

Too late. You were already digging your claws into the fabric of Loki's tunic and his grip on you tightened slightly.

Ok. Don't. Panic.

Your little heart was pounding like crazy in your chest as you stared at the man.

Loki knew him. And here you had thought Loki might be able to help you!

What a silly little kitten you had been. Loki was not on your side, he was on the side of the creepy guys in black who had chased you down to Central Park.

“What do we owe the pleasure of your visit, Fury?” Loki's voice sounded overly pleasant as he spoke.
Fury.

What a fetching name.

Who the hell was he? And what did they want from your sister?

“We are looking for a fugitive.” He stated flatly.

“And you came here to find him?” Loki’s tone was dry.

“No, I came here to ask for assistance in finding her. We lost her down in Central Park, close to here. She's been on our radar for a while, but only recently made a move to come to New York.”

Your heart stopped.

Wait. They – they were looking for YOU?

You started clawing your way up Loki’s leather waist coat. You needed to get away.

That's when the Eye Patch Fury noticed you.

“I didn't realise Stark allowed pets here.”

“There are many things that you haven't realised yet, Fury, and it seems that one of them is that I'm not someone who cares much about rules.”

Eye Patch narrowed his eye at Loki.

“And you like cats?”

“She's a gift. A surprise for Romanoff.” Loki lied nonchalantly and gently unhooked your claws from his leather tunic to pull you off his shoulder and place you back onto his arm.

“Romanoff?”

Whoever "Romanoff" was!?

“Yes. Natasha loves kittens.” Loki said matter of factly.

Eye Patch seemed to buy it as he turned his eye back to Loki.

“I left the girl's file with you brother. We'd appreciate your corporation.”

“I shall have a look at it. But you know that even magic has its limits. It's not easy tracking someone down.”

"I'm sure you'll have your ways. I'll be in touch."

With that Fury left and Loki moved over to Thor, who was currently looking through a manilla folder that lay on the table in front of him. When you came closer, you saw that it held photos of you and your family. And quite a few pages of text.

What the hell was going on here?

“A fugitive, huh?” Thor muttered.

“Hm.” Loki hummed, skimming through the papers and photos. “Seems like Fury is after another
one of those _misfits_, who will be talked into becoming a hero by prostituting their powers."

**What? What did he mean by that?**

You stared down at the pieces of paper that Loki fanned out on the table with his fingers.

Pictures of you and your sister in New York. You by your camper van down in New Jersey. Pictures of your mum.

**Why did they have a file about you?**

You’d been living a secluded, but entirely normal life for a while. There had been no incidents with your powers for years and you’d only recently started to practice magic again. _And_ had been incredibly careful.

You looked up at Loki, whose eyes were trained on the papers and photographs, then his gaze shifted to you. The god’s glacier eyes narrowed.

**What if he figured it out?**

**Was he just going to hand you over to Eye Patch Fury?**

**What were they going to do to you?**

Loki carefully pried you from his arm and put you on the table, then he opened his mouth to say something.

You decided not to wait and hear what he had to say, but leaped over the edge of the table, landing inelegantly on the floor. You swayed a little, before you sprinted through the open door and down the corridor – well, you ran as fast as your very short and slightly unsteady legs could carry you - only to stop dead in your tracks in front of the elevator.

**How were you going to press the button to open the door?**

_You hadn't thought it through. Again._

**Why did you always have to be so impulsive?**

You first impulse had been to run, but _how_ were you actually going to escape?

You were trapped. Trapped in this building.

You froze when you felt a tight grip on your neck and your body went limp as you were being pulled up into the air.

“All and where do you think you are going, kitten?”

_That was an eligible question, actually._

The grip Loki held you in seemed to release another automatic response in your body - the response to go floppy, because that was exactly what happened. You couldn’t move. You were completely helpless.

You could literally just hang in there.

“All there anything you would like to tell me, kitten?” Loki held you up higher so that you were on
eye level with him, the tone of his voice icy.

You merely looked at him. Even if you wanted to tell him anything. How were you actually going to do that?

He would just roll his eyes if you meowed at him again - or - judging by the look in his eyes, he would do far worse than roll his eyes.

"Fine. If you prefer to learn the hard way, let's do this the hard way."

Now, *that* scared you.

Keeping you in the rather undignified position, Loki opened the elevator and brought you back to his quarters. By the time you got there, you whined softly, because his grip was getting uncomfortable.

The dark god sat down on the couch and dropped you unceremoniously on the coffee table in front of him.

*Ok, he was positively angry now.*

““A witch?” He asked and stared at you. "Is that what you are?"

You tried to make yourself as small as possible as you looked up at him with large eyes.

"Girl, do you even know what you have gotten yourself into? You better transform back *RIGHT NOW.*"

There was so much frost in his voice, it made you shiver.

A moment later you felt a pull on your mind.

*What was he doing?*

You began to feel dizzy.

*Stop. Please.*

Loki placed two fingers on the sides of your head and your vision went blurry.

“Don't try my patience, witch. I'll give you one more chance to show yourself.”

*Talk about temper.*

You were nauseous and positively scared now, even though Loki had removed his fingers and you were able to focus your eyes again.

You wished your vision was still blurry when the gaze of those icy-blue glacier eyes met yours.

*Good lord, this man had such an intensity in his glare, it seemed to freeze you right through to your bones.*

You realised that he had tried to force his way into your mind, which left you weak and nauseous and you desperately tried to recover from the invasion.

And he was obviously pissed that he couldn't get through.

“As you wish, *kitten.*” He growled softly.
Still too dizzy, you were unable to back away fast enough when he reached out to grab you.

_He was going to hurt you._

When you felt his fingers wrap around your body, you closed your eyes and prepared for the pain.

"A witch? is that what you are? - Don't try my patience, witch." His words rang through your mind.

_He was going to hurt you, like people always did, as soon as they found out what you were._

You couldn't even expect mercy from another magic wielder. There was a stabbing pain in your little chest at the thought.

_He was going to hurt you._

You went completely limp in Loki's hands and he halted for a moment, before he placed you in his lap.

You waited.

The pain didn't come.

“What are you expecting me to do, kitten? _Hurt_ you?” Loki sounded rather dumbfounded. “I'm not a savage.”

Loki frowned and stared at you for a moment.

Then a sly smile appeared on his face.

_Uh-oh. That smile didn't look all too comforting._

He held out his hand and in a mist of green light, a small green and gold collar appeared on his palm.

"I am not going to hurt you, but since you seem to be so fond of this form, I will grant you your wish, pet.”

_What - the - hell?_

You tried to wriggle out of his grasp, but Loki's deft, slender fingers had fastened the collar around your neck before you knew what was happening.

“There. This will keep you a kitten unless I remove it. You may wish to act a little wiser next time and value the opportunities you are given.”

You glared at him.

It wasn't uncomfortable, but you hated being collared.

Loki laughed softly at your misery.

The stories about him were true. He was just as mean as they said. He knew who you were and yet he had made no attempt to help you. On top of that, he had collared you with magic.

Now, what were the chances of turning back into a human - even _if_ you were able to escape from here?

You could have cried.
“You're mine now, so you better get used to it, little one.”

With that he rose and set you down on the couch.

You waited for a moment, but when he moved, you quickly scrambled away from him and quickly hid under the couch, where you curled up into a ball and tucked your head between your paws.

It seemed your situation was getting worse by the hour.

Chapter End Notes

Why does he always have to be so impatient?... guess he love collars...
Midnight snacks

Chapter Summary

... kitten gets hungry...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You woke in the middle of the night, somewhat confused to wake up on a hard floor instead of the soft sheets of a bed. It took a moment to orientate yourself.

There was no bed.

Your eyes snapped open. You were still hiding under the couch in Loki's living room.

Loki was gone and the lights in the apartment were off, nevertheless, you could see everything with astounding clarity.

A loud growl from your stomach made you aware that you hadn't eaten anything since breakfast, so you cautiously crept out from under the couch and roamed the quarters for something edible, which was, as you soon discovered, a futile endeavour.

Did gods have no need to eat?

If they had, they evidently didn't leave anything out on the bench. Neither did they leave any cupboard doors open.

And why were refrigerators so hard to open when - when you were a cat?

You wouldn't mind getting some more of that cream.

You pawed at the rubbery seal of the fridge door. Maybe if you could just get some air in between the seal and the door and then push it open ... after a few minutes of unsuccessful attempts you gave up and stalked away - tail high up in the air.

Stupid fridge.

You sat down in front of the door of the only room you hadn't explored yet.

You stared at the door that stood slightly ajar, your tail twitching.

Finally you mustered the courage to push it open with your head and squeeze your body through it.

You looked up at the large bed that took up most of the room. You couldn't see the top, but you could hear his steady breathing. Loki was asleep.

When your stomach growled again, you crouched and jumped, aiming to land on top of the bed, but mid flight you realised that the bed was too high, so you hooked your claws into the sheets and ended up hanging off the side of the bed in a rather unsophisticated manner.
Loki moved. You froze.

Would he be mad with you for coming in here? Would he be angry with you for waking him because you were hungry?

Of course he would be angry, who were you kidding?

You mentally rolled your eyes.

You hadn't thought it through, of course.

You desperately clung to the sheets for a moment longer, considering the option of letting go and returning to your hiding place to surrender to your fate and starve to death, there, underneath Loki's couch.

But it wasn't an acceptable option.

If you were to be honest with yourself, you'd survived far worse than a so-called god collaring you and holding you hostage in his fancy apartment in New York city.

At least he wasn't going to hurt you.

He was just mean and intimidating.

You pulled yourself up onto the bed and sat down next to Loki's leg, rolling up your tail up along your side.

God only knew what he would do to you when he woke up and found you here.

You took a moment to collect yourself before you cautiously tip-toed along the side of his body until you could see his face. The dark god lay on his side, legs tangled in the sheets, the pillow tucked under his head.

He looked deceptively peaceful with his relaxed face and the dark strands of hair falling across his forehead. With the flawless pale skin and the beautiful long eyelashes.

When his mouth wasn't sneering and his eyes weren't piercing you, he actually looked - handsome.

For some reason, watching Loki made you feel better.

Jesus Christ.

Girl! Get a grip! What are you doing?

This guy collared you and you're adoring him?

You couldn't deny that his presence curiously offered you comfort. Even though he had scared you. But every time you'd been on his arm, or in his lap, you had felt oddly safe.

Maybe you could just sit here and watch him for a little while.

Loki sighed.

“I can feel you staring at me, little one, what do you want?”

Uh-oh.
You ducked, ready to flee in case he was going to grab you. Loki merely opened one eye to look at you.

“What is it, hm?”

Well, what was he expecting? That you would start chatting away in perfect British English with a Shakespearean twang?

Idiot.

Your hunger evidently made you grumpy.

“I'm starving.” You complained.

Of course, all that left your mouth, was a pitiful mewl.

When Loki moved to sit up, you back away and a moment later you were off the bed and back in the lounge, hiding under the coffee table.

You didn't want to take any chances. He was unpredictable. So, you watched from your hiding place as Loki shuffled out of his bedroom into the living area.

“Where are you, kitten? Do you need food? Is that what it is?”

Your spot under the couch offered you a good view of him, and you had to admit that Loki was – impressive. Impressively well built. His upper body was bare, as he only wore dark green silky pyjama pants, and lean muscles moved under the smooth skin, when he ran his fingers through his hair.

“I guess, I haven't been a very good host, have I?” He muttered as he walked over to the fridge, opened the door and pulled out a plate of cooked chicken and some cheese.

Then he sat down on the couch, placing the plates with food on the coffee table above your head. The smell of the food was mouth-watering and you cautiously stuck your head out from under the table.

When Loki didn't move, you left your hiding place and climbed up onto the couch, as far away from the dark sorcerer as possible, eyeing up the food on the table, while you simultaneously tried to keep an eye on Loki's movements.

The chicken was what you wanted most, surprisingly, since you usually preferred a vegetarian diet. Your little body obviously knew what was good for you.

Loki leaned forward to pull the plate with the chicken towards him and started to cut the meat up into small pieces.

“Come here, little princess.” Loki patted his thigh. You eyed him suspiciously and didn't move.

“Do you not want to eat?”

Well, I want to. But not anywhere close to YOU.

He cut off another small piece of meat and held it out to you. The smell was overwhelmingly, sinfully, irresistibly delicious. You carefully inched closer, but stopped at a safe distance.

“On my lap, kitten.” He ordered and you glared.
Loki extended his arm further towards you, putting the piece of chicken pretty much into your face. You stretched your neck to take it, but when you opened your mouth, Loki pulled it away.

“Ah-ah. I said I want you on my lap.”

You felt the blood rushing through your body, from embarrassment as much as anger. He was infuriating.

You stood your ground and stayed where you are.

“Defiant, little thing.”

That moment there was another loud growl from your stomach.

“Is your pride worthwhile the torment, princess?”

He held the chicken out to you again and this time he let you take it when you tried to reach it. You gulped it down greedily.

*Good god, you hadn't realised just how hungry you were.*

Loki held out another piece, but when you moved forward, he slowly pulled his hand back to lure you closer to him. All you could focus on was the food and before you knew it, you had your front paws on Loki's thigh. He allowed you to take the piece of chicken from his fingers.

“Lap.” He requested with a soft, soothing voice, as another piece of chicken dangled in front of you.

*Damn your pride. You needed to eat.*

You climbed onto Loki's lap and he fed you another piece of meat, laughing softly when you instinctively licked his fingers.

“Aren't you a good girl.” He purred and you pulled back, embarrassed at what you had just done. But before you had time to think about it, Loki distracted you with more food.

He proceeded to feed you, while he lightly ran his fingers over your back.

It felt good. You started to purr softly.

*No, no, no. This was humiliating!*

No. His touch felt good.

“I don't usually get up in the middle of the night to hand-feed my pets, darling. Consider yourself lucky.”

*Grrr.*

He actually did this to humiliate you.

You made a move to escape, but Loki caught you before you were able to and pulled you back onto his lap, holding you in place.

“Relax, kitten. I know you're hungry. I shall leave you in peace when you have eaten.” He gently dug his fingers into your fur to scratch the back of your neck.
Oh god. That did feel good.

Loki smiled and offered you a small piece of cheese which you swallowed without chewing.

“You're going to have a stomach ache if you do that.” He chided.

As if he cared.

You turned your head away and tried to wiggle out of his grasp, but he held you in a firm grip.

"Stay."

The tone of his voice was so stern, that you instinctively obeyed and froze. He gently stroked your back until you started to relax.

Crikey, this god was confusing. One moment he scared you, the next moment he made you feel so unbelievably comfortable.

You turned and narrowed your eyes at him.

God of Conflicting Feelings.

Loki regarded you with what you would have interpreted as a warm, almost affectionate gaze - if it had been anyone else. If he had been someone else, you would have thought that he actually liked you.

"I do not know what you did to attract Fury's attention, but judging by your reaction when you saw him, you are afraid of him." He fed you another piece of cheese as he spoke. "You do well to fear him, kitten. But if you wish to avoid Fury, it is in your best interest to stay here, believe me. He would never suspect you to be hiding in Stark's tower."

It almost sounded as if he was doing you a favour by collaring you and keeping you as a pet.

Almost.

You hissed softly at him and he creased his forehead.

"You brought this upon yourself by refusing to change back into your human form and talk to me. You gave me no choice but to keep you here against your will. After all, you could be a spy, attempting to infiltrate the tower and steal secret information. If Fury is interested in you, you must have an impressive set of skills."

Yeah, right. A spy, infiltrating the tower. Didn't he tell you a few hours ago that you were way too unprofessional to be a spy?

And what did he mean when he said you must have an impressive set of skills? Who the hell was Eye Patch Fury?

"As long as you are a good pet, I will make sure that you will lack nothing." Loki purred before one of his fingers slid along your collar. "And don't even think of escaping, because as long as you wear this, I will be able to find you - anywhere on this planet." His eyes met yours. "And I will administer an appropriate punishment for running away, little one, so I would advise you to not even try."

You swallowed.

Why did his threat and the look in his eyes make you giddy? Shouldn't it intimidate you rather than
Loki's fingers came up to scratch you behind your ear, while his other hand kept a light hold on you. You purred softly.

"That's my girl."

Oh, how you hated this man.

His touch. His voice. And his confusing, and utterly infuriating way of being attractive.

A mere few hours ago, you had been hiding under the couch from him, and right now, all you wanted to do was roll up in Loki's lap and have him touch you and speak to you in that voice. You closed your eyes.

"Don't fall asleep, princess, you're missing out on dessert." Loki said softly.

What?

You opened your eyes, watching as he flicked his wrist and a tub of ice cream appeared on the coffee table. Loki leaned forward to pull the lid off the container, before he dipped his finger into it and held it out to you.

He wasn't - going to do this again - implying that you should – was he?

Loki smirked.

He was.

"Be a good pet, kitten."

You were NOT going to lick his finger.

The fingers of his other hand gently stroked the fur on your back, making you purr softly and he leaned forward to whisper into your ear.

"Remember who you belong to as long as you wear this collar. You wouldn't want to upset me, would you?"

You shivered.

A pleasant little shiver of anticipation.

Ohgodohgodohgod.

You shook your head to get a grip of reality. He was bewitching you with his velvet voice, that insolent alien god.

"I'm waiting." He purred.

You leaned forward and tried a little bit of the ice cream.

It was delicious.

You tried a little more.

And licking it off Loki's finger wasn't as bad as you thought it would be.
“That's my girl.” Loki purred and the praise made you hot all over.

Then he dipped his finger into the ice cream again and offered you some more.

Maybe you could just sit here and watch him for a little while.

Chapter End Notes

Loki is one naughty god.
**Eye candy and bitter medicine**

Chapter Summary

Thanks everyone for enjoying this so much!! Love all the comments also still planning to update Ghost in the Shadows and the Devil next. Might take a little as I'll be travelling again, so hang in there.

Much love to all of you!!

... kitten meets the rest of the Avengers as they return to the tower....and is caught in another whirlwind of emotions, thanks to Loki...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Ok, so this was awkward.*

You carefully put your paw in the crunchy sand of the litter box to test it. Irritated you pulled back and shook your paw. The small granules stubbornly clung to your soft fur.

You shook your paw again and looked at the litter box. If you could have, you would have frowned.

With a sigh you climbed into the box, but no matter how many times you shook your paws, the bits of sand seemed to adhere to your fur like bits of styrofoam.

Trying your best to ignore the it, you squatted down and did your business.

*Well, it was awkward, but it wasn't as bad as you'd thought.*

A moment later you totally understood why cats were into covering up their business. The smell was just *bad*.

You used both paws to shove the sand around and pile it up to cover as much as possible. By the time you finished, you had granules of cat litter all over your fur.

*Great. That was kind of gross!*

You climbed out of the litter box and shook your legs, then your body in an attempt to rid yourself of the sand, but you couldn't avoid leaving a trail as you walked back into living area.

About two minutes later you heard Loki’s dark voice.

"**KITTEN.**"

You raised your head.

*What was it now?*

"Would you mind not spreading your - *cat litter* - all over my apartment?"

*Oh.*
He appeared in the doorway of his bedroom with narrowed eyes, still wearing his pyjama pants. You glanced up at him, trying to look as innocent as possible.

*It wasn't your fault that the stuff attached itself to you. Could he not just magically clean it up or something?*

He took a couple of steps towards where you were sitting on the carpet.

"What are you thinking, little one?"

*That you could be a little helpful once in a while? And that you're totally unreasonable. And quite thick-headed for a god.*

You pouted.

Loki crouched down a few feet away from you and held out his hand.

"Come here."

Hesitantly, you walked over to him and he scooped you up, placed you on his arm and proceeded to pick those grains of sand off you that were still stuck in your fur.

"I guess, we will need to get you a different kind. One that does not cling to your fur."

*Wow, that was unusually thoughtful of him.*

You purred when he ran his fingers over your back.

*Hm. He smelled nice.*

You nuzzled a little closer.

"I may not be able to read your mind, but I can sense you, you know. Your emotions."

*Uh. ... Oh.*

"Not clearly, but clearly enough to know that you are enjoying my touch. You're still afraid of me though, aren't you?"

He ran his fingers along the underside of one of your paws, gently squeezing it between his thumb and index finger.

"So fragile." He muttered.

Loki held you for a moment longer, rubbing the pad of his thumb over the back of your paw, before he sat you down on the couch.

"You have no need to fear me, kitten."

You watched as Loki flicked his wrist and a green shimmer of light surrounded his body. When it faded, the sorcerer had changed into a dark green tunic and black pants.

"I am going to the training room to spar with my brother and I am expecting you to behave while I'm gone."

There it was again. The authority in his voice that made you giddy.
Damn it. What was wrong with you that you responded to him like this?

A smile flitted over Loki's face and you would have liked to stick out your tongue at him, which, considering you were a kitten would have looked cute more than anything else - that's why you decided against it.

After Loki left you took a stroll through your current home and discovered a floor to ceiling window in Loki’s bedroom that offered a breathtaking view of the city. Studying the buildings you tried to recall the map of Manhattan, you had used on your phone to get around, attempting to figure out where your sister's apartment was from here.

You hadn't given up on your escape plan. Even if Loki could find you with the help of the collar, if you could make it to your sister's apartment before he did, you might be able to get your hands on the book.

Apart from that, your sister would be worried by now. She cared for you and she knew that you weren't one to just disappear on her. If you only had a way of contacting her. Tell her that you were alright, at least, that would make you feel a lot better.

If you could find a way to communicate with Loki and get him to help you to turn back. Or ask him to get the book that held the spell from your sister's flat that held the spell to turn you back.

If, if, if.

The problem was, that you had the feeling, Loki was actually enjoying himself way too much to either let you go - or help you.

He was a god after all. You were a mortal, nothing more than a toy. You'd heard about his dislike of humans.

The God of Mischief. Wasn't that what they called him? Or was it God of Lies?

He seemed to enjoy toying with you.

If you did not find a way to communicate with him, the only other choice you had was to surrender yourself to being his pet for - well, basically, until he got sick of having you as a pet and he would let you go.

But, considering how much pleasure he got out of the fact that he could embarrass and humiliate you, it could take a while for him to grow tired of you.

He enjoyed ordering you around.


And he was exceedingly possessive.

You're mine now. Remember who you belong to.

No, Loki was way too much into having a pet to play with, to let you go anytime soon.

Maybe you needed to find ways to make him grow tired of having a pet?

You were a cat. Surely you could find ways to annoy him? You needed a plan.

You sauntered from the bedroom into the bathroom and an involuntary yawn escaped you. Good
god, you were growing sleepy *again*. Another cat thing you realised. It seemed you needed a lot more sleep in this form.

You halted in front of a low shelf with a pile of fluffy looking towels.

That looked rather tempting.

So, you climbed on top of the towels, rolled up into a ball and dozed off.

It was the sound of running water that roused you from your dreams and you sleepily opened your eyes. A moment later, you were wide awake. Precisely the moment, when your gaze fell on a very naked God of Mischief, who stepped under the spray of the shower right in front of your eyes.

*Oh. My. God.*

*Oh mygod.*

*Oh god.*

Loki stood with his back to you, the glass cubicle offering you a marvellous and unrestricted view of his body. An impressive display of muscle moved under the smooth skin, as the god washed his hair and lathered himself with soap, his skin glistening and the white streaks of foam cascading down his perfect back.

You shouldn't be staring.

You shouldn't be looking - at all.

*Oh god.*

You shouldn't ...

Your eyes followed the suds as they traveled down Loki's body and you couldn't help but admire Loki's *very* well shaped backside and his strong, lean legs.

You swallowed.

*Dear god. He really looked rather - godlike.*

You shouldn't be staring. You were in his bathroom and he had no idea you were watching him.

You closed your eyes for a moment to regain your composure.

Not without stealing another quick glance at the glorious god in the shower, you quietly snuck out of the bathroom and rolled up inconspicuously on top of the blanket on the couch.

A short while later, you heard him turn off the water and soon after he appeared in the living area, in black trousers and a forest green tunic with golden embroidery. After he poured himself a glass of orange juice he settled on his reading chair and summoned a book.

You weren't sure how long you lay there, gazing at him, feeling rather conflicted about the fact that you had just seen him in all his godly glory.

You had never been attracted to anyone's physical appearance before. But Loki was - well, he was - he was without a doubt - *beautiful.*
Well, probably comes with being a god.

You mentally rolled your eyes. He wasn't just any regular guy.

"Why don't you come over here, princess?" His velvet voice lured you out of your thoughts.

Well, why not?

You rose and walked over to him, waiting for him to gather you up and place you on his lap. For a moment you glanced up at him, searching his eyes.

He had said you needn't fear him.

But then, they did call him the God of Lies, didn't they?

"I meant it. You have no need to fear me. I will not hurt you."

Woah, could he actually read your feelings that well?

"Sometimes it's not that hard to read you, kitten."

Arrogant god.

You rolled up in his lap and purred when Loki's fingers dug into your fur.

Hm, his mouth was full of arrogance, but his touch was something else entirely.

Part of you felt so safe with him.

"I sent a message to your sister." The tone of his voice was soft when he spoke.

He did what?

You raised your head to look at him.

"I looked through your file and it said that you were visiting your sister here in New York. According to the file, she is your only family and you seem to be close, so I sent her a message to let her know that you are safe - and well."

You blinked.

He had done that for you?

"I told her that you would contact her as soon as possible."

Thank you.

"So, I guess, now there is no hurry for you to leave here, is there?"

Loki smirked and placed his finger under your chin.

"I must admit, I never thought that having a pet would be so - enjoyable."

You glared at him.

How could anyone be so likeable one moment and so hatable the next?
"I also accessed SHIELD's central computer system, but as expected, your file is classified. The official account on you is rather boring, my dear, and doesn't hold any information about your talents, which was rather disappointing."

He scratched your chin.

_Hmm. As much as you hated him, you really liked it when he did that._

When you looked up at him with lidded eyes, you thought you saw a small smile playing around the corners of his mouth.

"Call it fate or misfortune, you intrigue me, little witch. I decided to keep you here until I know what Fury's plans are."

_Great. That's what you had feared. He really enjoyed having a pet._

His fingers wandered to the back of your neck to scratch you behind your ears and massage your shoulders. You purred loudly.

_To be honest. Being Loki's kitten also had its perks._

"You're such a feisty little creature. I enjoy bending your will."

_Ok. Sometimes - it had its perks. When he wasn't an ass and planning on tormenting you with his power games._

"I could always break you. Force you to take your human form, but where would be the fun in that?"

His voice was deceivingly soft as he spoke and you searched your eyes. Searched for anything that told you that he wouldn't do such a thing.

"If I considered you a threat, I would. But, taking into account how well you are blocking your mind, I guess, forcing you would leave you shattered. Shattered and broken. And a broken mind is - " He broke off. Maybe he noticed how your eyes widened in fear as he spoke.

A shiver ran through you at his words.

And a memory.

You knew exactly what he was talking about.

You remembered how others had tried to gain access to your mind unsuccessfully. How they had forced themselves in. They never succeeded in breaking you, but the invasion had let you shattered on a mental and emotional level. You had felt violated. Raped.

You closed your eyes.

The memory of the pain flooding you with despair, your chest contracted and your heart beat faster as anxiety rushed through your system.

"Relax, kitten." Loki cooed softly. He carefully took your head between his fingers and made you look up at him. The dark god frowned.

"You know what I'm talking about, do you not? Someone has tried this before?"

You blinked at him again, and after a moment, the pad of his thumb tenderly stroked your chin as Loki's clear ocean eyes held yours.
"You are safe as long as you're here. This much I promise."

***

Oh god.

You shouldn't ...

You shouldn't be staring. You were in his bathroom and he had no idea you were watching him.

***

"You're back early," Loki's voice woke you.

Was he talking to you?

You opened your sleepy eyes and lazily gazed around.
"No, couldn't be. You were still on his lap in the common area.

Loki had brought you here a couple of times over the past days. Allowing you to look around and explore, while he studied your files from SHIELD. He still hadn't explained to you what SHIELD was. He hadn't given you much information at all.

"We sorted things out faster than expected." A slightly smoky female voice said. "I heard you've been looking after a new team member while we were away. Where is she?"

"Right here," You heard Loki answer and craned your neck to see the person he was talking to. A red-head in a super-tight black suit stepped into view and up to the couch to settled beside Loki and you.

"Hello." She said, extending her hand towards you.

You studied her face. Clear eyes, full lips and a pretty face. She seemed nice.

You glanced up at Loki and he gave you a slight nod, so you stayed calm when the woman reached out to touch you.

Oh. Hmm. Yes, she knew what to do to make you purr.

Gees. This was also kind of odd. Being touched by a woman and totally loving it.

"She's cute. And fluffy. Such soft hair." The red-head smiled, then her fingers ran over your collar and she looked at Loki. "Really? Don't you think that's a bit much, Loki?"

"I don't want to lose her." The god replied casually.

"I don't think you have to worry about that. I mean, we're in a high riser. Apart from that, she trusts you, Mischief - and you actually haven't magicked her into liking you."

Loki raised an eyebrow.

"How can you tell?"

"I'm a woman. I can tell when another woman adores a man."

You felt hot all over, and a little embarrassed.

You didn't adore him.

Did you?

Loki's eyes flicked to yours, a smug smile lingering on his lips.

"Is that so?"

You glared at him and pushed your head into the woman's hand, purring loudly, before you rose and climbed onto her thigh, shooting Loki another glare.

She laughed softly.

"Well, seems like she's found a new friend. Sorry, Liesmith, you're not the only one anymore."

Loki narrowed his eyes at you and you rolled up on the red-head's lap.
"Hey guys." It was a voice you recognised. Bruce crouched down in front of the couch, reaching out to carefully pat your head.

"How's my girl?" He asked and Loki cleared his throat, which made the red-head chuckle.

"I think somebody's rather possessive of our little guest." She said. "I can understand it, though. She's very cute."

"Yeah, isn't she?" Bruce smiled kindly and scratched your head. You really liked Bruce.

"Can we keep her?" The woman asked, massaging your neck and making you purr louder.

_Oh, god, like really? How did cats actually bear this? It was just too much - goodness._

"Keep her? Most definitely not." You turned your head to look up at the man who had spoken.

"Keep her. Most definitely." Loki quipped.

"Not in my building, Reindeer games." The man replied.

"She's adorable, Tony." The red-head held you up so Tony could have a look at you. He pulled a face.

"She's a hairy little monster. I'm allergic to cat hair."

"No, you're not." The woman said and rolled her eyes.

"I will keep her in my quarters." Loki said. "She will not cause any trouble."

Bruce ran his fingers over your collar, raising his eye brows as he looked at Loki.

"Wow, you've already collared her?"

Loki narrowed his eyes at Bruce.

"I have my reasons."

"Sure." The woman winked. "I'd say you're starved for company. Tony's giving a party on Saturday, maybe you should relief some - tension. I mean, when was the last time you actually had a woman in your bed? You're falling short of your reputation, God of Mischief."

"I don't think this is the right time and place to discuss my sexual relationships, assassin."

"Ouch. You haven't called me that in a while, Mischief."

"The cat will go. Clint agreed to bring her to his family's farm." Tony fell in.

You glanced at Loki, who looked at you for a long moment, before he sighed.

"Fine. Clint can take her."

_WHAT?! _

"Glad we agree on that." Tony said.

You stared at Loki, wide-eyed.
"What the hell was he doing? Did he just enjoy freaking you out?"

"He can take her, if she's willing to leave me."

Oh, that horrible god and his games.

You quickly rose and climbed back over onto Loki, rolling up on his lap.

From the corner of your eye, you saw the red-head raise an eyebrow, while Bruce frowned.

"Are you using your magic?" Bruce asked.

The woman looked from you to Loki, but didn't say anything.

"He's using magic." Tony said.

"He is not." The woman stated, piercing you with her gaze now.

"Anyway, the cat's going with Clint."

"Well, let him try and take her then." Loki said.

"Come here, little one." Bruce spoke so gently that it soothed you, but when he reached out to pick you up, you dug your claws into Loki's clothes and hissed.

Stop this. Please, Loki. Stop it. This is not funny. I've crawled back into your lap. You can stop now.

Bruce pulled his hand back and frowned.

Tony rolled his eyes, before he reached forward and plucked you from Loki's lap.

"Nonono. Please. Loki. LOKI. You said I'd be safe with you!"

You cried pitifully while Tony held you in one hand and you tried to claw at the suit his was wearing, whining and meowing.

"Tony, you're scaring her!" Both the woman and Bruce called out.

"What in god's name is going on here?" Another female voice you didn't know joined in, but you were busy trying to keep the anxiety attack at bay and your heart from jumping out of your chest. You did not even look at her. Tony responded instantly.

"It's the kitten that Bruce found. She's going to Clint's family."

A blonde woman appeared in your view, narrowing her eyes at Tony.

"The kitten that Bruce found? How come nobody told me about a lost kitten?" Her gaze fell on you. "Oh, my god. She's such a sweety too!"

"Pepper." Tony sounded pissed. "Don't!"

"I know you're not into pets, Tony, but - look at her!"

You meowed again.

"Give her to me, you brute." Pepper demanded and Tony handed you over with a sigh. Your little heart was pumping like crazy.
"Poor thing." Pepper said as she held you carefully. "Did he scare you?"

She stroked your head, trying to calm you, but you were too frazzled. You shivered.

"She's frightened." It was Loki's voice. "Give her to me."

Pepper looked at him, but didn't make a move.

So you stretched your little paws towards Loki.

"I hate you for doing this to me, Loki, and I promise I'll make your life hell from now on." You meowed loudly.

"Give her to him, Pepper, I think she'll calm down when you do." The red-head said and the woman called Pepper handed you back to Loki.

You snuggled against him, burying your face in the spot where the crook of his arm rested against his body.

You wished the ground would open up and swallow you.

This was not just embarrassing. You felt utterly humiliated.

He hadn't even tried to protect you.

He was the only one who knew who you were and you had trusted him and he had nothing better to do than play his silly power games with you - right in front of everyone - Loki had made you crawl back into his lap - right in front of everyone.

"I think it is settled then. She's staying." You heard him say and felt his hand come to a rest on top of you.

In this moment you despised his touch.

You hated yourself for being so weak.

For being so pathetic.

Maybe you should have gone with Clint - because it seemed that staying with this god, would only ever be hurtful.

You buried your face deeper into the fabric of his tunic, ignoring the voices around you, just trying to calm down.

It frightened you. The thought that Loki could just give you away. Discard you. And that you were completely powerless. There would be nothing you could do about it.

And here you were, desperately trying to calm down in the arms of the man who held your fate in his hands. It was pathetic.

At some stage you felt him pick you up to carry you back to his quarters. When you were in the elevator, he started to speak to you in a soft voice.

"I can feel that you're upset."

And why would he care? - Apart from that, you weren't upset. You were furious. And hurt. And
"Maybe it wasn't the most elegant way of handling this, but they needed to see that you do not wish to leave me."

Not the most elegant way?

This had just been another one of his power games. To satisfy his constant need to feel superior.

"There was no better way to show them."

Really? What about telling them the truth?

"Did you wish for me to tell them who you are? Would you have preferred that?"

Yes, you would have. It would have been fair. If they ever found out now - if they ever found out - you would never live it down. You were nothing but a pet to him.

Nothing more than a toy.

You had felt safe with him.

He had promised you would be safe with him, hadn't he?

He was a liar.

"Why are you still upset, princess?" He gently ran his hand over your back and you whined. "What can I do to calm your feelings? What is it you want to hear from me?"

He sounded so sincere. Why did he sound so sincere?

You wanted to tell him to leave you alone - but you knew it wasn't really what you wanted. That made the situation so painful.

Loki was the only one who knew who you were. The only person who could actually help you.

"I felt that the easiest way of keeping you was to show them that you wanted to stay with me. But - I can see now that I made a mistake. I hurt your feelings and I'm -" He took a deep breath. "I'm sorry."

Yeah, right.

Loki heaved a sigh.

"I am sorry, kitten, and I mean it, but I am not going to repeat myself. A god has no need to apologise to a mortal."

Right.

You buried your face deeper in the fabric of his tunic.

Loki gingerly raked his fingers over your back and as he entered his quarters he muttered, "It truly wasn't my intention to hurt you."
Chapter End Notes

*slaps her forehead* -- You're an idiot, Loki. ... we do love you nonetheless.
The god, the witch and the wardrobe

Chapter Summary

... kitten's pissed....

ps: thanks for your patience!!!! and comments and kudos - Back from a lovely holiday :) with new ideas and inspiration

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"KITTEN!"

You ignored him.

"Come here and explain to me what, in Odin's name, you were doing in my wardrobe?!"

Oh. That.

You stretched lazily.

There would have been a self-satisfied smirk on your face, had you been human.

You decided to obey him, because you wanted to have the satisfaction of seeing Loki's irritated face, so you hopped off the couch and sauntered into the bedroom, where you sat down to innocently look up at the dark god. Loki stood in front of his bed, where he had laid out a pair of black slacks, a black shirt and a suit jacket.

"How it is possible that all of the items in my wardrobe are covered in cat hair?" He crossed his arms over his chest and glared at you.

How is it possible?

Did he seriously want you to show him?

Well, that wasn't actually too hard.

You climbed up on top of the bed and glanced briefly at the black shirt, that was still neatly folded albeit very nicely covered in hair, before you threw yourself on top of it, turned onto your back and started rubbing your fur over the black fabric, all the while holding Loki's gaze.

THIS is HOW I did it.

"Little witch." Loki huffed.

Be thankful I did not use your wardrobe as my litter box, arrogant god.

"Judging by the state of my garments, the cream that you refused to drink and rather spilled all over
the kitchen floor, and the cat litter that has turned my bathroom floor into a quarry - I take it that you're still upset with me?"

You put your chin in the air, hopped off the bed and walked back into the living area without paying him any more attention. When Loki grabbed you, your heart stopped for a moment and you gave a little whimper, but then the dark god lifted you up to bring you face to face with him and, surprisingly, his eyes weren't shooting daggers at you.

They were soft.

"I made a mistake. I apologised. What else is it you want from me?"

You growled softly.

"You're forgetting your place, kitten. You are mortal. I'm a god. You are helpless and fragile without my protection. I could easily discard you at my sweet will. Nobody would ever know your true identity."

You glared.

Yeah, you made that very clear.

Loki frowned.

"Is that what you think? That I would have let them take you without telling them the truth about you?"

Well, that's kind of what you did.

"I promised that you would be safe here, didn't I? I would never have allowed them to take you away."

But you didn't TELL ME that. I came crawling into your lap and you - you let them take me away without lifting a finger to protect me.

"I thought you trusted me, kitten."

I did.

Until you allowed them to pass me around like I was some kind of - some kind of - toy.

"You're upset."

Wow, I am deeply impressed with your observation skills.

Loki sighed.

He walked over to the couch and reclined back against the cushions, placing you on top of his chest and holding you there with one hand, while he gingerly trailed his fingers down your back, before they slowly came up to scratch your chin.

He knew exactly what you liked. And you knew exactly what he was trying to do.

He was trying to make you purr.

You turned your face away.
"Kitten, if I were callous enough to give you away, why would I go through the trouble of looking after you?" He muttered absent-mindedly as he stroked your fur.

Because you like to torment me? Because you thrive on those power games you're playing?

You had to work hard to suppress a purr as two fingers gently massaged their way down your spine.

"I said you had no need to fear me and I meant that. After all I have done for you, I evidently thought you trusted me to keep you safe."

You searched his eyes and he raised an eyebrow.

"I've been feeding you, I have given you my attention, I have made you relax by giving you affection - by the Norns, I don't even know what demon possesses me to do all this! I cleaned out your litter box, pet! It is beneath a god to serve a mortal - to serve anyone! I was not made to serve, mortal."

Well, YOU decided you wanted to keep me as a pet. Don't blame me now.

Your tiny body was lifted as Loki's chest rose when he took a deep breath. He closed his eyes.

"You're the most confusing creature I have encountered in my one thousand years of existence."

I am confusing?? ... wait ... one thousand years? And you're still so -

"I don't know why I even suggested it to you."

Suggested what?

He laughed softly and opened his eyes to look at you.

"I mean, evidently you have no reason to trust me. Not so long ago, I ridiculed my brother for trusting me."

There was a bitter undertone in his voice and a sadness in his eyes that thawed your heart.

Well, maybe he wasn't such an asshole after all?

"For some idiotic and unreasonable reason I just ... I wished that you would. Mingling with humans evidently made me soft. Pathetic."

His words were sarcastic, but his fingers tenderly dug into your fur while his other hand held you against him.

He sounded sad. And he looked confused.

And Loki was right, had you trusted him, you would not have panicked. But then, you felt incredibly vulnerable in this body and the fact that he suggested they could take you had scared the living daylights out of you.

"I guess the assassin is right, I haven't had company in a long time."

You regarded him for a moment, then you finally let go and purred softly.

"Such a sweet creature." Loki whispered and kept stroking your fur.
Maybe he was lonely more than anything else?

You melted into his touch and slowly stretched out on his chest.

"I've grown disgracefully fond of having you around." Loki muttered, so quietly that if your senses hadn't been heightened due to being a cat, you wouldn't have heard it.

But you did.

And your heart melted at the confession.

Loki closed his eyes and massaged you gently. You kept watching him until your eyelids grew heavy, your head dropped down against his chest and you fell asleep.

"How it is possible that all of the items in my wardrobe are covered in cat hair?"
You woke in the evening, rolled up on your blanket on the couch. Loki was busy preparing food in the kitchen and when he noticed you were awake, he came over and placed a steaming cup of tea on the coffee table, followed by a plate of cheese, ham and a few bites of chicken, and one with grapes and bread.

The dark god sat down next to you and took a bite of the bread before he reached for a slice of ham.

"Hungry, princess?" He smirked when he turned to you and patted his thigh.

You narrowed your eyes at him, before you slowly rose and stretched. Then you climbed onto his lap and were rewarded with a sliver of ham.

Over the past days you had grown accustomed to sit on Loki’s lap while he fed you, and you had to admit that it wasn't as embarrassing anymore as it had felt in the beginning. Apart form that, he seemed to know what foods you liked and he always cupped your small body with one of his hands, which made you feel safe.

Safe. Right.

*If he just weren't so confusing. It seemed that one moment he made you feel safe, while the next he scared the wits out of you. You could really relate to what it must feel like for a pet to be domesticated. To be trained to trust its owner.*

"Have you finally forgiven me?"

Loki picked up a piece of cheese and took a bite before he offered it to you. You plucked it off his fingers with your teeth.

"Good girl." He purred, scratched your chin and ran the pad of his thumb down your throat. "I take
that as a yes, pet."

A shiver ran through you and when you looked up at him, the devious smile, you knew all too well, returned to his deceivingly handsome face.

_He wasn't a Norse God. He was the Norse devil._

After you had eaten Loki gathered you up in his arms and left his quarters, taking the elevator to a floor higher up which you soon discovered was the floor where Bruce had his office - or workshop rather - when Loki entered the room you recognised immediately. It was the same room that Bruce had brought you to after he found you on that rainy morning a few days ago.

"Hi, Loki. What do I owe the honour?" Bruce said as he turned around and his face lit up. "Oh, you brought me company."

He reached out to scratch your head and Loki's hold on you tightened a little.

"She's not a toy, Banner."

_Hypocrite!_

You wished you could have rolled your eyes.

Bruce merely smiled.

"I'm well aware of that." He scratched your head and you purred softly, then he looked up at Loki. "Are you?"

"Am I what?"

"Aware that she's a living being, not a toy."

_Bruce was really growing on you._

"Of course." Loki huffed.

"Right." Bruce muttered and looked at you while he scratched your chin.

"Have you named her?"

"What?"

"The kitten. You've had her for four days now. What do you call her?"

"Kitten."

Bruce furrowed his brow.

"You call her kitten?"

"And what is wrong with that?"

Bruce's gaze wandered to you.

"Do you want to come here, kitten? Sit on my lap for a little bit?"

Loki narrowed his eyes at Bruce and cleared his throat.
"I'm sure she has no desire to - sit on your lap, Banner."

Bruce reached out to carefully pluck you from Loki's arm, but Loki took a step back.

"Oh, come on, Loki, no need to be so possessive." He looked up at the dark god. "You've already collared her, there's no mistaking who she belongs to, but you could at least share her a little bit. Bring her to the common area, Pepper is dying to see her again."

"Too many people will only scare her."

"Well, how's she going to get used to people if you keep her locked away?"

"I have my reasons."

Bruce patted the desk beside him.

"Do you want to come here, little kitten?"

You moved to climb off Loki's arm and towards Bruce.

"Maybe I should indeed name her." Loki growled as he let you go and placed you on the desk beside Bruce.

"What would you name her?"

"Heidr." Loki said nonchalantly as he watched you with narrowed eyes.

"Heidi? Isn't that the little girl in the Swiss Alps?"

Loki rolled his eyes.

"Heidr. Heidr is a Volva, a witch or female shaman."

"Nobody will be able to pronounce that odd sound at the end, Loki. What about something simple - like Tabby?"

You narrowed your eyes at Loki.

*What about my actual name?*

"I think witch is far more suitable."

Bruce shook his head.

"You're terribly uncreative for a god." He scratched you behind your ears and you purred. "So, why did you come by? Obviously not to let me play with your kitten."

Loki shot Banner a glare, but then he straightened up and leaned against the desk.

"What happens to people who are recruited by SHIELD?"

Banner looked up at him and frowned.

"They go through training, I guess ... wait. Is this about that girl who's a fugitive?"

"She is no fugitive, Banner, you know that."
"Thor said that Fury asked you to help find her. Why would he do that?"

"Because she wields magic."

"She's a sorceress?"

"A witch."

"What's the difference?"

"Semantics."

"So, Fury thinks you'll find her because you have magic too?"

"I believe Fury is testing me. But if I bring him the girl, what will they do - to her?"

"Run tests, train her in combat and weaponry, I guess."

"What if she does not want that?"

"SHIELD can be very persuasive."

"She is a mind bender. Shields her own mind and can manipulate others'." His gaze fell on you. "According to their files, she is also able to move molecules with thought."

"Telekinesis?"

"Whatever you mortals call it. She is a skilled shape shifter as well. But that is a fact that they are yet unaware of."

Bruce narrowed his eyes at Loki. Then his hand stilled in your fur.

"Why are you telling me this?" Bruce asked.

"Because I am unable to access her mind. At first I thought that she was consciously shielding herself, but it is more likely that she is unable to control this. Which means that she cannot remove the shield to her mind at will. If they try and get into her mind without her permission, or because she is unable to open it for them, she - could be severely damaged."

"Why would you care?" The question was harsh. And you noticed a brief flicker of vulnerability in Loki's eyes.

The dark god sighed.

"I do not know."

Bruce looked from Loki to you.

"You mean ... this little one is ..."

You glanced up at him, suddenly feeling very small. And oddly exposed.

"You can't read her mind?"

"I cannot."

"How do you communicate?"
"We - in other ways. I can sense her emotions."

Bruce leaned forward towards you.

"Why don't you just turn back and we can talk it through?"

"She refuses to."

"Jesus, Loki. You actually collared the girl."

"It's for her own safety."

"For her own safety? Don't make me angry. What's her name?"

You answered. Said it out loud, but, of course, all that came out was a loud meow.

Loki rolled his eyes.

"Did I just hear a cat in my lab?" You shrunk back, remembering very well who this voice belonged to.

A moment later, Tony appeared in the doorway, arms crossed over his chest.

Bruce opened his mouth to say something, but Loki shook his head.

"We shall continue our conversation another time, Bruce."

With that he gathered you up and walked past Tony, who shot him a glare and hissed.

Chapter End Notes

... Loki's actually got a soft spot for fluffy kittens, who would have thought?
Not a cat's chance in hell

Chapter Summary

warning: ... Loki's is being abnoxious ...

Sorry, I didn't have the time yet to reply to all your comments!! But I appreciate each and every one of them! Thank you

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You watched him kiss her, watched as his hand roamed up from her hip to cup her breast.

The woman moaned and started to rip Loki's shirt open.

You hissed.

“What was that?” She looked around.

“Nothing.” Loki muttered against her skin, as he planted kisses down her neck.

Her gaze fell on you.

“You have a cat?”

“A kitten.”

The dark god replied, starting pulling the straps of her dress over her shoulders, kissing along her skin, but she pushed away from him and leaned down to touch you.

You swiped at her as she extended her hand.

“Ooh. She's vicious.”

The woman brought the focus of her attention back to Loki, pushing his now open shirt down over his shoulders.

“Probably just jealous.” She said and turned her head so that he could kiss her.

Bitch.

“Just ignore her.” Loki muttered between kisses as he pushed her in the direction of his bedroom, undressing her impatiently.

The door shut in your face.

A moment later you heard loud moans coming from the room.
You sat there and blinked at the door.

*Why did it hurt so badly that Loki had brought a woman back from the party?*

*Why did it hurt so much that he was ravishing this woman right there in his bedroom?*

You flinched when you heard her moan his name.

Your chest contracted painfully and you wished you could cry, but it seemed that cat's physiology wasn't made for that.

So you retreated to the furthest corner of the room and rolled up into a ball under a book shelf.

You'd come to like him. You'd thought you were friends. He knew there was a person in this kitten-body.

*How could he be so tactless?*

*How could he be so heartless?*

*Why did it hurt so bad?*

*Why the hell did it hurt so bad?*

You tried to block out the noises that came from the bedroom as you lay there, shivering. In this moment, you basically just wanted to die. The day had started so well, but now your little world crumbling around you.

Twenty four hours earlier.

Shortly after the visit to the Bruce's lab, Loki was summoned to the conference room and you were left by yourself - with your thoughts. Not that you weren't getting used to the fact that you were alone with your mind. You weren't a particularly social person, but communication and the need to express yourself had definitely grown in importance over the past days.

You wandered through the apartment, asking yourself what would happen now that Bruce knew that there was a person in the kitten-body.

Maybe he could somehow find a way that you could communicate with them?

You had been looking for ways to communicate with Loki. The first thing that had come to your mind was a computer and that you might be able to use the keyboard to write. Make him understand that you couldn't turn back, because you didn't know how to.

But Loki did not have a computer in his room.

You had considered other ways. Like writing with your paws. But apart from the fact that there was no ink or paint to write with, you soon discovered that writing with your paws wasn't actually that easy.

You tried it with cream, but you were clumsy and your small body too uncoordinated. You kept on accidentally stepping into the cream - spreading it all over the floor.

What Loki thought of as an act of pure revenge, was partly a desperate attempt of trying to
communicate with him.

Ok, you'd pushed the bowl over to annoy him, but then, when you saw the white liquid spilled on the black marble floor, you realised that this was your chance.

Nevertheless, your attempt to write a message failed miserably, and left your belly and paws covered in cream.

The only satisfaction you got out of it, was that you had made an even bigger mess than intended, which would annoy Loki.

After another stroll through all the rooms, you felt yourself growing tired again. Yawning you climbed onto Loki's bed. You liked sleeping in his bed when he wasn't around. The sheets smelled like him and it made you feel all warm and fuzzy. So you happily closed your eyes and dozed off.

At some point during the night, the mattress dipped and the sheet was pulled out from under you as Loki slipped under the covers.

"Come here, kitten." He whispered.

You sighed.

I'm tired. Please, just let me sleep.

You blinked and lifted your head slightly, when he scooped you up with one hand and place you on a pillow next to his head.

Hm? What are you doing?

"It's safer up here, I might crush you in my sleep otherwise."

Loki said softly and placed his head on the pillow next to you, his eyes resting on you.

He kept his hand in place, underneath your body, and you gazed at him sleepily and a little confused.

What?

"Sleep." He ordered in a gentle tone and you blinked at him.

"Sleep, kitten." He whispered softly.

You tucked your head between your paws and rolled up in the palm of his hand, purring softly. Loki chuckled. Then you sank back into a deep sleep.
When you woke, he was gone, and you had been transferred to your blanket on the couch.

How did he manage to move you in your sleep without waking you?

Loki returned together with Bruce, which, you had to admit, was rather exciting.

"Hi." Bruce offered when he saw you.

"Hi." You answered with a high pitched meow.

Bruce squatted down in front of you.

"I've read your file and I know that you were probably scared when I found you. Too scared to change back. But there is no need to be scared of us, ok? We would just like to talk to you, ok?"

You meowed softly.

Loki leaned forward and removed your collar.

You looked at Bruce. Then at Loki.

"I told you. She refuses to change."

"What if she can't?" Bruce asked and your heart made a leap.

"She can. In the last thousand years, I have seldom encountered a more skilled shapeshifter. If she managed to shift into a cat with such precision, there is no reason for her not to transform back. If you understood the basic laws of magic, Banner, you would know that returning to one's original state is one of the most simple things to accomplish. I do not believe for one moment that this little witch isn't able to change back at will."

You growled.

"But you said that she is likely unable to remove her mind shield at will."
"That is an entirely different matter. She may have been born with it and therefore never had the need to remove it."

**Ha! Right! The most simple thing in the world to turn back, yes?**

You glared, when Loki readjusted your collar. Bruce frowned at you.

"Listen. I know that Loki here is not particularly keen on communicating with you, but I am. I would like to set up a tablet for you, so that you can type messages, does that sound good?"

*You could have kissed him.*

Instead you meowed softly.

"I probably won't get it ready until tomorrow, since I'm quite busy with a project that needs finishing and there's the party tonight, but I'll do my best."

Bruce smiled at you.

"Do you have everything you need? Is he treating you well?"

You glanced at Loki who crossed his arms over his chest and rolled his eyes.

"Really, Banner?"

You gave another cute, high-pitched meow and rubbed your head and body along the couch, before you turned onto your back.

Which you felt was the best way of showing Bruce that Loki was looking after you.

Bruce nodded.

"I'll see you tomorrow, then."

After he left, Loki picked you up and started massaging your neck.

"It seems you can manipulate everyone into becoming your slave using those large, innocent eyes and fluffy fur."

You purred loudly. Loki chuckled.

"Enchantress."

Then he stood and just held you for a while, seemingly lost in thought.

"Mr Odinson, your presence is requested in the meeting room." Jarvis' voice interrupted the silence.

Jarvis, the electronic butler, as you had nicknamed him, was the AI that controlled Mr Stark's tower. Loki had explained that to you a few days ago.

Right now, the dark god sighed and sat you down on the couch, then he strutted out of the apartment without another word.

You rolled up.

Tomorrow would finally be the day. You'd be able to communicate. You'd be able to explain.
You had dozed off again and were startled when the door closed with a loud bang. You had no idea what had happened in the meeting room, but Loki was clearly angry.

His eyes were sparkling with fury and you instinctively retreated to your hiding place under the couch. As much as Loki made you feel safe, he still managed to scare you. One of the kitten instincts, you guessed, and probably a very healthy one, considering how small and vulnerable you were.

"This is pathetic. Why am I even doing this? She's a mortal. An insignificant mortal." He muttered as he stalked through the living area to the bedroom.

Then you heard the shower. A short while later, Loki reappeared, dressed in black slacks and a button down shirt with a green tie. His hair slicked back and looking handsome, as usual. The anger was gone, or maybe it had turned into something else. Indifference.

You came out from your hiding place.

Loki ignored you.

He walked over to the kitchen and prepared a plate of food for you, but instead of feeding you, he placed it on the coffee table next to the couch.

"I'm going upstairs to join the party." He stated coldly.

That was it.

He never even looked at you.

Your stomach churned.

What had happened? Why was he suddenly being so cold towards you?

You couldn't even think of eating. So you sat on the couch, nervously awaiting his return.

The next thing you knew was that the door opened and you were surprised to hear the sound of laughter. Giggles to be precise, and when you looked up from your spot on the couch, Loki was groping a dark haired beauty who looked like she'd just stepped out of some fashion magazine.

And now, now you were forced to listen to her moan. No, you were forced to listen to her moan and groan and scream Loki's name in all the available musical scales.

It was so humiliating, painful, hurtful, disgusting -- you couldn't even find the word.

You heard the front door shut when the woman finally left, about an hour later.

“Kitten? Where are you, girl?” Loki purred as if nothing ever happened, and you almost obeyed his tricky, beautiful voice on instinct.

Almost.

Fuck you.

Fuck you and your voice and your looks and your touch.

“Kitten?”
There was a pause.

"You know that you cannot hide from me, why even attempt it?"

Another pause. Then a soft chuckle.

"Are you upset with me for bringing a woman here?"

*I'm upset with you for fucking her pretty much right in front of my face, asshole.*

You buried your face in your paws, rolling up tighter.

You didn't hear him sneak up on you, only felt his fingers wrap around your body and pull you from your hiding place.

You hissed. You screeched.

You scratched and clawed and bit his fingers as hard as you could.

*Don't you ever touch me again. Don't you ever touch me again, you horrible, horrible ...*

“Remember that you're a kitten, darling. You're going to hurt yourself.” He chuckled softly.

*You know I'm not. You fucking know that I'm a person!*

“I am not going to live in celibacy while you are around, princess. You would not have had to endure this, had you chosen to change back to your human form earlier. I gave you the opportunity twice, and you chose not to take it.”

*Because I can't, asshole. I can't.*

*And stop calling me that! Stop calling me any of those pet names. And let go of me!*

*What gives you the right to charm me into liking you, make me fall in love with you and then you behave like the most heartless, biggest asshole on the planet?*

That was when it hit you.

*You silly girl. You silly girl!*

For some inexplicable reason, you had fallen in love with this abomination of a god. And you weren't even human! You were a kitten for god's sake!

You went limp in his hand and Loki frowned.

“Are you jealous, is that what it is?”

*Idiotic god. How could you be so obnoxious?*

You closed your eyes. You weren't jealous.

You were heart broken.

“What's wrong, kitten?” He shook you lightly, gently, but you remained limp.

You felt utterly defeated.
You're an asshole and I'm the idiot who fell in love with you. That's what's was wrong!

You wished so badly that you could just scream those words at him. You wished you could burst into rage ... into tears.

“Kitten?”

The grin faded from the god's face and he sounded genuinely concerned now, which was surprising considering how heartless he had acted mere minutes ago.

“If I take off that collar now, will you finally talk to me?”

Loki sat down on the couch and placed you on his lap, before he unbuckled the leather strap and freed you from the collar.

He waited. You just lay there, eyes closed.

"Please?” His voice sounded unusually vulnerable.

You raised your head to look up at him and saw his eyes widen slightly.

The penny finally dropped.

“Banner was right? You – cannot? Turn back?”

You looked away.

He didn't hold you back when you climbed off his lap and rolled up in the farthest corner of the couch, turning your away from him.

He must have sat there for at least ten minutes, in complete silence, before he rose and walked over to the kitchen. You heard him return a few minutes later to replace the plate on the coffee table.

“I prepared some food for you, should you wish to eat.”

That was all.

He left the apartment without another word.

You lifted you head to glance over at the food. It was a mix of all the things you liked. Cut up in tiny bite-size pieces.

You felt nauseous.

You tucked your head between your paws and cried.

At least that's what you would have done if you'd been a girl.
It was probably mid-morning when the sound of the door and heavy footsteps ripped you out of your sleep.

“Loki? Fury's here! He demands to speak to you.” Thor's voice boomed through the apartment.

You froze and felt a trickle of adrenaline rush through you.

**Eye patch Fury?**

**He was here to pick you up.**

**Loki had traded you in.**

**There was no other explanation.**

**He had told them where to find you and -**

**And they would hurt you.**

Panicking you tumbled off the couch and sprinted for the door. The hallway was empty so you scurried down towards the elevator as fast as you could.

But how on earth would you get downstairs and out of here?

That exact moment the door of the elevator opened and you darted in.

There were a handful of people inside, allowing you to easily hide between their legs.

You froze when you heard Loki’s voice coming from down the hallway.
He was calling your name.

It was the first time, he had ever called you by your name.

You closed your eyes.

**Don't respond. Just don't respond. He's going to give you to those people.**

The elevator doors closed and you let out a breath of relief when it started moving. Just then, a hand wrapped around your body in a painfully tight grip and lifted you up.

“If this isn't Loki's little kitten.” You froze and raised your head to meet the gaze of one piercing brown eye, the other hidden underneath a black eye patch.

“I believe we have found what we came here for.” Fury held your gaze as he spoke to the rest of the group that, as you now realised, belonged with him. You'd basically run straight into his arms.

The doors of the elevator opened and Fury stepped out into the foyer, holding you in a tight grip. You mewed softly.

It hurt. He was bruising you.

And you were scared.

*Where was he taking you? What were they going to do?*

*Maybe Loki had wanted to help you?*

*Was that why he had called out to you?*

*It didn't matter.*

*It was too late now.*

*Too late.*

---

Chapter End Notes

... wow ... why is Loki such an idiot? It seems like a theme that weaves through my stories... isn't he meant to be the most cunning of the gods? Duh!

... oh god, writing this chapter was agony.... if you guys only feel an iota of the pain I felt when I was writing this - I sincerely apologise and promise I'll make up for it!!
Too late.

Fury and his gang marched through the foyer towards the large glass door to exit the building, his grip on you tightened painfully when you saw the red-head in the tight black suit come towards you with a smile on her face.

“Oh, I'm so grateful that you've found her, director Fury!”

Fury halted.

"What is this about, Romanoff?” Fury growled.

"You found my kitten! Somehow she managed to sneak out of my room and I've been looking for her."

Eye Patch huffed.

"I need to confiscate her."

The red-head crossed her arms over her chest and raised an eyebrow.

“Confiscate her? Why would you want to confiscate my kitten? Has she got a disease I don't know about? One of those nasty --”

“Romanoff." He interrupted her harshly. "You know that this isn't just a kitten. The Asgardian has been hiding a fugitive and he should be grateful that I won't take action against him. Now, make way, Natasha."

“Director." Natasha said calmly. "I'm afraid that you are about to confiscate the wrong kitten. Accusing my little milashka to be a fugitive." She shook her head. "Well, I guess, she did escape from my room."

You regarded the woman with wide eyes.

She was lying. For you. Why was she trying to help you?

“As far as I know this kitten is Loki’s.”

“Loki’s?” The woman called Romanoff raised an eyebrow. "I wasn't aware that Loki had a pet -
wonder if Tony's aware of that." Then she chuckled softly. "Just trying to picture the dark menace with a tiny fluffy kitten is hilarious, but then they use pets as therapy for criminals, don't they?"

Eye Patch merely glared at her and you prayed that she would get away with lying. Your heart was beating like crazy now that the chance of being safe was so close.

*Please, believe her. Please, believe her.*

"Tash, everything ok?" You cringed when you heard Tony's voice.

**Nonono. Tony was going to ruin everything. He hated you.**

"Nothing's ok, Tony. Director Fury is about to confiscate my little Milashka, because Loki is harbouring a fugitive who - according to director Fury - is a kitten."

There was smug smile on Tony's face when he looked from you and to Fury.

*You closed your eyes. Ok, here we go. This was it. You were done for.*

"Ah, yes. I've heard about the fugitive you're looking for, Fury. And as much as I hate to say it - you've got the wrong kitten. Pepper bought this one as a surprise for Natasha. It's a Siberian - a Moscow Semi-longhair - and she paid a hell of a lot of money for that breed, so I wouldn't recommend upsetting her by confiscating the expensive little thing."

**What the -- Tony?**

"I was of the opinion that you despised pets."

Tony shrugged.

"The things we do to keep the girls happy." He raised his eyebrows when Fury didn't respond. "You've obviously never had a girlfriend, Fury."

Fury glared at Tony and Natasha, but didn't make a move.

So you decided to add a little drama and meowed pitifully.

"You're scaring her, Fury." Tony stated with feigned concern and then he sized up Fury. "Probably the eye patch and all the black leather."

Fury rolled his eyes.

"Stark, if I find out that you're assisting the demi-god in hiding a fugitive it will have consequences." He glanced at Natasha. "As well as for you, agent Romanoff."

She looked at him.

"I merely want my Mila back."

"I mean, Fury, listen to you." Tony said. "This is a *kitten.*"

"The girl you're looking for is a powerful witch", Natasha added, "Don't you think she would have transformed back by now? Or at least made an attempt to escape? This little one seems terribly frightened and helpless to me - like a *kitten* would be."

Fury wasn't convinced and it took another five minutes of bantering until he finally handed you
to Natasha and you nuzzled right up to her when she held you. She ran her fingers through your hair, nuzzling her face in your fur to make Eye Patch believe you really were her kitten, so you played along. Odd as it was.

After a steaming Fury had finally left, Natasha brought you up to her face to look straight into your eyes.

“I don't know what you are to Loki, but I've never seen the bastard panic before, so I'm rather curious to find out.” She said to you.

The three of you entered the elevator.

"Thanks Tony." The red-head turned to him.

"I knew something was off when Jarvis alerted me that Fury had entered the building with five agents, demanding to see the resident Sith Lord. So, what the hell is the story with this fur ball?"

"SHIELD's after her. Probably wanting to recruit her because of her abilities."

"Her abilities?"

"Apparently she's amongst the most powerful witches on the planet."

You choked.

What?!

"What the hell?" Tony looked from you to Natasha. "I mean, there's a damn witch living in my tower, sharing rooms with the mad sorcerer - and nobody ever cared to tell me?"

"I only found out last night. Bruce told me. Loki confided in him."

Tony rubbed his forehead and frowned.

"And since when is Dr Jekyll and Jack Frost's best buddy?"

"Bruce was the one who found the kitten."

"Yeah, but Bruce was also the one who ruined my marble floor by smashing Mr Demi-God into it. I kind of had hope that I could use the green guy to threaten Loki in case he had second thoughts about being with the good guys. Won't work if they're buddies now, will it?"

"They bonded a while ago, Tony, on a mission. And Loki has a vast knowledge of a lot of things in this universe that we haven't even started to understand, so Bruce has been asking him for advice when he gets stuck."

Tony sighed.

"There goes my trump card, should Loki every snap."

"He won't."

"Loki changes his loyalties like other people change their underwear, Natasha."

Natasha just raised her eyebrow at him.
"Anyway, why was he hiding her? The kitten?"

"Apparently he was trying to protect her."

_You can't be serious._

Tony laughed.

"You can't be serious." He huffed. "We're talking Loki here."

"Well, if she's a witch, she would be a lot like him, wouldn't she? Maybe that's what makes him protective?"

_A lot like him?_

_Lok's a god. A GOD._

"What are her abilities?"

"According to Loki she's a mind bender and she's able to influence matter on the quantum level which means she can shape-shift, do telekinesis, and all that kind of stuff. Maybe even teleport. I have yet to read her file."

_Uh. Wait a second, were they still talking about you? You couldn't do all these things. You had only able to shape-shift into a kitten because you'd used that spell book._

"Loki thinks Fury asked him for help because he's testing his loyalties. I guess Fury thinks that Loki may team up with her, and considering Loki's background and manipulative past it would be a pairing that wouldn't necessarily end in fluff and rainbows."

"Maybe it's a bad idea to bring them back together then?" Tony suggested.

Natasha glanced down at you and you swallowed.

_Maybe it was a bad idea?_

"Bruce believes that she has no control over her powers and Loki has confirmed that, at least to some extent, because he cannot read her mind and thinks that she is unable to drop her mind-shield. I think we should really be asking her what Mischief has been up to."

"And how are we going to do that?"

"Bruce is working on it."

Tony shook his head.

"At least he told Banner about her. Sounds like he's not planning on secretly teaming up with her for another round of world-domination?"

"No. I don't think so either. Bruce said Loki was concerned SHIELD may hurt her."

"That sounds disconcerting. I mean, not the thing about SHIELD, but - Frosty being _concerned?"

"He's very fond of her. I was with Loki and Bruce when Jarvis told us that Fury was here." Natasha looked at Tony. "Loki panicked."
He did?

Tony huffed and shook his head again. Then he chuckled.

"The dark god of nothing-can-ever-penetrate-my-aura-of-smug-indifference panicked? Maybe I have another trump card up my sleeve after all."

The elevator doors opened that moment and they exited onto what you recognised as the floor that Loki’s room was located in.

Your stomach twisted. You weren't sure if you wanted to see him. Even if he was concerned about your safety.

Of course, he hadn't known that you held feelings for him. Neither had you, to be honest. But he had been so cold and indifferent even before he brought back the woman.

Your heart contracted.

You didn't want to go back to him, and yet your foolish little heart ached for his company.

You ached for his touch. His voice. His warmth.

Jesus Christ, had he conditioned you into feeling safe with him?

You buried your face in Natasha's arm and she patted your back.

Loki stood in the door to his room, when your gaze met his eyes, they were blazing and you quickly looked away. He stepped aside to let Natasha and Tony enter, Thor and Bruce were already inside.

Natasha got comfortable on the couch and placed you next to her, while Loki sat down in his reading chair, his face settling into an unreadable mask. Everyone else remained standing.

"So, this is why Fury ordered you in yesterday? It was about the girl?" Tony asked.

Loki nodded.

"He had asked me to assist them in finding her a few days ago and wished to know my progress."

"What the hell, Loki? And you kept her here the whole time? Without telling anyone?"

"Thor knew."

"That you were trying to find her, not that you were hiding her in your room."

"I was merely hiding her in my room, because Stark would not allow me to bring her to the common area."

"Right, so now it's my fault that you never bothered to tell anyone that your fluffy little pet actually hides a person inside." Tony huffed.

"I - tried to protect her." Loki muttered.

"Oh, come on, Frosty. From what?"

"SHIELD."

"And you expect me to believe that you suddenly developed an affectionate streak for human
"beings?"
Loki shook his head.
"You give me reason enough to never make that mistake, Stark."
"Loki." Natasha shot him a glare.
"What?" He hissed.
"Just tell them the truth."
"I'm the God of Lies, assassin. Is that not what you mortals like to call me?"
Natasha held his gaze.
"This is not about you. This is about her." She pointed at you.
You felt all eyes on you and were suddenly overcome by the urge to start licking your paw, so you did. It made you feel better, as if you couldn't care less that they were all staring at you.
When Loki's eyes fell on you you looked up and his features softened.
"I do not wish for her to get hurt."
His gaze rested on you, ocean eyes laced with remorse, before he averted them.
You just couldn't figure this man out.
If he was sorry now, why had he been so nasty in the first place?
"How did Fury know that she's the kitten?" Natasha asked.
Loki cleared his throat.
"He merely assumed."
"Well, he must have been quite sure where to find her, since he confidently marched into the tower with his gang of men in black."
Loki rubbed his forehead.
"I - I may have told him that I am hiding her."
The room fell silent. Everyone stared at Loki.
Had he just said what you thought he had?
Tony was the first to speak.
"Uh - didn't you just say that you wanted to protect her from SHIELD?"
The dark god sighed and leaned forward, his unreadable composure cracking.
"She refused to change back, so I intended to threaten her into returning to her human form."
Tony shook his head.
"You're an idiot. I mean, who would try and protect someone and then threaten to hand them over to the very same people they're trying to protect them from?"

"She is a powerful sorceress, I can sense her magic. I thought that she had tricked me."

*Tricked him?*

"Tricked you? Into what?"

Loki shook his head and ran his fingers through his hair.

"I reacted impulsively because Fury made me angry and because I realised I had become too attached."

Tony grunted and Loki scowled at him.

"Can I speak to him alone?" Natasha suddenly asked and the others looked at her.

"We need to figure out how to deal with this mess." Tony said and Natasha nodded.

"We will. But first, I'd like to speak to Loki - alone."

They reluctantly filed out of Loki's apartment, leaving the three of you. For a few minutes you just sat there, in silence.

"You have feelings for her, don't you?"

"She is a cat, Romanoff."

"I saw you with her. You care for her. Did you think she tricked you - into liking her?" Natasha asked carefully.

Loki sighed. And you just stared at him. Then he leaned forward and placed his head into his hands.

"How can such a tiny creature hold such power over a god? How could I be so attached? So weak? I was sure she used magic on me."

Natasha laughed and Loki looked up and narrowed his eyes at her.

"She's a kitten, Loki. Everyone *loves* kittens. Everyone's attached to them. They don't need magic to manipulate people, because they're utterly adorable and cute."

"She is *not* a kitten and I'm not everyone." He huffed.

"No. You're not everyone. You're someone who pretends he doesn't care and then you're shocked when you have to admit that you do."

Loki glared at you now.

"She's a wretched little witch."

Natasha laughed softly.

"Who would have thought that the dark dangerous god has a soft spot for kittens? It kind of suits you though."

"Stop making fun of this. It is rather - confusing."
"I bet it is. Discovering that somebody can crack your icy heart can be terrifying. Even for a god." She said softly and rose to her feet, so did Loki.

"I will go and talk to the others, we'll come up with a plan. But I think you've got some explaining to do here before you join us. She trusts you, Loki."

"I am not." The dark god replied.

"Not what?"

"Trustworthy."

"Oh, come on. Ass that you can be, I know you have a heart in there." She tapped her finger at the centre of his chest. "I'm sure because - I've seen you cry, Mischief."

Loki's jaw twitched.

Cry? Where gods even able to cry? ... where they meant to cry?

"When I saw you in the lounge on the day we returned from Europe, sitting there with that tiny kitten on your lap, that was - maybe the most surreal and yet beautiful thing I've seen in a long time. She was so relaxed, so trusting. Don't blow this, Loki."

Natasha smirked and patted his shoulder, then she leaned in.

"I meant what I said, you're starved for company, I just didn't know that you had company already."

When Natasha reached the door Loki called her name and she turned around.

"Thank you for bringing her back."

"You're welcome."

As soon as the red-head was out of the room, Loki's gaze wandered to you, the fire had returned to his eyes.

"What were you thinking running off like that?" His tone was cold. "You aren't wearing your collar, so how was I supposed to find you? Where would you have gone anyway? Do you really think you would have made it to your sister's place all by yourself?"

What the fuck?

If this was his way of talking to you, then you really didn't want to listen.

"How am I supposed to protect you if you just run off?"

Protect me? How about protecting me from yourself?

"If anything happened to you it would have been my --" He stopped and stared at you.

He crouched down in front of the couch, reaching out to touch you.

You flinched and wiggled away.

"Are you hurt anywhere? Did Fury hurt you?"

You glared at him.
And why would you care? You told him where to find me in the first place.

"This is all incredibly confusing."

Welcome to the club.

"And you keep forcing me to explain myself."

Loki rose and started pacing.

"You are so - fragile. So weak. Things I would despise in humans, but with you - I felt - the need to protect you. When Fury spoke to me yesterday, it became clear to me that I had grown attached, that your presence had made me vulnerable. I concluded that you were manipulating me and I was making a fool of myself by serving you and treating you the way I did."

He paused.

"How was I to know that such a powerful creature could be so - so - utterly innocent?"

The dark god heaved a sigh.

"I decided to force you into changing back. I hoped that the woman I brought back from Stark’s party would invoke your anger, that you would lose your temper and change back. If that would have failed, I could have threatened to turn you in. Hand you over to SHIELD. I was so angry."

He ran his fingers through his hair.

"Don't you understand? I do not allow others to have power over me. Certainly not a mortal. But when I realised that you hadn't manipulated me, that you were unable to turn back - I felt - I did - I mean, I still do not understand how someone so powerful can be so unbearably helpless. The feelings your presence invokes in me - I do not wish to have them."

Well, neither do I. Thank you, asshole.

"When you weren't in my chambers and I realised that you had run away, I felt - I - you're so fragile and I -" Loki stopped pacing and came to a halt in front of you, sinking onto his knees.

"Look what a pathetic excuse of a god I have become. Kneeling before an insignificant mortal creature, desperately fumbling for the right words that may touch her heart so that she would forgive his folly."

Loki closed his eyes.

What. The. Hell.

Did he just apologise to you in a terribly insulting and at the same time most romantic way?

You just didn't know what to make of him.

You were scared that if you'd let him in again, scared that he would turn on you the next moment. Break your heart over and over again. You were more vulnerable than Loki even realised.

His clear blue-green eyes opened and his voice was soft like velvet when he spoke.

"After I left last night, I went to the royal library Asgard, looking for a way to help you. I haven't had any success yet, but there will be a way."
Loki looked at you for a long moment, before he cautiously extended his hand.

"I wish I knew what is on your mind right now." He whispered.

_I don't know. I actually don't know what is on my mind. Or what I'm supposed to feel. I want to run - and I want to be in your arms, but I can't. I can't trust my heart._

You stared at his open hand that lay next to you on the couch, inviting you to climb onto it.

_It was too early. Too early to try and trust him again._

Loki sighed and slowly closed his fingers into a fist before he pulled his hand away.

"I understand." He muttered and rose.

Chapter End Notes

Guess Loki has to try a little harder. Although it was already quite hard for him to be so open, but kitten doesn't know that of course.
Chapter Summary

Kitten gets to chat!!! Yay!!!

Thank you everyone for your wonderful comments, kudos and support!! I haven't been able to answer all the comments, but I am sure, you will enjoy this chapter nonetheless :)))

Much love

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

\[\text{For one so small,} \\
\text{You seem so strong} \\
\text{My arms will hold you,} \\
\text{Keep you safe and warm} \]

\[\text{This bond between us} \\
\text{Can't be broken} \]

\textit{Phil Collins, You'll be in my heart}

It was in the afternoon, when Natasha, Bruce and Loki returned to his quarters.

You noticed that Loki glanced at the full plate of food that was still sitting on the coffee table and cleared it away without a word.

You hadn't been hungry.

He had been good to you. Kind. Attentive. Courteous.

He hadn't bothered you in any way.

You just weren't hungry.

Just not hungry.

But you knew it was more than that.

Even though you were still upset with Loki, you also missed him. Missed his warmth. His affection. The feeling of safety he offered when you were in his arms or on his lap.

While he was treating you with all the courtesy he could muster, he had become overly careful and withdrawn when he was with you. This made your heart heavy.

And it shouldn't.
It had been respectless and completely tactless on his part to bring along that woman. To try and make you angry on purpose, because he thought you were manipulating him!

Manipulating. Him.

Loki.

God of - whatever he was the god of.

Fact was that - he was a god! And quite likely the most powerful sorcerer on the planet.

Claiming that you'd manipulated him, a god, into liking you - was downright ridiculous. What a pitiful excuse was that for being an ass?

And yet.

Every time Loki put up this wall of careful indifference when he interacted with you, your heart ached and your stomach twisted.

You just couldn't believe how someone so powerful could actually be so --

Wait. Wasn't that exactly what he'd said about you?

You were distracted by Bruce and Natasha, who sat down on the couch next to you, while Loki stood a few feet away. Keeping his distance.

"Ok." Bruce said and rubbed his hands. Then he placed a large size tablet that displayed an interactive keyboard on the coffee table. "So, you can tap the letters and, if you get the hang of it, you can 'swipe' words."

That sounded exciting. You rose to your feet and Natasha lifted you over on to the coffee table. Then you stared at them and blinked.

"Go ahead." Bruce offered.

Carefully, you extended your paw and tapped the keyboard, watching as the words you typed appeared on the screen above it. The size of the keys was perfect for your paws, which made it relatively easy to type.

"Hi there." Flashed up on the screen.

You pulled your paw back and stared at the words.

You could have laughed out loud. And jumped. And fell around Bruce neck. And kissed him.

When you looked up at them they both smiled, but when your eyes met Loki's, he quickly turned away. You felt a painful jab in your heart at his reaction, so you focused back on the tablet.

Ok, so where to start? What were you going to say? What were you going to ask?

"How can we get you back in a human body. Why can't you transform back?" Bruce asked.


Sticking to basic words made more sense to you than typing the whole lengthy sentence.
"Where's the book?"

"My sister's flat."

"Fine, I'll go and get it." Natasha offered. "What does it look like?"

"Small green book. In my travel bag. Can I come?"

"It might be safer for you to stay here. I'll be quick. Probably be back in an hour."

"She's at work now."

"I have my ways to sneak in." The red-head winked.

"Might freak her out?"

"You mean, if she notices someone was in the flat?"

"Yes."

"I won't touch anything apart from the book."

"Can u bring my bag? - please?"

Natasha nodded.

"Leave a note for Cathy?"

"Sure. What would you like me to write?"

"Got my bag. Will b in touch soon. Love."

Natasha nodded again and rose.

"Anything else?"

You looked at her and typed.

"Thank you!!!"

"You're welcome." The red-head offered you a soft smile that you would have returned had you been able to.

"I'll be back soon."

Your heart pounded faster.

So this was it.

You'd be able to return back to your body - maybe by tonight? Back to human. Back to expressing yourself.

"There is one more thing." You looked up at Natasha. "We thought that, once you're human, you'll want to have your own space. There's a small apartment down the hall from here, so you'll be close to Loki if you need his help with anything."

Your breath hitched a little.
Of course, you hadn't thought of that. That you'd need your own room once you were human.

"Ok. Thank you, Natasha." She grinned when she read her name.

"See you soon."

Loki didn't look at you when you tried to catch his gaze.

And why did the fact that you'd have to move out cause your little heart to clench? Shouldn't you be happy that you were finally going to be free again?

Natasha left and Bruce regarded you and adjusted his glasses.

"Is there anything you'd like to know about us?"

"Lots."

He laughed softly.

"What is SHIELD?"

"An agency that is sworn to protect the planet from - threats."

"They are - good?"

"Well, they try to protect us."

"Why is Fury so mean then?"

"He's not. He's probably just on the edge, knowing that there are two sorcerers in town who have the potential to cause a lot of destruction."

"I'm not bad."

"No, I don't think you are. But I guess you disappearing so close to here, meaning the tower, which is Loki's residence, made Fury suspicious. He knows you're very powerful and Loki doesn't have a super-pristine record, you see."  

"I'm not powerful. I can't do any of those things."

Bruce frowned and you noticed Loki glancing over his shoulder to see what you were writing.

"Your magic is more potent than that of any other mortal I've encountered." The dark god stated flatly.

"How can that be?" Bruce muttered.

"Surely she would have received training." Loki said and shot you an enquiring glance.

You felt self-conscious and a little stupid.

_Training? What kind of training was he talking about? Magical arts?_

He acted as if it was the most natural thing in the world to receive training for your magical powers.

But it wasn't. And you hadn't.
You'd received beatings.

And rejection.

And right now, you felt the bitterness creep back into your heart.

No. No, you didn't like this.

You'd been happy not using your magic. You'd been happy leading a normal life. A life like everyone else.

As long as they left you in peace, you were happy.

And yet, you could have cried tears of relief that you had finally found someone, who did not regard you as dangerous, evil or malicious.

Someone who viewed magic as something normal. Something natural.

You'd never allowed yourself to recognise that your magic was as a natural thing. That it was part of you.

You had suppressed it for most of your life, only started experimenting with it over the past year, after you received the box of books from your grandmothers inheritance.

You'd been too afraid to use your powers, because you were too afraid that they would find you. Whoever they were.

The only thing you remembered from your childhood was that people would come and take you with them. And they'd always hurt you.

You had endured many brutal beatings from so-called exorcists, and later you remembered spending a lot of time in bright, sterile institutions. Hooked up to monitors with cables stuck to your head, receiving painful injections, and spending days - or was it weeks? - strapped to a bed - fed only by an IV drip while they tried to forcefully enter your mind and make you display your powers.

But you wouldn't.

After one of your classmates desk had 'accidentally' combusted into flames, because he had killed your pet rat in front of your eyes to torment you, your grandmother had made you promise that you would never use your powers to hurt anyone.

Never.

You had stayed true to that promise.

No matter how they hurt you or what they did to you, you'd never used your powers against them. Or even to defend yourself for that matter.

You shut them away. Locked them away safely.

Because they were dangerous. They could hurt people.

"Kitten?" Loki's voice was soft, laced with concern.

You realised you'd been staring at the tablet for quite a while without doing anything.
"You never received any training, did you?" The god asked, his tone careful.

"No." You answered.

"The classified files I read say that you were tested. You were examined by government agencies, who found evidence for supernatural powers in the matrix of your brain waves, but they never succeeded in forcing you to apply your powers - as long as you were conscious. I thought the reason for this was your strong will power. Your ability to shield you mind. But the reports said that as soon as you lost consciousness, you lay waste to the laboratory - every time. Which does not happen if you shield your mind consciously."

What? Nonono. That wasn't possible. You had worked so hard to keep it under control.

You thought the reason why they'd finally left you alone was because they thought that you didn't have any powers. Because you had hidden them so well.

"You were unaware of all this, am I right?" The dark god sighed and rubbed his forehead. "This is much more of a disaster than I realised." Loki muttered. "And you call yourself a civilised society?"

The last sentence was directed at Bruce, who looked like he tried to figure out what the hell was going on.

"What do you mean?" He finally asked.

"She should have received proper training to be able to control her powers, instead she learned to suppress them. God knows what they did to her to make her lash out while she was unconscious. Arrogant, ignorant mortals."

"Hey Loki. Calm down."

"CALM DOWN?" Loki yelled, hands clenching into fists.

"You humans claim to be so highly advanced with all your technology, and yet you fail to understand the most natural processes in the universe. You reject the gift of magic as something foreign and dangerous. Do you know what could have happened if this girl would have channeled her powers into the pain and hatred she must have felt? Do you? Can you even imagine the destruction a soul of her calibre would be able to cause? CAN YOU? And WHOSE FAULT would it have been? They would have blamed it ALL on HER!"

You'd shrunk back at his sudden outburst.

"Loki. You're intimidating her."

The dark god's icy gaze shifted to meet your eyes and you shuddered at the cold hatred that stared back at you. He averted his gaze and took a deep breath.

"I cannot even fathom how she could have resisted the urge to destroy. How she kept her power so uncorrupted." Loki pinched the bridge of his nose. "You don't understand the consequences of suppressing magic, Bruce. Especially magic that is as powerful as hers."

"No, evidently not."

You glanced from Loki to Bruce.

You felt bad.
Loki was clearly upset and Bruce looked confused. And you had kind of caused it all, although you weren't even sure how.

You extended your paw and touched the screen.

"Sorry?"

Loki stared at the word you'd written. Then he suddenly turned around and stormed out of the room slamming the door behind him.

You sat there on the coffee table, wide-eyed and sharing Bruce's confusion, who, patted your back gently when you looked at him.

"He's just a little sensitive. Overly concerned about you."

You hadn't meant to upset him.

And you weren't sure why all this upset him so much.

Ok, you'd suppressed your magic. Why was that such a bad thing?

"I didn't mean to upset him"

"I know. He knows. He's not upset with you. He's angry because he thinks you were abused because of your abilities." He let out a deep breath. "Maybe we should discuss this when you're back in your body. Why don't you tell me a little more about you for now? I mean, you'll be spending time here, with us, so we might as well get acquainted. What kind of music do you listen to?"

Bruce had a gentle smile on his face and you knew he tried to make you feel better, especially after Loki's outburst had somewhat stupefied you.

You were grateful that Bruce took the time to talk to you. The two of you spent the next hour chatting about music, tv programmes, his work and your home. It was good to just have a normal conversation.

Well, somewhat normal.

A knock on the door interrupted you and, when Bruce opened it, a beaming Natasha walked in, your travel bag in her hand.

You stood up and stretched.

This was exciting. To have your stuff back. To get your body back.

"I had a quick look around and grabbed what looked like your hairbrush and a couple of other things that looked like your as well."

She placed the bag on the floor in front of the couch and unzipped it.

"Ok, let's see. Where's that book." Natasha knelt down to rummage around in the bag and retrieved a diary and a couple of books you had bought here.

"It's not in here." She concluded.

Nonono. Impossible.
You had kept it in your bag, for sure.

Natasha must have noticed the look on your face because she quickly said,

"Ok, before we panic, let me do this properly."

She started laying out your stuff on the couch, and you felt the heat creeping into your body, feeling embarrassed at the thought of your cotton undies being displayed on Loki's couch. Next to Bruce.

But Natasha was discreet. She carefully hid your undies under your t-shirts.

What a friend!

You sighed in relief, but felt more and more concerned as the bag emptied and there was no sign of the little green book anywhere.

"No green book." Natasha sighed and looked at you.

"Impossible."

"I looked around the room, didn't notice it lying around either."

"Go back together? Please?"

"I think that would be a good idea." She nodded and rose.

"What would be a good idea?" Loki's voice startled you.

Holy Jesus! Where had he come from and why did he have to sneak up like that?

"The book wasn't in the bag, so we're going back to the apartment together."

"She will go with me." Loki said sternly. "Fury's still after her and until we have persuaded him that she is no threat, she is in danger."

"Fine, Mischief. She's all yours. Off you go then."

Loki creased his forehead.

"I - I can't. Go now. I am meeting Thor in thirty minutes. We have to go to Asgard."

"What? So, you'll just let her be stuck in that body? I'll go with her. I'll be able to handle Fury and his boys."

"Natasha."

"No, Loki."

You looked from one to the other. You really wanted to go. You wanted the book.

"I will be back in the early hours of the morning and can take her first thing."

Natasha crossed her arms over her chest.

"I wish for her to shift back to her human form, and considering the circumstances, we do not have any time to lose, but it will be safer if she comes with me."
You knew that Loki was right. You knew that you'd feel safest with him.

"Happy to go with Loki" You typed.

"Guys." Bruce said to Natasha and Loki who were still glaring at each other. "She's happy to go with Loki."

Natasha turned towards you and cocked an eyebrow.

"Traitor." She muttered with a small smirk on her lips.

Then she came up and brushed her hand over your fur.

"I'll be back mid-morning. If he hasn't taken you, I will, Malishka."

After they had left, Loki returned to the careful indifference. He prepared some food and placed it on the coffee table for you.

You ignored it.

"You need to eat, kitten."

*Not hungry.*

"You haven't eaten for two days."

*I'll eat later. When you're gone.*

You tucked your head into your fur to take a nap and tried to ignore him.

He confused you. You still weren't sure why he'd been so upset.

But it was nice of him to be concerned. And it was nice that he actually knew when you had eaten last.

It was nice that he cared.

You heard him sigh softly.

"Never apologise for anything that isn't your fault, kitten. I was not angry with you, so there was no need to say sorry. And don't ever be sorry for other's ignorance. You didn't deserve what they did to you. You didn't deserve to be treated this way. You didn't deserve how - how I behaved towards you. You deserve better. Much better."

You raised your head to look at him, but he had already turned away and disappeared in direction of the bedroom.

*What the holy heaven?*

You just couldn't work him out.

Tomorrow.

You'd go to your sister's flat together and find that book and then you'd get your body and your tongue back and then -

- then you'd have a cup of tea and tell Loki all the things you hadn't been able to tell him to his face.
Well, maybe not all the things.

And ask him all those questions you were dying to ask him.

***

You weren't sure what time it was when the loud noise of the door slamming startled you. You instinctively went for cover under the couch.

That could only mean that Loki was in a bad mood.

*Not good.*

You waited, expecting him to call you, but he walked straight into his bedroom and the apartment fell silent.

Eerily so.

You sat there glimpsing out from under your cover, keeping an eye on the door to his bedroom. Listening.

Silence.

The door was ajar, so you cautiously crept out from under the couch and risked a glance inside the room.

The god was sitting on the bed, shoulders slumped, head in his hands.

That was - odd.

You tiptoed along the bed and stuck your head around the corner to get a closer look.

Loki took a deep breath and ran his fingers through his hair, keeping his head down.

A crystal clear drop fell from his face and left a dark stain on the carpet.

You stared at the stain. Another one blossomed beside it.

And another.

*God's weren't meant to cry, were they?*

*Sure, Natasha had mentioned that she'd seen him cry, but ...*

*Loki always seemed so composed. So in control. So ... aloof.*

He hadn't noticed you, and buried his face in his hands.

When you stole another glance at him, there was an uncomfortable twinge in your chest.

No matter how horrible he had treated you, he had apologised and tried to be good to you. He had even accepted that you weren't ready to forgive him, and he hadn't pushed you.
And he had been so careful around you. Polite. Keeping his distance.

No matter how horrible he'd acted. He clearly regretted what he had done.

You just had expected a god to be different, wiser. Not so - human.

You definitely hadn't expected a god to look a perfect picture of misery.

Your heart was breaking seeing him like this.


He had stolen his way into your heart despite being an absolute ass most of the time, and now he was stealing those last pieces of your heart with his helplessness.

I still do not understand how someone so powerful could be so unbearably helpless.

Your remembered his words.

Right. Well, you were asking yourself exactly the same thing in this moment.

You quietly inched closer and sat down next to his foot, placing your paw on his boot.

“Loki? Are you – I mean - is everything ok?”

Of course, what came out was a couple of rather cute, high pitched meows, that made Loki raise his head and look at you.

“What do you want?” He sighed, pressing his fingers into the corners of his eyes to stop the tears from falling.

Why are you crying?

You stared up at him.

“What?”

You pushed against his shin, or rather the hard leather of his boot, and awkwardly rubbed your head against it.

Loki wore his Asgardian armor, which was all hard leather and metal and evidently not made for nuzzling up to.

I'm trying to cheer you up, dummy. I can't actually stand to see you cry, no matter what an ass you've been.

He huffed and shook his head, dark locks framing his face as he looked at you.

“Are you trying to cheer me up?”

You rubbed your head against his boot again and he slowly extended his hand towards you.

“Why of all people would you wish to cheer me up? Maybe I'm going insane?”

You placed your paws on his foot and Loki carefully scratched your head.

When you did not shy away, he hoisted you up with a swift, but cautious move, and held you right
up to his face. Searching your eyes.

His own eyes were definitely wet.

You rubbed your head against his chin.

He chuckled softly.

Then he closed his eyes, and, cupping your body with both hands, he leaned forward and gingerly nuzzled your fur before he lay his forehead against your body. For a long while he stayed like that. Just holding you, leaning on you.

“It is my mother's anniversary today. The anniversary of her passing." He sighed. "She wouldn't be proud of this. Of me.”

Releasing a deep breath, he lay back against the pillows and placed you on top of his chest.

You had missed this.

As soon as his fingers dug into your fur, you felt a purr rumble through your chest.

You felt yourself relax.

The act of holding you and running his fingers through your fur seemed to give Loki just as much comfort as it gave to you.

"Thank you." He whispered after a long silence. Then you felt a shift underneath your body and his armor shimmered and disappeared, leaving you on his bare chest.

“My little kitten.” He breathed. A moment later, his grip on you loosened and his breathing went steady.

You lifted your head and looked up at him. Loki's eyes were closed and his face completely relaxed.

He had fallen asleep.

***

You woke the next morning, rolled up in the crook of Loki's arm, his face pressed into your fur and his cool breath fanning over you.

When you moved a little, Loki's other hand came up to pet you carefully.

“Good morning, kitten.” He murmured in a raspy voice and nuzzled his face into your fur.

You stretched and rolled onto your back, Loki trailed his fingers through the fur on your stomach and smiled.

Not one of those devious smiles.

This one was warm.

And beautiful.

“Are you enjoying this?”
Hmm. Yeah, I am, actually.

You rolled onto your side to look at him.

His eyes found yours.

Loki's face was so close that you could have reached out to touch him, but you honestly had no idea what devil possessed you when you leaned forward to place a kiss on the tip of the god's nose.

By the time you realised what you had done, it was too late.

You had licked Loki's nose.

Ugh. That was awkward.

Loki closed his eyes and took a deep breath. When his eyes opened they were full of regret, and he held your gaze for a long while.

“I haven't been very kind to you, have I?”

Well, did he really want an answer to that?

You playfully dug your teeth into his nose, and Loki brought his finger up in front of your face to stop you.

“Careful, kitten. You're dealing with a god here.”

But his tone was soft and teasing rather than serious, so you nipped at his finger and Loki laughed softly.

“You are such a sweet creature.”

And you're such a beautiful idiot.

He hummed and closed his eyes again, lightly resting his hand on your body. You purred.

This was the first time you had, what you would have called, a normal conversation.

You stretched your paw and placed it on his cheek.
Loki’s eyes snapped open, crystal pools searching yours. Then he took your tiny paw in his hand and brought it to his lips to press a soft kiss onto it.

"I'm not like you." He muttered.

You would have frowned, instead you twitched your ears.

*Why did he always have to confuse you? What did he mean by that?*

He ran his fingers through your fur and his touch elicited a trickle of heat that cascaded through your body.

*Shoosh.*

In this moment you were grateful that Loki couldn't actually read your thoughts.

The way he touched you … was just *too* good.

“Do you like this, kitten?”

His fingers roamed over your belly.

“You're a bad little girl, aren't you?”

*Jesus Christ.*

His voice was pure sin.

You purred loudly in response.

Loki chuckled.

*Good god, you really wished you could turn back into a woman right now. You could just lie here with him and kiss him and ...*  

*But what if ...*  

*If you did.*  

*If you did change back.*

It suddenly hit you.

Things wouldn't be the same between you and Loki.

Loki was a god. And, despite of being a despicable example of his species, he was handsome, well, actually, he was downright beautiful. And apparently he wasn't only a god. He was a prince. Undoubtedly not a Prince Charming, but prince nonetheless.

And you - you were - human.

A mortal.

And not the supermodel kind.

More like the "*mediocre-girl-from-around-the-corner-who-nobody-really-notices*" kind of mortal.
And here you were day-dreaming about you and him, while in reality, he may not even want to touch you anymore once you were back to human?

He liked his kitten. The fluff. The cuteness.

Even Natasha had said that.

Everyone loved kittens.

But you - you weren't a kitten.

Once you were human again, Loki would just see you as another annoying, weak and helpless mortal.

"Kitten?" Loki's low voice found its way through the thick haze of your growing self-doubt.

You glanced at him. He frowned.

"What is wrong?" He pulled his hand back. "Have I done anything - ?"

You blinked at him. Confused.

What?

"I can feel you withdrawing. I apologise if I have been too - intrusive. I shouldn't have assumed that you liked my touch."

He quickly sat up and you felt your heart drop.

He'd picked up on your insecurity, your self-doubt, but he thought that he had done something to make you withdraw?

"Loki?"

He turned around when you meowed pitifully.

"I am trying hard, but this is so unbearably frustrating, kitten. I do not know what I have done wrong now. I am going to go insane over you."

Before you could respond, he slipped off the bed and walked into the ensuite, you heard the shower turn on a moment later.

Dear god.

A moment ago, everything had been good. So good.

Then the sound of the water stopped and a half naked, beautiful god appeared in the door of the ensuite, mustering you for a moment before he disappeared into the lounge to return with the tablet in his hand.

He sat it down in front of you.

"Tell me."

Shit.

As much as you wanted to tell him it wasn't his fault, you didn't really want to tell him what you'd
been insecure about. You weren't going to tell him that you were in love with him. He'd just make fun of you.

"Not your fault."

He let out a breath.

"What - why were you suddenly withdrawing then?"

You just stared up at him, hoping that your blue kitten eyes were as large as possible.

Your kitten charms seemed to work.

Loki sat down on the bed beside you and sighed.

"Fine, you can keep your secrets."

Phew.

"Can I - touch you?"

Yes, please.

He pointed at the tablet.

"I want to hear it from you."

Gees.

"Yes."

He massaged your neck and you started purring.

"I will take you to your sister's apartment after I have showered. Will we be alone, or will she be there?"

"Work."

"Good. So that means less complications."

He trailed his fingers down your spine before he rose to take a shower.

Chapter End Notes

Oh god, luckily Loki thought of bringing the tablet in from the lounge, otherwise this would have been a perfect set up for another dramatic cliff hanger... but sometimes it's just good to have a breather and be happy :)))

ps: just had to add that song - it reminded me so much of Loki's kitten
The naked truth

Chapter Summary

... finally ...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As expected, your sister wasn't home.

You were relieved, although it would have been amusing to see Loki explain to Cathy that the tiny kitten sitting on his arm was her little sister.

What you had found rather disconcerting though was that Loki had merely waved his hand to unlock the apartment door, but you decided to avoid thinking about the fact that things like locks weren't able to keep out a god.

It seemed to be the very nature of the god whose arm you were sitting on. You could not keep him out.

Once you opened up to him, he had put his foot in the door and proceeded to mercilessly invade your life - or rather - your heart.

"Where is your room?"

Loki set you down on the floor, so you sauntered to your door, looking up at him expectantly.

He opened it and you stepped inside.

Everything was just like you had left it. The bed was untidy, there was a small pile of laundry on the floor in the corner, your drawing pad and pens were still on your desk. Nothing had changed. Apart from the fact that your bag was missing.

_The book had to be here somewhere. It just had to._

"Under the bed." Loki ordered and started looking around the room.

_Great, now you were being bossed around in your own home._

But he did have a point. You ducked and crawled under the bed, but apart for a couple of dust bunnies there was nothing there. When you re-emerged, Loki gave you a disapproving look, then he bent down to brush the dust off your fur.

He went over to the bookshelf, running his fingers over the spines of the books, before he halted by the desk, inspecting the sketches you'd been working on.

"You're an artist?"

_You can ask me all these question later, Loki. Let's find that book - now._
But Loki walked over to your wardrobe and opened it.

*Hey!*

*It's not going to be in there, sneaky god.*

He huffed.

"You are in dire need of proper garments, kitten."

*Right.*

"Do you not possess anything more - elegant? More feminine?" He pulled out one of your washed out t-shirts, holding it between his fingers as if it was something absolutely revolting.

*Feminine. Elegant.*

You would have rolled your eyes had you been able to.

You felt comfortable in jeans, t-shirt and a hoody. You didn't need to dress up for anyone.

"Can we keep looking for the book, please?" To your dismay, the meow that came out of your mouth, sounded anything but annoyed.

Loki closed the wardrobe and looked at you.

"I am looking for it."

*No your prodding around in my private stuff.*

"Don't you mortals preach about equal rights for all? You have seen the inside my wardrobe - and my chambers - haven’t you, kitten?"

*Uh! Sassy god.*

You ignored him and investigated the gap between your nightstand and your bed. Maybe you hadn't put the book back in your bag? If you could just remember the last time you had it.

"What in the Nine Realms?" Loki gasped and you turned around.

*Huh?*

"Do you truly cover your most precious parts with these dull atrocities?"

Loki stood by your dresser, top drawer wide open, one of your cotton undies dangling from the god's finger.

*Ok, that went too far!*

*Even for the God of Mischief!*

To your surprise you were far too outraged to even be embarrassed.

You hissed and growled as loudly as you could.

Loki dropped your briefs back into the drawer and shrugged.
"No need to be defensive kitten. I am merely exploring a little." He pulled open the next drawer.

Damn it, Loki! You're not here to explore! You're here to find my book and help me change back!

"Well, it is not in these drawers." He concluded.

"Are you sure you left the book in your room? Could your sister have taken it?"

Or SHIELD? Maybe they had come back after you'd run from them?

Your heart started to pound.

As if Loki could sense your distress, which was quite likely the truth, since he was able to sense your feelings, the god picked you up and started massaging your neck.

You relaxed immediately, purring softly and he let himself drop onto your bed.

"Hm. Quite bouncy, isn't it?" He proved his point by lightly bouncing up and down.

God help me!!

The thought alone made you want to roll your eyes again, asking god for help concerning - a god.

Well, the god who was meant to help you, was currently bouncing on your bed like a teenage boy!

Help me find the book, Loki! Focus.

"Wait - what - ?" Loki stopped bouncing and pulled back the crumpled sheets with one hand, while he kept his other around you.

What? What is it now?

He looked at you and grinned.

"Ta-daa!"

Pulling it from between the sheets, Loki held up the little green book.

"Oh my god! Give it to me!"

You meowed and raised your paw. Grinning, Loki drew his hand back, holding it up so that you couldn't reach it. Nor that you would have been able to reach it anyway.

"We'll look at this together, kitten."

Keeping you against his chest, he lay down on your bed, making himself comfortable.

You growled.

"What?"

Your gaze wandered to his shoes.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my lady. How very rude of me indeed to enter your bed with my shoes on."

Shoosh. He was being far too cheeky for your liking.
Loki toed off his shoes and you turned towards the book he was holding, so that you would be able to read it together with him when he opened it.

It was a beautiful book. You'd liked it the moment you opened it. Intricate, elegant handwriting with decorative elements and simple illustrations. You'd always wondered if it had been your grandmother's but you suspected that it was older. Maybe her mother's, because the paper of the yellowed pages had already started to turn brown around the edges.

It was old, but the spells in it worked.

Loki skimmed through it, moving his eyes over the pages.

"Interesting. This is what you learned from?"

"Yup."

"Hm."

And what was that supposed to mean?

He flipped through the pages until he found the spell you needed.

"This one here. This is the one."

He knew his trade, you have to give him that.

You glanced at the page. Now you only had to learn the spell by heart, and then practice your focus and ... it usually took you a few days to learn a spell.

Your heart sank.

"What is it? What makes you despondent now, kitten?"

He was getting good at reading your feelings.

You stared at the spell and tried to memorise it. Word for word.

Just focus.

Then Loki suddenly closed the book.

What the hell, Loki?

He sat up and placed you on his lap.

"The easiest way to return to one's form is to feel it. Your mind is an important tool of imagination, but it is your felt-sense and your consciousness that manifests mental energy and brings it into form. It starts with imagining it, then feeling it, and finally becoming it."

Gees. He decided to give you a magic lesson right now?

You needed to memorise the spell first.

"Hush."

You hadn't said anything.
"Your mind. Stop thinking about the spell, kitten. Close your eyes."

You obeyed.

"Clear your mind."

You did your best.

"Now. Feel yourself. Feel your body. Your human body. Feel - your arms, your legs, feel the way the blood pulses through your muscles, feel your heart beating in your chest and the way your chest expands with every incoming breath. Breathe the air. Smell the air. Feel it ... feel the sheets against your shins, the soft leather of my pants against your thighs. Feel my warm hands on your back."

He stopped and you heard him take a deep breath. "Can you - feel me?"

_Hm. Yes. You could. And it felt good._

Loki's fingers gingerly trailed down your back.

You sighed softly.

Then your eyes snapped open.

A lopsided, mischievous grin was plastered on Loki's face as he held your gaze.

And you were suddenly all too aware of the soft leather of his pants against the skin of your thighs and his warm hands on your back.

You were straddling his lap.

_Naked._

It took a moment for you to recover and a fraction of a second later, your hand collided with Loki's cheek, jerking his head to the side a little.

When his eyes found yours again, the grin on his face grew.

You slapped him again, but this time Loki caught your wrist and tugged you closer to him, his ocean water eyes never leaving yours.

Your heart was about to leap out of your chest when you felt his cool breath fan over your skin.

His gaze examined your eyes with something between affection and curiosity, then he slowly leaned forward to touch his lips to yours.

You closed your eyes and your own lips parted a little.

Loki's were soft. And warm.

And he was careful.

His lips tenderly brushed over yours, parting just enough to gently nip at your own, as if sampling you.

He stilled with his lips against yours, but didn't pull away.

He seemed entranced by the kiss - just as much as you were shocked.
Then you felt something warm and soft wrap around your shoulders and you opened your eyes.

Loki had conjured a blanket, carefully pulling it over your shoulders and around your front to cover you.

You bit your lip and blushed.

When you pushed away from him, he let you go. You slipped off his lap wrapping yourself in the blanket and backed away from the bed and the god who was currently watching you with a soft smile on his face. But he couldn't hide the amusement.

"You're an ass."

"Not exactly the words I was hoping to hear when we are finally able to communicate." He smirked.

So, he was back to toying with you again.

"I had thought you would say something akin to - thank you, Loki."

You ignored his words.

"How - how did you do it? What did you do?"

"I didn't do anything. It was you. I told you returning to your original form was the easiest thing."

"I - I've never been able to ..."

"Because you've merely used your mind. I realised that when you said you needed a spell to turn back. You are limiting yourself with your mind. In truth, you never needed that book."

"W-what? You mean I could have turned back all that time? Without the spell?"

He nodded.

"And you let me wait? You could have just told me! I could have turned back yesterday! Why - why do you have to be such an ass all the time? Why do you enjoy torturing me? Does it really give you so much satisfaction to see me unhappy? To make me feel stupid? To embarrass me? To - to hurt me? You claim to be a god, but what kind of god would be so despicable? I mean, what kind of god are you?"

You clasped your hand over your mouth.

Loki's smile had vanished and his face had turned into an unreadable mask.

"It would not have worked, because you would not have believed me. Your mind is what creates your reality and you believed so firmly that you needed the spell, I had to let you look at it, let you see the words, before I could guide you to change back."

Oh.

He averted his gaze and rose to his feet.

"Loki. I'm - I'm sorry."

"What for?"
"For what I've said. I didn't mean --"

"Don't take me for a fool. You meant every single word."

"I -"

"There is no need to feel guilty or ashamed. You are not a kitten anymore. And you are right, I am not the kind of god, you would wish to have in your company. According to your Midgardian myths, I am the kind of god who sows strife and discord."

*Shit. You had hurt his feelings.*

"Loki, I'm sorry."

"I am also not the kind of god who needs a mortal's pity."

He walked past you.

"Please, I - I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

He didn't turn around, but his voice was cold as ice.

"There are no feelings you could ever hurt, darling." His voice was like a spear of ice that pierced your heart.

"Why - why did you kiss me then?"

"Curiosity." He laughed softly and turned around to regard you with glacier blue eyes. "Why? What did you think?"

You blushed.

"Did you think I cared? Tell me, why would a despicable god like me care for an insignificant creature like you?"

You felt tears well up in your eyes.

"You have five minutes to put some garments on, before I will take you back to the tower. Don't make me wait."

With that he walked out of the room.

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The walk back to the tower was excruciating. Loki decided not to teleport, but to cloak the two of you and walk back, so you would get some fresh air.

It felt more like a punishment to you.

He strutted along without offering you so much as a glance or uttering a single word.

He just ignored you.
You were relieved when you arrived and looked forward to finally get to talk to Natasha and Bruce. You trusted them and it was good to have people in your life you could trust. You'd never really trusted anyone apart from your sister and your mum.

As soon as you stepped into the elevator, Loki called on the electronic butler.

"Jarvis, kindly ask everyone to assemble in the common area to meet - our guest."

"You are the only two people in the building at present, Mr Odinson. Mr Barton is still with his family and everyone else was summoned to the SHIELD headquarters."

You swallowed.

They were at SHIELD?

Loki sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I shall take you to your room then."

And that was it.

He delivered you to your room and left. Two minutes later, your travel bag appeared out of thin air, next to your bed.

Jesus. Could he just materialise things when he wasn't even in the room?

You glanced around and slumped down on the bed.

Great.

Somehow, even now, that you were able to communicate with him, things weren't going well. You'd hurt his feelings. And he was - he had every right to treat you like this. To be upset.

Even though you'd been stressed and shocked, you shouldn't have said those things. You shouldn't have suspected him.

You rubbed your face with your hands.

You claimed to have fallen in love with this man - god - and yet, you had suspected him, blamed him, judged and insulted him.

Was that the way to treat someone you claimed to have feelings for?

Oh god.

Ok, he'd been an ass, but he had helped you many times. He had protected you and looked after you. He'd even guided you back into your body.

You had slapped him and he - he had kissed you.

Loki had - kissed you.

And he'd been gentleman enough to conjure a blanket to cover yourself. He had never even glanced at your naked body. He'd actually been entirely decent.

And you had been pathetic and insecure.
You just weren't used to this. You weren't used to craving someone's presence. Someone's touch. Someone's kiss.

You were scared.

You were scared, because you weren't used to trusting others.

And, in your defence, Loki hadn't made it particularly easy to trust him either.

But he had shown you that he was vulnerable, that he had feelings and that he needed comfort - just like everyone else.

Just like you.

Damn it.

What if he was just as scared as you? What if he - for whatever reason - had a hard time trusting others as well?

Hadn't he said to Natasha that he wasn't trustworthy? What had he said that very first time he had upset you? That he had believed you trusted him.

He had seemed so sad when he realised you didn't.

Loki had promised that he would keep you safe. That you had no need to fear him.

And you - you had blamed him.

You had basically told him that you didn't trust him, even though back then he hadn't done anything to give you reason for it.

Somehow, you always expected the worst of him. Because you were afraid that he would hurt you.

Right in the beginning, it had been nothing but your own fear that had driven you to panic.

But to Loki it would have been another confirmation that he wasn't trustworthy.

Oh god, why was this so complicated?

You remembered last night. Remembered his tears, the way he had leaned on you. The way he had relaxed and fallen asleep with you on his chest.

You felt tears running down your cheeks.

He had trusted you enough to allow you to see him so vulnerable.

And this morning?

He had been nothing but sweet and wonderful. Even in your apartment. He behaved like a mischievous boy.

You smiled at the thought of him going through your stuff and bouncing on your bed.

Then you sobbed and buried your face in your hands.

And you had hurt him.
Insulted him.

He had been ok with you slapping him in the face, but your words, your words had dealt an entirely different kind of blow.

Loki had been open and vulnerable and you had stabbed him right through the heart.

You rolled up on the bed and cried.

Maybe it was good to release all the emotions you hadn't been able to express over this last week, because you cried for a while. The tears just didn't want to stop flowing.

When they finally did, your mind was clear.

You got up and walked into the ensuite bathroom to wash your face, but carefully avoided to look at yourself in the mirror. If you saw the mess you looked, you surely wouldn't go through with the plan you'd come up with.

And it seemed like a good plan, so you couldn't afford any self-doubt or insecurities right now.

About ten minutes later, you stood in front of Loki's door, a bottle of wine in one hand, a sandwich in the other.

You were about to knock on the door, when it opened.

"What do you want?" Loki glared at you.

You held up the bottle of wine and he narrowed his eyes.

"If you intend to intoxicate me, I must disappoint you, your Midgardian liquor does not have this effect on me."

"But - it works on me."

"Is my presence so revolting that you cannot bear it without being intoxicated?"

Ouch. How did he so easily find the right words to sound hurtful and insulting?

"No. It's not. It's just that I won't --.

You broke off, your courage suddenly deserting you.

You should have drunk the wine before you knocked on his door.

Loki glared at you.

"What. Do. You. Want?"

"H-honestly?"

He rolled his eyes.

You bit your lip.

There was every chance that he would laugh at you or humiliate you if you told him. But there was also every chance that he wouldn't do either.
"I -" You took a deep breath. "I wouldn't mind having my lunch with you."

"I do not-"

"Sitting on your lap and having you - feed me."

You whispered and felt the heat rise to your cheeks as you sheepishly glanced up at him from under your eyelashes.

Loki's eyes darkened.

Then he stepped back and opened the door for you to enter.

***

When his eyes found yours again, the grin on his face grew.

I was looking for the "I like it"-grin and found this gif of Loki's mischievous grin widening .... and look what it says up there in the left corner!! 😄 guess I was meant to find that!
Hmmm... seems like there is a delicious lunch treat ahead...
Chapter Summary

Summary: s.m.u.t.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You heard the door close behind you as you walked into Loki’s apartment.

There was no turning back now.

Much to your bemusement, you felt yourself relax and in this moment you realised that, as short as your visit here had been, Loki’s apartment felt like home to you.

You were familiar with everything in here. It smelled like home. It had become home.

With a small content sigh you placed the bottle of wine and the sandwich on the coffee table and were about to fetch a couple of glasses and a bottle opener from the kitchen when the air shimmered and the items appeared on the table in front of you. You turned around to look for Loki, confused to find him gone.

"You chose a rather palatable drop of a Midgardian wine, kitten."

You jumped and spun around, watching Loki examining and smelling the open bottle of wine before he poured a glass for you.

He offered you the glass and moved to settle on the couch. There was a mischievous glint in his eyes when he spread his legs and patted his thigh.

Oh god.

Why had you thought that this was a good idea again?

You felt your stomach churn.

How did he make you so nervous?

You'd spent hours on his lap, hadn't you? This couldn't be THAT much different.

Ha, yeah, girl, keep lying to yourself. You're not a kitten anymore and this is LOKI - God of Seduction.

"I am waiting, kitten." The velvet of his voice caressed your being like the soft touch of silk would caress your naked skin. You shivered.

Was he actually using magic in his voice? How could his voice alone have such an affect otherwise.

It wasn't fair.
But then, he wasn't known as a god who played fair, was he?

You swallowed, then you downed the entire glass of wine in one go and slowly closed the distance between you.

You could have sworn that the corners of his mouth twitched upwards as he watched you approach.

Smug devil.

You sat down on his thigh, stiffly, and unable to meet his eyes.

"Relax, kitten." Loki purred, the velvet voice eliciting all sorts of reactions in your body. You felt your cheeks flush.

Then you felt Loki's hand travel up your back and froze, until his fingers settled on the small of your neck and started massaging you.

The tension drained from your body. Your eyes closed. Had you been a kitten, you would have purred.

Jesus Christ. The touch of this god was pure - pure - sin? Heaven? Delight?

A small sigh escaped your lips.

"That's it." Loki breathed and let his fingers roam up, threading them through your hair.

Sin.

Heaven.

AND absolute delight.

"Why did you come here?" He asked softly.

You opened your eyes and finally turned towards him. The look on Loki's face was guarded and his face was so close that you quickly averted your eyes again. Those crystal clear eyes of his were strangely mesmerising and you decided it wasn't a good idea to keep looking at them. His touch and voice were bewitching you already, you didn't need him to hypnotise you with his eyes as well, because you wouldn't be able to get out a single word.

"I - I came to say I'm sorry. I'm sorry for saying those things to you." You looked down at your hands that rested in your lap and picked at your fingers. "This whole situation - has been - very confusing for me and I was upset, because I - I thought you'd tricked me."

"That is not what I meant, kitten." Loki's voice was even softer now.

You turned towards him again and frowned.

Not what he meant? You came here to apologise. And maybe to say -

"To say, thank you for helping me change back?"

"And?"

"And? - I'm - I'm not going to apologise for slapping you, because you deserved that. You knew I'd be naked, didn't you?"
His mouth twitched into a smile.

"Of course I did."

Loki's fingers lightly brushed over the nape of your neck and sent pleasant shivers down your spine.

*Of course, I did!*

"That was - it was rude of you to do that."

"May I remind you that I am the God of Mischief, little mortal?"

You looked away.

"Look at me."

Even though his voice was soft, the authority in his tone elicited a feeling of need deep inside you. The need to do as he asked. You immediately looked up to meet his eyes.

*He was bewitching you!*

"Little mortal" ... *arrogant god.*

"Still. It doesn't give you the right to do that! - It was - I - you - "

"It was what?"

*It was mortifying.*

*Because all of a sudden you'd been aware of just how imperfect you were. You didn't necessarily like how your body looked and when you realised you were naked, on his lap, and Loki had smirked that devilish smirk of his, you'd felt humiliated. And ashamed.*

*You'd thought that he was just playing another one of his games with you.*

*That's why you slapped him.*

*And he'd kissed you.*

*Which had shocked you to the core. It had felt so good. Soft. Sincere.*

*But he was obviously toying with you, having his fun.*

*You thought he just wanted to see how you would react.*

*And it had hurt. Badly.*

*Because you liked him. You cared for him.*

*That's why you had lashed out.*

*But how do you explain all that?*

"Kitten. Stop thinking." The deep velvet of his voice instantly soothed you. Loki heaved a sigh. "I do not understand why you mortals carry so much shame concerning nudity. It's nothing shameful to me."
You bit your lip.

"That's because you're a god. You - you look perfect." then you added in a whisper. "Everything about you is perfect."

He chuckled softly.

"I beg to differ, sweet one. But I can see now what bothers you. You believe yourself unworthy of being desired by god, do you not?"

_**Desired by a god? Good gracious, that sounded like a drug store novel.**_

Loki's other hand came to a rest on your knee before it slowly traveled up your thigh.

Your breath hitched and you instinctively put your hand on top of his to stop it from going any further.

"Stop!" You whispered.

Loki frowned.

"I believed you would be less confusing once you had recovered your human form, but, clearly, I was wrong. If anything - you are even _more_ confusing now."

Then the hand on your thigh turned upside down, so that yours rested in his palm now and the pad of his thumb tenderly brushed over the back of yours.

"This is what you came here for, is it not? My touch. You _crave_ my touch, kitten. Then, why does it terrify you all of a sudden?"

You swallowed.

That was a very valid question.

Right now, you were torn between wanting to feel his hands on you and wanting to jump from his lap and run. As fast and as far as possible.

"Tell me, princess, how is it that you feel safe with me one moment and the next it feels as though you desire to run from me?"

_Because - because -_

"Hm?" He removed his hand from your thigh and placed two fingers on your chin to turn your face towards him.

_Because -_

Your gaze met his and you felt yourself drown in those deep glacier pools. His pupils dilated as his eyes moved to your lips, leaving a thin blueish rim around a sea of black.

_Because -_

_I want you._

_And I'm terrified of wanting you._
His gaze shifted back to your eyes.

"Where is the bad little girl who so brazenly enjoyed my touch this morning?"

You stared into his eyes, parting your lips to say something but couldn't quite figure out how to form the words.

Loki waited, as if daring you to give him permission to kiss you again.

You closed your eyes and it seemed to be the invitation he had been waiting for, because a moment later, his soft lips were on yours for the second time this morning.

*You tried hard not to scramble off his lap and run.*

One hand gripped your chin gently, while the fingers of his other hand spread in your hair to cup the back of your head.

You held your breath. Heart beating furiously inside your chest.

Loki moved his lips against yours, nudging them open ever so gently and you gasped when his tongue traced your upper lip before it dipped into your mouth to search yours. You met him, hesitantly, touching the tip of his tongue with your own. Loki moaned softly and his hand slipped from your chin to cup your face.

His mouth was cool and he tasted - pure, like freshly fallen snow.

Your fingers clenched in the fabric of his shirt as he kept probing and exploring your mouth.

While his kiss was gentle, the hold he had on you was relentless, there was no way you could have pulled away. He may have waited for your permission to kiss you, but once you had given it, he wasn't going to let you get away.

And it was exactly what you needed.

Your response to overwhelming situations was to run, but Loki didn't allow you to.

And it felt good. He felt good. His lips, his tongue, the relentless hold he had you in.

How he gently forced you into kissing him.

You finally relaxed and kissed him back.

And then you lost track of time.

Loki kept his lips against yours for a moment, before he drew back and opened his eyes to look at you.

"Was that so bad?"

You shook your head.

"You are indeed utterly confusing, my little pet. Why don't you make it easier for both of us and talk to me?"

You opened your mouth again, but instead of saying something, you wrapped your arms around his neck, buried your face in his shoulder and cried.
In the same instant that both of Loki's arms closed around you in a gentle embrace, you felt a tangible feeling of comfort and safety envelop you.

*His magic.*

Loki whispered soothing words as he held you in a most tender way.

*He cared for you.*

The thought hit you with such force that you cried even harder.

"I'm sorry", you sobbed against the skin of his neck. "I'm sorry, I thought you're just toying with me... I thought you're... just... using me... you like to make me feel powerless... I - I just don't know what to make of you... you're nice one moment and the next - you're indifferent and cold... and then you - you fuck that woman right in front of my eyes... and it hurt - so bad... and then you cry because of your mum... and I can't stand it when you cry... and everything seems fine again but at my place... you go through my stuff... and you make sit naked on your lap and - and... I'm not perfect... and you were - humiliating me for the fun of it... and - and..."

You burst into tears again.

*And - oh god, you felt utterly stupid.*

*You were acting like a child.*

*Like an oversensitive emotional idiot.*

"Oh dear." Loki muttered against your hair and hugged you a tighter. Using his flat hands to rub circles on your back, he just held you until you calmed down.

When you finally stopped sobbing, you felt too ashamed to look up, so you kept your face hidden against his neck and wiped your eyes and nose with the sleeve of your hoody. For a while you just sat there, sniffling and calming down, while Loki's arms where around you, his cheek lightly touching your hair.

"Just don't - don't mock me now, please?" You whispered.

"And why would I do that?"

"Because I'm - I'm acting like a child. Pathetic and... weak."

You felt him heave a sigh and you tightened the grip on him. As if you were safer holding on to him, in case he'd say or do something hurtful.

"That's - that's what you said. That you despise weak, pathetic... mortals."

To your surprise he huffed a soft chuckle.

"I guess, I did. But I say a lot of things that do not necessarily align with the truth. God of Lies, remember?"

You felt his warm breath in your hair as he spoke.

"It seems that you cast a spell on me, little witch, because more often than not, you force me to speak the truth." He sighed against your hair and it almost felt as though he pressed his cheek into it. "I do not necessarily approve of that."
And what did he mean by that?

You pressed your forehead against the cool skin of his neck and felt him tighten his hold on you.

"I - I don't understand." You simply muttered.

"To be honest, neither do I."

After a pause he said,

"I spoke the truth, when I said you had nothing to fear from me. I wish to protect you. It confused me that it was your weakness and helplessness that urged me to feel this way ... but then, I guess Natasha is right. Kittens do that to everyone. Even gods are not immune to their charms."

"But - but I'm - I'm not a kitten!" You blurted out and buried your face deeper in the crook of his neck.

Loki chuckled.

"Of course not."

Then he gently ran his hands along your arms and carefully pried them off him, grabbing you by your shoulders and pushing you away far enough so that he could look at you.

"How can such a powerful creature be so terribly insecure?" He muttered.

You averted your eyes.

"NO. You will LOOK at me when I speak to you, kitten."

Your eyes snapped up to meet his immediately.

"Good girl."

The praise filled your stomach with butterflies.

"AND you will LISTEN to me, as I will only say this once."

His voice was low, almost like a growl and you felt your body respond with a pleasant ache between your legs.

Good god, not now.

"Do you understand, pet?"

You nodded, not daring to take your eyes off his.

"Say it."

"Y-yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, I will listen."

"Good." He took a deep breath. "I wish to protect you. And - and I would do anything to keep you safe. I would even go so far as to make a fool of myself by admitting to a pathetic, weak and insecure
mortal that I have come to care for her in a most unsettling way."

He paused.

*Prince charming.*

"This may as well be the most *unsettling* thing that has happened to me over the past one thousand years, because I only care about *myself*. I do *NOT* care about others, no matter how much compassion or trust they offer me." He sucked in another breath and whispered. "At least that's what I've been telling myself."

His gaze wavered for a moment and you realised that it took tremendous effort for him to say this, so you brought your hands to his chest, lightly gripping his shirt. If to support him or yourself, you weren't quite sure.

"I have learned to rely on and trust myself *only*. And I do not care if anyone trusts me, I tend to mock them when they do.

But you - you have been entirely and unbearably frustrating, because I wish for your trust and yet you deny me. You force me to lay my innermost thoughts, my feelings, open to you and I cannot even fathom **why** I would *want* to act so ill-advised, because it makes me weak. And yet I do it - over and over again. Like an ignorant fool. You are like a puzzle that I cannot solve - and at the same time, I know that every puzzle has a solution, so I keep trying. I may not deserve your trust, but I *want* it. And I am a god - I get what I want."

"Trust is not something that you can just switch on and off." You whispered.

"You always have a choice. I *choose* not to trust. You can choose to trust me."

"It's not that easy."

"Nevertheless, your trust is what I want and I will have it. Whatever the cost."

*Conceited god.*

Loki leaned in and brushed his lips along your jaw line and you dug your fingers into his chest.

*Not playing fair.*

"Well, it is not *all* I want anymore." He whispered. "I want you."

*Not playing fair at all.*

You felt a trickle of arousal settling between your legs at his words and pressed your thighs together, and as the realisation of what he had said settled in, your chest expanded with a warm fuzziness.

Loki had just admitted that he - *wanted you*. In his own awkward and arrogant way.

"I know you want me too, kitten." He purred. "But I need to hear it from you. So, tell me, why did you come here?"

He whispered the words, while his teeth and lips nibbled along the shell of your ear. You stiffened.

"Uh, I - I-"

The tip of his nose brushed along your jawline before his lips moved to the corner of your mouth.
"Tell me."

The tip of his tongue traced your upper lip.

"Tell me what you want, kitten."

"Loki."

Was the only thing you managed to say and you opened your lips to allow him to kiss you, while you buried your fingers in his hair.

But Loki didn't kiss you.

"Yes? What is it you need?" He asked instead.

_Goddamn devil. And why was it so hard to say this?_

"I - I - you - I need you." You blurted out. He moaned softly at your confession. "I want you, Loki."

"That's my girl."

You dipped your tongue into his mouth to search for his and Loki finally kissed you.

The kiss wasn't tender or gentle or careful.

He grabbed your hair to hold you in place and his tongue plundered your mouth mercilessly until you moaned loudly into the kiss and you felt his lips widen into a smile.

_Smug bastard._

With a swift move Loki lifted your body, and moved you so that you were straddling him. His flat hands roamed up your back applying just enough pressure to bring your body flush against his, and you melted against him, grinding your hips into his groin.

Deft, slender fingers unzipped your hoody and pushed it off your shoulders, discarding it on the floor. Then they slipped underneath your t-shirt, slowly moving up your back. You pressed your body closer to him, when one of his hands slipped between your bodies to cup your breast.

"I approve." he muttered, referring to the fact that you weren't wearing a bra. He squeezed your breast and stroked your hardened nipple, inflaming a deep need deep inside you, that utterly overwhelmed you.

You broke the kiss and hid your face in his neck.

Shit.

_You didn't really have much experience with this. Sure, you'd had sex before but - nobody's touch had ever felt this overwhelming. And you - you weren't sure what to do. You weren't sure what he expected you to do._

His fingers stilled, although his hand was still cupping your breast.

"What is it, princess?" Loki purred softly.

"I don't - have much experience with this." You stuttered, flushing a little.
"With - lovers?"

You nodded.

"Sweet creature." Loki muttered and nuzzled his face in your hair. "Don't fret, my little pet, I have plenty of experience."

"But it feels like too much. And I - I don't know what to do. I don't know what you want me to do. What you're expecting from me."

Loki pulled back and looked at you, the expression on his face turning dark.

"What I expect?" He sounded a little irritated.

You could feel anxiety rising in your chest.

*You'd said something wrong.*

*What had you said that-

"Do you even hear yourself?"

*Shitshitshit.*

You bit your lip.

*You knew you'd do something wrong.*

"You are trying to please me, because you fear that you could do something wrong?"

"Is - is that wrong?"

Loki looked at you, his eyes flicking back and forth between yours as he cupped your face with both hands.

"Is it wrong to give up your own needs to please somebody else? *No.* Is it wrong to do so out of fear? *Yes.*"

"But you - you like to force me and I - I like it when you do."

You felt your cheeks heat up at the confession and Loki smiled, but still held you.

*I do love* to exert my power over you, because you crave it, pet. But I do not thrive on your fear, kitten, I thrive on your power."

"My - my power?"

"So helpless and insecure and so unaware of your own power. It is a shame." His thumb brushed over your lips and his eyes darkened. "I will make you aware. And I will make you submit."

*Holy mother of Christ, why did those words turn you on so badl--*

Loki silenced your thoughts with a kiss, keeping your face in his hold and not letting you draw back until you were moaning and grinding your hips into his groin. By the time he let you go, you were panting and could feel a distinct hardness pushing against your sensitive parts.

You panicked a little.
"Too fast." You panted.

"Too fast?"

"Shouldn't we ... shouldn't we be dating before we get to this?"

Loki gave an exasperated sigh, but settled his hands on your hips and took a deep breath before he said,

"You want me to court you?"

"Whatever you call it."

"Fine. I shall court you."

You relaxed.

"But first -" You were sure that you should feel alarmed by the smile that suddenly grew on Loki's face, and the current of pleasure that ran through your body when he purred, "First, I shall thoroughly fuck all insecurity out of you."

"LOKI!" You shrieked.

He chuckled, a moment later, his hands were back under your t-shirt, and this time he didn't stop when he cupped your breast and rolled your nipple between his fingers.

"I shall fuck you thoroughly. Long and hard, kitten. So that there will be no doubt left inside you about how much I desire you - or who you belong to."

His mouth came down on your neck, teeth nibbling and tongue licking along your skin.

"You're - insolent." You huffed.

"Oh yes."

Both hands cupped your breasts now and you arched into his touch.

"I will make you desperate to be mine. And then I shall subdue you. Make you submit to me, willingly not out of fear. I shall make you want me in ways you cannot even imagine."

"You - are terrifying." You moaned.

"You have no idea, princess." Loki chuckled against your skin.

His hands abandoned your breasts to pull your t-shirt up and over your head and before you could even think of covering yourself with your hands, Loki caught both of your wrists and secured them in a tight grip behind your back, while his eyes raked over your body.

Your heart was beating frantically. The grip on your wrists tightened and a needy groan escaped your throat.

Loki's eyes flicked up to meet yours.

"You do love this, don't you? You like to be at my mercy." A smile crept on his face. "And here I thought you did not trust me.
He lowered his head to lick one of your nipples, then blew over it, watching it harden even more, enjoying how you writhed in his lap at the sensation of the cold air on your moistened skin.

It was intense. Everything about him was so intense.

"So sensitive." He murmured. "So responsive."

His mouth closed over your other breast, sucking and grazing his teeth over your tender bud. He pushed his hardness up against your core.

You whimpered.

Then you moaned.

Then your stomach growled loudly.

Exhaling sharply, Loki pulled away and pressed his forehead against your sternum. Taking a moment to regain his composure.

"What is it with you, cursed woman? As much as I want to take you right now, I am more concerned about your well being." He muttered something under his breath that sounded like a curse before looked at you. "You haven't eaten for far too long."

"I had breakfast." You replied quickly and pressed your hips into him, making him hiss.

Loki had brought you to a point where you were willing to let him touch you and do whatever it was he was going to do with you.

You were worried that you'd lose your courage if you didn't go through with it now.

And he was worried that you had eaten properly?

"It wasn't even a proper meal. Now that you are back in your original form, you need sustenance."

You scraped your fingers over his scalp.

"I - I might change my mind - if we - wait." You stammered.

Loki cursed again.

"You might deplete more of your magic and your strength if you go ahead without eating."

"What do you mean, deplete my magic?"

He lifted his head and pressed his lips against yours.

"You need to eat."

Then he placed a kiss on the curve of your breast and flicked his tongue over your nipple. You gasped.

"And I promise that you will not change your mind about this."

Keeping you against him, Loki flicked his wrist and made the sandwich appear in his hand, unwrapped it and held it to your lips. You took a bite while Loki's eyes studied you.

When you had swallowed it down, he offered you another. After that, he broke off a piece and held
it to your lips. You opened your mouth to take it from his fingers and he pulled away, chuckling when you glared at him.

"Oh, the kitten is not amused." He teased you and put the piece of bread into his own mouth.

You scowled and he held your gaze as he sucked his fingers clean for far longer than necessary.

You felt your soft parts throbbing impatiently in response to the obscenely vulgar gesture and a devious smirk grew on Loki's face as he broke off another piece of the sandwich.

This time he allowed you to take it from his fingers and he fed you like this until there was only one piece left.

When he held out the last piece to you, he didn't pull his fingers away after you had taken it, but brushed his index finger along your lower lip.

You shivered. And swallowed. When he nudged your lips with his finger you opened them and brushed your tongue against his finger.

Loki closed his eyes and moaned softly.

Encouraged by his reaction, you took his finger in your mouth and closed your lips around it, sucking gently.

"Norns." The dark god muttered, then his eyes snapped open and you felt your face heat up as he watched intently.

"Enough." He growled suddenly and pulled his finger from your mouth, to replace it with his tongue.

He pushed you over onto your back, ravishing your mouth and grinding his hardness into you.

*Overwhelming.*

You brought your hands to his chest, weakly pushing against him, but he didn't relent. Instead he hooked his hand under your knee and brought one of your legs around him, making you feel him even more.

*Overwhelming need.*

Your fingers tore at the buttons of his shirt.

"My wanton little kitten." He growled against your mouth.

You pushed against his chest and he pulled the two of you upright again, so that you could unbutton his shirt while you kissed him. Your fingers splayed out on the smooth expanse of skin and you left his lips and started exploring his neck with your mouth.

Loki let out a throaty purr and let his head drop back, exposing his throat and chest to you.

You pushed the shirt over his broad, lean shoulders and ran your tongue along, licking and sucking every inch of his skin.

He smelled like mountain air and tasted like cool rain-forest. If it was even possible to taste like that.

You let your hands roam over his chest.
You could feel his heart beat underneath the hard muscle, could feel his pulse when you sucked along the artery on his neck.

Then you brought your hands to his hair, fingers sinking into the soft strands, and you kissed him, pushing your tongue inside his mouth, stroking along his, relishing the groan that left his throat.

Loki's hands gripped your hips and pushed you down on him. You gasped his name.

"Stand up, kitten." He moaned into the kiss.

What?

"Just do as I say."

You slid off his lap and Loki grabbed the hem of your jeans, unbuttoning them impatiently.

"Next time you seek me out to sit on my lap, I expect you to wear a dress." He growled and ripped them open, before he slid his flat hands underneath and along your backside. "And no undergarments."

He didn't take his time when he pushed both your jeans and panties down your legs. You grabbed his shoulders for balance as you stepped out of them and Loki purred softly when you settled back onto his lap a moment later.

He seemed more at ease now as he nuzzled his face against your neck and let his hands run up and down your body.

"So soft." He breathed against your skin. "Beautiful."

You moved up slightly and tucked his head under your chin, running your fingers through his hair and hoping he would focus his attention on were you needed him. Your womb was throbbing painfully and it felt as though you were going to go insane from the unbearable tension in your body.

Loki knew. And he lazily drew his lips down the curve of your breast to tease your hardened bud.

"Is this what you need?" He hummed, against you, gently biting your nipple.

"Yes." You breathed.

He trailed one of his fingers down your spine and you arched your back.

His finger traveled further down, slipping between your legs and when he touched your warmth, you tensed and pushed against him.

His fingers brushed over you a couple of times before they sank into you without much resistance.

"So ready for me." Loki whispered.

A desperate noise escaped you and you bit your lip. Your fingers tensed in his hair and you moved your hips to get him deeper.

"Needy and demanding." He growled. "But I will give you what you want, pet."

With that he pushed deeper, twisting his fingers to find those spots that made you lose your self-control.
Yes. Please. More.

All you wanted was relief.

Relief.

"Come for me, kitten." He growled huskily his own voice strained. "Come for your god."

You shrieked and squealed and sobbed.

And fell apart.

Throbbing around his fingers, desperately clinging to him and finally finding relief from the excruciating tension.

You sobbed his name as your hips moved against his fingers, that thrusted into you in the most delicious way until your movements slowed and you sank against his chest.

You felt his own heart racing.

*Because of me.* The thought filled you with an unfamiliar satisfaction.

Loki's slowly extracted his fingers, but kept stroking you, while his other hand massaged the back of your neck.

*You relaxed. You felt safe. And happy.*

The god chuckled softly.

"What's so funny?" You surprised yourself by being too elated and dazed to even consider he could be mocking you.

"I don't believe that you will ever become a sober cat, sweet one." Loki said and brushed a kiss on the top of your head.

It took you a moment to catch on to what he meant and when you did, you started to chuckle and nestled against his chest.

"You know that saying?"

"Stark's a ceaseless source of bizzare utterings. But I must admit that I am quite fond of some of those curious idioms you mortals have."

You ignored the way he said you mortals.

"You like words."

"I like to twist them."

"You've said some beautiful things to me, you know."

"Have I now?"

You nodded, then you raised your head to catch his lips with yours.

"I hope you hold true to your words."
"I am known to deceive others with my utterings."

"I hope you didn't deceive me when you promised you'd rid me of my insecurity ... by making me desperate for you?"

You ran your hands down his body and fiddled with his pants. Without breaking the kiss, Loki gently pushed your hands aside and undid the lacings.

"Wanton kitten." He muttered against your lips. "Maybe there is no more insecurity left in you?"

He pushed his pants down to free his hardness and you gasped when gripped your hips to lift you and you the velvet, hot skin brush against you.

All your cockiness abandoned you in this moment.

You met Loki's eyes and were sure you looked like a deer in the headlights.

Because you positively felt like one.

"Plenty" you stammered. "There's plenty of insecurity left."

Loki smiled and brushed his lips against yours.

"I am pleased to hear that." He purred.

You gripped his shoulders when you felt him push against your entrance, digging your fingers into the hard muscle.

He hesitated, his eyes searching yours.

Your lips parted and your grip tightened in anticipation.

Then Jarvis' voice rang through the room.

"Mr Odinson, I apologise for the interruption, but you and your guest are expected to meet Mr Stark in the penthouse."

****

Chapter End Notes

BAD timing, Jarvis!!!
Let the cat out of the bag

Chapter Summary

Hi guys!! Sorry this took so long! ... and it's rather short, but hey, better than nothing - I hope :)) more plot in the next chapter!

You gasped loudly when Loki pushed you down onto him. Your hands flew from his shoulders up into his hair, gripping it tightly and you pressed your forehead against his, biting your lip.

You squeezed your eyes shut.

"Oh god." You whispered. The sudden sensation of him inside you made you tense up rather than relax.

Loki’s hands gently moved up your back.

"I'm sorry, kitten, I just couldn't let you pull back now." He whispered. "Relax, sweet one."

You whimpered when he moved his hips and something between a purr and a groan escaped Loki as he sheathed himself fully inside your warmth.

A wave of pleasure rolled up your body, accompanied by an unpleasant throbbing deep in your womb.

"L-Loki." Was all you managed to get out.

"Shh." He cooed softly. "You are taking me so well."

You felt his fingers brush over your hair, then your cheeks, before he cupped your face with his hands and kissed you tenderly.

Your fingers tightened in the soft strands and you relaxed your hips, sinking down, allowing yourself to fully experience the sensation of him filling you.

"That's it, kitten." Loki spoke against your lips.

You weren't sure how you felt about it, as every small movement triggered sensations and thoughts that were slightly overwhelming.

You were having sex with the God of Mischief for a start - a thought that suddenly seemed rather irrational and rash - it was followed by the realisation that you were in a building which was controlled by an AI who was quite likely aware of what was going on between you and Loki. And then, there was the unsettling awareness that Tony was waiting for you and Loki upstairs.

What if he asked you what took you so long?

"You are overthinking again, kitten." Loki said sweetly, leaning back a little as he ran his flat hands down your back in a soothing way.

"What- what about Jarvis?"
"Kitten. Look at me." Even though his voice was soft the tone held an undeniable authority.

Your eyes snapped open immediately, searching the green-blue ones in front of you.

"Jarvis is unaware of what is going on, if this is what upsets you. I have my way to make sure of that." He searched your eyes and added, "And Tony will be fine waiting a few minutes. And, no, he will not know."

You held his gaze.

"What if he asks?"

"We shall cross that bridge when we get there." Loki soothed you, softly but insistently, before he addressed the AI. "Jarvis, tell Stark we will be there soon."

"Very, well, Mr Odinson." Jarvis responded.

Loki smiled at you when he felt you relax, then his gaze dropped to your lips and a shudder of excitement trickled through you. Your worries faded when your mouth was filled with Loki's tongue and his hips gently rolled against you in careful thrusts.

You couldn't help but whimper and grasp him more tightly.

His length stretched you in a not necessarily pleasant way. You weren't used to this. And you weren't overly fond of being intimate with others. And you hadn't done this in a while.

"I - I don't know -" You started.

"You're doing so well, kitten. Relax. Feel me." He encouraged you.

You couldn't help but tense.

"We -we don't have much time for this, do we?"

"We have enough time. Just relax. Go at your own pace." Loki drew his fingers over your skin in a caressing and soothing way.

You tried. To relax.

You lifted your hips, allowing Loki to slide out of you a little before you sank back down on him, gasping and tensing up when his firm member stroked your sensitive spots.

*Good god.*

You paused, breathing hard, before you tried again. Moving up and down slowly a few times, but the sensation of him stroking your insides was utterly overwhelming. The feelings it evoked unbearable.


You whimpered and leaned against him, shaking your head.

You couldn't do this.

"I'm sorry." you muttered and buried your face in the crook of his neck, feeling stupid and embarrassed and ashamed for being too overwhelmed by all this. Hot tears were collecting in your
eyes and you kept your arms around Loki's neck, hiding your face, when he tried to pry them away.

"Sweet one." You felt him sigh against your hair. "There is no rush."

You sniffled, feeling a lump tightening your throat, choking you so that you couldn't say anything. You bit your lip, trying to hold back those tears.

Tears of shame and insecurity. Tears of being upset with yourself, because you couldn't even do the most basic things that any ordinary person did.

On top of that, Loki was a god and he'd had plenty of experience. You were making a complete fool of yourself.

It wasn't as though Loki wasn't careful with you. Or nice.

Or incredibly hot.

He had turned you on so badly mere minutes ago - but, right now, you couldn't help being scared.

"Are you crying?" His fingers brushed your hair aside in an attempt to find your face.

"I'm not." You lied.

Pathetic. You couldn't even admit it.

You were absolutely pathetic.

"I - i can't - it's too much - overwhelming - I"

Loki turned his face and brushed his lips over your cheek.

"Kiss me, princess."

When you didn't react, he sighed.

"Please."

You hesitantly lifted your head to brush your lips against his in a chaste kiss.

"Now, look at me."

You hesitantly abandoned the safety of his neck, but didn't look at him, so Loki caught your chin and tilted it upwards. Your gaze fell on his lips before it shifted to his eyes.

Those eyes were sharp and clear and even though the tone of his voice was stern, it was laced with evident affection when he spoke.

"I said I would court you, didn't I?"

You nodded.

"I also said I would fuck all insecurity out of you."

You felt your cheeks heat up, but didn't dare to avert your gaze. Loki's eyes shifted between yours.

"I will not do so if you are unwilling. Do you understand? - do you - believe me when I say that?"
You nodded.

"You may as well be the sweetest creature I've ever met and I wish to possess you, to make you mine and mine alone, I wish to do things to you that make you beg me for mercy and scream my name in sheer delight. But I wish to do so with your consent." He closed his eyes and shook his head. "Can you not see that you have ruined me? You have ruined me and yet I am still waiting like a fool for your permission to do the same to you."

You took a deep breath.

Just relax. You told yourself. He wants this.

He wants you.

He likes you.

More tears rolled down your cheeks and when Loki opened his eyes, he wiped them away with his thumb, his gaze darkening with sadness.

And I like you. I want you.

"I wish you would speak to me, princess. It torments me that I do not know what is on your mind, because I am unaware if I am hurting you, or if I have done anything to--" You silenced him by pressing your lips on his.

Loki merely froze.

When Loki didn't respond, you nudged his lips apart, searching his mouth with your tongue. He groaned softly when your hips started moving, allowing yourself to feel him - slowly. He just sat there, letting you ride him with small, careful movements, and you opened yourself to that warm sensation that started building deep inside your core.


The movements tickled spots inside you that made you mewl and wince, and squirm, and stirred up and impatient need.

A need for more.

You moved a little faster.

Loki's hands roamed over your back, down to your bottom, squeezing your buttocks lightly. You moaned loudly.

Need. Hot need.

Hot, urgent need erupted somewhere deep inside and you picked up your pace, lifting your body up and pushing it back down on Loki's length, having his hardness stroke your sweet spot every time. Leaving you flooded with a rush of overwhelming intensity.

"Loki." You breathed.

"So good." He groaned.

"I can't -"
You raked your nails down his neck, digging them into his flesh, feeling the fire flaring somewhere in your abdomen, sweat breaking through the pores of your skin, as you moved - the unbearable need for release urging you to move faster.

You let your head fall backwards, breathing hard through your open mouth.

"Can't - hold - back." You moaned, between breaths.

Loki growled and his fingers gripped your backside to support your movements.

"By all means -- don't - hold back." He muttered against your skin, before his lips moved and latched onto one of your nipples which he attacked it with his teeth and tongue.

It was too much. The sensation was so intense that you almost pushed him away.

Then your whole body tensed.

You screamed his name and felt your insides contract around him, squeezing him even harder as you rode him.

Loki roared a groan as he thrust up into you, pushing you down on his hard member with force a few more times, before you felt him pulse inside you.

The tension unravelled into a feeling of joyful bliss that made your body relax completely.

His hold on you felt good.

He felt good.

It felt good to have him inside you.

For an awkward moment you became aware that neither of you had thought of protection.

Much to your surprise, you couldn't care less in this moment.

The thought that the god's seed was inside you, filled you with an unfamiliar contentment.

You smiled and wrapped your arms around his head, pulling him against your naked chest. Loki purred loudly and you pressed a kiss on top of his head.

"You are by far the most confusing creature I've ever encountered, little witch."

You giggled softly.

"Thank you."

"By far." He muttered.

You felt his cool breath caressing the skin of your chest and there was a warmth in your heart, right where his head lay against you.

*I think I might love you, Loki.*

You pressed your cheek against his hair and felt him stiffen in your arms.

"What did you just say?"
End Notes

Let me know your thoughts ... :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!