The lost prince and the frost prince

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Summary

Little prince Thor is lost in a strange, cold realm. Fortunately or unfortunately, he is not alone.

Inspired by art from the talented shineonloki from Tumblr

(inspired by it, tho not quite the same)
what to tell her?

Frigga was a wise queen. She warned him.

“You are spoilding him” “a good king does not seek war” “he will be a magnificent warrior, and he will need to learn to fight without hate” “his arrogance will grow with him…”

And Odin ignored her. In the back of his mind, he probably knew she was right all along, but he was so proud of his prince, so little, and already so strong, so beaufull, so full of life and pasion, willing to fight, so much like him.

He just couldn’t find it within him to tell him to hold back when he was playing war. He could not interrupt his games just to clarify to him that the Jotnar are not, in fact, monsters.

He didn’t even think of it. It was so much easier, to brush his wife’s worries aside.

To tell her that the boy was only a boy, happy, and strong, entusiast and healty, no need to fuss.

He even had the arrogance of telling her that, since this worried her so much, she could teach him such things herself.

“he won’t listen to me! he doesn’t understand the severity of my words. He only wants to fight like you…”

“He will understand, when he grows up”

He had been such a fool. How dare he, not to listen to the wise queen of Asgard, his queen? how could he not put more effort on the rising of his son, to take notice, to ignore the aparent perfection, how could he let this happen?

How dare he give for granted the safety of his child?

“Do not tell him that” “do not let him think that he could go with you” “do not take him. he is too young, he is not meant to leave the palace, he is not ready, he won’t…”

And how, oh norns, was he going to tell her, that he had lost their child?

Odin, the all father, the all seeing sat on a rock, where no one could see him, and burried his face in his hands. He and all of his men, and the men of his host had been searching for days. He had to tell her. He had to go back and at least write a letter.

He had to stop searching. He could even feel the calling of the Odinsleep, early, caused by stress and the weight of the many, many years at his back.

But he could not stop looking, he could not, he wouldn’t.

His boy, his little boy, his son, his precious, strong, brave son was lost, without the help of a teacher, not even a maid, no weapon, no experience.

Just a boy.

An arrogant, foolish little boy, who had never so much as felt hunger in his short life.

He wanted to blame him, for playing carelessly around him while he was bussy doing bushiness, to blame the guards, who were not watching the little prince, his host, for permitting this happening… but the cruel, sheer truth was that, this time, for once, he had no one to blame but himself.

“someone may have kidnapped the prince” said one of his host’s men, when he got back to the
castle. He could barely think, tired more by the emotions than by action.
“whoever did this, your grace, they will pay”
Where to?

Thor had begged his father for weeks to take him on this trip. He wanted so bad to explore one of the realms with his father, and at such a young age! He wanted this so badly that he acted extra well behaved and worked extra hard in all of his classes and training, and made that hopeful, admiring face whenever he spoke to his father…

And when he was finally traveling with him, he found himself bored. Half of the journey consisted in traveling through the field and pointing at the mountains, and half of it consisted in grown ups talking of boring things.

Thor concentrated in the fun part of it: exploring new land at a young age, and played pretend that the journey was across a never known before territory.

He wandered off on his horse, looked around for monsters, pretended a young tree was a monster, and entertained himself while his father was busy.

He had been just a couple arrow shots from the others, just around a big rock on the side of the mountain, just out of sight for a few minutes. He couldn’t remember when he fell asleep.

He woke up to freezing cold. Colder than a cold bath. Colder than getting up from bed in winter, colder even than playing all day in the snow and going back home late with wet clothes. Colder than he had ever experienced, colder than he knew was possible.

He was in the arms of an stranger, no guards, no one around, no father. No mountains either. There was no rocks, nor sky blue nor ground below, nor woods around him. He looked around and for a moment he doubted if he was in a dream or he had gone blind.

It was just white. White in every direction, as far as the sight can reach, white even falling from the sky with the wind, making it blur with what little he could see. And cold. Actually, bone chilling, right across his clothes, biting cold.

He had been asleep, and his very limbs felt cold and numb. His fingers… he could not feel his fingers, except for his nails. They hurt.

He looked up at the cloaked stranger that was carrying him. “Where are we?”

No answer

“Where’s my father? Hey! What happened?”

The stranger stopped walking for one second and put him down.

“If you are awake now, you can walk yourself”

“But where are we going? And where is my father?”

“Come on”

The man answered nothing and tried to grab him by the hand, but Thor shook free.

“I’m not moving ‘till you tell me where are we!”
In his life, Thor hadn’t so much as received a slap across the face. His parents were the only ones who would ever scorn him when he went too far, or punish him. But never too harshly. His father would always forgive him.

Now, he found himself on the cold ground, half buried in… snow. It was snow. That’s why the white and cold. They were in the snow.

His head hurt so bad. Worst than any pain he had ever felt. Never falling down or wrestling with other kids had lead to pain like this.
The man had answered his questions with a punch to the face. So strong he fell to the ground. So he had an actual headache now, aside from the burning in the spot where he was hit.

He barely ever cried. Because boys don’t cry and he was strong and brave… but he simply could not hold back this time. He started crying stronger than he could ever remember, thick tears falling down his face and breath coming cold and laboriously, hurting his throat.

Thor wanted his father and his mother to come pick him up, or at least a guard to let him know it was all right. But no one came.
His captor just walked up to him and held him up by the arm, and made him walk.
Thor refused to move, still bawling, and the man had to drag him a few paces, but then lost his patience and stopped again.

He held the boy upright, and slapped him across the face, hard. This time Thor didn’t fall to the ground because he was being held by the arm.

“You walk or else!” the voice of the man was scary and demanding. Thor could barely even understand what was going on, but with a couple more pushes, he walked, while still crying.

He kept crying and walking until he was out of breath. His head hurt worse than ever and the tears in his face freezeed with the cold wind. He kept brushing his face to take them away, but his skin was still moist and cold and his eyes stinked.

He finally tired of crying and kept walking in silence. Finally realicing that his father was nowhere around, that no one was coming to help him. There was only the man who hit him. Thor took his time before he dared speak again.

“My head hurts”

No answer. Did he not hear?

“My head hurts a lot! I’m getting sick”
“Keep walking!”
“I’m tired”
“Move or I’ll hit you again”

Thor took a moment to speak again.

“I am very cold”
“I don’t care”
“…but I am very cold. My face is freezing. Really. I am very, very cold!”

The stranger held him by the hair and crouched down until he was growling in his ear.

“Shut up and walk”
And pushed him forwards.
Thor fell face first into the frost, and when it took him a moment to react the man kicked him.

“Up! Move!”

He obliged and kept walking. He was extremely tired, but it was not as bad as the pain in his head, and certainly not as bad as the constant, bone chilling, deep cold. His face hurt now too, raw with the constant scratch from the wind. His feet felt funny too in a not funny at all way: he could barely feel them, but his nails hurt. More even than his hands.

He heard stories from experienced warriors: they said that, when you get too cold, you get frost bite. And then your fingers fall off. He didn’t want to believe it. They were just stories to scare him, right? How can a finger just fall off?

But apparently they were true: different men confirmed that some warriors had lost entire limbs to frostbite. Or even their lives. And when he asked his father… he told him, again, of the frost giants.

“They very touch of their skin produces frost bite. You can never even let them touch you. Not only they feel like ice. They transmit the cold to the very flesh they touch”

He massaged his hands in vain. Was this frost bite? What if he lost his fingers? He wouldn’t be able to hold a sword. He couldn’t play without fingers, nor train, nor be a warrior. His father wouldn’t like it.

He would be furious.

One last time, he turned to his captor, eyes narrowed in anger.

“My father is Odin. He will punish you for this”

His captor didn’t even flinch.

“Shut up and walk. Or I’ll break your legs”

Now, Thor had just found how painful an actual punch could be. And he imagined that having his legs broken would be even more painful than that. Not only that: he believed this man. He was not like anyone he had ever met. He would actually hurt him.

And Thor believed he would break his legs if he didn’t keep walking, so he did.
The man didn’t feed him. Didn’t offer water, nor spoke to him, and he didn’t stop to rest. Thor was the child of a god, but he was still just a child, and he had never walked so far, nor under such conditions.

As much as he tried to keep up, he just couldn’t. He moved slower than his captor, and fell to the ground several times, the man having to pull him up again and threaten him. But he just couldn’t keep up like this, could he?

“Are we not stopping soon? I can’t keep up, please, I’m sorry! I just can’t!”

All of his pleas fell in deaf ears, and he finally understood there was no use to it. But he kept thinking.

Thinking of his father, always strong and proud and protective. His mother, who’s healing hand could surely make everything go away in one embrace. His home, where he could rest and eat and be cozy, the guards, who’s job was to keep him safe…

And Heimdal. Heimdal could see everything. He could see into other realms. He could hear when travelers from Asgard needed to come back home, they only needed to call.

Did Heimdal not see him now? Did he not know he was hurt? Perhaps he had to call him. It would surely work, right? It had to work. It was worth the try…

But what if it didn’t? would his captor even let him try? no, he had to find a way out…

So he started dragging his feet even more, falling behind a little more… until he was nearly still, several paces from him.

“Do not make me go back for you. Move!”

It was now or never. Thor started screaming to the top of his lungs.

“Heimdal!! Heimdal open the portal! This is Thor, son of Odin, your Prince! Open the portal now, Heimdal!!”

“Shut up!”

The stranger ran towards him and Thor turned and ran with renewed strength in the opposite direction, trying to put as much distance as possible between them, he kept calling Heimdal, desperately, sure that the portal would open any moment now…

But he was not fast enough.

His captor pushed him into the snow once again, forced him to turn and punched him. Again and again.

“Shut up! Shut up!”

Thor’s hands lifting in defense did little to protect his face. It felt like an endless rain of pain. So much so, that it was a relief when it stopped.

“You little bitch!” The grown up got back on his feet and kicked him. Thor curled up in on himself.
He had never been hurt like this. There was blood in the snow, it was from his face, and he was still cold and tired, and Heimdal didn’t come. Nor did his father. No one.

“Get up now. Or I’ll start again”

And he tried, he really tried, but he could barely move. He was in all fours when his captor spoke again.

“Move! and I swear if you try again to…”

“Who’s there?”

The stranger turned around. So did Thor. At first he could see nothing. Then, in a short distance, coming closer, he distinguished a figure.

A tall, human figure walking towards them.

Someone else. He was saved! Perhaps someone did hear his call.

The figure came closer, turning bigger, and oh so slowly, realization fell on Thor, and all his hopes banished. Replaced by numbing, silent horror.

It looked like a man, but it was much, much taller. His skin blue, deep, dark, rich, impossible blue. Red eyes, and clotes that barely covered his body, in the middle of the storm. Like it was summer or something.

He had never seen one himself, but he heared the description one hounded times, and seen paintings of them. They did not look quite like the real thing, but it was unmistakeable.

‘I’m going to die’ he thought. This was no game. He could not fight back a regular grown up, let alone a frost giant. The monster would eat him.

Perhaps he could run and maybe the monster would eat the grown up? How far could he get? it was worth trying.

But the moment he tried to get up the stranger held him by the neck of his cape.

“You little shit don’t move”

“Wait… did he… beat that child into the ground?”

Oh norns. There was more than one. Thor looked at the tall figure. Other two shadows emerged from the storm and stood by his side. One of them was shorter than the others, but still bigger than him. And taller than his captor.

This one even had horns.

One of the big ones spoke without taking his eyes of the two of them.

“it’s not one of ours. Why is it important?”

“They are both in our realm”

Thor’s allspeach allowed him to understand the giants, but it still felt odd to see them speak. He simply never imagined them speaking.

His captor struggled for words.

“We mean no harm, we are just passing through”

“But even just that is forbidden. You must know this, don’t you?”

“Yes, yes, of course, but, you see, I’m willing to pay for safe passage… I have gold”
The small giant smiled, but not in a nice way. In a kind of ‘I can’t believe this guy’ mocking kind of way.

“And what could be so important that you are willing to pay to cross our land?”
“uh… I really can’t tell you that, but I do have a lot of gold” said the man.
The frost giant insisted.

“You tell me what bushiness you have in my land, or I will kill you and take whatever you have”

The man improvised, quite badly, in his desperation.
“…I am a lord from Asgard. My wife is sick and needs… something from this land. This is my son!
He can tell you. Let us through and I will pay you greatly. Tell them boy!”

He pushed Thor forwards. But he was in shock.
He found himself hurt, tired, lost and in between three frost giants and a man who beat him into the ground. And he was just a kid.

“Tell them!”
“If this is your son, then why is he dressed in such… luxury, and you are not?”
“He… well, you see…”
“Silence!”

There was only the sound of the wind for a moment while the not so big giant walked closer and crouched down to speak directly to Thor.

“Tell me the truth, child. Who are you?”
And he could only answer

“I am prince Thor, son of Odin and my father will kill you all!”

The silence came back for a moment. Thor’s captor grabbed him by the shoulders and shook him, screaming in his ear. At the same moment, one of the big frost giants started laughing out loud. It all was too strange, and happening too fast.

Finally, the man pushed him down back into the snow, turned around, and threw something at the small giant’s face. Before he could respond, the other giant rose his arm, and an ice stalagmite impaled the man through the abdomen.
It cracked, and he fell to the ground, where he stood motionless, blood coloring the snow around him.

Thor wanted to be a warrior. He loved stories of battles and playing war, but he had never seen a dead man. This one had been his only company into this wasteland. He had been beating him up minutes ago. Now, he was no more.

“we could have used him”
“we’ll be fine without him. We still got the kid”

The frost giant with black hair walked up to Thor and grabbed his face before he could react. He panicked, was he giving him frostbite? Would his face fall of? But he was unable to resist. The giant took a handful of snow from the ground and cleaned with it the blood from his face. He then held Thor by the shoulders to take one good look at him.

“are you truly son of Odin, child?” he gave Thor time to react and nod. Then, an strange smile spreaded across his face.
“then you are a long way from home, little prince”
Odd

Chapter Summary

Thor is settled on a warm bed, to the different reactions of his hosts.

It happened fast. He made sure of it. He had taken the child in his arms, wrapped up like an infant, and rushed back to camp. He didn’t stop to eat: he left behind one of his companions to pick up and took a monture to ride back right away. The boy was freezing. Literally freezing, not so slowly, to death.

On the way he only slowed down for a moment to put together a little magic spell on a rock, that became hot to the touch, and gave it to him to hold against his chest. But during the ride, he found with frustration that the child was falling asleep.

‘Don’t. Don’t even close your eyes. Keep your eyes opened!’ he told him, several times through the journey, but it seemed like he couldn’t hear him.

Thiazi put a spell on the room, shielding the space from the temperature on the rest of the castle and they lit as much fire in it as possible, lighting it with what was uncommon warmth in the realm.

Laufey had just finished dinner and was talking with some members of his court, before retiring to his chambers, when a servant came running.

“Your grace, Lord Helblindy just returned with an emergency”

Laufey started a fast pace towards the lower levels of the castle.

“was there an accident?”

“No, your grace. He found something precious, but it’s fragile. He’s called for Lord Thiazi to help with it”

Thiazi was the best magician in the realm. Which was not saying much, given the situation since war.

Laufey was directed to an empty guest room. There, both Helblindy and Thiazi crouched over the bed. The place was illuminated with fire torches on each corner, and in the center, by a small fire seated on a rock table that served as an improvised fire holder.

Odd. Jotnar didn’t need warmth to survive or even be comfortable. They used other means for illumination, and fire wasn’t even easy to lit and maintain in the environment.

“What is the cause of this?”

Helblindy smiled at him like he was about to reveal the prank of the century. He gestured towards the bed. The king came closer, and Thiazi stepped aside for him to see.

It was a little child. Tiny, in fact. It wasn’t even jotnar. Helblindy contemplated with absolute glee his uncle’s face as he took in the pale skin and the golden hair of the creature in the bed.
“What is this?”
“A child”
“Helblindy, don’t play with this”

The young lord stopped grinning and crouched a little to tell his father

“an asgardian child, father. Odin’s, apparently”

Laufey needed a moment to process this concept and compose himself. Helblindy grinned again.

That is impossible. It is forbidden to travel to and from our realm. The portals are closed.

“And yet, here he is” Helblindy made a gesture with his hand, towards the obvious bundle in the bed
“This is no laughing matter! If what you say is true, do you realize the consequences it could entail?”
“well, should I have let him to die in the snow?”

When Laufey’s complaint about the boy’s presence seemed to be over, Helblindy turned to the spellcaster.

“How is he thriving?”

Thiazi had a hand placed on the boy’s forehead as he spoke.

“I am no expert in warm medicine, your grace. But if cold was the thing killing him, it seems to be receding now”

He turned to his king and lord “Cold or not he must be exhausted. He will need rest and warm food”
“What if he dies, and the All Father finds him here?”
“What if he dies, and the All Father finds him in the snow, within the range of my hunting party?”

“The Aesir can not be reasoned with. We will always be to blame for everything in their eyes. This,” he gestured towards the boy “Makes no difference”

Helblindi lowered his head, looking, for a moment, slightly sorry.

“You are right, of course. But, if everything is lost, then what is wrong with me trying something new?”

And rose with a smile. The smile a little kid shows when he knows you know he is up to no good.

Laufey took a deep breath and walked to the door. He didn’t even turn around when he said “notify me when he wakes up” and left.
He knew he wouldn’t be catching any sleep anytime soon.

Helblindi inclined towards Thiazi and said “Notify me first” before he too, left.

Thiazi took a deep breath, and sat by the sleeping aesir prince.
Aparently, he was now responsible for his care.
The temperature in the room was bearable, but he didn’t fancy sitting in it for hours to come. Maybe longer.
…he really should save his energy if he was to nurse the child.

So, he called for a servant to take his place, got up, cracked his old bones, and went to sleep.
Finding herself alone, the servant walked as close as she dared to the sleeping form. He looked really tiny on the giant sized bed. Only his face peeked over the covers, with pale skin, rosy cheeks and golden hair.

Odd.
And to think this tiny creature would grow to be a barbarian like the ones who destroyed the kingdom.

She was startled by a tall figure coming up behind her. Another servant. It was the old Ongr, nursemaid of the prince.

“you are dismissed” she said. And the servant girl scattered away.
As soon as she did, however, the illusion of Ongr banished, and a small figure came from behind the curtains.

It was long past his bed time, but the little prince had noticed something important was happening in the castle and he couldn’t sleep if he tried. Hiding behind the curtains, waiting for everyone to leave, and specially casting that illusion had been tiring, but the results proved fruitful!

Loki climbed onto the bed, and found himself frozen in shock at the sight: Stories did not exaggerate when describing the Aesir: silky gold-colored hair, white skin tinged with just a bit of the pink you sometimes find in the sky…

And the size. This boy was the size of Loki.
The thought alone was exciting. But… could it be for real?

Just to be sure, Loki crawled to the other side of the bed, where there was plenty of space, and he carefully placed his feet at the same level as the other boy’s.
Then he lied down, and looked at him.
…and the Aesir boy was still taller than him. Damnit!

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