Clothes Make The Midgardian

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Clothes Make The Midgardian

by **BawdryWeirdsley**

Summary

Set in the Avengers Endgame timeline where Loki steals the Tesseract. Banished from Asgard, Loki has managed to buy a refuge on Earth using the Tesseract and his knowledge of Thanos as leverage. His fellow Avengers don’t quite trust him, and it’s up to Thor to patch the gaps between his capricious brother and his friends. What they don’t know is that Thor and Loki are lovers- but secrets don’t stay secret for long when Loki is around.

When Tony catches Loki making a walk of shame in one of Thor’s shirts instead of his usual immaculate suit the scientist is intrigued. Soon Thor and Tony come together to teach the impudent God of Mischief a lesson in respect...and Midgardian style.
Thor saw Loki’s face fall when Bruce and Tony clambered into the back of the long black car with them.

He’d never quite come around to the idea that here on Midgard they were not Gods or even Princes, but equals with their fellow Avengers.

Although Thor too would have enjoyed some time alone with his Brother, he knew that the others did not quite trust Loki yet, and was grateful for Tony’s small shows of support—such as choosing to share a government car with the Trickster.

He’d asked him why one evening after another meeting had ended in Loki’s smirks (smirks that hid his wounded pride) and one of the other’s furious departures from the room. Steve that time, it had been, unusually. Perhaps that was why Tony had taken Loki’s side.

“Hey, we’re both rich boys with Daddy issues who have problems playing well with others,” Tony had said. “Sure he tried to murder me a couple of times, but there’s been a lot of that going around. We’re all misfits here.”

Thor could have pointed out that much of the Avenger-on-Avenger warring had been set in motion by Loki himself, but why provoke things? He wanted his Brother to do well here. It was a chance to put the past behind him in a way he’d never be permitted to on Asgard where he was still a disgraced exile. His peace offering of the Tesseract and his information about Thanos had won him a pardon on Midgard, but Odin was not as quick to forget as Earth’s leaders, and Thor doubted if his Brother would ever be allowed to return home in the Allfather’s lifetime.

Banner looked even less happy with the seating arrangements than Loki, keeping his legs drawn in away from the Asgardian’s. Loki (Thor was fairly sure on purpose) had his own long legs stretched out into Bruce’s space, his highly polished leather shoes slowly forcing Bruce’s scuffed sneakers into retreat. Loki did not improve matters by saying “You’d think these United Nations of yours could afford to send a car for each of us.”

“I told you you could borrow one of mine,” said Tony.

“No,” said Thor. “I’ve seen him pilot a spaceship.”

“I’ve seen you pilot a spaceship, Brother. I’m a far better pilot than you.”

“That’s what insurance is for,” said Tony with a shrug.

Bruce closed his eyes and a thin smile flashed over Loki’s face.

“These Midgardian vehicles are vulgar, anyway.”

“Mine are way more vulgar than this one,” said Tony.

Loki smiled again, almost in spite of himself. He’d made minimal effort to get along with his new allies, and yet even minimal effort was something where his haughty Brother was concerned.

“I just don’t see why we can’t travel by magic.”

Thor felt his irritation begin to rise. “Because Father said...”
“Father isn’t here though.”

“Hey boys, don’t squabble,” said Tony. “After that meeting I can’t stand any more.”

The meeting- Diplomatic permissions for the Avengers to act on Earth’s behalf beyond Midgard- had indeed been long and fraught. Loki had shone. He always could play the diplomat when he needed to- or found it amusing to do so, knowing when to soothe and flatter and when to press his advantage. If the leaders of Midgard still feared him a little- well, perhaps that too was useful to them. If nothing else Loki was a good reminder of the threats that lay in the unguessed at universes beyond the Midgardian’s own. Thanos was still out there, and sooner or later he’d come for them.

“Do you think they’re going to go for it?” asked Bruce. He sounded worried.

“Yup,” said Tony. “They’ll have a couple more tantrums first, but I think they’re persuaded. Loki here is a persuasive guy.”

Thor could almost sense his Brother trying not to preen.

“I still don’t get why I had to be there,” Bruce said. “I mean I get it, but it’s not like I don’t have work to do back at the complex.”

“Nor I,” said Thor. “I’m happy to be there but I’ve little skill with words.” Even back on Asgard he’d never relished the political aspects of leadership and Midgard was no different.

“Everyone has a part to play in this,” said Tony. “We’re a team. There’s no ‘I get to stay home and play with science’ in team.”

“Well next time tell them I’m busy,” said Bruce. He fumbled with a coke from the mini bar. “I just can’t stand all the arguments and the bullshit, and..Jeez, this thing’s tight. I think I…”

The top flew off with a pop, gouts of fizz pouring out over Bruce’s hand.

“Oh, Goddammit!”

“Relax, Bruce,” said Tony, mildly. “This limousine cramped enough without the Big Guy hitching a ride.”

Bruce sucked at his fingers. “Jeez, it’s all over me. Sticky. Ugh, I can’t stand being sticky.”

Thor heard Loki sigh. “If any of that gets on my shoes, I’ll be unhappy.”

“Your shoes? How about my pants!” said Banner. “Man. I’m covered. This is going to stain, I just know it.”

“I’d burn them,” said Loki. “But I’d have said the same before you spilled that revolting Midgardian ale all over them.”

Bruce gaped at him. “Is he insulting me, Tony? Is that’s what’s happening?”

Tony grinned. “Just your clothes, Banner. He has a point though. You could dress up a little for these things. Look less like a….” he waved his hands.

“Peasant,” said Loki.

“I was going to go for Absent Minded professor who lost Tenure and has been sleeping in a supply closet, but sure.”
Sensing a fresh squabble, Thor laid a warning hand on Loki’s leg. “Our clothes are not important. Our job is.”

Loki turned to face him. The clever blue eyes flashed and the mouth was pulled up at the edge in a pleased smile. Thor groaned inwardly - he could tell that Loki was enjoying himself for the first time today. There was one way to reign him in when he was in this mood, but it was certainly not a method he could employ while sharing a car with Tony and Bruce.

“Well Brother,” Loki said, his voice a low and provocative (in both senses of the word, annoyingly) purr. “You would say that. You’re nearly as dishevelled as he is.”

Thor knew that Loki craved nothing more than to draw him into the argument, but nevertheless he found himself rising to the bait.

“What would you have me wear? Asgardian battle armor?”

“A suit wouldn’t hurt,” said Loki. “Stark manages to look presentable. Like a powerful man instead of an under-servant.”

The look he shot Tony was almost flirtatious.

Thor beamed Loki a look of his own that he highly hoped conveyed the message One word more and you will severely regret this later tonight.

“A suit?” asked Bruce.

“Just don’t go to Steve’s tailor,” said Tony. “Those Grandpa pants. Well I guess to him they’re just pants.”

“What, what’s wrong with Steve?” asked Bruce. “I look like I sleep in a supply closet? Do you think people have noticed? Do you think people are talking?”

“Hush,” said Thor. “Clothes don’t matter.”

Loki opened his mouth and Thor gave his leg a vicious pinch.

“Our deeds and our words are what matter, and nothing else.”

“You would say that, Brother.”

“I suppose you’d prefer me to be a peacock, like you?”

“What’s a peacock?”

“It’s a kind of bird. A Midgardian bird with a plummed tail.”

“You’ve never had any objections to my tail before now,” said Loki, softly.

Thor found himself flushing and glanced at the two Midgardians. Bruce was still fussing with his soggy shirt, but while Tony appeared to be looking out the window Thor saw his eyebrow raise the slightest bit. Curse Loki! Their relationship was supposed to be a secret. The other Avengers knowing they were lovers would complicate things unnecessarily.

“You look like a mourner at your own funeral!” snapped Thor, gruffly.

“Better than the gravedigger.” He plucked at Thor’s jeans, his fingers lingering a touch too long.
“What are these blue britches they all wear here?”

“You know full well, just as you know what a peacock is,” said Thor.

Loki smirked infuriatingly. “What would you have me wear then?”

“Bruises,” muttered Thor. It was intended to be a threat but he saw Loki’s eyes gleam and quickly added “This conversation is foolish.”

Loki shrugged. “I agree. Style is something you have or you don’t.”

Thor knew that Loki had only intended to stir up trouble, but his Brother’s words nettled him nevertheless. It was true he hadn’t taken to Midgardian attire the way Loki had. His Brother’s wardrobe was a trove of fine clothing from craftsman all over Midgard, and he was not above conjuring his own creations when his hoard failed to provide a garment that met his fancy. There were long wool coats in dove grey and pale fawn and deep blue that matched his eyes, with silk linings in improbable jewel colors. Narrow drawers held a rainbow of cravats and ties and scarves. There were fine white linens like new snow, gloves in leather and suede and silk, and elegant shoes and boots gleaming softly in their silent ranks.

Thor’s own earthly raiment consisted of a few pairs of blue jeans and some casual cotton shirts which he dressed up with a suit coat when absolutely required to. In fact even these garments felt strange to him after the armor and robes of Asgard.

Will I ever get used to it? I’m not even the one in exile! Loki has made a triumph out of his banishment. He could at least appear to be miserable about it.

But no, that wasn’t fair. He knew how skilled his Brother was at hiding his wounds and he knew too how deep those wounds ran. He ought to be glad that Loki found pleasure in at least one aspect of Midgardian life. He could even allow the God to have a little fun at his own expense.

Which did not mean that Loki would not be made to pay for it later.

The new Avengers complex sat in its own grassy park. The grounds only looked tranquil- there was enough surveillance monitoring the wide lawns and wooded walkways for a small country. Thor had been surprised when Loki had agreed to move into the living quarters here. The stipend he received from SHIELD as a political exile was not huge, but enough for a comfortable apartment of his own.

The same was true of Steve, and certainly Tony could afford his own living space- and yet they all stayed here, each of them pretending it was temporary. Tony and Bruce insisted that proximity to the labs was all they wanted, Thor that he’d soon be returning home to Asgard, Natasha that she liked the quiet. Only Steve was honest enough to admit the truth- that here among his fellow freaks he felt like a normal man.

At least in the complex there was solidarity- or perhaps it was possible to pretend that resuming an ordinary life would one day be possible once the missions were ended. Tony came and went, but the others threw themselves into the work with a single-mindedness that Thor didn’t think was quite healthy.

A refuge for the broken.

That was what it was, ultimately. Was he any different? He knew that his presence was required on Asgard, that he’d have to return eventually. For now there was the mission. And Loki.
Loki’s own quarters were on the opposite side of the complex to his own, which made stealth a necessary part of the arrangements - no problem for a magic user. It was perhaps a little too easy. Thor knew that it was foolish to think this way, yet he had to admit that the danger of being caught made their trysts more exciting to him. He’d matured since Odin’s lesson of his own banishment, but that brash warrior who craved risk above all still dwelled within him, and Loki had the tendency to draw him out.

Loki, as usual vanished the moment they got inside. Thor sat with Steve and Natasha enjoying a cool beer. The sliding glass panels of the huge living room were open and the summer air smelled sweet. Midgardian ale wasn’t as good as Asgardian beer, but did him well enough, and he always enjoyed talking to Steve and Nat who had war stories as thrilling as any of the Warriors of Asgard. Tony and Bruce were off in their own corner arguing over some archaic scientific principle, assisted by Javis who seemed to be refusing to take Tony’s side, much to his annoyance.

Thor took his time with the drink, knowing that Loki would be waiting for him. Serves him right for being so antisocial. It amused him to take the few opportunities available to make Loki squirm, and it excited him too to think of Loki wanting him and being forced to wait.

Thor’s rooms were dark when he returned to them, but he knew that Loki was here. Ever since they’d begun their affair it was like they had a seventh sense for each other.

Dim light spilled out of his bedroom door. Thor took his time drinking a glass of water at the sink, taking of his suit jacket and dropping it onto the sofa, gazing out at the full moon that painted the lawns a silvery white. Even so Loki did not appear ruffled or impatient when Thor ambled into the bedroom.

Oh well, it wasn’t like Thor didn’t know which buttons to push - it’s just that he would have liked- just once- to get there easily.

Would he be so fascinating if he were easy?

Thor suspected not.

Any other lover might have arranged themselves alluringly on top of the huge bed, but not Loki. Instead he sat in a chair near the window, one elegant ankle crossed over his knee, seemingly deeply involved in the book he was reading - a pose of disinterest both touching and infuriating to Thor.

“I hope you haven’t been waiting long,” he said. If he’d hoped to ruffle Loki, his hopes were in vain. His Brother merely shrugged.

“I don’t think so. I wasn’t really keeping track.”

“Of course not.”

“Is it very late?”

Thor shook his head, smiling. “Must it always be this way?”

Loki raised his eyebrows. “I don’t know what you could possibly mean, Brother.”

“You can never just act like you want me. I always have to push you into it.”

Loki gave a little shrug. “Is that what you think?”

“I think that you like being pushed.”
Loki said nothing, but his eyes glittered, and Thor knew that he had his interest.

“Or maybe I’m wrong,” said Thor. “Maybe I’ll just go straight to sleep. You probably have a lot of important reading to do.”

Loki smiled. “I’m not sure I like it when you call my bluff.”

“What do you like then? No, don’t tell me, come here and show me.”

Loki rolled his eyes, but he set down his book and rose from his chair, an elegant figure in black.

“You really do look good in these Midgardian garments,” said Thor as Loki approached him.

“And you really do look like a Peasant,” said Loki, slipping his arms around Thor’s waist and leaning in to kiss him.

His lips were cool and soft, and his tongue flickered across Thor’s own making the hairs rise on the nape of his neck. Thor breathed in the scent of Loki, a clean cool smell like a frosty winter morning, and the scent of the dazzlingly expensive Midgardian aftershave he wore just beneath it. The wool of the suit jacket under his fingers was so fine that it felt almost too soft to be wool.

Loki’s clever fingers had untucked his T-shirt from the waistband of his jeans and snaked up his back, trailing up and down the length of his spine.

*Perhaps he cannot bear to touch my Peasant’s garb?*

“Do you truly dislike the way I dress?” Thor asked.

Loki laughed softly. “Do you care? I thought words and deeds were impor...” his words ended in a yelp as Thor swept him up in his arms, slinging him over one broad shoulder.

“What are you doing with me? You know I hate when you do this. Put me down!”

“Tell me and I will,”

Loki struggled, but Thor was far stronger and only had to wait.

“Oh alright, it’s fine, I suppose. I was only trying to annoy Banner. He’s so amusing when he gets that way.”

Thor frowned. “You find the Hulk amusing?”

“I find his struggle to keep the monster at bay amusing.”

“You’re a terrible person.”

“You seem to like me well enough...Ow!”

Thor had dumped Loki unceremoniously in the chair he’d been sitting in.

“Sometimes I’m not sure why.”

Loki leaned back, a wicked smile on his face. “Oh yes you are.”

“You’re pleased with yourself, aren’t you? Flirting with Tony- don’t think I didn’t notice...”

Loki’s eyes went very wide. “Me? Never.”
“Toying with those Midgardians at that meeting.”

“I wasn’t toying. It’s not my fault I’m a natural diplomat.”

Thor snorted. “Dressing yourself up like a dandy and sneering at the earthlings who only want to do what’s right.”

“What’s right is very tedious. And as for being a dandy- well, everyone stares at me on this miserable planet. I might at least give them something worth staring at.”

Thor fought to keep the smile off his face. The haughtier Loki was the more he wanted to throw him down and ravish him- and Loki knew it too. Part of Thor’s mission on Asgard was keeping Loki in check- and if that particular mission was more pleasure than work, well he was surely allowed to enjoy himself on occasion too.

“You think too much of how you look. Your fine clothes. It’s not befitting of a Prince.”

“How about an exile?” said Loki, teasingly.

“An Asgardian.”

“A Jotun,” he paused. “But does it truly bother you? Would you have me dress differently?”

“Would you do so if I asked you?” said Thor.

Loki looked up at him. “No. Perhaps.” His lips were slightly parted and there was a spot of color high on each of the exquisite cheekbones. No one else was permitted to see him this way- Vulnerable. A little uncertain. The fact that he’d show this side of himself to Thor was a fresh wonder every day. “Why, how would you have me dress?”

“Brother, you are a work of art,” said Thor softly. “You need no extra adornments. If I had my way you’d never dress at all. I’d keep you in my bed to enjoy all to myself.”

“Hmmm, and what would you tell your compatriots when they asked where I was?”

“They’re your compatriots too, and I’d tell them that bedding you is the only way to stop your tongue.

Loki raised an eyebrow.

“Figuratively speaking.”

“Can we be done with speaking, figuratively or otherwise?”

Thor smiled.

“So you were waiting for me?”

Loki opened his mouth. Shut it.

Good. He already had the trickster’s composure cracked. He’d see it shattered before the night was done.
Loki sat in the chair where Thor had unceremoniously dumped him, trying not to squirm. Being slung over the Thunder God’s shoulder was an affront to his dignity. It was also ridiculously hot.

He looked up at Thor, hoping his eagerness didn’t show on his face.

*So you were waiting for me.*

He both loved and hated when Thor let on that he knew how much Loki wanted him. How could he not? He’d driven himself half-sick with need all through the long, tedious negotiations waiting for this moment— when he’d had Thor all to himself again, alone in his Brother’s rooms with no Midgardians to spy upon them.

Thor stepped closer to him now, his fingers tugging at the knot of Loki’s tie.

“Careful, that’s Hermès.”

“Does er-may mean expensive?”

Loki shook his head. “It’s worth more than your entire wardrobe.”

“Good,” said Thor. “It should be strong.” He unknotted the tie, tugging on it a little so that Loki was forced to lean toward him.

“What do you mean, strong?”

“Hold up your wrists.”

Loki suppressed a shiver. “What are you going to do?”

“Do I have to tell you twice?”

Loki sighed as though terribly inconvenienced and held up his wrists. He hoped that Thor hadn’t noticed the growing bulge in the fork of his exquisitely tailored trousers. He should not be this easy to manipulate.

They’d been lovers for many months now and yet he still had to go through this pretense each time—that he didn’t spend his every waking moment lusting after the Thunder God, and most of his sleeping ones dreaming about him.

Thor was beautiful, powerful, good. Everything he felt that he himself was not. He should have hated him. He’d made a good pretense at it all through their rift, but it was growing increasingly hard for Loki to keep his little game going. He had not yet told Thor that he loved him— had not found the courage to do so explicitly. *Surely he’s guessed it though?* But that was the trouble when one worked so hard to be unreadable— it became a habit.

Do you truly dislike the way I dress? His Brother had asked. Well what reply could he have made to that? *No, Brother, you look so delicious that I practically salivate at the sight of you, but if I pretend...*
that you’re beneath me then perhaps I can cling on to a little of my dignity and not admit to myself that I’m giddily, madly in love with you- again. Even after you rejected me once before. That this isn’t just a whim of the flesh but a need of the heart that threatens to consume me.

It was true, he’d have loved to see his Brother in a finely tailored suit- just as he could spend hours watching the way the cheap cotton of his T-Shirts clung to that miraculously muscled belly, admiring the snug fit of his worn jeans over his buttocks and the heft of his cock, thrilling at the way the broad shoulders filled out the soft checked shirt, the golden-furred forearms showing at the pushed-up cuffs. Thor’s clothing was far more of a fetish to Loki than his own exquisite collection, despite what his Brother might think of his vanity.

But to actually tell Thor that? Impossible!

Loki’s train of thought was derailed as Thor wound the tie- lavender with a pale grey chevron- around his raised wrists, drawing his arms tightly together. Now Thor took Loki’s hands in his own, his thumbs rubbing the backs of them gently so that Loki shivered again. He lifted the bound hands to his lips and kissed the knuckles, then pulled gently on the tail end of the tie.

“Come here. I want you on the bed, on your back.”

Even Loki could not prevaricate when Thor spoke in those tones. It thrilled him to hear his Brother sound so commanding. If anyone else had bound his hands he would have felt trapped, hostile, but somehow when Thor did it he felt safe.

He stood as gracefully as he could with his hands tied in front of him and moved to the side of the bed, shooting Thor a glance.

“Don’t look at me like that. You asked for this with your behavior in the car.”

“How kind of you to oblige me, then.”

Thor chuckled. “Kind? Let’s see if you still think so later.”

He gave Loki a push, so that his thigh hit the side of the bed and he tumbled onto it.

Thor bent over him, drawing his hands upwards over his head towards the wooden bed frame. He knotted the dangling tails of the tie around the horizontal post and tugged it tight. Loki struggled a little, testing the strength of the bond.

“You could break out in an instant. But not without damaging your tie,” said Thor.

“My magic...”

“Is cheating. And if you cheat I’m going to sleep and you can punish yourself.”

Loki pouted. “You’re a cruel person, Brother. Has anyone ever told you that?”

“One. Repeatedly. Although somehow I find it hard to believe him.”

Loki smiled. “He has a reputation for lying, does he?”

“He does. Plus, this is a bit of a giveaway as to his true feelings.” Thor’s hand brushed gently across
“Oh Thor.”

“Now that’s the tone I like to hear in your voice, Loki. You’ve no idea how much I wanted to put you over my knee in that car. If only the others knew how easy you are to control. With the right handling, at least.”

If anyone else said that to me, they’d pay in blood. And yet when Thor said it, all he wanted to do was roll over and show his belly. A position he was close to accomplishing, give or take a $600 shirt.

“I’m the wrong way up if you mean to spank me,” was the most acerbic bon mot he could summon with Thor’s hand still moving up and down his needy cock.

Thor shook his head. “Patience, Brother. We have a full night ahead of us.”

Thor pulled his own shirt up over his head in one long movement, golden light from the small lamp highlighting every curve of his muscular chest. It was a sight that never grew less miraculous to Loki; The flat plane of the stomach, the great slabs of the pectorals, the enticing trail of golden hair that vanished tantalisingly beneath the waistband of Thor’s jeans.

Jeans which he now pushed down his legs to puddle on the floor. Loki’s hungry eyes fastened themselves on the jutting shape in the front of the God’s black undergarments.

Thor clearly knew that Loki was watching him. He took his time pushing the thin cotton shorts down, letting the waistband brush slowly over the head of his thick cock, revealing the object of Loki’s desire inch by inch.

“Better, Brother.” Loki breathed. “Much better without all those cheap Midgardian rags.”

Thor shook his head, amused. “You just can’t help yourself, can you?”

He sank down on the bed at Loki’s feet. Loki frowned and pulled against the silk binding his wrists again.

He wanted Thor next to him, on top of him, preferably inside him, but Thor seemed determined to make him wait. Now Thor began to unlace Loki’s own shoes, slipping them from his feet, then peeled down his fine wool socks.

It was vaguely demeaning to be undressed in this way- gently and patiently instead of their usual more hurried disrobing- yet something about it excited him too. Perhaps the helplessness of his position? Being used roughly and straightforwardly was less of a challenge to his (admittedly twisted) psyche than being treated with this gentleness, this love. Thor’s tenderness towards him was still a difficult thing for him to accept.

Loki frowned. Had Thor finally found a punishment that he might genuinely struggle with? When Thor’s hands squeezed his feet, rubbing and massaging his toes he was torn between melting into the feeling of pleasure, and pulling himself free entirely.

He could stand to be desired, but to be loved?

What’s wrong with me that I feel this way? Just because those who raised me did so in a lie designed to secure political power and cast me out when I struggled with the shattering of my reality? Surely
not! At least he could find a certain bleak humor in the damage Odin's lie had done to him, but it made things no easier to bear. Plus there’s what happened to between us as youths. How he left me.

Perhaps Thor sensed his struggle, for he looked up now, his eyes meeting Loki’s. “Relax. Just...relax, can’t you? Let me touch you. Stop thinking so much. Just feel.”

Loki let out a long breath and tried to do as Thor had asked. Physically at least the sensation of Thor’s strong thumbs working the knots and aches out of his soles and heels felt wonderful, and gradually the fractured ice in his heart began to melt a little too.

“There, that’s good. It’s nice to see you relax for a change.” Thor sounded amused, but there was no mockery in it.

“Thank you.” Loki’s voice was barely a whisper, but he knew that Thor had heard him. He gave Loki’s feet a final squeeze, then moved up the bed to sit next to him, looking down into Loki’s face, running a finger down his cheek.

“Beautiful thing that you are.”


“You are the beauty in the family, not I.”

Thor shook his head, plucked at the lapel of Loki’s jacket. “Your taste is far too good for me to believe you think so. Yet modesty was never your virtue so maybe you do...”

“I wasn’t aware I had any virtues.” The words sounded more bitter than he’d intended.

“Oh, many. And beauty is one of them.”

He bent and kissed Loki. The fur of his stubble scraped Loki’s jaw in the way that he particularly loved, and as Thor’s tongue pushed into his mouth hot and assertive the old bitterness and doubt retreated, to be replaced once more with Thor. The feel of him, the heat from his bare chest bleeding through Loki’s clothes, the weight of him, the scent of him, amber and leather and the faint ozone of a stormy sky swaddling him in a temporary nest of comfort and safety.

When Thor broke away Loki could do nothing but stare up into the handsome face, wishing desperately his usually clever tongue could find a way to convey his thoughts with no input from the part of himself that was not yet brave enough to speak them.

Instead he merely said.

“Will you take me now, or do you mean to make me wait all night?”

“Making you wait all night is a fine idea, but I want you too badly for it. First however we must strip you of your finery. It’s a distraction for me...and from your work as an Avenger.” He slung a leg over Loki’s hips and sat straddling him, smiling when he felt Loki’s erection pressing into him. “In fact, I don’t know if I’m going to allow you to wear any of these ridiculous garments again.”

“What do you mean?” asked Loki, perturbed but almost unbearably aroused at the idea of Thor
controlling even what he wore.

Thor said nothing, only began to unbutton Loki’s shirt, baring his chest to the cool night air of the room. Outside, thunder began to rumble as it often did when they made love.

Do the others wonder at all these unexplained thunderstorms? Have they guessed it yet? He found himself almost hoping that they had- mischief of any kind amused him, but beyond that, the idea that any of them had guessed that Thor owned his body in this way was a powerful aphrodisiac in spite of, or perhaps because of the embarrassment he felt at allowing himself to be made into his Brother’s plaything.

“Use your magic. Get rid of the shirt. The jacket too,” said Thor. “Unless you’d have me tear them free.”

“I thought you said magic was cheating?”

“Oh Brother, you pick an unwise time to tease me- When I might tease you so much more effectively.”

Thor’s hands slid up his chest, his thumbs and forefingers closing over Loki’s nipples. They were always one of his most sensitive spots, in fact being stroked there was almost more pleasurable to him than having Thor’s hand on his prick, and he arched his back and strained against his bonds as Thor gently pinched and petted, teasing the small pink nubs into almost painfully hard points.

“Ohhhh Norns , Brother that’s not fair.”

Thor chuckled and the thunder outside rumbled softly. “There’s a Midgardian saying- All’s fair in love and war- and this thing that we have now feels a little like both, does it not?”

He pinched Loki’s nipples a little harder, plucking and twisting. “Shirt and jacket, Brother. Now. Send them back to your own rooms- you will not be needing them anytime soon.”

Loki muttered the words and the clothing was gone, whisked back to his own rooms on the opposite side of the building. His heart was beating fast and he wondered if Thor marked the pulse of it.

“There, that’s better. Now I can see you .”

And Loki supposed it was true enough. There was no one else in the multiverse who saw him- no one he would allow to see him. Thor saw the most, and one day Loki might give him the rest...one day very soon perhaps.

Thor leaned forward, the long golden locks of hair tickling Loki’s belly as the thunder God stooped to kiss his chest. He closed his eyes against the pleasure of it. His cock was painfully hard and he was beyond desperate to touch Thor.

“Brother, please .”

“So impatient. What do you want, Loki?”

“To touch you. Taste you.”

“Always so demanding. Very well. Which would you have, touch or taste?”

Loki could feel Thor’s cock pressed against his own and knew what he wanted. “Taste. Please.”
“It almost sounds like you’re begging me. Are you?”

Loki frowned, tugged impatiently at his wrists. “No. Well, perhaps. Alright, yes.”

The thunder outside boomed louder and rain began to fall, fat droplets spattering the window, hissing onto the lawns.

Thor crawled up to straddle his face, his thighs shoving Loki’s raised arms in tight, trapping his face between his own upraised arms. The Thunder God knelt above him, close enough for Loki’s tongue to barely skim the full pouch of his sack, but no more. The taste of him was maddening, as was the press of Loki’s cock against the suddenly too-tight cocoon of his trousers.

“Is that enough of a taste?” Thor asked.

“You know it is not,” said Loki petulantly. “If you’d have me beg, then fine, I’m begging you. I want your cock in my mouth. Please.”

In reply Thor reached down and began to stroke the thickness of his own shaft. Loki moaned. He knew how pathetic he must sound, but he was helpless.

“You want me?” Thor asked. Loki could only nod, his eyes fixed on Thor’s swollen member. It was as long as his own, but far thicker, with a slight curve to that tilted the huge head up at a provocative angle.

“Brother, I want you as I’ve never wanted anything else.”

Loki flinched as lightning painted the room white and thunder exploded.

“Good. Then have me, love.”

Then Thor’s cock was shoving into his mouth and he was lost in the taste of Thor and the scent of him and the feel of the velvety skin on his lips and the throbbing hardness sliding into his throat. And beneath it all beat that one word;

*Love, love, love.*

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter will switch back to Thor's POV.
Powerplay

Loki’s mouth was not warm, but deliciously cool. Thor knelt above the God’s face with his hands braced against the wall above the bed and his cock buried to the hilt in his Brother’s eager mouth. The silk tie that bound Loki’s wrists to the bed would not have kept a determined mortal in place, let alone Loki. Thor knew that something else kept Loki in check—his own power over the trickster. A power that was given more willingly than he’d imagined possible.

In battle the thrill of victory sustained him, scouring away fear and doubt, but even the certainty of the warrior was nothing compared to the power he felt with this proud, willful man beneath him. He loved that Loki would submit so willingly to servicing his cock with the very same mouth that was the source of a prowess even more devastating than his Brother’s magic and physical skill as a fighter.

Loki’s clever tongue and lips worked every ounce of pleasure from his shaft, and he thrust into his mouth almost helplessly, feeling his orgasm build and build until he was dizzy with it. Loki’s skill in the pillow arts were one thing, but more than that it was the idea of his submission to Thor’s desire, and the love Thor felt for him that truly fired his passion. Outside the thunder roared, the storm like a pair of dark wings unfurling from his soul.

When he reached his peak he threw his head back feeling the lightning discharge into the earth in huge, crackling bolts as he emptied himself into Loki’s mouth. His Brother struggled only a little as he swallowed, his tongue flickering tantalizingly along the length of Thor’s cock, milking the spend from him as Thor’s hips twitched, and the sweat rolled down his body.

It was always an agony to pull free of that talented mouth no matter how sated he felt, but the pleasure of collapsing, panting and dishevelled on top of Loki’s cool, elegant body made up for it. His softening, satisfied cock lay against the straining jut of Loki’s own, and he couldn’t help but rub himself against it just to hear his Brother moan his need.

His hair fell forward over their faces to tangle with Loki’s which was spread about him on the pillow.

Fire and shadow. Truly we were made for each other.

When he kissed Loki’s mouth he could taste his own spend, smell his own scent over the top of Loki’s familiar essence of cool, clear ice water and arcane herb. It’s as though I’ve marked him.

Claimed him.

“You’re mine,” he said, softly. “My own beautiful one.”

He wasn’t sure if Loki had heard him; The rain came down in torrents hissing onto the walkway outside his rooms, pouring down the window pane in a great rippling sheet, the noise of it making the room feel like a secret cave cut off from the rest of the world where no one else could enter. Loki’s legs wrapped themselves around his hips and Thor began to grow hard again as Loki’s prick thrust against his own through the fabric of his tight black trousers.

Thor loved it when they reached this point—He momentarily satisfied, Loki still desperate and eager, desperate for his release. Some nights he would have Loki bring him to his climax four or five times
before he allowed the trickster his satisfaction. Loki would curse and pout and beg, and finally when Thor had tormented him to the point of breaking he’d reach a height of pleasure so powerful that Thor could feel the flair in his Seidir as though their two souls had merged into one. He’d taken many lovers over the years, both mortal and magical, but none approached Loki. None ever had.

Now Thor sat up, looking down at Loki, as if needing to confirm that he was truly as blessed as he felt. That he truly had possession of this miraculous creature.

Loki’s chest rose and fell quickly, the skin pale as milk in the dim light. It was a narrow chest compared to his own, but well-muscled in a spare, elegant way. Loki’s lips were parted slightly, puffy and dark from his rough use of them, and the clear blue eyes were wide with appeal. He looked so like the innocent, uncertain young warrior of their youth that Thor felt his heart might split in two.

*How I wronged you back then. You had the truth of it all along. If only I could take back the things I said. The wasted years.*

Thor bent to plant a kiss on the taught stretch of Loki’s belly, each of his tender nipples, the long elegant neck.

“Would you like me to take you now, Brother?”

Loki nodded, momentarily lost for words in the face of his need.

*Power- this is power. To fuck all those fine words right out of his clever mouth.*

“Then get rid of the rest of your clothing. Let me see all of you.”

Loki’s eyelids fluttered and Thor felt the barest whisper of movement beneath him, and then they were pressed skin to skin.

“Good.” He stretched forward to tug at the tie binding Loki’s wrists. “This is all the clothing you own now. Anything else will have to be earned.”

Loki frowned, opened his mouth as if to protest, then shut it. Even in the near-dark Thor noted the blush of color on his cheekbones.

Loki was just where he wanted him. A touch more pushing was all it would take to break down the last of his reserve. He sat up and slid back a little, straddling Loki’s thighs. His Brother’s cock stood up stiff and straining a few inches from his own, but he wouldn’t touch it, not yet.

“How does that make you feel? To take away your choices. Your fine clothes.”

Loki’s eyes were pleading. *Don’t make me say it,* and Thor smiled.

“What is it? You have so much to say normally, so speak.”

Loki licked his lips. His eyes slid away from Thor’s. “It makes me feel...small. Owned.”

“Owned by who, Brother?”

Loki swallowed. “By...by you.”
“And do you like to feel that way?”

Loki said nothing. His chest rose and fell with shuddery breaths. Thor could see a bead of cum poised at the tip of his swollen prick.

“You’re all but panting for me Brother, and yet you can’t say it? Perhaps we’re done for the night?”

Loki grimaced, pulled at his bindings. “Fine! I like that you own me.”

“Look me in the eye as you say it.”

Loki’s eyes dragged towards his own. He had never looked more lovely or more vulnerable to Thor and it was all he could do to stop himself from covering the pale face in kisses.

“I like that you own me. I love that you own me.” He paused, and when he spoke again his voice was soft and filled with an odd mix of pain and yearning. “I love...I love all that you do to me.”

There was something more- something he’d been on the verge of saying but had veered away from at the last second. Thor felt it, but the moment had already passed and instinct told him not to press Loki.

“Please don’t make me beg you anymore. I need you. I’m burning for you.”

Let it go. He’ll speak the words when he’s ready.

He reached out and began to stroke Loki’s cock, smiling at the blissful expression on the Jotun’s face as he groaned, and pushed himself up to meet Thor’s hand.

“You’re almost at the edge aren’t you? But I don’t think you deserve it just yet. Not after the way you teased Banner in the car. I think it’s time you paid your debts.”

“Please, just let me come. Punish me later, but I’m so close.”

“Is it up to you to choose the time of your punishment?”

Loki only moaned in reply, and Thor stroked faster. “If you come now, without my permission you won’t be coming again for a month.”

Loki’s eyes went wide. “You wouldn’t.”

“Care to test me?”

He stroked faster, and Loki hissed. “Oh, Thor, please .”

“No.”

“Norns, I’m going to come.”

“You’d better not.”

Loki’s cock twitched in his hand and Thor could see how close he was. His Brother looked too adorable biting on his lip to stop himself from going over the edge.

“Please Thor, I’ll do anything .”
“I know you will, but the answer is still no.”

Loki gasped. “Stop then, damn you!”

“You want me to stop now?” Thor rubbed his thumb over the dripping head of Loki’s cock in the way he knew the God particularly liked.

“Stop, stop!”

“Very well, if you insist.”

He gave Loki’s prick a final caress, then climbed off him.

“Roll over, onto your belly.”

Loki moaned with frustration, but he was past the point of arguing. The silk tie twisted more tightly around his wrists as he rolled over, lifting his arms slightly so that he was forced to arch his back. He jumped as Thor’s hands cupped his buttocks, squeezing and groping.

“Mine,” Thor said. He pushed a thumb between Loki’s buttocks, brushing the sensitive knot of his hole. “Mine.”

Loki only whimpered. Thor could tell he was torn in a struggle between wanting to grind his desperate cock against the surface of the bed, and his own innate dignity—knowing full-well the lewd display he’d put on for Thor if he did so.

Oh Brother, sadly you don't get to choose.

“Just do as you want to,” he said, squeezing the firm roundness cupped in his left hand. “Frott yourself against the sheets for me. Let me enjoy the pretty little ass I’m about to fuck.”

Loki made a muffled noise that might have been ‘No’ but sounded very much more like ‘Yes’ in tone.

Thor slapped his buttock, and Loki yelped.

“Now.”

Thor began to stroke his own cock again as Loki obeyed him. The curve of his back into the rise of his buttocks was almost too perfect to bear. Thor knew how humiliating his proud Brother would find it to hump at the bedsheets like a frustrated beast, and the knowledge that he did so anyway only made his own pleasure grow.

“Spread your legs wider. Use your hips and your back. Make it dance for me.”

Loki whimpered at this, and Thor closed his eyes as he felt his orgasm beginning to build again as Loki’s perfect ass rose and fell. He was allowing himself to get distracted. He’d promised Loki a punishment after all and it would not do to disappoint.

Loki flinched and cried out when Thor’s hand swatted his left buttock. Thor did not hold back and the pale skin quickly reddened into a perfect handprint. This was to be a punishment as well as a pleasure, and Thor meant for Loki to remember it every time he sat down for at least the next few
days.

“I didn’t tell you to stop. Keep going or I’ll spank you twice as hard.”

Loki whimpered again and began to work his hips into the bed. Thor landed another smack across his ass enjoying the way the flesh ripped and the globes of his buttocks jiggled with the force of the blow.

_**How embarrassing for you Brother, it’s only a pity you can’t see how wonderfully debauched you look.**_

Loki’s whimpers quickly became yelps, and as Thor continued to spank him without pause or mercy the yelps turned to begging and the begging to sobs. There was a part of Thor that pitied Loki, that recoiled from hurting him at all, let alone bringing him to tears and yet he knew by now what his Brother craved- the kind of handling that would fulfill his desires. And he knew that Loki must be very, very close to spending.

Loki’s skin flamed red and was hot to the touch, and still Thor would not relent, spanking him harder still as he began to kick and struggle, pinning him easily in place with a hand to the small of his back.

“Oh Gods Brother, mercy. I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Loki’s voice was ragged.

“What are you sorry for?”

“For mocking Banner. And for mocking you.”

“And for flirting with Stark, you little tease?”

He landed the hardest slap yet across Loki’s cheeks and the Jotun howled. “Yes! Norns yes!”

“And for being a self-satisfied peacock?”

“That too!”

“Do you feel elegant now, Loki? Refined? A prince among peasants? Would you like if I dragged you out there for them all to see? Your ass spanked raw, your face wet with tears your cock harder than iron because you love this, this is what you are. Mine.”

“Oh Norns, oh Thor fuck, I’m going to come.”

Thor laughed and rolled Loki roughly onto his back. “Then come. Let me see it.”

It only took a few rough pulls of Thor’s hand to bring Loki over the edge. He threw his head back and shouted as his spend shot over Thor’s fingers.

_No use wasting it._

Thor stroked Loki’s cum over his own hardness, then lifted Loki’s legs up to rest on his own shoulders. He liked to take Loki in any and every position, but this was his favorite- to see Loki’s face as he entered him and used him was always a revelation.

Loki still breathed hard, seemingly half-stunned with the power of his orgasm, but his eyes flew open when Thor dug his fingers into the raw red flesh of his buttocks, parting them to snub the head of his cock against Loki’s hole.

“Do you want me inside of you now, Brother?”
Loki nodded, begging Thor with his eyes.

And what sort of a comrade would he be if he refused?
The hot water made Loki’s skin smart almost unbearably where Thor had punished him, but he had to admit that the bathwater was marvellously soothing on his muscles.

Even the throb of his buttocks was pleasing in its own way- it felt almost like the spanking was continuing.

Best of all were Thor’s fingers in his hair, massaging soap into his scalp. They lay in the luxurious tub together, Loki between Thor’s legs, leaning back into his chest. When Thor had begun to wash his hair he’d tensed up, unable as always to accept tenderness, but as always Thor took away his choice in the matter, and slowly he relaxed into it, enjoying the sensation of the strong fingers massaging the knots out of his neck and his temples.

They’d slept in each other’s arms, in the warm nest of Thor’s bed, Loki with his face nuzzled into Thor’s chest, for once completely at peace with himself.

When the light spilling in through the window woke him the bed had been empty and he’d felt the familiar pang of panic- He’s gone. Left you. You should not have stayed here there night- he’ll grow bored with you.

But Thor had merely been filling the bath, had lead Loki to it, stopping only to run his fingers admiringly over the raised skin on Loki’s buttocks, which had purpled to bruises in some patches.

“I was hard on you last night. You’d tell me if it was too hard, wouldn’t you?”

Loki had nodded. He supposed that there was a limit within him somewhere, but Thor had not found it yet- not when it came to the physical aspects of their partnering. Emotionally- well that remained to be seen.

He’d almost said the words last night- I love you , and yet his courage had failed him at the last second. Thor called him beautiful, desired him, made love to him- and yet he hadn’t said the words either- not exactly, perhaps sensing that Loki would struggle with them. Or perhaps he doesn’t feel it as you do?

Why then would he be so tender to me, as he is now?

Loki could not think of a satisfactory explanation, and yet there was still a part of him that could not trust his good fortune. You were fooled once before.

“Are you happy?” The words startled him, but Thor’s fingers, rubbing his shoulders now were calming.

“I don’t know. I don’t know that I’ve ever been happy. I’ve little to compare it with.”

“We were once,” said Thor, haltingly. “Before...”

“That time is done,” said Loki abruptly. “This is something new. I...I’m happier than I have been in a long time.”

“Midgard is very different to Asgard,” said Thor.

“True. But I never fit in all too well there, either.” Loki laughed. “Besides, we could never do this
back home. Servants everywhere.”

“I thought you hated life without servants.”

Loki reached up to take one of Thor’s hands and pressed his fingers to his lips. “It has its compensations.”

“But its disadvantages too. For example, you are going to have to fetch us breakfast.”

“Well, that’s easy enough,” said Loki.

“No magic.”

Loki frowned, “whyever not?”

“Because,” said Thor “It makes the coffee taste strange.”

Loki snorted. “That’s the most ridiculous thing I ever heard.”

“Ridiculous, but true. Or maybe I don’t need a reason? Maybe you’ll go because I told you to.”

“Now that’s even more ridiculous.”

“Really?”

Thor snaked an arm around his waist, leaning forward, his short beard scouring Loki’s neck. His hand gripped Loki’s cock, stroking gently.

“Are you sure you don’t want to go? It feels to me like you’re ready to obey me. You’re halfway hard just thinking about it.”

Loki squirmed, not sure whether to be infuriated or delighted with how very easily Thor manipulated him. “Ah, oh very well, Brother. Let me summon something to wear.”

Thor gave his cock a squeeze. “Have you forgotten already? You own nothing but that lovely silk tie. The rest has to be earned.”

Loki swallowed. It would have been easier to think of a cutting reply if Thor’s hand hadn’t been teasing his erection quite so deliciously- and if the words hadn’t sent a bolt of hot shivery pleasure through his body.

“You can hardly have me walk through the compound naked,” he managed at last.

“Hmmm,” said Thor, “I could, but I won’t. You did take your punishment well last night so I suppose you’ve earned some scrap of clothing.” He laughed, “What was it you called mine? Rags? Very well, you may have one of my rags. My blue checked shirt. That’s all you get for now. Maybe after breakfast you’ll think of a creative way to persuade something more from me?”

Loki toweled himself swiftly dry, Thor leaning back in the tub, watching him lazily.

_Curse him. If only he wasn’t so beautiful._

It would be easy to cheat of course- and yet some part of Loki balked at the idea. In truth it excited him- Thor controlling even his attire, making him sneak through the compound half-bare. Thor was
taller than him by a hair and wore his clothes much loser, but when Loki slipped the plaid shirt around his own slight shoulders and buttoned it, it did not leave much to the imagination. The hem of it skimmed the middle of his thighs, but the neck gaped, and it would be very clear to anyone who might see him that he was bare beneath it.

*No one will be up yet, and if anyone is watching the security cameras then it serves them right for spying.*


Loki glowered. “I do not look ‘adorable.” And I feel like a fool.”

Thor grinned. “Adorable.”

“I’d rather wear nothing than this.”

“Brother, don’t tempt me.”

It is hard to sweep from a room wearing nothing but an oversized shirt, but Loki thought he pulled it off. With Thor’s door closed behind him he couldn’t help but wrap his arms around himself, breathing in the scent that cling to the shirt.

*Thor, Thor, Thor.*

He’d never admit it under the direst of torture, but this garment might be hard to give up. The fabric was soft with age, but clean and warm, and wearing it against his skin felt almost as intimate as the hours he spent cuddled up with Thor beneath the blankets of his bed, with their limbs tangled together, kissing and petting and drifting off to sleep entwined.

*And to think he wants to waste time with food. Or saving this miserable planet for that matter.*

As he’d imagined, the complex was quiet. Steve was an early riser but would be down in the gymnasium. Banner and Stark kept late hours and would sleep until afternoon with no appointments to keep. Natasha was harder to pin down, but he’d be very unlucky indeed to run across her as her rooms were near his own on the opposite side of the complex and she would usually wait to eat with Steve.

He was in the clear. And almost a little disappointed by it. He supposed Stark’s construct, Jarvis would be watching him leaving Thor’s rooms even now, which meant that Stark might conceivably find out where he spent his nights but he doubted the man would say anything. He was a shrewd one, Stark. But possibly the least likely of the Midgardians to think ill of them for their trysts. Even Loki had heard his reputation as a lover of women.

There was a Midgardian woman he was supposedly involved with, but right now it seemed she’d had her fill of Stark’s erratic behavior and had given him some time to “grow up.”

It annoyed him that such piffling gossip had penetrated his mind. He’d tried his hardest not to form attachments to his new comrades-at-arms. No good would come of trusting them, no matter what Thor might think. Trust only opened you up to hurt.

Stark though- Loki had to admit that he was intrigued. His mind was a fine one for a Midgardian, and he had a certain style. Thor had accused him of flirting with the man- and maybe he had been.
Stark was handsome enough with his dark coloring and ironic manner.

There was no one he loved but Thor and never had been, but he had to admit that he wouldn’t turn
down a roll in the sheets with Stark if the chance came up- which it almost certainly would not. Thor
would be appalled, and he suspected that Stark preferred maids to men.

*These are not exactly the thoughts you should be thinking while trying to avoid entanglements with
the natives*, he reminded himself. But he could afford to be distracted- the corridors were empty, the
complex silent but for the song of the birds who swooped over the torturously landscaped grounds
beyond the glassy corridor he padded down.

The kitchens too were abandoned. Loki frowned at the stove, the odd Midgardian cold-box. As a
prince of the realm he’d never had to prepare his own food, and as a soldier they’d cooked what
game they caught over open fires. He’d mastered eggs anyway, and although it gave him no pleasure
to prepare food like a common kitchen boy, the thought of Thor enjoying them and being pleased
with him made up for it slightly, although of course he’d pretend to be annoyed by any praise.

The coffee was easy enough. Loki only had to pour it from the pot on the hot plate. A carton of milk
marked “Bruce’s. Don’t use!!” in the fridge completed his efforts.

“I still think I could have done it better with magic,” he informed the empty room, but the thought
that he was here because Thor had ordered it gave him a pleasurable shiver. He could see himself
reflected like a ghost in a silvery fog in the surface of the cold-box and could not help admiring his
long graceful legs. They would look better still wrapped around Thor’s waist.

This thought got him moving, plates precariously balanced in one hand, mugs gripped in the other.

*Does magic really make it taste odd? Will he be able to tell if I levitate these flagons?* While the price
of cheating could be something he did enjoy, it could also mean Thor sending him back to his own
rooms and ending their games for the day, and that he would not risk. Besides if he spilled anything
it was not his shirt.

The smooth floor was cool on his bare feet and he hurried along as best he could with his burden.
The hem of the shirt rose as he walked and he could do little to tug it down with his hands full.

*Great idea, Thor. And you think I’m the irresponsible one*.

But his luck held right up to the moment he reached Thor’s door. Fumbling with the handle,
unwilling to put down the cups or plates he failed entirely to notice the two figures climbing up the
staircase that lead down into the labs opposite Thor’s apartments.

It was only when he turned around to try to open the door with his elbow that he found himself
looking into the startled faces of Stark and Banner.

Banner’s mouth hung open. Stark’s brow was furrowed. Loki could see his eyes take in the two
cups, Thor’s shirt, his bare legs.

“Loki, what? Uh...that’s Thor’s room?” Banner stammered. “That’s Thor’s shirt, isn’t it?”

Stark appeared to be hiding a smirk. “Don’t mind us. We pulled an all-nighter. I guess we weren’t
the only ones.”


Loki closed his eyes. Made a decision. Smiled. “Don’t worry, Banner,” he said. “I can explain: It’s
exactly what it looks like.”
The city lights were soft as candle flames, dulled by the rose-gold brilliance of the setting sun sparkling on the surface of the ocean.

Tasteful music muted the conversation that bled over from the other patrons of the exclusive restaurant. No one who dined here lacked money, Thor thought, but Tony was rich among the rich, and an Avenger to boot- a kind of celebrity new to this world and admiring glances had followed the two of them as they’d been led to their table.

Such establishments were not exactly to his taste- although Loki would have relished being here- but he’d been a Prince long enough to feel at home among the upper echelons. He would have preferred a bar with meat you could suck off the bone in heaping platters, rather than these small, fussy dishes that seemed barely to be food. However this meal was to be Tony’s treat and he was grateful for the man’s friendship if not his taste in restaurants. *I believe that he chose it with my Brother in mind.*

Well, if that had been Stark’s motive it had been wasted. He thought that Loki had been on the verge of accepting Tony’s offer, but had made his excuses at the last minute as he so often did. So now the two of them gazed out at the sunset, an unlikely pairing.

They’d been seated at the best table tucked away behind a wall of palms where they couldn’t be harassed by the staring populace, and despite his mild embarrassment over Loki’s behavior Thor felt relaxed and happy. It had been a fine day- no new missions, no startling new intelligence on Thanos’s movements, and training had gone well.

Thor had been proud of Loki- not only had he deigned to give advice to Steve during the training simulation they’d been running, he’d actually appeared to listen to the pointers the others had offered with instead of making his usual show of scorn.

*Could it be that he’s coming around to them?*

“They’re skilled warriors, I’d be a fool not to take advantage of their experience,” was all he’d said when Thor had mentioned it- and mentioning it had been a mistake. He could tell by the way Loki’s face had gone blank, the shutter of his hostility to all things Midgardian closing once more.

*If you’d kept your mouth shut, he might be with you now.*
And yet maybe it was better that he was not—Thor had a shrewd idea why it was that Tony had asked the two of them to dinner.

He’d expected to have had this conversation weeks ago. Bruce and Tony could not have told the others what they’d seen—that much he was sure of. Steve would have been concerned. He was a good man and Thor respected him a great deal, but Steve was a soldier at heart, and the mission was always paramount. Thor knew that Steve would have needed to talk with him however embarrassing the conversation might have been, in order to assess any damage his relationship with Loki might do to their prospects as a team.

No, Steve didn’t know, which meant Natasha didn’t know either. She remained suspicious of Loki and Thor suspected she would have told Steve anything she’d discovered in order to protect the Midgardians. Ironically it was Nat that Loki appeared to get along with best with after Tony. There was a grudging mutual respect there that might one day turn into friendship if only either of them would thaw enough to make it possible.

So, as far as Thor was aware, only Bruce and Tony knew their secret. Loki had been half-embarrassed half-amused when he’d told him he’d been seen. Thor had known it was a risk to send him out into the complex garbed so, but his libido had gotten the better of him—exactly the type of sentiment that would alarm Steve Rogers. Still, they were lucky it had been the two scientists who had discovered the secret Loki had so indiscreetly confirmed.

Loki would be nursing his defeat at the oversized hands of the Hulk for a long time and might never come around to Bruce, but Thor thought that the man had a kind heart and he’d not try to make trouble for them, no matter how much Loki might make for him. Tony...well Tony was always hard to read.

Tony’s shrewd brown eyes had strayed towards the two of them often in the past few weeks. Thor, aware of his scrutiny had tried to keep some distance between himself and Loki. Naturally, Loki had also noted Tony’s interest and seemed to be doing his best to further arouse his curiosity, flirting with Thor so openly and outrageously that Thor was surprised Steve and Natasha, and Clint who was visiting hadn’t guessed at their union after all.

He really was too infuriating at times, and yet Thor had to admit that he enjoyed the frisson the intrigue lent to their pillow games, the heedless, untamable Loki with the clear advantage in public, himself the master beyond the closed doors of his rooms where he could make his willful Brother pay tenfold for every outrage in increasingly inventive ways.

Now Tony looked at him, toying with his cocktail. “So...”

“Thor shifted in his seat, taking a gulp from his own (not large enough) glass of ale. “What is it, Tony?”

“You and Loki.”

Yes, he’d been expecting it, and it still loosed a bolt of panic in his chest.

“We...he...”

Tony raised a hand. “I’m not judging. Hey, I’d be the last one to judge with my track record. I mean, I’m an only child, but still.”

“It was wrong of us to put you in this position,” Thor managed to say. “Thank you for not telling
Tony smiled. “Thor, relax. It’s a little weird, but here I am having Martinis with a Norse God after a
day spent hashing out plans to fight a megalomaniac space alien with a super spy, a radioactive
monster and a thawed-out super soldier from the Second World War. Two brothers...”

“Adopted Brothers,” cut in Thor.

Tony nodded. “Adopted Brothers getting it on is not the weirdest thing I’ve had to deal with
recently.”

“I’m glad you see it that way,” said Thor, weakly. “Steve...”

“Would have a heart attack- always a danger for a guy his age- but don’t you worry, I’m not
planning on telling Steve. Bruce feels the same way.”

“Tell him thank you,” said Thor. He took another great swallow of beer.

“Slow down there, champ,” said Tony. “Like I said, I’m not judging.” He sipped at his own drink.
“Honestly, I’m kinda curious. When did all of this start?”

Thor took a deep breath.

“You don’t have to tell me,” said Tony. “I probably shouldn’t have asked. Pepper says I lack
discretion. I guess she has a point.”

“You and my Brother both,” said Thor, ruefully.

The words had a peculiarly heavy weight to them and seemed to hang above the table.

You and my Brother.

I’m curious.

Thor had seen his brother flirt with Tony several times of late, but could it be- surely it could not- that
some of his arrows had found their mark? He’s curious because what you are doing is peculiar, not
because he has any interest in Loki in that fashion.

Reassuring enough- but was that the only reason Tony had cast so many glances in their direction
recently? An unbidden flash of Loki in the man’s arms passed before his eyes and he frowned.

Jealous, are you?

In truth he was not- not precisely. If Loki had actually fallen in love with someone else then he
would have been green as the Hulk, but the idea of watching Loki being taken by another man, by
Tony for instance got his cock stirring in his pants, and he slugged down another gulp of beer to
distract himself from the inappropriate thought. It was probably his own embarrassment at the effect
the idea had on him that got him talking.

“It started many years ago- for the first time, anyway.”

“The first time?”

“Yes. I was...” he looked around, lowered his voice. “His first, in fact. It was a Ball, back home in
Asgard, to celebrate our coming-of-age. For us to meet the eligible maidens of the Realms. As
Princes of Asgard our marriage prospects were of political importance. Or at least, mine were. The
feast was supposed to be for both of us, but everyone knew that it was really for me— that I was Father’s favorite and that I would take the throne some day. Everyone but Loki knew. Or at least...” He swallowed the rest of his beer in a great gulp. “I always thought at the time that he either did not notice, or did not mind. Now I know he did both. I was blind back then— thoughtless.”

Tony shrugged. “Hey, none of us are smart about that kind of thing when we’re young. Or ever.” Tony raised an arm and a waiter materialised. “Can we get another round of drinks? Make it two rounds. Saves time. I’m all about efficiency, especially when it comes to drinking inadvisable amounts of alcohol”

The waiter smiled. “Of course Mr. Stark.”

Thor sipped gratefully from his beer when it arrived. He’d never discussed his youthful affair with his Brother with another—not even Loki himself since the acrimonious end of it. It hurt him as much as he’d feared it would to think of that time, and yet it felt good somehow too. Like draining an infection from an old battle-wound.

“So anyway,” said Tony. “You guys had this Ball. Two intergalactic debutantes looking for Cinderella.”

“Aye, a Princess,” said Thor.

“A Princess,” said Tony.

“Aye, a Princess,” said Thor.

The daylight beyond the floor-to ceiling window was rapidly vanishing and without the sun to compete with the lights of the city were as dazzling as a field of stars. If he let his eyes lose focus it was almost possible to believe it was Asgard he gazed out upon.

The golden lights of his home with the infinite cosmos stretched above them. The best view of all could be had on the terraces outside the grand Throne Room. They’d stood out there that night, so many years ago, two young Princes on the cusp of manhood. Two future Kings. And Loki had said.

Loki had said...

“I wish that we could stay here.”

Thor glanced at his Brother, amused. Loki was even paler than usual, and he fidgeted and fiddled with the cuffs of his brocade overcloak.

“I think they’ll have something to say if we don’t turn up to our own Ball.” He reached out and tugged Loki’s collar straight.

“Relax. This time last week we were battling that Mountain Wyrm. Tonight can hardly be more perilous than that. I doubt if any of the daughters of the Realms will be able to turn us to stone with a glance.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” muttered Loki. “Everyone will be watching us. Hoping to win us. Like two prize pigs on fair day.”

“Pigs do not dance as gracefully as you do, Loki,” said Thor. “It’s I who should be worried. I’m
bound to stand on someone’s gown. Or foot.”

“Or both,” said Loki with a smile that flashed and was gone like a shadow. “You never are worried though.”

“Why should I be worried? I’m a Prince of Asgard. If I dance the steps of the first dance wrong, everyone will say that that is the way it was meant to be danced all along.”

His Brother shook his head, laughed. “Oh to have your confidence.

Loki leaned on the stone balustrade, eyes reflecting the city lights below and the stars above. Wide, sensitive eyes in that pale sliver of a face. He’ll make some woman a beautiful husband and will father many beautiful children. The thought made him sad somehow, but he couldn’t have said why.

Thor leaned next to Loki, shoulder to shoulder. “It will make Father happy. And Mother too, probably.”

Loki sighed. “I suppose so. Will it...” he hesitated, then glanced at Thor. “Will it make you happy, Brother? You’ll have to curtail your carousing if you’re married off.”

“And you’ll have to begin yours.” He laughed, but Loki remained serious.

“Everything will change.”

“Everything always changes,” said Thor, impatiently. “That’s what life is.”

“I suppose so.”

“Come, we should be there to welcome our Guests.”

Loki rolled his eyes. “Father’s guests.”

“Our Guests, Loki.” He pulled his brother into a one-armed hug. “You’re a Prince of Asgard. Remember that. These people are here awaiting your pleasure, not the other way around. We were born to rule, you and I.”

The Ball ended a few hours before dawn. Thor was red-faced from drink and dancing, but as sore as his feet were he was in no mood to sleep. The last of the stragglers bowed low as Odin exited- the sign to the rest of them that the evening was at an end. Loki was bowing goodbyes to a clutch of Lords and Ladies. He’d danced several dances as elegantly as he usually did, but it was Thor himself who had been coaxed onto the dance floor most often and Thor thought that Loki must be glad of it. He did not look quite glad though. Although the tone of his words sounded polite, Thor could see the familiar frown line bisecting his brow.

Loki, Loki always fretting about something.

Loki’s smile as the feasting table had toasted their eighteen years had been a rather fixed one, and Thor hoped that Odin had not realised it. He wondered if any of the fine ladies had caught his Brother’s eye- there had been many beauties among them, and many more who were quick of wit or with the spare elegant movement in dance that foretold a formidable fighter, and yet the whole thing felt too much like a game for Thor to be able to see the serious prospect of Matrimony as an end
result of any of his boisterous forays onto the ballroom floor.

Ultimately he supposed it was not up to him, but to his Father and the parents of the ladies. He would not be forced to marry a woman he had no interest in, but it was tradition that his parents should guide him as to what direction it would be appropriate to steer said interest.

He caught up with Loki on the sweeping staircase that lead to the private chambers of the Royal family.

“So Brother, we survived it.”

Loki shot him a sour look. “That was only the beginning.”

Thor laughed. “The beginning of a long and glorious reign over the most powerful Realm in the cosmos?”

“For one of us.”

Now it was Thor’s turn to frown. “You or I Loki, what does it matter? What’s mine is yours and always will be.”

Loki said nothing.

“You’re supposed to tell me that what’s yours is mine too.”

Loki barked a laugh. “I would have thought that was evident. Did you find her then, your future Queen?”

“I don’t know,” said Thor. “There were many fine maidens there. Although they all seem to have blurred into one if I’m honest.”

“With the amount of ale you downed I’m not surprised,” said Loki.

They had reached the top of the staircase. Thor’s rooms lay to the left, Loki’s to the right.

“Goodnight, then Brother,” said Loki. “You looked well out there tonight. Father will be pleased.”

“As did you. He has reason to be proud of both of us.”

There was something wistful about Loki’s smile. Thor did not know what to make of it. He knew that his Brother’s taste in entertainment was different to his own, but the high protocol of a Ball was more Loki’s element than his. Loki could charm a crowd if he chose to- have them hanging rapt on his tales or laughing at his clever jokes, and afterwards he’d have Thor laughing too as he skewered the worthies with a wit that occasionally bordered on cruelty.

Tonight however joking seemed far from his mind. His brother was as pale and pensive as he had been before the Ball and it irked Thor. A few nerves were understandable, but Loki’s continued moodiness was tarnishing the warm beer-soaked glow of his own evening.

“What is it Loki? Did none of the Maidens meet your fancy? Was there no one at the Ball you wanted to dance with?”

Loki’s eyes flicked up to meet his own, cool and blue and guarded. “No. Well...no.” he sighed. “What does it matter?”

Thor groaned. “Brother, Brother, this is no way to end your Coming-of-age Ball. I won’t have it.
You didn’t drink nearly enough…”

“You drank enough for us both…”

“But you’re going to make up for it now. Come to my rooms. I still have some of that peculiar
Nidavellir wine you like so well. Have one more. Or two. Toast our Name Day with me. I’ll not let
you go until you look a little less like you’re planning to throw yourself off the top tower.”

Loki rolled his eyes. “Thor, I’m going to bed. And don’t bother arguing with me.”

“Alright, I won’t.”

Loki was strong, but Thor was stronger, and he slung the surprised Prince over his shoulder with
ease.

“Thor, what are you doing! Put me down!”

“No arguing. Your rules, Brother, not mine.”

The passed a pair of servants who hid their smiles behind their hands.


“Then say you’ll join me for a drink.”

“Oh very well. Just put me down!”

Thor gave Loki’s thigh a squeeze. “Might as well carry you the rest of the way. Sweep you over my
threshold like a bride. It’s in keeping with the theme of the evening...ow!”

Thor dropped Loki as the frigid bolt of searing cold pierced his bones.

“Norns, Brother that hurt!”

“Good.”

Loki was breathing hard and looked furious, and Thor felt a pang of shame.

“I’m sorry. I just hate to see you so miserable. If you won’t tell me what’s wrong, at least drink with
me. I feel like I’ve barely seen you today it’s been so busy. We share this Name Day together and I’d
end it with you.”

Loki sighed. “Very well. I suppose we ought to drink together now. Our ways will diverge soon
whether we’d will it or not.”

Thor shook his head. “It doesn’t have to be that way.”

Loki looked into his eyes. “It does though. But I suppose you’re right. Our troubles will keep until
dawn. Besides, I’d discuss your dancing. An interesting interpretation of The Maiden’s Lament. I
never knew pouring mead down your partner’s back was an accepted variation on the second
movement.”

“Perhaps that’s why she was Lamenting to begin with?”

Thor was gratified by Loki’s laugh. In fact making a joke worthy of Loki’s approval warmed him
more than any of the flirtatious attentions he’d received all evening long. Eighteen years old, and still
a boy who prefers the company of his fellows to those of Pillow Partners.

He liked to lie with a woman well enough after a battle or a feast, but it was still the battles and the feasts that heated his blood more fully than his short, good-natured tumbles. He supposed that one day he’d meet his true soul’s companion and things would change, but for now, marriage was not something he’d have tried to win without Odin’s prompting.

Well, so be it. He’d not be like Loki and spend the whole evening imagining some gloomy future of duty and boredom. Whoever he married would be a warrior like himself and they’d adventure together before they settled down- Just as he and Loki did now. It was said that there was one Like Soul out there for every living Asgardian- a match preordained by Yggdrasil. His own Like Soul would be someone like himself- he was sure of it.

Marriage needn’t mean the end of his adventures. Just the beginning of a different one.

Loki was staring around Thor’s chambers with distaste.

“Sit down Brother. Relax.”

“Where am I to sit?” aid Loki. This room is revolting. Doesn't your Steward ever clean?”

“I pay him extra not to move my things. What’s wrong with it?”

“There’s a skull on this sofa. And filthy boots on that chair. And I don’t even know what that is in that dish…”

“Hmmmm, nor do I. The heart of a Wight? Or dinner from last week. One of the two.”

Loki wrinkled his nose fastidiously. “Am I to sit on the skull, Brother, or squat amongst your unwashed clothing on the carpet?”

“Don’t be so fussy. Sit on the bed.”

“Is it clean?”

“Probably.”

Loki shuddered. “Young men are repulsive. I can’t understand why any of those Maidens would want to marry either one of us.”

“Well your rooms are tidy.”

“Yes,” said Loki. “But I’m me .”

Thor sighed. “Young men are melodramatic. Lord Loki, you sound like a poet and you know I can’t stand poets. How about you sit down and drink some of this wine before you break out into an Edda?”

Loki smiled. “Very well.” He perched gingerly on the edge of Thor’s bed as the God searched for two cleanish flagons.

The Nidavellir wine made his eyes water when he uncorked it. The syrupy brew sloshed into the cups in a night-black gout.
“You really like this stuff?” He asked Loki.

Loki shrugged. “It makes my magic weak, but the taste is good.”

“It makes me feel like...” Thor trailed off. “Like, uh, falling asleep,” he finished, lamely.

Loki’s eyes narrowed, but Thor assumed it was more likely that his Brother was trying to assess the cleanliness of the flagons than he’d guessed which part of him the Nidavellir wine really affected.

Perhaps if I’d downed some of this earlier I’d have paid more attention to the Maidens this evening. Or more likely have escaped the Ball entirely to pursue some unwise tryst with a Serving Maid in a pantry. Oh well, the wine could not do too much harm now. He and Loki would toast each other’s names and then after Loki had gone he’d bring himself off and sleep the sleep of the righteous.

He flung himself into the heaped furs next to Loki, bouncing his Brother aside and sloshing much of the wine out of the flagons.

“Careful!” snapped Loki.

“Oh don’t worry, there’s plenty left,” said Thor, licking his hand clean.

“I hope you don’t mean to pass me the cup you just licked.”

“I licked my hand, not the cup. Just drink.”

He pushed the flagon to Loki’s lips and tipped it. Loki had no choice but to gulp down the wine or risk soiling his immaculate attire, and suddenly Thor wanted to see him soiled. He was always so neat and in control. Perhaps that was why his nervousness this evening bothered Thor so?

Loki was prising the cup out of his fingers. “I can hold it myself.”

“Have it your way.” Thor flopped back into the pile of furs and pillows. “Not a bad evening. Are you sure you didn’t see any Maidens who caught your eye?”

“Not a one,” said Loki. “You must have. Your eye being what it is. Sif looked very lovely tonight. Of course she doesn’t come with a Kingdom attached.”

“Sif is very lovely,” agreed Thor. “Clever. A fierce fighter.”

“She’s in desperately love with you too, which must be a boon to one with your ego.”

Thor frowned. “Don’t be foolish. We’re comrades, that’s all.”

Loki smirked. “Comrades in love. Well, one of you, at least. Don’t you care for her?”

Thor considered. “No. Not in that way. She’s like...well, like a sister to me.”

“A sister?” Loki shook his head and swallowed a mouthful of wine. “It’s always the way. The ones we love don’t love us and the ones who love us we do not care for.”

“That sounds dangerously close to poetry,” said Thor, giving Loki’s leg a poke. “Lie down, can’t you. You make me nervous perched on the edge like a Gargoyle.”

Loki rolled his eyes, but flopped onto his side next to Thor. “Father had it all wrong from the
beginning. If he’d had some of those wenches from *The Dead Giant* in you’d have been betrothed before they poured the ale. I know your taste, Brother.”

Thor snorted. “I’m not sure that you do.”

“Buxom, silly, quick to spread the legs.”

“You think that’s my type?”

“Your type? I was describing you.”

Thor pounced on Loki with a growl and the two of them rolled in the blankets, laughing.

“Norns, there goes the rest of the wine,” said Loki.

“Plenty more where that came from,” said Thor. Seeing Loki laugh had cheered him, and the wine helped too. He hopped off the bed long enough to secure the bottle, then plopped back down next to Loki. There was a flush of color in those pale cheeks finally and a glitter of life in the clever eyes again.

Thor took a swig from the mouth of the bottle and shoved it into Loki’s hands. He expected God to protest- or at least wipe the bottleneck clean, but Loki did neither, taking a deep swig instead.

“Mmm, that’s good. *Strong* .”

“It certainly is,” agreed Thor. He prided himself on his ability to hold his alcohol, and yet the Nidavellir wine went to his head in a way ale or meade did not- and to other less governable parts of his anatomy. Did it have the same effect on Loki? Was this why he liked to drink the stuff? He’d never known his brother to pine after any woman, but he supposed it was conceivable he had a Maid tucked away somewhere. They were eighteen summers old, after all.

Under normal circumstances he’d never have voiced these thoughts aloud- mostly because there was no chance Loki would confess the truth of it. But the excitement of the Ball lingered in his heart, and the wine was leading his thoughts astray. The hour was late and he supposed that the rest of the castle slumbered. It was pleasant to be here with Loki, and he suddenly wanted to draw out the time before Loki grew bored and returned to his own quarters.

“Loki,” he said. “Would you care to play a game?”

Loki had propped himself up on his elbow. “A game?”

“Aye- in honor of our name day.”

Loki shook his head. “What sort of a game?”

“One we used to play as boys- for old time’s sake.”

More recently he’d played it in the upper rooms of the *The Dead Giant*, but this was very different to that. This was quite innocent.

Loki was frowning. “Which game do you mean?”

“Confessions.”

Loki snorted. “Confessions? That foolish Maiden’s game? What on earth makes you think I’d play that?”
“Because I’m not ready to sleep yet and because it will be fun.”

“No it won’t.”

“Coward. Perhaps I’ll go and rouse Fandral and Volstagg from their beds if you’re determined to be boring.”

Loki pulled a pained expression. “I’m not a coward, or a bore. I just don’t see why you’d want to play that of all things.”

“You used to enjoy it when we were young. You always thought of the best questions.”

“You won’t change my mind through flattery.”

“You can go first,” offered Thor.

Loki rolled his eyes, but he made no move to get up and leave the room as Thor feared he might.

“I can go first? And you’ll stick to the rules?”

Thor nodded solemnly. “Truth or forfeit.”

Loki took another swig of wine, then passed the bottle back to him. “Alright.”

Thor grinned. “Excellent. Go on then, ask away.”

Loki pondered. Thor loved the way his Brother’s eyes looked when he was engaged in a particularly tricky piece of magic or intrigue. He truly is a beautiful creature. No woman of the court has such delicate bones, nor such long legs.

An odd thing to think. He really should go easy with the wine.

“Alright,” said Loki finally. “If you had to marry someone, right now- tonight, out of all the women you’ve lain with, who would it be?”

Thor grimaced. “That’s the best you could come up with?”

“Truth or Forfeit.”

“Very well, I suppose...do you remember that Vanir woman with the braided hair? The one who lived in the house in the trees and knew birmagic?”

“Her? You lay with her?”

Thor smirked. “Aye I lay with her.”

“When?”

“Oh, she gave you that list of herbs because you wanted to learn the potion for eagle sight.”

“And you had her while I was trekking through the forests of Vanaheim looking for Scarlet Vetch-which I’m still fairly certain she invented?” Loki looked scandalised.

Thor nodded. “Jealous?”

Loki’s mouth was a thin line. “No.”
“I don’t know that she’d make the best wife, but I’d give much to lie with her a second time. The things she could do with her tongue. Speaking to birds was the least of it.”

“Her tongue? What did she do with her tongue? No! Don’t tell me.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to know? You seem curious. You’ve gone very red.”

“Enough!” said Loki, turning away.

Thor laughed. “My turn.”

“I don’t think I want to play anymore.”

“That’s not how it works, and you know it. I gave you my confession so you must give me one, or pay a forfeit.”

Loki pouted. “Or I could just go to bed.”

“You could try.”

Loki gave Thor an imperious look. “Like you could stop me.”

“You know that I could. Are you going to play or do I have to pin you down on my bed to secure a confession?”

Loki opened his mouth and closed it. He was blushing again, and seemed, for once at a loss for what to say. The energy between them seemed to have shifted somehow. It reminded him of the air before a storm—when the power began to build in the thunderheads, the lightning flickering through the blue-black banks of gathering cloud. It made him shiver a little. Loki too looked disconcerted.

“I...very well! Ask.”

“Same question.”

“What?”

“Same question—out of all of those you’ve lain with, who would you marry. If you had to.”

Loki’s eyes dropped. His shoulders stiffened and he frowned.

“Go on, I told you mine.”

“No one.”

Thor flopped back onto the bed. “You can’t say ‘no-one.’ You have to pick.”

“There...there is no one.”

“What?”

“There’s no one to pick from.” Loki took a huge swallow of wine, and wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. “I’ve never lain with anyone. There. That’s my confession.”

Thor could not quite believe what he was hearing. “Do you truly mean it? I thought you were just secretive about your lovers.”
Loki laughed. “Oh I’m secretive, believe me. Only when it comes to the pillow arts...there’s no secret to keep.” He groaned and glowered at the bottle in his hand. “Nidavellir wine! Norns, I can’t believe I told you that. Happy name day, I suppose.”

Thor wasn’t sure what to say. He reached out and patted Loki’s shoulder “I’m sure if you wanted to you could have anyone.”

Loki groaned. “Please don’t Thor. I can’t bear it. I’d not have your pity.”

“I mean it,” Thor said. “You’re attractive enough. You must have at least kissed somebody. Choose one of them instead.”

Loki shook his head. “No.”

“No?”

“No you won’t tell me, or no you’ve nothing to tell?”

Loki closed his eyes. “The second one.”

“Why?”

A dark look flashed across Loki’s face. “Who’d want me?”

“You’re handsome, powerful...You’re a Prince.”

“ A Prince, not The Prince.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” said Thor.

Loki sighed. “I know you don’t. It’s for the best anyway. I’d likely be terrible at it.”

“Everyone is terrible at first.”

“I bet you weren’t.”

“I was,” said Thor, taking the bottle from Loki and swigging deeply. “You just need someone to teach you the way of it.”

Loki laughed. He was a good bit drunker than Thor had realised. “Alright- here’s your second Confession. Who taught you? Who was your first?”

Thor groaned. “Must I?”

“That or a forfeit. Come on, I confessed that I’m a virgin. What could be more shameful than that?”

Thor chewed at a nail. “Olga Halfannar.”

“Olga Halfannar?” Loki frowned, then his eyes widened. “Olga the cow keeper?”

“She wasn’t just a cow keeper. She was a...”

“Olga the cow keeper with the missing eye? The half-giant Olga Halfannar?”

“She was a very sweet woman, underneath it all.”

“By ‘it all’ do you mean the cow dung? She must have been ten years older than you.”
“Fifteen,” said Thor stiffly.

Loki threw himself back onto the bed and laughed, an arm pressed across his mouth, his chest shaking.

“It isn’t that funny,” said Thor, smiling in spite of himself as the tears poured down Loki’s cheeks. “Aim low to start with, then they can’t mind how terrible you are.”

Loki shook his head, his voice still thick with laughter. “That’s your advice is it? What a pig you are.”

“It isn’t terrible advice. Olga has a sister you know. Two eyes and everything.”

“Don’t,” groaned Loki. “I’ve hurt my stomach from laughing already. Although I suppose you’re right. I should get that first terrible kiss out of the way on some unsuspecting victim. Perhaps then I wouldn’t be so hung up on...”

“On what?”

Loki sighed, his face serious once more. “On what can’t be.”

“So mysterious, Brother. But if getting your first kiss out of the way is all you’re worried about that’s easy enough to deal with.”

“How?”

It was the wine. He always blamed the wine afterwards. Certainly not how lovely Loki had looked splayed out on the pillows, his lips parted slightly, stained red from the bottle, his face flushed from laughter.

_What boys we were. Did he plan it all? Was he really so innocent as he appeared, even then?_

Thor bent and kissed Loki’s lips lightly. A cool mouth, soft as a Maiden’s. It had felt like nothing as he leaned forward- An extension of their joking. Another foolish part of a foolish game, but when their lips met his heart had begun to trip lightly in his chest and the flame of his desire, quickened by the wine leaped up within him like a firebrand, startling him so that he pulled away.

In the moment of silence that followed he could hear his own heartbeat still thundering away within his chest and was aware that the hairs on his arms had risen.

_Say something. Anything. Dispel whatever power hangs over the moment._

Loki looked as stricken as he did. His eyes were wide and appeared very large in the dim light of the room.

_Laugh. Make a joke. Anything!_

But before he could, Loki leaned up to kiss him again, a longer more lingering kiss, but still so gentle, so unsure that instead of feeling repulsed or ashamed Thor’s heart seemed to split open with love and pity for his misunderstood, lonely Brother.
And lust too. Do not lie to yourself. His desire spread through his belly like molten gold, and he felt his prick stirring in his britches.

Loki pulled away first, his breathing was ragged and two splashes of color stood out on his high cheekbones.

“Loki?”

Loki’s voice was soft, almost a whisper. “How was I? Terrible?”

Say yes. Make a joke of it, or make him furious so that he leaves.

Thor swallowed. Licked his lips. “I...I could not tell. Do it again.”

Loki leaned towards him, but all of a sudden the damn of Thor’s desire seemed to burst and instead he rolled on top of Loki, pushing him onto his back, not gentle at all now, but suffused with a need stronger than any he’d never felt before.

He parted Loki’s lips with his tongue, tasting his mouth, shivering with pleasure when Loki’s own tongue touched his, tentatively at first, then with growing passion. He bit at Loki’s lips, sucked at his tongue, claimed the clever mouth for his own, marvelling at the lithe body pinned unresisting beneath him. He knew that Loki must feel the hardness of his prick nudging into his thigh, but in that moment he did not care. He’d never wanted another so much as he suddenly wanted Loki. If he gave himself time to think about it then he knew that he’d stop- shocked at what he was doing, so he simply did not give himself time to think.

“Do you want this?” was all he said, to which Loki nodded.

It was enough.

He ripped Loki’s jacket aside, tugging it roughly down his arms, yanked the shirt wide to expose his chest. Buttons flew and fine seams tore but Loki only moaned and gripped Thor’s hips with his knees.

Gods, he’s as hard as I am. I can feel him pressed against me.

The thought ought to have shocked him, but did not. Instead it excited him beyond all reason.

He’s never been kissed before, never tasted, never taken, I might do anything I want with him. Proud, beautiful, disdainful Loki and he’s mine.

He shucked his own surcoat and shirt off in a quick shimmy and then their bare chests were pressed together and his teeth were nipping at Loki’s long neck and Loki was moaning as prettily as any whore he’d ever bedded.

“Please Thor,” his voice was low and urgent with a tone in it Thor had never heard before.

“Please what?”

“Please will you take me?”

“That’s what you want is it? To be fucked by me? For me to break you in?”

Loki flinched at the crudeness of the words, but Thor felt his cock twitch against his thigh.
“You like it when I speak roughly to you?”

Loki colored. Nodded.

“Good. I...I like it too.”

He felt the way he sometimes did at the height of battle-confident, unstoppable, without mercy. *What is this? Why should he of all people awake this in me?*

Never one for analysis, Thor certainly did not care to dwell on it now. Loki wanted him. Was all but begging for him.

*He probably would too, if I told him to. I know it somehow.*

The thought was an exciting one, but Thor could not make time for such games now. Instead he rolled off Loki and tugged the God’s britches down to his knees in one yank. Loki’s hands came up to cover his hard cock, but Thor caught his wrists.

“I think we’re past any modesty, don’t you? You asked for this. You wanted it.”

His own hand slid up Loki’s prick. He felt almost maddened with wine and his own arousal. “I’ve never touched another man before, did you know that? You feel good. How hard you are under that soft skin.”

Loki’s cock was nearly as long as his own, but not as thick, and he marveled at the way it pulsed in his hand as he ran his fingers along the underside of it, traced the slit of the head.

Loki squirmed as Thor examined his hard prick, his face was very red and his breathing ragged.

Thor had stroked his own cock enough times, so how very different could Loki’s be? Certainly when he tightened his grip and began to stroke it, Loki’s breathing sped up and he began to moan.

“Can I...can I touch you too?”

Thor nodded, and yanked open his own britches, freeing his cock. Loki’s eyes went wide at the sight of it.

“Can I....with my mouth?”

Thor could have moaned himself. To think of *Loki* of all people servicing him in that way! “Norns yes...but ask me again. I want you to meet my eyes as you ask for it.”

He didn’t know where the words came from, only that they felt like the right ones. *Like this was hidden within us all these years, just waiting to be awakened.*

The look in Loki’s eyes got the spend beading at the tip of his cock. He’d never seen a pair of eyes more abashed, or more hungry. He could tell that Loki’s pride was wrestling with his need and it felt like his own victory when Loki spoke again, meeting his eyes only with apparent effort.

“Please Thor, let me use my mouth on you.”
“On which part of me?”

Loki’s eyes dropped. “On your...your cock.”

“Good. Do it then.”

“I’ve never done it before, you’ll have to tell me how.”

Loki sounded tentative again, but Thor only grinned.

“Oh don’t worry, I intend to.”

Loki was a quick learner. Thor had never instructed anyone in this way before, and wondered why. **As if ordering anyone else to pleasure my cock in this way could be half as exciting as having him do it.**

It was still there, the undercurrent of disquiet- The knowledge that they should not be doing this. That he should not be lying with a man, least of all his own Brother...and yet there was a stronger feeling overlaying it- a feeling of **rightness**. A feeling that the two of them had only been biding their time, waiting for this congress.

Loki sucked his cock with a will, using his lips and his tongue exactly as Thor told him to. Thor could feel his peak rising within him as he thrust himself into the wet, eager mouth.

*Not like this. I want to take him, as he asked.*

He reached down, wound his fingers into Loki’s hair so that he might pull his head up.

“I want to spend inside you. Is that what you want, Brother? For me to take you that way?”

He saw Loki start a little at the word **Brother**, but he nodded anyway.

“I’ve never done this before either,” said Thor. “But I feel we’ll find a way. It feels like this was almost...”

“Meant,” said Loki. “Like we were chosen for each other.”

It was the closest they came to stopping, each of them chilled by the meaning hidden in the words. **Like it was meant**. As though they were Like Souls.

*Impossible. It can’t be him- My own Brother. Yggdrasil does not make mistakes like that.*

But the demand of his need was more powerful than any doubt he felt. He yanked off Loki’s boots, and britches, kicked off his own.

“Lie on your belly,” he told Loki. “Let me see you.”

Loki looked uncertain, and Thor, impatient simply rolled him over, shoving his legs apart. He half expected Loki to balk, but the God allowed Thor to manipulate his body as he wished, tilting his hips up obediently when Thor’s fingers dug into his flesh, parting his legs still further, bringing them up and to the side, to part his buttocks and reveal the small pink knot of his hole.
Thor traced a finger slowly over the delicate flesh, and Loki shivered.

“Does it feel good?”

“Yes,” breathed Loki. “Oh Norns yes. Good...but...”

“But what? Tell me.” He grinned. “Confession or forfeit.”

Loki swallowed. “It’s almost too much. No one has ever touched me like this before. Even seen me. Let alone...” he swallowed. “Made me display myself like this.”

The words, and the tone of mingled humiliation and ardor in Loki’s voice almost tipped Thor over the edge, but he managed to bite down on his lust. Loki had never been penetrated before and he knew enough to realise he must go slowly.

In fact, Loki looked so wonderful to him right now that it would have been a pity to rush anyway. He’d never seen another man—let alone the haughty Loki—so vulnerable. Laying with his chest pressed into the bed, his hips raised and his legs spread to reveal his most intimate parts—the perfect picture of submission.

Thor leaned over the side of the bed, soon finding the pot of balm he used on his sore muscles after training—Or other parts of himself when he was alone in his chambers. It might not be what the debauched pleasure-seekers used in their seraglios, but he thought that it would serve his purpose well enough.

He daubed some of it on his fingertip then touched it to the exposed bud of Loki’s hole again. Loki moaned and raised his hips still higher, and encouraged Thor began to trace circles around the sensitive ring of flesh.

“How tight you seem. I’ve never fucked a quim as tight as this. I wonder if you’ll be able to take me?”

Loki only moaned in reply.

“To think you’ve never been penetrated before, by anyone. You’re going to take my fingers first, and then my cock. Are you ready for me?”

“Please Thor.”

Thor laughed. “How desperate you sound, Brother.”

He reached down between Loki’s legs for his dangling cock, swiping a thumb across the head, marveling at the wetness. “How eager you are.”

His fingers returned to Loki’s hole, dipping into it, teasing the tight little ring open bit by bit.

“How tight you seem. I’ve never fucked a quim as tight as this. I wonder if you’ll be able to take me?”

Loki nodded. He was trembling very slightly, and Thor felt a rush of love for him. He bent and planted a kiss on Loki’s thigh. “Don’t be afraid. I’ll be gentle. I wouldn’t hurt you for all the Nine Realms.”

He slid his first two ringers into Loki’s hole in one long, slow movement, feeling the tight wall of muscle clench and quiver around him. Norns! Imagine how that will feel on your prick.

Loki cried out, but it did not sound like pain.
Thor let him get used to the sensation for a second of two, then began to gently work his fingers, stroking Loki’s passage open in gentle insistent thrusts, until Loki began to move his hips, pushing himself back onto Thor’s hand.

“Good Brother, how nicely you fuck yourself on my hand. Is this what you wanted all along?”

Loki made a noise that could almost have been a whimper- which turned into a wail when Thor’s crooked fingers found the swollen nub of his prostate.

“Oh Norns, Thor I’m going to come.”

“Not yet,” said Thor. “I want you to come with my prick inside you. I want you to come shouting my name as I take your virtue. I’m going to be your first, Brother.”

He worked his fingers into Loki’s hole a few more thrusts, and then knelt behind him, stroking a palmful of the balm into his own hardness.

“If you need me to stop, then tell me,” he said.

Loki nodded. His fists were clenched and Thor could feel the tension in his thighs, and he bent again to kiss Loki’s back, his thighs, the roundness of his buttocks, far rounder and more neatly muscled than any Maid’s.

“Get up on your hands and knees. It will be easier for our first time I think.”

_Implied that you believe there will be a second time?_

He pushed the thought away from him. There was a whole lifetime ahead of him in which to regret this madness, but he meant to take Loki’s virginity and to have his pleasure with him despite the cost.

Thor knelt behind Loki, holding onto his hips, using his thumbs to part Loki’s buttocks so that he might savor the feeling of the length of his slick erection rubbing up and down against the swollen little knot.

“Tell me you want it,” he panted. “Tell me you want me to use you.”

_So that tomorrow when I wake with dread in my belly I can at least know I need feel no shame on that account at least._

“Thor, I want you as I’ve never wanted anything. Make me...make me a man on our Name Day. It should be you. I always knew it. I waited for you.”

The words were enough- more than enough. He felt he’d run mad if he had to wait any longer.

Loki hissed as the head of Thor’s cock snubbed up against his hole. He was as patient as he could be, pushing forward until the tightness began to accept him, stretching wider and wider, deliciously, toe-curlingly snug around his cockhead.

Loki panted, and his fingers dug into the furs he knelt on, but he did not ask Thor to stop, and when at last his overruled muscle gave up its resistance and Thor slid forward to penetrate him fully they both cried out together.

Loki’s hole was as exquisitely tight as he’d imagined it would be- almost to the point of pain.
Because no-one’s ever taken him before. He’s untouched. He needs to be trained like an unbroken colt most be trained for riding.

The thought got his cock streaming and any discomfort was washed away on the tide of his desire.

“Does it hurt?” He asked. “Or are you ready for me to claim you?”

“I’m beyond ready,” breathed Loki. “Take me, Thor.”

He gasped as Thor pushed forwards. Thor could feel the abused ring of muscle quiver anew, trying to adjust to the thickness that slid through it, inch by inch until Thor’s whole prodigious length was buried within Loki.

“There Brother, do you feel that?” He twitched his hips. “You’re an innocent no longer. You’re mine now.”

He could feel the bump of Loki’s prostate pressing on the underside of his cock, and tilted his hips to trap it more firmly, and then began to fuck himself against it in long, slow strokes.

Loki groaned- a low, animal sound that made Thor moan in sympathy.

It had never been like this with any of the Maidens he’d lain with. They’d been skilled and clever and comely, but nothing had come even close to this. It should have felt wrong, but nothing had ever felt so natural to him in all of his life.

“Can you take it harder?” he panted, and Loki nodded.

Still, he went gently at first, rocking his hips, barely pulling back, but as he felt Loki relax and start to lean into him he began to lengthen his strokes, speeding up until soon he was fucking the whole of his length into Loki’s body.

Loki was breathing hard, sweat rolling down his sides, crying out as Thor pulled him back by his hips again and again, their flesh slapping together, their cries mingling.

He felt his cock start to twitch, felt the electric heat of his orgasm gathering in his belly.

“T’m going to come inside you, I’m going to fill you.”

“Please, Thor do it. Own me.”

He threw his head back as he came, feel jet after jet of his spend course out of him, filling his Loki’s insides. Loki shivered and gasped, jerking his hips desperately.

Thor leaned forward resting his weight on Loki’s back, reaching beneath him to grasp the dripping hardness of his shaft. His hand worked Loki’s cock roughly and when he felt it pulse and the warmth of Loki’s spend flow out over his fingers, he thought he might die from pleasure.

Loki gasped as Thor pulled out of him, bringing a tide of his own spend with him to paint Loki’s thighs lewdly. They collapsed together in the wreck of the bed, daubed in spend and sweat, breathing hard, stunned and sated.

Thor reached out for Loki, pulled him into his arms, kissed him.
“And how long did that go on,” Tony asked, quietly. He shuffled in his chair. *Discomfort, or something else?*

“A year,” said Thor. “Just over a year. I ended it. He insisted over and over that we were each other’s Like Souls, but I couldn’t believe it, however much I wanted to. I told him that it was a mistake. A boyish infatuation on his part. Curiosity on mine.”

Thor laughed. “They call him the liar, but I was the one who lied, to myself and to him. He changed after that. It was there that he began to go wrong. It was my fault.”

Tony shook his head. “How were you to know?”

“Oh, but I did know! Eventually I did. I saw it in his eyes when we found out that truth of our parentage- the hope that this meant we could come back to each other again. Because it was real all along. We were made for each other.

But I...I wouldn’t have it. I’d worked too hard to put him behind me. And I was ambitious- I wanted to rule. I knew that the people would never accept Loki as my consort, even if we were not truly related by blood. Finding out that his life was a lie all but broke him.

Hearing that the truth would change nothing between us finished the job. That’s why I’m here with him now. I broke him, and it’s my job to fix him.”

He laughed, ruefully. “I’m sorry if our story is a little more depressing than you bargained for.”

Tony shook his head. “Don’t be sorry. For any of it. It's kind of a unique situation, wouldn’t you say? Guy meets Brother, Guy loses Brother, Brother gets vindicated by Magic Tree is not exactly a common romance narrative. But anyway, the ending isn’t depressing, right? You guys got back together.”

“We did,” said Thor. “I didn’t deserve it. The whole universe thinks I’m giving him a second chance, but in truth he’s giving me one. I love him as much as I ever did and I believe he loves me. But he doesn’t trust me yet. I haven’t earned it.”

“And when did it start again between you too?”

“The trial,” said Thor. “Last year. I helped him escape Asgard when I found out what the sentence was likely to be. No one knows that. He fled to earth, bought his sanctuary with the Tesseract and his intelligence on Thanos. I smoothed things over between Midgard and my father- persuaded Odin that he’d be better off here, making amends for his crimes against your people.”

Tony laughed. “You’re sneakier than I gave you credit for, Point Break.”

Thor shrugged. “I learned a few tricks from Loki.”

“I guess so.”

There was a pause in which they both downed the dregs of their drinks.

“So,” said Thor. “I have a question for you.”

Tony raised his eyebrows. “Confession or Forfeit? Is that it?”

Thor laughed. “If you like. Why is it you asked about us? The safety of the mission? Curiosity?
Something else?”

Tony pulled a face, poked at the olive in the bottom of his glass. “Curiosity, I guess? What do you mean, something else?”

Thor paused. But the beer he’d downed had loosened his reserve and the question that had been niggling at him was hardly more personal than all he’d told Stark.

“Are you attracted to Loki? You must have noticed how he flirts with you and you’ve done little to dissuade him.”

Tony’s eyebrows shot up. “Wow, going right for the K.O, huh? Yeah, I mean I guess I noticed him flirting with me. I just figured it was his way of trying to get under my skin.”

Thor shrugged. “Yes. That’s a given with Loki. But you...out of all who dwell in the Compound-you could knock him back down if you chose to. Your wit’s a match for his.”

Tony shrugged. “Maybe the attention is flattering?”

Thor laughed. “And you’re so lacking for attention.”

“It’s a little different when you’re getting it from a God,” Tony paused. “I mean...hell, OK, I guess I’m a little curious. I’ve done a lot in my time. A lot of women. A lot of things that you wouldn’t believe. Or maybe you would? It all gets old after a while, no matter what Pepper thinks. So something new is always...let’s go with intriguing.” He glanced up at Thor. “You’re not the jealous type, are you?”

Thor held up his hands. “Not me.”

“Well, I like women. Not men. But sometimes I find myself thinking about...”

“About what?” asked Thor.

Tony shrugged. “I don’t know. Him. Loki. There, are you happy?”

Thor smiled. “Yes. Happier than I was when I arrived here. Don’t look so worried, I won’t tell anyone- especially not Loki. He’d be unbearable. Well- so long as you keep our secret, anyway.”

Tony slumped back in his chair. “You Asgardians play too rough, did anyone ever tell you that?”

“Tony,” said Thor. “You have no idea.”
Thor circled him, like a predator circling prey. Loki felt the hair stand up on the back of his neck and his breath quicken.

“Must we really do this tonight?” He asked. “When there are far more entertaining options available.”

“We agreed to help,” was all Thor said.

He sounded distracted. His eyes crawled up and down Loki’s body, increasing the unaccustomed feeling of self-consciousness.

“Make the jeans tighter.”

“Tighter? Any tighter and I’ll be a eunuch.”

Thor shrugged. “Don’t argue.”

Loki licked his lips. Thor sounded in no mood for a playful comeback. What he sounded in the mood for was to throw Loki down on the bed and use him hard. Which made absolutely no sense in the face of his insistence that they help Stark with his latest experiment this evening.

Loki performed the magic that would alter his costume to Thor’s liking, biting his lip as the tight fabric hugged his body more snugly. His Brother had been as good as his word, and for the past six weeks Loki had been cut off from his own supply of fine garments. Each morning when he dressed Thor would tell him what he was to wear for the day, and he would conjure an appropriate costume with his magic. Sometimes it was an outfit he might have chosen for himself anyway. Other times—such as tonight— it was most definitely not.

“You look good. Better than good,” said Thor, kissing the back of his neck. “Don’t you agree?”

Loki glanced at himself in the mirror, feeling his cheeks burn. His hair was tied back and the purplish mark of a love bite from the previous night stood out on the pale flesh.

“It...doesn’t leave much to the imagination.”

The black jeans clung tightly to his long legs and buttocks. The length of his cock pressed up against his left thigh was quite clearly visible. Thor had not allowed him any undergarments, and he might almost have felt less exposed had he been naked. The way the fabric clung to his length seemed to offer it up, inviting any observer to look or to touch.

The shirt was no better. A paper-thin cotton T-shirt in dark grey that was nearly as tight as the jeans. His nipples and the lines of his muscles were highlighted rather than concealed by the clingy fabric. As if to drive the point home, Thor stepped around him, rubbing his thumbs over the sensitive nubs.

“Oh Brother, don’t,” moaned Loki. “Not if you truly intend to make me wait for you all evening. I’m still not sure that I feel like doing this at all. Why does Stark need me to be there? Tell him you’re
busy communing with Lightning or something.”

The caress turned to a pinch that made him gasp.

“I wouldn’t advise that you tell me what to do, Loki. You’re still owed a punishment, remember?”

Loki tried and failed to keep the smirk off his face.

“I was merely trying to help. Testing for weaknesses in the security systems. And I found one, did I not? Thanos has magic users in his employ. If Midgard’s security can not detect magical incursions, then how will it protect us?”

“And that’s why you filled the complex with those nightmare apparitions?”

“Of course, Brother. Why else?”

Thor sighed. “I honestly don’t know. If you wanted to startle everyone you succeeded. If you wanted me to be angry with you, you succeeded in that too.”

Loki glowered. “I don’t see why. No harm was done.”

“Except to their trust in you.”

“Those shadows were incapable of harming anyone. Ugly pictures and nothing more.”

“Seeing your worst nightmares take physical form in the middle of the night is hardly harmless.”

Loki shrugged. “Well, I still think I helped. Thanos wouldn’t stop just because Banner cried.”

“He didn’t cry,” said Thor. “But you might, once I think of a punishment you won’t simply enjoy.”

“You have to admit, it was funny. Whoever would have guessed that Rogers was terrified of cats?”

Thor glared at him. “These people have suffered much- at your hands. Do you really find it amusing to make them face their horrors, here in our sanctum where they should be safe? And if Asgard finds out you’ve been using your powers for ill they could take them from you.”

“Are you going to tell them?” Loki asked.

“Perhaps. I should.” He sighed.”Sometimes I wonder if you’d do better if I returned to Asgard. I enjoy our...our relations, and I would not be parted from you, but perhaps my presence here encourages the side of you that craves chaos- and the attention that follows?”

“Relations is an unfortunate word in the context.”

Thor shook his head. “You really don’t care, do you? I’ve tried everything I can think of to make a home for you here, but you just won’t be helped. Maybe Father is right.”

Loki felt a rare pang of remorse- not at the idea of his seidir being removed, although the notion was appalling-but because Thor did seem genuinely frustrated with him.

He searched for the right words, wanting to explain himself but unused to candor of any kind.
“I...I know it’s wrong, even as I’m doing it. I know that. And yet I can’t help my nature. Can you help calling forth the storm?”

“I can control it,” said Thor.

“Oh, we can put it off for a while, but our nature is that our elements will always find a way out. Yours is just more useful than mine. You release the lightning and everyone applauds you for it. I...I’m trying. I truly am. And your punishments do not encourage me, if that’s your worry. If anything they help to discharge the urge.”

He laughed. “Well, the urge for chaos. My other urges I cannot speak for.”

Thor wrapped his arms around Loki’s waist and rested his forehead against Loki’s own.

“Truthfully?”

“Yes. You know I hate to speak truth, but I can’t lie to you. Not any more. It’s irritating, really. Inconvenient to say the least.”

“That was difficult for you to tell me, wasn’t it?” Said Thor, gently.

Loki nodded, and Thor put his hands in the side of his face, gently lifting his head to look into his eyes.

“Thank you, then.” His kiss was gentle but passionate, his tongue slipping into Loki’s mouth until that he felt that he might melt with the strength of his own desire.

“Must we really spend the evening with Stark?” Loki said, as Thor broke away.

“Yes, we must,” said Thor, tugging the front of the hateful T-shirt straight. “But I think you might find it more enjoyable than you fear. Maybe. We’ll see how things go. Perhaps this is the way forwards for all of us.” His expression was thoughtful, and irritatingly cryptic.

“Thor? What are you planning?”

Thor raised his eyebrows. “I? I’m planning nothing Brother. You’re the trickster, after all.”

With that answer Loki had to be content.

Loki was far from averse to attracting attention in the normal course of things, but the clinging outfit Thor had chosen for him made him feel terribly exposed.

Surely Stark will notice it. What on Asgard will he think?

His irritation only grew at the unwelcome excitement that the thought of Stark seeing him garbed so sent coursing through his treacherous loins.

The man was a Midgardian. Vermin. Powerful in the context of this pitiful planet, but by Asgardian standards he was nothing. Even by Asgard’s standards he had no special powers—only a mind fine enough to level the playing field with his contraptions.

A peasant with beautiful eyes though. And that tight little backside. I wonder how he’d be between
the sheets? Would he want to rule or to bow down?

Powerful men often wanted to play the submissive role, Loki knew, but was that Stark’s preference? Or maybe he had no taste for such games. Maybe he made love in a disappointingly utilitarian fashion. He liked women, Loki thought. Well, so does Thor, and yet here we are.

He shook his head, annoyed at himself. It was these ridiculous britches, he decided, the tightness of the fabric gripped his prick and balls in the most insinuating fashion, and the tight seam wanted to part his cheeks as he walked. No wonder he could think of nothing but pillow games.

Curse Thor for dragging him out of his rooms! Perhaps this was to be his punishment? An evening being bored to death by the irritatingly attractive Tony Stark..

And of course Loki remembered, Stark now knew about Thor and himself.

“Did he ever mention it to you?” Loki asked as he and Thor descended the wide staircase to the lab.

“Mention what?”

“Us, of course. What else?”

Thor shrugged. “Aye, we talked of it. Several times now, in fact.”

Loki gaped at him. “And you didn’t think the conversation worth mentioning to me?”

Thor stopped, gave Loki’s shoulder a push so that his back thumped against the wall. “Why should I? You’ve never expressed an interest in the opinions of Midgardians before now.”

“What did he say?”

Thor moved closer, pushing against him, trapping him in place, and Loki’s hands slid around the muscular back.

“Why do you care?” Thor murmured, his breath on Loki’s neck making him shiver. His teeth nipped and grazed at Loki’s ear, and one strong thigh pressed against the exposed length of his cock which was beginning to grow hard. “You want him, don’t you?”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” said Loki.

“Don’t lie to me, Brother. I’ve seen you looking at him.”

Loki smiled. “Jealous?” he asked slyly.

Thor twitched his hip grinding against Loki’s erection.

“No. Actually it excites me to think of him fucking you. I’d like to see you taken by him. Perhaps it would teach you some humility at last? It seems to be the only language you respond to.”

Loki’s eyes widened in shock. “Thor...I...”

Thor’s hand slid up inside Loki’s shirt, teasing at his nipple. “Look at you, panting and confused.”

He stepped away. “Look how hard you are. We can’t go in there like that.”
“Then come back to our rooms...I mean your rooms and fuck me yourself. Please Brother. You know I hate to beg you but you’ve been teasing me all day.”

“I know no such thing,” said Thor. “And we have work to do. So how can we calm you down enough to make you presentable? Ah! I know what will do it.”

“What?” Said Loki, suspicious. Then he realised. “No Thor, don’t, you know I can’t stand it.”

“I do know.” Thor grinned.

Loki tried to twist away, but Thor simply spun him round and pulled him into his chest, slipping an arm beneath both of Loki’s and leaning back to lifting him off the ground so that his belly was stretched taught, his shirt riding up to expose a sliver of pale skin.

“Thor, please .”

“Sorry. I truly am.”

“No you’re, not, you absolute bast...”

But his words were cut off with a yelp as Thor yanked his shirt up higher and started to tickle.

It was utterly maddening and Loki hated it beyond anything else. No matter how he squirmed and struggled, he could not escape as Thor’s fingers ran up and down his ribs and his belly. He could not even find the breath to beg as wave after wave of unbearable sensation overwhelmed him. When Thor is finally let him go he was breathing heavily, and beyond furious.

Thor gave his prick a fond squeeze, making him jump.

“Much better.”

“I can’t believe you did that,” Loki panted. “You know how much I hate it, it’s so undignified.”

Thor shook his head. “You and your dignity. It’s an unfortunate habit, Brother. Perhaps one day I’ll break you of it for good? It worked though, didn’t it? I can still see every detail of that hungry cock of yours, but you’re not hard any more.”

Loki glared at Thor caught between the stinging reply he’d like to have made and the thrill of arousal the Thunder God’s words awoke in him.

“Come, Brother. We’ve kept Tony waiting long enough. And don’t look so angry. I think you’re going to learn a lot this evening. And we both know how stimulating you find it to learn new things.”

Loki hadn’t been inside the labs since he’d first come to live in his odd new home. This was Banner and Stark’s domain, and since they spent so much time here they’d made it comfortable.

Banks of machines and the hovering schematics that seemed so often to surround Stark like his own personal galaxy dominated the room, but there were personal touches too- a seating area with a low black sofa, and a short bar, behind which Stark was standing, uncorking a bottle. The windows behind him looked out onto more of that endless green lawn, revealed by the security spotlights..

“Guys! Just in time. Red or white?”

“Do you have beer?” Thor asked.
Stark nodded. “Sure. Loki?”

It was still odd to him- to be addressed by these people as though he was one of them.

“Which are you having?” He asked.

“White,” said Stark. “Sulphates, you know.”

Loki glanced at Thor who gave him a significant look.

“White is tolerable.”

He started as Thor’s hand slipped around his waist.

He’s touching me! In front of Stark!

He was well aware that the Midgardian knew about them, but he’d never imagine that Thor would be so blatant.

If Stark had noticed Thor’s touch, he made no sign of it.

“Are you sure that wine won’t interfere with your experiments?” Thor asked.

Tony shrugged, “One’s not gonna hurt.” The shrewd brown eyes met Loki’s. “And I have to say your brother here looks kinda tense. I think this will work better if he unwinds a little. Wouldn’t you say, Loki?”

Loki frowned. “I’ve no idea what you’re talking about. My Brother-“ he glanced at Thor “did not see fit to inform me what we’d be doing here tonight.”

Loki saw Tony and Thor exchange a look and felt his temper rise.

“It would appear that the two of you have been having all sorts of conversations without me.”

He wondered again what Tony thought about his relationship with Thor. Disgusted? Curious? Amused? He could not tell.

What of it? His opinion is quite meaningless .

If his coldness discomforted Stark, he didn’t show it, merely poured wine into two glasses and gestured to the sofas.

“Come sit, and I’ll explain.”

Thor sat down on one end of the sofa with a sigh, accepting the bottle of beer with a nod of thanks. With his legs splayed wide all Loki could think of was how much he wanted to sit on his lap, or more accurately, his cock. Why did Stark have to be here at all? They’d never made love anywhere in the compound beyond their own rooms, but suddenly Loki realised that there were all sorts of possibilities available. Minus one irritating Midgardian chaperone.

“Loki?”

Thor’s voice startled him out of his daydream.

“Sit.”
Loki frowned. The note of authority in his Brother’s voice was one he’d never heard outside of the bedroom. It was startling to hear him use it in front of Stark.

Sit. Like I’m a dog. I ought to ignore him. Walk out. Keep walking. There has to be some party worth crashing on this miserable planet.

Instead he walked slowly towards the sofa. Stark had seated himself on the opposite end to Thor, and the only place left for him was between the two.

He sank into the soft leather with as bland an expression as he could muster. The sort of expression that he strongly hoped conveyed I’m sitting because I feel like it, not because you told me to.

The sofa was not a large one and he found himself thigh to thigh with both Stark and Thor. Had he ever been this physically close with any of the Avengers before?

Well, there was the time you threw him out of a window.

He smirked at the memory. But that had been in the heat of battle. He certainly hadn’t had time to admire the man’s dark eyes or to smell the scent of his expensive cologne. He wasn’t such an impressive physical specimen as Thor, or even Rogers, but there was something alluring about the compact little body. The shoulders and chest were well-muscled and showed to their best advantage in a T-shirt that was almost as tight as Loki’s own. Stark’s skin was tanned, and the artificial light of the lab highlighted the dark hair that furred the backs of his arms.

Loki had a terrible weakness for forearms and forced himself to drag his eyes away, as if suddenly interested in his own reflection in the night-dark window panes. He was glad that he had when Stark pressed the cool glass of wine into his hand and their fingers brushed. He felt a flush creeping across his cheeks and hoped that neither of the other men had noticed.

Damn Thor! Gets me all worked up and leaves me to suffer. Look at him- Guzzling ale, not a care in the world. And if he hadn’t spread himself out quite so wide, perhaps I wouldn’t be practically sitting on top of this dreadful Midgardian.

The Midgardian in question seemed comfortable enough with the seating arrangements as he sipped from his wine. Warmth from his leg seeped through Loki’s jeans, but when Loki tried to move away, Thor stretched out more luxuriantly still, pushing him closer.

Loki took a gulp of his own wine. It was good- crisp and steadying.

Thor was very much mistaken if he thought Loki was going to submit to whatever foolish scheme Stark had concocted with good grace, but perhaps the more willingly he went along with things, the quicker they could be done with this.

“So,” he said. “Why are we here?”

Stark cleared his throat. “In a philosophical sense or a...”

“In a ‘why are we crammed onto a tiny couch in this cellar instead of doing literally anything else’ sense.”

“I wouldn’t call it a cellar exactly,” said Stark. “It’s more of a state-of-the-art imaging research and advanced engineering rumpus room. And we’re here because of your little caper with the bad dreams last week.”

“Loki’s very sorry for what he did,” said Thor. “Aren’t you?”

“What does my ‘caper’ if we must call it that have to do with your lab?” asked Loki.

Stark didn’t seem angry at the lack of apology. In fact he looked relaxed, almost amused.

“Well, it occurred to me that we’re kinda defenseless when it comes to what I call magic, and Bruce calls unscientifically quantified phenomena.”

“Magic is catchier,” said Loki, and Stark smiled.

“Right? So I thought- let’s fix it.”

“Fix it how?” asked Loki, suspiciously.

“Well, you produce a few unscientifically quantified phenomena tricks, and I have Jarvis map the parameters, and we see if we can’t get some kind of a bead on energy levels.”

Tony took another sip of wine and slung his arm over the back of the sofa. It wasn’t quite around Loki’s shoulders, but he was still very aware of their proximity and shifted uncomfortably, trying not to look at how the extended arm had stretched Stark’s shirt tight across his torso.

Such a vulgar garment. In Asgard it would be considered underwear. And here I am, dressed the same.

“So what?” he said, more out of discomfort than anything else. “You mean to track my magic with that machine? How will that help? My magic is almost certainly different from anyone else’s.”

Tony locked eyes with Loki. “That I can believe. But yours is a start. The security logs from the other night were crazy! Some systems registered your...entities. Some registered electrical disturbances, some nothing at all.”

“That I can believe?” Is he flirting with me?

“We need to gather what intelligence we have to hand,” continued Tony, “and then expand the research sample. Big magic road trip.”

It was hard for Loki to concentrate on the man’s words with only half his mind on the conversation.

Did Thor prime me like this on purpose to make sport of me? What game is he playing here?

He took a large swallow of his wine. “So, what would you have me do?”

Tony glanced down at his own glass, smiled. “Now, there’s a loaded question.”

He is flirting with me. I can’t believe this!

In the normal course of things Loki would have been happily flirting back, as he had in the past with Stark. But things were not normal, not now that Tony knew about Thor and himself. A man who lay with women might flirt with other men for fun he knew, but seldom if he thought such interest might be interpreted the wrong way, and never in front of a partner-especially one with the strength of a God and a temper like Thor’s.

What on Asgard is going on here?

Tony was still talking and Loki tried his best to follow the thread of the conversation.
“It’s pretty simple, really. You produce a few illusions and we monitor it. See what the systems can pick up.”

Thor gave his foot a kick.

“Brother, are you listening?”

“Of course I am,” snapped Loki. He set his wine down. “Who’s to say I want Midgard to understand the parameters of my powers?”

“A fair point,” said Tony. “But we’re not talking about Midgard, or even SHIELD. This is strictly Avengers only.”

“For how long?” Asked Loki. “You said yourself you’re woefully unprepared for threats beyond your puny comprehension.”

Tony held up his hands. “Whoa there buddy, are you giving me a Bad Guy speech? We’re on the same team, here. No speeches. Puny comprehension? Jeez, I can practically hear the cape rippling in the ominous breeze.” He shivered. “I don’t hate it. But you’re an Avenger now. Thanos is coming for all of us, but mostly he’s coming for you. I’d like to be able to stop him.”

Loki had been on the verge of stalking out of the room: Bad Guy speech! Really! But the sound of Thanos’s name froze him.

“Look, he’s not a fan of any of us,” Stark continued “but I would have thought that you of all people would be onboard with making our defenses as strong as we possibly can. Because from what I heard you’re at the top of his naughty list.”

Tony drained his wine glass. When he spoke again his voice was gentle. “Look, I’m not trying to threaten you into going along with this, just pointing out that we’re a team, and we need you. Just like you need us. If you don’t want to do it, I get it. I haven’t mentioned it to anyone but Thor here. We can do it without you if we need to, but I’d like to have you onboard. You are to magic what Bruce and I are to science to hear Point Break here talk, and so I had to ask.”

Loki sighed. Closed his eyes. Was that the slightest twinge of shame he felt over his trick with the nightmares? Never! But agreeing to Stark’s foolish experiments would at least force the man to stop talking.

“Fine. What do I have to do?”

“Pretty simple,” said Tony. “Just wear the feedback receptor and pull a few rabbits out of a hat, or whatever it is you do.”

“Rabbits?”

“One of your tricks, like the one where there’s a whole bunch of Lokis. Actually, yeah that’s a great place to start, let’s see if we can parse out the real deal. Plus- bonus Loki.”

There it was again, the little comment that could be a joke or could be flirtatious. Loki glanced at Thor who gave him what on the surface looked to be a reassuring smile. But Loki had been studying Thor for a lifetime, and he thought that something else lurked below the bland look of encouragement.

_I wish you’d thought to mention your conversation with Stark before we were outside his laboratory. I’d give much to know what it was that you two said._
Stark had turned away from Loki to pick something up off the low table- a thin silver circlet hinged in the middle.

“What’s that?” asked Loki, suspiciously.

“Oh, just the feedback receptor,” said Tony. “Looks simple, but there’s 500 grand’s worth of tech packed into this baby. We just slip it around your neck, and…”

“Wait, my neck?” Interrupted Loki. “Like a collar?”

“Yeah, like a collar. It’s a good spot for monitoring pulse, brain activity, nerve signa...”

“Isn’t there any other shape it could be?”

“Well,” said Tony, frowning. “I guess...but it would take a couple of days to refigure.”

“He’ll wear it,” said Thor.

That note of steel was back in his voice and it made Loki’s neck prickle. That and the soft roll of thunder from outside.

Am I making him angry or...is this turning him on?

Thor’s words came back to him- Actually it excites me to think of him fucking you.

Is this turning me on?

The entirely unfortunate answer was yes, and in his ridiculous getup all Stark would have to do was glance down to see it.

Distract him then!

“Just put it on me. Let’s get this over with.” He leaned forward, elbows placed strategically in his lap. Tony lifted the collar up and Loki tried not to shiver at the cool metal- and then the warm brush of Tony’s fingers- on his skin.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter ended up way longer than I thought it would (seems to happen a lot) so it’s been split into two sections. This rather chaste little setup, and the rich smutty goodness of the chapter to follow. Hopefully this one is fun too.
Thor’s hand on Loki’s shoulder steadied him, but did little to quiet his arousal. He was all too aware of being sandwiched between the two men—Thor on his right, Stark on his left. And now Stark’s fingers gently brushed his neck as he fitted the cool metal collar around Loki’s neck. Stark’s face was just inches from his own, and Loki’s eyes flicked to his lips. Their mouths were close enough to kiss.

He jumped a little as Thor lifted his hair to allow Stark to bring the two ends of the collar together at the nape of his neck. His Brother’s grip was just firm enough to hold Loki in place without actually tugging. Now they were both touching him, Thor holding him still by the knot of his hair and Stark snapping the collar closed, where it locked with a minute electronic purr. Loki was aware of the quickness of his breathing, but was helpless to stop it, especially when Thor gave the collar a small tug from the back.

“It suits you, Brother.”

Stark’s fingers still rested on the front of it.

“Seems to be functioning well.”

Loki could say nothing. The tight fabric trapping his hardness against his leg made him feel each pulse of his own eager blood.

*Control yourself. Such a device is degrading, especially put on you by another.*

A less than comforting thought for one with his particular predilections in the bedroom.

*But it’s different when it’s someone worthy of mastering me. Thor, for example. This man is unworthy. I bested him in battle. I almost ruled his planet.*

And wouldn’t that make any forced submission to him all the more delicious?

The thoughts were not helping him in the least and he was relieved when Stark released him and leaned back.

“Great! Ready to start then?”

“Ahhh, might I have another glass of wine first? It...er, helps the magic flow.”

“Does it?” asked Thor. “I’ve never heard you say that before.”

“Well it does,” snapped Loki.

Thor laughed. “If you say so Brother. I’m sure there’s no other reason you need a minute to gather yourself.”

Loki turned to shoot Thor a venomous look, but Thor seemed more amused than ever by his discomfort. When Stark got up to fetch the bottle Loki tried to scoot away from his horrible excuse for a comrade, but Thor hooked his finger back into the collar before he could do so, leaning in close to whisper into his ear.

“Don’t think you’re taking this off anytime soon. I’m grieved I didn’t think of it sooner.”
Loki would have *liked* to tell Thor that the day he came up with a swift thought would be the day there was a heatwave on Jotunheim, but Thor’s breath tickling his ear made coherent speech impossible.

Now Thor grasped his wrist and lifted his arm away from his lap.

“How again? Do you need me to cure you once more?”

A wave of shame rippled through Loki. Shame that was unfortunately unbearably arousing. Loki glanced towards Stark, but he was busy delving in the refrigerator.

“What are you doing, Thor? What’s he going to think of me?”

“That you talk a big game, but ultimately you’re just a submissive little plaything who longs to be punished for all of his many misdeeds. Inaccurate? Even you would struggle to pass off a lie that bold.”

Thor nipped at his ear and Loki only just managed to stifle a moan.

“But you’re right,” whispered Thor. Science first. Then...whatever else happens.”

“Whatever else?” hissed Loki. “What do you mean? What’s going on here?”

“Be a good boy and you might find out.”

*Not helping. Really not helping.*

The wine however did help a little. He did not meet Tony’s eye when he passed Loki the glass, and was relieved when the man drifted off to check the readiness of his machines. When he put some distance between him and his Brother, Thor allowed it, and by degrees he mastered himself once more.

His thoughts were hardly on the experiment now though, and he was too distracted to concentrate as Stark explained the mechanism of his contraptions.

“We all good?” Tony asked, finally. He and Thor sat at the edge of the room, obscured by a floating array of feedback.

“Yes,” said Loki. “What would you have me do again?”

“No need for anything fancy. I’ll have you whip up a few extra Lokis and stand still in the middle of the room to begin with just to establish a base level.”

Tony’s brow was furrowed in concentration and his eyes darted back and forth across the data display. His jovial manner had been replaced by one of competence and seriousness. *Interesting that he can be so very different when he’s at work.*

Loki felt a sudden urge to impress Stark somehow, do deliver what he wanted, and it dismayed him. He glanced at Thor who was watching him fixedly. He’d stopped drinking after one ale.

*Just what is he keeping himself focused for? And what did he mean by ‘whatever else happens?’*
“Okay, let’s do it, kids.” Stark said.

The lights in the room dimmed, and Loki closed his eyes to summon the spell. He felt his essence split and refract, his mirror selves fanning out to either side of him. It was a not a diminishment, but a magnification, and standing at the center of a rank of false Lokis he felt a little more in command himself.

“Perfect! I feel like I’ve got front row seats at A Chorus Line,” said Stark. “Just hold steady and we’ll start the analysis.”

The experiments were simple enough, and in a way they were oddly soothing. Using his seidir always centered him, and he felt almost proud showing off his abilities to this duo.

After he’d produced a whole roomful of static Lokis, Stark had him begin to act in a more erratic way, trying to confound the machine’s perception of where his true essence lay.

At first he thought it would be impossible and was smugly pleased, but after an hour’s work, the machine became more and more adept at eliminating his shadows.

“Good, I think we’re beginning to build a picture,” said Stark, finally. “What say we put it to the test?”

“How?” asked Loki.

“I’m going to try to have P-220 catch hold of you, all you have to do is evade.”

“P-220?” asked Thor.

“A prototype. We never did anything much with him- Pepper thought he was creepy. But he’ll work well for this. J.A.V.I.S.? Send him up, would you?”

“Yes, Tony,” replied the smooth mechanical voice.

Loki frowned. He had no great liking for Stark’s constructs from Jarvis down. There were too many unknowns there- Midgardian technology was crude but surprisingly effective and it was something he ought to have been working on familiarising himself with.

Well, maybe this was the start?

A side-door hissed open. One of Tony’s suits stood there. It was less elegant looking than his latest models. The head was an eyeless blank and the torso barely human. Instead of arms a brace of four long dull metal ropes snaked lazily back and forth, each about two inches in thickness.

“Tentacle arms?” said Loki, skeptically. “I can’t begin to imagine why your woman found those unnerving.”

“Relax! They’re perfectly innocent tentacle arms. Superb grappling strength- all but indestructible- but the level of delicacy they’re capable of is...”

“Not sounding any less creepy,” said Thor mildly. “What are you planning, Tony?”

“Like I said- Loki here evades, P-220 tries to catch. I’m uploading the data now.”

Loki glanced at the crude metal shape that stood dumbly at the side of the room. “Not much chance of that thing besting me. What a waste of an evening.”
“Manners, Brother,” said Thor, warningly, but Stark chuckled.

“You think so?”

“Yes.”

The brown eyes locked with his own.

“For real?”

“For real.”

“Well then,” said Stark. “Maybe we should up the stakes? Make your evening less of a waste.”

“What are you talking about?” Loki tried for his usual imperious tone, but even he heard the note of uncertainty in his voice. It was those clever brown eyes- they tied his tongue and sent his mind off in all sorts of odd directions.

“If P-220 catches you within...let’s say ten minutes, then you stay here a while longer and I get to run another experiment on you.”

“What experiment?”

“Whatever I feel like.”

Thor chuckled, and Loki felt his skin prickle. The strange electric current he’d felt earlier was back, sparking between the three of them.

“And if I win?” he asked.

Tony considered. “What do you want?”

What indeed? There was much Stark could acquire for him. Weaponry being the most intriguing. Even Stark couldn’t get the Tesseract back for him, but Loki knew that he was capable of creating all sorts of amusing toys.

Or you could put an end to these games. A suggestive underlayer had hidden beneath the whole evening. Tony and Thor clearly had some secret plan between them, and Loki was not unaware of the sexual tension between the three of them. He could be predictable and choose some sort of practical boon, or he could ask for something more interesting- something that would either steer the evening to the conclusion Loki suspected was awaiting them, or end it entirely.

The choice was not difficult.

“What I’d really like is my clothes back.”

“What clothes?” Tony asked.

Loki smiled at Stark. “It’s a game between my Brother and I. He tells me what to wear or what not to wear, and I obey him. You can’t think I chose to garb myself this way?”

Tony cocked his head. He did not look at all embarrassed- in fact he looked more interested than he had even in his experiments. “I don’t see why not. It’s a good look on you. Huh. So that’s the kind of game you Asgardians get up to?”

Thor raised an eyebrow at Loki. “When my Brother doesn’t try to cheat his way around the rules we
do, Aye.” Annoyingly he didn’t look embarrassed by Loki’s revelation either.

“It’s hardly cheating,” said Loki coolly. “You wanted me here, assisting Stark. You have a stake in this too. Why should I not collect my prize from you instead of him?”

Thor got up from the low chair he’d been sprawled on and came towards him.

“You’ll receive more than enough from both of us if you’re slower than Stark’s construct, Brother.”

He crooked a finger under Loki’s chin and kissed him, a slow sensual kiss, that made Loki’s eyes flutter closed despite his surprise. Thor pulled away to whisper into Loki’s ear.

“Bold move. You truly want this?”

“I don’t know what this is yet. But...I believe we should find out. For science’s sake,” he whispered back.

Thor stepped around Loki, to stand behind him. One hand slipped around his waist to slide up his chest, and close on Loki’s collar. He struggled for a second, but what was the point? He’d set these events in motion and he was more than a little curious to see where they would lead.

“What do you think, Stark?” The rumbling of Thor’s chest against Loki’s back made him shiver.

“Does the bargain sound a fair one?”

Tony threw up his hands. “Wow. Yeah. I guess we’re doing this, huh? Good.”

Tony’s shrewd eyes flicked up to Loki’s who held them a second, then dropped his gaze. He could feel himself growing hard again and knew that Stark must have noticed it.

“Come over here, why don’t you?” Thor said. “Loki gets upset if he can’t be the center of attention.”

Tony smiled, and set down his wine glass. He closed the spaced between them until he stood only inches away from Loki, and the God found he couldn’t quite meet the Midgardian’s eyes. He wished again that Thor had chosen a less revealing outfit for tonight’s games. It seemed very unfair that he should feel quite so naked while he was still fully clothed.

“You know this is about the last thing I ever expected to be doing with you, Reindeer Games.”


“And I thought you were just an intergalactic pricatease.”

Thor laughed. “A fair assumption, but he’s willing enough—once you put him in his place.”

“And where’s his place?” asked Stark, moving even closer.

“If you win, you’ll find out,” Loki said.

“Oh, I’ll win,” said Tony. He looked past Loki to Thor. “You were right, this is going to be fun. Is it OK if I kiss him?”

“He’ll explode if you don’t do it soon,” said Thor.

Tony glanced down. “I can see that.”

Loki could feel his face grow hot. Asking Thor for permission like I’ve no will of my own.
But then Tony was up against him, his own aching hardness pressed against the man’s hip. Thor’s hand tightened on the back of his collar, but there was no need—Loki had no plans of going anywhere.

He’d imagined what the Midgardian’s body might feel like many times during his exile on this planet, but the reality was far more intense than his idle fantasies. The man’s skin did not have the subtle glow of an Asgardian’s and was slightly rougher. Stark’s breath was hot on his lips and when their mouths pressed together Loki let out a moan of need. The beard too was coarser than Thor’s, and Loki had ample chance to compare them when Thor began to press kisses onto his ear and his neck, while Stark’s tongue pushed into his willing mouth. His own kiss was hungry and none-too gentle, he nipped at Stark’s lips and wrapped his arms around the trim back to pull the man closer. It felt good to be so tightly pressed between the two warm well-muscled bodies, lost in the scent of them and the taste of them, feeling the hardness of Thor’s cock rub against his buttocks while Tony’s swelling member nudged provocatively at his own. Smaller than Thor’s it feels, but good and thick. Will he want to take me, or is kissing another man as far as he wishes to go?

He’d all but forgotten the experiment when Stark’s construct, J.A.R.V.I.S. spoke. “Mr. Stark, Sir Should I switch to power efficiency mode if you’ve completed analysis?”

Stark broke away. “Goddammit, Jarvis. We’re not done yet, just, er, taking a break.” He looked up at Loki. “I swear to god he does it on purpose. That was...”

“A good beginning,” said Loki.

“Your machine has a point though,” said Thor. “We’ve a wager to win.”

“Or lose,” said Loki, as coolly as he was able.

“Hah. That’s cute,” said Stark, stepping away. “Ten minutes. Either I catch hold of you and I win your complete compliance with the experiment of my choice, or you outwit P-220 here and you get to stop showing Earth that aliens dress on the left.”

Loki tried to gather his wits. “Your side of the bargain is very vague.”

Stark shrugged. “Yup.”

“What’s this Brother? Doubting your magic is a match for primitive Asgardian technology?” asked Thor.

“No! Very well, let’s do this.”

“Of course,” Thor whispered into his ear as Tony turned back to his screens “you have to want to win. Which I know that you don’t.”

Loki frowned. He’d always imagined that if he bedded a Midgardian he’d be the dominant partner, but his libido appeared to think otherwise. I cannot submit myself to this man. A kiss is one thing, but to play the pillow games I play with Thor...

He thought again of how Stark had asked Thor and not himself for permission to kiss him and shivered.

Sometimes I hate that I’m wired the way I am. Think how much easier life would be if I wanted to rule as much as I claim to.

P-220 stumped forward into the center of the room ungracefully. Loki regarded it with distaste. It
would be a pretty poor showing if such a crude machine could best him...and yet there was some truth in Thor’s words - while there was a part of him that would enjoy gloating over his victory, there was an equally large part that was all too eager to find out what Stark’s ‘experiment’ might be: And to have the perfect excuse to give himself up to the man’s will in a manner where it was possible for him to pretend he did not want to.

Thor gave him a squeeze.

“I hope you’re enjoying this as much as I am,” he said, softly.

Loki sighed. “Are you going to make me admit it?”

“I don’t have the hours that would take. But I’ll take that as a ‘yes.’ I’m glad.”

Loki leaned his head back onto Thor’s shoulder. “I’m glad that you’re enjoying it...I...”

“What?”

Loki shook his head. “Nothing.”

Thor kissed his neck. “Alright. I love you, Loki.”

“I...love you too.”

Thor’s admission had shocked the words out of him. *Now, of all times!*

He squirmed around in Thor’s arm to look into the serious blue eyes. “It’s been hard for me to say so, but I’ve loved you for a long time.”

“And I you,” said Thor. “Any difficulty was my fault, not yours. I’m truly sorry for what happened before.”

Loki shook his head. “This is certainly not the time for this conversation.”

“I suppose not. But we’ll have it at some point. I’ll not feel easy until we do.”

“We will, if you wish it. But for now there’s our wager.” Loki stepped back out of Thor’s arms and cocked his head. “Look at you, cooking up devious plots with Stark behind my back. I’m proud of you, Thor.”

“And you, working with a Midgardian. I’m proud of you too.”

“If you wanted to induce me to fraternise with these creatures you certainly picked a compelling option. Now out of the way, Brother. I’ve a wager to win.”

Maybe it was Thor’s words- *I love you, Loki* replaying themselves over and over in his head like the tolling of a joyful bell, or maybe it was his curiosity about Stark’s plans for him, but keeping ahead of P-220 proved a more difficult task than he’d anticipated. The metal figure trundled slowly back and forth like a drunkard, but the eight silvery tentacles that shot out from its arm sockets, forty feet long were fast as adders striking.
Thor and Stark frowned at the computer panels, as Loki ducked and dodged, his phalanx of mirror images doing the same. He was secretly impressed- and slightly alarmed by how well Stark’s computers had taken the measure of his magic, and he was forced to throw more and more of his own essence into the phantom replicas to keep J.A.V.I.S. off his scent.

A tentacle whipped past his face to strike at a duo of phantoms, who vanished with a shimmer.

Close.

It soon became obvious that the machine might use a process of elimination to locate him and he was forced to add a tricky concealment spell to the mix.

*The horrible thing is learning even now.* He wasn’t sure how he should feel about this- relieved at the trouble Thanos was likely to encounter when he went up against these peculiarly resourceful Midgardians, or fear that his own secrets could be unravelled by clever men like Stark.

*All the more reason to have him on my side.*

“Half the time has gone,” said Thor, and Stark frowned.

“I’ll give it to you Loki, you’re good.”

“I’m the best,” Loki said- One of the Lokis- not himself.

But as the remaining seconds ticked by the darting tentacles feinted at the false images less and less and Loki found himself having to leap and duck around them more and more.

“J.A.V.I.S. I think you’ve got it,” said Stark.

It was only as he realised he might not have to throw the game in order to lose that Loki decided that he wanted to win.

*Like I can’t get Stark into bed of my own accord!*

The sound of two-dozen knives being unsheathed rang out in the room and Stark’s eyebrows shot up.

“We never discussed that you’d be stabbing anyone.”

The Lokis shrugged. “In a real battle there’s a high likelihood of some mild to moderate stabbing,” said one. “Do you want to test this thing or not?”

Two tentacles shot towards him and he dived gracefully backwards, turning in the air as he fell to sever the metal limb, which fell sparking to the floor. The second limb wound back towards him and Loki fanned out a brace of mirror images to either side, the air a blur of black hair and glinting knives, and the tentacle shot into the wall with a bang, then fell limp.

“Two down, Stark,” said Loki through the mouth of another of his mirrors. But now more of the tentacles were flying towards him. He pushed his essence into a mirror and added a fresh duo of Lokis, but this time the tentacles barely swerved towards the false images.

“Actually,” said Stark I think the knives are helping. “You’re easier to find when you’re emotional. I think it’s cute that you’re trying though.”

Loki snarled, and rolled onto his side as a tentacle shot towards him.
The ten minutes must almost be up. He could do this- and slice what was left of the ugly automaton to pieces as he did so. It had been less easy than he’d anticipated. But still eas...

He cried out as his feet were yanked out from under him. One of the metal limbs had twined itself tightly around his ankles, and in a trice he was hoisted aloft, to dangle upside down.

He might still free himself—one slash from his blades would do it—but before he could act, two more of the metallic tentacles had shot out to secure each of his wrists. He struggled, but the metal was incredibly strong and yielded not a bit, no matter how hard he pulled against it.

Thor laughed, “It looks like you’re the victor, Tony. With a minute to spare.”

“It was a close one. The knives were a nice touch! Gathered some good ancillary data there. I think we’re gonna have to add Magical Weapons 101 to J.A.V.I.S.’s lesson plan.”

“Could you two stop chattering and have this thing release me?” said Loki. “The blood is rushing to my head.”

His T-shirt had already slipped down his narrow chest to pool beneath his arms, and he felt supremely undignified.

Stark laughed. “It’s been rushing all sorts of places tonight.”

He sauntered towards Loki, followed by Thor. Loki pulled with all his considerable might against the tentacles, but found himself unable to move, let alone escape.

“Well Brother, strung up like a fish on a line.”

“I’m not a fish, and...could you at least turn me the right way up? I can’t speak to you when my face is at the same level as your...well. You know.”

“Oh I do know,” said Thor. He reached out and trailed a finger down Loki’s exposed belly.

“Don’t you dare.”

“If you don’t like it, then you only have to stop me,” said Thor. “Oh wait!”

He traced Loki’s taunted ribs, his navel, ran his finger down the sparse trail of dark hair that disappeared into Loki’s jeans. Loki could not even squirm. There was nothing he could do to prevent Thor’s tormenting of his body, and inevitably he felt his cock twitch in the tight jeans once again.

“What do you think of your prize, Tony?”

Tony’s hands ran up his sides, firm and warm and Loki gasped. Then both men were touching him, and he could only pant and try to stop himself from moaning too audibly as two sets of hands took their time exploring his skin. Thor’s touches were light— as they usually were in the beginning, although his pinches to Loki’s nipples were cruel enough. Tony’s were firmer and far bolder than he’d assumed they would be, running approvingly over the pale stretch of his belly, caressing his neck beneath the loose metal collar, squeezing his pectorals and then brushing maddeningly over the hardness of his cock through the tight denim that bound it.

“I think that my prize is going to provide me a very valuable learning experience.”

“And what’s the experiment you have in mind?” asked Thor.
“Response to stimuli,” said Tony, tweaking Loki’s nipple. “All sorts of stimuli. Loki, you are going to have more stimuli than even your hungry little mind knows what to do with. P-220, you can put him down now? But don’t go anywhere. I think we’re gonna need you again soon.”

Loki must have made some questioning noise, because suddenly Stark was squatting down to look him in the eye. “What? You seriously thought I was going to waste the chance to have tentacles involved for my very first alien sex party? For a trickster God, you’re kind of naive.”
Tony sank into the black leather sofa, still not quite believing that this was really happening- in spite of his late-night (slightly drunken) conversations with Thor.

Thor sat next to him, leaning back, relaxed and casual as he sipped from his second beer.

Loki stood before them. He looked wary, but excited, his lips slightly parted and his eyes glittering. Tony had the biofeedback panel hovering to the right, displaying Loki’s vitals in real-time as the collar monitored them. *Elevated heart rate, adrenaline spike, heightened brain activity.*

Of course Tony didn’t exactly need science to figure out the guy’s state of mind- even by his standards Loki’s black jeans were all but painted on, and he could see the outline of Loki’s prick jutting upwards towards his belly- the thick shaft and the bulge of the head clearly visible. Dude was **hung**. You’d think a guy that arrogant would have a small prick, but it was a nice surprise. He’d slept with a few men over the years, but never any Alien gods with magic powers and a kink for getting ordered around.

This would be just the distraction he needed.

Despite what Thor had told him it was still a shock for Loki to obey his instructions, and he felt his own cock grow harder at the possibilities the evening might hold. Loki’s skin had felt like spun silk on his palms and his mouth had been cool and exciting when they’d kissed. When Tony had ordered him to stand in front of the sofas he’d done so right away, with only a single glance at Thor.

*I guess he really does get off on this stuff.*

*Him, of all people.*

Rhodey had questioned the wisdom of allowing Loki to share headquarters with the rest of them. He alone knew how much the Battle of New York had done a number on Tony’s nerves, but in a weird way having Loki around had helped. Seeing him as he really was- uncertain, somehow fragile, witty. Hell, Tony actually liked the guy, and to put a human (well, kinda) face on the horrors they’d fought made it easier to bear. And the attraction had been there from the beginning.

*There are no men like me.*

Was that where it had started? *Sick fuck that I am.* But no sicker than Thor and Loki. He had to admit that the relationship they shared turned him on. They might not share any blood, but fucking your own adopted Brother was still kind of nasty. If Thor needed to justify it to himself with talk of some magic Norse destiny tree, then so be it. Fortunately *kind of nasty* -the consensual kind at least- was also kind of Tony’s thing. And it wasn’t like *he* had to worry about the moral implications of putting the ass in Asgard.

Ever since he’d caught Loki all but naked outside his Brother’s rooms Tony had been picturing what they’d look like fucking- usually while jerking himself off. Well, tonight he was going to find out if the fantasy lived up to the reality.

Mixing work and pleasure was almost certainly a terrible idea, but as Pepper would be happy to affirm, terrible ideas were kind of a Stark speciality.
“Take your shirt off.”

Loki looked slightly startled by the command. A splash of pink appeared in the high cheekbones.

“Aw cute, he’s shy.”

“He’s not shy,” said Thor. “He just has to put up a fight.”

“We already had the fight,” said Tony shortly. “You lost, Reindeer Games, so shirt off.”

Loki swallowed. Crossed his arms over his chest to pull his shirt off in one graceful movement.

“Nice,” said Tony. “Huh, your heart rate went up again. Why?”

Loki swallowed. His eyes darted around the room.

“Tell me,” said Tony. “You agreed to this experiment, remember? And this is phase one. Emotional response. So tell me, how are you feeling?”

Loki’s eyes flicked up to meet his. “Embarrassed. If you must know. To follow your commands, and to...to bare myself for you.”

“J.A.V.I.S. make a note on that.”

“What are you doing? Asked Loki.

“Oh, just mapping your responses. See, that collar is gonna keep on monitoring your physical responses, not just your magic. Kinda give us a window into that clever mind of yours. So,” he gestured the the display. “This is what your embarrassment looks like. Kinda like a big pink glow. Let’s see if we can make it bigger. Gotta get a good data range.”

Loki looked more uncertain than ever, and to see him this way was turning Tony the fuck on.

“I was thinking about something you said when I first met you,” he said.

Loki cleared his throat. “What was it?”

There are no men like me. As if I’m going to give the God of lies the truth!

“Kneel. You seem to have a thing for it. Do you know the earth expression ‘Turnabout’s fair play?’”

“I do not,” said Loki faintly.

“But a smart guy like you gets the meaning of it, right?” Said Tony.

Thor laughed. “I thought tonight would be amusing, but I had no idea how amusing.”

“So go on then, Loki. Kneel.”

Loki let out a long shivery breath. “I...”

“You what? Hey look at that! You’re lighting the display up like the 4th of July with all that pink shiny. Is getting on your knees for me really that embarrassing?”

Loki scowled. Glared at the floor.
“Brother,” said Thor, warningly.

Loki glowered at him, then sank slowly to his knees. His bare chest rose and fell and his hands were balled into fists at his side.

Tony glanced at the display and let out a low whistle.

“Wow, so it really is that big a deal. You’re a complicated guy, Loki.”

“You have no idea,” murmured Thor.

“How about you crawl over here and then....hmm, I think an apology is in order.”

“For what?” Asked Loki.

“For New York. For those nightmares you let loose in the compound. Anything else, Thor?”

“For shaming Asgard by kneeling to one of low birth. No offense, Stark.”

“None taken.”

“That’s not fair!” Spluttered Loki. “You wanted me to obey!”

“Did anyone promise you that tonight would be fair?” said Thor.

“Not me,” said Tony. “But wow, that really hit home huh? Look at those charts.” Tony patted his thigh. “Get over here. It’s going to get so much worse than this. so I’d advise you pace yourself.”

Oh wow, he even crawls gracefully like a goddam panther.

Loki’s face was decidedly flushed as he crawled closer.

“Good boy. Kneel right there in front of me.”

The monitor let out a low beep, but Tony didn’t need to look at it to know that Loki’s breathing had quickened. He looked almost irresistible with those usually arrogant blue eyes brimming with conflicted shame and need as they struggled to meet his own. Tony reached out and ran his hand down the side of Loki’s face, pleased at the way his eyes fluttered shut. When he stroked his thumb across Loki’s lips Loki kissed it, a hungry kiss that got Tony’s cock stirring in his pants.

He crooked his finger beneath Loki’s chin, forcing him to meet his gaze.

“So- an apology.”

“I...I’m sorry for what I did.” The struggle was easy to read on Loki’s face as well as on the monitor.

“Hmm, you’re going to have to be more specific.”

“I’m sorry for New York,”

Tony could tell from the tension in Loki’s neck and jaw that he longed to look away.

“No Loki, you’re going to have to be waaaay more specific.”

“What do you want from me?” spat Loki.
“Sincerity. I know it’s a stretch. Think of it as the first stretch of the night.”

Loki blushed and dropped his eyes. Tony could see it now, the shy young warrior whose cherry Thor had popped all those years ago. *Funny how old those old versions of us never die, they just lie dormant.*

“Come on, I know you can do it,” said Tony.

Loki let out a shuddering breath.

“I’m sorry I took out my...my quarrel with my Brother on you and your friends. Your realm. I was arrogant. Sometimes I don’t understand why I do things until it’s too late to stop them.”

The display behind the kneeling God flared with pink light.

Tony caressed the side of Loki’s face gently.

“Apology accepted. Your brother said you needed this. He was right wasn’t he? You’re different when you’re like this. Realer.”

Loki nodded slowly.

“And I’m sorry that I startled everyone with my illusions,” he shot a look at Thor. “I’m sorry that I am as I am.”

Thor reached out to stroke Loki’s hair. “Never apologise for that. If you were good all the time punishing you would not be nearly so much fun.”

“How do you punish him?” Tony asked, interested and not a little turned on.

“However I wish. There’s a lot to be said for throwing him over your knee and spanking him. He finds it demeaning to be punished like a green apprentice boy.”

“Wow,” I think I know what we’re doing next. Well, almost next. How well does he suck cock?”

Thor took another swig from his bottle. “Like a God. Try him.”

Loki’s eyes were wider than ever, flicking back and forth between Thor’s and his own.

“Go on then,” said Tony. He leaned back in the soft leather chair.

Loki licked his lips then shuffled forward to kneel between Tony’s legs.

Thor chuckled, and leaned his head against Tony’s shoulder. “Oh, I’m looking forward to seeing this.”

Tony undid his belt and hitched down the front of his jockeys to free his cock. It rose up hard and ready from his dark pubic hair, thick and short. Not as big as big as those as the Asgardians, but he felt confident he wasn't totally letting Earth down.

“I think he likes you, Brother,” said Thor. His head still rested on Tony’s shoulder and he had to admit that the intimacy of it was turning him on. He’d never thought of Thor in that way- when he wanted a man he usually went for someone like Loki, slender and slightly androgynous, but who could look at a man as hot as Thor and not wonder what he’d be like in the sack? Even straight guys
stared at Thor.

Loki’s gaze was fixed on Tony’s cock and it felt good to have those beautiful eyes on him.

“Heartbeat’s going up again, I guess he does like me. Say please first though, huh?”

Loki sighed. “Please?”

“Too literal. Make me feel appreciated. Hey, I know! How about you beg for me the way you beg for your Brother?”

Loki shook his head as if dazed. “He told you that?”

“He told me a lot about you.”

Loki shot a look at Thor. “Accurate, I hope?”

Thor laughed. “I told him you were the best lover I’ve known and that I was proud of you, and that I love you always but never more than when you submit yourself to me and serve me with that beautiful body of yours. Whether that’s accurate...well I suppose Tony will have to judge for himself. See if you live up to my praise”

Loki looked back to Tony. Hesitated, then spoke. “Please, will you let me suck your cock, Stark? I’ve been thinking about it ever since I came here, how it would be to suck you and to be fucked by you, and I promise I’ll satisfy you should you give me the chance.”

Another flare of pink light. God it was hot, not only to see this goddam intergalactic warrior on his knees begging to give him head, but to see his every flash of emotion and arousal mapped out on the lab’s screens. He had to admire Loki- not many people could have dealt with this, even if they were kinky little fuckers. And that silky, cultured voice talking dirty to him! It was a wonder Thor ever left his bed. Tony wasn’t sure if he’d have bothered in Thor’s shoes.

“Well, I’m persuaded. Suck me. And look at me when you put your mouth on me. I want to remember your expression the next time you’re acting like a snooty asshole in some U.N. meeting.”

Loki shivered, but kept his eyes obediently fixed to Tony’s own as he bent forward, his hands placed gently on Tony’s thighs, his cool breath tickling the underside of Tony’s shaft. When the clever tongue licked a line of pure electric pleasure up the length of his cock, Tony threw his head back and moaned.

“What in the hell? It’s like ice and fire at the same time and it feels like I’m about to shoot and he’s barely tasted me.

“Holy fuck, Loki, what is that?”

“My seidr. It can heighten sensation. I’m told it’s pleasing. Thor likes it, anyway.”


A smile flashed across Loki’s face. He leaned forward and ran his tongue over the tip of Tony’s cock, lapping at the slit before slowly sucking the head into his mouth. Tony tried to keep his eyes open but it was almost impossible. As Loki sucked in more and more of his shaft it was all he could do not to scream, especially when Loki’s clever tongue began to move again, teasing and circling and drawing more and more pleasure out of his throbbing cock until he could barely stand it.
He leaned back into the sofa working his hips into Loki’s mouth. Feeling his orgasm building in his belly like a fucking tsunami.

“Thor,” he panted. “Seriously, dude, how do you ever get anything done?”

“He’s good isn’t he?” Said Thor. The pride in his voice was obvious.

Tony rolled his head sideways and opened his eyes blearily to look into the Thunder God’s face. “No kidding.”

He wasn’t sure afterwards if Thor began it or if he did, but suddenly they were kissing. Thor was far rougher and more forceful than his Brother and Tony found himself pinned back on the leather sofa by a large hand that slid up his shirt to stroke his chest. He reached out with his own hand and found Thor’s well-muscled thigh. Hesitated, and then groped his way towards the swelling of the God’s hard cock.

Thor moaned approvingly as Tony began to rub the swollen length through the soft denim of his jeans.

“Can you get it out?” Tony asked, breaking the kiss. “Let me touch you.”

“I didn’t know you wanted this,” said Thor. He looked amused. “Very well.”

He unbuttoned his jeans with one practiced hand and pulled free the biggest cock Tony had ever seen.

OK, how does Loki ever leave this guy’s bed? I’m not even into receiving and I’m curious.

He was not an expert on jerking off other men, but Thor seemed to like what he was doing. The God leaned back on the sofa seeming totally at ease, legs spread wide, taking another slug of beer as Tony's hand worked the loose velvety skin of his prick, and all the while Loki edged the scientist closer and closer to orgasm. Too close.

“Hey, hey, stop, Loki, I don’t want to come yet. I’m not a god and I only have a couple in me.”

Loki sat up, giving Tony’s cock one last delicious swipe with his tongue before he released it. Tony felt a slight tremor of anxiety that the God might be jealous to see his hand on Thor’s prick, but Loki smiled at the sight of it.

“Oh, so that’s how it’s going to go? I can’t say I’m surprised. Thor usually gets his own way, you know.”

“I'm surprised, kinda,” said Tony. “But there’s no need for you to talk. Go fetch me some more wine. I want to have a drink while I watch you suck your Brother’s dick.”

Loki swallowed, his smile replaced once more by an exceptionally cute look of embarrassment. “As you wish, Stark.”

He stood up.

“Hey, Wait a minute!”

Loki looked at him quizzically.
“Lose the rest of the clothes.”

Loki rolled his eyes as if the command was supremely inconsequential, but the supernova of pink light on the display behind him told its own story.

“Wow, I think we have our data range for ‘shame’ figured out. For now. This experiment is really exceeding my expectations, you know that, Loki?”

Loki said nothing. He slipped his bare feet out of his shoes, and then unbuttoned the tight black jeans.

“Slow,” said Tony. “Put on a show for me, huh?”

Loki hitched in a shuddery breath, then slowly pushed his jeans down over his narrow hips, lifting the tight fabric gingerly over the head of his cock which was flushed and dripping.

“Nice, they grow those big on Asgard, huh?”

Loki blushed even redder and slid his jeans down the rest of the way, his cock standing up so hard it all but brushed his belly.

“Hands on your head, turn around.”

Loki did so, bathed in a fresh flare of pink light from the monitors.

“Perfect. Now go pour me some wine, and get yourself one too if you like. Thor?”

Thor raised his beer. “I’m good.” He glanced down at Tony’s hand which still caressed the thickness of his hard prick. “Very good.”

The view as Loki paced away for them was easily as good as the full frontal. It wasn’t like he hadn’t noticed Loki’s hot little ass, but to see it in the flesh—as it were—was almost worth the Battle of New York.

When Loki came back with the wine, Tony leaned forward to run a finger up the elegant curve of Loki’s cock, gratified at the way the God jumped and moaned. The skin of his prick was cool and smooth and pale as seashell from some exotic ocean, and the way Loki shivered at his touch was a definite bonus.

“Brother, you’re dripping,” said Thor. He was stroking his own cock now, almost lazily.

“Careful,” don’t spill,” Tony said, still trailing his finger up and down the length of Loki’s erection. “The wine or anything else.

Loki hissed out a frustrated little breath when Tony stopped touching him.

He sank to his knees again without being told, offering Tony the cool glass.

“Good. Now how about you crawl over to your Brother there and show me what you guys get up to when the rest of us Avengers are tucked up in bed dreaming the dreams of the righteous?”

Loki shot him a bashful look, but obeyed, crawling in between Thor’s spread legs.

When Loki looked up into his Brother’s face the look that flashed between them was so purely one of love and trust that Tony felt a momentary stab of pain.
Pepper. Will we ever have anything like that again? Will I ever find my way back to her? Probably not via the hedonistic road he was on tonight, but the distraction was certainly welcome.

And what a distraction. Loki wasted no time sucking Thor’s cock into his eager mouth and Thor’s eyes closed and his lips parted in pleasure as Loki just 

worshipped that big old pole.

“You guys are super hot together, you know that?” said Tony.

Thor smiled at him.

“You’re not bad yourself- Norns, Brother, slower. I’d not spend so soon.”

Thor’s hand soon found Tony’s cock, stroking it with a firmness that was balanced right on the edge of ‘please more’ and ‘too much.’

Something about it was working for Tony though, and it was him who had to call time out as he felt his orgasm begin to build to the point of no return.

Loki’s lips were damp and red and swollen when he released Thor’s prick, and it took all of Tony’s admittedly low willpower not to have the God finish the job he’d started. But this chance might not come again, and he wanted the evening to go on as long as it could.

Besides, he’d gotten his apology, and now it was time for a suitable punishment.

“Come sit up here Loki,” he said patting the sofa, and the God obeyed, squeezing in between the two of them. Thor’s fingers immediately began to tease at his hard little nipples and Loki squirmed and bit at his lip, especially when Tony began to lightly stroke the hardness of his cock.

“Legs apart.” Tony grabbed one of the long pale legs and hooked it over his own knees and Thor did the same with the other, spreading Loki wide.

“Does he hate being teased, or love it?” said Tony, drawing whisper-light circles over the dripping head of Loki’s cock with his fingertip. His pulse shot up again just now, see it?

Loki tried and failed to bite back a moan as Tony reached between his legs to gently squeeze his balls.

“Loves it, but pretends to hate it,” said Thor.

“J.A.R.V.I.S. make a note of that.” Tony returned his attention to Loki’s cock, still stroking gently-just enough to tease but not enough to satisfy, if his judgement was correct.

“Response to pleasure stimulus is going to be the last part of the experiment, but I think response to pain should come first. I owe you a punishment for New York, at the very least.”

Loki gasped as Tony pinched his inner thigh. “Thor said you just hate getting spanked? Is that true?”

“I...you wouldn’t be able to hurt me anyway. I’m a God. You’re just a man.”

Tony considered. “I guess not with just my puny earth arms...but with the Mk. VII gauntlet, I bet you’d feel something, huh?”

Loki froze. “The glove from that machine of yours?”
“My suit gauntlet, yeah.”

“I can’t stand those robotic humanoids, any part of them. They’re vulgar. Being manhandled by that tentacle contraption was bad enough. If you mean to beat me, you might at least do it yourself. It isn’t my fault you’re too weak to harm me.”

Thor chuckled. “He gets like this. He doesn’t realise that it only makes things more fun. Or maybe he does?”

_He definitely does_ , thought Tony. _Don’t throw me in the goddam briar patch, right Loki?_

“You don’t like Mark VII?”

“No.”

“You don’t want him touching your precious Asgarian skin?”

“No.”

Tony laughed. “Well then, your day is about to get a whole lot worse. J.A.V.I.S. can we get Mk. VII up here?”

“The gauntlet?” asked J.A.V.I.S. smoothly.

“Nope. The whole kaboodle. I think it’s time Loki learned to stop worrying and love Midgardian battle fashion in a more personal way.”
The suit gleamed dully in the dim light of the laboratory, subtle splashes of red and gold highlighting the curves and undulations of the gleaming body. Loki would never have admitted it, but there was something compelling about this man-shaped shell. Unlike the cruder P-220 this creation almost seemed to have a personality- the grim business-like Yin to Tony’s frivolous Yang. Which made Loki even less willing to approach it, let alone do what Stark had told him to do.

The suit was seated on a low metal examining chair at the center of the laboratory. Thor had pushed the leather sofa over and he and Tony sat side by side on it, idly touching each other, their eyes fixed on him- just as it should be.

*What a waste, to have me interact with this mindless thing when they might have the pleasure of touching me themselves.*

Not a *completely* sincere thought- the idea of being punished by this- a mere construct while his Brother and the Midgardian watched was having an effect on him, pushing him still closer to the point where the humiliation was a warm, comforting softness that he wanted to sink into instead of fighting.

*A cloud. A pink cloud.*

Stark being able to monitor his reactions on his machines was an added humiliation.

*Then shield yourself. You could do it quite easily. Or is the truth that you’re enjoying this?*

“We’re still waiting.”

Loki sighed. “Is this necessary?”

“Yup.”

Mk. VII sat with his legs planted firmly apart, arms hanging down at his side. No, not *his* side. *Its* side. This thing was not alive. It was a mockery of life. An empty shell.

“Straddle his lap, facing him,” said Tony. “Don’t be shy. He doesn’t bite. No mouth.”

Loki shuddered theatrically and approached the impassive suit. He’d never admit it in a million eons, but something about these metal constructs made him feel wary and wrong-footed. Maybe it was because the branch of magic (science, these people called it, but Loki knew magic when he saw it) that powered them was so different from his own discipline?

This thing was the facade of a man- an attractive one too in its way, yet no intelligence dwelled within that powerful form- or if it did, it was more of a haunting than a mind like any he knew.

The strips of light that passed for eyes seemed to gleam as Loki approached and he felt a ripple of nerves that was not entirely unpleasant.

*How can I be shy of something that does not even think?*
He stood between the construct’s spread legs trying to gather his courage. Thor is here. He would not let this hing harm you. He could not see his Brother’s face, but he knew that this little display of submission would please him- would be replayed in Thor’s mind over and over perhaps for years to come, and despite his misgivings, it was this thought that gave him the nerve to touch the thing.

When he put his hands on the wide metal chest to balance himself he was surprised to find that the metal was slightly warm. He slung his left leg over one large metal thigh, emboldened by the lack of response.

*How would it respond? It’s a marionette. A clever statue. It will respond how Stark wills it to respond and no more.*

The back of the examination chair the suit was perched on was low and reclined far back, tilting the construct’s torso back likewise, and when Loki hopped up into the thing’s lap he was practically sprawled on top of it. The metal was slippery and he slid forwards, his chest pressed to the smooth metal one, his hands gripping its shoulders, his back arched. The spread of the suit’s legs meant that his own were parted wider still and he could only imagine the display he was putting on for the two men on the sofa.

“Very nice,” said Thor.

“Almost perfect,” said Tony. “Reach up and wrap your arms around his neck.”

“It’s not a he,” Loki muttered, but did as he was told.

“Do you like sitting in his lap?” Tony asked.

“No.”

“Your cock’s still hard though” Tony said. “I think you like him more than you’re letting on. He’s strong, you know. As strong as you’d guess. Maybe not as strong as Point Break here, but if I give him the word he could do whatever he liked to *you*.”

“He doesn’t like anything. He’s not real.”

“Ouch. You’ll hurt his feelings.” said Stark. “I think you ought to kiss and make up.”

“Kiss? He has no mouth, you said so yourself. Just a *line*.”

“Well, up to you. But- hey, here’s an idea!- Your punishment ends when you kiss him, so I guess you’d better figure it out, Harlan Elison”

“Harlan what?”

Tony sighed. “Do you guys not read sci-fi? I guess you wouldn’t. If you live in space it’s just ‘fi.’ *Bruce* would have laughed.”

“Either way, he isn’t real.”

“An interesting philosophical question.” Loki heard the soft tapping of Tony’s fingers on one of his displays somewhere behind him. “Tell me, does this feel real?”

Suddenly two smooth metal hands grasped his hips. The touch was light, but there as the intimation of enormous strength behind those large hands and Loki shivered.

“Stark, have it stop.”
“No can do, Loki.”

The hands slid up to caress his raised buttocks and he tried not to enjoy the sensation of the gleaming metal gliding over his skin. His face was still pressed to the thing’s shoulder and he could see his own wide-eyes reflected back at him as the suit’s fingers griped the cheeks of his ass and spread them wider and wider, the powerful metal fingers snaking right to the pucker of his hole to spread him wider still and expose it totally to those who watched. It was almost unbearably shameful to be manipulated by this machine, and yet being opened and readied in this way made him almost frantic to be filled. His own prick was a hard rod of need, and his balls ached with the desire to spend.

“Is that real enough for you?” said Tony.

Loki tried to speak, but what came out was barely a whimper. He tried an experimental wriggle, but the thing’s hands remained immobile.

*It really is like a statue!*

“Doesn’t that look cute? Midgard and Asgard in perfect harmony,” said Stark. “We’ll come back to this, but about that pain response... just remember, you kiss and make up with Mk. VII and it ends.”

The hands released him, and he felt almost disappointed, but not for long- Mk. VII’s left arm wrapped around the small of his back, pressing him closer to the smooth metal body. His cock was pressed up against the suit’s torso and he had to grit his teeth to stop himself rubbing against the unyielding body.

“Thor, go over and give him a couple of swats would you? A soft one, and a hard one. I want to get an idea of what he can take.”

Loki could hear Thor’s footsteps approaching, but was helpless to turn around.

“Oh Brother, you’ve gotten yourself in a fix there,” said Thor. Loki moaned as his Brother’s hands caressed his raised buttocks. The contrast between the warm living flesh and the hard metal body beneath him was strangely exciting and he felt his cock twitch almost painfully.

Thor’s finger pushed between his cheeks to gently circle his hole.

“Did you like being displayed so for Tony to see? Do you know how hard he became in my hand as he looked at you? When he saw that tight little knot so eager to be breached.”

“Oh Norns Thor, stop teasing and fuck me,” his words were a desperate hiss, and Thor laughed.

“You’ve no patience at all. Punishment first, and then if you’re lucky you’ll have what you desire.”

He raised his voice so that Tony could hear him. “Soft first, or hard?”

“Soft would be kinder, right?” said Tony.

“Hard it is then,” said Thor.

“No, Brother, wait...”

But before he could finish his pleas, pain obliterated coherent thought. Thor’s hand had connected with his buttocks so hard that the breath caught in his throat and he couldn’t even scream.
“Wow, that was a doozy,” said Tony. “If Mk. VII wasn’t holding onto you so tight you’d have been over the fence and outta Yankee Stadium.”

The pain continued to sweep through him in fiery waves and he found that he was trembling, suddenly glad to have the security of the warm, unmoving form of Tony’s suit to cling to. When Thor pressed his fingers to the hot stinging flesh Loki moaned.

“Oh Loki, that’s going to bruise.”

“You guys don’t kid around, huh?” said Tony. “Now a gentle one.”

Thor’s hand swatted his ass just south of the first blow and he jumped more in surprise than pain. This one was merely a love tap- but he was reaching the spot where his rational mind vanished and he was incapable of anticipating when a blow might fall. A shell to be posed and punished and used at his ruler’s whim. Perhaps you’re a fitting partner for this construct after all? Only he has been placed above you and you at his mercy.

The thought sent a thrill of desire through him, and when Thor caressed his buttocks again he squirmed himself up to meet the warm palm.

Thor made an approving noise. “You gave up, didn’t you, Brother? Stopped fighting it. You may do what you like with him now, Stark.”

“Oh, I’m going to. J.A.V.I.S. did you map that range? I think we can go a little higher than the top end, but let’s build up to it.”

Thor gave Loki’s ass an affectionate pat and then he was left alone with the machine again. Perhaps it was his woozy state, but Mk. VII seemed more alive to him now. He could feel how the small motors that served as muscles shifted and tilted minutely to support his weight and hold him steady. The chest did not rise and fall with any breath, but there was something sensual about the wide masculine shape of it nevertheless, and the hand that pinned him down was both unyielding yet oddly gentle.

Sadly the other hand was not.

The first blow made him bite his lip, and the second spit out a curse. The first few spanks were barely painful, but the Mk. VII did not pause or hesitate, and he soon found himself squirming uselessly, cock rubbing in the slick of his own spend, buttocks jiggling helplessly as the machine spanked him. He felt his flesh begin to heat up and knotted his fingers behind Mk. VII’s neck to resist the temptation to reach back and shield his stinging buttocks.

It could keep going like this all night. For days...weeks. Even Thor gets tired eventually, but this thing...

The idea, which ought to have dismayed him turned him on more, and when the blows began to increase in strength his moans were as much of pleasure as they were of pain.

“He doesn’t look too punished to me,” said Stark. “Biofeedback indicates that he’s getting the fuck off on it in layman’s terms.”

“And that’s the difficulty in punishing him,” said Thor, ruefully. “You can ignore him, but sadly
that’s not half as fun as giving him what he wants.”

“Mr. VII? You can go harder than that. Make him feel it.”

Loki yelped as the metal hand came down on his ass with a sharp slap. So different to a real hand. The pain was duller, and seemed to penetrate deeper. In fact as Mk. VII began to spank him harder and faster Loki found himself bounced a few inches up the machine’s body with the strength of each blow and had to wrap his arms more tightly around the metallic neck than ever. The result of this of course was the helpless frotting of his cock against the smooth plate that passed for the construct’s belly, with his own streaming spend acting as lubrication. Shamefully deliciously he felt the dull warm throb begin to build in his loins, and as the machine continued to punish his stinging flesh he felt himself approaching his peak. No, not like this. Not rubbing up against this creature! Not while Stark punishes me.

“Stark, go slower...I can’t...don’t.”

“English, Reindeer Games.”

Thor laughed. “Would you like me to translate? He’s going to come. My brother, who hates and despises that suit of yours is going to come while it pins him down and spanks him like a willful child.”

“Huh. Biofeedback indicates you’re correct,” said Tony. “Do I tell him no?”

Loki moaned. The thought of being forbidden his release was the only thing worse than being forced into it. “Oh please ,”

“Whoah,” said Tony. “What’s that I hear? Are you actually begging me?”

Loki could find no words to reply. The force of the machine’s blows grew stronger and stronger, and the friction between his desperately overstimulated cock and the metal body more and more pleasurable.

“ Yes , yes I’m begging you!”

“Wow. Okay. I guess you can come. But your punishment doesn’t stop until you do what I told you.”

What had he been told? He barely remembered any more.

All he could think of was the stinging heat as the remorseless metal hand drove into his helpless flesh over and over again, and the slide of his slick cock and the delicious feeling of his hard nipples rubbing against the solid chest of the suit.

I can’t come like this. Not at the hands of this....thing.

But it was too late. He felt his orgasm billowing up to meet him- one of the big ones that spread like a conflagration from the root of his prick up through his belly and then throughout his entire body. He threw his head back and cried out as he came, a great shivery flood of pleasure as he released a torrent of spend onto the gleaming red metal beneath him. And still the spanking did not pause. In fact the hand began to strike him harder, and as his pleasure ebbed, the pain reasserted itself. He tried his best to pull himself upwards away from the pitiless hand, but he slipped and floundered in his own come. The blows were easily as hard as those Thor had given him and he started to struggle in vain. When the hand landed in the same spot twice in a row he wailed, and this was perhaps a mistake, as a third blow, then a fourth was directed to the same spot.
“Stark, please!”

He squirmed and wriggled, but the construct continued to beat him, the hand landing on the exact same patch of sizzling skin with absolute precision no matter how he twisted his body, and he felt tears begin to gather as the pain reached the point of unbearable.

“Loki?” Stark’s voice was soft. Commanding yet somehow gentle. “Remember what I told you? Kiss him. Say thank you like a good boy, and he’ll stop.”

*Oh yes. That was it*. Ten minutes ago (although it felt like hours) the thought of kissing this simulacrum of a man had been unbearable. Now he used the last of his strength to lift his head and press his lips to the impassive line that suggested a grim mouth.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

He was startled when the head turned slightly, the glowing eyes almost seeming to regard him. *Alive, or not alive?* We he still so sure as he had been? Was it J.A.R.V.I.S. in there, or Tony, or neither of the two? He had suspicion that J.A.R.V.I.S. was the closest. Certainly there was a note of what almost sounded like smugness when the smooth voice intoned “Data processed, Sir.”

“Turn him around, Mk. VII,” said Stark.

The suit scooped Loki up effortlessly, helping him to re position himself so that he was sitting in the suit’s lap with his back against the reclined chest, his legs spread once more to hang outside the suit’s own. The unyielding metal body was not the most forgiving surface against his bruised backside, but the pain was almost a comfort now that the worst of it had been endured. It reminded him of the punishment he’d taken for the pleasure of Thor who he loved, and Tony who excited him and who he wished secretly to please.

Thor rose from the sofa followed by Tony, the two of them moving to stand one on each side of his prone body. He closed his eyes as their hands touched him, stroking him, gentle and soothing. When he opened his eyes again they were kissing, and he smiled to see it.

He thought he had a fairly shrewd idea of the type of man Tony was now- *a little of both*. It made him hard to bend Loki to his whim, but it would excite him equally to submit to Thor. Loki hoped that the chance would come to prove his suspicion, but for now all he wanted was for the Midgardian to take him, pinioned on top of his own creation, and he told Stark so, gratified by the surprise on his face and the way way his hand moved almost unbidden to caress Loki’s half-hard
prick.

“You want that, huh? For me to fuck you?”

“Yes, Stark I do. I want your spend inside me.”

“I can...I can come inside you?”

(Of course. Unless you’d rather come in my mouth, or on my face perhaps?)”

The thought of Thor dominating Stark had shifted things for Loki and his words were slightly teasing, daring Stark to take back control.

Rather than seeming annoyed, Tony grinned. “You’re a hot ticket, you know that? You take a licking and keep on doing...whatever it is that you’re doing right now.”

He stripped his shirt off and dropped it carelessly on the floor. Loki’s eyes went wide at the sight of his chest. He was no Thor, but he clearly worked hard on his body and Loki longed to run his tongue over that muscular chest.

_and what does Tony Stark long for? I think I know._

“So what’s Thor going to do while you fuck me?” he asked. “It would be rather rude to omit the future King of Asgard from our tryst.”

“I’m happy to watch Tony still your tongue while I wait for my turn,” said Thor with a shrug.

Loki raised an eyebrow. “Maybe Tony can accommodate you?”

Tony frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Well, you said that the last phase of your experiment was to record pleasure. And it would please me very much to have Thor take _you_ while you fuck _me_ .”

Thor and Tony glanced at each other and Loki had to bite his lip to keep the smile off his face at their twin expressions of surprise.

“I...never thought of that,” said Tony.

“Nor I,” said Thor, quickly.

“I figured we’d both take turns with Loki.”

“Yeah.”

“But...”

“I mean, do you want to?”

“Do you?” asked Thor.

Loki rolled his eyes. “You both want to. So stop stalling and...ouch!”

Thor had slapped his inner thigh leaving yet another bright red mark like a splash of flame on his pale skin.

“Did that machine not punish you harshly enough Brother?”
“Yes! I won’t be able to sit comfortably for a week. I’m merely trying to be helpful.”

“Helpful, is it?”

Outside the thunder rumbled and Loki shivered in anticipation.

Tony’s eyes flicked towards the window and he frowned. “The storm...is that you, Thor?”

Thor grinned. “I lose control sometimes when Loki is in my bed.”

Tony shook his head. “Do you know how paranoid Bruce is over the freak weather phenomenon we’ve been having around here? Thunderstorms every night? I told him to ask if it was you, but now I’m glad I didn’t. If he knew his ‘possible interdimensional incursions’ was the sound of two magic space guys fucking he’d never be able to look either of you in the eye again. Maybe you could tell him you’re a sleep....thunderer?”

“Forget about Banner,” said Loki impatiently. “You’re trying to change the subject.”

“My Brother has a point,” said Thor.

It did Loki’s heart glad to see someone else frozen by the steel in Thor’s blue eyes. Tony licked his lips, shuffled his feet. “OK. I have to admit, I’m curious. But I haven’t done much stuff like this, and you’re hung.”

“I’ll be gentle,” said Thor quickly.

“You’re not gentle with me,” said Loki.

“You don’t like gentle. Do not pretend that you do.”

“True. And Stark, I promise that once you’re inside me you’ll be more than receptive to my Brother’s attentions.”

Tony threw up his hands. “I guess we’re trying this. You’re a persuasive little fucker, aren’t you?” He stepped between Loki’s legs and leaned over him. His bare chest felt wonderful against Loki’s own and when he pinched Loki’s nipples, the God arched his back in pleasure, accepting Tony’s rough kiss eagerly.

“I’m not going to regret this, am I?” Tony whispered as he pulled back from Loki’s mouth.

Loki shook his head. “No. I promise.”

“The God of Lying made me a promise. I feel so much better.”

“Don’t believe me then. I’ll enjoy saying ‘I told you so’ afterwards.”

Tony snorted. “P-220, get your clunky self over here, I think it’s time we put a lid on Loki.”

Loki wrinkled his nose. “That thing again? I hate...”

“Yeah, I’d find it easier to believe in your weird robo-hate if my super suit wasn’t covered in your cum, Reindeer Games.”

P-220 moved with its usual gracelessness, all but the metallic tentacles that whipped around its body.
Loki eyed them suspiciously.

“Great, stand behind Mk. VII and Loki here.”

Loki tried his best to twist around to see what the robot was doing, but Tony grabbed at his face. “Nope, no peeping.”

Loki pouted. “What is it going to do to me?”

“What you asked for.”

“I asked for you to fuck me, Stark.”

“Yup. And he’s going to get you ready.” Tony stood up and tapped a command chain into his watch, and immediately two of the silvery tentacles snaked over Loki’s shoulders to wrap around his thighs, pulling his legs in towards his chest.

He was supported now by Mk. VII’s hands on his wrists and P-220’s tentacles around his thighs in a most undignified position.

Thor and Stark continued to caress his body, pinching and petting his chest and his stroking his cock and his sack until he was squirming uselessly against his bonds. And then his overwhelmed senses were shocked by a new touch- more of those cool metal tentacles, flowing slowly around his hips, downwards between his buttocks, parting him to brush against his hole.

“What’s happening?”

“What do you think?” said Tony. “P-220 is going to fuck you. Well, actually I guess J.A.R.V.I.S. is going to fuck you. I’ve linked him with the suits.”

“And don’t even think of protesting,” said Thor. “I know how eager you are to be filled.”

“But not by these machines!”

“Don’t knock it ‘til you try it,” said Tony with a wink.

Loki gasped as one of the blunt metal heads pushed against the tight knot of muscle. It was slick with some sort of lubricant- Tony really did think of everything, the bastard.

The machine was gentle, but like Mk. VII there was no bargaining with it, no stopping it. He had to admit that he slightly regretted the many, many insults he’d directed towards J.A.R.V.I.S. over the past few months. Was it possible for something without a brain to be vindictive?

The tentacle teased him open slowly, dipping into the sensitive ring of flesh over and over until Loki began to move his hips almost against his will, wanting it deeper. The metallic appendages wrapped around his legs drew them up higher still and as they did so the tentacle slid in through his sphincter, the cool metal pushing into him, stretching him wide as he gasped and his cock began its slow steady throb all over again. When another tentacle slid delicately around the base of his cock he whimpered.

A second tentacle was tickling at his spread hole, and the first withdrew to join it. Loki whimpered as he felt his entrance trying to close itself, hating the emptiness, but soon both tentacles were nudging into him again, widening him, gaping him apart and then sliding inside him in a slithery, squirming rush that made his cock start to leak and his heart pound.

“Oh Norns, I can’t stand it!”
But he had no choice but to endure the assault, and when a third tentacle slid in between its brothers, stretching him wider still he cried out in pleasure. Never had he experienced anything like it—three remorseless appendages thrusting into him, each with its own rhythm and speed so that his body was unable to adjust to it and he must lie there and be violated, stretched open and filled almost beyond endurance. He supposed that this was J.A.R.V.I.S.’s doing—of course the machine must be monitoring his every response, and each thrust, each wriggle, each brush over the tight bud inside him that made him see stars was calculated to arouse him to a degree that was almost painful in his intensity.

His bound body streamed with sweat and he felt balanced on the very edge of his orgasm—the pleasure always just shy of tipping his exhausted body over, but never ebbing enough for him to climb down from it.

“Now there’s a Kodak moment,” said Stark.

Thor wrapped his arms around the smaller man’s body. “You mock him now, but you’ll be wailing just as piteously as he does before long.”

If it wasn’t for the sudden nudge of a tentacle against his swollen prostate, Loki would have laughed to see someone else being hazed by his Brother, but the tentacles moved with devilish skill, pressing and rubbing against the seat of his desire from all sides, trapping it and squeezing it until he was crying out and pulling against his bonds to fuck himself more roughly against the writhing mass inside him.

“That’s enough J.A.R.V.I.S.” said Tony. “My turn.”

Loki moaned as the tentacles withdrew from his hole, but he barely had time to miss them before Tony—warm and alive and delicious was squeezing his spread legs, their chests pressing together, slick with sweat, Stark’s teeth nipped at Loki’s neck and nipples and Loki sighed with pleasure.

“Your body feels so good against mine, Stark. Remind me of this the next time I impune your planet.”

“I intend to, champ.”

Tony’s beard scoured his cheek as the man licked at his ear. “Fuck, Loki, you want it now? Want me to fuck you?”

“Yes. Please. I want you. The real you this time, not one of your toys.”

The first push of Stark’s cock against his abused hole was rough enough to hurt, but Loki didn’t care that the man was a little clumsy in his lack of experience. It made it all the more exciting to him that the scientist’s machines had broken him in and that no matter how gentle Tony tried to be, this fucking would be a punishment to Loki’s body as much as a reward. He bit his lip as the Midgardian shoved his swollen shaft in through the helpless ring of muscle, loving that it hurt, loving how real Tony felt inside him after that remorseless inhuman presence, and he almost with pleasure when the tip of Tony’s cock butted up against his tender prostate.

“Oh God,” Tony panted. “You feel incredible. I...this is something else.”

Loki laughed and sent a stronger wave of seidr out towards Tony who groaned and began to thrust into him, his hands digging into Loki’s hips for purchase.
“Norns, yes Stark, as hard as you like. Then harder. Make me scream. Make me regret the day I ever set foot on your miserable planet.”

Tony moaned and fucked him harder, their bodies slapping together.

Loki was aware of Thor behind Tony. He felt the Midgardian slow his rhythm and shudder.

“Relax, Stark, I’ll take it as slow as you need me to.”

Which turned out not to be very slow at all.

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter left in this I think. There will be more fics in this series and possibly some smutty and not-so-smutty Thorki one-shots coming up. (Caveat- they will probably all be smutty?)
I might work on a different fandom for a couple of weeks, but I'll come back to Thorki as soon as I get this Fallout 4 fic out of my system. Thanks to everyone who has commented or left kudos so far. It is much appreciated.
Loki had never looked hotter to Tony than he did right now. Prettier? Perhaps. More enigmatic? Sure. But in terms of sheer sizzle? Tony had to admit that this was very much working for him. He still couldn’t quite believe it. This was Loki wrapped around his cock. The badass alien super villain Loki giving him the fuck of his life, looking into his eyes imploringly while Tony pounded him, on top of his own goddam Suit. Thor stood behind him, his lips on the back of Tony’s neck. Soon he’d be the filling in this weird Asgardian sandwich- Loki’s doing. He hadn’t known he wanted it until Loki had said it, and by the looks of his expression, neither had Thor.

*Clever little bastard.*

And wasn’t it extra hot that someone so very clever, such a master manipulator could also be made to give it all up and submit like this? He’d never really gotten the appeal of the whole kinky thing before, but he thought that perhaps he did now.

It excited him to see Loki’s pale, slender form sprawled across the powerful red and gold metal body beneath him, its gauntlets locked around the God’s wrists, his legs likewise secured by the mass of metallic appendages of the other suit. It was like there were three of Tony all having their own part of Midgard’s revenge on the Jotunn. He’d never considered himself a sadist- the furthest he’d gone in the bedroom in that direction was some mild spanking and fluffy handcuffs, but the knowledge that every time he thrust into the beautiful body spreadeagled below him, his hips were slapping the tender red flesh that Mk. VII had pre-tenderized was very sexy. He’d treasure the memory of Mk. VII spanking the holy hell out of Loki of Asgard for a very long time.

Loki winced as Tony picked up his pace, but the cock that brushed Tony’s belly was still rock hard.

*I guess the guy really gets off on this weird stuff. Figures.* Some of Loki’s hair had come loose from its tie, the black silken strands alluringly disordered. His lips were still red from having his mouth fucked, first by Thor and then himself.

*That arrogant asshole, kneeling before the two of us, sucking cock like a pro.*

And as promised, fucking Loki’s ass was even better than his mouth, tighter than a cunt, and with that now familiar tingling, all-absorbing sensation of sheer soul-deep pleasure that he supposed was part magic and part Loki’s innate talents as he rocked his hips up to meet Tony’s as best he could in his restraints.

Thor pressed himself against Tony’s back, his hands stroking the other man’s chest, taking in the view over Tony’s shoulder.

“Are you enjoying my Brother?” He said into Tony’s ear, giving it a swipe with his tongue that made Tony’s eyes flutter closed.

“Fuck, yes. This is...there are no fucking words.”

“He’s good, isn’t he? I’ve never shared him before. You’re the first.”
Tony was at a loss for a reply. ‘Thanks’ didn’t quite seem to cut it, and somehow the proper etiquette for thanking a colleague who let you fuck their space alien super boyfriend had been left off the prospectus of the fancy school his Pop had sent him to.

Luckily Thor didn’t seem to require an answer. Instead he spoke now to Loki.

“How about you Brother? I’m sure you have words. Does his cock feel good inside you? How does it feel to get fucked by the Midgardian you failed to conquer?”

Loki only moaned and clenched tighter still around Tony’s cock.

“Really? Nothing to say? Tony, you’re witnessing a miracle.”

“It feels like one.”

“It will feel even better with me inside you.”

Tony felt a twinge of need. Goddammit, getting it up for being bossed around by this intergalactic alpha jock. I never thought I was that guy. Apparently I’m that guy.

He glowered at Loki. Daddy issues. He sussed that one out.

“Help him, Brother, get him ready to take me,” said Thor.

The hair on Tony’s arms stood on end as he felt Loki’s seidr intensify, flowing from Loki to him to Thor. A delicious, shivery feeling that made his cock ache, and a delicious, melting warmth pervade his core.

Tony slowed his thrusts into Loki’s bound and helpless body as Thor’s fingers parted him to brush against the sensitive flesh of his asshole. It wasn’t like he’d never been touched there before, but this was Thor. His teammate. Fellow Avenger. But Loki’s magic seemed to be having the same aphrodisiac effect on his mind as his body, and the thought that it was Thor about to dominate him in the most primal sense only made him want it more.

Thor’s finger pressed him open in one gentle push and he bit his lip hard.

“Damn, that feels good.”

“Can you take another one?”

Thor crooked his finger and Tony saw stars as the tip brushed his most tender spot. “If it’s gonna feel like that, sure.”

There was barely any resistance as the second, then third fingers entered him, and Tony begin to push himself back tentatively onto Thor’s hand. The sensation of his cock shoving in and out of Loki’s tight hole as his own ass was filled was on the verge of overwhelming, but in a seriously good way.

“Damn, Thor. I’ve never done this before. Well, not with a dude.”

“You’re setting the bar high for your first time,” said Loki. “Midgardians will never satisfy you again.”

Tony gave Loki a hard thrust of his hips that made him gasp.

“Speak when spoken to, Reindeer Games, you’re still on the bottom of this little totem pole, got it?” He jammed his hips forward again. “You can answer that one.”
“Yes,” panted Loki. He looked extra sexy like this, eyes wide, lips parted, clearly turned on beyond all get out by Tony’s sudden roughness.

“That’s right,” said Thor. “For now you’re just a convenient hole to pleasure Tony’s cock while him and I fuck, do you understand Brother?” said Thor.

Loki colored, nodded.

“Thanks Thor,” said Tony. “I feel we’re really bonding here. I might have to bring this Asgardian method of team-building up to Cap in our next meeting.”

Thor chuckled. “Loki’s spoiled enough without another warrior to toy with him. You, me, those suits of yours. I believe he’s beginning to come around to them.”

“I most certainly am not,” said Loki.

“Damn dude, really? After I just said to S. the F. up?” Tony shook his head. “J.A.R.I.S.? Have P-220 give our friend here a jolt. Just a tickle. Insulate the two of us, I only want him feeling it. Any time he opens his mouth. Or just if you feel like it I guess.”


My pleasure? That was kind of interesting. One of the things Tony loved (and Bruce hated) about A.I. was that even when you built it yourself, it could still surprise you.

“Wait,” Said Loki, “What did you tell him to....ouch!”

“Just a little electric shock,” said Tony. “Via those tentacles around your legs, and oh, the one around your cock, I bet that one hurt.”

He bent over to kiss Loki’s chest. “I kinda liked it. You got super tight when he let you have it.”

Loki was breathing hard, his eyes wide, especially when another pair of tentacles snaked over his chest to flick against his nipples.

Tony chuckled. “Wow, J.A.R.V.I.S. you’re really going all out.”

“Assessment of the data collected shows the most efficient way of complying with your orders, Sir,” said J.A.V.I.S. smoothly.”

Tony winked at Loki. “Hey, at least you’re going to be tortured efficiently. That’s gotta be a comfort, right?”

Loki opened his mouth, then thought better of it.

“Are you ready, Tony? Shall we try this?” said Thor.

Tony nodded. “Yeah, because to be honest I can’t last much longer. Especially- whoa! If J.A.R.V.I.S. keeps giving your Brother the juice.”

Why didn’t I think of this sooner? Every time P-220 let Loki have it- which seemed to be kind of a lot - the God’s whole body tensed, his muscles standing out beautifully beneath his skin, his eyes
screwing shut, and his ass clenching tighter around Tony’s cock, which then had the not-so-terrible task of fucking him open all over again until Loki was a panting, quivering mess.

*I could grow to get used to you like this, Reindeer Games*, thought Tony, but then Thor’s cock was shoving against his own hole and the sensation of the huge head nudging into him was all he could concentrate on.

He’d been to bed with two guys in the past, both as part of a threesome with a woman as the center of attention. He’d certainly never had a guy’s cock in his ass before, but perhaps Loki was right— if you were going to pop your cherry, may as well do it with a nuclear blast.

*Perhaps I’ll regret this in the morning when I’m sitting on an inflatable donut and we can ever look each other in the eye again?* But that was a problem for tomorrow.

There was no pain now, just a little pressure as the head of Thor’s cock pushed inside him and then an incredible pleasure as he was filled inch by inch and stretched open gently but firmly. Thor leaned forward, pinning him on top of Loki, and he let himself relax into the taught body beneath him, kissing the skin that was shiny with sweat, holding onto Loki’s shoulders to pull the slender body more firmly onto his cock. It was almost too much sensory input, impaled on Thor’s prick while balls-deep in Loki, and the metallic tentacles digging into his flesh were now an unwelcome distraction.

“J.A.R.V.I.S. give us a little space, will you?” Tony managed to say, and P-220’s appendages withdrew at once.

“As you wish, Sir.”

Was Tony imagining the note of coldness in J.A.V.I.S.’s tone? The machine was an impressive mimic of human emotions, but there was no time for self-congratulation, Thor had started to thrust into him, which in turn shoved him into Loki, whose cock was rapidly painting his belly with a slick of precum.

“Oh Norns, yes, harder,” moaned Loki.

“It’s up to Tony how hard he wants it,” said Thor.

“I...I could go for harder?”

“Ask me then.”

Tony felt a shiver run through him. “Ask you?”

“Yes. That’s how this works, Stark.”

Then Loki was squeezing tighter around his cock and he moaned. “*Fuck*, OK, *please* Thor will you fuck me harder?” The tickle of humiliation was balanced out by the blast of arousal he felt.

Thor landed a light slap on his thigh. “Anything for my good friend Tony Stark.”

“Dammit, Thor this better not have awoken something in me.”

“This is how it starts,” whispered Loki.

“Oh fuck you,” said Tony good-naturedly.

“Fuck both of us,” said Loki, looking past him to Thor.
And Thor seemed willing enough to oblige, bending forward, crushing Tony into Loki’s chest so that the whole world was nothing but smooth muscular bodies sliding together, a flaring detonation of pleasure building and building inside him as Thor’s thrusts drove his own cock harder and deeper into Loki’s trembling body, his own ass stretched around the great length that owned him and used him and drove him onwards towards what felt like it was going to be the toe-curler of his goddam life.

“Fuck I’m going to cum,” he panted.

“That makes two of us,” said Thor.

“Three,” gasped Loki.

“You first, Stark, I want you to come inside him. Make him go to his rest tonight filled with your spend.”

Loki moaned and arched his back driving himself harder against Tony’s pelvis. He felt the quiver of the God’s cock as he came, the flood of warm cum on his stomach, and that pushed him over the edge.

His orgasm was every bit as huge as he thought it would be, like a runaway train that walloped him flat. At the last minute he looked up, needing to see Loki’s face as he shot his load into his hole, and perhaps sensing it, Loki looked up, his eyes sated and exhausted, narrowing in pleasure as Tony’s cock emptied itself inside him.

“Holy fuck.”

He collapsed on top of Loki, half-stunned with the power of it, shuddering as Thor pulled out of him.

“Open your mouth, Brother,” he heard Thor say, and looked up in time to see Thor walk around to Loki’s head, grab the God by the hair and shove his cock into Loki’s mouth.

Damn that’s dirty. And hot. Would I like that to be me some time? Perhaps that’s a little above my pay-grade, but this being in the middle is pretty good.

They ended up in Thor’s rooms, those being the closest. It turned out that both Loki and Thor were cuddlers, and Tony being one too, it worked out pretty well.

Loki lay on his front between the two of them, Thor and Tony running their fingers over his red and bruised backside.

Tony couldn’t remember the last time he felt so relaxed and satisfied. He suspected that his fears that things might be awkward between the three of them were unfounded. This had been a fun distraction for him and an exciting adventure for the two Asgardians, and perhaps it would happen again, perhaps not.

The only thing missing was the wine.

“Loki, go and fetch it,” said Thor when Tony voiced the idea aloud.

“If you’d let me use magic...”

“No.”
Loki sighed. “Must I?” He kissed Thor’s shoulder. I’m comfortable here. Cosy. It’s cold down there.”

“I didn’t know Jotunns felt the cold,” said Thor.

Loki shivered theatrically “The sensitive ones do.”

Tony chuckled. “You’re sensitive now?”

“I’ve always been sensitive,” said Loki.

“You know I got that vibe when you threw me out the window. I thought ‘that guy’s a sensitive soul,’” said Tony.

Loki pinched his leg and Tony grabbed his wrist.

“Much as I would enjoy watching the two of you wrestle, I’d also like another beer,” said Thor. He tugged Loki upright by the collar that was still locked around his neck. “If you’re cold I’ll even let you wear one of my shirts.”

“The blue check,” said Tony. “I like that on him. But be careful out there Loki- if someone saw you who knows what might happen.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! Apologies in advance for any Loki/J.A.R.V.I.S. crackfic one-shots this may or may not have inspired.
Does anyone else’s spellcheck keep trying to change ‘panted’ to ‘painted’?
I pant with all the colors of the wind.

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