Father's Day
by moralegirl

Summary

After Loki's very thorough Mother's Day celebration with you, there's a secret mission to accomplish. Good thing Thor has a less-advertised power that can help you uncover Loki's mischief.
Chapter 1

“Psst! Thor!” you whispered, waving the blond god over toward a supply closet down the hall from the communal kitchen and entertainment area where some of the other Avengers were goofing off between missions.

“Yes?” he responded, joining you in the tiny room with a confused look on his face. “Are you hiding from someone?”

“No. Well, yes, but… not really?” you said, earning a chuckle from the good-natured man.

“Ah, Loki is off training with the other sorcerers today, I recall.” He grinned at you and watched as you fidgeted. Despite his strength and somewhat battle-hungry reputation, you had learned that Thor had a great sense of humor and could be insightful and sweet when given the chance. “How can I be of assistance, my future sister?”

You blushed at the words and he knew you would, which gave him all the more pleasure when he teased you playfully about Loki’s proposal a few days ago. “I… umm… yes…” you started, sighing and rolling your eyes with a smile on your face. “I have a mission for you.”

“A mission?” He crossed his arms in front of him and leaned against the wall, taking on a more serious tone. “Has Dr. Banner eaten all of the ice cream again?”

You watched as he held back his beaming smile for as long as he could, eventually ending it with a good-natured chuckle. “Thor…” you said, hoping he would stop teasing you for a moment.

“Alright, I’m listening. Tell me of this mission and the life-threatening risks I am about to take.”

You rolled your eyes, he laughed again, and then your eyes met and awkwardness set in. You felt the blush on your cheeks again and tucked your hair behind your ear. “I need a pregnancy test, but if I leave the building, either someone will want to go with me or someone will know where I’ve gone.”

A grin appeared on Thor’s face that was larger than any you’d seen before - which was really saying something, particularly after the teasing he’d just done. “Sister, you do not need a test to find the answer you seek.”
“I don’t want to ask Dr. Banner to do it.” You sighed in frustration, knowing that Loki would not appreciate The Hulk learning of his heir before he did.

He shook his head with a slight laugh. “Loki has not told you much of our family, has he?” he questioned, taking your hands into his as you shook your head. “You know me as Thor, God of Thunder, but I am also god of other things.”

“Like what?” you asked, watching as his much larger hands enveloped yours and he smiled again, slyly enough to make you think of his brother doing the same.

“Fertility.” He laughed as your jaw dropped.

“That’s rather dangerous, isn’t it? A guy like you…” You felt yourself blush again. “I mean, you’re… err… well, I’ve heard women say… umm…”

“Yes, the fairer sex seem to appreciate a few things about me,” he chuckled. “I suppose it could be dangerous, but it does come in handy for moments like this.”

You looked at his face, questioning him silently before you felt your hands tingle slightly. “What was that?”

“Loki isn’t the only one with special abilities, sister,” Thor said with a wink before his eyes lit up. “He is, however, the only son of Odin that is a father.”

“Wait, what? You can tell?!” you said with wide eyes as he beamed at you.

“I must admit,” he said as he let go of your hands and moved to rest one on your lower abdomen, “I suspected you were with child a couple weeks ago when you hugged me after everyone arrived back following the mission…”

Tears pricked your eyes as you thought of how dangerous it had been for the team and how Loki and Thor had been the last two people to come back from the fight. You sniffled and wiped away a tear at the memory and the feeling of relief when your Prince had returned.
Thor hugged you tightly and chuckled again. “Do not cry, Loki and I returned without a scratch on us! It was the Captain and Stark who were a bit worse for wear, but even they were fine after a visit to the healers.”

“But… but…” you whispered, stumbling over your words. “If Loki hadn’t made it back, then… then… the baby…” Your words failed. *The baby. Loki’s. Yours.*

Thor’s compassionate side was in full force as he held onto you and rubbed your back, one hand still plastered to your belly. “Loki will always return to you and the children, sister,” he said as quietly as his voice would allow. “I promise you that I will always force him to return to you, even if it were to mean sacrificing myself to ensure it.”

Your tears stopped and your eyes grew larger as you pulled back and looked up at him. “Children? As in…”

“Hold on…” he said, shifting his hand over your abdomen.

Unfortunately, it was precisely at this moment that the closet door opened and Loki stood staring at the two of you, both of you appearing quite guilty with Thor’s hand resting dangerously close to your core. He cleared his throat and the two of you looked to him in surprise. “Brother… Sweetling…” he began, his voice prickling with heightening emotions as he stepped into the now very crowded closet and pulled the door closed behind him. “Might I ask what exactly the two of you are doing in here?”

“It’s not what it looks like!” you blurted out as Thor stood frozen and seemingly lost in what he was doing, his hand still touching you rather intimately and his mouth slightly open.

“Brother… would you like to keep your hand or would you like me to remove it for you?” Loki said as their eyes met.

“OH!” Thor said, pulling away from you quickly, as if he’d forgotten what was happening in the world past where his palm had been. “Yes, of course, my apologies Loki.” He smiled somewhat awkwardly and searched for somewhere to put his hands before finally settling for the side walls of the closet.

“Would one of you like to explain why you are hiding in the closet with Thor’s hand delving
You gulped. His voice was gaining speed and intensity, just as it always did when his temper flared and particularly in those situations where Thor was involved. “Loki… I…” you started, but were unable to finish as you bolted past him out of the closet and rushed down the hallway, the rush of emotions from Thor’s revelation and the heat of the closet triggering your stomach to turn on you.

As you rushed out, Loki and Thor ran after you, leaving the rest of the group in the nearby lounge to stare down the hallway as you all darted away. “I suspected those Odinsons got up to some freaky stuff, but I really wasn’t expecting that the brothers were into sharing…” Tony said with a chuckle before drinking the rest of his whiskey, his words causing Natasha and Steve to roll their eyes and blush, respectively. “She just got a bit more interesting, too, didn’t she?” he quipped before shrugging his shoulders and walking in the other direction.

You rushed into the apartment you shared with Loki and ran to the bathroom, locking the door behind you before your breakfast was heaved into the toilet. It hadn’t been the first time that you’d struggled to keep down your food lately, but this was the first time that you hadn’t blamed it on Natasha’s lack of cooking skills or Bruce’s overuse of salt on anything he made for the group.

“You upset her with your unwelcome touching!” Loki said to Thor as they arrived outside the bathroom door. “Midgardians are delicate, you oaf!”

“It wasn’t unwelcome, Loki!” Thor said, wincing immediately as Loki punched him - lightly - in the gut. “Brother, I meant that it didn’t upset her because she asked me to!”

“You were about to fondle my betrothed in a broom closet!” Loki spat at him.

Thor raised his hands. “Brother, it wasn’t what it seemed. I assure you, I would never do that to you or them.”

Loki pinched the bridge of his nose in frustration. “It is far too early for you to be in your cups, brother. Make some sense, would you?”

You could hear hushed conversation outside the door as your stomach finally settled down. You brushed your teeth and opened the door, finding the two of them standing quietly - too quietly. Thor nodded to you with a reassuring smile, encouraging you to step closer to Loki.
“Happy Father’s Day,” You whispered as Loki’s arms wrapped around your waist and he pulled you close, just as he had each time he’d returned from a mission. “I’m pregnant…”

Thor silently chuckled and grinned as he watched Loki’s eyes widen. “That is why I touched her,” he said, finally allowing himself to enjoy the moment. He laughed as he patted his brother’s back. “Perhaps the sons of Loki will keep their father on his toes, hmm?” He exchanged looks with you and winked as Loki stood in shock with his arms around you. “Sister, you may want to get him seated before he faints… he looks paler than normal.”

“Thanks, Thor,” you replied, blushing as the blond man left the apartment.

“That’s Uncle Thor!” he said before the door closed behind him.

“Did he just say what I think he said?” Loki asked as the two of you sat down on the side of the bed, his hand wrapped firmly around yours. “Did you just…”

You looked over at his face and smiled at the stunned look he was still sporting, giving his hand a squeeze. “As handsome as you are when you’re taken off guard like this,” you said, reaching over to touch his cheek and get him to look at you, “a little reassurance might be helpful.”

He turned toward you and leaned closer, letting his forehead rest against yours for a brief moment before kissing your lips. “I knew you were pregnant, but I did not know…” Moving back onto the bed, he pulled you with him until you were resting on your sides facing each other. “I must admit that Thor’s abilities in this particular area are a bit more developed than mine. Mother would be proud to know he’s using them.”

“I think she’d be even happier to see her son becoming a father,” you grinned, drawing his hand closer and resting it on your body. The love was palpable as he stroked over your stomach.

You paused after a moment and looked to his face. “Wait? You knew I was pregnant and you didn’t tell me!?”

“I wanted you to have the opportunity to find out as you normally would and…” he explained, glancing down at where his fingers were gently running over your shirt, “I wanted to hear the news from you, however you chose to tell me. Even though I’ve known for a week or so, it didn’t feel real until you said those words.”
The tenderness and sincerity of his voice had you blinking away tears. “I was asking Thor to sneak to the pharmacy to buy a test.”

He smiled softly as his free hand cupped your cheek. “Did you have a plan to tell me?”

“Nothing beyond telling you as soon as you returned,” you answered. “I didn’t exactly plan to have Thor in the middle of it.”

“He is rather skilled at inserting himself into the center of anything,” he joked, trying to keep your emotions from turning sad as he felt the disappointment in your voice. “I must admit, finding out this way felt oddly appropriate. Human, I suppose? Wonderfully imperfect.”

“You’re not disappointed?” you asked as he pulled you closer and wrapped his arm around your back.

He kissed the tip of your nose. “How could I be, darling?” he responded. “The woman I love has not only agreed to marry me, but she is carrying my sons. I could not be more pleased.”

With a smile, you rested your head against his chest and sunk into his embrace. Another moment passed in contented silence, as Loki’s fingers fanned out over your abdomen in a tender yet distinctively possessive caress.

“Do you feel better, now?” he questioned, kissing the top of your head.

You inhaled his scent, the deep wood and hint of leather soothing your heightened senses. “I do. I can’t believe I didn’t put the signs together. I’ve been exhausted for the last week, I’ve had bouts of nausea…”

“…Your breasts have been too sore to allow me to enjoy them…” Loki added matter-of-factly.

Blushing, you looked up at him and kissed his cheek. “I don’t know how you managed to keep the news a secret.”

He smirked and turned you around in his arms, curling around your body as your princely protector.
“You mean to ask how I managed to keep my hands and eyes and the rest of my body from telling you without words?” he questioned quietly against your ear before kissing your neck.

You could feel his smile against your skin as his arms held you close for another moment before his hands began to wander under your shirt. A soft yet unexpected moan came from your lips and you felt him smirk against your neck.

“Darling, I believe you’ve become rather sensitive,” he said, his deep voice taking on that sensual tone he often turned on in moments like these. He deliberately slowed his progress, but continued moving his hands upward, feeling the way your breathing was changing from his touch. “Mmm… this is a lovely surprise,” he said quietly as he cupped your breasts through the soft lace of your bra, “…already slightly swollen.”

“Oh my god, oh my god, take it off!” you suddenly blurted out at the slightest touch of a finger over one of your lace-covered nipples, your back arching against his front as arousal coursed through you. The feeling was too much. It’d been too much for the last week or two, but you’d actively avoided any focused touches over your breasts as a way to cope. Loki’s dextrous fingers and obscenely gentle caress left you feeling overstimulated and needy.

“Hush, my dear,” he whispered, his teeth pausing to tease your earlobe as your clothes - and his - disappeared in a soft flash of green. “We will get there eventually,” he said as his hands moved away from your breasts and slid toward your abdomen with a gentle but firm touch, clearly not wanting to set you off again.

You didn’t realize that you had been slowly drawing in an anxious breath the entire time his hands crept lower, not until he kissed your neck and you exhaled sharply before taking a couple rushed breaths to catch up. Even with his careful motions, the touch of his fingers still set off sparks of desire. Is this what it will be like the entire way through?

“Yes,” Loki answered, his voice quiet as he moved the two of you to sit up, his back to the head of the bed with you safely between his spread legs. “You are mine now. Your body ignites at my touch, just as my own does with yours.” He paused to kiss your shoulder.

His hands returned to your skin, sliding down your sides until they reached your hips. You were both quiet, each listening to the other’s breathing and waiting for your shared reactions as his fingers inched closer to your middle. Turning your head, you kissed his cheek and moved your hands to guide his larger ones over your womb.

“I have wanted to do this since I first realized you were with child,” he said as his hands sweetly
searched over you.

You leaned back into his body and closed your eyes, enjoying the gentle touches and soft sparks of his seidr. “Thor said sons. Is he right?”

Loki focused his concentration for a moment. “Yes…” he replied, his tone giving away the grin that was on his face.

Feeling him laughing silently against your back, you turned around in his arms and looked at him questioningly. “What’s so funny?”

“I told you Jotuns are notoriously virile, did I not?” he responded, drawing you to sit astride his lap before briefly kissing your lips.

“Yes, you did, but why are you laughing?” you asked, sighing as he kissed your neck again while his hands moved to knead your bottom.

“Because this Jotun appears to have been particularly virile,” he whispered, pulling your body flush against his own. His lips moved to your neck again, pressing increasingly wanton kisses as he continued his explanation. “Twin pregnancies are somewhat rare, but this is unheard of for my kind.”

You drew back and stared at him, your hands resting on his chest as he looked back at you with a rather smug grin. It was the grin that often appeared when he was causing mischief. “Loki…” The nervousness could be heard in your voice as your mind jumped to conclusions. “What’d you do???”

He clutched a hand to his chest. “Love, your accusation wounds me,” he said rather melodramatically, closing his eyes.

At that point, you knew he’d done something, but realized that there was no way you could actually be upset with him for it as he stole a glance from his only slightly opened eyes to see your reaction. When his playfulness was met with a soft, accepting smile from you, he dropped the act and kissed your lips again.

“Luck finally graced me with good news,” he said as he rested his forehead against yours again, “…and I might’ve given you one of my mother’s fertility potions. She would thrilled to know it
worked.”

You happily sighed, realizing what had been behind his actions. “You were afraid we couldn’t, weren’t you?”

He nodded once, just barely, before pecking your lips again. “When I failed to find examples of Jotuns and Humans procreating, incompatibility was one potential explanation,” he said with a sigh before cupping your cheeks with his hands. “It was an answer I was unwilling to accept and I…” he paused, looking at your face with a mix of vulnerability and tenderness that you hadn’t seen from him before. “…I could not stomach the thought of disappointing you or watching your hope fade if we struggled.”

His admission made your heart feel a number of mixed-up emotions all at once and you felt your eyes release fresh tears. You hugged him tightly, putting all the feelings you had into your touch because getting them out in words didn’t seem possible. His calm, deep breaths helped snap you out of the emotional surge. *I wonder if this is me or them,* you wondered as his hands sweetly stroked your back.

Both, Sweetling.

You drew back enough to look at his face, your eyes wider at the realization that he hadn’t said anything out loud. “This is going to take a bit of getting used to…” you said with a soft smile, understanding that your new ability to communicate with each other this way was part of the bond you’d forged. Thankfully, the somber tone of the conversation had changed back to the curiosity and excitement of a few moments before. “So just how well did that potion work, Loki?” you asked with a playful smirk as you moved back to give him space.

One of his hands spread over your belly again as the other held one of yours, lacing your fingers together with his. “Mother’s notes indicated that the potion would only ensure that one child would be conceived. I believe that it did exactly that, but that we ended up not needing it in the first place.”

“There’s one from the potion and…?” you asked as his fingers slowly padded around.

A bit of smugness crept into his smile, the sort of self-congratulatory smirk he occasionally had after one of his plans won the battle for the team. “Two more,” he answered, looking down to your stomach. His finger traced over your skin again and you could feel his seidr for a few seconds. “I believe they are identical.”
You blushed at the satisfaction he clearly got out of your situation and let your arms slip over his shoulders and behind his neck, not really making eye contact as you touched him. “Three tiny Lokisons…” you said as your fingers toyed with his hair, “I’m sure tales will be told of their daddy’s command of the bedroom.”

“...and of their mother,” he said with a voice that reflected the mood growing between you.

You glanced to Loki’s face and saw arousal rising as his eyes were intensely focused on you. He looked as tense as a taut bowstring as his hands moved to hold your hips. “Maybe siring three sons on your first try will earn you fertility god status,” you wondered aloud, a flash of a smirk crossing your lips as your eyes met his again for a brief moment before your hands moved over his shoulders and chest. His heart was pounding steadily as his breaths became heavy with desire.

“I can’t wait to tell everyone…” you whispered, leaning toward his ear, “Prince Loki of Asgard, Rightful Heir to the Throne of Jotunheim, God of Mischief, God of Chaos and God of Virility is their Daddy.” You nuzzled against him affectionately as his voice made a deeply aroused sound. Although you hadn’t ever played with the title this way, you had suspected that the man before you might enjoy being called daddy from the various intimate moments between your decision to have children and the present.

You continued toying with his hair as you sat back on his lap and watched his face. “Do you like that?” you asked softly, your cheek moving to the other side of his face to whisper into his other ear. “I know you do, Loki. You love it because it reminds you and everyone else exactly how you earned that title and what it meant.”

His voice barely made it out of his mouth with the way it was so very choked with arousal from your words. “I will never forget earning it, love,” he answered before moving you both. He planted you on your back on the bed and knelt over your body, his hips caged in by your thighs as he lowered himself to your already slick entrance. “Mmm… I do believe I’m not the only one enjoying this,” he added with a smirk, slowly slipping inside you. “Does your little quim get wet at the thought that my seed impregnated you? That you, a mere mortal, has wrapped a god around your finger so tightly?”

A slightly harder thrust left him buried to the hilt and caused you both to moan. You drew his body closer and kissed him deeply, your tongue teasing his as your fingers ran through his tousled curls before taking time to whisper to him again. “I’m a very, very lucky mortal.” A gasp came from your mouth as he nearly withdrew before thrusting inside again.

“To be bred by a god...” he said with a groan as your nails playfully dragged down his back. “Unlike other gods, I sought your consent. You wanted this.”
A blissful whimper escaped from your mouth as he moved inside you with slow, deep thrusts. “Yes…”

“Ached for it…” he hissed, another thrust causing his body to press flush against your own.

You felt him grind against you, stimulating your clit as he seemed to hit every spot inside you. Sex with him was always good, but there was something about everything that had transpired that heightened everything about the moment. “For you, Loki,” you whispered, struggling not to allow the flood of emotions get the better of you in this moment. “To be yours.”

Your god saw the tears threatening to spill from your eyes, felt the sudden shift in your emotions, and sighed in a sweet way that seemed to cherish the knowledge that he would need to take care of you in the coming months. With his body settled on yours and his length still buried inside you, his hands cupped your cheeks and his thumbs swept your tears away. He silently wondered whether all the inevitable, hormonally charged tears you’d cry would continue to softly break him the way they were right now. There was a pang in his heart as he gazed at your shining eyes, seeing the love you felt and feeling his own emotions rise in response.

“How important is a traditional Midgardian wedding to you?” he whispered, a sense of nervousness in his voice.

It wasn’t clear where he was going with the question. Worry began to find its way into your thoughts. “Did you… not want to…”

He swiftly but carefully exchanged your places on the bed, letting you rest on top of him as he looked up from the pillows, one hand affectionately tracing down your cheek. “We could be wed tomorrow, you know.” A soft smile graced his lips as you took a deep, relaxed breath and realized he wasn’t putting a halt to your engagement. “I do not want to deny you any dreams you may have about a wedding, but if you are not tied to tradition… Stark has informed me that City Hall performs the rite.”

Sincerity was etched on his handsome features as you stared down at his face, the gentle laugh lines at the corners of his eyes and tenderness in his gaze said everything you needed to hear. “I have the perfect dress…” you whispered back to him. As you said the words, the enormity of it struck you and you felt your hands shake with anticipation.

He gathered them in his own and placed them on his chest before sitting up and holding you as you straddled his lap. “Tomorrow you will be mine, sweetling, and all shall know it. …But for now…” he said before giving you a playful look as his hands moved to guide your hips.
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Fluff.

You awoke the following morning with a blissful ache in your body, a contented smile on your face, and a deliciously dark Prince resting peacefully against you. The slight discomfort in your hips reminded you of the various ways they’d been moved the night before. Knowing that Loki would wake if you moved or made much sound, you stayed where you were. It wasn’t a bad spot, really, resting on your back with the surprisingly angelic-looking face and raven hair of the man you adored resting on your abdomen. You would never tell anyone how innocent and adorable he looked in his sleep, but that certainly didn’t mean that you couldn’t appreciate it. The last fuzzy memories you had from last night were of his lips gently pressing over the area before resting his head and holding you close. Seconds later, you’d fallen fast asleep, safe in your god’s care.

You closed your eyes and let your head rest back against your pillow again. Yesterday, life had changed in a massive way and the news was still slowly sinking in. Images of what the future might look like filled your thoughts. Loki wanted to be your husband and a father… and now he would be, three times over.

“Sweetling, your thoughts are quite loud this morning,” you heard your god say as he began to wake, his voice still erotically deep from the night. He moved his head enough to allow him to look at your face, letting you see the contented hint of a smile on his lips and in his clear eyes.

Suddenly remembering that your thoughts were now open to him somehow, you blushed and ran your fingers through his hair. “Everything is still sinking in,” you replied, hearing him hum in response, “so many wonderful things have happened… all because of you.” Your fingertips traced his jaw tenderly until his fingers took hold of yours and held them to his lips for a kiss.

“Do not discount your role in this,” he whispered as he drew his body upward until he could kiss your lips, stealing your breath away with the tenderness of his mouth. His hands slipped around you, slowly moving until your bottom was cupped by his hands. “If my tongue is silver, then yours is gold.”

“Loki…” you breathed as he rolled onto his back and guided your legs to fall astride him. One hand slipped into your hair and drew you down for another kiss, leaving his other hand free to knead your flesh as your lips and tongues came together. Your hands rested on his chest, appreciatively tracing over the smooth muscles. His body was lean and hard, such a delicious contrast to your softness and
curves.

He let go of your hair and slid his hands down your back until he groped your bottom in both palms. “I had never wanted this until you,” he groaned, spreading you as he guided your body up and positioned you at his tip. “Your sweet, sultry voice called out to me, beckoned me, entranced me…”

“Never wanted…?” you whispered, desperately wanting to know, yet still guarding yourself.

Slowly, he guided you by the hips and slid you down onto his length. “This moment… you… your body… to have you as mine… possess you completely,” he whispered as he kissed over your cheek toward your ear. “You made me want it all. Everything that we can be and will be, my future queen.”

Both of you moaned softly into the kiss, the soft caress of his lips soon building into something far more demanding. Your channel throbbed around him, still acclimating to the intrusion, but his hands held your hips firmly, refusing to let you pull away even a fraction of an inch.

Opening your eyes, you were met with his stern gaze. “You have brought a god to his knees,” he hissed as he sat up and wrapped his arms around your body to hold you even more tightly, “and now, my Siren, you face the consequences.”

You blushed at his words and his eyes softened in response. His hands slid up your body until he was cradling your face. “I love you,” you said before kissing him, feeling the smile appear on his lips despite his attempt to be serious. After a few more sweet kisses, you giggled at the way he couldn’t stop breaking them to grin.

“I adore you… and you are mine,” he said, kissing your left cheek, “mine,” he repeated to your right, “mine, mine, mine, mine, mine!” he went on, kissing over your face until you were both laughing.

With a happy sigh, you clasped your hands behind his neck and brought your legs around his waist. “Loki, I need you…” you whispered in his ear.

You moaned as his lips trailed over one side of your neck and his hands went back to cradling your bottom and guiding your movements on him. “You feel so good inside me…” you answered, feeling the way that his presence made you even wetter than you’d been before he slipped into you.
“Mmmm… so deliciously wet…” he answered, his hands starting to move your body against the gentle but deep and grinding thrusts he was able to make in the position. “Unnnf…” he groaned, “tight… little… squeezing me every time I hit… right… there…” He grunted with each word as he moved just right, a smirk gracing his face as you called out his name. He settled inside you for a moment, enjoying the closeness as you clung to him and he to you.

“Darling,” he whispered against your hair, “would you indulge in a fantasy of mine?”

Pulling your face from his neck, you looked at him questioningly. You had always regarded yourself as a vanilla-with-sprinkles sort, though you knew that someone who’d been around as long as your godly mate had probably been introduced to myriad ideas and methods. Your mind trailed off for a moment, seeing the genuinely blissful and deliciously sexy look on his face. “Umm… okay,” you finally said, blushing as he seemed genuinely surprised.

“I haven’t even told you what it is yet,” he warned, sliding his hands up and down your back to feel your skin. “Are you sure?”

“Mmm-hmm,” you responded, sounding far less hesitant this time. “You’d never force something on me that I didn’t like or consent to trying, Prince Charming.”

He wrapped his arms around you and held onto you tightly, pressing a kiss to your hair before taking a calming breath. “Of course not,” he answered, his hands worshipping their way up and down your sides.

“Tell me,” you whispered, kissing his shoulder as you enjoyed the way that you were still joined, still aroused, yet content in the moment. “I trust you, whatever it is.”

Resting his hands on the bed behind him, he leaned back a bit and looked at you earnestly, yet so openly and tenderly, still appearing somewhat amazed every time you said you trusted him. “I want to make love to my wife.” He reached to your face and tucked some stray hair behind your ear before beaming at you when your face lit up.

“You want to… now?” you asked, your surprise causing you to rock back in his lap. You both made soft sounds of pleasure at the sensation.

He gazed at you as you gazed back at him. Suddenly, both of you silently embraced his whim and clamored out of bed to get at least a little tidied up. When you stepped into the elevator only minutes
later, you both laughed a little as you realized what a rush you’d both been in. Tugging your hand, he pulled you around with your back to his front and pointed to the mirrored wall of the elevator across from you.

“We look like we fell out of bed after a long night of fucking,” you commented, since neither of you had bothered to do much more than wash up, grab the necessary documents, and be clothed by Loki’s seidr as you ran out the door. You noticed that the buttons of his shirt were even misaligned and couldn’t help but giggle. He never made such simple errors.

“I think you look beautiful,” he replied, loosely wrapping his arms around your middle and resting his chin on your shoulder. He admired his work, looking over the long emerald green sundress he’d clothed you with and the way your hair fell down your shoulders in messy waves.

You softly smiled at him in the mirror and reached up to run your hand through his hair. “Sure you want to chain yourself to a Midgardian peasant, handsome prince?”

His hands moved to your hips and turned you around before he drew you against him again, leaning down to kiss you ever so gently. “I do not believe I could survive another day without doing exactly this. I will throw the key to the other side of all the realms and never think of it again.”

Suddenly, a voice came over the speakers of the elevator. “Hey, hey, hey! None of that in there, you two!” you heard Tony say as you both looked to the upper corner on the other side of the cabin, spotting the camera. “Rock of Ages, I’m gonna need you up in the lab in about twenty. You too, Tawny Kitaen. Cartwheel your ass up here and check out this alloy I’m developing!”

“Not happening, Tony,” you said, grinning to Loki as he did the honors and dismantled the camera with his seidr. Before he’d even finished, your lips were all over his in a suddenly hungry kiss that only grew more intense as his hands lifted you from under your thighs and he pressed your back against the wall.

You both groaned in disappointment as the bell dinged and the doors opened on the ground floor. He let you down, still standing in front of you until you were able to smooth down your dress. “Ready?” he asked with a mischievous grin as he stepped back and held out his hand.

Finally getting a better look at him, you wondered how he could make black jeans and an untucked white button-down shirt look so ridiculously good. It certainly didn’t hurt that he left his hair down instead of slicking it back the way he usually did. Bed-head looked incredibly good on him. “For you… always,” you whispered playfully, letting him pull you out of the elevator.
The walk to the clerk’s office was fairly short and, despite the desire to get there as quickly as possible, you were amazed that Loki actually managed to walk at your pace instead of dragging you along by the hand as he had a tendency to do when in a rush. He did look a bit antsy as you had to wait to cross the street. Leaning against his side, you smiled as his arm slid around you and his hand rested on your hip. The act seemed to relax him and he cracked a smile as he looked down to you.

The light turned and you joined the mass of people, heading across and down a couple more blocks before arriving at your destination. Although you couldn’t see the transformation, to all the other people around Loki appeared a bit more peachy than pale, with only somewhat shorter, wavy auburn hair, nicely trimmed facial hair, and glasses. He knew that he wouldn’t have been able to walk into a governmental building in his usual state, but there was no way he’d make you suffer for it.

“How exactly do you plan on showing them the right identification?” you questioned as you walked up the granite stairs of the front of the building.

He smirked and pulled out a photo ID and birth certificate. “I believe you’ll find everything is in order,” he said as you walked toward the large doors of the building.

Stepping to the side to allow others to pass, you glanced over the items and kept yourself from giggling, realizing what he’d done. “At least you kept your own name,” you said, happy to see that you were not marrying someone that looked like a scruffy professor version of Loki, but merely him in disguise, “but what’s the middle initial stand for? I didn’t know you had a middle name, Loki F. Odinson.”

He smiled wistfully before responding. “Stark convinced SHIELD to procure them and a middle name was required, so I chose Friggason. They agreed after Stark explained why paperwork was needed.” He reached over and pecked your cheek, letting his hand briefly slip over your abdomen affectionately.

“They know?” you asked, surprised that he would do any of what he just said had been done. You’d fully expected to be marrying a fictional person with falsified documents.

“Yes,” he said quietly, “but I did not tell either about them yet. Only you, my dear.” After another peck to your other cheek, he grinned. “They’re our little secrets for a while.”

“As long as Thor keeps his mouth shut.” He laughed along with you before taking your hand and pulling you into the building.
An hour or so later, you made it to the front of the line. Although you’d known what to expect, Loki’s impatience was lurking under the surface, only contained by the knowledge that you would soon be his in every sense of the word. He’d been standing next to you for the last hour, both of you often falling into comfortable silence as you held hands or were in some sort of casual embrace as you watched your surroundings. Every now and then, one of you would kiss the other’s cheek or hand or other inconspicuous area, causing the other to smile at them in return. You mostly tried to rest standing up, feeling a bit fatigued from everything going on inside you.

Meanwhile, Loki’s mind wandered from one thing to the next. This was a day that he thought would never come to pass when he was growing up on Asgard. Although he’d attracted lovers, they were all short-term liaisons that would never, could never, be more. Odin was more concerned with finding a future queen for Thor than anyone for his second son. Potential matches threw themselves at Thor while Loki was considered anything from aloof to strange to terrifying. After a millennium had passed, Loki had started wondering whether he even wanted to marry, enjoying his ability to bed anyone he wanted and do anything he wanted. His mother occasionally reminded him that the wanderlust and drive for independence that came with youth would eventually dim somewhat with time and assured him that he would grow older and would eventually appreciate the thought of someone to share his life with and, perhaps, even consider becoming a father.

It was this thought that caused a little lop-sided smile to cross his lips before he wrapped his arms around you and kissed your forehead. Although Frigga could not divulge the knowledge she possessed of things that had not yet come to pass, there was something about this moment that made him believe that she had seen it many years ago and quietly steered him toward it, even if only by keeping him open to the idea.

“You have always been mine,” he whispered against your forehead, “I only had to find you.”

The words were so soft and so heartfelt that you felt tears pricking your eyes and were somewhat relieved when a woman at one of the windows called for the next couple. You both slipped her your paperwork and she gave you more than a few looks, particularly Loki, before collecting the fee and providing you with a marriage license.

“It’s good for ninety days, but today happens to be one of the days that an authorized judge is on hand to perform a civil ceremony. Just take this to the fifth floor and go to courtroom 503,” she quickly explained, obviously giving the same instructions she’d probably provided dozens of couples that day. You barely had enough time to thank her for the information before she was calling the next in line.

Walking toward the elevator, the two of you looked at the formal document, stealing a sneaky side-eye at each other before tucking it back into its large envelope. “Are you sure you don’t want Thor
“No, this is ours,” he said, wrapping an arm around your back. “If you would like, we could have a traditional binding. I am sure that nothing would please Thor more than to perform it as his first ceremony.”

You pulled his hand into yours as the doors opened and walked down another hallway, eventually arriving outside the courtroom. “Are you okay?” you asked, feeling his grip on your hand grow tighter.

He gave a nod and did his best to clear away the memories of his prior adjudication. “It has been some time since I last stood in judgment.”

“You’re not here to be judged, Loki,” you said, wrapping your arms around his waist as you both moved to the side to let others pass through the doors. You gazed up at him, trying your best to put all the love and adoration you felt into your stare. “You’re here to be married.”

Drawing in a deep breath, he looked at your face and you could see the way he melted in response. “One last chance to back out, my love,” he said, a grin finally appearing. “Will you have me as your husband, your mate, and your god?”

The way he said it made you blush. You pecked his cheek. “Yes… yes… and…” you answered, kissing your away from his cheek to his mouth, “mmm… my god, yes.”

“Save those for later, darling,” he said with a wink before taking you the hand and entering the courtroom. Yet again, you had to wait, though this time was filled with anticipation as you both watched two couples ahead of you wed. He squeezed your hand and raised it to his lips as the couple before you finished and the way was cleared.

Seconds later, you stood in front of the judge and said the standard vows that worked as legal magic words. They weren’t romantic, they didn’t invoke grand ideas, but they were simple and honest. Loki held your hands in his, drawing them up between your chests as you recited after the judge. You couldn’t take your eyes off of each other as you said your “I do’s” and you were surprised when Loki didn’t stop there.

“I do… “ he said, releasing one of your hands so that he could press his palm to your body, “and I
swear to love, guide, teach, and protect - with all that I am and my life, if necessary - these little ones and all those that will follow them.”

His expression was a blend of his most formidable stares, the sort of thing he’d reserve for someone who had dared to challenge him, and the softest and most sincere looks that he’d only ever shared with you. The words he’d spoken and the body language that accompanied them left you feeling like you’d been clothed in the most resilient and protective armor in existence - and you knew that it was exactly as Loki intended. He took his new roles seriously and, even though Daddy Loki was ridiculously sexy, seeing him make such a statement in public was quickly sending you into emotional overload as the judge completed the ceremony.

“I now pronounce you Mr. and Mrs. Loki Odinson,” he said, sounding a little less bored than he did with the last two couples, “You may kiss the bride.”

Seeing the happy tears in your eyes, Loki stepped closer and wiped them away with his thumbs before kissing you softly on the lips. You could feel the way that his lips were unable to stop smiling as he kissed you again and wrapped your arms around him as you probably got a little too PG-13 for a courtroom. When the judge cleared his throat, you pulled apart blushing before Loki took your hand and you traced your steps back to the tower. The walk was slower this time, both of you enjoying the moment before word got out.
“Loki! Oh my god, LOKI!” you cried out as your hands clung to his broad back and your legs were wrapped around his waist. The first time you were together after you’d gotten back to the tower had been the sweetest and slowest lovemaking that you’d ever experienced, but this time around Loki had finally given up on holding back and was giving it to you hard and deep.

He practically growled as he heard you calling his name. “Keep praying, wife,” he managed between breaths. The last few minutes had been spent fucking you with fast thrusts, leaving both of you on the edge. Although he wanted nothing more than to bury himself inside you and give in to the lust that had been building, he couldn’t resist dragging it out. “You’ll need to be more specific if you expect me to answer them.”

Prying your legs from his waist, he knelt up and pressed your knees toward your chest. He couldn’t help but stare at the way your body took him inside and slipped out of you completely to admire you, a bit of a smirk on his face as he heard your groan of disappointment as he had stopped fucking you. “Such a pretty little cunt,” he breathed, moving his hips so that his length slid over your folds, teasing you. “You take me so well, darling,” he said as he repeated the motion a few times. “If you could see what I see right now…”

You felt him press the tip of his cock against your entrance again and pleaded. “You could show me…” The look on his face was now a full, salacious smirk, the sort of look that made every inch of your skin blush. “Pretty please??”

“Hold,” he said plainly as his hands left where they’d been behind your knees.

As your hands moved to where his had been, you spread your thighs and raised your head to get a better look. He looked every bit a god as he knelt there, ready to fill you again at any second. You could feel your arousal surging, particularly the way his gaze made your nipples become achingly erect. “Please show me, Loki,” you asked again, feeling the blush over your skin as you continued, “I want to see what it looks like when I’m taken by my god.”

His long arm stretched until he placed two fingertips on your forehead. “See what I see,” he said, smirking again before he looked down to where he rested against you.

You gasped as you saw through his eyes, from his perspective, and looked down as he thrust into you, still feeling everything from your own perspective. Somehow, seeing things from this view made you understand exactly why he often praised you for taking him well. Your cheeks grew warm as you watched his thick length sinking inside you. The view of his cock glistening with your wetness as he pulled all the way out made your mouth fall open.

“Mmm… look how you slip around me so easily, Sweetling,” he whispered as he very slowly moved back inside. “Taking me deep,” he added, groaning as he pressed about 2/3 of his length inside. “No, deeper, Sweetling… I must have all of you.” He moved you to your side and slipped behind you on the bed. A second later, he was back inside you, groaning again as he thrust in deep. “Take as much of me as your little cunt can, darling. Worship your god…”

You closed your eyes and let yourself slip into the sensations flowing between the two of you. “Loki, please…” you pleaded quietly, feeling his tip slide inside until he was nestled very firmly, almost uncomfortably, against you, filling you completely.

“Yes… take me… just a bit more…” he growled as he moved you by your hips, tilting and rolling
your body into the perfect position, one that would finally let that last inch or so of him fill you. “Fuck… darling…” he panted in your ear, his hands slipping around until they were cupping your breasts and tweaking your nipples. “Such a good, good girl…”

You squirmed, you whimpered, and you grabbed at his hair and dragged him closer until you felt his lips at your neck. “Loki…” you sighed, feeling pleasure running through you despite the lack of any thrusting. The sensations were on the edge of being too much, yet you didn’t want them to end. He hit every spot inside you at once. You breathed his name again, feeling the slow rise of arousal between you.

He kissed your neck up to your earlobe before nibbling it. “Do you feel that?” he whispered, still not moving an inch as his hands were firmly holding your front to keep you against his body.

“Mm-hm!” you replied, your voice soft and high, the words just barely making it out of your mouth. Your hands moved mindlessly over his forearms as he held you tightly, unsure of whether you even had a goal beyond feeling him. “Oh… Loki….”

Although his body desperately wanted to give in to the urge to thrust, he remained still. “Focus on that feeling inside you,” he said, running a hand over your front. “Open yourself to it, let it flow into you.”

“You feel that? A spell?” you almost moaned, the tingling and throbbing was exquisite, like the moments leading up to an orgasm.

He groaned as he hungrily kissed your neck, frantically kissing your skin between his words. “Us, Sweetling, it is us.”

You felt like you could barely form coherent thoughts. “Loki I feel like I’m-“ you said, letting your head rest against him.

“Going to cum?” he added, growling as he nibbled your ear and neck. “I feel it, too.”

Letting your hand slip through his hair, you sank into his touches and into whatever this was between you. “Loki,” you said, pausing to moan softly from the increasing arousal between you. “What…” The sensations kept building. “Ohhh…. fuuuuuck… Loki…” You could hear his moan alongside yours, filled the same raw arousal that had taken over yours.

“May I… change?” he whispered, as if he was doing his best not to.

You understood exactly what he meant and found yourself nodding and gasping as the sensations increased. He hadn’t moved an inch. “Yes… Always…”

He practically growled at your words and dropped the spells that hid his true form. “I did not know if it would happen, as you are not Jotun,” he said, pausing to catch his lust-filled breath. “Fuck…” he gasped, suddenly drawing out of you before turning you onto your back and moving between your legs.

“LOKI!” you suddenly said in a needy moan, your legs pulling him down until he had no choice but to slide inside you to the hilt again. Both of you practically growled with lust at the sensations. His hands pressed yours to the mattress at either side of your head and you looked up to his face. “I…”

“You carry my children.” He finished your attempted words, moving down onto you until you were caged in by his body. “They are why you are able to feel the bond,” he said before his lips moved all over your neck and shoulders.
You moaned again, feeling the sensations grow faster. “Magic?” you asked as his pelvis rested against you, the weight of him only serving to increase your body’s responses. His eyes met yours and it was as if he was the only thing that existed beyond your own body. In that moment, he was everything and the world simply faded away.

“Shh, just feel,” he whispered before kissing your lips. What had started as a gentle brush of his mouth to yours soon grew into something that neither of you seemed able to control. He swept his hands up and down your sides, tracing the shape of your body as he rested on you - with the help of a spell or two to keep most of his weight off of you.

As your eyes closed, your hands smoothed upward from his sides and moved to his abdomen. You traced the various lines on his torso, your fingers causing him to gasp in delight every now and then. You could feel his breaths, his pulse, his heart pounding against his chest, and, somehow, his emotions were palpable. His kisses were frantic and filled with love and lust and… hope. When your eyes opened again, he was staring back at you.

He sighed in the sweetest way when your hands moved up his chest much faster and then came to rest at his jawline, holding him with all the gentleness with which you’d try to hold freshly fallen snowflakes in your palms. “Loki…” you gasped, feeling what you could only describe as a spark come alive inside you. It grew and spread, surging through your body.

“Darling, I can feel you… all of you… all your thoughts, all your emotions…” he said before he suddenly kissed you, causing you to wrap your legs around his waist and hold him as close as you could. His hands moved under you, one cradling your head and the other pressing at the small of your back, holding you against his body as firmly as he could.

It was precisely that moment when everything that had been building let loose and you shuddered against each other, gasping for air between kisses as you reached your peak together. The feelings you felt as he went over the cliff were unlike anything you’d ever felt before. “I love you. I love you in ways that I can’t even put into words,” you whispered against his lips. Your arms slipped to his back and you held him close, stroking over his broad frame.

Every wall had fallen down around him. Every diversionary tactic would fail. All the tricks and facades and outright lies became useless. Everything that he felt from you - and he did feel everything - was what he knew you would feel from him. The vulnerability was overwhelming. He knew his eyes would shed icy tears onto you if he did not change, but this was the first time that he could ever remember not wanting to leave the form he’d kept hidden for his entire life.

“You are my home,” he whispered, nuzzling his head against your neck. He carefully moved both of you onto your sides, not wanting to part from you yet. When he looked to your face again, he panicked as he saw your tears. “Did I hurt you? Are you okay?” he questioned, several others coming so quickly after them that you had to press your finger to his lips to stop him.

With a smile and a nod, you reassured him while catching your breath. In the seconds after your shared orgasm, you had felt his vulnerability, the sudden fear that followed it, and then the calm that descended over him. You understood his words perfectly when he’d said them, but felt a need to share in them. “…and you’re mine.”

He kissed your lips and paused to tuck your hair behind your ear. “I love you.”

“Loki, you don’t have to worry. I will never leave you.” You saw a faint glint of guilt on his face. “What?” The guilt turned into a soft, mischievous grin.

“Sweetheart, you cannot leave me.” He smirked when you looked at him, actively trying to look as if
it was all part of some evil plan - but only for a moment, as he couldn’t contain the sudden rush of contentment and happiness he felt once it had happened.

You knew, on some level, what was happening between the two of you in the moments that had just passed. “The Jotun mating bond?” you whispered, watching his eyes widen momentarily as he realized you’d known all along what was happening and didn’t stop it.

“Yes,” he whispered, nudging his nose against yours and pecking your lips. “It came as a surprise to me, having not grown up in Jotun culture. I believed that only another of my kind would have such a reaction to me… with me…” He pulled you with him onto your sides, still entwined, one hand smoothing up and down your lower back.

“I can feel a lot of things from you right now, but I can’t quite tell - Are you happy about this?” you asked softly, touching his cheek.

His free hand touched yours and brought it to his lips. “In my many years, I have never felt as content and pleased as I have since the bond became complete. The last minute or so has been utter bliss, darling.” Pausing for a moment, he looked at your face again and smiled. “Tied for second are the first time you admitted your feelings for me and yesterday.”

A soft hum of happiness was the extent of your answer as you rested your head under his chin. Even though it sounded a bit silly to say that things had changed, you could feel something was different as well. Whatever it was, it definitely made you want to be as close to him as possible.

“You were supremely amusing, you know.” He stopped to chuckle very softly and you pulled back to look at him.

“Amusing? I was confessing my feelings to a ridiculously good-looking man, who happened to be from somewhere other than Earth, and a prince, and a god!” you said, pretending to be offended before you put your head back where it had been.

“It was endearing, darling. You were still somewhat afraid and unsure of what I would think or say or do,” he said, stopping to kiss your hair. “All I could think of was how this lovely, sweet, and bright woman had the power to make me think only of her every time she entered the room. I was sure that I looked every inch the lovestruck sap to everyone.”

You both grew silent and enjoyed the closeness, his hands smoothing over your back while your fingers traced the lines on his chest and shoulders. Slowly, the arousal faded and your bodies slipped apart. Loki grabbed a towel from his pocket dimension to tidy you both up for the moment. He shifted onto his back and drew you to his side, letting you rest your head on his shoulder.

You were looking at his chest as your fingers moved over it, feather-light touches wandering over the lines and ridges of his body. Slowly, his skin began to pale as he changed to his Asgardian form.

“Loki?”

“Hm?”

“Is shapeshifting a heritable trait?” you asked, reminded of his ability to shift far beyond Jotun and Aesir.

“As much as anything else magical is, yes.” He looked down and kissed your hair before placing his hand on your abdomen. That feeling you’d had during your bonding rose up to a more noticeable level again as he obviously focused his concentration. “I can sense that at least one of them has some kind of magic running through them. Do you feel that little pull?” he asked, proudly gazing down at
“When you touch me and look in on them, it gets stronger,” you answered as you propped yourself up on your arm and looked at him. “What is it?”

He sat up and pulled you onto his lap, his hand still resting on you. “That is a connection to Yggdrasil that someone is drawing upon right now. It’s where I draw my powers from, so it is not surprising that they are as well. The amount they are drawing is more than I would have expected this early on, though.”

The look on his face was nothing less than adorable, but you didn’t want to spoil it by pointing that out to him. As you sat with your legs to one side and his arm around your back, you put your head on his shoulder and let yourself enjoy the intimate moment. “Maybe they all have it… or maybe you’ve sired a magical wunderkind who will give Daddy a run for his money.” You tried your best to keep a straight face, but ultimately let out a giggle.

“Don’t laugh, Wife. My mother had to enchant my nursery to prevent me from using my abilities to escape invisibly.”

“You did WHAT?!?” you asked, suddenly jumping out of bed. Somehow, those words made you realize that you weren’t talking about one magical child capable of disappearing, but three. “Oh my god, Loki, they’re going to wander off or appear somewhere they shouldn’t be and get hurt or kidnapped…”

Loki watched you anxiously pace at the foot of the bed for a moment, avoiding laughter as he enjoyed the sight of your new maternal streak. When your emotions seemed to escalate, he got out of bed and pulled you into his arms. “Shhh, you don’t need to worry about that right now. Let’s focus on making sure that you are staying healthy and they are getting what they need.” His finger moved under your chin and made you look up to his face. There was something calming about meeting his eyes with your own now; your emotions slowly returned to your usual equilibrium. “Let’s get some tea and something to eat, hmm? I am sure that you could use more nourishment after this morning.”

As he walked into the bathroom to turn on the shower for you both, your fear rose up again. “But no one knows anything about what to expect from this pregnancy…” you said, walking to the doorway. You weren’t just growing humans, which was dangerous enough with one.

“Stop. Right. There.” His words weren’t there to soothe this time, they were there to disarm you completely.

You looked at him as he took you by the shoulders and stared intently at your face. “Loki…”

“No. You are not venturing down the path of doubt. I will not allow it.”

“I have already consulted with the healers in New Asgard and with Dr. Banner and the medical staff here. We will be as prepared as anyone with the knowledge and abilities of Midgardian and Asgardian healers could possibly be.” He rubbed your arms and did his best to maintain his own composure so that he would not spin into anger, which he tended to do when frustrated and worried. “As your mate, your prince, your god, and their father, I swear to you that I would go Jotunheim itself if that is what it takes to ensure that my family is safe. Do you trust me, Sweetling?”

“Yes…” you answered, feeling somewhat embarrassed by the lengths he had to go to just to make you feel secure about the situation. He kissed your forehead and led you to the shower. You were
sure it wasn’t the last time the two of you would have this conversation, but you did feel much better now that you knew Loki had a plan, a backup plan, and a backup for the backup plan.

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