Visiting Mommy

by madwriter223

Summary

The Avengers are shocked to hear that their arch-enemy Loki has kids. They are even more shocked when the kids come by to visit.

Notes

The first chapter is actually a fill for a Kink Meme prompt:
* I'd like to see fic where Odin comes to visit Midgard, and shows up on Slepnir (like he did on Jotunheim.) Meet and greets and then Loki shows up and Slepnir promptly tosses Odin on his ass to get to his mother. Cue the cuddling trickster god, checking his son over for injuries/scars and exclaiming over them and glaring at Odin for new ones. (it's his son after all) But no attacks just "I wanted to see my son."

Bonus
10pts if Odin is knocked breathless from the fall (Slepnir is HUGE btw)
1000 points if Slepnir acts like movie horses (Spirit, Angus from Brave, etc) and basically does the "stay away from my mom while I yell at you in horse" thing.

But I figured as long as I'm writing Sleipnir, I can include the rest of the family as well. So, this was born. Enjoy.
“Greetings, Allfather!” Thor called enthusiastically, gesturing widely as Odin landed on the roof. “Welcome to the Avengers Tower.”

“Greetings, Thor.” Odin nodded at him, pulling the reigns of his eight-legged horse. Yes, you heard that right, eight-legged.

“What brings you to us today, your Highness?” Steve asked, kneeling down in respect.

“A personal visit. I wish to speak with Thor and witness with my own eyes how he fares.” The Allfather answered. “I have heard much of this Tower.”

Tony grinned, flipping up his Iron Man faceplate “You are most welcome. I gotta ask about the horse though.”

“The Bifrost is not yet fully functional, and Sleipnir is one of the few creatures that can cross worlds without its use.” Odin patted the horse's neck. “I trust your hospitality extends to him as well.”

“Of course, Your Highness.” Steve said respectively, back ramrod straight.

“The more the merrier.” Tony grinned back and Natasha elbowed him in the ribs. “Ow, what, I'm being hospitable.”

Sleipnir eyed the mortals, then snorted, disinterested. He had been quite happy in his pasture and hadn't felt like going at all. But Grandmother had asked him so sweetly, and Sleipnir never could deny her anything. This trip was looking like it was going to be a bore.

Then his ears popped up when he noticed a few strands of familiar magic appearing by the edge of the roof. The strands formed into a much-loved form and Sleipnir grinned. He stomped his hooves in excitement, nearly dancing in place. He turned his head and let out a whinny at the Allfather.

“Not now, Sleipnir.” Odin admonished him, not even looking. Sleipnir lowered his head, thought briefly which angle would be best, then he bucked. As in his rump went suddenly up, his front twisted to the side, and his inner back legs kicked at his rider's legs. Odin pretty much went flying over the heads of the Avengers, landing on his not-paying-attention backside.

The Avengers gaped at the scene, then looked from the King to his horse. Thor hurried over to help Odin back onto his feet, while Sleipnir pranced off, nearly bouncing on his eight hooves. He went straight for the edge of the roof, where Loki was already waiting.

With a shout to assemble, the Avengers jumped into battle positions, weapons at the ready. Loki didn't even look at them. He was too busy pressing his face against the horse's snout. He did, however, wave a hand dismissively at the mortals and every single piece of battle equipment they had vanished.

Including Tony's Iron Man armor

Tony gave Loki a tired, fed-up look. “Why? Why would you do that?”
Loki ignored him. “I've missed you too, my sweetling. Oh, you've grown since I last saw you, at least half an inch.” He trailed his hands down his neck and kissed the horse's nose.

“What. The. Fuck.” Clint snapped, turning to Thor and gesturing jerkily towards the pair. “Explain.”


The mortals stared in various stages of shock. “That's a joke, right?”

“Nay, it is the truth.” Odin said gruffly, giving his grandson a baleful look. “I must apologize for my grandson's... impatience. He has not seen Loki for quite some time now.”

“When's the last time this was off?” Loki murmured, grasping the straps of the bridle. “Such a horrid thing to wear.” Sleipnir nodded, angling his head to make undoing them easier.

“And you're not even gonna try to capture him?” Tony pointed an accusing finger. “He's a villain, right?”

Odin bristled visibly. “They are my son and my grandson. I never have and never will deny them time together.”

A second later Sleipnir's bridle smacked into the side of his head.

“Why was that on him?” Loki demanded, putting his hands on his hips. “Where is the bit-less bridle I sent you?”

Odin gave him an unamused look. “It is not proper for delegations. Nor is it imposing enough for battle.”

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“Then fashion ones that are!” Loki snarled, then turned back to his... son. “Sleipnir, sweetling, you have my firm permission to bite anyone that tries to put that vile thing in your mouth again.”

Sleipnir made an inquisitive neigh.

“Well, I don't see the harm. Just make sure to bite the limb off at the bone, otherwise it makes a horrible mess.”

The whinny Sleipnir made then was more evil laughter than a horse (or any living being) had any business of making.

Clint threw his arms up in exasperation. “I don't even care, I'm taking him in.” He declared and stalked towards the trickster.

Sleipnir jumped in front of his... parent, and stomped his front hooves, the sound they produced like a crack of lightning. He snapped forward and let out the most aggressive horse scream ever witnessed by man. Hawkeye took a startled step back and Loki wrapped his arms around Sleipnir's thick neck, nuzzling him and cooing.

Clint glared. “Fine!” He turned on his heel and marched towards the roof exit. “I'm going home.”

“Wait for me, Legolas.” Tony called, following after him. “I need to get changed, this under-suit is drafty as hell.” He smiled at the Allfather. “Mi casa, su casa. So make yourself at home, tour the rooms, eat the food, don't mind the robots, I'll see you when I'm decent.”

Thor watched them go, then turned to the King. “Come, Father. There is much to see.”
Odin nodded and walked off, flanked by the rest of the Avengers. Sleipnir and Loki stayed where they were, and continued to speak and nuzzle each other.
They arrived to the scene of Loki's newest scheme to find... not Loki. Instead, there was a wolf the size of two elephants. It was standing in the middle of the square, right in front of the glowing magical artifact Loki had stolen from Strange earlier that day.

But let's concentrate on the giant wolf. Which was wearing a green cape and a golden half-helmet with horns sticking out of the top. Three guesses on who this wolf actually was.

Except it apparently wasn't Loki, because Thor grinned widely and bellowed “FENRIR!”

The wolf howled, except it sounded suspiciously like nefarious laughter.

No, seriously, nefarious.

Thor jumped forward and lifted his hammer. “Fenrir! Prepare to be defeated, Evil-Doer!”

The wolf barked in reply and the two charged at each other. “Have at thee!” Thor yelled just before they clashed.

Hawkeye left Thor to it and grabbed his binoculars, looking at the surrounding buildings. On top of one of them he noticed a familiar figure wearing another set of golden horns.

Gotcha.

“Iron Man, I need a lift to the building on the east side of the park.” He said into the comm, and clenched up. “Loki's there.”

A second later Stark flew by him, grabbing him on the way to the building. As soon as they were close enough, Hawkeye dropped onto the roof and cocked his arrow. “Yo, scumbag!”

“Greetings, Archer.” Loki didn't even turn, just continued standing by the edge and watching the battle with a proud smile. “Isn't my son imposing? He's grown so much, he's absolutely adorable.”

“Fuck, he has more kids?” Tony muttered as he landed next to the archer. Clint ignored him.

“That's your son.” Hawkeye said blankly, not looking away from his target.

“Yes. He so wanted to assist me in my latest evil plot, you know how children can be. But it seems the poor dear got too excited upon seeing Thor.” He sighed fondly. “He is his favorite uncle, so it's not that surprising.”

Tony walked over to the ledge and looked down. “You're kidding, right? He's holding Thor in his maw and shaking him like an old rag-doll.”

Loki smiled indulgently. “It is a bit uncouth, but it is their preferred past-time. As I understand, the aim of this game is to make Thor lose his grip on Mjolnir.”

To prove his point, the great hammer went sailing from Thor's hands. It took out three streetlamps, narrowly missed hitting the Black Widow, smashed through a cornice and embedded itself within a brick wall.

“Excellent toss, nephew!” Thor yelled and grabbed the giant wolf by the ears. Then he started rubbing and scratching at them. “You have been practicing!”
The wolf dropped him onto the ground, then flopped onto his chest. Anyone else would've been crushed, but Thor just gave more ear-scratches.

“Well, that's that then.” Loki said, matter-of-fact, and summoned the still glowing artifact into his hands. A murmured spell and the thing deactivated. “Here.” He tossed it at them, and Tony dove to catch it before it smashed against the floor. “Do give Strange my thanks. And apologize for Fenrir taking out his guard-golem. Those things just break too easily.”

Hawkeye gritted his teeth. “Listen, you fu-”

The wolf suddenly jumped onto the roof and barked happily at Loki, wagging its tail.

Loki grinned. “Yes, my angel, I saw everything. You defeated your uncle spectacularly.”

“Verily!” Thor agreed as he landed on the roof-top, looking a little worse for wear. “Fenrir will be a valiant warrior once he is grown.”

“He's not grown yet?” Clint asked, sounding irked.

“Nay, my friends. Fenrir is but an adolescent. He is under the tutelage of the noble Tyr, and is already greatly skilled in the ways of combat.”

“We saw.” Tony remarked in a deadpan tone.

“Nay, that was merely play!” Thor laughed loudly. “Fenrir is a Berserker Class Warrior. He could give Friend Hulk some fair battle. He could even surpass the Allfather himself in skill one day.”

The wolf gave a doggy-grin and preened. Loki grinned back and scratched under his chin.

“Now, angel. We are surrounded by the heroes and our evil plot has been trounced. What do we say?”

Fenrir made a thoughtful growl, then let out a series of shrill barks.

“Excellent!” Loki clapped his hands and both of them disappeared.

Tony rubbed his forehead and turned to Thor. “What do you say when you've been trounced? Out of pure curiosity.”

Thor clapped him on the shoulder. “My nephew proclaimed that 'You have defeated me today, but my day of victory shall come!'. He shrugged apologetically. “It is a bit banal, but my nephew is still young. I'm sure he will master his silver-tongue skills as well, given time.”

Clint facepalmed. He was not going to be the one to report this to Fury.
Darling

The attack came suddenly. They'd been on the Helicarrier, attending the monthly bore-fest of a meeting, when the proximity alarms went off. But it was the Helicarrier jerking as if struck that really got them going.

They all dashed to the nearest entrance, but Tony was the only one with inbuilt flight-capabilities. He flew out of the nearest hatch and circled around to see what had hit them.

It hadn't been a hit. It had been a *grab*.

A giant snake-monster had emerged from the ocean, and had apparently grabbed hold of the Helicarrier. With its jaws. Seriously, look at the size of that maw. It could easily bite his Tower in two.

Focus, first things first.

“Bad monster from the depths of the ocean! Bad!” He yelled, blasting it with a repulsor. The giant thing just clamped its jaws tighter and gave the Helicarrier a shake. A shake, do you hear, a shake.

Tony prepared to fire again, this time ordering Jarvis to set repulsor output to 80%, but then the thing looked at him, giant eyes blinking.

Point A, those are a godzilla of eyes. Easily as tall as three Steves. Point B, ignoring the slitted pupil, those eyes had a very familiar green color.

Tony powered down his repulsors and told Jarvis to activate the loud-speakers. “You're another of Loki's kids, aren't you?”

The creature grinned. Which looks way weird on a ginormous snake. Then he gave the Helicarrier-slash-chew toy another shake.

Tony winced. “JARVIS, is Loki still on that ship?”

“Scanning now. … Mr. Loki is on level 13, in the anti-magic cage you designed.”

That's odd. “We put him in that yesterday. He's usually gone by now.”

“It appears not, sir.”

Tony sighed. “Fine, hack the damn cage and open the door. Then tell him his kid's waiting.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Ten seconds later, Loki appeared on top of the giant snake-kaiju thing's head. “Jormungandr, my darling! Take that out of your mouth, it's full of nasty machinery and mortals.”

The monster relaxed its jaws and the Helicarrier managed to fly a bit away, the back propellers twisted and bent from those teeth.

Oh momma, those teeth.

“Good, now come. Why don't we have a race, my darling.” Loki purred, petting the head the size of the Titanic. Then he leaped off, transformed into a *bigger* snake and dove into the waters. He swam
off, his kid screeching loudly as he followed.

Tony needed aspirin. Preferably all of it.

He landed back onto the now ripped open jet bay and flipped up his visor. He looked around the damage those teeth had made and sighed. He just knew Fury was going to yell at him to fix this up. A spot of paint is not going to do shit. Maybe he could just fix up those holes into exit hatches. The holes were big enough for a human to fit. Hulk would have problems, but then again Hulk didn't exactly believe in doors. Which reminded him, he still needed to fix that wall by the cafeteria.

“Friend Stark!” Thor called suddenly, flying into the Helicarrier through the same hole Tony had used. “What has happened? I have been summoned yet I see no foe.” He looked around. “What manner of beast has done this?”

Tony sauntered up to him and clapped him on the shoulder. “So, Thor. Giant snake and Loki. Ring any bells?”

Thor blinked. “Ah.” He looked around the damaged area. “You have met Jormungandr.”

“Seriously?” Tony could feel one of his eyebrows climbing up his forehead of its own volition. “That's his name?”

Thor grinned sheepishly. “The birth had been a long one. Loki might've been delirious at the point of the naming.” He shrugged. “However, after he regained his senses he deemed the name apt. A grand name for a grand son.”

“More like a long son.” Tony snorted. “What's so difficult about giving birth to a snake, anyway? You'd think he'd slide right out.” He threw Thor a sidelong look. “I'm assuming he was more teensy then.”

“Aye, he was a small babe.” Thor smiled in remembrance. “Barely as long a my brother is tall when he hatched. It was birthing his egg that caused my brother great difficulty.”

“Egg.” Tony repeated with a giggle. “You're telling me Loki the wannabe overlord laid an egg.”

“Aye.” Thor nodded.

Tony rubbed his hands in glee. “Next time I see him I'm calling him Mother Goose.”

Thor gave him an unamused look.

*.* two hours later *.*

“They ate a whaling ship?” Steve repeated, staring in disbelief at Fury.

“Not a whaling ship, but a whaling fleet.” The director explained through clenched teeth. “Six ships at the last count. And not ate, but sank.”

“Then they sank some whalers.” Tony shrugged and propped his feet up on the table. “Good for them.”

Clint gave a sarcastic 'Whoo'.

Fury gave them both a flat look. “Next they ate three whales by themselves.”

Tony blinked in surprise. “...right. No 'Whoo' for them.”
Bruce rubbed his temple wearily. “Were the whales endangered?”

“No, those were gray whales. But still.” Fury hissed at them. If he had hair on his head, it'd be bristling. “Find that maniac, send his kid back into the ocean, and bring him back here. Today.”

Right-o. Avast and all that.
The Loki-cage door slid shut, and Fury deactivated the god's shackles from the outside. “There you go, Boot. Nice new cage. We even put in a mattress this time.” He grinned while Loki slipped out of his restraints and looked around. “And just for you, we've added an extra layer of magic repellant, so to speak. How do you like it?”

“It seems very impenetrable.” Loki said mildly, folding his arms behind his back.

“That is the idea.” Fury said, matter-of-fact.

Loki grinned widely. “We shall see then, won't we?”

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When the characteristic Loki-is-escaping alarm sounded, no one was actually surprised. Steve was the one closest to what Tony dubbed the Loki-Room, thus he was the first one to arrive. The entrance to the Loki-cage was wide open, but the insides had greatly changed. While the walls were still transparent glass, the floor was now covered with a purple, plush carpet. In the middle stood a smallish table, laden full with pastries of all kinds and at least three teapots.

Loki sat at the table, and it appeared he had a visitor as well.

“Greetings Captain.” Loki called, saluting him with a... porcelain teacup? Adorned with little rose buds? What? “Meet my daughter.”

Loki gestured to the beautiful young woman sitting next to him. She had on an elegant dress and a giant black helmet that looked like a pair of elaborate antlers. As she turned to face him, Steve took a startled step back. While the right side of her body was that of a healthy young woman, her left side was that of a shriveled corpse. The combination was gruesome.

“This is Hela Lokisdottir, Queen of Nifleheim.” Loki continued, smiling sweetly at her. “Dear-heart, this is Steve Rogers, widely known as Captain America.”

“It is a pleasure.” She said, and her voice was low and breathy, like the wind howling behind a closed window.

Steve smiled awkwardly and gave a small bow. “Milady.” He cleared his throat. “Loki is currently under arrest, and he isn't allowed visitors yet. Maybe you could come back later.”

“Oh pish-posh.” Loki grinned too widely at him. “We are royalty, your silly rules don't rightly apply to us. Another crumpet, dear-heart?”

“Yes, please.” She accepted the treat with her dead hand and placed it on a small plate in front of her. Suddenly the table grew longer, another plate and teacup appearing along with a chair. “Join us, Captain. We do not mind the company.”

Well, it would be rude not to. Plus she was a queen. “Yes, Ma'am.” He set his shield by the still open doorway and sat down on the chair. “Um. I'm not sure about the proper etiquette.” he admitted quietly.

“No need for that, it isn't a formal occasion. Merely a daughter visiting her father.” Loki explained with a smile and offered him a platter. “Cupcake?”
“Enjoy your tea.” Hela said in her gravely tone, though she smiled slightly.

“Thank you.” He nodded at them both and reached for the teapot (as delicate as the tableware) and poured himself some tea. “It smells lovely.”

“It is a special blend, straight from Vanaheim.” Loki took a long swallow. “Nothing quite like it in all the nine realms.”

Steve had to admit it did taste divine. “This is excellent, thank you.”

“You are most welcome, Captain.” Hela nodded regally at him “The human hiding within the vents is welcome as well.”

“That'll be Agent Clint Barton.” Loki chimed in. “His pseudonym is Hawkeye.”

One of the vents popped open and Clint jumped down. “Rogers, seriously? That's the enemy or did you forget about that?”

“It is simple courtesy to answer a lady's invitation.” Hela said, and the table widened itself to fit Clint as well. “Do try the gooseberry cakes, they are especially tasty.”

Clint rolled his head back with a groan. “Fine, fuck it.” He walked over to the table, and plopped down onto the chair. “Thanks.” He said, accepting the cake from Hela, not even blinking at her dead side.

“Agent Barton, allow me to introduce my daughter, Hela, Queen of Nifleheim.”

Clint looked up at her in surprise and swallowed his bite of cake. “So... you're the queen of the unworthy dead?” Loki gave him an unamused look. “What? I read up on the mythology a bit after your last kid chewed up the Helicarrier.”

Hela gave a mirthless chuckle. “Yes and no. Valhalla only accepts those that died of battle, be it with an enemy or during birth.”

“Wait, so giving birth is a battle?” Clint asked skeptically, holding his teacup steady while Steve poured him some tea.

“Have you actually seen someone doing it?” Loki replied in a deadpan tone, lifting an eyebrow.

Hela smiled at her father and continued. “I do not believe in such restrictions. I welcome all into my Halls. Be they villain or an innocent.”

“Then when Loki dies he will go hang out with you in your kingdom?” That didn't sound so bad.

“No, my father is of Jotunn blood. They do not possess a soul in the sense you or Asgard understand it. When he dies, his being will return to the realm of Jotunheim and melt with the snows and ice.” She turned to face Loki. “Which reminds me. We have recently managed to get a flower to bloom.”

“On Nifleheim?” Loki smiled widely. “Congratulations, dear-heart, your magic is maturing.”

“I thank thee, father.” She gave a small smile. “It has pitch black petals, slightly limp. The twigs and leaves are already born dried up. But it is healthy nonetheless. The souls of the children find it especially fascinating.”

“I would love to see it.” Loki grinned at her. “I will visit as soon as I escape from this cage.”
“You do know the door is wide open.” Hawkeye pointed out, gesturing at the doorway with his thumb.

Loki gave him a patronizing look. “Now where's the fun in that?”

“Niece!” Thor called as he marched into the room. “It is good to see you!”

“Greetings, Uncle.” Hela inclined her head, and the table grew once more to accommodate another place setting. “Come have tea with us.”

“I'd love to.” Thor walked into the cage and over to Hela. He kissed her living cheek, then went rounded the table to sit in the empty seat. “How are things in your realm?”

“We have managed to coax a flower to bloom.” She said while Loki poured Thor some tea.

“Excellent news! In time you will have a garden!” He grasped the teacup delicately (it looked like a child's toy in his large hand) and lifted it with a flourish. “I salute your efforts!”

Steve and Clint shared a look, then took another sip out of their own cups. They weren't really that surprised when five minutes later Tony came by for some tea as well, dragging Bruce and Natasha along.

Coulson, Hill and Fury joining them had been a surprise, though.
Odin woke up slowly. He blinked in the morning light, stretching, then looked around his chambers. He sighed when he spotted his formal armor prepared by his personal armory. He had that delegation to Alfheim today, that's right.

He pulled himself into a sitting position and just stared ahead for a moment, gathering his thoughts and energy to face the day with. He hated going to Alfheim. Especially in the summer.

No way around it though, he admitted to himself and got out of the bed. He grabbed his armor and placed it in the ante-chamber. While he took his morning bath, the servants would polish it to a gleaming shine. In his opinion it looked better fresh, so he always left it to be done just before he had to put it on.

As he passed by the bed, he walked over to his still sleeping wife. He leaned over her and pressed a lingering kiss to her cheek.

Frigga smiled and cracked open her eyes. “Hello, husband. Are you leaving already?”

“Aye.” he nodded. “The sooner I go, the sooner I can return home.”

She chuckled quietly. “Alfheim is not so bad, Odin.” she reproached him gently. He curled his upper lip in disgust as a response.

She just smiled sweetly.

Odin turned his attention downwards, to the body laying nestled within his wife's embrace. He must've snuck in while they were sleeping. “I assume he will be spending the day with you.”

Frigga shifted so that she could pet their son's long hair. “Of course.” Loki mumbled something in his sleep and snuggled closer to her. “I'll try to keep him here for an extra day or two this time. A break from his villainy will do him some good, I think.”

Odin nodded, and tugged gently on a few loose strands of Loki's hair. “Take him to the barber. Today. He is starting to look like a scruffy wipplemutt.”

Frigga angled her head to so that she could see Loki better. “He is, isn't he? All right, he'll be nice and trimmed when you return from your trip.”

“Don't remind me.” Odin said gruffly. He really hated going to Alfheim. He kissed Frigga one more time, then drew his hand across Loki's scalp gently. “I shall leave you now. Have a good day.”

“I always have.” She answered, laying her cheek against Loki's forehead. Odin nodded and left to the bath-chamber, closing the doors behind himself.

He hated delegations to Alfheim.
That's it, this is the last chapter. Thank you all for the lovely kudos and comments. ^_^

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!