Foreign Exchange

by dorkylokifan

Summary

Avengers/Thor Crossover AU. Loki is the third prince of King Laufey and a runt. Loki goes to Odin and begs his permission to attend Asgard's Healing Arts Academy. Loki is then sent to Midgard to assist Thor and heal the Avengers during their many battles with their enemies. Romantic Comedy ensues. Full of fluff, smut, and laughs. And by smut I mean dirty filthy glorious porn. Plot idea came from reader PrettyPearlNecklace. Send her love Peeps!
Body Rashes and Other Things

Loki stands before the Allfather looking very much chagrined. His spell would have worked, if the soldiers had been more cooperative. The fools. Loki knows he does not exactly stand on solid ground where Odin is concerned. He suspects Odin thinks he is a spy for Jotunnheim or some other such nonsense. Loki was born the third son of King Laufey, prince to the realm of Jotunnheim in name but a useless runt that would never inherit the throne and was too small to serve as a general in his father’s army. Loki figured out at an early age that his future and his fortune would lie outside of Jotunnheim.

As a runt he is too small to be mated by another of his species. This fact alone made staying on his home world impossible. Loki wants a mate and children of his own someday, plus he wants to be more than a useless spoiled prince. He wants to DO something with his life, make a name for himself. Loki has ambition. Four years ago he’d begged Odin to grant him an audience, to let him come to live in Asgard and train at the healing arts school and learn magic.

Back then….

“Allfather, I know relations since the last great war have been strained between our realms, to say the least. But know that whether you choose to allow me to come to Asgard or no, I will not be returning to Jotunnheim. I have no future there. I’m sure you can guess all the reasons why just by looking me.” Loki says as he gestures at his own small stature. Odin contemplated his request. On the surface it all sounds very logical and even sincere. However, Odin fears that Loki might be a spy for his father and is hesitant to allow a snake into his midst. He was on the verge of saying no when his wife Frigga appeared from nowhere.

“Oh course you can stay my darling prince.” Frigga said brightly as she shot her husband, The King, a warning look not to contradict her. Loki smiled hesitantly looking between The Queen and The King for verification that he would be allowed to stay. Odin huffed.

“Welcome to Asgard Prince Loki.”

Back to the Future...

Loki is the most promising healer the academy has produced in centuries. Loki likes to point this out on a regular basis. The other students hate him. Loki has also been arguing the merits of battlefield healers. He has gone before the guild time and again making the case that healers need to be warriors too. It is ridiculous for the wounded to have to be transported all the way back to Asgard for medical attention. Some men are so fragile they don’t survive the travel by Bifrost. Loki was trying to prove his point by creating a whole new spell, whereby he could heal a dozen injured men simultaneously. The battlefield application would be a boon to army, and by extension, Odin. It would have worked if the men had continued holding hands. Idiots. Now a dozen men have full body rashes and Loki is standing before Odin to explain his mistake.

“Well Prince Loki?” Odin asks him. His council member, Lord Behur, and Headmaster of the Academy of Healing Arts has complained about Loki since the first day he arrived. Behur is a known bigot that hates Jotunns. He’s been trying to get rid of the miniature frost giant for four years, but Loki has outsmarted the man at every turn.

“The spell would have worked if the men had followed my specific instructions. They willfully disobeyed me and now the genital infections they all share from gang banging the same diseased whore has spread to the rest of their bodies. Frankly, Your Majesty, I do not feel sorry for
them.” Loki says arrogantly. Odin laughs, actually laughs, or barks really. His mirth comes out loud and unrelenting. Loki is surprised. He didn’t know Odin possessed a sense of humor. Lord Behur looks shocked as well.

“I must confess Prince Loki, the thought of my already injured men suffering further injury from that spell of yours concerns me. Nevertheless, your idea has merit, even if your method needs more research and development. I am also encouraged by your idea of training up battlefield healers, and I am curious to know why it has not been brought to my attention before now?” Odin says as he looks at Lord Behur for an explanation. The man stutters, not expecting to be put on the spot.

“Oh… uh… my King, I did not present the prince’s idea to you before because I knew his spell was doomed to fail.” The man says haughtily and with open disdain towards Loki.

“Yes, but even though this one spell failed you must admit that the idea of bringing the healers to the warriors instead of dragging the wounded to the healing halls is far more efficient and will save many more lives than our current method. It could make the difference between winning or losing a war.” Odin says praising Loki openly in front of everyone at court. Loki smiles like the Cheshire Cat. Odin orders that the Academy and the War Council come together and put forth a plan to train such healers and to recruit promising talent. Loki fully expects to be put in charge of the effort, since it was his idea, but is disappointed when he is not.

“Prince Loki. While the Academy and the War Council hash out the specifics of the new training program for these warrior healers, I have a new task to give you. It will give you time to perfect that healing spell of yours and give you the opportunity to travel and study alien anatomy. Midgardians to be specific.” Odin says.

“Midgard?” Loki asks.

“Yes. You are aware that my son Thor has spent the last couple of years on Midgard, protecting the realm from enemy forces?”

“Yes I have heard the tales. He fights alongside a group of super humans, with special talents and abilities.”

“That he does, however, as strong and special as these humans are they are still human. They are mortal, fragile, and in need of a healer not afraid to fight beside them. Thor’s companions suffered some very serious injuries during their most recent battle. A couple of them almost died. Lady Eir had to make a special trip to Midgard to save them and almost arrived too late. Thor has requested that one of our healers go to Midgard and remain there for an extended period of time. I would like to send you.”

“I am honored to be chosen. I will go.” Loki replies.

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Tony moans as he shifts the ice pack on his head. That last alien attack damn neared killed him. Thor’s witch lady came down and snatched him from the brink of death but he still has lingering ghost pains from the cracked skull, broken ribs, broken legs, and broken hand. He looks healthy and back to normal. He can, technically move, walk, and all of that, but he feels like he should be dead. Thor says the after effects are pretty common. He’ll feel normal in a couple of days.

Natasha is not much better. She’s afraid to take deep breaths, fearing she will choke on her own blood again. Her lungs are fully healed and yet she does not feel whole. Again Thor assures her that these lingering sensations are normal and that she will learn to ignore them in time. Thor has
requested a permanent healer from Asgard be assigned to their team to assist them. Some of the team protested and said that they didn’t need that (Tony, Natasha, and Clint), while the others said that turning down such a valuable resource would be foolish (Steve, Bruce, and Thor). Nick notes that it is the members that are in most need of a healer that protest it the most. It must be a macho thing.

Thor receives word from his father that a healer has been chosen and will be sent down to Midgard in a couple of days to join the team. Thor frowns at the content of the letter. The healer selected is from Jotunnheim. Jotunnheim? Tony arranges a room for what he assumes will be a giant frosty the snowman. The top three floors of the Avengers Tower are pretty full these days. Tony and Pepper still occupy the top floor, Nat, Clint, and Nick on the floor below them, and then Thor, Steve, and Bruce on the floor below them. Tony decides to stick the healer in the open room next to Thor’s, since they are both from Asgard and all.

The day arrives and the Bifrost lights up the balcony of Avenger’s Tower. Loki looks up at the group of strangers and offers his brightest smile. He is wearing his long green healer’s robes which match perfectly with his emerald eyes. The color also compliments his creamy milky skin and his long raven hair which reaches his waist. He looks androgynous. Loki has taken to looking Aesir since his first day of enter Asgard. The heat alone would make him faint after an hour of exposure if he did not change his physical characteristics. He misses his beautiful blue skin and ruby eyes, but the bright sun and insufferable heat made keeping AL natural impossible.

“Hello, I am Prince Loki of Jotunnheim and I have been sent here for a glorious purpose.”
“I am pleased to make all of your acquaintances and to assist all of you during your missions to protect your people. Ah, you must be his Royal Highness Prince Thor. I am pleased to meet you.” Prince Loki states very regally and formally. He offers Thor a small smile and respectful nod of the head. They are the same rank so Loki will not bow to Thor, but he does want their first exchange to be a pleasant one.

Thor is not entirely sure what to make of the man standing before him. He’s not a frost giant. He is barely Thor’s height, his eyes are green, his skin is white, and he has the most beautiful long black hair he has ever seen. Most Jotunns have horns, not hair. Loki’s frame is slender, graceful, and a touch feminine. The others are not sure what to make of him either. He almost comes off sounding like a pompous ass, except for the mischievous smile on his face that says he does not take himself too seriously. Moreover, they have never heard anyone address Thor so formally before. They all know that Thor is a prince, they just aren’t used to hearing people talk to him like he is one. The fact that Loki is also a prince only begs them to ask more questions. Thor finally remembers his manners and replies to Loki’s introduction.

“I am pleased to meet you as well and to learn all about you and your magic skills. It is my hope that you can become a valued member of our team.” Thor says politely.

“Thank You, if you would be so kind as to show me to my quarters, I would like to unpack and then engage in full introductions with everyone.”

“Oh ah, yes, of course.” Thor says. Loki has 3 large bags and a very large trunk on the ground behind him. With the snap of his fingers all the heavy items levitate. Loki walks over to Thor and rests his forearm on top of Thor’s. It has been so many months since Thor has had to engage in such formal etiquette, he feels a little uneasy and uncomfortable. Living on Midgard has spoiled his sense of propriety.

“Lead the way if you please My Prince.” Loki says smoothly with a smile. Thor escorts Loki inside followed by a procession of baggage and curious Avengers. They ride the elevator down, which Loki finds fascinating. He asks a couple of questions in the time the short trip allows, vowing to ask follow up questions later. Thor shows Loki to his room and gives him time alone to explore his new space and settle in. When he closes the door behind him he is bombarded by questions from his friends.

“He’s……pretty.” Clint finally settles on a descriptive word that doesn’t sound too derogatory. Tony knows exactly what Clint means. Loki is most definitely of the homosexual variety, which is something their macho manly alpha pack is not used to having in the mix.

“I thought you said he was going to be super tall and beastly and blue?” Natasha asks. He looks like a regular human. A beautiful graceful human she’d like to lick from head to toe, not that Clint will ever know that.

“He must be deploying some sort of illusion to hide his true appearance. We will have to ask him once he is done putting away his things.” Thor says.

“Yeah but an illusion wouldn’t make him shorter would it? I mean he would still need to actually duck, right?” Tony asks.

“I’m not entirely sure.” Thor says. Tony’s inquisitive mind is already spinning. He is
hungry to learn all of Professor Snape’s little tricks and use his technology to figure out Loki’s ‘magic’. Bruce is a little disappointed. He was hoping to meet someone big and beastly like his alter ego. One green and one blue like matching book ends. He holds out hope. Perhaps Loki is simply hiding his true nature.

“So if he is a prince with his own kingdom what is he doing in Asgard?”

“I don’t know. This is the first I have heard of him.”

“So is blue skin the only difference between his people and yours?” Steve asks.

“No, Frost Giants are normally twice my size at least and have blood red eyes and tribal markings that swirl upon their skin, much like a large scar. They can form ice with their bare hands at will and are of the single gender.”

“Single gender?” They all chime in.

“Jotunns are both male and female in one.” Thor explains.

“So wait, you’re telling us that Prince Loki is also Princess Loki?” Clint asks.

“Not exactly, the Jotunn language does not possess the words he or she, however, since they are the only realm that is not split into two separate genders they, as a people, ask to be referred to as he in all inter-realm transactions. This is mostly due to the fact that they are usually very masculine in appearance.”

“But Loki does have a vagina?” Tony asks. Thor purses his lips in annoyance and nods his confirmation. Thor feels like he is being rude to Loki somehow by explaining all this, and does not want the others to ask disrespectful questions. Bruce and Steve ask Thor follow up questions about Jotunnheim and its people. The more Thor describes it, the less Loki seems to fit into it. Who is this man in their midst? The door to Loki’s room opens and he walks back to the living area to join the group.

Loki’s walk is more like a glide. He is graceful and quiet; Steve swears the man must have had professional dancing lessons to move like that. With his hands both clasped delicately in front of him his body language reads demure, but the wicked grin on his face says danger. Loki is a living contradiction. The group makes their introductions to Loki one at a time.

“Captain Steve Rogers, also known as Captain America.”

“Ah yes, the super soldier. I read the dossier on your enhancement. I am curious to test your physical limits. I understand you have a high tolerance to cold temperatures. Is that correct?”

Loki asks with an ulterior motive. What he really wants to know is if the beautiful blonde blue eyed man would be able to handle the frosty touch of his natural skin. Loki surveys the Captain openly.

“Ah….uh….yes. I survived 70 years of being frozen asleep in ice.” Steve explains as the blood rushes his cheeks with embarrassment.

“Mmmm….promising.” Loki purrs. Loki moves on to Tony.


Tony says with a movie star smile. Loki is captivated by the glowing blue light being emitted by the device in his chest. Loki taps it with his finger.

“From my understanding of human anatomy, such a device should not reside within your
body. I would love to learn more about it and you.” Loki says, eyeing Tony with the curiosity of a scientist examining a specimen. A sexy specimen.

“It would be my pleasure.” Tony says as he openly scans Loki’s body. Is he flirting with this dude? Bruce shoots Tony an I-thought-you-only-liked-girls look. Tony blushes. What the hell just came over him?

Natasha is up next and Loki takes her hand and bows over it formally. “My Lady.” Loki says with a seductive smile. Clint bristles from the action. He hates this guy. Natasha gives Loki a crooked smile. This man may be the face of propriety, but he is nothing what he seems, and he advertises the fact with that damned naughty smile. She likes him instantly.

He next shakes hands with Clint who gives Loki a stern poker face. Their introduction is brief. Finally Loki meets Bruce. “Ah so you are the one that turns green and grows to an enormous size. You should visit my home world some time. My people would find your alter ego very attractive.” Loki says. Green is his favorite color after all.

With introductions concluded Thor invites everyone to take a seat for Loki to answer questions about himself to the group.

“I know many of you have questions about me, the first probably being why I don’t look like a frost giant.” Loki says. Everyone nods their agreement. Loki sits up very straight and closes his eyes. He pulls off the fake outer skin that protects him from the heat and bright light. The group watches mesmerized as Loki's skin turns ice blue and the air around him turns cold. Loki opens his eyes, but only to squint.

“Forgive me for not maintaining my natural appearance for very long. The heat and sunlight of this realm and Asgard are too harsh for me. I would faint from heat exhaustion within an hour if I tried to stay this way.”

“So you really do look like Papa Smurf.” Tony says as he sucks down a beer.

“Pardon?” Loki asks. Tony waves his hand and shakes his head.

“Never mind.”

“Are you naturally taller as well?” Thor asks.

“Unfortunately no. I am as you see me, a runt. As the third born runt prince of Jotunnheim, my value is questionable among my own people. I am highly unlikely to ever inherit the throne and as a runt I am not suitable as an heir, a king, a soldier, or as a mate. As far as the people of Jotunnheim are concerned, I have no purpose. I am a useless burden. I always knew I would have to seek my fortune outside of my world. A few years ago I came to Asgard and begged the Allfather his permission to attend the Academy of Healing Arts so I might learn magic and make something of myself. I was both surprised and pleased when he actually said yes.”
Loki is a weird guy, which is what Steve thinks. Well, girl? He/she…..Ah hell! Yeah weird. Definitely weird. But he does respect Loki. That much Steve knows. Steve can relate to Loki’s runt story. He used to be a runt himself. He respects Loki for fighting to find a place in a world that thinks of him as 4F. Loki wasted no time getting to know the team’s fighting style and weaknesses. Loki has been focusing his efforts to protect the most vulnerable members of their team, namely Natasha and Clint. They don’t really have any superpowers per say, just mad skills, as the vernacular goes in this century.

Everyone gathered into the training room to demonstrate what they can do in front of Loki. Natasha went first, being a lady and all. She is fast and nimble. It is the only reason she is still alive. She possesses neither strength nor power. All it would take to kill her is one well-placed blow. What she needs is a protection spell.

While all the other students at the Academy wasted their free time having fun, Loki used his creating and experimenting with brand new spells. Loki is convinced that Asgard’s attitude towards magic on the battlefield is archaic, imprudent, and foolish. So many lives could be saved with the spells Loki has devised.

“Enough. That is good. I know what you need.” Loki stands and walks to Natasha who is panting from her exertion. Loki extends a delicate palm to her. “Take my hand my dear.” Loki says politely. Natasha gives him a naughty smile and then complies. Loki covers her hand with his other and closes his eyes. He almost looks like he is praying over her. She doesn’t understand the words but she can feel them. She can feel the words all over her body as ancient runes appear on her skin, glowing in a bright green color. They shimmer and then fade back into to her body, but she can still feel them. She feels…. Indestructible.

“What did you just do to me?” Natasha asks.

“I blessed you with a protection spell. It won’t protect you from everything, but your enemies will have a very difficult time aiming at you properly. Should they land a blow it will meet some resistance. It is not fool proof but it will make all the difference when fighting one on one with an opponent.”

“Thank you very much.”

“You’re welcome my lady.” Loki says. One by one Loki watches each of the Avengers show off their abilities. Steve is strong and resilient like an Aesir. He may be superior to other mortals but the foes he has been fighting lately have not been mortal. He needs the protection spell. Tony’s suit is amazing, but once compromised Tony is even more vulnerable than the lady Natasha. He will need to discuss the topic of fully healing Tony at a later time. Loki understands that it is his injury that also makes him special. Healing him may not be a welcomed act, so a protection spell is crucial.

Bruce is a fearsome thing to behold when he turns green and quadruples in size. Loki feels dampness between his legs at the sight of him. It is a shame he lacks so much control in that form. Imagine the epic mating they could share, but alas The Hulk is even larger than the largest Frost Giant. Loki would not survive it. Oh well. Bruce is incredibly vulnerable when the rage wears off.
Protection spell.

Clint is usually removed from the center of the fight, but he is still a big target with that bow and arrow set and he possesses no superhuman qualities whatsoever. In fact, Loki is shocked to find that the device in Clint’s ear is a special made hearing aid that doubles as a communication device. Clint is almost completely deaf. Loki dashes to his room and rifles through his trunk. He pulls out a little blue potion bottle and runs back to the training room.

“Give me your hand please.” Loki says. Clint eyes him suspiciously but he complies. Loki dabs two drops onto the back of it. “Lick that and swallow please.” Loki orders. Clint gives him a funny look, but does it. He cries out when he feels the insides of his ears burning. It hurts! Son of a bitch! It really fucking hurts! Clint collapses to his knees and cries out in pain. Loki quickly yanks the hearing aids out of his ears. Everyone is on edge with concern. What did Loki do to him? The burning pain subsidies and Clint opens his eyes to glare at Loki.

“You son of a bitch! Give me my hearing aids back before I kick your ass!” Clint yells. Then he stops yelling. He can hear his own voice crystal clear without the aids.

“I trust you realize that you no longer need them Mr. Barton.” Loki says sounding perturbed.

“Did you? My ears….are they fixed?” Clint asks as embarrassment floods his face.

“Yes Mr. Barton. You will never need these again.”

“Thank you.” Clint says feeling sheepish. Loki blesses him with a protection spell as well.

Thor goes last, though Loki does not need a demonstration of the Thunder God’s abilities. They are legend even in Asgard. They go outside to the roof to watch the show. The clouds gather and the wind blows. Thor twirls Mjolnir and takes to the skies as the lightning strikes and the thunder rolls. Yes, Loki is impressed, in spite of himself. A particularly loud crash of thunder booms and Loki’s insides quiver with arousal from it. Still, even the God of Thunder would benefit from a protection spell. Anyone would really. It takes quite a bit of energy out of him and when Loki is finished blessing Thor he is ready for a nap. So ready he passes out into the Thunderer’s arms as he finishes the last chant. Thor scoops him up bridal style.

“Shit is he okay?” Tony asks.

“He will be alright. He has merely exhausted himself. It is common among healers when they overexert themselves. I will put him to bed.” Thor says as a very faint snore escapes Loki’s airway. Thor rides the elevator down to his floor, their floor actually. Loki has the room right next to his. He places the lithe creature gently down on his bed and positions his head to make him more comfortable.

“What a strange little man you are.” Thor says softly as he brushes some of Loki’s raven hair away from his exquisite face.

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Everyone is gathered on Tony’s floor when Loki awakens. It’s movie night. They are all drinking alcohol and laughing their asses off at Eddie Murphy as he comes to America to look for his queen. The elevator dings and Loki sashays into the living room wearing an evening robe reminiscent of Hugh Heffner. The shiny statin green nightwear looks very fetching on Loki and brings out his eyes. His long beautiful hair is braided back into one single rope.
“HEY!” Everyone shouts in unison, Cheers style. It startles Loki a little bit, but he smiles warmly at the greeting. Tony runs over and hands Loki a cold glass filled with rum and coke.

“Try this. You’ll like it.” He says with a cheesy grin as he once again scans Loki up and down. Loki is still not sure about this mortal. He’s got a flirtatious nature that makes it unclear whether he is just being friendly or is genuinely interested. Loki asks Tony more follow up questions about the ARC reactor in his chest. Thor watches the two of them engage with one another.

Tony and Thor are good friends but right now Thor would love nothing more than for his friend to trip and fall, or stutter, or smile with a chunk of food stuck in his front teeth, or something. Tony and Loki spend a good hour talking shop and the smiles they share are genuine. Tony is a very intelligent and very attractive man.

There is a reason Loki is actively assessing all the men around him. Loki is nearing the age of the heat. It could hit him at any time during the next decade and he needs to have options available around him. Jotunn childbirth is very painful and since Jotunns have the ability to sire OR bear children, most would rather sire them if given the option. The problem is SOMEONE has to get pregnant and that is where the heat comes in to play. It is Mother Nature’s Way of forcing the Jotunns to use that particular part of their reproductive anatomy that they would otherwise avoid if they can help it. While a Jotunn can sire a child at any time, their female organs are only fertile during specific times, and when they are they are compelled to use it. A Jotunn must conceive during the heat or they will die.

Loki enjoyed using his male sex parts while at the Healing Academy. The Academy is populated mostly by women and handful of young wealthy noblemen who are too cowardly to be warriors (or so is the popular opinion of such men). The few times Loki desired to play the part of the dominate male he had a plethora of willing female bodies to choose from. More than a handful had been open minded enough to enjoy all of Loki’s offerings. However, overall Loki prefers the male form.

The movie concludes and Tony announces that they should all play a drinking game called ‘I Never.’ Steve scowls as he reminds Tony that drinking is a pointless endeavor for him. This little detail gets Loki’s attention.

“Would you like to be able to?” Loki asks. Everyone turns to look at him.

“What? You can do that?” Steve asks. “Would it be permanent? I mean it wouldn’t take away all the other stuff I can do too would it?”

“No, no, of course not. But I can put a curse on one of your drinking glasses to make any alcohol poured into it up to 15 times more potent than it normally is. It would be poisonous for any of your friends to drink but for you it might work.” Loki explains.

“Hang on!” Tony yells as he runs into his office and grabs some masking tape and a sharpie. He grabs a large glass from the bar and labels it: Steve’s Poison, and hands it to Loki with a shit eating grin. He’s going to get Steve sooooo drunk!

“I…gosh guys…I don’t know…..” Steve waffles.

“Doooooo it….doooooo it….doooooo it….dooooo it…..” Natasha, Clint, and Bruce chant in the background. Oh dear god! The Avengers Tower has turned into a frat house.

“Okay, okay.” Steve acquiesces. He has to admit he is looking forward to getting a nice buzz going. He hasn’t been able to get drunk since before the war. “So what is this game you were
talking about?"

Chapter End Notes

Okay guys I need some "I Never" question suggestions! Let me hear them!
I Never

Chapter Summary

Thank you for your question Ideas. They were very helpful.

“I’ve never….wore a dress before.” Bruce says. Natasha of course drinks as does Loki. But Thor and Tony also drink and Thor gets all the odd looks.

“I don’t want to talk about it.” Thor says, making everybody even more curious. Tony simply says “Halloween” and that is that. Clint eyes Thor suspiciously, Tony and Bruce too. He’s been getting big gaydar vibes from all three of them ever since Loki arrived.

“I’ve never had sex with a man before.” Clint says. Natasha drinks, but Loki doesn’t which everyone notices. Thor and Tony also drink. Fucking knew it!

“It was a tranny okay! He was very convincing and I had a little too much to drink and….” Tony trails off.

“Shocker.” Natasha says. They all turn to look at Thor again.

“I don’t want to talk about it.” Thor says again.

“Dude? Are you gay? I mean it’s cool if you are its just, I always assumed you were into girls.” Tony says. It is Loki’s turn next. Loki suspects something and asks a question that no one in the room should be able to drink to.

“I’ve never had sex with a Jotunn before.” Loki says. Of course no one lifts their drink… but Thor looks away and slowly lifts his bottle to his lips. Dress? Jotunn? “You were in Jotunheim during the fertility festival weren’t you?” Loki states rather than asks. Thor’s eyes bulge out of his head when he turns to look at Loki.

“I was an adolescent and my friends dared me!” Thor cries out. Loki howls with laughter because it means that Thor had to have played the part of the female! Loki will ask Thor details about this at another time. His Jotunn mate had to have been one with a very small cock (for a Jotunn). It takes a couple of minutes for Loki’s mirth to subside. He is still sniffing tears of laughter away when Natasha asks Loki something.

“So Loki, you’ve never had sex with a man?” She asks very curious.

“No I have not. Just a few women, that is all.” Loki states. Normally he would never be so forward with his private sex life, but there is an atmosphere of mutually assured embarrassment here. It is, in its own odd way, a team building exercise.

“Why no men?” She follows up. Everyone is staring at him and Loki feels uncomfortable. As a prince, he really shouldn’t discuss such things, but there is a safety component that needs to be addressed. With much hesitation, Loki answers her question.

“It is men that I am truly attracted to. Ultimately it will be a male that I bond with for life, and to whom I will bear children. You see, I am quickly approaching the age of the heat. It is a time
in my life when my female sex organs go active, and…during that time…. I am compelled to conceive a child. Failure to do so would result in my death. So the male I choose….I want him to be someone I love.” Loki explains as he fidgets in his seat.

“When you say soon……?” Tony asks for clarification.

“At some point in the next ten years or so. It is hard to say when it will happen.” Loki says.

“Oh, well that’s a really big window. I wouldn’t worry too much.” Tony says. Something inside Tony shuts down with regard to Loki. They’ve been flirtatious with one another, but Tony doesn’t want kids. He needs to nip this in the bud now. “Anyway, my turn. I’ve never….fought in World War II.” Tony grins. Of course Steve is the only one that takes a drink. He gives a slanted smile as he sways in his seat. Good for him, Tony thinks.

“I’ve never had sex.” Steve says with slurred words. Damn. Everyone drinks and looks at the super soldier with pity. Natasha and Loki exchange looks. They are both seriously considering a pity fuck, not that Steve needs a pity fuck, he’s gorgeous but sheesh, he is long overdue. Poor guy, a series of circumstances got in the way. Loki looks at Steve with new found respect. If Steve shows any attraction to him, Loki will pursue him in earnest.

It is Thor’s turn next, and he weighs heavily what he wants to say. Loki knows about his brush with another Jotunn, and that his sexual desires are not…typical. “I’ve never made love to a woman.” Thor says.

“You are gay!” Clint says. “Holy shit!” Everyone gasps and laughs with complete surprise. Everyone except Loki. Loki’s and Thor’s eyes meet across the living room, pointedly and with purpose. Loki feels an earthquake in his chest. He has multiple potential mates in this room and the one practically declaring himself is none other than the Prince of Asgard.

“I’ve never accidently lit a house on fire while taking out a target.” Natasha says with an evil grin.

“One time! I miss my target one time and you never let me live it down.” Clint takes a damn swig of his drink. Natasha knows it bugs him to no end and she loves picking at his one mistake. It drives him nuts.

“I’ve never been sick.” Bruce says. Everyone drinks except for Loki. Of course he wouldn’t. He’s a damn healer.

“I’ve never been to France.” Clint says. Steve drinks again.

“Really, you’ve never been to France?” Natasha asks.

“Nope, I’ve been to Germany, Italy, and Spain, but not France.” Clint says. Huh, go figure.


“I’ve never….had sex in a foreign country.” Tony says.

“What? Yes you have!” Bruce says.

“Nope, no I was always on a plane flying over international waters, but while abroad I
never had sex on foreign soil. I was usually too busy and by the time I was no longer busy I was back on the plane heading home or headed to my next destination.” Steve is the only one that doesn’t drink.

“Peggy was the only woman I ever loved.” Steve slurs. “I never, I never got to make love to her. I was going to marry her you know…..” Steve sways in his seat a bit too much. He’s done. “I loved Bucky too. He was my best friend (Steve drools a little) and he died falling off a train. I loved him so much.” Clint grabs Steve by the shoulder as Thor takes the drink from his hand. The game is over. Bruce, Thor, and Loki all pitch in to carry Steve back to his room since they all live on the same floor together. The men make a group effort to get Steve stripped down to his boxers and tucked into bed. The three men left standing fall into an awkward silence and Bruce bids Thor and Loki a good night.

“I liked the game it was very illuminating. I felt comfortable sharing parts of myself I’ve never shared with anyone.” Loki says to Thor.

“I liked the game as well.” Thor says looking deeply into Loki’s eyes. Thor doesn’t know what to do. He’s used to pushing away throngs of eager maidens, not chasing one. And he certainly isn’t used to chasing a maiden, who is also a man, who is also a Jotunn, and a Prince. Thor leans in to kiss him, but his lips only meet air. Loki smiles at him wickedly and with encouragement.

“Good night…..My Prince.” Loki says seductively and closes his door softly.

XxXxXxXxXx

Steve wakes up with the first hangover he’s had in over 70 years. He moans loudly. Loki smiles with mirth and sympathy. He goes through his healing bag of potions and salves and administers much appreciated relief to the virgin soldier. Little does Steve know that “Operation get Steve laid” has commenced. Steve doesn’t remember a whole lot about last night and asks Loki what he remembers.

“Do you recall any of the game questions you asked?” Loki asks him.

“I remember saying that I never drove a Ford and I never lived in the country, and I never killed a woman…things kind of got blurry after that.” Steve says.

“You also said that you’ve never had sex.” Loki tells him. Steve’s eyes bug out in embarrassment. He never thought he would confess that secret to anyone, and certainly not while drunk. He thought we would have been clear headed enough to at least keep that a secret.

“So everyone knows?” Steve gulps.

“Everyone knows.” Loki says. He pats Steve’s shoulder gently in a consoling manner. This is bad. This is very bad. Shit. Tony is going to try something. Steve wouldn’t be surprised if he came home to a hooker in his bedroom. He doesn’t want to lose his virginity that way. He wants to love her.

“Steven, do not be embarrassed by your purity. You are an honorable man and your future mate will be very lucky to have you.” Loki says with veiled meaning. He’s digging. Loki and Steve’s eyes meet and the awkward cringe that fills the air gives Loki his answer. Steve is not interested in him. Not like that. Loki is just a good team mate.

Slowly everyone stumbles, slinks, or otherwise slithers out of their rooms to find the coffee
pot. It is about 11am before everyone is kind of up and alert when a call comes in from Nick. A new Hydra safe house has been found.
Nick briefs the team on what was found. Another large cache of old computers containing
the mind of Dr. Zola was found less than a hundred miles from New York City. They are surprised
to find another one this close to the first location that Steve found. Loki is instructed to hang back
and observe as much as possible. He may have no choice but to fight and interact once things get
 Going, but the team would like to avoid tossing him into the middle of the fray without knowing
exactly what he can do.

It looks like a regular office building on a main street in the middle of a small city. Further
inspection however, reveals an expansive basement with a tunnel system. Steve, Clint, and Natasha
enter first in stealth mode to scope the place out. Bruce, Thor, and Tony will come in to smash, bash,
and crash. Loki hangs back with them. Clint chimes in over the link, they’ve engaged the enemy.
Thor grabs Loki around the waist and flies into the building.

“Stay with me as much as possible.” Thor orders. Loki nods. Thor sees a man trying to
sneak up on Clint and flings Mjolnir at his head. The gory skull crush that follows is both exciting
and grotesque. Loki has read much about battle history, and spent countless hours practicing with
both his ice weapons and Asgard’s conventional weapons on the training grounds. However, this is
the first time Loki has seen someone die. Loki is a little shaken by it, but again he reminds himself
that these men are the enemy. If he is to continue his push for battlefield healers, he must pioneer the
effort by becoming the first. He has trained as a warrior. He must fight as one as well.

He tries to look at it another way. Back home on Jotunnheim there is the annual Snow
Beast hunt were all sorts of animals are hunted for sport. His older brothers would always come
home covered in blood and bruises. The pelts they presented to their mates were the envy of the
kingdom. Having removed some of the emotion from the situation, Loki is better able to focus on the
task at hand. Like the fact that a strange high powered weapon was just fired at Steve and he took a
direct hit to his legs. They are broken and bloodied. Based on the holes going into the walls, his legs
should be completely charred off. The protection spell worked.

Loki leaps into action. An ice blade forms on his right hand and he runs a man through
with it, spilling his foe’s guts onto the ground. He does it again to two more Hydra agents before
reaching Steve. Loki discards the ice blade and places both of his hands on Steve’s legs and begins a
bone mending chant. Steve screams bloody murder. Bone mending chants are painful. When the
bones are healed Loki gives Steve a tiny potion bottle.

“Drink that and wait 60 seconds before you try to stand. It will heal the soft tissues.” Loki
orders. He turns to face more Hydra agents but the fight has moved further down and away, so Loki
stays beside Steve until he is able to get up.

“Okay. I’m ready.” Steve says as he tests his legs. Holy hell that was painful! Now he
knows why Clint screamed like a little girl when his ear drums healed. They run towards the sound
of the guns. They run towards the sound of skulls smashing and walls crashing, but by the time they
get there, there are no more foes to be had. They’ve killed them all.

FBI agents swarm the building and dismantle the computer equipment, burning it and
collecting up and intelligence they can find. The Avengers head home to clean up, debrief, and decompress. Loki gets many pats on the back from the team and he returns a shaky smile. Now that it is all over and his adrenaline has subsided, he wants to cry. But he can’t. He doesn’t want his team mates to think him a coward or a weakling, so he holds it inside. He manages to school his features well, but Loki does not fool everyone.

Steve talks about how it felt when the blast hit him. He said it was like a foam mattress had blocked the blow. It still hurt like hell, but not as much as healing his broken bones had hurt. Steve doesn’t recommend getting broken bones healed by Loki unless it is absolutely necessary. Loki admits that the process of rapidly healing bones is excruciating and that if one can choose between a soft tissue wound and a broken bone, soft tissue is much less painful to heal.

“You handled yourself quite expertly out there. You dispatched those three men very quickly and efficiently. I was impressed considering this was the first time you’ve waded directly into a fight.” Steve says.

“Yes you handled yourself quite bravely for a healer.” Thor says. For a healer? Everyone turns to look at him. Loki looks at him pointedly. This is the exact same attitude that he has to put up with back in Asgard. “I mean, most healers are women and shouldn’t be on the battlefield, but you did well.” Now Natasha gives Thor a pissy look as Thor digs his grave a little deeper. “I mean, most healers are cowards, but you’re not, I mean….ah…..um…you did well.” Thor cringes at his own words. He did not mean to say any of those things. They do not reflect his own true opinions and yet he couldn’t stop them from spewing from his mouth. Loki decides to take pity on the great big oaf.

“I know what you were trying to say Thor. Male healers on Asgard are regarded with disdain as cowards and weaklings because they are not warriors.” Loki explains to the rest of the group. “Being a healer is usually a woman’s vocation, and so the handful of men that do choose it as an occupation are treated with neither respect nor reverence. Lord Behur is a great shining example of cowardice in green robes. The man is a weasel, a braggart, and a power hungry social climber. It is no wonder Asgard’s opinions of male healers is so low. I was the one to propose the idea of battlefield healers to your father, King Odin. He, unlike Behur, saw the merits of such a union of skills. It is the reason I was sent to you and not some wet nosed young girl.” Loki explains.

“The use of battlefield medics has been around for centuries here on Earth. I am surprised Asgard has not deployed healers on the battlefield before. Your culture is so much more advanced than ours.” Steve says.

“Asgard’s technology is advanced, but not its culture. Women are expected to marry young and keep to the home. This is why there have not been healers on the battlefield. Most healers are women. Thor’s own close friend, the Lady Sif, is the first female warrior Asgard has ever had. She had to go toe to toe with every male warrior of the realm to prove her worth. She is proof that women could be an asset on the battlefield given they have the right temperament and stamina. Though I’m sure if she were here now, I would be tending to new bruises on your face.” Loki says to Thor.

“I think your idea is a wonderful one. I don’t know why I said those things. I did not mean them.” Thor says feeling the fool. He has never been very good with words.

“Apology accepted, and I thank you for supporting me. You have no idea how hard it has been to get support for my idea back in Asgard. It was only when I presented it directly to your father that it finally gained traction.”

XxXxXxxXx
Thor hides in his room for the rest of the evening in shame. He wants to woo Loki but he doesn’t know how, especially after that epic episode of foot in mouth. He needs advice. Loki is Jotunn. He doesn’t even know what Jotunns like. Loki is also a prince, so any courtship gifts he would give him can’t be ordinary. Thor thinks back to that little excursion into Jotunheim all those years ago and tries to remember some detail that might help. He recalls a lot of dead animals and animal pelts. Thor decides he will have to chat Loki up and find out if he would be receptive to such a gift.

Loki is sitting in the living room of their floor with Natasha, and they are braiding each other’s hair. Loki used his magic to grow Natasha’s hair really long like his and now her red tresses reach all the way to her ass. Loki puts in an intricate braid and wraps it around the crown of her head and then sticks in a bunch of pretty flowers he conjured from thin air. Natasha loves it. She looks like a princess. She doesn’t normally engage in such girly girl activities, but every once in a great while, she does enjoy letting down her hair.

She’s also been discussing man catching with Loki and the two have formed an evil plot to help Natasha snare Clint. The man is warrior on the battlefield and a coward on the dating field. Natasha and Clint have been friends for years, and Nat is tired of waiting for the guy to grow a pair and ask her out. It’s obvious to Loki that Clint likes Natasha. He practically has a conniption whenever Loki gets within a foot of her. Loki decides a little good old fashioned jealousy might motivate him to make a declaration.

Chapter End Notes

Get ready for some slight Loki/Natasha, but its all just for show.
Thor's a royal screw up.

Loki’s strong yet delicate hand wraps around Natasha’s tiny waist before snaking down and cupping her very firm, very supple ass. Natasha looks up and smiles at him. She looks like a garden goddess with all the flowers and braids in that ridiculously long hair of hers. Natasha is wearing a dress today. She never wears dresses. Never. But today she is sporting a white cotton baby doll number that has Clint hard as a rock. Loki and Natasha are engaged in a ping pong battle with Steve and Bruce. It is a guys against the girls (sort of) tournament. Steve and Bruce are winning (at ping pong). Loki and Natasha are winning (at making the natives restless). The knowledge that Loki would only be interested in Nat as a one-time fling adds acid to the bile coursing in his veins. Can’t she see he’s just going to use her for sex? I mean, he did tell everyone that he intends to marry a man, and only had sex with women for pleasure those few times. Seriously, Nat deserves better that! She deserves someone who wants her for the long term. She deserves….she deserves….

“Are you just going to stand there and let Nat touch him like that?” Clint says to Thor. Thor is watching the game with rapt attention as well. He’s been drooling, leering, and scowling at the pair the entire match and his ire is just as plain as Clint’s is. Loki has emerald beads weaved through his long raven hair to match his intricately embroidered green healer’s robes. His broad shoulders and small waist contrast with long flowing fabric and feminine grace. With his arms folded, and his expression sour it is obvious that the surprise rain storm outside is Thor’s doing.

“Loki is not my subject; I cannot order him to stop.” Thor glowers.

“Oh come on, that is not what I meant. Go mark your territory already. It’s obvious you’re into him. Go do whatever mating dance your people do and let Loki know that you want his attention on you and not her.” Clint says.

“And what of you Birdman? Are you not as infatuated with the Lady Widow? Why do you not make YOUR intensions known?” Thor shoots back. Steve and Bruce hoot and howl their victory as Bruce does a silly victory dance and Steve chuckles his embarrassment.

“Oh. Oh well.” Natasha says sounding far too docile. “I’m tired of this game anyway. Loki why don’t you and I go do some beauty treatment stuff. You can help me with my bikini wax.” She says naughtily. Loki has no idea what a bikini wax is but it sounds dirty. Clint finally loses his shit.

“What! You can’t let him touch your….your…girl…bits!” Clint stammers like a petulant child.

“Oh? And why is that?” Natasha says quirking a curious playful eyebrow at Clint. She’s got him. She’s got him squirming like a worm on a hook.

“Well….because…I…I…”

“Yes?” Natasha says seductively as she creeps slowly into his personal space. They are toe
to toe now and Clint can smell that amazing perfume she is wearing and the details of all the pretty shit in her hair, and god damn she’s beautiful and…

“AH!” Loki howls out an orgasmic guttural moan. Thor has grabbed him by the hair, yanked down his collar and is biting him on the neck vampire style. Loki’s body has involuntarily arched into a presentation pose as Thor makes clear his desire for the Jotunn prince. Loki feels his face burn red with desire, embarrassment, and anger.

What Thor has done is not okay. Such a bite is done after two dominant Jotunns battle each other for the rite to breed a Jotunn in heat. The victor marks his territory by biting the submissive Jotunn on the neck, and then the breeding takes place. Gifts of meat, pelts, and precious stones are also given. The fact that Loki is also a prince adds an extra layer of decorum and protocol to the mix that is usually observed. Thor did none of that. The shock wears off and Loki wrestles out of Thor’s grip before giving his face a resounding slap!

“HOW DARE YOU! I am a prince of Jotunheim not a common slater! How dare you touch me so intimately without earning the right! Or my consent!” Loki turns on his heal and leaves, choking back tears of anger as he marches. Everyone turns their pissed off expressions to Thor.

Thor for his part is trembling inside. He has screwed up royally and he doesn’t know what to do. He remembered the fertility festival he snuck into all those years ago and remembered seeing many couples doing the very thing he just did. He thought Loki would like it and frankly, Thor lost control of himself just now. That creamy pale skin, the long black hair, the narrow hips with the firm hind end that Thor just wants to plow into over and over and over again until lots of miniature Thors pop out. He needs to fix this, fast! Thor walks out to the balcony and takes off into the air.

Everyone, save Thor and Loki, gather in the living room to discuss what just happened. Thor has said and done some dumb things before but he has never sexually assaulted anyone before. And poor Loki, the team has never seen him upset like that before. There needs to be repercussions and ground rules laid out when Thor gets back. He needs to learn that it is not okay for him to do stuff like that. A couple of hours go by and Loki finally makes an appearance. Natasha asks him if he is okay and Loki nods. She doesn’t press him though. If he wants to talk about it he will. A few minutes go by when the light of the Bifrost lights up the balcony. Thor is back.

Thor is back and he has a giant white dead beast slung around his shoulders. He staggers inside and unloads the beast onto the ground in front of Loki’s feet. Thor gets on bended knee before him.

“What the fuck Point Break!” Tony yells at the sight of a great big dead animal in his living room.

“Forgive me; I don’t know what came over me. I never meant to cause offense. You are the loveliest creature my eyes have ever beheld and I wish to formally declare my intentions for you.” Thor says apologetically and full of sincerity. Loki looks at Thor and then looks at the dead carcass.

The animal is a White Woolly Snowsnipe, native only to Jotunheim. They are considered sacred and are almost extinct because poachers like to kill them for their very beautiful, very soft pelts. Loki wants to both strangle Thor and fuck his brains out. The bumbling oaf has managed to insult Loki, assail him, and then murdered a sacred animal to present to him as an apology. The guy is an idiot! A beautiful sweet endearing idiot.

“And have you spoken to your father of your desire to formally court me?” Loki asks with a raised eyebrow.
“No. I wanted to see if you’d accept me first. I know I have angered you greatly. Please forgive me. You are more beautiful than the rising sun.” Thor says. Loki, standing with his arms folded and lips set into a thin line, lets out a deep sigh.

“Go talk to your father then you great buffoon. I forgive you, but I warn you. Anymore transgressions like that one and you’ll be living out the rest of your days as a eunuch.” Loki chides him. A great big smile spreads across Thor’s face and the big bronzed man rises to his feet and pulls Loki in for a great big bear hug.

“Thor!” Loki yells.

“Sorry, sorry.” Thor says as he continues to smile a great big toothy grin.

“Go on then, and take that great big lump of meat with you. Bring it back to me when it is more presentable.” Loki orders. Thor picks up the beast like it is a sack of potatoes and goes back outside and calls for Heimdall.

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Frigga looks out her window as the Bifrost lights up. Her son is here, right on schedule. Now is the moment for her and Odin to have a long overdue discussion.

“Husband?” Frigga says brightly. Odin shoots her a look. He knows that tone of voice. His wife is about to drop a great big pile of Marriage Goddess shit on him and he’s not going to like it.

“Yes dear wife? What can I do for you?” Odin asks.

“You can give our son Thor permission to court Prince Loki.” Frigga says in a way that dares her husband to deny her.

“Prince Loki! He’s a damn Jotunn. He’s not even fully female! He cannot marry Thor.”

“Of course he can. He’s of royal blood, able to provide Thor heirs and Thor is in love with him.”

“No! No I will find him a suitable maiden to be his Queen, since you seem unwilling to do it.” Odin says.

“Then you will find Thor as the party that is unwilling to…DO IT.” Frigga says. Odin looks at her as he processes the double entendre.

“No.” Odin says quietly.

“Oh yes, our son is quite ergi dear husband.”

“No, he’s not ergi!”

“Really, Odin. Our son is flanked by a battalion of eager maidens ever night and yet not a single story of sexual exploit ever turns up. Why do you think that is?” Frigga puts the puzzle together for him.

“He’s a gentleman.”
“He’s ergi. I’m his mother and I know my son. Now, he will be here in a few minutes to ask your permission to formally court Prince Loki, and I approve, and you had better approve of it too!”

“You planned this! Four years ago when Loki came before me, you planned this!”

“Yes I did, and the grandchildren he will give us will be beautiful.”

“Witch!”

“Ogre.”

“Traitorous temptress. Cuddle with me tonight?”

“Maybe.” Frigga smiles.
“How long does it take to ask formal permission to date? Thor was gone all day yesterday.” Clint asks.

“Yeah, I’m a little worried. What if his dad doesn’t approve? Will he let Thor come back?” Natasha asks back. They are in the kitchen sharing a cup of coffee.

“He’s making and collecting courtship gifts for me. If his father had said no he would have returned immediately and I would have been summoned back to Asgard, and then summarily kicked out I’m sure.” Loki says as he sneaks up behind the couple. Clint is stalling. He and Natasha had been on the verge of a break through the other day when Thor distracted everyone. But Loki didn’t forget.

“My lady, it has come to my attention that I stick out a bit. My clothing does not exactly blend in with what is customary on Midgard and I was wondering if you’d be willing to assist me in acquiring a new wardrobe?”

“You mean, go shopping?” Natasha asks.

“Yes, however, I am not familiar with the currency of this world. Do your people use gold or jewels for trade?” Loki asks with sincerity.

“Neither. We use plastic. Come with me. We’re going to strike a deal with Daddy Warbucks.” Natasha says with a smile as she grabs Loki’s wrist and drags him behind her. They head up to Tony’s floor to seek out the billionaire philanthropist. They find him nursing yet another hangover with a breakfast bloodymary.

“Hey, Daddy Warbucks, need your help.” Natasha says with a big grin.

“Mmm?” Tony says as he swallows down his drink.

“Loki wants to go clothes shopping with me, but all he has is gold and jewels. Care to trade?”

“What? Do I look like a pawn shop to you?”

“Oh please, as if you wouldn’t love to get your hands on some alien treasure.” Natasha says. Loki reaches into his pouch and pulls out what appears to be a necklace, only not. It is a string of jewels, only each jewel is attached in such a way as to be easily plucked off and offered as a token of exchange. The smaller more common gems make up the first half of the string, with bigger and more precious stones filling the end in sequence of gaining value. The very last one has Tony’s attention. It is over an inch wide and somewhat triangular shaped. It is also very red.
“What’s that? A big ass ruby?” Tony inquires. If it is it would be worth a lot of money.

“No, a diamond actually. A blood diamond, named so for its color.” Loki says. Tony chokes on his liquor. True red diamonds are extremely rare and usually very small. That damn thing could rival the hope diamond. Holy fuck!

“Are those common where you come from?” Tony asks in a voice that is a little too high pitched.

“No, not exactly. I mean they are less common than the other gems on this string but are common enough to be used as a unit of currency. They are worth the most on my world.”

“You have no idea how valuable that is here on Earth. Here you would be able to live like a King with just that one gem alone.”

“I am a prince you realize. So will you help me?” Loki asks. Tony wants so badly to trade for the red diamond, but he will not take advantage of his friend. He wants to go clothes shopping not mansion shopping.

“What’s the green one there in the middle? Emerald?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll take that one….and you…….take this for today. Only.” Tony says as he fishes his credit card from his wallet. Natasha snatches it away like a fat kid stealing chocolate. She runs away hooting in victory, dragging Loki behind her.

“I want that back! I mean it! Shit I just gave two women my no limit credit card.” Tony mutters to himself.

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Jorge Montego eyes Loki like he is a piece of juicy meat. The tall beautiful elegant man sauntered into his shop with his beard in tow. She’s beautiful but something about her scares him. She kind of looks familiar too. It’s plain to Jorge immediately that Loki is gay. The clothing he is wearing screams “I’m a Queen!” The hunt is on.

“What can I do for you fine people this day?” Jorge asks as he surveys Loki openly from head to toe. Loki’s polite smile disappears into a thin line. The servants on this world do not know how to behave properly. This man’s open attraction towards him is off putting.

“I am in need of a new wardrobe. Something more in keeping with the local culture.” Loki states regally.

“He needs everything. Suits, jeans, underwear, shoes, the works. This is your pretty woman moment to make one hell of a commission so don’t screw it up.” Natasha says mirroring Loki’s demeanor. She picked up on his change of attitude immediately.

“Yes Ma’am. I will call for backup.” Jorge says. He calls his manager and within seconds he and another associate appear to give Loki their full attention. They measure him and size his feet. They bring rack after rack of samples in front of him. Loki prefers the formal suits over the denim
casual wear, but Natasha insisted that Loki purchase a little bit of everything.

“You can’t wear a three piece suit to the beach.” She’d said. So be it. He will trust her in this matter. They spend a full three hours there, and by the time they are done they are exhausted and starving. Loki has purchased so many clothes he arranges to have them delivered to Avenger’s Tower. This gets Jorge’s attention.

“I know who you are! You’re the spider lady!” Jorge exclaims.

“She is the Lady Widow.” Loki corrects the man. Jorge looks at him.

“Are you an Avenger too?” he asks Loki.

“Yes he is.” Natasha says brightly as she smiles at her friend.

“I thank you My Lady.” Loki says giving her a slight bow of gratitude.

“What’s your name and what is your super power?” Jorge asks. Loki is growing tired of this nosy creature, but he can’t fault the man for being curious.

“I am His Royal Highness Prince Loki of Jotunnheim. I am a sorcerer with skills specialized in healing magic. I tend to the injuries of my fellow fighting companions.”

“You can fix people with magic? Jorge asks. Loki quirks a brow at him in response.

“You should visit the pediatric burn ward at Sacred Heart. My sister volunteers there on Saturdays as a candy stripper.” Jorge insists.

“I’ll take it under advisement.” Loki says politely. Loki and Natasha go to lunch at the most expensive and exclusive place she could think of, using Tony’s clout to get them into the reserved section for celebrities. Loki decides to keep on the new suit he just bought and wear it to lunch. He looks like a powerful wall street type, and Natasha his kept woman. They eat a lavish meal in a rich and private setting. But before they head home they make one more stop…

Clint eyeballs the mountain of swag being delivered to Loki’s room. What did he do? Buy out Neiman Marcus? A few bags are delivered for Natasha as well. One of them is from La Pearl Boutique. Clint gets curious. He rummages through the bag and pulls out a matching bra and panty set that makes his cock twitch. Holy shit! Who is she wearing this for? It can’t be Loki. Loki and Thor are dating now. God damn it! Now he’s paranoid! Whoever it is, he’s not going to love her as much as he does.

Clint paces back in forth in the living room on his floor clutching the lacy green bra she bought. Green is Loki’s color. If he fucks her he’ll kill him! Clint is getting so worked up he doesn’t hear the bell of the elevator ding. Nor does he notice when Natasha walks off it alone. Clint is seething and muttering to himself. He looks like a lunatic….or a jealous boyfriend.

“Clint? Whaaaat are you doing?” She asks looking at him as he clutches her new underwear.

“Did you buy these for him?” Clint says with his voice full of hurt. “Are you two having sex?” His anger would upset Natasha if not for the, oh so obvious heartbreak and tears that are glazing Clint’s eyes. He’s about to cry.

“No Clint. I bought them for you.” She says. She can tell Clint is beyond sweet little teasing games at this point. It is obvious he cares for her. She’s just going to have to make the first
move before Clint says or does something to completely screw this up. She walks up to him and puts her arms around his neck. Clint swallows hard and with relief.

“For me?” He says with his eyes full of hope.

“Yeah, for you. I’m going to go put them on and model them for you, and then Clint….you’re going to take them off me….with your teeth.” Natasha takes the bra out of his hands and goes to her room to change.

Clint walks slowly towards her door and waits a few moments. He turns the nob and opens the door, and there she is. Her beautiful round perky ass is clad in green lacy panties and a sort of short sheer tulle skirt. She has on cream flesh colored stockings, her matching bra, and matching green pumps.

“Close the door and come here.” She orders. Clint walks as if on a cloud towards the woman he has feared to touch, or kiss, or love because she might not want him in return. His hand shakes as he reaches out to touch her. He touches her bicep with just his fingertips raking over her arm and shoulder and her stomach before pulling her fully into his embrace. His breath feels heavy in his chest as he kisses her for the first time. Oh god how he has dreamed of this moment. His kiss is passionate and filled with terrible longing. Her lips are plump and eager. His hands roam her, touching and caressing everything beneath them. Natasha yanks at his clothes and loses patience.

“Strip. Now.” She orders. She climbs onto the bed in a very sultry pose, on all fours with her gorgeous ass arched into the air. Clint can’t get naked fast enough. He leaps onto the bed and pins Nat to the mattress, kissing and groping her like a beast. He travels down her body kissing her until he reaches her new panties. He slips them off her hips and pulls them off her legs. He grabs her thighs roughly and spreads them wide. Yes! This is the powerful man that she is attracted to. Cliff gazes down at her glistening hairless opening….and a disturbing thought interrupts Clint’s love making.

“Did Loki help you with your bikini wax?” He asks sounding unnerved.

“Are you going to talk about Loki or are you going to fuck me with your tongue?” She says sounding irritated. Clint dives in. He laps at her petals and sucks ferociously on her clit, making her gasp and keen in surprise. He is being brutal, eating her pussy like it has somehow insulted him. Natasha’s thighs quiver and shake. She can’t last, not like this. Clint shoves three fingers into her weeping warmth and…..

“AHHHHuuhgg! Natasha cries as her throbbing aching clt squirts into his mouth. Clint kneads her thighs as he slurps up her juices. Natasha comes down from her high and notices that Clint is looking for something.

“Condoms?” He asks her.

“No.” She says and grabs his arm. She knows that they are both disease free and that her contraception will make pregnancy impossible. They don’t need to glove up, and quite frankly she doesn’t want to. She wants to feel him move inside her and to paint her walls with his seed. She hungers for it. “No condoms. We don’t need them. Disease and pregnancy are not a problem and I want you to learn every inch of my insides with your cock.”

“Nat….I love you so fucking much.” Hawkeye says unable to contain his emotions. He climbs on top of her and plows into her sweet tight aching womanhood and then sets a punishing pace. He grunts and their skins slaps together.
“I love you….I love you….I love you…..” He chants as he pounds into her. He gazes deeply into her eyes so that she’ll know he means every single syllable.

“I love you Clint.” She whispers to him like a prayer. It has been a long time coming.

Chapter End Notes

awe....just a little Nat/Clint smut to tide you over until our Thorki extravaganza.
After being gone for over three days the balcony of Avenger’s Tower lights up and Thor returns. He is surrounded by swag. Jarvis alerts Loki of Thor’s arrival and of the copious amount of stuff that is with him. He quickly changes into his most flattering come hither outfit and takes the elevator up. Everyone has gathered in curiosity and Loki is last to arrive to inspect all the loot. It’s all for him, all of it. Thor is on bended knee again and Loki extends his hand to him in a formal greeting. Thor takes Loki’s hand into his. As princes of two realms there is a bit of formal etiquette that must be observed, even if no one else is watching (officially).

“My darling intended, I have gone before my father and formally requested permission to court you for your hand in marriage. My father has agreed and I have come to seek your agreement to proceed. May I have your permission to call upon you?” Thor asks with a bright glowing smile. The man is even more bronzed and golden than usual. His hair is like a glowing golden halo, and his teeth are as white as a neon sign. He looks like a Sun God not a Storm God.

“I accept.” Loki says simply. He gives Thor a small but encouraging smile. He’s being coy. Thor rises and pulls out the first gift to give to his conquest.

“For you Loki, the pelt of the animal I slayed for you. It has been tanned and cut to make a nice blanket or rug to adorn your bedchambers.”

“It is wonderful. I love it.” Loki says with a smile. Next Thor pulls out a large cape, in his signature red, trimmed with cut off pieces of fur left over from making the pelt. The cape is beautiful though it reminds everyone a little bit of Santa Claus, though no one mentions this. The golden clasp at the neck is decorated with an emerald. It is gorgeous.

“I love it. It will keep me warm when I’m back at home on Jotunnheim visiting family.” Loki says. He dons the cape and gives it a spin for everyone’s eye. The group oohs and awes in approval. Next Thor pulls out what appears to be a small treasure chest that would make Captain Bluebeard drool. It is indeed filled with priceless necklaces, rings, earrings, bracelets, and other adornments, all with what appear to be very large, very real precious stones. The Queen of England has a rival for Crowned Jewels. Loki accepts it graciously, though also with a blush that he tries very poorly to hide.

“Holy shit, if this is the stuff Thor has to give him when they’re dating, what does he give him when he asks him to marry him?” Tony mutters Nat.

“A throne.” She mutters back. Tony’s eyebrows pop at that. Yeah a throne is a pretty big damn gift. Thor is the future King of Asgard so if Loki marries him does that make him the future Queen? An inappropriate chuckle snakes out of Tony’s throat. Everyone turns to look at him.

“Nothing, never mind.” Tony says as he tries to avert attention away from him. Loki snaps his fingers and everything floats behind him as they take the elevator down to his room. Once Loki and Thor are alone on their floor, Thor feels free to say more intimate things to his new beloved.

“Did you miss me while I was away?” Thor asks Loki with eager needy eyes.

“Yes. It wasn’t as lively around here without you.” Loki says.
“May I kiss you?” Thor asks like a child begging for a Christmas present. Loki considers the request for a moment and opts for a chaste kiss on the cheek. He points to it and offers it up to Thor. Thor, though disappointed, leans in and gives Loki a quick peck. His lips tingle from the contact. He wants more, so much more. The raw desire burning in Thor’s eyes makes Loki tremble.

“May I ask you to dinner tonight?” Thor asks him.

“Yes, that would please me greatly. When will we go and how should I dress?” Loki asks him.

“You look stunning just as you are. As for the time I will consult with our friends about an appropriate place here in the city and make arrangements. I’ll have Jarvis inform you when a decision is made.” Thor says. Loki nods his approval and their little interlude ends. Loki does look stunning. His long raven hair is cascading down his back and has the emerald beads weaved into it here and there to catch the light. He is wearing his formal green robe with the intricate gold embroidery. The sleeves are long and very wide at the wrist, while the waist is fitted, emphasizing how slim it is. It almost looks like a dress, save for Loki’s muscular frame showing that he is most definitely a man. However, since he is a prince courting another prince, another formal bit of ceremony must be observed. Loki pulls out his gold circlet and places it on top of his head. It is but a simple gold ring with small emeralds and a snow flake design engraved into it. His father and brothers had laughed when the dwarves delivered it all those years ago, cackling at how small his head is. His father had mused that it was the small crown ever made for a prince of Jotunnheim. Loki frowns at the memory.

Thor seeks out Steve to ask him his advice on where to take Loki to dinner. But Steve is a hot dogs and Chinese take-out kind of guy. He tells him to see Tony. Tony will help him pull out all the stops. Tony makes some calls and set up a reservation at Eleven Madison Park. It is luxurious, exclusive, and the place for celebrity couples to be seen dining. Tony doesn’t mention that last part. The paparazzi will be on the prowl and Tony cannot wait for America to get a big glimpse of Big Gay Thor on a date with his sorcerer hermaphrodite.

“What are you and Loki going to be wearing to dinner tonight?” Tony inquires.

“Our ceremonial best I suppose. I told Loki to keep on what he is currently wearing. I thought I would polish up my ceremonial armor and my circlet before heading out.” Thor says.

“Armor and a…circlet? Do you mean like a tiara or crown?” Tony asks.

“Yes.”

“I know the restaurant I reserved is a bit on the fancy side but maybe you two should tone it down a bit, you know, blend in more with the rest of us. You know like a tuxedo and an evening gown or something more…you know….human….looking.”

“I am afraid we cannot do that my friend. This is to be our first outing together and certain protocols must be observed. As the Crowned Prince of Asgard formally declaring my intentions to the prince of another realm we must be seen together in public in our royal adornments as a show of unity.” Thor says. Tony face palms a bit as his hand scrubs down his face. Thor and Loki as going to look like characters straight out of Medieval Times. He better give the staff at the restaurant a heads up.

Thor actually combs his hair for once and braids it back into a single neat rope and places his small golden crown on his head. He can’t remember the last time he was required to don it. He couldn’t even find the damn thing in his room. He had to have six servants tear his closet apart to
find it buried at the bottom of a weapons trunk covered in dust. Thor calls the lightning so that his full regalia and power shine down upon him. He looks like a King. Powerful, masculine, dominant.

Loki comes out of the room looking very much the same from earlier, though with some of the new jewelry Thor gifted him about his neck. He sparkles like water on a green blue sea. Thor takes Loki’s arm in his and escorts him down to the town car that Tony has arranged for them.

“You look very handsome.” Loki says to Thor. He smiles and gently squeezes Loki’s hand.

“Before I met you I was terrified of the thought of marriage. I never thought I would find a maiden to whom I’d be attracted. I feared that whichever poor girl was ultimately selected for me, she would have felt lonely, unloved, and undesirable. I feel with you, all things are possible.” Thor says. Loki’s heart skips a beat. No one on Jotunheim had considered him attractive. He was small like a child and often mistaken for one. On Asgard there were plenty of females that found him handsome, but Thor is the first male to openly display his desires for his person.

“Though you’ve fumbled a bit, I do see that you have a good heart and an open mind. There are many things I’d like to learn about you.” Loki says.

“I noticed that your Father wields magic greatly and with ease, as does your mother, but you do not. Why is that?” Loki asks.

“I was a terrible student. It was all my poor mother could do to teach me how to read and write. I was always too fidgety to focus anything that didn’t involve smashing another child’s head in. Though I have more patience for it these days.” Thor says. “My father fears for my reign as I lack the wisdom he possesses. He has tried to teach me diplomacy and politics but I do not possess the aptitude for such things. You, however, seem to have all those traits in spades.” Thor praises Loki.

“You give yourself too little credit.” Loki says encouragingly.

“Nay I do not. I know myself well, and I know the skills I am lacking to be a good king. It was my hope that the maiden selected to be my wife would have some of these skills to balance out my own. I hoped she would be an asset as well as a friend, if not a lover. You are as the humans say, The Total Package.” Thor explains. Loki feels a welling up of tenderness for Thor at this admission. It is a rare man and an even rarer monarch that willingly confesses his own deficits. Thor is beautiful. Loki leans in and gives Thor a kiss. A real kiss. It is sweet, and tender, and slow. The car comes to a stop just as they break their kiss. They’ve arrived.

When Thor exits the car an explosion of camera flashes erupts. Tony tipped off the photo hounds and can’t wait to get a copy of tomorrow morning’s newspaper. Thor turns to assist Loki out by offering his hand. Loki places his hand delicately on top of Thor’s very much like a lady. The crowd watching him exit assume he is a lady all the way up until the very last second, when they see his flat chest and Adam’s apple. Loki is nearly blinded by all the flashing lights.

“What is that!” Loki yells over the murmuring questions from the crowd.

“Cameras. Here we must head inside quickly.” Thor instructs. He wraps his arm around Loki’s waist and guides him inside. The light and noise die down considerably once the front doors close. They glide as one to the reservation desk where the hostess awaits them. She smiles at them as she recognizes Thor immediately. It is plain in her eyes she is intrigued by Loki as her eyes bounce back and forth between the two drawing her conclusion about the couple.
“Right this way Your Highnesses.” The hostess says. They are escorted to a table that is practically in the center of the room. It is a spot where they can see and are meant to be seen by everyone. Everyone is looking at them and talking about them, but they pay the people no mind. Thor and Loki are in their own little world. The head chef comes out to meet and greet them, informing them that he has prepared something special for them tonight.

The food comes out in waves and each plate is like a beautiful sculpture made of food. Loki feels like it is a shame to eat it. The taste of the food is sublime. Truffles, foie gras, and the finest cuts of steak Thor has ever tasted grace their plates with artistry. They eat and drink their fill as they talk the night away. They reach a pause before dessert is served and Loki looks out at the small dance floor with longing.

“Care to dance with me? A waltz perhaps?” Loki asks eagerly. Loki knows how to lead and be led. Thor knows how to break toes and stumble up a courtship. With hesitation, Thor says yes. It is awkward at first. Thor has not practiced dancing in years. However, Loki senses his unease and takes pity on him. Though Loki is in the position of being led, he gives enough gentle pressure to guide Thor where they should go. It is not long before they are making graceful sweeps that make Thor’s cape billow behind him and Loki’s long robe flare out with the breeze.

They look every inch the prince and princess, except Loki is a man and everyone knows it. The dance concludes and the couple hold one another close in an intimate embrace. Any questions anyone had about the nature of their dinner are now gone. Thor’s eyes are bright with warmth and romance as he leans in for another sweet and gentle kiss. Loki’s lips part and the slow seductive breath they share electrifies the room. Thor guides Loki back to his seat with his hand on the small of his back.

They finish their meal and take their leave, getting bombarded once again as they leave. The paparazzi level all manner of private and crude questions at them both. Loki is incensed by it. How dare they? These crude ill-mannered buffoons have no right to inquire about such details. Thor can see Loki’s ire written on his face.

“I will handle these vultures darling. I’ve encountered them before.” Thor whispers into Loki’s ear.

“Thor are you gay?” One man shouts as his camera flashes.

“Yes, yes I am very gay this evening. Our dinner was very light and entertaining.” Thor is not stupid. He knows the word gay has two different meanings.

“Who is this with you?” Another shouts.

“This is Prince Loki of Jotunnheim, my companion.” Thor says, again using an ambiguous word. He said companion, not date, nor intended, nor even boyfriend.

“Is he human?” Another one shouts.

“No he is Jotunn.” Thor says, failing to elaborate. Their car pulls up and they climb inside, taking a deep breath as it pulls away. Loki leans into Thor’s massive frame, cradling his head in Thor’s neck. They enjoy the car ride back to the tower in silence.
awe! Their first date!
“Hey you guys! Check this out!” Tony yells with excitement. The front page of the New York Times has a great big picture of Thor and Loki standing in front of the restaurant in a pose that can only be described as intimate. Thor has his hand on the small of Loki’s back and they are standing very close together. It’s on the news too and speculation is running rampant. A lot people are screaming “Thor’s gay!” while others are dissecting his statements to say “Oh no, it’s just an English translation misunderstanding. Thor’s not gay.” And then they pick apart his comments to show how they don’t mean what everybody thinks it means. But then they point at Loki and his very feminine look. “He’s not human, that’s just probably how his people dress. What is a Jotunn?” Tony thinks it’s fucking hilarious. Tony’s PR people call him straightaway as does Nick, who’s out spying incognito God knows where.

“Did you know about this?” Nick asks Tony.

“Hell yeah I knew about it. Everybody here at the tower knows about it. You would have too if you came home more often.” Tony says.

“The President is a little miffed. The media are hounding him about the inter-planetary dignitary we are hosting and he doesn’t know a damn thing about it.”

“HE’s not hosting an inter-planetary dignitary, we the Avengers are, and more specifically Thor is, who is also in his own right an inter-planetary dignitary. They shouldn’t be surprised that we have other aliens coming to visit, and I don’t mean Mexicans or little green men. Loki’s a little blue he/she man, technically.”

“You're a dick.”

“It’s part of my charm. Don’t worry about it. I'll handle it.” Tony smiles into the phone as he hangs up. The elevator dings and everyone gathers to see what the hell has Tony so giddy. He turns up the volume of the news of the T.V.

“Thor buddy! My public relations people are blowing up my phone. How do you want to handle this?” Tony asks him. Loki looks at Thor and then looks at Tony and decides to answer for him.

“We are formally courting one another as protocol dictates. Why are the humans acting like our courtship is some sort of scandal? Thor was nothing but the perfect gentleman last night.” Loki says sounding perturbed.

“Being homosexual is sort of a ‘thing’ here on Earth. Thor’s a big masculine guy, and so the idea of him enjoying sex with other men is a bit taboo.”

“But I am Jotunn. There is no such thing as homosexuality among my people.” Loki says.

“Well technically since you all only have a single gender, technically all Jotunns are homosexual, if you think about it.” Clint says. Loki rolls his eyes.

“But what does that matter? I am more than capable of providing Thor with children. I am not barren. Why is this an issue?” Loki asks. He doesn’t get it. Humans are a strange people. Thor
finally speaks up.

“It is the same among the Aesir Loki. You recall how the men of my people never openly showed you any desire or consideration?” Thor asks him. Loki nods. But the Aesir men are all warriors. Humans are not so…..what’s the word…..blood…lusty?

“For a man to love another man, it denotes a certain level of implied weakness. That one of the men must act ‘as the woman’ during the course of sex.” Thor says to Loki. Loki frowns. It must mean that the Aesir and the humans think Loki weak, but he does not get that feeling from Thor. In fact Thor has put himself at risk of being viewed in such a way by declaring his intensions for Loki.

“How should we handle this then?” Loki asks him.

“Humans have not had contact with the other realms and do not know what Jotunns are. Any of the other realms would know instantly that you possess both genitalia. Unfortunately this is a detail we are going to have to explain to the public.” Thor says.

“Why? I don’t think we need to. Let the public think what they want to think. As far as they know we are two men falling in love. Let their tongues wag.” Loki says. Thor smiles at him. The fact of the matter is that Thor is gay so whether or not Loki can bear him children is of little consequence. They will ignore the public’s demands for more details. Their private lives are their own.

“Agreed.” Thor says.

XxXxXxXxXxXx

Thor calls upon the rain to help put out the fires springing up in the city. A large gaping hole in the sky had appeared just above Philadelphia. The great big flying beast that came out of it was clearly from Muspelheim. Though Thor knows the beast is a Sutrinion, to all the humans fleeing below it is simply put….a dragon. Loki is terrified. Frost giants and Fire giants do not mix. He renewed the protection spells on everyone and loaded up his pockets with all the burn remedies in his arsenal. Tony had gotten there first and was trying to fight fire with fire, to no avail. Sutrinions are fire proof. Only the cold can hurt them. It is the middle of July and the one thing the team really needs is a snow storm. Loki and Thor will need to team up and find a way to unite their powers.

“There it is.” Steve says as he stares out the window at the great big beasty. Clint’s arrows are useless against the animal. They’ll just bounce right off its scales. Steve, Clint, and Natasha will work on the ground to rescue civilians. Bruce is waiting to hulk out and rip the serpent apart.

“Get me outside. Thor you’ll need to carry me into the storm.” Loki orders. The back hatch opens and the pair flies out. They ascend into the clouds and Loki places his hand on Thor’s bare skin to link into Thor’s inner magic. Thor is a true nature deity and the awesomeness of his raw power makes Loki wet between his legs. Loki sends out a tendril of his own magic and latches in to Thor’s.

“Make it snow.” Loki says. Thor feels the cold chill through to his very bones and uses the feeling to whip up the clouds into an angry blizzard. The beast roars in protest as the uncomfortable chill hurts it more than any missile ever could.

“Drop me onto its back.” Loki commands.

“I’ll stay with you.” Thor insists.
“No Thor. You’ll freeze to death. Get to safety.” Loki says. Thor hates this. He wants to
protect Loki. He does not want to run and hide, but he knows he must. Loki was sent here to assist
him, not fight his battles for him. Guilt washes over the Thunderer as he deposits his new found love
into the nest of danger.

The beast can feel Loki on its back and it summersaults through the air to try to shake Loki
off, but it does not succeed. Loki thrusts one of his hands between two large scales and pushes down
until his palm finds bare skin. He lifts his camouflage and calls upon his withering touch to freeze the
beast to death. The howl the animal lets out signals the others on the ground that Loki’s effort is
working. The dragon is flying above a suburb. Its massive body could take out four lots easily. The
team hopes they can steer the falling body to an open space away from people’s homes. Ice slowly
overtakes the animal and when its heart freezes solid its wings stop flapping. They go into a nose
dive and Loki hangs on for a hard landing. They look to be aiming straight for a little yellow house
when the Hulk jumps straight up and yanks the carcass down, directly into the middle of a children’s
park.

It feels like an earthquake when the body hits. Thor turns off the storm and the wind dies
off immediately. The monster is frozen solid. People from all directions gather. Avengers, police, fire
fighters, and neighborhood residents alike all appear to gaze upon the alien creature. The authorities
urge the civilians to get back as cell phones appear to record the great wreck.

“Loki! Loki are you alright!” Thor yells. But there is no movement or sound above the
beast. Thor whips Mjolnir into the air and flies up onto the beast’s back to find him. Loki is passed
out from the crash. The air was knocked from his lungs and he lost consciousness. He’s still in his
blue form. Thor picks him up bridal style and carries him to the ground.

“Is he okay?” Steve shouts.

“Loki. Loki wake up.” Thor jostles him gently. Everyone is watching with intense silence.
Loki’s eyes flutter open and he looks at Thor.

“Did it work?” Loki asks. Thor chuckles his relief. Now he knows how the maidens feel
when their men return from war.

“Yes my love. You were brilliant.” Thor says. He bends down and kisses him for all to
see. A mixture of cheers and stunned shock erupts from the crowd. Thor is making out with a guy
that looks like an Avatar creature. The kiss ends and Loki is pulled to his feet. He straightens his
clothing and asks the others for an injury report. Everyone on the team is fine, but there are several
civilians with severe burns.

“Take me to the injured.” Loki says. They look but find that the ones most in need of
Loki’s help have already been shuttled away to the emergency room. Those that remain have only
minor injuries.

“Gather to me, all of you that are hurt and injured.” Loki commands. He appraises the
people. Three women and four men with various burns, a child with a broken leg, and a man with a
broken hand. “You two with the broken bones sit over here for a moment. Those of you with burns
join hands with me. No matter what you feel, no matter what you see, no matter what you hear, DO
NOT LET GO! If you value your lives you will not let go of one another until I finish healing you.
Is that understood?” Loki says looking each person in the eye so that they know he is deadly serious.
Loki calls upon his powers within and chants a spell that requires a full daisy chain all the way round
to complete back to him. Once the circuit is built it must remain closed. If anyone in the group lets go
of their hands they will all suffer great and terrible pain. Their burns will grow in size instead of heal.
Loki continues the chant as one by one the people in the circle feel their burns heal and close. It is
not altogether a pleasant sensation. In fact it itches. It itches like a motherfucker! The people in the circle squirm as they try to scratch an itch they cannot reach. When the last man is healed the spell completes and Loki opens his eyes.

“You may let go now.” Loki says. They gasp as they all attack their flesh with scraping nails. Moans of relief are made by all as they scratch to their hearts content. Steve, Clint, Thor, and the others all watched with amazement.

“Loki…that was amazing!” Bruce says. The medical implications of what this man can do are astounding to consider. He needs to get Loki into the lab and see if there is any way they can replicate some of the things he can do for the masses here on Earth. The cure for cancer may just be standing right next to him.

“Don't thank me yet. These people have broken bones that must be mended.” Loki says. Steve winces.

Chapter End Notes

Yea Loki!
Thor watches quietly as Loki, Bruce, and Tony all pick each other’s brains. Loki has been demonstrating his different healing spells and potions all morning. Bruce and Tony took particular interest in the potions. They want to know what ingredients are in them. Loki was more than happy to provide a list, but to their dismay, many of the ingredients cannot be found on earth. But that does not deter them. Tony wants to see if there are any earth ingredients that can be used as a substitute. Loki humors them but doubts their success. Loki is leaning over a diagram of Tony’s chest reactor. He perches on his elbows as his skinny butt pokes out in the air and sways in a curious fashion. Thor has to look away from it.

After Loki healed the burn victims at the crash site he went to the local hospital and took care of the severely injured victims. One of them almost didn’t make it. Others had sustained disfiguring burns on their faces. Loki healed them all. Loki would have healed every person in the hospital if he’d had the energy to do so, but on the last burn victim Loki collapsed from exhaustion and Thor had to carry him home, cradling him like his virgin bride on their wedding night. That was a month ago.

The pace of their formal courtship has been agonizing for Thor. More than once Loki had to remind Thor to calm down during a passionate kiss. Loki had come close to caving in, but he is a prince and by the Norns Thor is going to earn it. Loki can hear Thor through their shared bedroom wall sometimes. On more than one occasion the two of them masturbated alone in their bedrooms at the same time.

Word spread fast of Loki’s heroism fighting the dragon and healing the victims. People want to know what other diseases Loki can cure. The media frenzy that followed was a nightmare. Thor and Loki have barely left the tower since.

“Okay, you guys really need to talk to the media. It’s getting ridiculous out there.” Steve says sounding exasperated. The tower is surrounded by hungry media types begging for an interview, and desperate people begging to be healed. It is becoming a security problem and it ruined his morning run. One of the reporters along with his camera man were decked out in jogging suits prepared and waiting to follow Captain America on his morning workout. Steve sprinted as fast as he could and left them in the dust. Things are reaching critical mass and Steve fears they are about to have a riot on their hands. Thor and Loki have been debating this for weeks now, but it seems the inevitable is upon them.

“Anthony….tell your people to make the arrangements. Loki and I are ready to do an interview.” Thor says sounding defeated. It has been fun teasing the media and feeding them only breadcrumbs but this little game is no longer fun and it is affecting the lives of their friends.

XxXxXxXxXx

Thor and Loki opt to dress like Midgardians for the interview. Loki in a very fetching black suit with a green print silk scarf and Thor in a grey suit and a green tie, Loki’s shade of green. Loki’s hair is combed straight and is free flowing without any beads to adorn it. Thor’s hair is braided back into a single rope and his beard is trimmed short and neat. Their outfits are almost
perfect, save for the golden circlets atop their heads. This one detail makes them both stick out like sore thumbs. They take their seats on the stage in front of the cameras next to the interviewer. It is a woman, Debra…something or other. Loki doesn’t care. She is unimportant in his opinion.

“So everyone has been dying to get to know more about the newest member of the Avengers. Who are you?” She asks Loki.

“I am Prince Loki of Jotunheim. Third born son of King Laufey and a student at the Healing Art Academy of Asgard, which is the realm that his Highness Prince Thor hails from.” Loki says gesturing to the man sitting next to him. The formal way in which Loki refers to Thor surprises the interviewer given the gossip of their intimate relationship.

“What is a Jotunn?” She asks. “How are you different from say Thor’s people or humans?” She asks.

“Jotunns are commonly called Frost Giants by the other realms. We are called such because our natural appearance is blue of skin and red of eye. Normal Frost Giants are at least twice my size, but I am a runt among my people.” Loki explains.

“So you normally have blue skin and red eyes? Why don’t you look that way right now?” She asks.

“Because your climate and Asgard’s climate is too hot for me. The change in my appearance is necessary for me to survive here.” Loki says.

“Would you be able to show our audience a glimpse of your real appearance?” She asks. She knows she’s pushing her luck but Loki obliges her. He briefly shifts his form so that all may see his blue skin and red eyes. He lets it linger for a moment before shifting back.

“That was amazing. What were those markings on your skin?”

“The bloodlines of my household. They are proof that I am a prince of Jotunheim and son of Laufey. All Jotunns are born with them.” He explains.

“What other differences are there between your people and ours?” She asks.

“Well, my people are of the single gender.” He says.

“Single gender? What does that mean?” She asks.

“Among the nine realms Jotunns are the only race that is not split into two different genders.” Loki says. The reporter’s eyebrows are arched in surprise. She wants to know more but doesn’t want to ask anything that might be considered rude. She looks at Thor and something occurs to her.

“Are you and Thor dating?” She asks. Thor decides it is time he added to the conversation.

“Yes we are. As denoted by the royal circlets upon our heads we are currently engaged in a formal courtship.”

“So you two plan to get married?” She asks with a smile. Thor and Loki smile also and Thor grasps Loki’s hand.

“That is the idea, yes.” Thor says.
“But you two are not the same species. Will you be able to have children together?” She asks hoping it will answer the indirect question of what exactly Loki has between his legs.

“Yes. The Aesir people hate to admit it, but they and my people are actually very closely related. When the time comes, it is my hope that Thor will sire my children.” Loki says as he looks at Thor with love in his gaze.

“It would be my honor.” Thor says quietly to him. Loki leans in and kisses him, however briefly, with just the lips. Their little moment lasts for only a few seconds but it swells the hearts of millions. The internet blows up. The interview progresses and eventually they get on to the topic of Loki’s healing powers.

“You mentioned you are a student at the Healing Arts Academy. There have been dozens of stories attributed to your miraculous healing powers. Are they true and could you do it again?” She asks.

“Yes they are true. I am a healer by trade. It is what I do. It was the reason I was sent here to Midgard, to assist Thor and his fellow warriors during their missions and offer immediate medical aid when they suffer injuries.” Loki explains.

“Yes but you healed civilians as well. Would you be willing to offer up your services to the public during times when you are not fighting? What kind of illnesses can you heal? Can you cure cancer for example?” She asks.

“I have been considering such a service, both to expand my understanding of human anatomy and to provide a service to the public. I have been learning about your disease called cancer. It does not exist among my people or the Aesir. I do not know if that is because we are not disposed to it or if it is a beneficial side effect from all our healing magics. I would have to perform experiments on willing human test subjects to find out.” Loki explains.

“Well, considering the benefits, I’m willing to bet you would have no trouble finding willing volunteers. Humans suffer from a great and many incurable diseases.” She says. At this Thor clears his throat to interrupt.

“I am sorry Loki, my lady, but I do not think such a thing would be permitted.” Thor says. Loki turns to him looking upset.

“Why ever not?” Loki asks.

“There is a limit to how much my father will let us intervene in the lives of mortals. Humans must learn to make their own way. Humans have already learned how to build great buildings and space ships and other fantastic things. We must not rob them of their own spirit of discovery. These are answers they must discover on their own.” Thor says. Loki disagrees wholeheartedly.

“Then why are we even here? If we are not supposed to intervene why are we here at all?”

“To keep other realms and evil creatures from disrupting Midgard’s development. We are here to prevent their extinction and annihilation. In providing too much assistance we do them a disservice and even dole out unintended injury.”

“We’ll continue this discussion later.” Loki says with folded arms.
This chapter reminds me of Star Trek and the Prime Directive and the rules of First Contact with new alien races. Dumping a ton of advanced technology on a developing race poses moral questions that I thought would fit in here perfectly. What do you guys think?
For days Thor and Loki debate the merits of sharing such medical advances with the human race, only to end where they started. They disagree. There is no getting around it. The point may be moot anyway. Thor says Odin will never agree to sending large quantities of Asgard’s healers to Midgard. The atmosphere of Midgard is not exactly conducive to magic, nor are most human particularly receptive to wielding it. Loki had hoped that perhaps he could train humans in the healing arts, but it does not appear that they possess the capability. Loki has spent hours in Central Park feeling out the humans that pass him hoping to find some, even one that has the raw potential to learn the magic arts. He has been grossly disappointed. Well, just because he can’t bring or train an army of healers for Midgard doesn’t mean he can’t carry on with his own good works.

“Where is Loki?” Thor asks the others. He hasn’t seen him all day and he is beginning to worry. The fight they had was not a personal one, but he knows he upset Loki, and he wants to make amends.

“His Highness can currently be found in the pediatric cancer unit of Presbyterian Hospital.” Jarvis chimes in.

“How do you know that?” Thor asks.

“The news media outlets are talking about His Highness. He has been busy saving lives all day. A large number of people are gathering outside the facility. There is fear that a riot is about to break out.” Jarvis says. Thor panics. Loki must be exhausted by now. He could pass out any moment and he’ll be completely at the mercy of desperate strangers. He twirls Mjolnir and takes to the air and lands on the roof of the hospital in a matter of minutes. Thor walks through miles of hallways searching for him. Eventually, after scaring the hell out of a couple of nurses, he finds Loki. It is just as he feared.

Loki had depleted himself entirely healing every sick child in the hospital and when he was done, he moved on to the adult ICU. There is now a long line down the hallway of people in wheelchairs, gurneys, and walkers all waiting to see Loki and be healed, but Loki is on the floor unconscious. The man in the wheelchair before him is screaming at Loki’s limp sleeping body. The man looks like a skeleton with all manner of tubes coming out of him. He has pancreatic cancer and only days to live, and his salvation has just run out of gas. The man continues to yell and even rudely nudges Loki with his foot.

“There will be no more healing today.” Thor booms. He strides in and pulls Loki into his arms before marching away.

“But what about me!” The dying man screams. “What about me!” He sobs. He was so close to evading death.

Loki awakens in his room several hours later feeling refreshed, though still a little stretched thin. He wasn’t completely out when Thor came and retrieved him, and he remembers the words of the dying man calling after him as Thor carried him away. Thor. Thor’s large sleeping frame is right behind his, snuggled up close in a protecting manner. Thor stirs when he feels Loki move.
“You’re awake.” Thor says.

“Thank you for coming to get me. I got myself into a bit of a situation there.” Loki says.

“You cannot save them all my love. You have a good heart, but you will do yourself injury trying to heal so many.” Thor says. Loki wants to cry. It was fun at first. He healed all those sweet innocent children and their parents had cried tears of joy. But word spread fast and suddenly Loki was being swarmed by the sick and dying. There were just too many. Thor pulls Loki into his arms and lets him cry into his chest. Loki understands now what Thor has been trying to tell him.

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Natasha announces to everyone that they are having a party….because they need it. She wants to cheer up Loki after what happened at the hospital, and frankly everyone is feeling a little stressed. It is time to decompress. She cranks up some music as Tony whips out the booze. Steve pulls out a special glass that he went and had engraved. Steve’s Poison is now etched in glass.

“Classy.” Loki says.

“It beats masking tape.” Steve says. Loki curses it and Steve fills it with rum and coke.

“Okay people you have a choice to make. Spin the Bottle or Truth or Dare!” Natasha announces. Steve, Loki, and Thor all chime in together, “What is Spin the Bottle?” Natasha explains to them that it is a kissing game. Loki wags his eyebrows at Steve in good humor, scaring the white bread vanilla heterosexual. Thor frowns. The thought of Loki kissing anyone other than him instantly gets his negative vote.

“Truth or Dare it is, and FYI you can only opt for truth twice in a row and you can’t repeat a dare.” Natasha explains. They all gather in a circle in the living room, drinks in hand.

“Alrighty Nat, since this game was your idea, you get to be the first victim-Truth or Dare?” Tony asks her.

“Dare!” She says.

“I dare you to fake an orgasm while sitting in Steve’s lap.” Tony says. Loki gasps with mirth and shock. Steve blushes a deep red and stutters something as Natasha crawls over to him.

“Nat you don’t have to…”

“Ah. Oh! Ah…ah….Steve!” Natasha begins. Everyone watches as Natasha grinds into his lap while pulling the full ‘When Harry met Sally’ scene. “Yes! Yes! YEEESSSSSSS!” She cries.

“I have to go!” Steve stutters as he covers his erection with his hands and runs to the elevator like a horny school boy. Loki frowns. He thinks they are being cruel to their friend.

“Is he in the elevator?” Nat asks.


“Aye sir.”

Steve dashes into his room. He’s never felt so embarrassed his whole life. He needs a cold shower, he needs to touch himself, he needs….

“Well hello there Captain Rodgers.” An unfamiliar female voice greets Steve from his bed.
Oh no. Tony’s done it. He went and put a hooker in Steve’s room. Shit.

“Um… miss I’m sorry. I don’t know what you were told but I do not engage with ladies of the evening. I’m sure you’re a very nice girl but…”

“I’m not a prostitute Captain. In fact I am the President of the local chapter of the Captain America fan club.” She says. “My name is Mary Swenson, I’m a police officer from Queens, I want to get married and have at least two children with my husband, and I would love to find out if you are the man for the job.” She says seductively. Steve looks her up and down. She’s beautiful. She has long brown hair, blue eyes, and a firm body and strong demeanor. She’s a strong woman, just like Peggy was.

“I’m a nice girl and I’m not usually this forward, but Mr. Stark told me of your predicament and I jumped at the opportunity.” She says as she inches into Steve’s personal space. She touches his shoulder lightly, fully aware that his two hands are covering an erection. He is still blushing.

“It’s okay. Let me take care of you.” She whispers and leans in to kiss him. Steve inhales sharply through his nose. She takes like honey. Their kiss grows heated and after a few minutes Steve finally moves his hands away from covering his embarrassment to wrap his arms around her body.

“That’s enough people! Nothing more to see here!” Bruce says as he cuts the power to the T.V.

“Awe! Come on! It was just getting good!” Tony and Clint protest.

“Uh uh, nope! Come on everybody. Back to the game.” Bruce says. They all hunker back down and Natasha asks the next question.

“Okay….Thor! Truth or Dare?” Natasha says.


“I dare you to do a strip tease for Loki.” She says as she shoots Loki a naughty grin.

“Strip tease?” Loki queries.

“A seductive dance where I slowly remove my clothing. It is meant to entice you.” Thor says. Tony hits the remote and puts on stripper music. Thor slowly starts to remove his shirt.

“Darling should we not do this in a more private setting?” Loki says feeling embarrassed and a little possessive.

“We can if that is your wish.” Thor says as he leans in almost nose to nose with Loki. A sudden pulsating throb makes Loki choke back a gasp. Oh no, he doesn’t dare go into a room alone with Thor now. His resolve would crumble completely.

“On second thought you should do this here.” Loki swallows hard.

“Very well.” Thor says with a seductive smile. His muscular body slowly gyrates as he removes each item of clothing. He stops short at his boxers, leaving them on since they are in mixed company. Tony turns the music off and everyone claps, except Loki who is just barely keeping it together. Loki’s legs are crossed. It is not hard to guess why. Thor quickly pulls his clothes back on.
It’s his turn.

“Alright darling, truth or dare?” Thor asks Loki. Loki opts for truth, given his current physical condition the thought of standing up is abhorrent just now.

“Do you love me?” Thor asks in a gentle voice.

“Very much. I’ve never met anyone like you.”

Chapter End Notes

Yea! Steve!
Dominance

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Steve and Mary head out together for another morning jog as Loki and Thor snuggle up on the couch with their coffee.

“What should we do today?” Loki asks. “I want to go outside.” He says.

“Would you like to go for a picnic in the park?” Thor asks.

“Isn’t it supposed to rain?” Loki says looking out the window at a particularly dark ominous cloud. Thor smiles a cheesy grin at him. Oh! Right. They get dressed and by the time they reach Central Park the sky is a crystal clear blue. They unpack their blanket, their brunch, and their books and settle down for a relaxed day of just being together. They have been courting now for four months and any doubts Loki had in his mind about Thor are gone. Thor is certain about Loki as well. They don’t realize this about one another. The pace of formal courtships is traditionally slow and normally last years. They are both long lived people after all. There is no need to rush things, but it doesn’t stop them from wanting to. Their fingers intertwine as they lounge on the blanket pretending to read and watch the sky. Though they seem to be watching each other increasingly by the minute.

They are both wearing Midgardian clothes again, save for those damn circlets on their heads. Loki feels ridiculous wearing it anymore. In their blue denim jeans, t-shirts, and blazers they both look like two very human and very handsome men wearing what are essentially tiaras. They are getting a lot of stares from people, not just because of who they are but what they are. Two men being very openly affectionate in a public space. From those that do not immediately recognize the couple, they are greeted with scowls.

“Foock off!” Loki says in a faked Brooklyn accent. Thor chuckles. He snuggles up into the curve of Thor’s body relishing his strong bronzed form. Back in Asgard and Jotunheim they would be expected to hold off on physical forms of love until after their nuptials. Loki cannot fathom waiting that long, but he doesn’t want Thor to think him desperate or easy, so he waits.

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Thor is startled from his sleep by a disturbing sound coming from Loki’s room.

“Jarvis, what is wrong with Loki?” Thor demands.

“Based on his heart rate and body positions, I believe he is having a nightmare sir.” The AI explains. Loki is alone, so alone. He’s alone and he’ll die because no one loves him. He cries out for help but no one is there. A great wave of blackness comes and swallows him whole.

“AaaaHHH!” Loki screams.

“Loki it’s alright. I’m here my love. I’m here.” Thor climbs into bed with Loki and holds him close as the frightened man cries into his chest. Thor strokes his hair to soothe him. The dream was about death. Loki has been having them for the past few days but this one was the worst. Loki suspects something but cannot be sure. Either his work with the Avengers is affecting him in a negative way, or, the heat is almost upon him. It is not uncommon for Jotunns that live alone in remote areas to have death dreams right before the heat. It is a warning to them to get to a populated area. A Jotunn alone during the heat is a dead Jotunn, and since there are none here on Midgard his
body thinks he is alone. Neither Thor nor any of his human friends secrete Jotunn pheromones. Loki hopes it is the later. He’d hate to think that all the wonderful things he has been doing since coming to Midgard are disturbing him enough to give him nightmares. Thor asks Loki what is wrong but he does not confide in his partner. He doesn’t want to get his hopes up or worry him. They will know sooner or later what is causing his nightmares.

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Steve, Tony, Bruce and Clint are all gathered in the kitchen cooking up chicken wings and wienies for the football game that is about to start. Steve has poured beer into his poison glass and Tony is chewing on a cigar. They guys are having fun. Thor walks in looking agitated.

“Point Break are you okay? Trouble in paradise?” Tony quips.

“I am fine Anthony.” Thor says sounding pissy. No one has seen Loki all morning and the group draws the conclusion that the two have had a fight. However, Thor woke this morning in his own room in a chipper mood that has quickly deteriorated for seemingly no reason. He doesn’t know why he feels so foul, all he knows is he doesn’t like the presence of these other men just now. He has an urge to bash their heads in and prove his superiority over them. The guys for their part are all in great moods and have been acting even more randy and boyish than usual, including Steve.

Loki puts the finishing touch on his love nest. The bed is covered with flower petals and the pelt Thor gave him. Loki has curled his hair using Natasha curling iron and has even put on eye make-up and lipstick. He’s fashioned a skirt of sorts out of his silk scarf collection and is not wearing underwear. He has also done something that he knows he would never do if he were in his right mind. Loki collected his own urine, put it in a perfume bottle and has spritzed the room with it. His scent is everywhere now. Loki’s whole body is covered in a sheen of sweat despite the air conditioning and the multiple showers Loki has taken today. He is ready to be at the mercy of whatever dominant male wins the right to breed him. He opens his door and walks to the elevator.

The men are all plopped down on the couch watching the game and having a good time when they all smell something odd. The elevator dings and Loki steps off. The smell is like an old gym sock, urine, and fish. It is disgusting and yet every man notices that their body is responding in an unexpected way. They all have erections. When Loki rounds the corner they get full view of him…attire. Loki’s eyes are hooded with lust and all the guys cross their legs to hide their embarrassment, all of them except for Thor. Thor growls at the others like a wild beast.

“He’s mine.” Thor sneers at his friends. Tony doesn’t know why, but he wants punch Thor in the face. What happens next surprises everyone. Bruce Hulks out. The green beast lets out a mighty roar and he and Thor come to blows. They both smash through the glass door to the balcony and take their fight outside.

“What the fuck is going on!” Natasha yells as everyone goes outside to watch the epic battle. Loki is sitting on the floor looking like a demure damsel waiting to be taken. The smell coming off him is god awful but Natasha notices that she feels…..aroused? Suddenly she is grabbed from behind by Clint. He gropes her brazenly and even tries to finger her clit through her pants.

“Nat…” He pants with hunger. Natasha slaps him.

“Get a grip!” She yells. She runs to the elevator and goes to Loki’s room. The stench is overwhelming and she holds her nose as she pilfers through his room. She finds a potion bottle and runs back upstairs.

“Loki….Loki look at me! This bottle of potion, it works on a lot of different stuff right?
No chanting required?” Natasha asks him. Loki nods weakly. He’s so out of it. Natasha prays for Loki’s sake that Thor wins the fight, hopefully without killing their friend. It will be up to her to mediate the fight. If the Hulk wins the others are going to have to jump in to stop him from raping and killing Loki. He wouldn’t survive.

Thor and The Hulk are ripping the city apart. Thor calls the lightening to shock the mighty green beast but it only enrages the monster. Hulk smashes the concrete under Thor’s feet and leaps into the air to gain momentum for another blow. Thor flings Mjolnir directly at his chest which sends the green beast flying down the street. He doesn’t stay down long. People are screaming and sirens are going off as people try in vain to get out of the way. They are frightened. Why are their heroes fighting one another? Whole cars are flung at Thor like they are nothing more than small pebbles. Thor dodges them all. The street below the tower is a wreck. Tony is going to have to put out one hell of a public apology and explanation when the dust settles.

The fight goes on and Thor decides it is time to finish it. He leaps up and punches The Hulk square in the jaw, knocking the brute on his back momentarily. It is all he needs. He drops Mjolnir onto The Hulks chest, pinning him to the ground. The beast roars in frustration, but cannot move. He is trapped. Thor takes the short walk back to the tower and gets on the elevator for a long ride to the top.

The elevator dings and Thor strides in, heading straight for Loki. Loki gazes up at his champion with hungry eyes. Everyone watches as Thor bends over grabs Loki by the neck and once again bites Loki there vampire style. Loki moans and arches into it, but this time there is no angry slap that follows, only desire. Thor picks Loki up and carries him back to the elevator. They are going down to their room to mate.

Chapter End Notes

The wind up and ......get ready, here it comes.....
Thor places Loki on the bed reverently. He has won his prize and now they will engage in a sacred mating. Loki sprawls out on the pelt and flower petals as Thor plucks away the scarves hiding his nakedness one by one. Loki is beautiful. Thor pulls his clothes off quickly and climbs on top of Loki. Thor’s instincts tell him to mate Loki quickly before anyone else comes and interrupts them and tries to lay claim to his beloved. Loki spreads his legs wide, blushing but eager. Thor looks down at the sexual organ he has never touched before. Loki’s cock is soft, made so by the heat. It will not harden during this mating, his hormones will not allow it. He is rendered solely to the female role during this time. Thor does not know this and tries to stroke Loki’s too sensitive cock.

“No Thor, not there. Inside me my love.” Loki says with a desperate heated gaze. Loki can feel the clenching pulsing throbbing need that undulates like a wave of torture. His petals are soaked and engorged. Thor spreads them curiously and finds the opening to Loki’s womb, glistening and ready. Loki feels wanton and exposed, like a dirty whore begging for a rutting, not the eloquent proper prince he portrays himself to be. Thor sees the shame in his eyes.

“You are glorious my love. There is nothing wrong with you.” Thor says as he slides his red enflamed cock into Loki’s slick wetness. Both keen and throw their heads back at the feeling of it. Everything is more sensitive than normal for the both of them. Thor relishes in Loki’s soft spongy walls that grip and caress him like a welcome visitor. Thor puts his lips to Loki’s and thrusts his tongue inside massaging Loki’s tongue with his own and tasting his essence. Loki’s nails dig into Thor’s back as Thor’s thrusts get faster. Loki’s pupils are blown wide, as are Thor’s. They both feel as though they are in a fog of sexual want and love.

“Thor….I need you.” Loki begs. He needs his seed. His survival depends on it. “Give me a child. Please darling.” Thor growls possessively and bites Loki again and his hips undulate in a powerful rhythm. Their fingers entwine and their foreheads touch.

“My family…all mine.” Thor grunts. Loki feels his abdomen tightening. He’s close.

“Thor! Thor please! Harder please!” Loki begs. Thor’s movements become frantic and erratic. The bed squeaks and the wood groans as the two gods breed the next generation. Thunder booms loudly outside as the rain falls sideways on the glass.

“Ah! Thor! Thor! I’m coming! Thor!” Loki cries out as his body quakes and seizes. Thor gives one finally powerful thrust as his hot come sprays into Loki like molten milk. Loki’s womb soaks up the seed like a dying man thirsting for water. They collapse, spent and exhausted. Loki lays there panting as he listens to his body closely, waiting to feel that spark of life that will save his own. He listens with his magic waiting as the minutes go by……

“SSSaHHH!” Loki intakes a quick breath as the tiny little jolt takes root inside him. Tears come to Loki’s eyes with the knowledge that they have created a child together. He and Thor are mated for life. He thought they would have more time for courting and a wedding. The wedding will have to happen fast now. Thor is going to have to contact his parents and tell them the news.

As they lay there resting Loki slowly begins to notice just how badly the room stinks. Really badly. Oh dear Gods!

“No Thor we are taking a shower and then we are moving into your room for the rest of the night.” Loki announces. Tomorrow he will have to give his room a good scrub down both manually and with magic.
Thor gets up and pokes his head out the door to see if Steve or Bruce are around. And then Thor remembers, Bruce is still down on the street pinned beneath Mjolnir. Thor walks to the window, opens it, and calls it to his hand. Bruce will be unconscious by now. Thor puts his hammer down and grabs Loki. It takes them two seconds to scurry from one bedroom door to the other. What a difference a wall makes. Thor’s room smells neat and clean and like men’s cologne. They both run to the shower to hose off the smell of the heat. Loki scrubs down his whole body twice to get the stink off. Thor is right there with him sharing the small pace trying to get clean. Loki is about done when he feels Thor’s naked form press against his back.

“I would have you again my love.” Thor says as his burgeoning erection rests against Loki crevice.

“Yes.” Loki says as he leans his head to one side to expose his neck in open invitation. Thor bites down hard there to mark him and Loki moans in pleasure. Thor enters him practically lifting Loki off the ground. Loki tippy toes are barely making contact with the bottom of the tub and Loki prays that Thor’s balance does not fail him. Loki’s firm ass rubs against the smooth expanse of skin just above Thor’s cock. Thor grips Loki’s hair harshly, but he loves it. He is completely at his mercy. The added warm shower water combining with Loki’s juices makes a sloshing sound as they couple. The hard tile of the walls of the bathroom echoes their moans for any on their floor to hear. Thankfully Steve had the presence of thought to stay upstairs. Bruce is probably there with him now that he has been freed.

Thor grinds into him slowly and intimately as he soaks in the sensation of Loki’s naked back pressed against the length of his torso. Thor reaches around again to try and stroke Loki’s sensitive cock.

“Won’t work….The heat…my hormones.” Loki tries to explain between panted breaths. Thor understands but he still wants to pleasure him.

“I want to taste you.” Thor says. They finish their show abruptly and towel off quickly. They walk to Thor’s bed naked and still dripping a little to resume. Thor gestures for Loki to get on his back and then grabs his ankles and yanks them apart roughly.

“Thor!” Loki yells in surprise. Thor gives him a predatory smile and then dives in to consume his rose bud. Loki arches his back and yelps. Thor is not experienced in this particular technique but he is eager. Thor laps and sucks at Loki’s folds, clamping down on his clit and sucking very roughly. “Oh!” Loki’s body performs jerky involuntary movements as his nerve endings dance. His orgasm takes him by surprise as he squirts his nectar into Thor’s loving mouth.

“My turn.” Loki says with a wicked smile. He pushes Thor down on the mattress to return the kindness, trailing kisses down Thor’s chest as he travels to Thor’s cock. Thor watches Loki, holding his breath for the moment when Loki wraps his sweet lips around his aching helmet.

“AH!” Thor exhales. Loki has never done this before, but many females have done it to him and he knows that if he likes it, Thor will like it. Loki relaxes his throat to swallow Thor’s meaty girth. “Oh Loki…” Loki is unrelenting, sucking and humming, stroking and bobbing. The slurping sounds Loki is making are obscene. Thor watches with intense passion. He loves this man and wants to hold him close and hear his heartbeat every night for the rest of his life. The thought makes him come. He releases a high pitched whine as Loki swallows down his seed. They make eye contact and Loki displays Thor’s seed on his tongue before gulping it down.

They cuddle together with Thor spooning behind Loki, nuzzling his bruised abused neck. The marks will linger for days there and Thor smiles.
“I love you Loki.” Thor says as he rubs Loki’s flat tummy. “Do I make you happy?” Thor asks him.

“Infinetely.” Loki says. He turns to look at the father of his child. “I have never felt more content or more complete. I cannot wait to marry you.”

“I suppose we should probably hurry, now that time is an issue.” Thor chuckles.

“Yes we should. I do not want to be round with child at our ceremony. It would look undignified.” Loki says. “Your mother will be thrilled when she hears the news.”

“Hears the news-Heimdall is probably informing her we speak, and that is assuming she didn’t watch us copulate herself.”Thor says.

“No! She wouldn’t!” Loki says in shock.

“You grossly underestimate how badly my mother wants grandchildren.” Thor says. Loki chuckles.

“Well she will have them soon enough.” Loki says. “How badly damaged is the street below?”

“Um…severely. We have a big headache to face when we leave this room. I did a lot of damage to a lot of private property, as did Bruce.” Thor says.

“Don’t worry about it darling. I’ll take care of it. You were not yourselves and what happened is essentially my fault. I’ll pay for the damages.” Loki says.

“I cannot let you do that! I will be your husband and it is my duty to care for you.” Thor says.

“I will be your husband too, lest you forget. Our union will be an equal one, and besides I have the means to pay for the damages here with me, do you?” Loki asks. In truth Thor does not. He would have to go home and beg his father for funds from the treasury, like a child. It will be different once he becomes King. Loki can see by Thor’s expression that he does not.

“See. My way is easier. Let me take care of you for once.” Loki says.

“You’re always taking care of me. I wouldn’t be able to find Mjolnir without you some mornings.” Thor says with a lighthearted voice.

“I’ll always take care of you darling. My love.”
Bruce coughs and sniffs as he guzzles down cough syrup. He has a damn head cold thanks to being pinned down to the ground in the pouring rain while almost completely naked.

“Drink the damn potion Bruce. It’s why I pinched it from Loki’s room.” Natasha admonishes him. Bruce looks at the bottle with longing. He doesn’t want to waste such a precious and valuable resource on something as trivial as a head cold. He shakes his head. He’ll be fine. His pride is bruise, his ego is annihilated, his modesty is nonexistent, and more than anything he just wants to disappear. And have sex. Oh dear god he wants to have sex, with someone, anyone! It has been so long.

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“What happened yesterday was an anomaly. The Avengers are not fighting with one another. We aren’t at war with each other and we are not breaking up.” Tony tries to explain to a panicked public.

“I have spoken with Thor and Loki and they have agreed to make arrangements to pay for any damages. I am having my office set up a hotline so people can call and find out how to submit claims.”

“What did Loki have to do with that? It was Thor and The Hulk that did the damage.” One reporter shouts. Shit, there’s no getting out of giving the details. The people will need them or they are going to continue assuming the worst, and continue being pissed.

“What happened yesterday was part of a……mating ritual, for Loki. It’s like when two dominant rhinos butt heads to win the right to make babies with the females. Loki went into heat yesterday and the pheromones his body was giving off had an adverse effect on a couple members of our team.” Tony says. The room explodes with questions from every reporter in every corner. Some of the questions are rather unkind and very personal and intimate. Tony frankly does not feel comfortable answering them. Thor comes out from his hiding spot behind the curtain to take over. He has heard enough and he can tell his friend is afraid to step on his toes. The people see Thor and the room goes quiet.

“As some of you may have gathered, Loki and I have been courting formally for quite some time, with the purpose and ultimate goal of getting married. Now as you all already know, Loki is neither human nor Aesir, he is Jotunn. It is natural for his body, from time to time, to emit hormones that signal he is fertile for impregnation. These hormones make any males in the immediate vicinity more aggressive than they would normally be. Being Aesir, a race that is closely related to Loki’s, it affected me greatly. It was a great surprise to learn it affected Dr. Banner deeply as well. We were….not our normal selves yesterday, and the incident will not repeat again.” Thor finishes.

“Is Loki pregnant?”

“Yes he is.”

“So are you going to marry him now?”

“Yes I am.” Thor says with a big wide smile.
“Did these hormones affect any other male members of the team and if so, in what way?” A reporter asks. Thor turns to Tony who looks so damn guilty it only feeds further speculation and begs more follow up questions.

“Why, what have you heard?” Tony says sounding very guilty. They can’t possibly know about the transvestite, can they? Tony thinks to himself feeling paranoid.

“Only Dr. Banner and I were affected.” Thor reiterates. “Now Loki and I have been talking about our upcoming wedding vows and the birth of our child. While I am very fond of Midgard and will continue to keep it under Asgard’s protection, due to these new life changing events, Loki and I will not be remaining on Midgard for much longer. Having already resided here on Earth for more than 2 years, it is long past time that I return home. Loki and I will remain here for a few more days to oversee the repairs to the damage I caused and fight any more fights that may come, but this will more or less be the end of my residence here. Though I plan to visit regularly.” Thor finishes.

Comments of disappointment and acceptance rain down upon Thor. In spite of recent events, everyone is sad to know that the Thunder God is leaving Earth behind. Thor and Tony answer a few more questions. The giant blood diamond on Loki’s currency belt will be auctioned off at Sotheby’s for a King’s ransom. The damn thing is over 250 carats of flawless fancy red alien diamond sparkliness. If it fetches a million dollars a carat it will be just enough to cover the cost of the damages. Tony thinks it will fetch twice that, all things considered.

Social media explodes. Loki is now officially on baby watch and everything from good wishes for the couple to comparisons to Yoko Ono are made. Tony’s PR people are flooded by phone calls from every bridal designer in the nation. Thor has only visited a handful of times in the last two years and they miss him. It feels awkward greeting him.

“My friends! I bring glad tidings. I am to be a father. I am mated with Loki and we are here to see my mother. I am to be married.” Thor says with a big wide grin. They greet him and Loki enthusiastically, though their shock is still obvious. They knew a healer had been sent to Midgard and that said healer was Prince Loki of Jotunnheim. Heimdall had kept them up to date on the various battles Thor had engaged in. Usually by the time Sif and the Warriors Three managed to assemble and get to the Bifrost the fight was over. They’ve been feeling rather useless to their friend and like they’ve been replaced by the humans.

“You must tell us everything that has happened.” Fandral says.

“I will, but first I must visit my mother. We have a wedding to plan and no doubt she is
expecting me.” Thor says as he turns to look at Heimdall.

“She is My Prince.” Heimdall says with a mirthy smile and deep chuckle. Thor and Loki make their way through the city on the horses the guards provided them. It takes a solid half hour for them to reach the palace, walk through all the long hallways, and up the many steps to reach the Queen’s audience room.

“Thor, my son…” Frigga says warmly as she pulls her little boy in for a hug. She shines a bright smile upon Loki and hugs him as well. “You are glowing My Prince. How do you feel?” She says as she wraps arm around his shoulders.

“I am well Queen Frigga. The babe grows and I am recovered from the heat.” Loki says politely. He regards the Queen for a moment. “You orchestrated all this didn’t you?” Loki says to her in a low voice. Frigga doesn’t answer right away but the conspiratorial smirk on her face is all Loki needs to see. “Of all the marriages I feared to fail, Thor’s was the one that concerned me most, until my visions showed me you. You are the answer to my prayers Loki.” Frigga says. Loki smiles at that. He feels welcomed now, like he is a real part of Thor’s family.

“How is Odin taking all this?” Loki asks Frigga.

“He takes it however I tell him to, I’m his wife.” Frigga says haughtily. Loki barks out a laugh at that. He likes this woman, which is good since she will be mentoring him to take over her duties when she and Odin step down. “He’s…..adjusting.” Frigga says delicately. “Luckily for us Odin can spin this as a diplomatic union made for the benefit of peace. The fact that Thor is not attracted to women never need come up.” Frigga says quietly.

Frigga introduces Loki and Thor to all the various palace staff members that will be organizing their wedding. The date of the event comes up. “I think it is prudent if you marry before your body starts to show obvious changes.” Frigga says.

“I agree.” Says Loki. Thor nods as well.

“Two months is the bare minimum needed to put together a spectacular palace wedding. It’s been a very long time since the last one and the palace servants are going to have to shake a lot of dust off some very old ceremonial items. Ambassador Angreboda, what ceremonial traditions would King Laufey require?” Frigga turns to the only other Frost Giant in the room.

Angreboda is one of few other Jotunns Loki knows that has hair instead of horns. Like his it is long and black. He supposes it must be a dominant family trait. Angreboda is his second cousin. He is sitting in a chair designed specifically for a full sized Jotunn. He towers over everyone else in the room like a great statue and would have to kneel down just to look Loki eye to eye. Loki notes that Angreboda also sports pale skin and green eyes in his camouflaged form. He still wears the minimal skirts and furs of the Jotunn people, however, making him look very much the odd duck in the room.

“Queen Frigga, as you know your people must pay a dowry for Loki’s hand. I know that the subject of the Casket is a touchy one, but I wouldn’t be doing my duty if I did not mention it. Since Loki is going to be the mother of the future King of Asgard, a child who will be half Jotunn, it is King Laufey’s hope that the Casket will eventually be returned to Jotunnheim by way of inheritance to that generation.” Angreboda says diplomatically. Frigga nods. It is a more than logical and acceptable request. She will broach the subject with Odin carefully.

The topic of guests comes up. This being an inter-realm royal wedding practically every foreign dignitary will be in attendance. Of course the Jotunn delegation will get prime seating, but
Thor makes a request. “Midgard must be invited as well. I wish for my mortal friends to come to Asgard and witness this event. They are warriors all and are more than worthy of the journey to our realm.” Thor urges. Frigga agrees and Loki smiles. He will be glad to have a few familiar faces in the crowd. He can’t wait to show Steve, and Bruce, and Tony all the wonders of Asgard.

Loki listens to Angreboda as he lays out the list of Loki’s family members that will be in attendance and a thought occurs to him. Blue and green, together forging inter-realm friendships, if only for an evening.

Chapter End Notes

....because The Hulk needs some lovin' too!
When Two Worlds Collide

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony squeals like an excited school girl. They are going to Asgard for the wedding. He’s going to get beamed up to another planet full of aliens and superior technology that he is so totally going to use Jarvis to scan and record as much as possible. Social media is all atwitter over the event and global jealousy abounds at all the lucky members of the Avengers that get to go to another world. NASA won’t stop calling. Since this is the first time Midgard has been invited to an inter-realm event such as this, Loki has asked Steve if he will wear his Captain America uniform during the ceremony, and has asked Tony to wear his Iron Man suit. Both have agreed. Natasha, Clint, and Nick’s uniforms are not that impressive so tuxedos and an evening gown will do just fine. Natasha will be very popular. Her evening gown will look nothing like the ladies fashions that are currently popular everywhere else. She will be considered exotic looking.

Steve and Mary broke up. Steve’s eagerness to get married and make babies made him act clingy and needy. Mary had not expected that, and ran. Steve cried for two days. It’s like he’s a teenager learning how to date and deal with rejection. It was a hard lesson for Steve, one Tony, Clint, Thor, and Bruce all had to help him through.

“Look-marrying the first girl you ever had sex with rarely ever pans out. You don’t need to hurry Steve. It makes you seem desperate and needy, like a chic. Chics don’t want to date other chics, they want to date men, and men are usually neglectful obtuse assholes. Look at me. I’m an aloof womanizing prick and I’m beating the ladies off with a stick. Hey that rhymes.” Tony had said while guzzling a beer.

Steve has an expression of a kicked puppy as he packs his suitcase for the trip. They will be in Asgard for about a week, partying their asses off. This is also going to be more or less a farewell party for Thor and Loki. Loki will not be returning to Earth for the remainder of his pregnancy. The travel by Bifrost is not recommended for heavily pregnant people. Even after the pregnancy visits will be sparse. Thor will try to make an appearance on Earth if a threat appears and the Avengers need help, but they know Thor has other duties and he has stayed on Earth long enough. It is bittersweet for the group. They are really going to miss their friends. Everyone gathers on the balcony, suitcases in hand as they stare up at the sky. Tony has his Iron Man case in one hand and his overnight bag in the other.

“Heimdall, at your leisure.” Thor calls out. A bright light engulfs the group and the next thing they know they are stumbling onto the landing pad of the gate house staring up at what appears to be a life sized Oscar statue. Tony leans over and pukes. Having a Bloody Mary for breakfast was probably unwise. Embarrassment floods his features.

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“Fret not Man of Iron, you are not the first to react so to the Bifrost.” Heimdall says with his deep rich voice. “Welcome home My Prince, and welcome to Asgard delegation of Midgard. Yours is a first. I suspect you will be very popular here.” Heimdall says. A team of servants swarm the group to take their bags and load up the carriages. Everyone ogles their surroundings, and they haven’t even left the gatehouse yet. Steve is wearing his stealth suit and is carrying his shield. He wanted to make a good impression on his arrival. He will wear his more colorful suit to the ceremony.

Everyone else is wearing a nice business suit except for Nick and Natasha who is wearing a 1950’s style A-line dress with a full tulle skirt. It is white with red polka-dots and she is wearing
matching red pumps. Steve approves. Loki picked out the ensemble. He said the fact that her legs would be exposed below the knee would cause quite the scandal here in stuffy old Asgard. Natasha can’t wait to turn heads. Clint is wearing a grey suit with a red tie and matching handkerchief so that they look like they go together. They decided to wear Thor’s shade of red, to honor the groom. Nick is wearing his classic black leather attire as usual but will wear a black suit to the ceremony.

They all pile into the waiting carriages, there are three, and begin the journey to the palace. Tony sticks his head out the window like a little kid pulling into the Disneyland parking lot.

“Holy shit this place is beautiful, and unreal. Are those buildings over there fucking floating?” Tony says in wonder.

“It’s really bright here.” Bruce says. Everything is gold and reflective. No wonder Thor is so tan.

“Hey, maybe while we are here we can score you some alien nookie.” Tony grins at Bruce. “I know I plan to get laid.” Tony says. He and Pepper broke it off months ago. They are better as friends. Steve scowls.

“Tony we are going to be around royalty all week. Please do planet Earth a favor and refrain from being yourself.” The soldier says.

“Relax my frosty friend. I am more accustomed to being around rich and powerful people than you are. I know how to handle myself around these stuff-shirt types. I’ll have them eating out of my hand before the day is over.” Tony brags. Over in Nat, Clint, and Nick’s carriage bets are being placed on how long it will take for Tony to say something offensive enough to get them all kicked out.

XxXxXxXxXx

The Avengers are escorted to their rooms by the servants. There will be an informal reception tonight for all the wedding guests to meet, hob-nob, and conduct business deals with one another. Clint and Natasha are given a room to share while all the others are given separate quarters. Needless to say everyone is impressed with their rooms. More servants arrive with their bags in tow to unpack their belongings for them.

“Uh-uh sister not that one. I’ll take care of that.” Tony says as he pulls the Iron Man case out of the young girl’s grasp. She looks at him curiously but lets it go and moves on to his other baggage. She pulls out his tuxedo and hangs it up, studying it like it is a strange insect she has never seen before. Wait until she gets a load of Iron Man, Tony thinks to himself.

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Loki comes and fetches everyone for the reception in the main feasting hall. Before they left Earth Thor and Loki had been careful to give the group instructions of etiquette for their stay while in Asgard. While everyone is used to just walking up to Thor and Loki and addressing them like any other person, at an event such as this it would be considered a grave insult. Titles of ‘Your Highness’ must be used tonight. Even Thor’s closest friends Sif and the Warriors Three observe this protocol. Since the Avengers are not royals themselves they must bow and curtsy when meeting King Odin and Queen Frigga. Loki goes to each room one by one to gather them up before parading down the hall.

All the guests are abuzz about the humans in attendance. They are all close personal friends of Thor and Loki and everyone is anxious to see what Thor loves so much about them. That
red headed female wears the strangest dresses. They are so short! And she is so pretty. Most of the women muse that she must be a harlot. The bitches. The clean shaven blonde male in red, white, and blue is very handsome. The short scruffy faced one with the blue light in the middle of his chest is rather full of himself for a mortal. Where is the giant green one? Did he not come? The other mortals don’t appear to be all that impressive.

The receiving line was a long boring affair for everyone involved, though Tony had to swallow a chuckle when Nick and Odin greeted each other. He wonders if they were even able to see one another with their eye patches on opposite sides and each man having to cant his head to see properly. Thor’s mom is beautiful.

Odin eyes the lot of mortals with begrudging politeness. Their life spans are so short any political contracts he might make with them would be extremely short lived. He resigns himself to viewing them as nothing more than an entertaining presence. It is once everyone is done with greeting the bride and groom that the Avengers finally meet The Lady Sif and The Warriors Three. Bruce notes the immediate tension coming from Thor’s Asgardian friends. The jealousy is palpable, especially from the woman. Natasha is certain Sif wanted to be more than just friends with Thor. The devastation on her face is tragic and she is not hiding it well. Steve is immediately smitten with her. Dark hair and strong character, Steve definitely has a type. When Tony and Fandral meet it is like watching two playboys fight for the title of who is the biggest womanizer. Fandral tries to pull the suave Romeo number on Natasha, which she returns coldly and Clint follows up with a death glare. Message received.

Volstagg tries to lighten the tension by inviting everyone to gather round, drink ale, and share stories of battles they’ve had with Thor. It seems to do the trick. Volstagg starts off with a gem from Thor’s younger days, before Mjolnir was given to him by his father. He’d almost found death more than once before his 20th birthday.

“Who are they?” Bruce says suddenly as he looks upon the Jotunn delegation. All the humans turn to look. They are giants, as big as The Hulk. There are five of them. Four of them have horns but one has long black hair like Loki. They look like they could be related. They are all very broad and muscular, though the one with the hair is the prettiest.

“They are Jotunns. We do not usually see them outside their home realm of Jotunheim and when they do travel they have to hide their blue skin and red eyes. It’s too hot and bright here for them otherwise.” Fandral explains.

“So those are Loki’s people. He did say he was a runt but I didn’t realize his people are that big.” Steve says. Everyone goes back to conversing about Thor and Loki and their adventures together. Everyone that is, except Bruce. He cannot take his eyes off the pretty one.

Unlike other feasts, a wedding feast calls for formal dancing. Getting inebriated at this gathering would be uncouth. Thor and Loki glide to the center of the floor and begin a kind of waltz. The music is very reminiscent of Bach and Mozart though Steve cannot identify any of the songs. After Thor and Loki finish the first dance alone, other guests take to the floor to dance as well. Steve gets an idea.

“Lady Sif would you like to dance with me?” He says to her. Everyone turns and looks at him surprised, especially the Warriors Three. The men of Asgard gave up on Sif long ago. They all knew she pined for Thor and didn’t bother with trying to win her affections. Plus they were all afraid she’d try to lead during the dance. Sif looks at Steve, like really looks at him. He is tall, taller than her. He is not quite as muscular as Thor but he does look strong. He has blond hair and blue eyes like Thor, but he is clean shaven, which she kind of likes. This being the night before Thor’s
wedding ceremony to someone else, why shouldn’t she finally open her heart to another?

“Yes. I would like that very much.” She says.

Chapter End Notes

So anything you guys want to see from the other pairings?
Hokey Pokey

Chapter Summary

Smut! Yea!!!!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Loki asks Natasha to his room to help him dress for the ceremony. Frigga is there as well, but Loki is still getting to know her and wanted a friend present. Loki’s ceremonial robes are white. A small crown composed of silver and diamonds adorns his head. They look like icicles. Loki’s beautiful long hair is combed stick straight and hangs free down his back. His normally long sleeves are extra-long and wide at the forearm with extra material draping down past his waist. He has a bit of a train as well. The happiness and joy on Loki’s face is apparent, giving him a beautiful glow.

In the main hall, the masses are gathered to watch. Captain America and Iron Man march down the aisle to the front to stand at the bottom of the dais on Thor’s side. The Warrior’s Three are there as well. Bruce and Nick sit in the front row since Thor’s side has too many people already. Then Natasha and Clint march up the aisle together. Clint is wearing a black tux with a green bowtie and accents. Natasha’s green satin dress is floor length with a deep slit all the way up the left thigh. She is carrying a bouquet of red roses. The pair gives each other a quick peck and part ways with Clint joining the other men on Thor’s side and Natasha standing on Loki’s side. It is looking rather unbalanced. Sif marches up the middle and stands on Loki’s side to even things out a little bit, but it is when Angreboda marches up that things finally look proportional even if the body counts don’t match.

Bruce and Angreboda lock eyes. Angreboda has noticed the little human watching him since his arrival. While he is no stranger to lustful gazes, the open desire Bruce displays for him is stunning. He is an ambitious little mortal isn’t he? King Laufey and the rest of the Jotunn delegation sit in the front row on Loki’s side.

Laufey must admit that his little son has done rather well for himself. Laufey never thought much of Loki to be honest and is glad the boy took it upon himself to do something with his life. He is pleased beyond measure that his son has found a way to help his people at home while achieving his own goals. Odin and Laufey have reached an accord on the return of the Casket. They won’t get it back right away, but upon the birth of Loki’s child the Casket will be returned. The child will be the binding tie between the two realms, assuring peace.

King Odin, Queen Frigga, and Thor all take their places with the temple priest on the dais. The large double doors at the end of the hall open and everyone turns to watch Loki promenade down the aisle to the Prince of Asgard. Thor’s heart is so full of joy he may well burst. As Loki and Thor join hands, Clint looks over at Natasha and his heart leaps in his chest. Steve looks over at Sif who looks stunning in a medieval looking gown. Even here, her gown has an armor breast plate overlay which is polished and shining bright.

Tony is polished up too and looks just as golden and bright as the rest of Asgard. But none of them compare to Thor’s big bright smile. He must bleach his teeth or something. Thor and Loki mutter something that none of the humans understand. Their wrists are bound and the priest declares
them married. Thor then says something else.

“I love you Loki, beyond measure. I did not know what a large gaping hole there was in my life until I met you. You have possessed me body and soul and my worthless heart is yours until it turns to dust.” They kiss and cheers ring out from the crowd, as do tears from all the maidens. Anyone would be lucky to receive such a love declaration from their husband. The ceremony concludes and everyone makes their way to the feasting hall for the celebration.

“Holy shit these guys know how to party!” Clint says as he looks around the room. Far from being the subdued atmosphere from the night before, the wedding reception is a boisterous shin dig full of loud laughing and copious drinking. Everybody is getting laid tonight.

Steve laughs as he watches Fandral and Tony flirt with the same woman. It is obvious the two are competing with one another. The problem is they are both coming on so strong that the women are getting overwhelmed and then flee. At this rate those two are both going to end up this evening alone. Steve turns to Sif and asks her to dance again and they pretty much stay on the dance floor the rest of the night. Clint and Natasha are slow dancing in a corner and it won’t be long before they disappear.

Bruce, finding himself alone, decides to go up to Angreboda and strike up a conversation.

“Hello, I’m Dr. Bruce Banner from Earth. I understand you are one of Loki’s people.” He says cordially.

“You are a curious little mortal. You’ve been spying on me all day. I am Angreboda, ambassador of Jotunnheim to Asgard and second cousin of his Highness Prince Loki.”

“Ah. I thought the two of you looked alike. So the hair must be a family trait?” Bruce asks. Angreboda smiles.

“Yes, yes it is. So tell me about yourself mortal. I’ve been watching your people and noticed that you are very reserved and don’t speak much. What prompted you to talk to me?” Angreboda asks.

“Well, as you may or may not know, I am one of Thor’s human friends, called The Avengers. We are a fighting team of heroes that protect Earth. I look ordinary right now, but I appear very different on the battlefield.”

“Oh, is that so? I know there are many here in Asgard that would love to see you mortals in action. Tell me, would you be able to persuade your mortal friends to come to the training arena tomorrow afternoon for a demonstration?” Angreboda openly flirts with Bruce.

“I think I can arrange something, but only if you promise to come and watch.” Bruce says.

“I wouldn’t miss it.”

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Cat calls ring out as Thor and Loki retire to their chambers. Moments later half of the feasting hall clears out, as others no doubt wish to ‘retire’ as well. Thor begins unbuttoning the back of Loki’s robes. Loki calmly unbuckles and unstraps Thor out of his ceremonial armor. It is beautiful to look at but a pain to remove. They are calm in their movements. They have all night. Once they have each other naked they embrace in a sweet heated kiss. Thor can feel the hardness of Loki’s
abdomen. It doesn’t look any different but he can feel a small hardened roundness that Loki’s stomach didn’t possess before. Their child is growing.

“Lay down my love.” Thor whispers with a roughened voice. Thor’s cock is already erect but he ignores it. He wants to lavish affection on Loki first. He grabs one of Loki’s feet and kisses the ankle. Loki giggles.

“The future King of Asgard is kissing my feet. It sounds so ridiculous even I don’t believe it.” Loki says with a grin. Thor smirks and kisses his foot again, and then again as he slowly works his way up Loki’s calf, trailing little kisses as he goes. He kisses the inside of Loki’s knee and then begins on the thigh, kissing higher still. Each kiss sends little sparks jutting up Loki’s body and back down making his toes curl and his cock twitch. Thor’s kisses get ever closer to Loki’s private place and he is left to wonder what Thor will do first. Suck his cock? Or eat his quim? His cheeks flush with anticipation. His cock flushes with blood.

Thor teases the outer opening of Loki’s petals, licking a long stripe up the slit and continuing up to Loki’s cock. Loki gasps as Thor’s mouth envelopes the head, sucking hard. “Ah! Darling….” Loki pants as his fingers tangle in Thor’s golden locks. His legs are splayed wide and high. The pad of his right foot is resting flat on Thor’s back. Thor sucks Loki’s cock with such eagerness. His head bobs frantically as he swallows him deep. He is on a mission to taste his seed and he will have it! Thor’s rough calloused hand massages the inside of Loki’s thigh, near his clit but not quite touching it. It maddens Loki, making him arch his back.

When he releases into Thor’s throat he does so yelling his name like a prayer. Thor creeps up Loki’s seizing body and plunges his cock into Loki’s slick folds, thrusting like a wild beast. Loki’s orgasm doesn’t stop, but prolongs as each violent stroke keeps him feeling a high that makes his vision go white.

“Loki…” Thor says coaxing him back to the present. Loki is drenched in sweat and gasping for air. His vagina is bathed in Thor’s seed, and Thor is planting little kisses on his collar bone. “Welcome back.”

Elsewhere in the Palace….

“Peggy was the first girl I ever loved. The only one really. I thought I’d found someone else recently but….It didn’t pan out.” Steve says to Sif. They are sitting in the palace garden. Even at night and with the lighting low, it is still magnificent. There are flowers everywhere and the smell is like being inside a French perfume bottle.

“I’ve been in love with Thor my whole life, but he never returned my affections. I should have known he was different. The prince of Asgard and most eligible man in the realm was always surrounded by obvious eager women. I thought he turned them away because they were blatant in their ambition for a crown. So I tried my very best to not throw myself at him. I dropped hints yes, but he never took them. I thought he was just clueless, too used to obvious advances to pick up on subtly. I should have known. He never had any desire in his eyes for any of them, or me.” Sif says sounding morose. She feels like she has wasted her life chasing a man that never did, and never would want her.

“Seventy years in the ice took Peggy from me. All that is left of her now is an old woman who can’t remember that I’m back from the dead. I can’t keep carrying her candle. It’s killing me.” Steve says. He and Sif have been talking all night, sharing their life stories with each other. If nothing else they share a mutual respect for one another. They are both underdogs. However, Sif has reservations. He’s mortal. Plainly put, she doesn’t want to outlive him the way he outlived Peggy. He smiles at her and her heart melts. He is so handsome, honorable, and displaying open attraction for
her. Sif can’t remember the last time she had sex. How long has it been? Six…Seven centuries? She
doesn’t know if she and Steve can have any kind of future together, but in this moment she
desperately wants to be in the arms of someone that wants her in return. She leans in….and kisses
him.

Steve inhales through his nose as he kisses her back. His skin prickles and his hair is on
end. A thrill shoots up his spine and he knows that his interest in her is more than a passing
attraction. He cups her jaw with his hand. Their lips touch repeatedly in soft caresses. Sif touches his
chest. His blue uniform is skin tight and she wants to do nothing more than rip…it…off. She lunges
at him and they land in the grass a mass of tangled limbs.


Chapter End Notes

Stay tuned, some good laughs are coming!
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tony awakens in a room that is not his. There is a warm body pressed to his back and a sharp spike pounding into his skull. There is also something else he realizes. There is something inside him. Specifically his ass. The warm body pressed to his back does not feel soft and curvaceous but muscular and a little hairy. Memories of the previous night come flooding back to him in splintered jagged bits.

“Oh dear god!” Tony jumps from the bed, causing Fandral’s dick to fall out of him. Fandral stirs awake and smiles up at him.

“Good morning.” He mumbles from his bed.

“Good morning? Are you fucking kidding me!” Tony paces the room for a moment and then spots his clothing, yanking it back on quickly.

“Why so anxious to leave? Come back to bed. Half of Asgard is still asleep.” Fandral says sleepily as he pats the empty spot next to him.

“I’m sorry but….I…I’m not into guys and I’m not into having guys into me. I like women.” Tony says sounding horrified.

“I like maidens too. You and I have a lot in common. Next time we should find an eager maiden we can double stuff together.” Fandral says as he smiles up at Tony in a seductive come hither tone.

“You win! You’re the bigger man-whore. I concede.” Tony says as he hall's ass out of Fandral’s home. He’s not even in the Palace. He’s in a nice villa near the palace. His clothes are rumpled and the street is filled with people.

“Holy shit I’m doing the walk of shame.” Tony mutters as his eyes squint from the brightness of the morning sun. He really needs a fucking aspirin.

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It is an unspoken tradition in Asgard after a royal wedding that a mid-day meal is served that is chalked full of hang-over cures for party-goers. Slowly, the walking dead make their way to the feasting hall for a meal full of protein and an herby medicinal drink provided by the healers. Even the bride and groom are in attendance. Thor and Loki both have the blissful morning after glow of newlyweds. Everyone is quiet as they eat their meal and massage their pounding temples.

Tony comes striding in, freshly showered and dressed, with his head hanging low. Does anyone know? Did anyone see them leave together last night? He scans the room and realizes he is the last to arrive. Shit! Fandral is here and everyone is sitting together. How is he going to be able to look the fucker in the eye? He better not have said anything, he’ll kill him! Tony grabs a plate and loads it up. He grabs a cup of the green stuff and drinks it down. It tastes foul but the relief to his head is immediate and he takes another gulp. He plops down next to Steve and prays no one notices him.

On the other side of Steve is Sif, and he has his arms around her shoulders. She’s curled
At home, into him like a cat purring contentment. Lucky bastard. Judging from the looks of her fellow Asgardians this is not a common occurrence. Fandral looks stunned while Hogun and Volstagg look genuinely pleased for the woman.

“Tony! Hey Bruce was just talking about all of us putting on a demonstration this afternoon for Asgard. I think it’s time we show these people what Earth’s mightiest heroes can do.” Clint says to him. Everybody is all smiles, including Fandral who has on a placid and non-committal smile. Tony relaxes just a fraction.

“Yes. I’m game.” He says.

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The sparring arena was not big enough. Clearly. The decision is made to move their little demonstration to the coliseum. Normally crowds of this magnitude are reserved for the Bi-annual tournament. Half of Asgard is piled into the bleachers to watch the humans spar with Thor and his warrior friends. Angreboda, King Laufey and the other Jotunns are watching as well. Angreboda is still wondering what it is that makes Bruce so special in battle. He’s smart and nice to talk to but physically he’s just not that impressive. Loki takes up a seat next to his father and cousin. He will be sitting this one out since he is pregnant and all.

Odin and Frigga arrive. Thor asked his father to come and see the great feats his human friends can achieve. Odin humors his son, not expecting to be impressed. He just hopes they don’t break anything. Frigga is giddy with excitement. This is going to be a show for the record books.

Everyone was surprised Bruce volunteered to let the other guy out to play. Thor lets everyone know that there is an invisible barrier spell protecting spectators from events taking place in the center. The people watching will be fine so long as The Hulk stays confined to the coliseum. Still, everyone is a little nervous about this. Tony flies into the arena with dramatic Iron Man flare. Clint and Natasha are suited up, but Nick is watching from the grand stands. He doesn’t exactly approve of this little show, but the Asgardians seem to be receiving it well. If all goes well perhaps they will be impressed.

Steve looks glorious in his red, white, and blue. His shield is polished up. He smiles broadly at Lady Sif, who peers back at him with a narrow gaze. They may be lovers outside this setting, but in here he is her opponent. She will show no mercy. The Avengers and the Asgardians hold a brief meeting to discuss how each demonstration will go. Ladies first. Sif is taller, stronger, and heavier than Natasha and is skilled in wrestling male warriors much larger than her to the ground. Natasha is fast and trained in multiple disciplines of martial arts. She knows how to use Sif’s larger size against her. Sif raises her sword to fight Nat, who is unarmed. The crowd mutters curiously. Why does she not arm herself? Surely the mortal will lose.

The two women square off in the center of the ring. Tony grins. It’s like the showdown at the O. K. Corral, but with hot women. What a cat fight. Sif charges at Natasha who stands stock still. She doesn’t move a muscle until the last possible second, dodging Sif entirely. Sif just expended a lot of energy for nothing. This happens a couple more times and Sif becomes enraged.

“This is a battle! Fight me!” She growls at the little red head. Nat smirks at her and takes a defensive position. Finally! Sif charges her again and what follows is a series of back flips, tangled legs, and vice grips. Sif is disarmed and her head is lodged between Natasha’s thighs as Sif’s legs kick for purchase, to no avail. Natasha has wrestled her to the ground, both of them on their backs. It is taking all of Nat's strength to keep the other woman’s arms pinned. A ten count goes down and
the crowd cheers with surprise. The little red head won. Odin is impressed.

Up next Hawkeye takes position as dozens of impossible targets are placed around the ring. The difficulty heightens when the targets begin to hover and move. And just for added fun, Tony starts shooting at him. The crowd oohs and awes as Hawkeye hits target after target perfectly all while in constant motion and under heavy fire. Hawkeye’s demonstration ends when he fires at Tony and knocks him out of the sky. Tony hadn’t made it easy for him either. Fucker.

Up next is Steve vs. Volstagg. Steve with just his shield and Volstagg with a battle axe. Volstagg swings wide and powerfully, giving Steve the full power of his arm. Where Volstagg is like a giant bulldozer prepared to smash and crush, Steve like Natasha, is fast and hits Volstagg hard in the side where his flesh is exposed. Volstagg has not kept his armor up to size with his growing waistline. Steve spins behind Volstagg and kicks him in the back of the head. The large man tumbles forward, but recovers quickly.

“You’re a spry little thing aren’t you?” The big bearded man says. He charges again swinging his axe at Steve’s shield, which bounces off it like a vibrating Jell-O mold. Steve punches Volstagg squarely in the face. It’s a knockout. The crowd cheers again. Odin is impressed with how quickly and easily these mortals can disarm his people without weapons of any kind.

Thor and Tony square off next. A hush comes over the crowd.

“No hitting below the belt.” Comes Tony in his muffled voice. Thor smiles. This is going to be fun. Tony lets a barrage of missile fire go directly at Thor who either deflects or smashes them away. They take to the air, fighting one another mid-flight. Thor calls the lightening and blasts Tony with it. Tony goes down and for a moment everyone thinks he is defeated.

“Power levels at 300%” Jarvis chimes. Interesting. Tony fires back at Thor, sending the golden god flying across the arena. Thor flings Mjolnir at Tony, damaging his suit and hurling him back to the ground. Tony doesn’t let the hammer pin him, however. He saw Thor use that move on The Hulk.

“Not today princess.” Tony says mostly to himself. The men go at each other for a long time until the fight escalates to a point where both are either exhausted or suffering some major damage. Thor is hunched over panting as Tony’s suit sparks from need of repair.

“Truce?” Thor calls.

“Truce.” Tony says. It’s a draw. The men shake hands and the crowd murmurs their discontent. A lot of bets exchanged hands on that encounter, with no one making any money. If they had continued they could have done some serious injury to one another, and this is supposed to be a friendly demonstration, not a battle to the death. Tony and Thor take a moment to rest as Bruce enters the arena.

He’s not wearing a shirt or carrying any weapon of any kind. Bruce is not very muscular and is even kind of pudgy around the middle. He is not hard chiseled perfection like Steve or even Hawkeye. What exactly is this man’s talent? Angreboda perks up at the sight of him. Bruce said he would appear different but as of yet he doesn’t see how. Everyone takes notice when Thor, Iron Man, Captain America, Hawkeye, Black Widow, Sif, and The Warriors Three all encircle the man at a great distance between. It’s going to take their combined strength to take Bruce down? Now Angreboda is really excited to see this. Odin’s curiosity is peaked as well. Bruce looks up at Angreboda and smirks at him, and then Hulks out.

People in the audience scream in fear and disbelief as Bruce turns green and quadruples in
The Hulk lets out a mighty roar and Angreboda goes weak in the knees. If the Jotunn people had invented super models, the Hulk would be one. By the Norns he is a powerful brute, all raw animal prowess and strength. Angreboda would love to mate with this one. He’d be the envy of the kingdom, and with Loki now married to the Prince of Asgard that is saying something. The Hulk is attacked on all sides but nothing seems to do damage to the powerful beast. He does, however, look particularly annoyed with Thor.

Thor swings Mjolnir at the Hulk, trying to pin him to the ground like last time, but it doesn’t work. The Hulk anticipated this and actually uses the attack against Thor. It enrages him that Thor would try this again. The memory of being pinned down in the rain sets his fury ablaze. He roars again and this time the team knows there is a problem. The Hulk is out for blood. Hawkeye and Natasha do a series of acrobatic moves with arrows and wires, trying to entangle him and tie him down, but Hulk just snaps the cables. Sif tries stabbing him in the leg with her sword, but the blade will not pierce his thick hide. The Hulk swats her like an annoying gnat and sends her flying. Tony catches her. Thor leaps into the air with Mjolnir in hand seeking to knock him out completely but is swatted to the ground.

The crowd gasps in horror as Thor lay unconscious on the ground. Steve ducks a flying green fist and dives for a pile of weapons that were knocked out of their stand into a heap on the floor. The Hulk turns his gaze to Steve, looking like King Kong about to crush the little blonde. Steve reaches out for the handle of a weapon, any weapon and flings it as hard as he can at the Hulk’s head.

The crowd goes quiet as they watch Mjolnir fly through the air and make contact with the Hulk’s skull. The beast collapses to the ground, severely wounded and grunting in pain. As the Hulk shrinks back down to size, Mjolnir rounds back and flies into Steve’s hand. Odin stands from his seat.

Captain America is worthy.

Chapter End Notes

Whew! That was a hard chapter to write. Hope you guys liked it!
Loki rushes the field. His husband is down and Bruce is bleeding from the head. Though Loki’s heart begs him to attend to Thor first, Bruce’s injuries are far more serious.

“Steve! Grab my husband and drag him over here!” Loki yells as he kneels in front of Bruce. Loki uncorks a healing potion and yanks Bruce’s jaw open to pour the thick ooze down. Bruce’s jaw is broken. Loki chants the bone mending spell. It is a good thing the poor man is unconscious. Many hands lift Thor and carry him to lie next to Bruce. Loki uses his magic to scan him. It is just a concussion. Loki works quickly, healing both men. Had this been a battlefield in a foreign land Bruce might not have made it. Thor would have been vulnerable and probably killed or captured if left unprotected. Now that the wedding is over Loki needs to press Odin on the development of the warrior healers program.

Slowly both men come around. The men are pulled to their feet and the crowd cheers with relief. Thor feels groggy and leans heavily on Steve as they walk out of the arena, failing to notice that Steve is still gripping Mjolnir. Fandral pulls up with a glider and everyone piles inside to head back to the palace. All eyes are on Thor and Steve. Only now does Thor notice the awkward silence of his friends. Steve removes his arm from around Thor’s shoulders.

“Here.” Steve says as he hands Thor Mjolnir, clearing his throat. Thor’s eyes bug out of his head and he looks at Steve with dumbfounded shock.

“You are worthy?” He asks his friend.

“Yeah….apparently it is a….. really big deal.” Steve says. Thor puts his hammer back onto his belt loop and palms the blocky head of it like it is a beloved toy another child tried to steal from him. Thor rarely ever feels insecure within himself, but he does now. What if Mjolnir likes Steve more than him? Will his hammer leave him? Will he lose the ability to call the thunder and lightning? What does this mean?

They get to the palace and head to the healing hall. Though Loki is certain of his work, he is curious about Steve and about Bruce. There are some things he wants to know about their anatomy that he cannot learn without a scan from the soul forge. Of course Lady Eir dotes on Thor first, since he is the heir to the throne and all.

“He is completely healed and in no need of my services. Well done My Prince.” She says to Prince Loki, praising his healing skills. They put Bruce on the table next. He is healed but he looks exhausted and a little frightful. He thought it would be safer to unleash the beast in this place. He was wrong. Lady Eir runs the scan and marvels at the findings in Bruce’s blood, tissues, and brain. The stuff that makes the Hulk strong and durable benefits not just the beast, but the host as well. Loki reviews the results and the conclusion he draws makes him show a little smile.

“Bruce, you are fully healed as I expected but there is something I need to tell you.” Loki says with a serious tone.

“What is it?” Bruce asks. For all that Bruce knows about himself and what went into the events and the mix that made him into what he is now, there is much he does not know about his own anatomy. Any data Loki can give him would be a treasure.
“You are not aging.” Loki says to him. Bruce has suspected this for a while now, though he couldn’t be certain. It has been 10 years since the incident and he hasn’t aged a day, but to have it confirmed is still a shock. A resounding “What!” cries out from the group.

“Dr. Banner does not age like a normal human. Not anymore. If my calculations are correct, he has the potential to live to the ripe old age of about 8,000 years providing he doesn’t get killed first.” Loki says. Tony looks at his buddy and a big stab of jealousy pierces his heart. He can’t help it and he hates that it is there. He would love to live forever young like that. Bruce is trembling from the news. 8,000 years? It is an eternity. The lives of his friends will be a shadow compared to his own. In this moment he has never felt more alone. He will outlive everyone….except….

“Thor what is the life span of your people? How old is the Allfather?” Bruce asks.

“9,486 years old. Why?” Thor asks.

“How can you do it?” Bruce asks.

“How can you bear to make friends, make relationships with people that are lucky to live to the age of 80? Our lives are so damn short. How does it not destroy your heart to watch us all die?” Bruce asks him as the tears threaten to break free.

“With strength in my heart my friend. It is bittersweet, tis true, but I do not regret the bonds that I have made. I will speak with my father on this issue. When the time comes, I hope you will join us here in Asgard.” Everyone goes quiet as they try not to cry.

“Steven, I would like to examine you as well.” Loki says to him meaningfully. Steve swallows. The experiment that turned Bruce into the Hulk was a failed version to replicate the experiment that made him Captain America. Sif’s eye widen with anticipation and a surprising amount of hope she did not expect. Her heart is practically leaping out of her throat begging that his results are the same. Steve lies down on the table and Lady Eir conducts the scan.

“Remarkable. It’s as though he was transformed into an Aesir. His physical attributes are very similar to our own. He could easily live to 10,000 years or longer.” Loki says. Everyone cheers in shock and surprise. They are all happy for him, even Tony. But Steve is not happy. He feels exactly the way he did that day when he awoke in the fake room. He found out in the harshest of ways that he missed out on 70 years of his life. He wonders now if his relationship with Peggy would have survived, with her slowly aging while he did not. It wasn’t the ice that preserved him all those years, it was the serum.

Steve looks at Sif pointedly and they share a moment. All the sounds of the others in the room fade to the background and time slows down. Maybe it is serendipity that she should fall in love with the only two men in the nine realms worthy of Mjolnir. It speaks highly of her taste in men at least. She has been waiting for so long, and at last her love has come along. Hesitant because of his mortal nature, it was the only barrier keeping her heart from him. She needn’t hold back now. She will let the right one in.

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A feast is held that night in Steve’s honor at the insistence of Odin himself. The news that Steve is also long lived has reached his ears….and Frigga’s too. As expected a herd of Asgardian ladies of the court have been fluttering about Captain America all evening. While polite and respectful, he only has eyes for the Lady Sif, which pisses off the courtiers to no end. Why does she
always get the good ones? Is it a rule that only the ones worthy of Mjolnir can court her affections? What makes her so damned special? Bitch. Sif sees the jealousy and hate in their eyes and shines them on by wrapping her arm around Steve’s waist, prompting him to pull her closer into an embrace as well. Steve gives her a warm and loving smile and the ladies throw in the towel. Sif won the game before it even started.

“Penny for your thoughts?” Frigga says to Thor who is watching the couple with rapt attention.

“I feel that I am having….unworthy thoughts about my friend Steven.” Thor confides to his mother.

“You needn’t feel insecure my little darling. Mjolnir may find him worthy but he cannot summon the Thunder and Lightning as you can. You will always be her first love.” Frigga says as she tucks a wayward lock of golden hair behind his ear. His mother always knows the exact right thing to say to him.

“She looks happy. I am….relieved.” Thor sighs with said relief. He knew for years she was in love with him, and strung her along for the sake of keeping up appearances. Many in Asgard assumed they were a couple.

“The next few years will be difficult for them. He will not be ready to give up Midgard yet for quite some time and Sif will have to adjust to Earth’s culture if they are to remain together, at least during these first few decades of their relationship. It will not always be easy for them, but they will persevere.” Frigga says. Thor smiles for his friends, happy in the knowledge that they have found each other. He sees Bruce sitting on a bench surrounded by Fandral, Volstagg, and many of Asgard’s warriors. Each of them is star struck as they praise Bruce’s power and strength on the battlefield. The poor man can barely keep up with all the ales the men are bringing him.

“Mother? I don’t suppose you could find the time to help Bruce find a love of his own?” Thor asks her.

“My intervention is not needed. Things are already in motion on their own. You’ll see.” Frigga says.

Chapter End Notes

I know many of you were expecting Idunn's Apples. Surprise!
"Ello. My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die!" Guess what I've been watching lately....

Angreboda watches Bruce as he tries to extricate himself from the mass of warriors plying him with drink. Helblindi and Bylestir are seething with jealousy. They both want to mate with the big green beauty but they know it is Angreboda that Bruce likes. Even King Laufey seems to harbor a little envy though he hides it better than his sons. They can't imagine Loki passing up such a glorious, masculine, beastly, delicious specimen as a mate but then again, Loki probably would not have survived. He can't be too disappointed, having to settle for the Prince of Asgard instead.

“You do realize you will always have to play the part of the child bearer since he is completely male.” Helblindi says trying to discourage Angreboda. It's not working. There is a reason Angreboda is an accomplished politician and ambassador. He understands people and their motivations and is very intelligent. Unlike some princes of Jotunnheim in line for the throne. Laufey rolls his eyes at his heir apparent. If only Helblindi had inherited half the intelligence that Loki and Angreboda possess. Angreboda rises from his seat and goes to rescue Bruce from his admirers.

“Good evening green one.” Angreboda says to Bruce. “May I speak with you? In private? I have a request to make of you.” Angreboda says with a formal air. It is obvious when looking at Angreboda that he is related to Loki. In fact, they look more like brothers than Helblindi and Bylestir do. Though his pale skin and green eyes are but an illusion, Bruce can tell it is a family trait of sorts. The long thick black hair that cascades down his back in waves is feminine and lovely. He is slightly more muscular than Loki, and of course, a whole lot taller. Double Loki at least. His jaw is squarer and his lips are fuller but he is no less lovely. He even has long eyelashes.

The men around Bruce turn to look at Angreboda with a mix of curiosity, ambivalence, and knowing. Private question? Right...

“Of course.” Bruce tries to say with a flat and noncommittal tone. He tries not to smile too broadly and give away that he is excited and eager to be alone with the Jotunn. Fandral knows instantly that those two are going to fuck like wild bilgesnipe during the full moon. They walk in silence as they leave the hall and walk the long corridors to nowhere in particular.

“So…..what did you think about….the other guy.” Bruce asks Angreboda.

“You speak of your other appearance as if he were a different person.” Angreboda says. “He is a different person. When he comes out, I fade into the back. I am two people in one.” Bruce says.

“Most berserkers are. Tell me, do you let him out often? He seems rather….bottled up.” Angreboda asks.

“Of course not! You saw what happened this morning. Now imagine him walking down a quiet friendly street full of women and children. I can’t control him.” Bruce says.
“That is your problem, you don’t need to.” Angreboda says. Bruce looks at him with irritation. He just doesn’t understand. The Hulk is all rage and anger. Angreboda sees the doubt written across Bruce’s face. “Look at it like this, a wild animal chained and caged for long periods of time bottle up their aggression. When you finally let them out they are a torrent of built up energy and rage. Your other half is no different. Letting him out more often would calm him down. In time he could be normalized and learn to control himself, without you.”

“I’m afraid of that too. I’m afraid he’ll take over and I’ll disappear.” Bruce says.

“Then you have too little faith in yourself and your other half. Come with me.” Angreboda says. They turn a corner and walk down another hall that leads to the Jotunn delegation’s rooms. They are the only rooms in the palace with ceilings high enough and furniture big enough to accommodate them. Angreboda opens the door to his chambers and they enter.

“Tell me something. Why do you not court a female that is closer to the size you are now?” Angreboda asks him. Bruce blushes because the answer should be obvious. He did not expect to have to discuss this topic outright.

“Well…you know.”

“I’m afraid I don’t.”

“I don’t know what will happen. I haven’t had sex since I…became this way…and I’m afraid that he’ll come out while I’m….I’m…..”

“You’re afraid you’ll do mortal injury to your partner.”

“Yes.”

“But you are not afraid of doing such injury to me?”

“Yes, I am actually.” Bruce says with terrible sadness. He is so lonely. Angreboda looks at Bruce pointedly and tugs on the sash of his robes. A couple of buttons later he is naked as the day he was born. Bruce blushes and turns away, feeling suddenly shy. Angreboda is beautiful. There is not a hair on his body save for his head and his body is beautifully carved. Bruce did not notice before, but Angreboda has breasts. They are small but perky and he also has large hips. If not for the glorious cock standing erect he would look something akin to a female body builder.

“Bruce look at me. I want you to let your other half out now. We are going to mate and it will be okay.” Angreboda cups his large palm under Bruce’s chin to turn his gaze back to him. Bruce is on the verge of crying.

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You won’t.”

Angreboda notices the green rim of color around the irises of Bruce’s eyes. His skin changes color and he starts to grow. His clothing rips to shreds and falls off. It only takes a few seconds for the Hulk to emerge, naked, and standing chest to chest with Angreboda. He immediately pulls the Hulk in for a kiss, who in turn makes the grunting sound of a contented gorilla.

“Now show me just how gentle you can be.”

Elsewhere in the Palace….
“I never…..had sex with a Jotunn before.” Fandral says as Prince Thor takes a drink. Fandral rather likes this Midgardian drinking game. Where is Bruce? He’s missing out on all the fun, Clint wonders. Tony is sitting next to him and he looks tense.

“That’s a good one. Okay, let me think. I’ve never….had sex with an Asgardian before.” Clint says. Of course all the Asgardians drink, and Steve, but when Tony drinks too they all notice.

“Ho ho-oh! So which maiden did you manage to coax into your bed since coming here?” Thor asks his friend.

“A gentleman never tells.” Tony says as he looks away from the group. Natasha has been watching Tony since they started this game. The night before when she and Clint left the last thing she saw was Tony and Fandral getting drunk together and a little too cozy, in her opinion. She has a theory.

“My turn. I’ve never….had sex with Fandral.” Natasha says looking directly at Tony. The look on Tony’s face is priceless. If you filmed him picking his nose and eating it and then showed the film to a room full of people he would still not look as guilty as he does right now!

“If it comforts you any my friend you were a wonderful and generous lover. One of the best I’ve had in quite some time actually.” Fandral says. Horrified and mortified Tony gets up to leave, prompting Fandral to follow in pursuit. Everyone stares after the pair is shock and surprise.

“No fucking way!” Clint says as he laughs his ass off. Steve looks just as horrified as Tony. Sif wishes she was shocked, but she is not. Fandral will fuck anything with legs, but the human did not strike her as being that way. This would explain his reaction no doubt. The man of iron should probably get tested for diseases. Tony almost runs down the corridor to hide in his room. This is fucking embarrassing! He knew playing that drinking game would back fire. What the hell was he thinking? Bruce really is smarter than he. Where the fuck is that guy?

“Anthony wait!” Fandral calls after him. Oh great! Just fucking great!

“Stay away from me!” Tony says, feeling an overwhelming urge to punch the blonde Romeo in the face. He reminds Tony of the guy from The Princess Bride movie.

“You have no reason to feel ashamed! Come back.” Fandral says. Tony loses it. He spins a complete 180 and cold cocks Fandral right in the nose.

“You fucked me in the ass while I was drunk! We call that date rape down on Earth you asshole!” Tony says. Fandral grunts through the pain for a moment before recovering. There is a little bit of blood from his nose, but he has endured much worse before.

“Forgive me for any pain I have caused you. Anthony, I am rather taken with you. I know that sleeping with men is not considered acceptable by many people, but believe me when I say I stopped caring about that a long time ago, and I think you would too. What we did last night, that was not an accident. You wanted to do it, and I know it wasn’t because of the ale. You wanted me as I wanted you. You intrigue me like no maiden ever has.”

“I like women!”

“So do I.” Fandral says. He inches close to Tony and Tony shudders. He feels lost and vulnerable and humiliated and afraid. He’s afraid to admit what he really wants. “…but there is
something to be said about finding pleasure with one of your own gender. We understand our needs better than any woman can.” Fandral says softly as he gazes into Tony’s eyes. They are sharing the same air now and the hair on the back of Tony’s neck is standing on end. They can smell each other. Fandral smells like ale, and campfire wood, and moss. Tony smells like Calvin Klein. Fandral leans and kisses him. Tony tries to push Fandral away, but he doesn’t put his strength behind it. Pushing turns to pulling. Pulling turns to stumbling. Stumbling turns to where the fuck is the door knob to my room god damn it! Holy shit he’s going to do this. He’s barely has a buzz which might as well be considered sober for Tony and he is willingly and actively considering fucking this man.

“What did you say about double stuffing some maiden?” Tony asks. Fandral grins wide.

“As you wish.” Fandral says with a sparkling Colgate grin. Tony holds back a snicker. Fuck. Fucking Buttercup.
Three Days

Chapter Summary

Or this chapter could also be titled, "A little something for everyone." It's smut, all of it. Enjoy.

“Anthony, meet the lady Ericka, Ericka meet Anthony and take off your clothes.” Fandral says. Ericka is a wide hipped, big breasted, blonde beauty. Fandral has good taste.

“What is that?” She asks Tony as she touches his chest. She’s excited. She saw the mortal in the arena using that machine suit to battle Thor. She’s been aching to try him in the sack ever since. The fact that Fandral, a long time fuck buddy of hers is also here is a bonus. She’s going to have fun tonight!

“That is my heart. It's what keeps this mortal body going.” Tony says with a cocky grin.

“How would you have us my lady?” Fandral says to her. She gets to call the shots since she volunteered for this night of debauchery. It’s what keeps her coming back. She smiles wickedly.

“I want to see you two kiss.” She says. She doesn’t think they’ll actually do it, but she's curious. Fandral wraps his arm around Tony’s back and wiggles his eyebrows at him. Tony is still nervous but his hard cock says it approves. Fandral kisses him and Tony is reminded by the facial hair that this is a man he is kissing. A small thrill shoots up his spine at the feeling of doing something so taboo. Ericka is getting wet just watching them. Tony has to admit Fandral is a really good kisser. Fandral cock rubs against his and Tony moans into the kiss. His grip on Fandral’s biceps tightens and the kiss becomes more passionate. Ericka better get in there. They are starting without her.

“Enough you two. Put your mouths on me now.” She orders. They all climb onto the bed together. Fandral wastes no time diving into her folds as Tony nibbles on her nipples. It isn’t long before her throbbing aching insides are begging for mercy.

“Fuck me.” She pants. She gets on all fours as the men positions themselves. Fandral behind and Tony in front. Fandral slides into her slick opening with no resistance as she takes Tony’s cock into her warm soft mouth. They start of rhythm and it isn’t long that they forget she is there. The men are staring each other down, their thrusts becoming violent. Ericka makes gaging sounds and Tony backs off a bit. They continue riding her like a rollercoaster at an amusement park. Ericka’s walls flood and clench and Fandral spills into her womanhood as Tony spills into her throat. They all collapse together to rest.

After a few minutes Ericka gets up. She doesn’t want to risk falling asleep here and having to do the walk of shame in front of the other palace servants.

“Thank you gentlemen for you hospitality. It was most enjoyable.” She says with a big smile and wink. “Good night.”

“Good night my lady.” They men chant together. Fandral starts looking around for his clothes when Tony grabs his wrist.
“Where do you think you’re going?” Tony says with a roughened voice.

“Nowhere.” Fandral says. Tony pulls him in for another kiss, acting dominant to let Fandral know he is driving the bus on this. Fandral lets him take control. He knows the mortal needs this, to feel like he is still a man. “Put your cock inside me Anthony. Show me how mighty and meaty you are.” Fandral says playfully. Tony’s cock twitches at the words.

“Get on your hands and knees.” Tony commands. Tony knows, man or woman, that lube is essential for anal sex. “Hang on.” He runs to the bathroom to look for oil. There is a nice bottle of scented oil in with all the soaps and shampoos. It smells a little on the girly side but it will work for their purposes. Tony slicks up his fingers and plunges them into Fandral’s awaiting hole. He takes his time to stretch him properly and then slicks up his cock and slides in.

“Mmmgggph.” Fandral grunts. After a few minutes of gentle thrusts Tony picks up the pace for an earnest pounding.

“Oh fuck!” Tony yells.

“That’s it. Just like that Anthony. Ah……ah……ah…….” Fandral pants. Tony completely loses himself fucking with reckless abandon. Having come once already, it takes a lot longer for the both of them to reach their peak. Tony reaches round to stroke Fandral, making the blonde man buck into the movements. Tony’s movements sputter as his orgasm builds and he yells his release as he spends deep inside his lover. Fandral follows a moment later. They fall into the bed, curling into one another. Tony doses off thinking about how amazing his trip to Asgard has been, and they still have three days left. Fandral closes his eyes wondering how he’ll cope when Tony leaves.

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Angreboda’s head is resting on Hulk’s chest as his fingers explore its expanse. The Hulk had been a little rough at first, eager and hungry for loving physical contact. He’s sore and completely fucked out but it was the ride of his life. One he wants to repeat over and over and over again. Hulk is not one for much conversation. That must be Bruce’s domain. Angreboda likes Bruce. He’s an intelligent man and his sense of humor is comparable with his own. Everything about The Hulk is large and rock hard. Everything. Angreboda wants to explore this relationship further but knows that the wedding celebration ends in three days and then everyone will be going home. As the new Jotunn ambassador to Asgard, Angreboda will be remaining here, while Bruce returns to Midgard. He has three days to convince this man to stay.

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Sif follows Steve back to his room. She’d learned some interesting things about her new found love from that funny drinking game. Apparently the loss of his virtue was a rather recent event. She can’t help but feel a little jealous of whoever the woman was, but she is happy to know that his experience is limited. She wants him to learn her body like it is a musical instrument.

Steve unbuttons the back of her dress and turns her round to pull down the sleeves. Sif grabs at the zipper on the back of Steve’s uniform and pulls it down. It is so skin tight and leaves nothing to the imagination. His broad shoulders and tiny waist and large muscular thighs are the
epitome of masculine. His smile is sweet and charismatic. Steve’s fingers on her skin are light like butterfly wings. Little goose bumps appear wherever he touches her.

Sif’s lips are pillow soft as Steve’s tongue massages them open. Their tongues touch and they taste one another, enjoying the heady sensation. There is not a single inch on Steve’s body that is not firm and muscular. Sif is firm all over as well, making her soft breasts and soft hips all the more pleasing. Steve squeezes her ass. He loves how perfectly round it is. They chuckle at Steve’s playfulness.

Sif touches the pad of her index finger to one of Steve’s nipple and rubs it.

“Hey! That tickles.” Steve says curling his body away from her.

“It does more than tickle I think.” Sif says with a naughty smile. She’s right. The electric sensation it sends through him has the odd effect of tickling his cock. It makes him want to laugh and come all at once. Steve wonders if other people feel that way when their nipples are rubbed. They jump onto the bed together a mass of tangled limbs. They laugh at one another as they explore each other and make each other shiver, giggle, and shudder. Sif knows that Steve is still shy and inexperienced about certain things and lets him take his time.

“You can kiss me other places you know.” Sif says. Steve knows what she’s alluding to, but he hasn’t tried it yet. He blushes a little because he wants to please her, but is worried he’ll do it wrong.

“Trust your instincts, they haven’t failed you yet.” She encourages him. Steve kisses his way down her body, pressing his lips between her breasts and then her flat tummy and then her hip. Her womanhood is curtained in dark brown curls that have been neatly trimmed. Steve moves his body between her legs and pushes them open, spreading her wide. Sif feels her own face flush. She never does this, this exposure. She is not a virgin, but it has been so long, and though she and Steve have lain together once already it felt like a carnal rutting. This feels more sensual and intimate. Yes, this time is different. Sif is letting her heart get involved.

Steve runs a calloused thumb along the seam of her labia, pulling her center open like a blooming rose blossom. He looks up at her nervously for a moment, but his nervousness is quickly replaced by joy and lust when he sees Sif looking at him with desperation. He bends his head down and tastes her. He kiss her center like he kisses her mouth, paying close attention to what makes her squirm cry out, and go quiet. He dips a curious finger inside her and she thrust down, wishing for something more substantial inside her. He decides to stay where he is, however. He wants to tease her a little more first before giving her what she wants.

He latches on to her clitoris, sucking the little nub until she is moaning and writhing without thought or comprehension. “Steven! Steven please!” Steve smirks. He must be doing something right. He strokes her opening as he sucks and licks her plump engorged sex.

“Ah…..ah……ah……ah……ah……” Sif keens and whines as her peak nears. Steve feels his mouth flood with her essence.

“Did I do that right?” He asks her. Sif nods. Oh yes. Yes he did. Steve climbs up her and sheaths his manhood inside her tight warmth. He interlaces his fingers with hers. “I want to make you feel so good.” Steve says to her. His pupils are blown and his hips are rocking gently. He uses his cock to explore her insides, as if to memorize every inch of her womb by feel. Sif’s thighs squeeze Steve’s hips, a silent request for him to increase the pace. Sif’s smooth sweat slicked skin smells of lemons, lilies, and sex. The bed creaks and groans as Steve movements pick up speed. The sound of skin smacking skin fills the room. Sif feels her arousal throbbing through her body, building in a sweet pain needing an outlet.
“Steve! Steve! ....ah…..ah…”

“Oh Sif…..oh god……oh……oh….oh….” Sif’s womb starts to seize making her toes curls and her voice shrill. She cries out and it is all that Steve needs to lose himself in her. Steve falls into Sif’s arms and she gently strokes his back. Never before has she ever considered dropping her whole life to pursue a man. It is the sort of thing that silly young maidens do, not battle tested warriors. But in three days, this man will go home. Sif realizes she has a decision to make. Will she, the most fiercely independent female in the whole of Asgard risk making a mockery of her reputation, by following a man for the sake of love?
The following morning Sif is surprised to receive an invitation from the queen for afternoon tea. She writes down her acceptance and hands it to the messenger. The morning goes by quickly, with her and Steve strolling through the palace gardens. They are even more splendid in the daylight.

“What is Midgard like these days? I confess I have not been down to visit your world for the past couple of centuries.” Sif asks him.

“It is nothing like you remember it. Earth two hundred years ago had much in common with your culture here in Asgard minus the magic and technological advances. We have advanced technologically but I feel our culture has taken a large hit. We have become less honor-bound and more selfish. On the one hand women have more equality and opportunity than ever before, and yet they fall more easily as prey to smooth talking men who promise them everything and then flee when a baby appears. Having children out of wedlock used to be taboo even during my generation. I fell asleep in the ice and woke up to world full of single unmarried mothers living in poverty. You would not approve.”

“Indeed, bearing a child out of wedlock is very taboo here in Asgard. It is the reason Thor and Loki’s wedding was arranged so quickly. Usually royal weddings are planned for several months, sometimes years before they happen. With only two months of planning everyone in the kingdom knows Loki is with child. However, the circumstances of the conception of the child fall well within acceptable custom since Loki is Jotunn. It was not just lustful rutting, it was a matter of life and death. Plus they were formally courting one another at the time so it is not so scandalous as it otherwise might have been.”

“Do you want children?” Steve asks Sif. He needs to know. He doesn’t want children right away but he does want them and he needs to know that Sif wants them too.

“Yes, but until now I only ever imagined giving birth to Thor’s children. The other men here in Asgard have the expectation that, should I marry them and bare children I would hang up my sword permanently. I don’t want to do that.”

“Having children changes things. I don’t think I’m ready quite yet either.” Steve says.

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Sif has to admit, Frigga’s selection of guests for afternoon tea today is rather eclectic. Loki is here of course, as the future queen of Asgard he will be expected to do things like this to keep apprised of the politics of the court. But Fandral is here too, which is peculiar. Idunn is here. She rarely ever leaves the orchard. And Bruce is here.

“Idunn dear, how is the harvest coming?” Frigga asks brightly.

“It is finally complete your Majesty. I am exhausted and I thank you for inviting me to this little gathering. The relaxation will do me good.” The beautiful blonde goddess says as she sips her tea.

“Loki dear, how is that healer warrior training program coming?”
“Abysmally. Little has happened in my absence on Midgard. The bureaucrats have all but killed the program. Finding people with both the raw talent to wield magic and the physical fitness and demeanor to make a decent warrior is a rare combination it turns out. Of all the students at the academy, only Amora has volunteered to take on warrior’s training like the Lady Sif here.” Loki nods to his new friend.

“And what of the men in the warrior’s ranks?” Frigga asks Loki.

“None of them will volunteer. Though some of them have the potential to be great sorcerers none of them want to appear…womanly.”

“It sounds like you need a female warrior to bridge the gap.” Frigga says looking pointedly at Sif as she sips her Darjeeling. Sif’s eyes go wide. This is the opposite of the topic she was wanting to broach with the queen. She wants to go to Midgard to be with Steve, not attend the healing academy to learn magic. This is a disaster.

“My queen….I cannot. I’m sorry My Prince. It is not that I do not wish to learn magic or turn down such a wonderful opportunity but…..” Sif stutters as she can’t believe the next words that are about to fall out of her mouth. “….I want….I want…”

“…to marry the Captain and have lots of sex and babies.” Loki says with a mischievous grin. “You needn’t look scandalized my lady it is obvious to everyone.” Sif blushes a crimson sunset. “I have spoken with Amora on this topic. She is wary of learning combat in front of the men. She feels learning to wield the sword might feel less intimidating a task if she learned it from you. Since I will not be returning to Midgard, the Avengers will be in need of a healer. Amora will fill the role for a while until a more permanent alternative can be found.” Loki says to Sif without smiling.

“She will teach me magic and I will teach her combat.” Sif says with a big smile. “Thank you! Thank you so much! You are brilliant!” Sif says to both the Queen and Loki. She leans over and hugs Fandral. “I am so sorry my friend to have to leave you and the others behind.”

“Make sure you eat your apple before you leave, and take a couple extra with you just in case. We ladies must do our best to keep the wrinkles at bay.” Idunn says.

“One apple a year is more than enough. I am not so vain as my friend Fandral here.” Sif jokes to her friend.

“What? I like Idunn’s apples. They taste like eternal youth.” He smiles, but in a flash that smile disappears as he thinks of Tony. Tony is already considered to be a seasoned individual.

“Fandral my dear, what troubles your heart?” Frigga asks him.

“It is nothing my queen.” Fandral says avoiding the question. He doesn’t know how to answer her really. He’s never gotten this attached to a night’s conquest before. Even if they decide to make a go of it, a relationship between them would be doomed from the start. Tony is mortal.

“Why don’t I slide a few extra apples into your knap sack this year to cheer you up?” Idunn says.

“You know Fandral, I could still use more recruits for the warrior healer program.” Loki says fishing for an opportunity.

“Yes, and I believe in Loki’s idea so much I am considering offering a boon to men who volunteer for the program.” The Queen says.
“Oh? What kind of boon?” Fandral asks curiously as he bites into a biscuit.

“Oh I don’t know, maybe getting my husband to give you permission to share some of your apples with your new mortal friends?” Frigga says. Fandral chokes and has to hack out little vanilla flavored crumbs before gulping down some tea to soothe his throat.

“Yes and if you are feeling hesitant or embarrassed at all about the idea of learning magic you can do it in a remote setting, like Midgard. With Sif and Amora.” Loki says smiling like the Cheshire Cat. Sif shoots Fandral a knowing look, which Bruce notices but doesn’t understand. He’s missing something here.

“What!” Bruce finally pipes up. “Aren’t those apples magical? What effect do they have on humans?” Bruce asks.

“Oh they’ll extend our friend’s lives by about 5,000 years.” Loki says. “Bruce….I was wondering if you would be interested in visiting Jotunnheim tomorrow. It is high time Midgard had an ambassador to the other realms and you have the unique ability to fit in among my people.”

“You want me to visit your home planet with you? I am honored. Yes, I’d love to go.” Bruce says.

“Excellent, however, I will not be joining you due to my current condition. Angreboda, my cousin will escort you around instead.” Loki says calmly as he sips his tea again. Bruce looks around the group and narrows his eyes at Fandral. Okay there is some obvious pairing up going on here. Where does that guy factor into all of this? Bruce looks directly at the queen.

“You’re really good at this.” Bruce says, not mentioning what specifically the queen is good at.

“Thank you. I am the Goddess of Marriage after all.” She winks at him.

“Marriage? Ah. Okay.” Bruce says. Tea time concludes and everyone goes their separate ways for the most part. Loki turns to Frigga when they are alone to thank her for helping him coordinate so many happily-ever-afters for all of his friends.

“You’re welcome dear. Consider it my wedding gift.” Frigga says.
Bruce and Angreboda touch down onto the icy landing pad of the palace. The practical discussion of clothing came up and it was decided that Bruce would wear next to nothing and then Hulk out upon arrival. The people of Jotunnheim won’t find Hulk’s large size so alarming. The people of Asgard have learned to be wary of Bruce’s green form. Orders were sent in advance to the palace servants to stand waiting with a fur lined outfit for the Hulk to change into. The look of confusion and surprise the servants display is understandable. Why would they have Jotunn sized clothing ready for an Aesir sized man?

Bruce shivers immediately as he looks up to see Angreboda changing appearance as well. The pale creamy skin and green eyes fade away to reveal cerulean blue and ruby red.

“I’ll see you later.” Angreboda says to Bruce. Bruce smiles as green overtakes his skin. The servants gasp as Bruce transforms into the most beautiful delectable creature they have ever seen. Those large beefy muscles. That gorgeous green skin. Ahhhhhhh! Though the servants don’t say anything out loud, inside their heads they are all squealing like star struck 14 year old girls meeting the lead singer of their favorite boy band. Angreboda smirks at them all with a knowing look.

“Welcome back darling. Ready to take a tour with me?” Angreboda asks as he hooks his elbow into Hulk’s.

“Mmmm. Pretty blue giant.” Hulk says to Angreboda.

“I’ll take those, thank you.” Angreboda gestures for the clothing. The servants hand it over, jealously displaying plainly on their faces. Yes, they suppose Angreboda can be considered attractive to some….if you like the feminine look. The Hulk pulls on the fur lined tunic and pants. They fit perfectly. Nothing ever fits the Hulk perfectly. Everyone here is his size. The Hulk is still taller than everyone, but only just. As athletic and large as the Jotunn are, the Hulk is larger.

“Much better. Come, I want to show you where we host our fertility festival every year…..”

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“You Aesir are dirty nasty strange people. Why would you want to fuck me there? I already have a hole designed specifically for penetration. And isn’t getting fucked in the ass something male Aesir supposedly frown upon?”

“But you have a cock. Don’t you miss using it as it was designed? You can’t tell me the thought of bending me over and pounding me with your cock doesn’t make you hard as granite?” Thor purrs into Loki’s ear. Thor is completely naked and rubbing his erection into Loki’s hip.

“Thor I’m still nauseous from vomiting this morning and I’m tired.” Loki whines. He’s pregnant damn it!
“Please darling? I’ll suck your cock just the way you like it.” Thor nibbles into the crook of Loki’s neck, making the pale man’s eyes roll into the back of his head.

“Uh! Fine! You damned horny minx! But it had better be the most mind blowing blow job ever delivered in the whole of the nine realms.” Loki acquiesces. Thor quickly slinks down Loki’s body and eagerly swallows down his length.

“Oh shit!” Loki gasps. “Oh fuck! Thor!” Loki sucks air in quickly through his clenched teeth. Thor really wants to fuck him in the ass. Thor is eating his dick like it is the last sausage in the cosmos. “AH! ……. Ah! Thor! Thor darling…ah!” Loki begs for mercy as Thor makes the most obscene slurping sounds with his mouth. Loki’s crotch is bathed in Thor’s saliva and Thor’s head is bobbing so fast Loki is surprised he doesn’t have whiplash. The tip of Loki’s dick is next to Thor’s voice box and when his husband hums the orgasm Loki has is so intense he doesn’t even notice that Thor has plunged two big fingers into his back entrance. “OOOOHHHHH!” Thor milks him for every drop he can squeeze out, glaring intensely at Loki as he does so. Loki feels like he has quite literally been devoured.

While still panting Thor flips him to his stomach and pulls his hips up. Thor reaches over and grabs a bottle of oil, slicking up his hand and squirting a big long stream directly inside of Loki. Thor’s two fingers vigorously stretch and explore deep inside his lover. He adds a third and then a fourth finger. The invasion feels animalistic and dominating. Thor is relishing this feeling, stretching, playing with Loki’s hole. Watching just how big and accommodating he can make it. Loki has never felt so stretched, debauched, or exposed.

Thor withdraws his hand suddenly to grip his hips. His movements are possessive as he lines his cock up and thrusts inside. Thor growls then. He bucks his hips and pulls Loki’s hair, yanking his torso up so he can bite him on the neck, fucking him harshly like a wild beast. Thor’s cock finds a wonderful spongey sensitive spot inside Loki making him squeal. Thor maneuvers so that he hits that spot repeatedly with each thrust. Loki is so tight, so beautiful and completely lost in the pleasure Thor is giving him. His firm little hind end jiggles slightly with each stroke. Thor enjoys the view. After leaving a lasting mark on Loki’s neck he pushes Loki back down on all fours and continues fucking him so that his balls slap violently against Loki’s clitoris. Loki can take no more. His pussy squirts and contracts as his cock spews semen onto their bed cover, but Thor is not done. For several minutes he rides Loki’s spent body making the pale man tremble. When Thor finally comes he roars like a mighty lion and the loud crack of lightening outside belies the violent thunder storm he has unleashed upon Asgard.

Oops.

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It is the final feast of the wedding celebration and everyone is gathered, except Loki. He’s….resting. It’s the pregnancy. It wears him out. Volstagg barks with laughter.

“Of course my prince, and no doubt the sound of the rain lulled him to sleep as well.” The large man says as he gulps down his ale. Thor blushes.

“You don’t need to be embarrassed Thor. You are a newlywed after all.” Fandral says.

“I will miss you my friend.” Thor says to him.

“Miss him? Where’s he going?” Natasha asks. Thor looks at his friends and realizes he
needs to make some announcements. He stands to address the group.

“My friends. I cannot tell you how wonderful it has been this week having old and new come together for the first time. Your support of my marriage vows to the man I love means more to me than you can know. It is with that in mind that I must now give some of you the support you need in return. Bruce….I have spoken with my father and he has agreed that you are more than welcome to remain here, permanently. He merely asks that you train with the Army and be of service when the time comes. We will arrange a room for you here in the palace in the Jotunn section with high ceilings and large furniture so that you feel comfortable no matter what form you take.”

“What?” Tony asks. Sadness and anger overtakes his features as he realizes that Bruce is staying behind in Asgard. “You’re not coming home? I know you’ve got a long life ahead of you, but that doesn’t mean you have to leave Earth right this second!”

“Tony….Angreboda and I…we like each other, a lot. We want to see where this relationship might go and we can’t do that living lightyears apart. Besides, these last couple of days I have been able to let him out without incident.” Bruce says.

“Ah Bruce buddy, the arena was most definitely an incident.”

“Tony, I let the Hulk out since then twice and I-we were fine.”


“Angreboda has a calming effect on my other half, and yesterday when I went to Jotunnheim I didn’t have to worry about breaking furniture or accidentally crushing people. Everyone around me there was my height. I can’t tell you how relaxing that was for me, to be around people that weren’t afraid of me. Angreboda is the Jotunn Ambassador to Asgard. It is a perfect middle ground for us.”

“But who will stay up with me in the lab until 3am tinkering on new projects?” Tony asks like a child losing their bestest besty in the whole wide world. Bruce pulls Tony in for a man hug as the billionaire cries into his shoulder. “You’re my bro.” Tony says. Bruce starts tearing up.

“Look it’s not goodbye forever. I’m still going to visit, and you’re going to visit too.” The men sob for a few more moments before Thor interrupts them.

“There is more news, and in addition there is a request I must make of you Anthony.” Thor says.

“Sure buddy what?” He sniffs.

“Since the Avengers are losing three valued fighters, I wanted to supplicate the team with replacements. The Lady Amora has agreed to go to Midgard to serve as the team’s healer. While there she will also train in combat. To teach her the combat skills she needs the Lady Sif and Sir Fandral have agreed to accompany her to Midgard as well, if you are amiable to providing them room and board.” Thor asks. Tony jerks his gaze to Fandral then to see the handsome bastard smile back at him. It shocks him to find that he is happy and excited to find out the man is coming back with him. What the hell does that mean? Tony forces himself to not think about it.

“Yeah of course. It will be great having them all.” Tony says. Steve wraps his arm around Sif and kisses her temple. Looks like those two will be sharing a room.

The morning comes too quickly and the Avengers gather at the gatehouse to say goodbye. Bruce is returning to Earth to pack his things and put his affairs in order. Fandral, Sif, and Amora
will come along later with their belongings in tow. Fandral will pack light, taking only a few trunks of clothing and personal items, and of course, a knap sack full of golden apples.

Chapter End Notes

The End. This was a fun one to write and actually went on for far longer than I anticipated. It was originally going to be a one shot. I hope you guys enjoyed it, especially that last Thorki smut scene. I was in the mood when I wrote that one!

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