Worlds Apart

by Q_it

Summary

Eight months after Thor heads off from Midgard with promises to return, Jane manages to create an Einstein-Rosen Bridge to restore intergalactic travel once more. Unfortunately, it misfires at Darcy, sending her far away to a surprise confrontation with the Chitauri.

She has no idea what to expect when they take her as their prisoner. But never in a million years would she have guessed who her mysterious, diabolical, not to mention sneaky and corrupting inmate would be....
Jane banged her sciency equipment on the table. “I’m *bang* not *bang* getting *bang* anything!”

Darcy switched the song on her ipod from *Do I wanna Know?* By the Arctic Monkeys, to *Crazy* by Britney Spears. “You should try throwing it.”

Eight months. That’s how long it had been since Jane had seen her Intergalactic hunk. And she wouldn’t stop sciencing about it.

Every morning from six o’clock till one the following morning, they were up trying to build a way to get to Thor. It was a lot of strenuous work on Darcy’s part. First of all, coffee never made itself and poptarts didn’t just magically appear in the cupboards. Some poor soul had to go and fetch them. Also, there were endless amounts of data to be plugged into *endless* data spreadsheets.

Then there was SHIELD popping in all the time asking how research was going or whatever. At least Agent Coulson was friendlier now. He always made it a point to tell her hello and ask if she was keeping her taser charged. The answer was always yes.

The only time Darcy had any real fun was when Tony Stark showed up, which he did more often now that Jane’s Einstein Rosen Bridge was almost completed. Now there was a guy who knew how to have fun in a lab. Not only did he drive everyone crazy with his obnoxious taunting and jokes, he made always found a way to incorporate Darcy in his games. Every now and then they would text each other funny pictures making fun of particularly embarrassing trials involving Jane and her precious bridge maker.

“I just don’t understand.” Jane moaned, banging her hand onto the battered journal in front of her. Darcy was tempted to start taking a video just in case she started throwing things. “This should be working…it really should.”

Darcy patted her friend’s shoulder, checking the time. Only ten o’ clock? Damn. “Have you tried playing some Nicki Minaj to it?”

Jane shot her an unpleasant look.

“I’m serious!” Darcy insisted, scrolling through her Ipod. “It’s probably like a baby or something and you need to sing it some music to wake it up!”

“You sing music to put babies to sleep, Darcy! And who the hell plays Nicki Minaj for their baby?” Jane groaned, kneeling on the floor next to a cube like contraption with several wires poking out of the sides, a small lens caught up in the complexity of it’s insides.

Darcy switched on *Starships*. “This baby is special. We play the baby Minaj because we want your baby to have joy.”

Jane groaned as the chorus started up:

*Starships, we’re meant to flyyyyy

*Hands up, and touch the skyyyy*
Let’s do this one last tiiiime!

Can’t stop, cuz we’re so hiiiiigh

Just then, Jane’s contraption began to shake buzz in response to the music. The petite astrophysicist almost jumped out of her skin. “Wait…how…?” She picked up the device and set it on the table.

Even Darcy was excited, turning up the music. “I told you Jane, babies love Nicki!”

Jane ignored her, fiddling with the wires and lens, muttering incoherent things about frequency calibrations. “Darcy….this is….it’s going to….”

Darcy wasn’t really paying attention, instead choosing to get especially hyper and begin dancing around the table, singing the chorus again like some insane chant around Jane’s now vibrating invention.

“…Can’t stop cuz we’re so hiiiiigh!”

“Darcy!” Jane yelled over the machine. It was now flickering fractals of rainbow light around the room.

The assistant continued to dance, ignoring her friend. Jane never did know how to have fun. And how cool was it that the little Einstien-Rosen Bridge generator started working because of Nicki? Even better, if it ended up working, Jane might actually sleep more than two hours tonight. Maybe.

“Darcy! Stop!” The lights started condensing into one location, the machine building up power, humming with energy as Darcy spun around the table one last time.

“Starships, we’re meant to flyyyyy- AHHHHHH!!!!!!!!”

She stopped mid song when a blast of light hit her full force in the chest and a swooping sensation tugged at her stomach.

******************************

Heimdall stood at the edge of the rainbow bridge where Asgard’s famous bifrost stood for thousands of years. Well, it had, until Thor had bashed it off with his hammer. Still, Heimdall maintained his position as Gaurdian, silently mourning the loss of his golden observatory. Recently, he had been keeping a rather close watch on Jane Foster, Thor’s love interest from Midgard.

She was intelligent, no doubt, and was constantly working. But Heimdall was most humored by her helper, Miss Lewis. The girl was a unvarying stream of humorous and witty energy. Just a minute ago she had suggested that she and the astrophysicist play songs for the small machine made to recreate the bifrost. He almost laughed at that, but was cut short when the machine began to react.

Standing stiffly on edge(really, he’s standing on the edge) Heimdall watched as the small little box transported Darcy Lewis out of the lab.

Hastily, Heimdall searched over Yggdrasil for a sign of the mortal but with no prevail. She was not on Asgard or any realm known. Yet he could sense, she was not dead.

Immediately, he set forth towards the palace for King Odin who would need to know Midgard was close to finding a way to move between worlds and Prince Thor, who would be most anxious to know his desired Lady had made progress in seeing him once more.
Loki sat on the floor of his cell in the Land With No Name, awaiting his daily confrontation with his Chitauri captors.

It had been so long ago that he was let fall off the end of the bridge along with the bifrost. The fall was as cold and as bleak as anyone could have imagined. There was nothing for…hours….days…weeks or years. Loki had no idea how much time he spent drifting in the blackest of abysses. Finally, he was found by the Chitauri and now longed to be floating once more.

Standing up, he began to pace. His guards were never late to take him to the Other. So why weren’t they here?

His arrival into their lives was astronomical. The Chitauri longed to take over Yggdrasil as they have since anyone can remember. However, they lacked the necessary information to do so. They didn’t live close enough to any realms to make observations about the places they longed to rule. But now, they had an informant. An Asgardian.

Better yet, he wasn’t any Asgardian. He was Loki Odinson, a member of the royal family who had many experiences with all nine realms and they intended to make the most out of his visit and his rage.

Which is why Loki was so confused when no alien beings appeared at the stone door to release him. He had been second in line for the throne, last Asgardian to be trusted, second most important prisoner of the damned Chitauri….

There must have been a rather unusual event for them to keep away their prized captive.

Chapter End Notes

Taa-daa!
Darcy wanted to say that she gracefully accepted the passing through realms, softly staring into the light and sighing in boredom at the super speeds of traveling, and being the most awesome teleporter in all of human history. Unfortunately, everything that came from the experience can accurately be described as: “AHHHHHHHHHH WHAT THE FUCK AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!”

To put it lightly.

Her landing didn’t go to well either. When Thor first came from Asgard, he had landed on his feet, screaming at the sky for his hammer. Darcy wasn’t so practiced in the art of having her body whipped through a swirling vortex of doom and fell most eloquently on her face. Thankfully, there were some lovely rocks to break her fall.

Hastily, she stood up, admiring her surroundings. “Holy shit, Not in fucking Kansas anymore.”

The sky was a dark, purple, and glittered with stars she was pretty sure she’d never seen on any of Jane’s charts. The ground was gray and rocky, piled high with odd formations of blue and purple stones.

“Jaaaaaane?” Darcy tried, just to be sure she wasn’t being pranked. “Am I dead?”

Quickly she took inventory. She had her wallet with two dollars and fifty-three cents, her license, a library card, and a stick of gum. Patting her jacket pocket she found her taser. And it was fully charged….thank you Coulson.

Taking out the electric device, Darcy began to walk forwards in search of civilization.

Jane had showed her all of the nine realms and explained the most she could about them. But all of the names were so hard to say, Darcy only remembered a few and what they were like. There was Midgard, where she lived; Asgard where Thor lived; Jotunhiem, the ice place; Vanahiem, probably where Vanna White lived.

This didn’t really look like any of those places. The planes were very rugged and her eyesight wasn’t very good, so after about five minutes of stumbling over rocks, Darcy sat down and took out her Ipod. It was still at 98% so there would definitely be a time for listening to music later when some friendly locals took her into their care. She indulged in a small fantasy about showing foreign people the charms of Midgardian culture.

Then she saw it, over the rocky hill to her right, two bumpy, lanky figures approached with large glowing stick-like weapons. Without thinking, she stood and waved to them, “Hey! Hey! Hi! Midgardian! Totally friendly!”

They approached her slowly, and she began to make out their features. Her heart thudded to a stop. Holy shit, those weren’t humans. Hell, they weren’t even human looking. They looked exactly like something out of an alien invasion movie, except more real. And they wore loincloths. Really fancy, armored loincloths.

Deciding that it would be bad idea to scream and an even worse idea to provoke aliens with a potential weapon, she kept the taser in her pocket and talked in as light a tone as possible, “Hey! So, my name’s Darcy. I know that this is probably kind of weird that I just barged in. It was a total accident, I promise.”
They halted in front of her, the alien on the left making some weird screeching noise that she assumed was communication. Darcy figured it was a greeting. “Totally, I agree with you entirely. Thank you!”

She held out her hand to them and they both screeched, pointing their long stick-sword things at her. “Agh! No! It’s friendly!”

The one on the right seemed to disagree strongly with the one on the left, aiming to hit Darcy over the head with his weapon.

Instinctively, Darcy pulled out her taser. “Alright!” she got their attention, pointing the device frantically between them. “This is a fucking terrible Midgardian weapon. It will probably kill you if you look at it too long.” She made crude gestures with the device. “So, uh, take me to your leader!”

The one on the right screeched again and swung his weapon at her and she pulled the taser’s trigger. Creature A fell with a thud. Turing the taser on Creature B, she conjured up her most threatening expression. “Now take me to your leader….alien! Yeah! And don’t try to kill me because I am totally going to own you with this taser!”

Creature B seemed a lot smarter than the other one, grabbing the taser from her hands and taking hold of her upper arm to drag her away. Darcy protested loudly, her heart hammering in her chest.

“Wait! I can offer you money! Millions of foreign currency worth of Midgardian monies! I can offer you power, women, men? Hey!” The alien jerked her arm forcefully, urging her forwards in the most brutal way causing her glasses to slip off her nose and be crushed under his heavy looking foot.

Darcy complained about it for the next five minutes where they reached an especially large formation of rock. Well, large was a bit modest of a word. Grand Canon sized rock would be a more accurate description. “What’s in there?” she questioned and the alien pushed her through a crooked opening.

Darcy would have gotten lost in the tunnels even if she had lived there her whole life. None of them where straight and they all seemed to possess some kind of curvy, vast stairwell. And without her glasses, all of it looked like blurry black rock. At long last, they approached some place with light.

“Wow, so bright in here!” she commented, fairly confident that her captor thought she was talking about what they were doing next Friday after work. “If only I had my glasses!”

A screeching voice followed her own, somehow coming off as lower and more subtle than her alien captor. Creature A responded with a crack of its voice before shoving her forward and departing.

Desperately, Darcy tried to make out her surroundings. She was fairly sure they were above ground again because the glittery sky was once again visible. In front of her stood a robed person, the one with the lower voice. “Hey,” she tried, “I don’t know if you can understand me, probably not, but I’m just a Midgardian…kind of accidently landed here. Just want to get back to me realm. SO if you’ve got a handy dandy bifrost, that would be great! Also, I kind of think that as an ambassador of Earth, I should totally get a hot bath and food and a bandage, because your little goonie has a strong grip.”

Darcy didn’t expect the weird alien to do anything but screech, which is why she was so surprised when he spoke. “Silence! Midgardian… You claim to have –“

“You speak ENGLISH!” Darcy couldn’t contain her excitement. This guy was totally going to help her, right? “Dude, your grace, whatever, I am so happy right now. I was totally kidding about all that bath stuff, but just so you know, I could totally go for some bandages.”
The hooded figure turned on her, taking her chin in his dewy, reptilian hand. “I said, silence!”

Darcy tried her best not to look at his rows of gross teeth or hideous breath. “Okay, totally silent.”

“You claim to have come in peace? Then why have you killed one of the Chitauri?” he asked, pacing around her, like a bird watching its prey.

She tried to seem oblivious, “Oh, I only tased him. He’s alive, just unconscious. Relax. Look, all I want is to go home and you won’t have to deal with me anymore.”

This alien ignored her, walking to stand near the edge of the stone structure they stood on. “Would you say, Midgardian—“

“Darcy.”

“SILENCE.”

Rolling her eyes, Darcy kept listening. Even on alien planets, people still told her to shut up.

The Chitauri bloke kept talking. “You are well attuned to Midgardian culture? You know of its systems and people?”

Trying to stay on good terms with the creepy alien, Darcy nodded. “I’m a political science major. I know the people and stuff.”

Immediately, Darcy regretted divulging this information, this strange extra terrestrial was getting antsy. He turned to her again, teeth bared in what she thought might be a smile. “What of Asgard? Any of the other realms? You mentioned their traveling device…the bifrost?” He croaked in excitement.

Darcy tried to keep her composure. “What’s an Asgard? I don’t know what that is. Is it food? I could go for some food. I used a Midgardian bifrost to get here. Total accident. My friend made one and she zapped me.”

Thankfully, weirdo guy didn’t look any happier, but he certainly wasn’t disappointed. “Very well. You will deem most helpful, Earthling.” He growled then let loose some horrid screeching noises and two Chitauri with more sword looking things strapped to their backs entered, grabbing her by the arms.

One side of Darcy wanted to scream and cry and protest because she was getting hauled away again. The other part wanted to rejoice because an alien just called her ‘earthling’. Best moment of her life thus far. Also the worst and most horrifying.

The two creatures began pulling her away and Darcy had the urge to hyperventilate. What? That was it? She would deem helpful? What the fuck!? “Where the hell are you taking me!?”

Loki was ruefully sitting in the corner when the guards came. He rose instantly to be taken out to see the Other. Instead, they tossed a very loud, very short person inside. She was talking rampantly and with such wicked enthusiasm, he was surprised she was not dead.

Most Chitauri could not understand English, and this woman seemed to be taking full advantage.

“That’s right assholes! Don’t give me something to defend myself with! I tell you those glasses cost
me a lot! I bet your ophthalmologist isn’t as forgiving after I wash your contacts down the drain, motherfuckers!” They shut the spindly stone door, locking the woman inside his cell.

“You two faced shits! I wouldn’t stare at that taser too long! It can kill you with its nodes! Beware! And hey, I’m the alien here! This is a fucking invasion! You just wait till my army comes and we blow the shit out of this dustbowl! Alien fucking invasion!”

Loki stared at her curiously from the corner. She was obviously Midgardian, but how anyone from Midgard should end up here was a mystery, especially with the bifrost gone. Even more so, she was in his cell. Which meant she must have done something pretty bad. He was in the heavily guarded space, way underground, for the chitauri’s most valuable and dangerous.

It was dark in the cell, but Loki’s eyes were far accustomed to it now and he was able to gaze upon the woman from a distance. She was short, dark haired, and loud. Even so, Loki couldn’t help but notice the fullness of her lips or the bountiful curvature of her chest. He was struck from his gawking by imprudent slamming noises as the woman attempted to smack the door.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.” Loki muttered to her from the corner, fascinated by her presence. Whatever would some puny mortal do to get here?

The woman jumped back in shock, “Woah! They put me in here with a British guy! Are you from earth? I can’t see you by the way, assholes broke my glasses.”

Loki smiled at her obliviousness. Ah, how ignorant mortals were to all of Yggdrasil. “No, I am not of your miniscule realm. Now—”

“Are you from Asgard then? I mean, I think it might be a trend for you to call Midgardians all puny and stuff.” She interrupted thoughtfully.

Floored, Loki couldn’t help the question that escaped his lips, “How do you know of Asgard?” No mortal had ever known of the realms, that was the history of Midgard. Weak, short lived, and easily controlled.

The woman sighed, “Boy is it a long story. But I asked first, where you from mate?”

Confused by her language and her very presence, Loki answered cautiously. “I am of Asgard.”

“Cool!” she smiled broadly, looking off in some direction next to him and feeling her way around the walls. “Maybe you know this guy, his name is Thor? I mean, he’s like the crowned prince or something. But he’s kind of almost long distance relationshipning my best friend…so….yeah.”

Without forethought, which was very unlike Loki, he spurted, “You know my brother?”

She stopped in her tracks, squinting in his general direction in the dark. “What? Holy shit…are you Loki? Oh shit! You’re the crazy fucker that tried to kill us in New Mexico! I would so taze you right now if I could see your little destroyer sending ass.”

Loki simply could not believe his situation. This woman was a friend of Thor’s Midgardian lover? It made sense as to why she knew so much. But why was she here? “How did you come to be here, Midgardian?”

The short woman made a sound of disgust. “I’m starting to really hate the whole ‘midgardian’ thing. Call me Darcy. And you wanna know how I got here? Hm? Well, really, it’s all Thor’s fault. He went and got himself banished to Earth and then I tased him, he missed his hammer, beat up SHIELD, got drunk with Erik, kissed Jane, then left. Well let me tell you that must have been one
good god damned kiss because all Jane’s been doing for the past eight months is working on the god
damned bridge to get to Thor. And then we finished it and it wasn’t working so I played some song
and it started worked, then I got zapped here.”

So, eight months since the bifrost broke. It seemed like much longer. Loki was amazed a person
could go so long without air and still live. “Do you mean to say that a Midagardian created a lower
form of the bifrost?”

Darcy, as she called herself, nodded. “It was kind of the first time it was used, and it was on accident.
Now I’m here.”

Loki’s mind was finally coming to ease. So, this girl really had done nothing of significance. She
was a lowly assistant, sent here by accident. The chitauri probably wanted her as an example of
Midgaridan culture. She settled herself on the floor a good distance away from him. “So, Loki AKA
Guy-Who-Blows-Up-Small-Towns-for-nothing-God-of-Mischief, how did you get here? Also,
where is here? And How do I get back home? Because I need poptarts, this place probably only
serves worms.”

He chose his words carefully, deciding whether or not to entertain this mortal in conversation. She
seemed so fearless, relaxed even. Perhaps she was so ignorant to her situation that it hadn’t yet
moved through her brain. But somehow, Loki couldn’t bring himself to believe that was the case.
“We are in a world with no name. It is the home of the Chitauri who are not of Asgard or any realm
known. There is no way out of here.”

Darcy was silenced for all of two seconds. “Wait, what?”

Loki’s heart shook when he said the words again. “There is no way out.”

He heard her humph, almost in an annoyed fashion. “Well, dammit. I had so much life to live. I had
so many plans for that little intergalactic traveler. I was so going to use it to go and flirt with that
swashbuckling Asgardian friend of Thor’s. Maybe, like, bang all the hoes on Vanahiem. See how
big a Jotun’s dick is….all of it…gone!” she seemed more sarcastic than anything and Loki was
astonished, absolutely astounded both by her lack of disappointment and list of regrets.

Especially the last one.

Bewildered, humored, and even slightly aroused, Loki said nothing while his thoughts caught up
with him. She couldn’t possibly want to court Fandral, could she? Women like her were wasted on
the likes of him. He didn’t understand why anyone would want to bang anything with gardening
tools. Did Vanahiem even have hoes? And…why? Why would anyone want to know that about a
frost giant? They were horrible creatures, monsters and this loud mouthed woman wanted to….?

Her laugh filled the room. “Ah, yeah. Sorry about that, I forget to filter sometimes. But god dammit. I
don’t want to be a prisoner here. There is no way I am sucking Chiauri cock for, like, extra worms or
rocks or whatever they eat.”

Loki gapped. Her humor was so…forward, unfiltered. Quickly, he found his wits. “I doubt they
would accept such favors from a Midgardian.”

From across the room, he saw her mischievous smile. It was so odd to see on a simple mortals face
but so very well known to him. “So, if we can’t leave here, and we’re in prison, why are you here?
Did Thor push you off the bifrost when you tried to kill him?”

She spoke so lightly about his treachery, as if they were speaking of the weather. “Something like
“When are you going back?” Darcy asked, standing up again.

Loki pursed his lips bitterly at her mockery. “Did you not hear me before, mortal? We are here without help!”

She crossed her arms, pushing up what looked like the most delicious feast Loki had seen in a while. It had been a while since he’d taken a mortal lover, had it not? “Wait, you were serious about being pushed off the bifrost?”

“No.” Loki answered, slumped against the wall, recalling painful memories. “The bifrost was hammered off of Asgard, and I fell along with it, floating through space until these wretched creatures found me and dumped me here.”

Darcy looked genuinely sorry for him, emotions splayed so easily on her face. He hadn’t seen such plain sympathy from anyone in so long. Women in the court rarely expressed anything but astuteness or boredom. “I’m sorry. That must have been awful. But look on the bright side!”

Loki just stared at her. “Why are you sorry? You were not even there. And what bright side, it is darker than night in here.”

“It’s a Midgardian way of saying that I sympathize with you, bro. And, uh, the positive attributes of you falling off the edge of the bifrost is that you now have a groovy new roommate!”

Loki opened his mouth to retort the woman when a Chitauri guard burst through the door, grabbing Loki’s arm while another held Darcy back. She began yelling again.

“Hey, you overgrown cockroaches! I don’t care how fucked up you are, I want my taser back, assholes!”
Darcy was having a pretty messed up day by the time they removed Loki. Not only was she taken to a new land, but also given the opportunity to meet the guy who tried destroyed their New Mexican lab and kill her best friend’s boyfriend. The most disappointing part out of all of it was she couldn’t even see the guy well enough to know exactly where he was, let alone glare angrily his face.

Then she went and embarrassed herself with all that talk about Frost Giants.

Honestly, just from their short talk, Loki didn’t seem too bad, if not slightly prejudice towards earthlings. But now he was gone and Darcy was alone in their rock cell.

It was pretty spacious as far as cells went and there were two soft patches of some sort of plant on the ground, probably made for sleeping on. The walls were bumpy and streaks of purple glowed inside them. There could have been worse places.

A pang of regret sounded in her chest. It’s not like being the first Midgardian Woman Intergalactic Traveler wasn’t totally amazing, but she also didn’t want to spend the rest of her days cooped up in some cell, given years and years of bonding time with Loki.

Speak of the devil, Loki was probably hiding something.

He said there was no way out and he said they were there without help. Where the bifrost might be broken, Jane totally had her Einstein Rosen Bridge and it wasn’t like the Bifrost couldn’t be rebuilt, right? Plus the Chitauri probably had some secret way of getting off this purple rock.

Bored without a silvertongued God to bother, Darcy whipped out her Ipod and turned on some Shakira, just to keep things cultural.

“I can’t believe you lost Darcy.” Stark said for probably the millionth time in a row.

Jane was anxiously twitching around a table full of scattered pieces. “Well, maybe, if she hadn’t been dancing in front of the stupid path when it started opening, SHE WOULD BE HERE! She’s probably on Asgard attempting to ruin every Åsir for all Asgardian women ever. “

“How long has she been there?” Stark asked, casually turning pages in Jane’s journal. He’d been on his way over for a surprise visit when Jane called him, hardly able to form words when she told him it worked. And that Darcy was gone.

Jane picked up two wires that had molded together when the Bridge maker collapsed on itself. “About an hour.”

Tony shook his head, “Every Åsir there is officially ruined. She’s probably moving onto Vanir by now.”

The small scientist groaned. “It worked though! I must have had it calibrated to a certain frequency setting…”

Tony shook his head, “Well, we have plenty of time to get it up and running again. Are you positive Darcy’s on Asgard?”
Jane waved him off. “I had it aimed in that direction. If I missed she might be in Vanahiem. Either way, she’ll probably try to pedal herself off as some sort of foreign ambassador.”

“I don’t know,” Stark said after a couple of seconds, “It seems fishy. The nine realms all know about each other and Midgard’s like this tiny little Planet to them. I mean, if I were from one of those realms, I don’t know if I’d want some little ant marching in on my picnic.”

“What do you mean?” Jane asked, taking her journal back and scribbling in a few notes.

“I mean,” he picked up a couple pieces from Jane’s machine and fit them together, “She might be in danger, especially when she’s been spending so much time with SHIELD. I think she’s developed a spring in her arm that puts up the taser when she see something out of the ordinary. She flashed that thing at a bunny the last time I was here.”

Jane picked up her empty coffee mug, knowing Darcy would have filled it back up by now. She sighed. “Alright, I see what you mean. Let’s remake this thing.”

Stark patted her on the back, “That’s it, Foster! But the next time we get this thing started, promise me we can use Black Sabbath.”

*************************

“Speak fool!” hissed the Other, bashing the God of Mischief in the back with a long golden scepter. His knees buckled from the impact, but Loki stayed standing, as he had for each of their meetings. “And kneel as you are supposed to!”

Loki grimaced, daring the use of his silver, lashing, tongue. “Or what? You’ll kill me?”

The Other growled with rage, aiming a brutal thrust at the his leg. “I’ll make you long for death!”

His asgardian build was strong and where the hit might have disabled a Midgardian for life, Loki’s injury was now just a simple fracture. Still, he fought back groans of pain. “You’re doing a fabulous job.” Loki assured him.

The Chitauri had been in the dark so long, and resented so much that there means of negotiation had devolved into little more than torture. At least, when dealing with cast out princes of Asgard.

The Other drew his arm back to strike Loki again, but stopped, gazing down at the prince through the cloth that covered his eyes. Loki faced him, offering a painful grin, saying nothing.

“You have endurance for this, Asgardian. Perhaps you’re right. Perhaps I should switch my methods….” The Other rasped, stowing the sharpened weapon away.

Loki had been tempted to use magic, but the confinements of the Chitauri’s universe left him with no escape and no place to hide, magically or not. Fighting the Other was pointless due to that infernal scepter. It could sense his magic and responded to it vehemently, shooting out blasts of blue light aimed at his armored figure. He stuck to taunting. As childish as it was, it happened to be the best form of spiteful resistance Loki could offer without a painful death. “Are we going to try whipping next? Or possibly a flogging, just to add some diversity to this monotonous conference?”

Ignoring his victim, the Other paced circles around Loki, speaking in rough tones, “You are spiteful, Asgardian. You have been cast out, and are hungry or revenge. This much is obvious. The Chiauri know well of Asgard’s glory…and also their pride. We will give you an opportunity to wound them.”
Loki knew it was a ploy. He was the king of ploys. God of Mischief. However, being the God of Mischief meant he was rather drawn to any kind of devious behavior. “What sort of opportunity could the Chitauri offer me?” he jeered, staring forwards idly.

The Other smelled a minor victory and henceforth trusted more information to his mischievous captive. “The Chitauri have never been without a way into Yggdrasil. There is one way we can enter and that is through the tesseract. Midgard has recently unearthed it and we can finally begin our domination.” He ended in a hungry hiss.

Inwardly, Loki flinched. There were so many battles fought on, or over, Midgard; much like the war that had caused his …adoption. He considered his options. The first is he could go along with whatever scheme the Other had planned and most likely be double crossed by them and scorned further by all of Asgard. Or, he could pretend to go along with their scheme and possibly get out of the Chitauri hold with little more than a broken leg. Set on the second option, Loki whipped out his silver tongue. “It will never work.”

The Other turned on him most hatefully, “How do you mean?”

He shrugged his shoulders sincerely, ignoring the ache there. “Midgard has been fought over for years. Battles have made history there. Asgard feels very protective of the ignorant realm.”

Blood red lips came up excitedly. “But the Bifrost has been broken, thanks to you! Asgard will have no way to fight us!”

“But they will.”

“How?” The Other was truly playing Loki’s game with vigor.

Loki leaned forward on his good leg, whispering in earnest. “Look at your new captive! She is here from a Midgardian misfire!”

The cloaked creature shook his arms in confusion. “Midgard does not know of Asgard or how to use their own technology! She said so herself!”

Damn. “Are you really going to believe a little Midgardian? Obviously they know and if they have the tesseract, they know what’s happening. That girl does not know because she one of their lesser workers. She has no need to know, just as your warriors need not know of their battle till it is won.”

The other, entranced, nodded. “What do you propose, Asgardian?”

Loki didn’t hesitate. “Send me through the tesseract portal, it is too unstable from their side to run it yet. I will be able to get it functioning properly then let your army through. I will be more discreet on the planet because of my more…ah…humanoid appearance and they will be less willing to kill me. Mortals have an odd sense of morality.”

The other found himself enthusiastically agreeing with the former prince of Asgard, “Why should we trust you? The trickster!” he rasped.

Loki held up his hands, letting show the effort and pain it caused him. “As you can see, I’ve got no other choice.”

Relentless and suspicious, the Other narrowed his eyes and Loki made a rash decision. “I have a price…of course.”

“Your life.” The Other spat, but no longer looked distrustful of Loki’s offer.
“My life could end right now and you would fail to capture the mortals.” Loki testified, his tone light and feather-gentle. “I simply feel it my right, to be King of Midgard.”

“King?” The Other laughed, crackling waves of putrid sound traveled off into endless space. “Is this the sorry prince? The one who wanted to be king?”

“I was the rightful king of Asgard!” Loki shot back, rage powering him to get close to the Other. “Are we clear on our agreement?”

The Other chortled, “Of course, Asgardian. You will have your war on Midgard and in return, The Chitauri will have the tesseract and all of Yggdrasil!” he finished in his native tongue.

Two guards screeched with joy from behind, taking Loki by his sore arms and dragging him unceremoniously back to the cell he now shared with a woman whose planet he recently condemned to intergalactic war.

******************************

Darcy sat up in surprise when the guards opened her chamber door again to dump Loki inside. She couldn’t see him very well as all without her glasses, but she surmised from the limping and hunching composure that he was in a lot of pain. “Holy shit! Are you okay?”

Hurriedly, she rushed to his aid, kneeling beside him. God of Mischief made a sorry attempt to push her away. “Do not touch me, mortal—“

“Darcy.” She reminded him, ignoring the demand and feeling his head.

“What are you doing? Do not try any of your Midgardian healing methods on my injuries!” He protested, swatting her hand away.

Rolling her eyes, “I was only checking to see if your head was split open, sheesh. Next time, I’ll pretend I don’t care and go sit on a rock somewhere.”

Loki didn’t say anything to this, holding a steady hand over his leg. It glowed dark green, which shown like a beacon in their darkened cell, then died down. He did the same with his arms. Darcy couldn’t help herself, “Oh my God…you’re magical!”

“Are Midgardian’s still mystified by such things? Even when it was introduced to them so long ago?” he drawled half-heartedly, slumping against a wall.

“You know,” Darcy said, sitting down next to him, “You don’t have to be sour about everything.”

She still couldn’t see his face, but his tone suggested he was bemused. “Tell me, Darcy…”

“Lewis.”

“Darcy Lewis,” he said her name with more elegance than anyone on earth had ever bothered. “What do I have to not be ‘sour’ about?”

She thought for a moment. It was a fair question. “Well, how did your meeting go besides being beat up? Or was that it? Do you think they’re going to do that to me, because man, I do NOT want to be beat up. These guys probably don’t know what a kick to the mammary feels like, and I am not ready for Chitauri—“

“It was fine.” Loki interrupted, his voice far off. Darcy waited for him to finish his description. “The
Other will require your assistance. And I must ask you, Miss Darcy Lewis, to aid me in my methods to get off this rock."

She checked her Ipod, she’d only been gone three hours (if time was still the same on this wasteland planet) and she already had a way out. “I’m in. So what are we doing? Like spy moves? Because we totally need my taser back for tha—“

Something cold and metallic covered her mouth and wrapped around half her face, making any form of verbal communication impossible. Loki cleared his throat.

First, Darcy had it in mind to punch him for putting a metal gag on her. Then she thought about her unfiltered and compulsive mouth, then reminded herself that her roommate was the God of Mischief, “Darcy, it will require cooperation.”

Point taken, She thought. There was a need for discretion.

Loki seemed to understand her thinking. “Good. Now, let me ask you, do you trust me?”

Darcy raised an eyebrow. Did she trust him? God of Mischief and Lies. Sent a destroyer to kill New Mexico a while before. Charming voice and a really nice feeling forehead.

She nodded easily, making Loki sigh. His light fingertips drifted over her jaw, removing the gag. “You are a daft mortal.”
Chapter Summary

So...this is pretty gushy...and stuff. Enjoy.

“Loki?” Darcy whispered to the sleeping armored figure on the ground. “Yo, Sleeping Beauty.”

No response.

She had woken up after who knows how long with the desperate need to pee. Unfortunately, with no eyesight and little to no knowledge on Chitauri culture, she was left with a nearly stretched bladder. Timidly, Darcy poked Loki in what she thought were his ribs.

It was like she tased him. Instantly, the God of Mischief sat up, letting out a groan that sounded an awful lot like a growl. Instantly the room chilled, like walking into a freezer. “What are you doing, mortal!?”

Darcy squinted at him, trying to make out his blurry features. But she could hardly see his face, let alone any expression. But...his face...was it...blue? “Are you okay?” she asked beginning to shiver. “You ate the food didn’t you? You ate the prison food and now you’re blue! Oh god, okay we can fix it right?”

She began pacing around the room and feeling the floor. “yeah, there’s nothing here but rocks.”

Loki spoke softly, “Are you not frightened?”

“Of poison?” Darcy asked, picking up a medium sized rock. “No. I mean, I didn’t eat any.”

He took step back, but Darcy could still see the fuzzy blur of blue that was his skin. “Poison would not do this to me, Darcy Lewis.” Darcy tried to get closer so she could see what he was going on about. “What are you doing?”

She threw her hands up in dismay, “I, Mr. Blue and freezing, am trying to see your face.”

“You truly cannot see me?” Loki asked, surprise coloring his tone. “Are you truly unafraid?”

There was something in his voice that kept her from rolling her eyes. It was so sincere, so hesitant and...self-conscience, it made her feel sorry for him. Darcy threw the rock at where she thought the door was. “Don’t flatter yourself, Mischief. You’re not scary in the slightest. As for the sight, I can see you just not very well. Your head looks like a blurry blue blob.”

“Why do you see so poorly?” Loki inquired his voice losing its thick, emotional edge.

“Born this way, baby.” She gestured to herself proudly, keeping her legs tightly together. Man she had to pee.

Loki accepted that answer, and the blue blob slowly but surely became the pale white spot it had been before. “Why have you wakened me?”
Darcy felt her face flush. “Well, you see, I’ve got to go.”

“There is no exit, I’ve told you this.”

She shook her head. “No, I mean, I’ve got to use the bathroom.”

Loki sighed, his white head shaking back and forth. “Do they not have prisons on Midgard? We are not graced with a bath. Once a week they will take us—”

“I’ve got to pee! Relieve myself. Urination! Releasing the fluids! Use the Porcelain throne!” she urged.

“This cell does not have one.”

Darcy was getting ready to throw a tantrum and wet her pants when she noticed something off in Loki’s tone. It was too light, perhaps just too mocking. “You’re lying.”

She heard him sit down, “Am I? Chitauri have no need for such things.”

“Nope. I don’t care, there’s one here and you’re lying.” She protested, creating new moves to the potty dance that would impress a five year old.

Due to her lack of wonderful eyesight, Darcy could not see the smile on Loki’s face. But she could feel it. “I’m afraid, I am not.”

“Liar!” she groaned, looking for a way to irk him. “You know, on earth, this would be really kinky. You’re a kinky guy, I can tell. Anyone who wakes up blue is definitely kinky.”

“What are you referring to, Midgardian?” he asked carefully. Clearly he understood it was an insult if nothing else.

“Not important.” Darcy claimed, eyes watering from the effort. “But if you don’t tell me where the god damned toilet-like-utensil is, I’m going to squat, and piss in the floor right here, next to your sleeping space. You’ve got three seconds.”

“Mortal, I really have no idea what you are—”

“One.” She undid her jeans, half aware that she was undressing, if only partway, in front of a prisoner. Darcy made a point of not actually pulling down her pants.

Loki hastened his tone, “Really there is not one here.”

“Two.” There was no way she would actually piss in the floor, but if this is what it took to call Loki out on his bluff, she would do it.

“You wouldn’t really do this. You are subjected to live in this room as well. Why—”

She bent her knees. “Thr—”

“Fine! Stop! Mortal—” he protested.

“Mortal?” Darcy questioned innocently.

“Darcy Lewis, Ambassador of Midgard, Neverending Speaker of Mystification, whatever you wish to be called, desist!” it was sarcastic and witty, but at least he didn’t call her a mortal. She stood up and redid her pants.
Loki reluctantly led her to a wall with a groove in the stone and pulled it open. “Thank you, Loki.” Darcy said sweetly, rushing into the room and looking down into a rather questionable looking hole. It seemed to lead off into space.

Worth a shot. She thought to herself and bent into a squatting position, doing her business. A list of things Chitauri did not keep in their bathrooms: Toilet paper, sinks, showers, complimentary soap, conditioner, shampoo, and mirrors.

Relieved and unsatisfied, Darcy left the bathroom, stumbling around in the dark till Loki was slightly visible. “You suck.”

Bored sounding, Loki turned to her, “I do not understand. Your language is still so very strange. What exactly do I suck?”

Darcy rolled her eyes, “Dick.”

“I do not.” Loki protested, a cold edge pressing in his tone. He had a really nice voice. It was so smooth, like water or easy listening music.

“It’s a Midgardian thing. I don’t mean you actually suck dicks. It’s an insult.” She smirked in his general direction.

Loki’s dark chuckle filled the room. Just like his voice, it was melodic and alluring. “You were the one who volunteered relieving yourself on the floor.”

“Only because some asshole didn’t tell the half blind chick where the bathroom was!” She argued, feeling along the floor for her prison bed.

Loki was thoughtfully silent for a second. “Never the matter. We have a great deal to discuss before the Other requests your presence.”

Darcy nodded, accepting his seriousness. “Right, so—“

Loki interrupted, “Does the fact still stand that you trust me?”

Darcy snorted, “Sometimes. It depends on if I’m threatening to piss myself or not.”

“I’ll take that as a yes.” She turned to face the very close God. “You would have never done it.”

Shaking her head, Darcy tried to force a smirk and failed. He might be an asshole, she might not be able to see his face, but he was pretty sexy smelling. “Probably not.”

“Good, now, why don’t we sit down.” He suggested calmly, brushing his fingers across her forehead.

Loki was shocked. Never in Asgard would anyone have done anything this woman has. She woke him up, almost disrobed, and saw him in his Jotunn form. Well, she almost saw him in his Jotunn form. Silently he thanked the Chitauri for ruining this woman’s eyewear. She couldn’t see the detail of his face.

But her words about frost giants from the day before sounded in his ears. She was Midgardian. From what he knew, they were most prejudice amongst themselves for years. Lives were lost over no more than a skin color close to that of their own. So why was she accepting of blue skinned giants?
He put that out of his mind for now there was a more pressing matter of the war on Midgard. Darcy Lewis was the Other’s main source of information about Midgard. Getting her to tell him lies might save Midgard a lot of lives. Their room was being watched, any conversation about deceit would have them killed.

Upon touching her head, the woman collapsed and he felt her conscience shift towards his. They could not leave this cell, and casting any sort of illusion spell over the both of them was too much work for the amount of time he planned on devising their arrangement. He intended on spelling them into his consciousness. It was simple but required skill.

Setting the woman down on the ground, he quickly performed the spell on himself, allowing him to cast deeper into his own mind. Admittedly, he had never done it before.

“What the hell, Loki! You said there was no way out of the cell! And here we are! You could have just magicked us away like some young creepy Dumbledore! Where are we and why is it so dark?”

She was so talkative, and annoying. Fascinating, different, accepting, but annoying. “Hush mortal. We have not left the cell.”

Loki took in his surroundings. It was warm, comfortable, the smell of parchment and ink and Asgard springtime settled around him like a good friend. The air was so familiar to him, that even without looking he knew he was in the Palace’s Library. Back home it was his sanctuary. Loki wished there was light, so the mortal woman would stop ranting.

Suddenly there was light. The room illuminated, fixtures on the wall lit up and shinned like warm beacons. Tall windows exposing the Castle’s Gardens were draped in heavy green curtains. Though there were endless shelves of books, the focus of the room was a plush looking window seat, wide and long enough for three frost giants, and piled high with pillows and blankets. It was Loki’s favorite place on Asgard.

No one ever ventured that far back into the library and when he desired isolation, there he would have found it.

Most strangely, the woman was not speaking, or asking endless questions. He looked down at her. She was close, closer than he would have expected. From where she stood he could finally make out every detail in her face, straight from her blue eyes to her full lips he even dared a glance at her curvy body. For once those lips weren’t moving and she was staring, almost in amazement at him, like he was the most spectacular thing in the room.

“Do I have something on my face?” he asked lightly, hoping to trouble her out of that mindless stare.

Darcy blinked a couple times, “I can see clearly here.”

He was about to comment on their location when, unsurprisingly, she said something very peculiar. “I had no idea you were so….”

He took advantage of her speechlessness, “skilled? Godly? Helpful? Trustworthy?”

“Hot.”

Loki would have laughed if the compliment hadn’t been so unusual. Was it surprising that she would say something so forward? No. Not at all.

Nevertheless, it took Loki a whole second to recover from such an open praise. He was never partial to his appearance, and discovering his Jotunn side had not helped. “Midgardians have such strange
meanings for words.”

This broke Darcy’s gawk, an exasperated smirk took its place. “Yep. You just ruined it. I’m going to pretend that never happened. Where are we?”

She plopped down on the vast window seat. Loki couldn’t help denying her request. “I think you’ll find,” he sat next to her, “That I am the opposite of hot.”

Darcy threw her body down on the pillows. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. Where are we?”

Resigning, Loki crossed his legs. “We are in my mind”

“Your mind?”

“Indeed.”

“If I kick the wall, will you get a headache?” She asked, seemingly nonplussed about their location.

Loki gave her a scornful look, “Let’s not try. We need to discuss your story with the Other. He will notice if our information differs and also if we speak very much in confidence.”

Darcy rolled over on her stomach, shoving her hands under a pillow. “Hm, okay. Well, what does he want to know? It seemed like he was pretty anxious for information on Midgard, but I only figured it was because I was from Midgard.”

“Almost.” Loki confirmed, “The Chitauri have only one way in and out of this land. The Tesseract. It’s valuable, cubically shaped, and Earth has been working with it. They’ve done enough to draw the attention of the Chitauri. Thanos, their leader has—“

“Wait.” Darcy interrupted, “I thought Mr. Blindfold-Red-Lips was the leader?”

Loki shook his head, “That is the Other, Thanos’ general. He does much of his Sire’s bidding and is gathering an army to invade Midgard.”

She sat up so fast, Loki was forced to give her space. “No fucking way”

“What did you expect?” Loki mocked, generally irritated with this mortal in her ignorance, “Honestly, you—“

“I am the alien on this God Damned Planet of Doom! Shit, I am supposed to be slaying these things with lasers and…stuff.” She stopped to breathe, “We should lie to them. Tell them that Midgard is some weak and puny planet with, like, no nukes or anything!”

He openly displayed his amusement, “Midgard is very weak.”

“Not really. Have you ever been hit by a nuke?” Darcy rubbed her chin, “I guess its strong and enduring government structures, overall agreement on anything, and capabilities to cooperate with each other is lacking. But humans are pretty passionate. Especially when it comes to independence and not being ruled by aliens.”

Loki knit his brow. “Midgard fights amongst itself every day. They are almost constantly at war. Lacking is an understatement. There is no way an army of your mortal humans could take on—“

Loki was fascinated, intrigued. He questioned her, relentlessly over Midgardian war, history, and politics. She knew very much about all of them. It was the first time he ever had a formal conversation with her and he beginning to think she was quite intelligent….very intelligent. She was even moderately well versed in astrophysics from being an assist to her friend.

“Do most Midgardians know all of this?” he asked after she finished telling him about a group of revolutions that happened in 1848.

Darcy tapped her chin, “I suppose many do know. I don’t know. I mean, I’m majoring in political science, so I guess it’s handy for The Other if he’s looking for an informant.”

Loki nodded thoughtfully. “Yes, your education will prove you a valid source.”

She stood up, stretching her limbs, the hem of her fleece lifting to reveal a soft bit of skin near her navel. It looked so incredibly delicious; it was difficult to push the idea of kissing that spot out of his head. Loki considered the last time he’d taken a Midgardian lover. It must have been at least two hundred years ago.

His thoughts were interrupted by Darcy’s voice. “You know, this whole invasion thing would be a lot better handled if we were the one’s invading. I mean, the Other wants to take over the universe right? The more time he spends in Midgard, the more he knows about it. If we could just keep the Chitauri out for a while…."

He was now very much sure that this woman was smarter than the rest of midgard combined. “Allow me to tell you of my meeting with the Other yesterday. At first, he intended to just blast a fleet of Chitauri through the portal and take Midgard from every spontaneous opening the tesseract offers. However, I’ve convinced him that I wish to take Midgard, the weakest of the nine realms, as mine. In return for my assistance in defeating Midgard and information of the rest of the Nine Realms, they will grant me rule over Earth.”

Darcy’s eyes widened, “What? No. Fuck you! You can’t rule Earth! I just spent, like, an hour telling you about the fall of Aristocratic power in just about every single country. How thick are you?”

“Did I not already tell you that you are quite daft?” he asked the petulant human, “I do not want your realm as my own. If anything I crave solitude on a lone planet far away from any realm.”

“Well we’re on a pretty nice rock, you know, outside your brain.”

“Indeed.” He said bitterly, “Perhaps I will inhabit this after Earth has defeated the Chitauri.”

She fell back down on the bench, laying next to him. “Well, I suppose I give you permission to invade my world.”

They sat in silence for a few more seconds, Darcy rolling over and burying her head under one of the pillows. Her muffled voice kept going, “Why are you so bitter Loki? I mean, Thor always talked about you like you were the best thing ever. He has a ton of stories by the way. I had one breakfast with the guy and I already know about the time you fell off your horse while hunting Bligesnipe.”

Loki’s cheeks flushed at the memory. “It’s good to know my br… the King of Asgard is spreading stories of my childhood around the Nine realms.”

Darcy ignored him, coming up from the pillows with a wide, thick, green covered book with a name in gold script elegantly written across the cover. “Loki.” She read aloud. “You have a book about yourself?”

She finished, looking to him for confirmation. Loki almost laughed. It was his life, in a book. “It’s merely the story of my life.”

Immediately, the ridiculous mortal began humming some odd tune and giggling. “Can I read your life?”

Mesmerized by her humming, Loki almost agreed. Then it struck him. She did not yet know of his true nature, or all of the lies he’s told, surly she does not need to know them. Hastily, he snatched the book back. “No.”

She held up her hands. “Sorry! I Get it. I totally understand. If we ever go into my brain….well…I guess I can understand why you wouldn’t want someone knowing things about you. I mean ‘Love/Romance’ right next to ‘skills’? Are you trying to convince yourself of something, God of Mischief?”

Catching on, Loki set the book down, “No Mortal, I believe if you read the ‘Love/Romance’ section of my life you will find I have proved myself many times over to people who have convinced me with nothing more than my name, moaned over and over.”

“Huh, well, only one way to find out.” Darcy, pink in the cheeks (but otherwise unfazed) reached across his lap for the book.

Loki pushed her shoulders back, “I guarantee, there is more than one way to find out.”

She reddened further, a coy smile playing on her lips. “They don’t call you silvertongue for nothing.” Her fingers reached up to push a lock of dark hair behind his ear, and Loki rejoiced at having her at his will so quickly. His victory was short lived as she reached around his neck, catching him off guard and pulling him down to the pillows so she could lay across his body in attempt to reach the book.

It wasn’t the kind of fight he was used to. Fighting with Thor or the Warrior Three was like begging for a bloodied nose, bruised ribs and perhaps a broken bone where Thor hit him with Mjolnir. But this mortal only pushed him down, pinning him to the seat with her knee. “I would watch who you pick fights with mortal.” He growled as she reached across him for the book.

“I’m fine. I think you’re the one who needs to watch it!” she taunted as he wrapped a leg around her body, bringing her weak mortal frame to a halt.

“Really?” he drawled, pulling her back with his arms, making her giggle again. He quickly decided it was one of his favorite sounds.

“Totally.” She said, turning to him and sitting on his abdomen. Loki had never seen such behavior of a woman before. No well respected Asgardian lady would sit in such a way on a man she barely knew, let alone a banished Jotunn disguised as an Aesir.

However Darcy’s mind did not seem to travel that path, bringing her hands down his sides, wiggling her fingers on his ribcage. He jumped at the contact. “What are you doing?”

She giggled and brought her other arm down to worm her fingers over his sides. Unwilling laughter escaped him, “Mortal! Stop this!”
He quickly grabbed her hands, pinning them above her head. “You’re ticklish! That’s hilarious!”

Loki shook his head, “What are you rambling on now, mortal?”

“I tickled you. You’re ticklish. You’re all dark and mysterious and ticklish.” She read the confusion on your face, “Come on, your parents never tickled you before?”

“Why any parent would partake in such activities is absurd.” He commented letting her go. “It was most unpleasant.”

“But fun.” Darcy injected, reaching for the book again. This time he let her take it, knowing she wouldn’t open it.

She didn’t. They went to talk about other things, slowly working through their story to tell the Other. They should plan the attack on New York since Darcy insisted every bad guy/super hero fight happened there. “That’s ridiculous Darcy, aren’t you trying to save lives?”

“Yes.” Darcy told him, “Which is why New York is the better option. We cannot have them killing America’s government leaders. New York is one of those places where it’s a big city but not a lot of political happenings take place. It’s like if I were to invade Asgard, I would go straight for the biggest baddest looking tower and bomb it. That’s your castle. BUT, Midgard has a lot of those cities. New York is populated enough so that it looks like there could be government officials there waiting to be killed, yet void of actual political leaders…for the most part.”

Loki considered this, eventually agreeing, watching her fingers trace the outside of his book. The itch to read it was strong; he could feel she desperately wanted to know. It was strange. She was inside his mind so every little vague emotion that crossed her mind, crossed his. Of course he had to think about it, but if he tried, he could feel wonder, curiosity, excitement, sadness, remorse, though no fear. A part of him wanted her to open the book, to read about him being a Frost Giant. He wanted to know how she felt about them, about him. Would it change anything? She was the first human, first person to treat him as an equal.

Thor let his arrogance cloud the way he thought about most everything, including Loki. Odin always favored his first son. Frigga, his mother, seemed to be the only one who understood anything about him. But even she was forced to comply with Odin’s attitudes about Loki’s devious ways.

Darcy leaned on him, breathing deeply. “I’m going to miss this.”

“What?” Loki asked, warmed by her casual contact. He shook the idea from his head. All day there had been nothing but Darcy inside of it. She was only a mortal. A mortal he had known for less than a week and here he was, charmed by her strange habits and mannerisms.

“Your mind.” She looked around the shelves. Loki was pretty sure they were only filled with blank books as he did not remember entire texts as a whole.

His heart did something funny as she said this. “Is it ‘hot’?” he asked, bringing up their earlier conversation.

Darcy yawned loudly, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”
The Other stared intently at the short Migardian woman in front of him.

“You see Mr. The Other, I’ve got some conditions.” She told him with an air of confidence most outsiders did not take on in his presence.

“What? We are allowing you to live, Mortal, consider that your recompense.” He growled at her.

She checked her nails, “Well, no. You see, you can kill me if you want to. But you won’t. Because you need information on Midgard. I’m also a pretty crafty piece of leverage.”

The Other growled, “You are not as dispensable as you believe.”

“Maybe not.” Darcy said, trying to keep her cool. She knew her position was held in a balance, but if she bluffed enough, met and exceeded their weak Midgardian expectations, she might be able to save the world. “But I do have a very high form of education in the political, technological, and cultural history of Midgard. Also, I don’t want to die.”

Something like a cruel, gruesome red smile spread on the Other’s face. Darcy liked to believe he had just drank five wild cherry slushies instead of…well…whatever he had been eating instead. “I see, so the weakness of mortals is as deep as they say. One woman, willing to sell out her own world to save her own short pathetic life.”

She fought the temptation to roll her eyes. Who the hell made up these stories about Earth anyways? “Yeaaaaah, right. So, because I’m such a selfish mortal, I would really appreciate it if I had a room with a proper toilet, maybe a mirror, a toothbrush, a shower, some soap, and food that isn’t those nasty ass grubs you sent me this morning.”

After she and Loki had returned from the depths of his mind, they found someone had shoved food into their room. Darcy was right in assuming she would be fed worms. Big, slimy, thick larva were sprawled out on some sort of tray. Both inmates refused the lovely dish, Loki reminding her that it would probably poison her as the Chitauri survived off of substances dangerously acidic to humans and Asgardians alike.

The Other frowned, “Why should I do this? You wish for better accommodations for yourself—“

“And my mistress.” Darcy cut in.

She couldn’t see anything in the Other’s face except the red smudge that she figured was his mouth, gaping wide open. Really, Darcy had no idea what had been going through her mind. Loki? Her mistress? What? She came up with an explanation on the spot, “Right, well, you see, Loki is my Male Mistress. Lover. Yes, that is exactly the word I’m looking for. And…uh…yeah.”

The Other seemed at loss for words at the mortal’s rambling. She continued to spout bullshit justifications. “Well, he invaded Midgard a while ago with a destroyer. He had a fight with his brother and they took it out on some poor little town in New Mexico. I was there and while he and Mr. Blonde-Tall-Beautiful were in the midst of some battle…we…uh….hooked up. And…yeah.”

The Other found his scratchy voice. “We were unaware such relations existed between our
Darcy shrugged, “Well, I suppose I am a rather good catch. Just saying, you should totally give him a room too, I like to look out for my things.” She mentally kicked herself. Loki was either going to laugh, or never speak with her again.

The Other stayed motionless. “You expect us to believe that you are his—“

“He is my…”

“He is your…lover?” The Other corrected himself.

Darcy nodded, “Yep. So two rooms would be complimentary, thank you. Also please do not forget the conditioner. I’ve got some serious split ends…”

“You are in the Chitauri’s domain!” the general found his domineering control, “You have no power here.”

Darcy crossed her arms, feeling the weight of hunger on her body. “Oh yeah? I could stay silent. It would be so awesome, I could stay silent and you would do whatever and I wouldn’t talk.”

“You doubt the Chitauri mortal!? You think you know pain? I’ll make you long for something as sweet as pain!” he threatened, a long golden scepter appearing in his hand.

Darcy stared crossly at his face. Nope. Not going to talk. He wouldn’t actually whap her with that stick, right?

Just as she thought it, the blunt end of the weapon came down on her shoulder, making her jump back in pain. “What the fuck! What the hell are you doing?! I swear, if this is how you treat your ambassadors’, Earth is going to give you one helluva—“

The side of the rod hit her in the head. Struggling to get her bearings, Darcy fell to her knees, searching for the Other’s face. She couldn’t see well and the recent blow had jostled her brains enough to make the world double.

“Are you ready to give in mortal? Tell me what I wish to know!” The other brought back the scepter and struck her across the opposite shoulder.

Darcy bit her tongue to keep from screaming. “Fuck you…” she slurred, disoriented and concussed. “Complimentary shampoo, then we can talk.”

A cold, hard kick aimed at her back sent the short Midgardian to the ground. “You refuse to tell me what I want? Allow us to test your strength, Midgardian. Show us how weak and volatile your race truly is!”

A kick in the ribs here, a bash with the scepter there, perhaps some ungodly use of torture Darcy suspected had to be magic. As if the pain from being beat around wasn’t bad enough, her torturer kept adding scorching sensations to every inch of her body.

It was not pain. Pain would have been welcomed…sweet even. But whatever the Other was using, it was much worse. It brought back bitter…horrid memories. Things from her childhood she’d long since forgotten, tragic deaths, worst fears, even some nasty break ups made the list.

Through all of it, Darcy never gave in.
Who was he to call her race weak and puny? She forgot about making Midgard look weak, she forgot about Loki and their plan, she even forgot where she was. It didn’t matter so long as it meant this asshole with a fancy glowstick started respecting her god damned race.

A fresh surge of that...suffer...wrought her body, curling deep into her mind. Everything inside her throbbed, begging for the torture to subside.

Slowly, Darcy began to feel less and less. First her sight, not that it had been very useful anyways, began fading out. Everything she saw was white hot with agony. After minutes, maybe hours, or days, of waiting, nothing had a scent. She could no longer smell the rocks her face had become so well aquatinted with. Soon, she could not taste the blood in her mouth. Finally, she no longer felt the pain.

Just when Darcy began to give in, to grant the Other the satisfaction of her disheartened death, he spoke smooth words. “Perhaps, I have misjudged you, Midgardian. You shall have your requests.”

Darcy didn’t even have time to curse at him before her mouth went slack and she could no longer hear the screeching of the Chitauri over her body.

A cool tingling sensation skimmed at Darcy’s belly, sending comforting tendrils all through her body. It was pleasant.

She was at home, in bed with someone. She must have convinced Jane to part with science for a few hours, gone to the local bar and found a strong New Mexican bloke to entertain her for a night. Whoever they were, they had some nice hands. She meant to bat their hand away, but she found her arm rather heavy. She tried again, more forcefully, a sharp pain shot through her shoulder.

Memories of the past few hours hit Darcy like a sack of bricks, “Shit!” her eyes shot open and she immediately tried to sit up.

A strong, gentle hand pushed her back down. “Stop that, mortal. You are almost dead as it is. Please do not make it any worse.”

Darcy carefully and painfully brought a hand up to rub her eyes. “Loki?” she looked around the room. They were no longer in a rocky cell. The walls were still stone, but smooth; the glittery purple insides shining like gems. From the ceiling hung a fixture that Darcy assumed was a Chitaurian chandelier. She lay upon the squishiest bed in history, the blankets smooth and soft, but not any kind of material she was familiar with. No matter, it was an improvement over rock floors.

Her gaze shifted to the God at her bedside; his brow crinkled and mouth a firm line that still managed to reprimand her. “What were you thinking?” his hands rested on her lower belly, sending the same warm sensation through her skin and up her spine. “The guards that brought you here said you refused to tell the Other anything unless he gave you a proper room?!”

Darcy flinched at his tone. Never had she seen him so...brash. “Well...he didn’t kill me. And I proved my strength. It’s not like he’s going to take advantage of me or anything.”

Loki’s healing hands stopped moving, focusing the warmth just over her navel. “Didn’t kill you? You were as good as dead! I’ve only just repaired your spine, and mind you it is not easy to connect vertebra and reconnect nerve endings for daft mortals who trade their lives for bathing chambers!”

Darcy pursed her lips. Honestly, she felt she was doing a lot more than being indignant for a room. She was trying to prove to these stupid worlds that humans weren’t some pathetic bits of useless
protein. They had strength and resilience and they got what they wanted, no matter how many times you beat them down. She was about to explain this to Loki when his palms sent something like an electric shock through her system.

“What the fuck!?”

He grimaced, “Your spinal functions should return to normal in the next five minutes. Now let me look at your head.”

She set her head back on the pillows, feeling her body throb. “My brain hurts.”

Loki said nothing, eyes focused on her cranium.

“Why are you fixing me?” Darcy asked, looking up into his green eyes.

His lips nearly disappeared due to how tight he was holding them shut. “This is difficult enough without your incessant talking.”

She glared at him through heavy lids. He surely was annoying when he wanted to be. But he was good with his hands; tracing light circles over her face and neck, slowly repairing the damage done by the Other’s scepter. She could feel her injuries being healed, cool relief flooding through her body.

“Thank you, Loki.” She sighed, relaxing on the pillows of her bed.

Loki sat next to her, upright and very stiff. She almost laughed at how proper he was. Stuck in a weird realm under the control of strange beings that ate larva, Loki Odinson still managed to sit like a king. “So, I suppose the secret is out now?”

“What?” Darcy asked, having been marveling at his face without paying so much as inkling to what he was saying. Annoying and confusingly mysterious as the God of Mischief was, he was sooo hot.

“Of our…relationship as lovers….” Loki drawled so casually, they could have actually been lovers.

Blood flushed her cheeks and ears. “Ahh, yeah…heh heh, well, I figured it would be better to go for a fuck in a bed than on a prison floor…am I right?”

Damn. That wasn’t well put at all.

Daring to meet the God’s face, Darcy rolled over on her side, peering up at him through heavy eyelashes.

His expression was unreadable. “Yes, Darcy, you’re right.” He turned a very cool glance to her face, “I would much rather fuck here than in a cell.”

If she was red before, she was on fire now. Did Mr. Cold and Mysterious just use the words ‘fuck’ and ‘Darcy’ in the same sentence? Undeniable arousal stirred inside her. Shit, he was so…Loki.

“But perhaps,” he continued, keeping hold of that cold gaze, “not now. You need rest. Your body will heal with the help of my magic. Sleep, Darcy Lewis.”

Unable to form coherent words, she mumbled something about being a grown up and making her own bedtime while he pulled up the strange but warm blankets around her healing body.

************************************
“What do you mean it isn’t working?!” Coulson asked, pacing the room a cup of coffee in hand.

Fury had him making extra trips to New Mexico to check up on Jane’s project, but the girl was having a difficult time getting the device together again, even with the help of Tony Stark, who had temporarily moved into her lab.

Jane stood next to a cubically shaped device with metal panels and a lens on the front, she was messing around with a couple of wires. She looked more exhausted than ever and she was on her fifth cup of coffee that morning. “I don’t know!” she threw down the wires, “Darcy was here and… ugh you know how she is! I didn’t expect it to do anything that night so I might have skipped out on some super important notes!”

Coulson set down his coffee. It was hard to admit, but he had become rather fond of Darcy Lewis. She was more relaxed than everyone at SHIELD, and far more free. She knew how to joke around but still looked after her friend and helped with developing research. Coulson admired her in a way, so much that he had taken to showing her how to properly handle a taser. “What exactly do you remember?”

Jane’s lips pinched together, “I slammed my hand on it…and then she played starships.”

Stark laughed, coming down the hall from the bathroom. “I still can’t believe that’s what set it off, of all things…”

The Agent sipped from his cup, “Yes. But now we need to replicate that. Have you tried doing that again?”

Tony Stark burst into a fit of mirthful laughter and Jane let her head collapse on the machine. “Of course! I’ve hit a dead end! Space is not consistent! This is not the Bifrost. It’s not big enough to make up for certain things, like the position of three stars in reference to the bridge or the alignment of Jupiter and Saturn or whatever! Really, there could have been several factors last night that let Darcy teleport. Me hitting the machine and Nicki Minaj probably had very little to do with it.”

Coulson sighed. “As if we didn’t have enough troubles with foreign politics. She’s probably started three wars already.”

He took in the scene. Both scientists looked beat and he was there making it worse. Jane looked like she could use five pop tarts and a hot shower.

“Well, both of you rest up, take showers, eat, then get back to work. I’ve got a meeting with Fury in a couple of hours, I’ll tell him that no further progress has been made.” Coulson said coldly, finishing his coffee and setting the mug on a littered counter.

Loki stared down at the mortal curled up at his side. He wanted to hate her.

No one would ever dare say that Loki, Prince of Asgard, was their ‘Male Mistress’. No one would ever be dumb enough to risk getting themselves beat to death for a room. No one would make such brash and open suggestions to him, even under the pretense of a lie. No one, except Darcy Lewis.

Sighing, he stroked her long hair, feeling it’s silkiness between his fingers. The action seemed so natural, so right. It was never something he felt compelled to do before.

As a Prince, he had a fair bunch of lovers in his time, but this small action never occurred to him. The feel of her was comforting, offering an assurance he hadn’t had since before Thor’s coronation.
She was there. She had gone through the trouble to make sure he had a room, even though he had offered her nothing. It was a kindness.

It only seemed right that afterwards he should fix her wounds. All of them had shown to be nearly fatal. By the looks of it, the Other had sparred nothing, battering her body with utter madness. In the months Loki had been a prisoner, never had he been beaten so badly. This woman must truly be bothersome to the Chitauri.

Still, he felt like he owed this mortal something more.

She had not simply allowed herself to be beaten for better living quarters. He knew this. She let the Other torture her, both mentally and physically. He knew what that pain was like, and why anyone would put up with it for any longer than necessary was beyond him. It was like having your hatred, your worst moments, your saddest hours spat back at you one right after the other. Yet, Darcy Lewis had sat through nearly six hours of it. Why? He wasn’t sure. But it had to be for a better reason than getting a room.

As lightly as possible, he traced his fingers over temples, deciding how to fashion the optical utensils around the mortal’s face. He had seen them on people during his short trips to Earth. On Asgard, if a child was born with sight problems, they were cured by the healers before it could get worse. Loki was not familiar with their spells, so he made due with the morphed glass he magicked onto her face.

He looked down at the mortal as she snuggled her face on his side, her fingers resting over his chest, on top of his armor.

Magically, he switched outfits, letting his armor melt into a comfortable green tunic and pants. It had been almost a year since he’d felt safe enough to remove his protective gear. Floating around in dead space was far from a comforting environment and if he did not wear armor in the presence of the Other, he was sure to take one unfortunate blow from that damned scepter. Safety was a high concern, to say the least. Wearing his armor all the time just seemed reasonable.

Yet, despite his location, in this silly mortal girl’s arms, he felt invincible.

Chapter End Notes

So yeah....Got some good stuff going on here.
Lot's of cool stuff coming up.
I probably say that every time I post a new chapter, but it's only because of the insane amounts of cool stuff, I promise.
Hiemdall was pondering Yggdrasil. Construction had recently begun for the new bifrost, meaning his outlook position had changed to a lofty balcony of the palace. It was not as secluded as his previous position and often times he felt himself distracted by the passing gossips of the ladies or taunts of the men.

However, today he had been caught up in the life of a mortal.

Unlike most Asgardians that thought humans similar to a vermin of sorts, he found them rather fascinating. So much of their time was spent dedicated to artistic culture and education. Many spent most of their lives trying to accomplish what Asgardians refered to as magic. Scientists like Jane Foster never lost hope.

But there were others, much like the being he had focused his attention on. A scientist residing in India, far off from the western culture he was born into. He was odd, always keeping his head low, helping sick people for far less than deserved for his efforts.

But Heimdall saw more than that. This man was bitter and angry all the time. Though he never once slipped, never gave anyone an inkling of suspicion as to how hateful he really was. It reminded the Guardian of a certain green monster that had once torn apart a great Midgardian city and wondered vaguely if they could be the same person.

“Darcy.”

She groaned loudly, pulling a blanket over her head. “No science.” She mumbled, trying to fall back asleep. “I don’t care…sexy boyfriend….other fish in the sea.”

An exasperated sigh met her unwilling ears. “I am not Thor’s mortal. If you would kindly stop making incoherent demands….”

Darcy sat bolt right up, looking amazed at Loki. The sight almost took her breath away. Mornings suited him well. For once his green and gold armor was gone, replaced with simple black pants and green tunic. His hair was no longer sleeked back, but was tousled and long, tucked behind his ears. Even better yet, their bodies were curled together; Darcy’s leg wrapped almost intimately around his.

And his smell. It took every bit of Darcy willpower to not inhale deeply through the nose and fly away. Words could never describe the intoxicating scent radiating off of Loki. It was like sun, wintergreen mints, and…sexy man.

She was brought back from her ogling by a circular wet spot on the side of his green shirt where she’d drooled on him.

Very attractive, Lewis. She scorned herself, sitting up and facing the God of Mischief with all of her morning stupor. “What?”

Loki gestured an airy hand to the foot of the bed where a decorative thick metal plate was stacked with…food.

“Are those eggs?” Darcy asked, sitting up, her stomach reminding her it had been over a day since her last meal. She was famished.
Loki handed her a fork and knife. “Well, the Chitauri don’t have chickens here, but when they gave us more suitable concoctions to eat, I was able to cast a few spells to turn it into more manageable sustenance.”

Darcy wasn’t paying attention, swallowing half of a fried egg in one bite. “You’re incredible.”

“You should swallow your food before speaking.” Loki reminded her, but his heart wasn’t into it, moving closer to the tray to eat his portion.

After four eggs, two pieces of toast, a glass of juice, and one bite of meat Loki called Bilgesnipe flank, Darcy decided she was too full to continue eating. Loki however managed to eat everything but the plates. Seven pieces of toast, six eggs, all of the Bilgesnipe flank, and the remaining picture of juice were devoured, being sucked into the slim, toned, vacuum that was Loki Odinson.

“It’s rude to stare at someone while they’re eating.” He pointed out while Darcy lay on her back, watching the way his mouth moved when he ate food from his fork, and imagining what other things that mouth could do.

She grunted, not bothering with words, staring about the room. The walls were even more glittery and spectacular than she’d imagined, and the ceiling was higher. It took a moment before she noticed the glasses on her face. Hurriedly, she took them off.

Rectangular like her glasses at home, there were rimless, with black sides, and a green bridge across the nose.

“Loki?” She questioned holding up the new glasses. “Did you make these?”

He did not look up from his bilgesnipe. “Perhaps.”

Darcy couldn’t help the affection that seeped into her tone. “You didn’t have to.”

A small, sentimental silence passed between them. Loki lifted his pretty green eyes to meet her blue ones. They were wide and open, ready for any emotion that hit them. The moment passed, and Loki looked sternly at her glasses. “Yes, well you kept up that ridiculous complaining about being blind. Possibly with these, you will be able to see how damaging a scepter is.”

Smirking, Darcy couldn’t help but be a little disappointed. Way to ruin the moment, Loki “Well, thanks anyways, Asshat.”

She stood up, almost losing her balance as the blood rushed from her head. Strong hands steadied her, tenderly supporting her back. “Tread carefully, mortal. Your wounds are not yet healed.”

Darcy looked around the room curiously. “I’m sorry? Who are you talking to, Loki? I don’t think anyone here is named ‘mortal’.”

He let her go, sitting back down on the bed, “Dearest Darcy Lewis, senseless receiver of injury, be careful or I will not heal you again when you crack open your skull.”

Snarky, satirical, rude…it was probably the best she was going to get. “Ugh, fine. Where’s the bathroom? I need to wash all of this ridiculous dirt and dust off of me. And find a mirror, because I probably look gross. Like, nasty. Do I have blood in my hair?”

Loki just stared at her, “Why is that important? Looking nice? You are abandoned, on this strange land with the Chitauri. They do not care of how you look. It wouldn’t be advantageous for you to worry over it.”
Darcy’s cheeks warmed with a blush. Had he forgotten that he was some sexy, hot, undeniably attractive God of Mischief? “Uh, it doesn’t hurt to not look bad.”

Good. Words. She had those. And she used them, so…there. Loki shook his head, “You were right about that wash. Go bathe. If the Other wanted you dead, he would not have sent you directly to me. He will know you are still recovering and will not send for you today.”

“Awesome.” Darcy said without much joy.

Now that she could see, it was easy to find the groove in the stone wall that led to a very grey room.

Darcy would have said it looked like an industrial plant before it looked like a bathroom. In one corner there was a strange pedestal that looked too tall for anyone to sit on. Upon approaching it, Darcy peered into its depths to find the same empty, glittering space she’d seen in the hole in their prison cell.

Okay. So the Chitauri did business standing up, that’s cool. She stared at the rocky column. Was she supposed to stand on it…or could she climb it and squat?

Her stomach gave an unruly turn. Okay, squatting it was. Ascending the rocky structure was easy, but squatting on it…well, she just hoped and prayed Loki wouldn’t walk in.

On the opposite wall there was a strange sort of purple gooey blob, stuck to the wall. Darcy approached it, and cautiously poked it with her toe.

Nothing.

She bent down and tried with her finger, gently prodding the sticky surface. Her index finger sunk through the strange structure. Curiously, she wiggled her finger inside, pulling it out with a sucking sound. Immediately after, lumps of light green goop fell from the ceiling, coating the top of her head.

“What the…” Darcy scooped a handful off her head. It looked like toothpaste and was the same consistency. Only, it wasn’t minty. It smelled clean, though. This was obviously the shower/bathing unit. But how the hell was it supposed to work.

Her first thought with this ridiculous goo should have been to figure out how to bathe in it. But all that came to mind was how awesome it would be if she played a prank on Jane with the stuff.

Jane always hated Darcy’s pranks.

Lucky for Jane, Darcy was stuck on some lone, desolate rock with only unfriendly guards and the God of Mischief…

A smile played on Darcy’s lips. Could she do this?

Stepping lightly to the stone door, Darcy shoved it open. “Hey Loki?”

He was laying back on the bed, breakfast dishes gone, and a look of disdain on his face. It became unreadable the moment she called his name. “What is it now?”

She smirked. This was totally a possible thing. “Can you come look at this for a second? I seriously have no idea how these showers work.”

Sighing, Loki stood up. He was still in his sleep clothes, hair tousled and beautiful. He was too handsome to be so ridiculously annoying. She led him to the large gaping space she thought was the
cleaning unit.

His eyebrows knotted. “I am not familiar with this.”

Kneeling down next to the glob, Loki probed it with his index finger as well, and Darcy jumped out of the way just in time for him to be buried in a monstrous amount of green goo.

Doubled over laughing, trying to come up with a decent tease, Darcy silently hoped he wouldn’t hate her forever. Recovering from her fun, she wiped a tear from her eye and faced a very sour Loki.

“Oh come on.” Darcy giggled, poking him in the side. “You’re the God of Mischief. Consider this, like, a tribute or something. I totally got you.”

Loki did not seem humored. He wiped a hand across his pasty brow, stepping closer to her. “Usually, tributes are paid in much different ways.”

Oh Shit. Even covered in Alien Toothpaste he was sexy, towering over her like a god damned sex god. Maybe he was. Maybe that silvertongue thing had a lot of different meanings. Darcy found herself reddening in the face, either from embarrassment or the sudden waterfall in her panties. “I thought this was pretty good, actually.”

“Hmm.” He stepped towards her again, forcing her to take another step back, making her heel bump the goo ball again and dousing herself in green goop.

Swabbing it out of her eyes, Darcy swore. “Aw, you suck! There, that’s payback for you!”

Loki’s eyes glinted with an excitement Darcy had never seen in him before. It was like she’d ignited a green fire in the middle of winter. “Oh, I do not think it is recompense enough, mortal. You cannot fool the God of Mischief without losing more than you stole.”

“So you admit I got you!” Darcy exclaimed, pleased that the goo had mostly gotten on her back and not her front.

“No.” he frowned, adorning a face that looked so incredibly sad, Darcy dropped all taunting.

She took a step forwards, “Hey, it’s okay. Look, it was only a…”

Her words were stopped by more goo falling over every paste free place on her body. She turned to find Loki standing next to himself, both of them smiling at her with absolute elation. “I believe it was I that got you.”

“No fucking way.” She poked the clean Loki in the belly, “You can make two of you?”

Suddenly the room filled with copies of Loki, all clean and paste free save the one directly in front of her. “I can make a great many more than two of me, mortal.”

“Make them go away.” Darcy demanded, wiping paste from her face.”

Loki smiled, letting his doubles melt away. He acknowledged Darcy’s mood. “Oh come now, it was you how first began this.”

She frowned, smearing the paste from her lenses. “Yeah, but you cheated.”

“I was merely using my potential. Surely that is not your Midgardian’s form of ‘cheating’.” He said, all innocent.
Glaring in his general direction, as she could no longer see well, Darcy formulated how to get back at him. “Right, well, no. You’re awful.” She thought for a second. “But I might be able to forgive you.”

“Forgive me?” Loki questioned, obviously catching the tease in her tone. “However shall you be appeased?”

Darcy stroked her gooey chin thoughtfully. “A hug. Yep, come on….bring it in, Mischief.”

Sincere confusion lit Loki’s voice. “You wish for me to embrace you?”

Assuring, Darcy smiled. “Yes. Embrace the fuck out of me so I can wipe nasty alien gunk on you.”

She could practically feel him cringing. “I am already covered. Why would this action please you?”

Holding out her arms, Darcy motioned for him to hug her. “I doubt it would please me…I only let certain things do that. And believe me, those things aren't hugs in Alien Showers. But…it will make me feel better about you cheating.”

Accepting this answer without comment, Loki stepped into her arms, letting her cover the rest of his clean clothing with slime. Darcy was pretty content with her work, feeling she was fully justified in nuzzling her face in the God of Mischief’s chest. And a handsome chest it was.

“There,” she said, pulling away, examining her work. Not an inch of Loki was untouched by lime green goo. It matted his hair, and smeared across the legs of his pants. “So, where’s the water? I don’t want to stay in this stuff forever.”

The sly grin that had been playing at his lips deepened. “Oh, there is no water.”

She gave him a confused look, and he continued, managing to make slime look attractive. “For the time I was kept in a cell, they took me to bathe so that I would not contaminate their land. In this I learned about their…ah…ways.” He paused, and squirmed, as if remembering something painful. “The soap, if that is what you wish to call it, that we are covered in now, is the mildest form of Chitauri cleanliness you can find. For them, it is made for a very quick wash. The next soap is of similar consistency and is orange. It is more acidic and can burn off layers of skin. The last is yellow and can burn off body parts.”

Darcy swallowed, “Uh…experience?”

He slicked hair from his gaunt face. “Quite. It was most uncomfortable to re-grow.”

She didn't dare ask what he had to re-grow.

“Right. So…uh…this won’t do that right?”

Loki nodded. “We should be fine.”

“Great!” Darcy sighed in relief. “So, how the fuck do we get it off.”

Dark chuckles echoed around the room in response. “Gas.”

“Don’t tell me I have to fart.” Darcy asked, still oblivious.

Shaking his head, Loki gestured to the blob on the wall. “Pressing the opposite side of that will release a gas that will singe off your grime and dirt without causing any harm.”
Darcy moved to kick it on the opposite side so fast she did not hear Loki protest, “Mortal! Stop!”

Plus he called her mortal, which he should have known, does nothing.

Opaque fumes filled the room, smelling clean and were not noxious or unpleasant to breathe. But Darcy could feel something strange. Her skin felt cleaner, but her clothes seemed to be getting lighter. Soon she could not feel the fabric between her legs or the material on her body.

Before she knew it, she was entirely naked in the bathroom, with Loki who was lurking somewhere in the fog.

“What the hell!?”

Somewhere she heard an exasperated sigh, “Did I not tell you to stop?”

“Now is not the time for ‘I told you so’ Loki!” Darcy huffed, attempting to cover herself. “Now don’t look. I seriously don’t have any clothes.”

Another bout of laughter filled the room as the gas began to dissipate. Just as Darcy was weighing the odds of her beating up an Asgardian Prince naked, a dark green robe draped around her body, hiding all the interesting bits. It did not replace her bra or underwear, but at least she wasn’t nude.

“May I look now?” Loki asked, leaning against the wall near the blob. Green paste gone, he’d conjured himself up a pair of dark pants similar to his last, but more formal, looking to be aa piece to an outfit rather than casual slacks. Also, that’s all he seemed to have conjured, giving Darcy Lewis the full shirtless view of after showered God.

It was impossible not to eye fuck him right there, especially with those muscles, not brawny like Thor, but still… Then there was the hair that trailed down from his navel to some super inviting place in his stupid pants. “You forgot underwear.”

He left the wall, a mischievous air glinting around him and Darcy knew he had totally seen her naked. “It’s not nice to look at people in their birthday suits when they explicitly ask you not to.”

Loki looked mockingly offended, “Was it not you who invited me in to this utilities room with you?”

Darcy considered her options: First, she could stand there, gaping like a fish at the God of Mischief, simultaneously tutoring him on manners and flirting. Or, go back into the room, sit down because she was starting to feel light headed, and flirt with him there.

She chose the latter, rolling her eyes at him and stumbling from the bathroom.

*******************************

Loki had indeed seen the formidable mortal disrobed. However, it had been almost entirely an accident.

He had been so focused on making himself a pair of pants, that he was not able to get any for Darcy until a small second after the gas had dissipated.

And never in his life had he seen any woman, mortal or not, more enticing than Darcy Lewis.

He followed her out, not bothering to conjure another shirt. His magic had been suppressed by the boundaries of the cursed cell. But they had not enchanted this room, so his magic was built up and ready for use. Still, he did not want the Chitauri to know how comfortable his was in using it. They
also needed to believe that he and Darcy were together.

The mortal collapsed on the bed, looking rather tired, and her hair long, brown and untangled from the soap. He tried very hard not to focus on how inviting her legs looked, spread on the bed, with only a thin slip of fabric covering her.

Loki would very much like to be lovers with this woman, though this was not the most conventional situation for his intentions, he wanted her badly enough that he might act.

Slowly, he approached the bed, waiting for her witty mouth to come up with something to say. She was very quick when she wanted to be. But Darcy stayed silent, quite uncharacteristically, and rolled onto her side, the robe hitching up her thigh.

“Are you not going to goad me, mortal?” he questioned, sitting down, not daring to touch her.

No words.

“Darcy?” he asked, reluctantly correcting himself.

“I’m tired.” She told him rolling back over to face him. “This whole healing thing sucks.”

“Is it better than the alternative?” he challenged as she curled against his side. Her cheek was warm against his chest and the robe was becoming untied, revealing his new favorite sight.

“Don’t even.” She mumbled into his skin, her warm hand tracing patterns on his bare chest.

It was strange that a mortal should make him feel such strong arousal. He, like most of Yggdrasil, did not hate Midgard. But they weren’t considered people to have such relations with unless you were desperate or seeking to be praised.

Loki was neither. He was simply bitter. He wanted to go off, leave the precious throne of Asgard to his brother and live out the rest of his days in some lonely mountain on Alfheim. This mortal had been his comfort. She was company. Annoying, witty, beautiful company.

But she was injured and he was tired. The other would no doubt desire a meeting with him today and healing Darcy had cost him much strength.

“Sleep.” He whispered, brushing his fingers over her forehead.

**************************

Erik Selvig was having a rough day. The tesseract had been showing signs of activity for months now. But still nothing was happening. The only thing he seemed to be able to do was study from it and never actually provoke any reaction. He was beginning to think the ridiculous cube had a mind of its own.

A few days ago, Clint Barton (codename: hawkeye) had been assigned to watch over him. The damned bird only liked to sit up in his nest. Except today, that is when he made an exception to come down and give the doctor a good friendly: “Is that thing going to explode or are you going to contain it?”

Erik sighed irritably, “it will not explode, but I need to speak with Coulson about…”

“You called?” asked a very calm, complacent voice behind him.

“Speak of the Devil.” Dr. Selvig remarked, turning to the professional agent. “We need to move this
lab above ground.”

Coulson raised a speculative brow. “I’m afraid we can’t do that. It would leave us exposed to the public, even more so than we already are.”

Clint watched with beady eyes, “Coulson, let Doc here explain.”

Erik nodded once to the Hawk. “The tesseract has been misbehaving recently, not enough to do anything, but it can be unstable. This centre could collapse on itself if she is not moved above ground.”

Coulson did not show the slightest fraction of emotion, touching his Bluetooth and listening to the other end. Afterwards, he turned back to the doctor. “We shall attempt to make space somewhere. I’ve come here with different news.”

The doctor turned to one of the monitors that showed gamma radiation, shocked to see the cube was beginning to show the effects of it. “What might that be?”

“Five days ago, Jane Foster successfully opened and Einstein-Rosen bridge and her assistant Darcy Lewis got carried away by it before the machine fell apart.” Coulson said, finally letting some feeling touch his voice.

Erik nearly jumped from his shoes. “Five days ago?! Why was I not told sooner!? Jane would need my help to get Darcy back and open the portal again!”

“We’ve already got Stark helping her. What SHIELD wants to know if the tesseract can get us moving to the rest of the universe any faster.”

Selvig cast a weary look at his data, “Not until it’s stable, and we have to work that out first.”
Loki was sleeping.

They had been having a really great conversation in his mind about modern Midgardian culture and Darcy was begging him to teach her the Chitauri’s language.

Well, begging was an overstatement. Really, she had just demanded that he educate her in the swear words so she could insult the guards. All she got out of that was a charming laugh and a very promising ‘maybe’.

Awesome.

It was turning out to be a rather productive day when Loki fell asleep, out of the blue. Bam.

Darcy prodded him in the side. “Yo. Loki. Wake up.”

He didn’t budge, his body sprawled out on the window seat, his mouth slacked in a gentle snore. Standing up, Darcy decided that his mind probably needed a rest anyways. She stretched, the light weight of the silk robe falling around her.

She was in Loki’s brain.

It dawned on her that all of his dirty secrets were in a green covered book to her left. Anything she wanted to know about him…right there.

Fingers itching to grab it, Darcy clasped them in front of her, quickly strutting away. It wouldn’t be a great idea to rifle through Loki’s brain while he was sleeping. She would be pretty pissed if he did that to her… not that she had a lot to hide anyways. But still, his thoughts were his own.

Strolling casually, Darcy looked upon the shelves of books, each of them dark green with golden pages. Approaching one of the shelves, she noticed a thin gold plaque elegantly stuck on the wood.

People

Hmm. People? Perhaps those he’d known? She turned around, finding another plaque that read places and another reading significant objects.

Curiosity won against morality, Darcy sneaking to the first book on the People shelf.

“Ha haha.” She whispered to herself reading the cover. “Thor.”

The table of contents categorized everything Loki knew about his brother, right from sexuality to embarrassing moments.

Desperately wishing to avoid sexuality, Darcy flipped right to embarrassing moments. By the end of the chapter, Darcy was laughing her ass off. She wasn’t even worried about waking Loki up. Everything in Loki’s mind seemed to be narrated by him, and his writing sparred none of his snake tongued and rude elegance.

Then there were pictures that moved, Harry Fucking Potter style, depicting the entirety of the event.
When she came to the story about Thor’s pants dropping in front of the entire court, Darcy searched for her iPod to take a picture to show Jane.

From there, Darcy moved on to places, plucking up a book from a low shelf.

“The Palace Library” She read, cracking open the thick volume.

Silently, she read Loki’s thoughts, vainly curious about the places he’d known.

There was a huge intro to what the origins of the library where. (Aka: the construction, association to the rest of the palace, etc. etc.) She skimmed the pages till she came to Loki’s personal commentary and all the pretty pictures.

She gasped. The library was almost a perfect replica of what she stood in now, the only difference was the copious amounts of green. Loki had even the windows down to a tee. Quickly, she began reading.

“In my youth, it was a silent place to hide from my brother and his reproachful friends, as their idea of entertainment was to beat each other half to death. As I got older, books became more of a friend than waving around a sword or mace. Taking to magic, not only was this my sanctuary, it was my educator. Often times when I did not wish to be bothered, I would wander until I came upon a window seat, so far away from the rest of the Asgardian public that I found peace.”

Woah. From reading that, many could deduce that Loki had some serious depression problems. He just admitted in his own mind to isolating himself to not be with the rest of those he knew. Weird.

She put the book back, looking to the Significant Objects shelf. There were so many that Darcy narrowed her search to finding the smallest book. Hesitantly, she picked a narrow one about the length of her hand.

The Glasses of Darcy Lewis.

A surge of curiosity coursed through her. Loki had thoughts about her glasses? She opened to the first page, faced with a sketched image of the glasses he’d made her. In fact, flipping through the pages, the book was mostly different angles and sections of the optical helpers with little notes next to them. Nearing the end of the book, there was a picture of her sleeping face, mouth lolling open, hair disastrous, with the glasses propped up on her nose.

“Crafted for the striking Midgardian, Darcy Lewis as a favor. Never has anyone been known to share such concern or care for me. And for her, a mortal I’ve known for only a few short days to look out for me under the torture of the other….

“I healed her wounds, but I felt that giving her something more would show her how much it meant to me.”

Clearing her throat, Darcy pushed the glasses up the bridge of her nose.

She was flattered to say the least. Asking the Other to put Loki in a room was just something that seemed nice. She hadn’t planned for it to mean so much.

Guilt clouded her mind. These were Loki’s personal thoughts…and she was riffling through them. Carefully, she replaced the book. It wasn’t like he knew, right? Then there was that line…”the striking Midgardian, Darcy Lewis.” Pinching her lips together, Darcy wandered over to the People.

She wasn’t going to do this. No. Bad Darcy. Don’t do it. Think about your virtues….
She was so going to do it.

“Darcy Lewis… Darcy Lewis…Darcy Lewis…” She muttered to herself, pulling books back to examine their covers. Then she spotted it, a purple book.

Purple was her favorite color. And there was a book…the exact color of the sweatshirt she’d been wearing when she arrived on this stupid rock. She tripped on the silky green robe in her haste to reach it.

Every girl’s dream; getting to read the exact thoughts about you from the guy you like. It was too much.

*Darcy Lewis*

She was about to open the cover when gold lettering caught her eye.

*Odin Allfather (Betrayer)*

Her palms sweat with anxiety.

His father. Oh god, there it was, the key to Loki’s mystery.

She looked at the book in her hands.

It was between every teenage girl’s fantasy and knowing more about Loki’s craziness. What if the other found out about them? What if Loki was lying to her? What if he never told her what was in this book? What if it could save humanity?

Slowly, she set down *Darcy Lewis* and picked up *Odin Allfather (Betrayer)*.

It was a big damn book. The pages were thin and filled with tiny script, depicting the vastest history of anyone being Darcy had ever seen. The first few chapters relayed only Odin’s childhood, his influences, and with war with Jotunheim. Then Loki went on to his life as a parent and the delicate structure of Asgardian politics created by the Allfather. From what she read, there was no reason that Odin should be called a Betrayer. In fact, he seemed to look up to his father like any son would. He described him in awe. Notes were in the margins about his tactics in ruling and war. It was a very extensive biography.

Finally she reached a precarious chapter labeled “Parenthood.”

There was a lot on stories of battle, war with the Frost Giant’s over Midgard, some dude named Laufey, and something about Dark Elves. After all the fantastical childhood stories were done, she approached on thoughts tainted with disdain.

“The Allfather has always appreciated his eldest son more, as apparent since the time of his second ‘son’s’ birth. Of course, I did not know of the true reason for that until recently. The man I thought to be my father, King of Asgard, is no more than a murderer and a cold hearted ruler that would use the child of a Frost Giant to unite the Nine Realms.

“Odin, King of the Realm Eternal, took I, Loki Laufyson, from Jotunheim when I was but a newborn and neglected to tell me of my true heritage. He raised me as his son, though always favoring his eldest, his trueborn heir, seeing me only as the monster I truly am…”

Darcy couldn’t stop her mouth from gaping. Quickly, she stowed the book back on the shelf and ran back to the window seat.
Loki? A Frost Giant?

He was still sleeping, sprawled out, pale, dark hair, and green clothes.

“Okay, no more picking around people’s brains. Ever.” She muttered to herself weakly.

Horrified, Darcy thought back to one of the first things she’d said do him about wanting to know the size of a Jotunn phallus. No wonder he’d seemed a little freaked out. Some mortal had just said she wanted to know how big his dick was.

It made sense, when he’d woken up blue that one time, asking if she was scared. It had gotten so cold, so quickly. That same day she had called him hot.

You’re anything but hot Loki. She thought to herself, tenderly stroking his forehead. It was cool to the touch, like he was wearing several layers of skin over the cool exterior of a Jotun.

After giving herself a few more moments to freak out, and think over Loki’s true race, she began to question his situation.

Despite having destroyed Puente Antiguo, Darcy couldn’t think of anything monstrous about Loki. He seemed fairly relaxed, if not a little on the devious side. In fact, the evil Loki that had nearly blown up New Mexico and this sleepy guy she sat with now hardly seemed like the same person.

She thought back to the stories Odin had shared with his sons about warring with Jotunheim. It made sense that he thought he was a monster if that’s all he ever heard about Frost Giants…nasty war stories. But it all just sounded like Asgardian racism. The same stupid stories had told them that Midgardians were stupid bits of short living flesh that wandered around hitting things with rocks.

“You’re not a monster. Your dad was probably just racist.” Darcy told the sleeping Loki. “You know, Andrew Jackson did something similar. He was just finished with the Creek War when he found a little Indian baby. He picked it up, carried it home, and named him Lyncoya Jackson.”

Darcy patted herself on the back for all of those History channel programs she watched. Plus her extensive study of politics never hurt anyone. “Andrew Jackson was a racist asshole too. But he probably loved his son anyways. I mean, he took it home with him.”

Loki didn’t move spare his steady breathing. Silently, Darcy wondered how anyone could have betrayed his trust. He seemed so…unthreatening.

Guilt clenched at her stomach.

She had betrayed his trust. He left her alone in his brain, and she’d immediately gone and poked around. Good job, Darcy Lewis.


***********************************

Loki had been having a grand time with Darcy in his mind, talking and laughing when he felt a disturbance in their room. Immediately, he left their discussion to solve the mystery, waking up in bed with Darcy wrapped intimately around his person. She was truly unphased by him. The thought warmed him. There were people on Asgard who would not be so trusting as to share a bed with him, grant it he did not have the best history for being trusted. However, after recent events, being trusted just felt…nice.
Carefully, he unwound himself from the woman’s embrace, reluctantly moving from their bed.

The stone door to their room began to slide open and Loki hurriedly magicked on his armor and Darcy some more suitable clothing.

The guards had barged rather unceremoniously into their room and guided Loki upstairs to meet the Other.

Loki expected to be hit down by the scepter, probably tortured, taunted, and humiliated. What he did not expect was to be offered a chair and talked to like an able minded individual.

“We were impressed by your mortal.” The Other began after Loki had been seated in a chair across from the Other. “She gained our respect much faster…willing to die for so little….”

Loki nodded, not in agreement to the Other, but rather in awe at the depth of Darcy’s plan. Her intellect showed no boundary, for she had created a believable illusion for the Other much faster than he, the God of Mischief and Lies had managed in the amount of time he’d been with the Chitauri.

His captor continued speaking, “But she is a devious one, and knows much. Why did you lie to us before, Asgardian?!” The Other banged his fist on the rock between them, but did not get up or strike at Loki as he might have before.

Taking advantage of his new situation, Loki held up his hands. “I did not want her to be harmed. Though…she did not escape that.”

The God of Lies…speaking truths…Loki shamed himself.

The general tapped his fingers together, “Yes…she told us you were hers. A good pet you are to remain so…faithful.”

Loki was stunned. Did Darcy fail to mention that she had told the Chitauri he, an Asgardian, was hers? A smile quirked his lips; He would need to speak with the mortal later.

The Other did not notice his prisoner’s humor. “Never the matter…we wish to negotiate with you both. In order to conquer Midgard, we will need your shared knowledge of the Nine Realms.”

“Naturally.”

“Furthermore, we ask that you teach the mortal how to control her tongue, or it will land her in bigger trouble than she has already managed.” The Other crossed his arms. “Currently we are setting our troops together, and it is quite strenuous. I shall plan consecutive meetings in which you and the mortal with join me here to discuss the war.”

Loki nodded again, trying to be compliant. But the Other had no idea what he was asking. Darcy being quiet? Impossible. Barely able to contain several loud remarks, Loki was dragged back into his rooms where Darcy still lay fast asleep on the bed.

Chapter End Notes

Hey! So, I'm just dropping by this shorter chapter. I'm working up to the amazing, plot following, super amazing, stuff. Also, I totally am cool with prompts and stuff. Anything anyone wants to see in
upcoming chapters I will gladly try and incorporate.
And hey!
This story is almost to 100 Kudos!
That rocks!
You guys are great.
Truth or Dare

Chapter Summary

Truth or Dare
don't be racist
smut
Damn straight!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Four days.

That’s how long they were kept in their room.

She lay now with her legs draped casually over Loki’s her body hanging off the side of their bed, wondering how much more boring their time could get.

The past four days had been treacherous. The first was the best, all she did was sleep and heal and eat. The next day, she was finished healing, and the Chitauri had not sent them any food for Loki to turn into edible sustenance because apparently neither of them had burnt enough calories to qualify for a meal. The new army required rationing of goods. So the second day, Darcy spent playing games on her iPod and listening to music, taking quick pictures of Loki while he wasn’t looking.

The third day they got sent food, but it was nothing compared to their feast a couple mornings ago. It was also the day her iPod ran out of battery. So, she sat around awkwardly trying to learn Chitauri language from Loki, not being able to focus because every time he made some noise then told her the meaning, all she could think was: “HEY, I READ YOUR BRAIN AND I KNOW YOU’RE ICY THE FROST GIANT!”

By the end of the third day, Darcy was going insane. It was not only because she was extremely bored and she was keeping monstrous guilty secrets, but also because she was sharing a bed with an extremely sexy, green fetish, Loki Laufeyson.

Who. The. Hell. Has the last name Laufeyson and still manages to look so fucking beautiful?

Loki. That’s who.

He was a considerate bedmate. They would fall asleep comfortably on their sides of the bed. But somehow, during the night, Darcy never failed to scoot her body all the way onto his side of the bed to lay on top of him in some way or another. The brilliant part was that he didn’t seem to mind.

But today was the beginning of the fourth day, and Darcy was staring intently at her dead iPod, willing it to resurrect. Loki was slowly teaching her the language while being entirely immersed in a series of stone tablets he claimed to have ‘borrowed’ from Thanos’ library.

“Ugh!” Darcy complained, sitting up. “I’m so bored.”

Loki didn’t look at her, running his thumb over one of the carvings. “As you have said so five times
already this morning.” He had not bothered with putting on his armor since day two. Instead, he chose lounging around barefoot in dark leather pants and a thick green sweater.

“Hm, I wonder why!” Darcy exclaimed, throwing herself down on the pillows next to him. “Maybe its cause I’m bored.”

Loki didn’t seem like he cared very much about her boredom, switching tablets.

Darcy tried to make out any form of latin root, maybe some greek, hell, even mandarin. Nada. Just chicken scratch on a rock. Very bored, Darcy made a few screeching sounds that she was pretty sure translated to: No like bedroom.

Loki shook his head, “You sound like a barbarian.”

“I would sound like a proper barbarian if someone would teach me the swear words.” She moaned, rolling onto her back. At least the clothes Loki made her were comfortable. He seemed to have a kink for making her clothes, because every day she was wearing a different variation of loose green dress.

Giving up on his reading, Loki set the tablets on the ground, “That is only because I do not wish for us to be killed.”

“Kill joy.” Darc muttered into her pillow trying to think of some way to get him to tell her. Suddenly, she sat up, enriched in the potential of a game. “Hey! Wanna play truth or dare?”

Her roommate looked at her solemnly. “What? I do not understand your—“

“It’s a game!” She exclaimed, standing up on the bed and stepping between his legs to sit down. Loki was generally pretty open to her touching him, though he didn’t seem like the type, she had a sneaking suspicion that striking Midgardian thing meant she could sit anywhere on him and he’d be okay.

Not that she would act on it…he totally was going to have to make the first move.

“Midgardians have strange forms of entertainment.” He commented in a drawling tone, though Darcy could sense his curiosity brewing as she sat down between his feet.

“So do Asgardians if all they do is sit and look at scratched up rocks.” She retorted, continuing before he could rebuttal. “So, it starts out I ask you if you want a truth question or a dare question. If you pick truth, I ask you a question in which you must tell the truth. If you chose a dare, I give you a dare and you have to do it. Then it’s your turn to give me one.”

A sly smile spread itself on Loki’s mischievous lips and Darcy knew she had him pinned. Truth or dare was so him. “What happens if you will not do the dare or answer the truth?”

“Then you lose. And you have to live with losing to a mere mortal.” She said the words with mocking malice.

Loki ran a hand through his black hair. “A fine reason to win. I will go first.”

Darcy flicked him on the toe, “No way! My Midgardian game, I go first.”

Contemplating this, Loki slowly nodded. “Very well.”

Coy smirks threatened her composure as she began her question: “Truth or dare?”
Loki say up, eyes narrowed like he was ready for any attack. “Dare.”

Wasting no time, Darcy spit the first words of her deception. “I dare you to tell me how to say all the swearwords in the Chitauri language.”

“That is not fair.”

“It is so fair. Tell me.” She urged. Loki looked dumbfounded. She totally got him…again. Though, now she was expecting him to extract his revenge.

“But that could have gone either way! Even If I had chosen truth, you could have asked me!” he explained to her, crossing his legs so they both sat criss-cross-applesauce on the bed.

“Tell me or you lose.” Darcy reminded him, checking her nails, once painted light blue were chipped and scratched.

Reluctantly, Loki told her, and she soaked in the curse words like a sponge, already preparing to tell a guard that their name was “ass-shit toilet face”.

When she had properly learned all cuss words, Loki had regained his mischievous grin. “I believe now it is my turn. Truth or dare?”

Oh Gods, he sucked. Truth and he might make her spill all her guts out, or dare and she might have to do something stupid, like sit on the toilet tower in the bathroom.

“Truth.”

The disappointment on Loki’s face was so apparent that Darcy silently vowed to never choose dare. Ever.

Still, he managed a question. “What was a time where you felt humility like none other?”

Darcy blinked a couple times, “Did you just ask me what my most embarrassing moment was?”

“Answer the question mortal.”

Narrowing her eyes, Darcy tapped her chin. “This is such a noob question. Fine. Uh…I guess Spring Break in college, I went to Cancun, did some fun drunk college girl things. Like…uh strip off all my bikinis and have no clothes. For two days. My nudes were all over the internet for a year. They weren’t even classy!”

Loki looked confused. “I do not understand anything you have told me.”

Darcy grimly explained leaving Loki with the most unsettling grin plastered across his face. “Is this truly what you do during your higher education? Visit a far off land called ‘Cancun’ and drink till you are ambivalently incoherent?”

Red in the face, Darcy shook her head. “Why did I ever tell you that? Shut up Kermit, Truth or Dare?”

And so their game continued. Loki would protest from whatever truth or dare she gave him, but eventually he complied. She asked him to do really easy dares, just because he was a beginner and she wasn’t keen on him getting revenge again.

“Enough with these dull tasks you fret with. Massaging your feet is not an adequate dare.” He protested after giving her the most thorough and relaxing foot massage of her life.
She moaned when he removed his hands. “Say what you want. I thought it was pretty amazing.”

“Truth or Dare?”

Darcy didn’t hesitate to answer: “Truth.”

“Will you never pick dare?” Loki asked with a sigh. “What was your family like?”

Darcy ignored the first question, leaning back on her elbows. “My family? Boring. Really boring. Like, imagine the most boring family with one child. I mean, super boring. My dad is a dentist; my mom is an article writer for some women’s health magazine. Super boring.”

Her questioner looked doubtful. “Truly there are more interesting words in your vocabulary today than ‘boring’.”

She shook her head. “Nope. Truth or dare?”

Loki let the subject drop. “Dare.”

Biting her lip, Darcy fought a giggle. Giving dares to Loki was arguably the best thing she’d ever done. He managed to make every dare begrudgingly hilarious without even trying.

His interest piqued at her hesitance. “What is your dare, mortal?”

Darcy tapped her chin, “I Dare you…Loki….to…” she raised her brow at him, “…jump on the bed.”

He stared at her. “What?”

“Jump. On the bed.”

“Why would I do such a thing? It might damage the bed.” He argued, sitting back against the solid headboard.

Standing up, Darcy offered him her hand, “Come on, you never jumped on the bed as a kid?”

“Of course not.” He replied, casting a wary glance at her outstretched fingers. “Nor do I wish to now.”

She wiggled her fingers, “I’ll jump with you. Or will you lose to a mortal? That’s going to really hurt your Asgardian – Racist pride thing. I can see the newspaper now ‘Æsir Prince Lost Game to Midgardian’.”

Reluctantly, Loki grasped Darcy’s hand, letting her pull him up so he towered over her. He made a few half hearted bounces on the balls of his feet.

Darcy glared at him. “Nope. Doesn’t count. I said ‘jump’. Not…whatever that shit was.”

Loki looked down at her, arms folded across that broad, pretty expanse of chest. His hair was ruffled up on one side, making him look like an irritated ten year old. “This dare is ludicrous. What will you gain from it?”

“Joy.” She told him, taking off her glasses and setting them on the nightstand. “Come on. I’m cutting you some serious slack here! But if you don’t jump in the next three seconds, I win.”

Narrowing his eyes, Loki bent at the knees, giving her a look of contempt as he leapt into the air.
Before she knew it Loki was laughing, green eyes crinkling as the sound echoed around the room. It was so euphorically distracting that Darcy couldn’t look away. Watching the way his chest rose and fell…how his lips pulled tight when he smiled…

In fact, it was so distracting she tripped over her ridiculous silky green dress, falling to the mess of blankets she’d been sitting on before.

The ever graceful Loki, being unaccustomed to mortal women falling over while he bounced on their bed, tripped as well, his lean body collapsing next to his roommate. Darcy peered over at him. They were so close that without her glasses she could make out the tiny flecks of gold in his eyes.

He pulled himself up on an elbow, so his face leered dangerously close to hers. Dulling excitement shone in his features, along with smug pride that only Loki could get from jumping on a bed. “You do not win. Truth or Dare, Darcy.”

Steeling herself, Darcy cast him the flirtiest smirk she could muster. “Dare.”

She sat up on her elbows, bringing their faces even closer yet, His breath was on her lips and the dam under her skirt had flooded. “I dare you to…” he began to pull away slowly, a leering grin on his face.

Damn. He knew he was being a tease. But she couldn’t stand giving him the satisfaction.

Darcy didn’t give him chance to finish his statement, knotting her fingers in his hair and bringing her lips up to meet his in a forceful kiss. Several thoughts occurred to her all at once. First being that maybe Loki didn’t want this, and if he rejected her, he was totally sleeping on the floor. Second being that the Chitauri were probably creeping in on their moment and were probably using Alien technology to record this moment for later.

Though, these thoughts did not dwell. For her mind was soon overcome by the feel of his lips, parting and moving beneath hers. The God of Mischief was a great kisser.

When they finally pulled apart, he stared down at her with curiosity and desire. “I must revise my dare.”

Darcy’s heart did jumping jacks. The sultry edge in his voice curled in the pit of her stomach like a snake, hissing with want. “okay.” She managed under his knowing gaze.

His arms encircled her, pinning her soft frame to the bed. “I dare you to do that again.”

“No arguments here.” She nearly gasped, closing her lips around his.

Hell, who cared what the Chitauri thought? He was her lover anyways, right?

Their lips parted and Loki’s cool breath washed over her mouth sending chills though her body. Those same delicious chills spread when his infamous silvertongue flicked hers. Darcy responded with vigor, wrapping her legs around his hips to pull him closer. A low growl hefted from his chest, “You are a devious mortal. Flitting around and tempting gods.” He ground against her at these last words, swallowing her gasp of pleasure.

She couldn’t even yell at him for calling her a mortal. “I was thinking,” he said breathing heavily as his lips trailed down her neck, sucking at her skin, “that I was doing better than just tempting.” She emphasized her point by wiggling against him suggestively.

Loki sighed both in pleasure and annoyance, flipping them so she straddled him as he leaned against
the headboard. “Even in bed you are exasperating.”

She would have minded had the taunt not been paired with such an affectionate tone and his long narrow fingers sliding over her hardened nipples. “You got that right.” She half moaned, slipping her fingers under the hem of his shirt and lifting off the ridiculous fabric that separated her from the sexy piece of Mischief God beneath her. Eyeing him hungrily, Darcy ground against him, eliciting a groan of approval.

He began quickly pushing up the skirt of her dress as to life it over her head. But just as it was halfway up her thighs, he stopped, letting the silky fabric fall. Immediately his kisses ceased and he placed his hands on her shoulders. “Darcy, wait.”

Cheeks flushed and nearly driven mad from his recent attentions, Darcy glared at him. “What? I’m in the middle of something.”

She made to kiss him again, but Loki covered her mouth with his hand. “Let me speak, mortal, before you make a decision you regret.”

Darcy pretended not to hear him, instead licking the inside of his hand so that he might release her. He drew his hand back, not even bothering to comment on how childish her mannerisms were. “Are you talking about you being a giant frozen blueberry? It’s fine. I’m not a racist. You should kiss me.” She pressed her lips to his neck, taking a bit of skin between her teeth.

Something greater than shock seemed to pass through him. “What? You know of my—“

“Yeah, sorry.” Darcy pulled away guiltily. “I may or may not have read your brain the last time I was in there. And I was reading what you thought about Odin and it was all like ‘Betrayed, blah blah blah, took me from Jotunheim when I was a baby.’ It’s cool. I mean, it sucks he lied to you about being the race of Asgard’s worst enemy and stuff, but you know. Whatever.”

He simply stared at her. “You have read my secrets?”

“Not all of them. Just…you know…those.” She said sitting back on his thighs. He made no attempt to push her away.

“You have known what I am for four days and have not thought to mention that you riffled through my mind like a common file?” His tone turned bitter. “And you continue to mock me, even now that I was to bed you, mortal?!” He grabbed her wrists, roughly pushing her away and keeping her at distance.

Darcy opened up her hands in a surrendering gesture, “Woah woah woah, take it easy, Tiger. If it means anything, you can riffle through my mind like a common file if you want. Alright? And I didn’t just read through bits of your brain at random, okay? Kinda.” Anger weighed heavily on his face. “I mean, I didn’t really know what I would find when I picked up the books and then Odin had that title on his book and curiosity got the best of me. So, I’m sorry.”

He seemed to calm with every rambled word that came from her mouth, slowly releasing her wrists and sitting back against the headboard, expression sorrowful.

Darcy figured she had better keep talking. “Hey, so all of that ‘I was to bed you’ stuff. Is that a was part past tense, or is it still happening?”

Loki’s head snapped up, open fascination in his eyes, “What ailment have you in your mind? I have just told you what I am, and been wrathful towards you, yet you still desire—“
“Yes.” Darcy answered, annoyed. She rolled off of him to lie on her side. “I do. I just told you I wasn’t racist. I mean, the fact that you are being totally prejudice towards your own race right now, is kind of sad.”

He did not let her continue, taking her lips in his with unwarranted haste. “You do not know the entire story. Shall I tell it to you?” he asked, nose skirting her neck.

“Maybe, in like, two hours.” Darcy said as his fingers skimmed down the length of her body, taking the dress with it so she lay exposed to him.

“Are you sure?” Loki asked, leaning down to kiss her breasts. He took a nipple in his mouth, sucking hard enough to make her gasp in pleasure before releasing it with a pop. “Or do you truly wish to lay with a monster without knowing what he has done?”

Some distant part of Darcy’s brain reminded her that Loki was the God of lies. He could have very well been lying to her these past few days and there was the possibility he really was an awful monstrous person. Sighing, she sat up. “Yeah. I’m all for the whole, getting laid by monsters thing. Bit of a kink, some may say. But tell me anyways.”

He sat up, staring her dead in the eye, as if suspecting judgment. “Upon discovering the truth of my heritage, I betrayed the Allfather, all of Asgard, and tried to kill my brother. I let Frost Giants into Odin’s deathbed so I could kill their king, my biological father, and use that as a ploy to destroy Jotunheim with the bifrost, hence killing all of the Frost Giants, including myself.”

I knew he was depressed. She thought to herself, fighting the urge to roll her eyes. Was he always this dramatic? Darcy sat up, fully aware that she was mostly nude, and took his hand. “Do you still want to murder all the Frost Giants?”

He shook his head, bitterness taking over his expression. “No. My contempt for them was only a reflection of my disdain for myself.”

“Good.” Darcy told him, patting his hand reassuringly. “So you made a mistake. No harm…kind of. And you feel bad. And you just spent the last few months being tortured. You’ve seen the wrongs of your actions, right?”

“Yes…but…” Loki started, gripping her hand, eyes glazed in mystification. “Why are you consoling me?”

Darcy wrapped one of their blankets around herself. “Because it sucks when you torture yourself over something that you’ve already been beaten up over enough. It’s not fun. Also, everyone in Asgard thinks that Midgardians are idiots. Well, there are dull crayons in every box, but for the most part, we aren’t bad. That’s racist. Don’t be racist. Especially against yourself. Jotunns are people too.” She finished with a smirk, desperately hoping he would understand what she was trying to say.

He stared at her, expression unreadable, “Are you to say that Frost Giants, Midgardians and Asgardians are of equal value?”

Finally I’m getting somewhere. She thought. “Absolutely. And your dad was a king, right? Your blue dad? So you’re royalty either way, which is kind of hilarious.”

He looked down at her hands. “You think us equals? You do not believe that my ability to kill you, be it as an Æsir or a Jotunn, makes me any greater?”

“Nope.”
“You do not think that my birthright makes me any better than you?”

“Not even a little bit.”

“Do you believe yourself to be better than me?”

“What art of the word ‘equal’ don’t you understand? God, I didn’t think I would have to explain intergalactic equality to the Prince of Asgard.” She sighed, slapping a hand over her forehead, “This is what I get for wanting to fuck an alien!”

“You still voice your desire for me to bed you, though you know what I have done. I have been willing to kill entire races though you--,”

“AGH!” Darcy stood up, wrapping the blanket around her body. “You are an idiot! Yeah! I want to have sex with you! Yeah, I think you’re alright because you feel bad for what you did! And I think that we are god damned equals! So, if you want to stop being a drama queen, quit your pity party, and get over yourself that would be great. There is a whole universe full of people out there that make mistakes. You are one of them.”

She dropped the blanket on the bed, ignoring his baffled and gaping mouth, “Now, I’m going to go use this sorry excuse for a shower and see if there is something that I could possibly use to take care of…this!” she gestured suggestively to her dampened sex and turned towards the bathroom.

Two arms abruptly pulled her back, holding her down to the bed. Loki’s lips found her neck, marking his presence with his mouth. His fingers traced down her sides, one stroking her clit through her soaked panties.

She gasped at the pressure, Loki’s growl sounding in her ear. “You have made a reasonable argument, Darcy Lewis. I may even forgive you for reading my mind.” He slipped a finger around the fabric, stroking upwards, eliciting a moan from her. “Perhaps I shall help you take care of this.”

“You totally should.” She agreed though shallow breaths as his lips found her breasts, teasing and sucking each one with dizzying skill. By the time he began a trail of kisses down her belly, she was close to orgasm, fingers knotted in his hair, and hot everywhere their bodies did not touch.

“I have never met such a responsive woman.” He purred, pulling off her soaked underwear.

Darcy hoped he wouldn’t mind that she hadn’t waxed in a long time. But, he didn’t seem to care one bit, skimming his fingers around her clit and watching intently as she moaned in ecstasy, gripping the sheets in both hands, and trembling when his fingers passed over the sensitive nub.

“Oh God…” she panted when he slipped a long cool finger into her wet heat, stroking her languidly.

“Yes?” he answered traces of humor in his tone. “You are very wet, Darcy. I would say you are very close…. Am I right?”

He was right, and he knew it too. He slipped in another finger, and dipped his head between her thighs to suck on her clit with verve.

It took maybe two seconds to Darcy to cry out his name in her orgasm. It was the most powerful climax of her life. Her vision blurred and her body quivered in pleasure. Her skin was so sensitive that Loki’s kisses up her neck were felt in her toes.

Darcy pulled him to her lips, tasting her arousal on his tongue. Silver tongue indeed. He positioned himself at her entrance, rubbing the thick head of his erection over her swollen clit. “Loki…”
He thrust into her, smiling against her mouth at the moans she let free.

Okay, in status and personal value, everyone was equal. But Loki was by far more superior when it came to size. “Holy fuck...”

“That is the effect you have on me, mortal.” He gasped as she wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled him closer. “Seeing you everyday taking your figure for granted.”

“Oops.” She managed as he began moving, his words only adding to the extreme tensions growing in her.

“And these.” He said, bending his neck and taking one of her nipples in his mouth, prying a groan of pleasure from her body.

“Loki...”

He quickened his pace, thrusting his hips to hit every place just right. Tracing down her body with one hand, he mapped out her curves, pulling her closer. He spoke between rough, torturous kisses to her neck, “I have wanted you since you first intruded on my solitude.”

His lips ghosted over hers, “I have wanted to fuck.”

With those words, she tipped over the edge, crying out his name for the whole army could hear.

Loki lay next to the infuriating mortal woman, spent yet satisfied. Back on Asgard, any woman he took to bed was usually meek and quiet in demeanor, completely willing to do whatever he wanted. They feared him as the mysteriously reclusive brother who used magic. Most of them kept quiet and whispered his name, whimpering under his gaze.

The same thing could not be said about Darcy Lewis.

Loud, responsive, unreserved, and nerve enough to read through his mind and not tell him about it for four days. He was the God of Lies, should he not know when someone is keeping something from him?

He tried to find his anger, his pain, but she had seemingly washed it out of him. No one had ever dared belittle him as she did. She called him no more than a man, then proceeded called out his name like worship during their coupling. It gave him plenty to think about.

Perhaps Frost Giants were not monsters after all. He had thought Midgardians were clueless wastes of space before meeting Darcy. The same could be true for Jotunns.

“Hey, remember that time I said that everyone was equal?” Darcy said, rolling over so she leaned over his body.

“I remember.” He said wrapping an arm around her and lightly tracing shapes on her back. Despite everything, he felt oddly protective of this mortal, especially now. She was so unlike any woman he’d met. He felt like he’d found a most unusual and precious gem, and all he could do was bask in its reflective light.

“Yeah well, I changed my mind. You’re a sex god. We should do this again. Like, once I catch my breath.” He watched her mouth as she spoke, thinking of those full lips moaning his name in his ear.
He could tell she jest, as she normally did. But he detected the compliment, offering her a proud smile. “Is it because I’m hot?”

She poked him between the ribs, making him jump. “No, you’re freezing.”

“Indeed.” He agreed, watching as she threw her leg across him, pulling herself flush against his hardening length, though she was still breathing heavily. “You have not yet caught your breath.”

She placed her hands on the stone wall on either side of his head, “I gave up. Maybe later after I’m not horny as hell with an erect god of sex in my bed.”

He could not help the hum of satisfaction that climbed through his throat. “Keep speaking like that and you shall not leave the bed, ever.”

“Good. Now let’s get to the interesting sex, I feel like one of those ‘lightly used’ toys. I thought you wanted to fuck? I’m not feeling the—“

Loki kissed her again before she could continue her nonsensical rambles. He silently questioned where this woman had been all his life.

Chapter End Notes

HA so I wrote the smut. I felt it went alright.
I'm insanely excited for what happens next. It's the best.
Just a hint, in the next few chapters, there may or may not be a trip to Earth.
Next few chapters...Just saying. It's going to be great!
Also, after much consideration, i have changed the rating of this fic to explicit, because it's hard to write smut that isn't explicit content.
Oops, I forgot about that when I was doing my amazing tagging.
Intergalactic Swearing

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“How is she Heimdall?” Thor asked, starring down into the cosmos from the palace balcony.

The Guardian blinked a few times, focusing on the mortal woman, Jane. “She fares well, though she frets over her lost friend.” He told the King, idly gazing upon Jane Foster. She had fallen asleep over her research on the roof of the lab.

Thor had spent many nights thinking about the situation with Darcy Lewis. “You are positive she is not in Yggdrasil?”

Heimdall nodded, “Lady Jane’s bifrost put more power than our bifrost ever did. It sent Darcy farther than she intended. I cannot see her. But I can feel she is alive.”

“I fear that she has provoked trouble, Heimdall. Darcy is….” He trailed off, searching for a proper descriptor.

The golden armored man only chuckled, “I have seen her. She is constantly armed and very forthright.”

Thor laughed, wishing desperately to visit with his Midgardian friends again. “She reminds me of Loki when we were young. Before he started being more like how he is…or…how he was.” Thor corrected himself, clearing his throat to keep from getting tearful.

No matter what Loki had done, he mourned his brother’s parting. Destroying the bifrost had cost him so many losses that life on Asgard was hardly bearable.

Everything in the castle seemed fairly empty without Loki’s quiet presence. Thor hung his head. He now realized the errors of his ways before, how arrogant he had been, and how no matter what he said or did, Loki was always there. He was someone to sit with, or someone to calm him down with little more than words.

The last time Loki had tried to comfort him before he was banished, he had not listened and had cost Asgard its safety.

Heimdall, sensing his majesty’s discomfort spoke. “Loki was confused. He has found peace where he is now.”

Thor bowed his head, staring off into the stars. “I hope so.”

******************************************************************************

“Faster.” Darcy demanded, gripping tighter to the stone headboard. “Oh my god…”

Loki had never met a mortal with more sexual enigma in his life. The only person that could possibly top Darcy’s insatiability was Fandrall. Still he found her alluring. They had been in their room seven days now, but Darcy was unsuccessful in using the word ‘bored’ to describe her occupancy. He deliberately slowed his thrusts, loosening his hold on her hips. “What was that? I could not quite hear you.”
Her pale back arched and she hit the rock wall in frustration. He craved to see the lustful look in her eyes. “Please, dear God, fuck me.”

He granted her a few gentle thrusts. “I’m sorry. Who do you wish to fuck you?”

With devious intent, he reached a long arm around her body, rubbing her swollen clit. “Loki!” she screamed with abandon, his name sounding around the room.

Something greater than satisfaction rippled through his body. He bucked his hips, trusting into her faster than he had since they began, drawing precious sounds from Darcy’s mouth. Feeling her tighten around him, he pulled out, backing her down on the bed so he could see her face when she came.

Entering again, it took only a few slower strokes to push the flushed and beautiful Midgardian over the edge, her full lips parting in the most gracious moan he’d ever seen as she called out his name. That was all it took for him to follow, finishing inside her.

Quickly, he cast a contraception spell, collapsing over the mortal woman in exhaustion. She ran her fingers through his hair, rubbing the skin behind his ears. It was unfamiliar, but affectionate. “Good run.”

“I have run many times, Darling, and that was much more satisfactory.” He kissed her shoulder, rolling off of her.

Usually, Loki did not feel warm, but this mortal had managed to make him clammy. Placing a gentle kiss on his lips, Darcy stood up, stretching out naked. Though he was sore from her near constant attentions, his cock twitched at the sight of her. “Dude, I have, like thirty hickies on my body…that I can see! My neck probably looked like I was choked by an octopus.”

Loki sat up, stroking her neck, marked with his bites. “I think they suit you.”

“You would, wouldn’t you?” she asked with a giggle, turning towards the bathroom. “I miss showers. I would totally bang you in a shower. Remind me when we’re on Midgard to have sex with you in a shower. I really really do not want to forget all of these cool ideas I have for a showerhead…and some shower head!” she laughed openly, “Do you see what I did there?”

Loki shook his head, “I do not understand half of the things you say when speaking of your realm.”

She giggled again, pulling open the stone door. “Alright, I will explain it to you later. And don’t follow me in here. I need to focus on getting clean.”

Falling back on the pillows, Loki considered the Chitauri. If any of them were watching their room, they were probably very confused. As far as he knew, the Chitauri were asexual and reproduced singularly. Occasionally they would be paired with another, but their banding was far from romance. The Chitauri were fairly primal beings.

Already bored of the bed without Darcy, Loki stood up and entered the bathroom.

****************************************

The Other stood above a stone basin, filled with the acidic mixture the Chitauri drank as a necessity. He would call a conference with the two prisoners as soon as they were dressed, which they had not been for the past three days. From what he knew of Yggdrasil, their actions were a way of reproduction and supposedly very pleasurable.
From what he saw, it did not look like anyone would enjoy that. He shuddered, turning away from the basin. It mattered not what they did, it was acceptable in their culture so he would not make any remark upon it. Instead, the general focused on their social behaviors. The Asgardian seemed rather fond of the mortal, though he could not hear their conversations. The woman, he thought, was more outgoing than he suspected the majority of Midgardians to be.

The next thing he noticed was that the Midgardian was very weak. She was easily marked by the Asgardian and could not compare to his strength. If they were to lead the Chitauri to a battle on earth, they would not be taken seriously as they are. Perhaps the man, with his strange magic and tricks, would be a suitable leader, but not the woman. She would be mocked. Already the guards made taunts about her weaknesses.

He watched as the two emerged from the cleansing chambers, clothed and disputing, as they seemed to do a lot. “Fetch them.”

Darcy walked breezily behind one of the guards, happily ignoring the dirty looks from Loki as she made screeching sounds at the Chitauri. “Hi. I cannot like bedroom. Bad at Chitauri shit. But I can swear. Fuck fuck you, fucking little shit, ass thing.”

The Guard behind her began making some sound that didn’t sound like he was trying to shut her up. Loki told it not to do something. “Did he laugh at my jokes?”

Loki rolled his eyes, “I am surprised you are not dead.”

“Ha! I told you swear words were a good idea, I’m communicating so well!”

She spent the rest of her walk antagonizing the guard in front of her with bad Chitauri language occasionally he responded with “Silence” she knew because Loki used that word…a lot.

When the guards finally dropped them off in The Other’s office Loki cast her a wary glance. “How is it that even with limited vocabulary, you still managed to respond to a language you hardly understand with wit?”

Darcy winked at the compliment, “You’re just jealous because you didn’t catch on to intergalactic swearing as well as I did. It’s okay. You will….eventually.”

The Other entered the open stone room, a sneer on his red mouth. “Our army is set and are being trained. But we will need to know the state of the weapons that will be used.”

Loki looked to Darcy. She flipped her hair and did what she did best. Talk. “Well, you remember that weapon I came in with? That’s what they fight with. Extremely fatal to Midgardians. They’ll probably try to kill you with them.”

The Other let show one of his creepy smiles, “It hardly burned the one guard. Our armor shall be light and easy to produce. What of their technology, Midgardian?”

So, Darcy sat there, completely bullshitting her way through every question, many involving how to partake in total war against earth. Darcy advised cleansing the atmosphere of CO2 because humans fed off of it. The Other really needed to catch up on his Biochemistry because he believed every single word. Loki remained cool and bored looking in his stone chair until the Other addressed him.

“Asgardian, do you agree with what she speaks of?” he asked hurriedly, unabashedly open with his thoughts.
Loki lazily flicked his eyes to her, then back at the Other. “Yes. What she speaks of Midgard is true.”

“Very well.” He replied, facing the two. “You wish to lead this battle on Earth. He shall grant you that permission, however you will not have the respect of the Chitauri unless you participate in their training and prove your strength to them.”

He directed his attention directly to Loki, “This Midgardian, is she like most others? Are they all as vocal and outspoken?”

A coy smile played on Loki’s lips and Darcy had to force herself not to laugh. “No. I assure you, she is truly different.”

“Well then I will not have to worry about a rebellion against the Chitauri rule.” He sat down at his glittery stone desk, “You will be escorted to training every morning, and escorted back every evening for the minimum training period we require of soldiers before sending them to war.” He made a few screeching sounds Darcy recognized as “Be gone with them.”

“I don’t understand! I cannot understand! This is impossible!” Jane ranted, pacing back and forth, beating her notes with the back of her hand.

Tony Stark was filing his nails with Darcy’s purple nail file while Coulson stared at them. Jane Foster had most definitely lost weight she could not afford to lose and Tony was quiet. “What’s the holdup Dr. Foster?”

Tony gave a half hearted chortle. “Tell him. It’s hilarious.”

“What?”

Jane ran over to a computer tapping the screen at a bunch of numbers and letters. “I made a mistake.”

Coulson raised his brow. “And that’s never happened before?”

The petite scientist smacked her head on the screen. “No, it has. But this is just….ugh!”

Stark stood up, stretching and checking his texts from Pepper. He missed her dearly, keeping up with his company was a lot of work from his mobile and one of Jane’s computers. “Let me dumb things down Daddy Coulson. He pointed to the sky out of Jane’s window. “We are on a planet. We spin around in circles on an axis and on an orbit around the sun. We are in Midgard, that’s how we roll.” He made a lot of hand motions as if explaining it to a fifth grader.

Coulson checked his watch, “So?”

“SO,” Stark continued gesturing wildly to the sky and then at Jane. “Thunderhead’s Hammer tamer over here based her aim and calculations off of where the stars where during her boyfriend’s friends last visit. That was about eight months ago when she sent Darcy away.”

Coulson just blinked.

Stark checked his nails again. “Dear Doctor here miscalculated, instead of pointing it at Asgard which is currently,” he glanced at a star map, “In that direction,” he pointed upwards and to the right. “She shot it,” he referenced a computer screen, “In that direction.” He pointed straight ahead and to the right.
The Agent sighed, “So where did she land?”

Jane groaned again, falling back on the couch. “I don’t know!”

“Stark?”

Tony sat down across from the doctor. “Nothing. She shot her friend out into the middle of empty space.”

“No.” Jane corrected, “I didn’t.” She stood up, running over to her computers and scribbled notes, some of them written on the backs of cereal boxes and crumpled napkins. “The bridge wouldn’t have broken unless it made contact. It broke after Darcy had gone. She landed somewhere….”

“Just not in Yggdrasil.” Stark finished, fishing out his phone. “And as much as I would like to learn more about astrophysics, I have a monster tower to go and build.”

“Stark tower?” Coulson questioned.

Tony smiled his billionaire grin, “Absolutely. Prime spot in New York, clean energy, all the good stuff. I’ll try to move you up there once it’s finished Mrs. Doctor Hammer.”

Jane wasn’t paying attention, focusing on a small detail in her data. The numbers just weren’t adding up right. As far as she could tell there was no way Darcy could have hit any land. The portal was not meant to be powerful enough to even get her to Asgard. It was only a prototype.

“I need to do some recalibrations.” She muttered, bending over her work. “If Darcy isn’t in one of the Nine Realms she’s probably in danger. Thor never told me anything about what’s outside of Yggdrasil!”

Coulson shifted his weight, professionally stalking around the room. Between this and the tesseract, he had a lot going on. Especially if Darcy stayed gone any longer, he would have to bring up the possibility of her death. Thankfully, Tony Stark cut in, “Look you crazy baby scientist, I have to go do some heavy lifting and get sweaty workmen out of my elevator. I don’t know what more I can do, if Darcy’s out there, she’d probably already learned their alien language and is introducing them to Coldplay.”

Jane looked out the window, trying to picture Darcy Lewis speaking gobbledygook with Extra Terrestrials and dancing to Paradise.

Chapter End Notes

haha! Quickly writing all these fanfictions!
Irregular posts are to be expected!
thank you for all your comments and kudos and stuff, I cannot express in words how giddy excited I get when I see that someone has commented. It's like I drank some euphoria juice in the form of fanfiction comments.
Anyways, yeah. It's coming along.
“You dirt fucker!” Darcy screeched out at the guard behind her who had recently assigned her to a rather brutal training exercise that included moving large metallic rocks across a plane where she then had to break them into smaller rocks so they could be made into weapons.

From what she could tell, Chitauri training focused great deal on strength, yet not necessarily on a primal level. The supervisors were very specific on how they wanted the rocks lifted, advising on moving every possible muscle she had and didn’t have because apparently Midgardians had weird anatomy. Though many of the Chitauri had no problems with the rocks, she could tell it was working their alien muscles.

Darcy had taken to yelling at her second rock which was half her height and five times her width. She was proud of herself for moving the first stone in two hours. But now her supervisors gaped at her physical incapability. She swore even louder. How the hell was she supposed to prove strength to a group of aliens and convince them to follow her if she couldn’t even move a rock?

She asked Loki if he could just do all the work so that she wouldn’t have to be looked up to. Being Loki, he just had to crush her argument.

“You have announced yourself my lover, Darcy. By Chitauri standards, that makes us equals. If you are weak, both of us are weak.” He drawled the night before when the soreness of their last few days in bed had finally begun to kick in.

That left Darcy, struggling to push the stupid damn rock.

After about an hour of her swearing loudly in every language she knew and cursing the rock, she finally pushed it about four inches. Fed up, Darcy ditched her rock and walked up to the guard supervising their laborious work. “Hey!” she said in English, trying to get its attention. It looked down at her, screeching some words she didn’t recognize.

In her choppy Chitauri, she yelled back, “No understand. You give better job, fucker. Need to move up fast. Goddess of the Universe stuff I need to get to.” She explained in defiance.

The supervisor threw his head back in an insect like chuckle, speaking fluidly in screech. “You must build your way up, mortal. Unless you wish to participate in…” Darcy had to cover her ears at the noise he made.

She didn’t comprehend anything of what he said. Her vocabulary wasn’t good enough to define that. But she understood that there was an alternative option that involved that wretched sound.

“What is that?” she asked, looking for anyway that let her get out of pushing a rock.

He barred his teeth, “You would not be able to go through with it, mortal. It is a true test of strength.
A fight, with no weapons, until submission.”

She understood some of that. Something about she didn’t want to do something and a test. She could handle a test. Hell she got to college didn’t she?

“Yes. I want.” Darcy stated, mentally jumping, not truly thinking about her actions.

The supervising Chitauri looked down at her, “You wish to compete for the position of our general’s lead?”

“Yes. No rocks.” He seemed to recognize that and beckoned her to follow him.

Darcy was feeling pretty good about herself. Loki said she shouldn’t talk to anyone in the Chitauri language. What did he know? Here she was getting a shortcut that didn’t involve pushing rocks. Loki would be so jealous, he was probably stuck raining with electric stick and learning how to avoid taser nodes.

They approached another guard who wore a metal mask similar to the Other’s though with less grandeur. He, or at least she thought it was a male, listened to her guard before laughing. What was so damn funny?

The dude with the mask looked her up and down with humor. “You wish for this, mortal?”

Wish for what, exactly? “Totally. I wish for it.”

Loki had been moved up in the ranks rather quickly. His years of training on Asgard combined with Æsir strength gave him an advantage when it came to combat. He was not his brother and he did not wave around a blunt object to summon lightning, but he was not incompetent in a fight.

He was already to the second ranking of warrior when suddenly, everyone stopped. A Chitauri Guard stood in the midst of the sparing area, speaking loud. “There has been a challenger for the position of Lead to our General, The Other. Watch their combat, as our traditions intend.”

Loki stopped combat with the Chitauri warrior he had been in the process of beating. So someone had challenged the Other’s lead. Reading Thanos tablets on the culture of the Chitauri had been enlightening as most of them consisted of building armies and military technique. If a challenger wished to move up ranks quicker, they could try the Other’s Lead, who is like a third in command after the Other, for the right to lead the army in combat.

It was the position he was trying to get into.

Irritation settled into Loki. He had not thought to challenge the Lead directly. Not only that, but it was a very difficult game to win. The Chitauri would fight until their opponent was unconscious. However it is against the rules to kill. The winner was blessed with ancient rights and power. The Lead was given similar torture powers to the Other and Thanos, and he was not keen to experience that again in combat.

They all stormed down a rocky slope. From what Loki heard, the fights took place in a large pit area. It was shaped much like an arena they used on Asgard for sports. Peering down into the pit, Loki tried to make out the two competitors.

On one side, a strong built Chitauri stood, waving his arms dramatically, eliciting screeches of joy from the crowd.
On the other side, stood a short mortal girl, dressed in first rank armor, waving enthusiastically at the crowd.

Oh, Odin help him.

Darcy stood on the edge of the pit, looking into the swarm.

After much consideration and being pulled into the pit, she realized that she was to fight this really big Chitauri guy who was supposedly the Other’s right hand man…alien…thing. Damn.

At first she had been kind of scared. But then, it occurred to her the Other probably did not want her dead…maybe. Her death might compromise Loki’s help or something….

So, she made the best of it, waving at the crowd and even winking at the big alien glaring at her with humored malice. She looked to a guard to her right, “Can I get a shoulder rub, or something? That’s what they do before wrestling, right? I think this is a wrestling match.”

The guard only screeched “Silence.” At her.

Rolling her eyes, she faced forwards again, preparing for the battle when in a blinding flash of golden light smacked her in the face.

“Woah! Loki! What are you doing here?!” Darcy asked, blinking to see him better.

He glared down at her, positively enraged, “How is it, that I leave you unattended for three hours and you manage to get yourself into a fight that will most likely get you killed?”

She grimaced, “Hey! You know, that isn’t cool man.” The guard behind her shouted something at Loki, and he muttered something angry back.

“Look,” she continued, gesturing at Mr. Big-and-Scary in the corner. “It’s just one of their little ritual things. I can totally handle this guy. I’m a midgardian, we can do anything we set our minds to….you know….unless we die…. Which I won’t.”

Loki looked like he was going to whap her upside the head, “You are possibly the biggest idiot I know.”

Darcy crossed her arms, huffing out her chest, “Thanks for the vote of confidence. Why do you care anyways? I mean, it’s not like you can’t take Midgard without me.”

She regretted the words as soon as they came out. It’s not like she and Loki were a couple or anything, at least she didn’t think so. But they had become so close over the past week, losing him would be like losing her best friend; even if he was the universe’s biggest racist drama queen.

Loki’s face hardened immediately. “You wish to have yourself killed? Fine. Perhaps I do not care. When you are finished I will have to find a new mortal to replace you.”

Hurt, Darcy snorted. “Good luck with that.”

“I needn’t luck.” He said snidely, turning away from her, “You all are so common.”

The guards began yelling more things at Loki before he disappeared in a flash of gold.

Steeling herself, Darcy faced the giant Chitauri dude. Okay so he was pretty big. No problem right?
Just another big scary monster to fight. No sweat off her back. Right? Just don’t think about Loki.

Dammit, why did she have to say that!?

The big guy let out a ferocious noise that was similar to that of scraping your fingernails over a chalkboard. But louder.

“Silence! For fuck’sake, man!” She yelled at him in his native tongue.

The Chitauri chuckled, stepping towards her. “You were foolish to do this Midgardian.”

Darcy couldn’t argue to that. It had been a fairly foolish move to accept the first alternative to not pushing around giant rocks. The more she thought about it, the worse this idea seemed.

Her body was killer sore from both Loki and rock torture. Not to mention she was probably five weight classes down from this guy.

Distracted by the Chitauri’s many rows of teeth and wondering if they would rip her throat out, Darcy failed to notice when the Lead charged forwards with an extended fist, aimed right at her stomach.

“Fuck.” She gasped, falling on the dusty ground. All the air had been sucked from her lungs and it took her forever to regain breath.

Her opponent laughed, “Forfeit now, little mortal, and I shall not bring more harm to you.”

Darcy could have done the smart thing and given up. She could have said ‘fuck it’ and exited the arena. But the way he talked about her…little mortal…

So, she resorted to saying something even more stupid than anything she’d ever said in her life put together. “Never!”

The crowd cheered, swells of screeches emanating from the pit, it was so powerful that Darcy had the urge to thump her chest with both fists before bellowing some awesome war cry. However, she restrained, trying to dig in her mind for tactics.

She had never taken any self defense classes, ever. She had never gotten into a fight. The closest she came to ever defending herself was shooting things with a taser. C’mon, think Darce. Use your mortal brain to whoop ass.

The opponents circled each other, the Lead snapping his pointy teeth at her in mockery.

Suddenly, Darcy came up with an idea. It wasn’t great, but it was an idea.

When she was a kid, her father used to pin her to the ground by grabbing her leg and holding on until she tripped. Then he would tickle her until she was so breathless, she thought she might pass out. Maybe the Chitauri would at least let her half win if she managed to knock him out.

Satisfied with her plan, Darcy stopped circling, adorning the most ‘helpless mortal’ face she could conjure. Right on cue, the Lead jumped at her, leaving time for Darcy to side step and grab hold of his ankle.

“Victory!” she cried, knowing that he would not understand her as she gripped the reptilian skin of his leg and held on tight, tripping him.

“What are you doing mortal!” The Chitauri asked, as she sat on his lower belly, enough to knock
the air from him.

Darcy didn’t give him the chance to sit up, kneeling on his torso and wiggling her fingers over his weird alien ribcage. It was a long shot, but….

As if by miracle, the Lead began to let out those alien chirps she’d begun to recognize as laughter. Seriously, did aliens have something against tickling their kids?

Screams of protest sounded through their audience as Darcy persisted, moving her fingers into his armpits when he tried to push her off.

“Mortal! Stop this!” he laughed, constantly trying to shove her off.

She kept at it, for at least ten minutes, moving her hands over his body, making the big scary chitauri wiggle and squirm; similar to the two year olds she used to babysit before becoming an intern.

Miraculously, the Lead quit squirming, his face had turned a deeper shade of blue and his chirping noises were growing ever fainter. He gave one last attempt to buck her off before passing out.

The whole pit was quiet. All of them simply stared in shock at the Midgardian woman who took down their Lead.

Smug and surprised at her own victory, Darcy pumped her fist in the air, “Fuck you! Fucker Fuck fuck yes! Fuck yes. Ass. Bitch. Shit. FUCK YES! Midgard good! Only good Midgardian! Mortal win! Special Midgardian! Midgard not good like me! I am good!”

Eventually, the screeching started up again, this time in a chorus of joy. Guards came by to guide her to the Other, bowing to her as she passed.

Darcy smiled at them in turn, singing to herself.

“R-e-s-p-e-c-t, find out what it means to me
R-e-s-p-e-c-t OH!”

********************************************

Loki waited in their room, meditating to save his strength to heal Darcy again when she came in so badly damaged she may never be righted.

He did not know what came over him. She was right, wasn’t she? He was a monster who did not care what happened to little mortal women who stumbled into his cell. He was Loki, the rightful king of Asgard.

Yet, he cared for her. She was so unlike anyone he ever met before, so open, so devious at times. He never doubted her intentions and she trusted him. The daft mortal trusted him. Their relationship, though young, he relied on. It was difficult to admit, even to himself, here in his thoughts, that he would not fare well without her there for idle conversation, or sex, or listening to her sing her midgardian songs, or to play Midgardian games with, Or someone to pester, or be pestered by.

The glorious enigma that was Darcy Lewis, he hoped should never leave him, was probably dying in some pit, in need of healing attention. And where was he? Brooding over what she thought of him. What did it matter? The entirety of Asgard thought the same thing of his nature. Why—

His thoughts were cut short by the stone door opening. He jumped up, prepared to be handed a
broken Midgardian when instead in walked a striking armored figure.

There is no way she—

“So guess who won the fight?” Darcy asked, speaking through the bits of metal that made up the mask of the Lead.

Loki simply stared, looking down at the smiling mortal woman. She wore the ceremonial armor of the Lead and he sensed a power over her. She had truly taken the place, magical torture and all. Her tired face beamed at him, not even a little mocking. As if she forgot the entire incident today happened.

“Are you even going to ask how I did it?” she interrogated, throwing herself onto their bed.

Loki came to his senses. “I was not expecting you to win.”

She laughed, open and light, his favorite sound echoing through the room. “To be honest, I didn’t think I would either.”

He approached her slowly, waiting for her to be mad at him. To yell at him that he was wrong about her race and wrong about her.

“Hey Loki?” She asked tentatively, reaching out her hand like she wanted to touch him, then pulling it back quickly.

The action stung. He knew she was not scared to touch him. She didn’t because she thought he might not want her to. Sighing, he took her hand, kissing it. He could be mad later. For now, she was alive and radiant, her mouth still soft even after what she had done. “Yes, Darcy?”

A small sincere smile toyed at her lips. “I’m sorry about what I said. I know you care about me. It was stupid to say. I was just really tense and worried about the fight. I mean, I know how shitty it makes you feel when—“

He stopped her words with a kiss. “No, I am sorry. I should have said something to help you rather than insult your poor judgement.” He kissed her again, lightly on the lips to keep her from speaking before his thought was finished. “And I am most sorry for what I said about your commonplace persona. You are irreplaceable Darcy, even amongst mortals. Forgive me.”

He marveled at her lack of words, it happened so infrequently that he checked to make sure she was still breathing. She cleared her throat, “You’re just saying that because I’m amazing at giving head.”

It was a tease, but Loki understood it as her amnesty. “Hm, I am not so sure. I may need a demonstration of your expertise.”

He delighted in her laugh as he began lifting the armor piece by piece from her body. “Maybe. But we need to bathe. I almost killed myself pushing rocks today.”

Loki rolled his eyes, “Yes. Pushing the rocks. That is what almost killed you. Not fighting the third command of the entire Chitauri population.”

Darcy shrugged, running her fingers over the straps of his leather armor, undoing them as she spoke. “Well, actually, that went really well. Did you know that aliens are ticklish? You are ticklish. The Chitauri are ticklish. In fact, I think they’re even more ticklish than humans. The poor guy couldn’t get back up. He passed out from laughter.”
His fingers froze over the tie in the under cloth of her robes. “You defeated the Lead of the Chitauri by nerve stimulation used to make young children laugh?”

She smiled with unabashed pride, letting his black chest piece fall to the floor. “Hey, I told you I—“

He waved his hand and their clothes disappeared. Without another second’s hesitation, they were wrapped around each other on the bed, caught up in a passionate embrace.

“Loki…” Darcy managed, through the pleasurable gasps that interrupted her speech as his lips brushed over her pulse. “Be gentle, okay? I’m sore. And filthy.”

He kissed her tenderly to stop the impending flow of words from her full mouth, “Hush mortal.”

“You can’t tell me what to do.” Darcy told him with her devious grin.

Pulling away, he raised a brow. “Oh can’t I?”

She shook her head, rubbing her thumbs on the skin behind his ears the way he had come to love. “I’m your commanding officer, Mischief and Lies. You totally have to do what I say.”

They chuckled, managing to put off washing for the next thirty minutes.

Chapter End Notes

It's so weird, I'm flying through these updates like a madwoman. It's insane!
I am just enjoying writing these and basking in the warm light of the tasertricks fandom...
It's amazing! and you guys are just fantastic, inspiring people.
I feel like I should be giving you guys excited fist bumps!
so...
*gives complimentary fist bump*
“No.”

“No.”

“No.”

“No.”

“No.”

Darcy clamped a hand over his mouth, “I’ve already seen it once. Just come on. I want to see you blue.”

Loki licked the inside of her hand, a trick her learned from her a few days ago. “I’ve had your tongue all over my body. I don’t think the inside of my hand is going to make a difference.”

Rolling his eyes, Loki plucked the hand off his face, “I said, no.”

She frowned. Usually, when Loki denied her something, it was just out of grudging compliance to her desires and after about five minutes of banter, he agreed. But this was different. There were no little smirks on his lips, or a tricky twinkle in his eye. He just sat there, shirtless and bed headed with all the shrewd posture of a prince.

They had been making out after a rather uneventful match of thumb wars when she had the bright idea to ask him if he could go blue for a round.

“Okay, how about no sex, but I can still see you blue?” she asked, her curiosity growing at his true form.

He just stared at her like she was missing half her face, “Why would anyone want to see that? It is the monstrous side of me Darcy, and you wish to bed it?”

She crossed her arms, sitting back on his thighs, “I’m not going to respond to that until you use proper pronouns and stop being racist.”

“Darcy….”

“Loki,” she said, decisively taking his face in her hands, “You were born a frozen little blue dude, okay? You aren’t a monster. You’re a man. And I wish to bed you.”

Blue eyes stared open and innocently into guarded green ones. “Please.”

Slowly, she pressed her welcoming lips to his firm set mouth, kissing him till he melted, parting his lips, and letting her in.
Darcy had never felt so strongly about someone before. Sure Loki had quirks, like being a Frost Giant in disguise for example. But he was also sweet, and funny, and protective, and fantastic in bed. If they were on earth and he was some normal human, she would be officially moved into his apartment.

That was something that worried her. Loki cared for her now, that she was fairly convinced of. But when they got to earth…when he got his chance to move back to Asgard…? What then? Would she just be that mortal he met in a distant galaxy that one time and fucked for a few weeks? She pushed those thoughts out of her mind, focusing on kissing him.

Sure he was really good at sex, and maybe that’s all it was. But she wanted more. It wasn’t just the Frost Giant she wanted (Though a giant freezing cold dick would be amazing), it was him. She wanted to be more to him than just a Midgardian lover.

Too soon, Loki pulled away from the kiss. “We cannot do it here.”

“Why?” Darcy protested, pulling his lips closer, already hot and bothered.

“Because,” he growled rolling them over and kissing her in frustration. “The Other is watching this room almost constantly and I’m not keen on him finding out about my…heritage.”

“Woah woah woah.” She stopped kissing him. “You mean the Other has seen my boobs?”

“I do not doubt it.”

“Dammit.” She sighed, tangling her fingers in his hair. “I really do want to see you blue though. It’s a part of you Loki, and I kinda like your parts….”

Darcy’s heart fluttered as his unreadable eyes searched over her face. “Very well. But not here.”

He traced his fingers over her forehead and Darcy received the familiar feeling of falling asleep.

*************************

Loki stared down at the mortal who stood, looking ravishing, in his mind. Her hair was a flustered mess, her eyes wide, and her mouth was bright pink from his kisses. She glanced at him curiously, “The last time we were in your mind, I read your deep dark secrets.”

He nodded, moving to sit on the window seat where the book of his life sat, propped open to the table of contents. “Yes, and you wished to see them now.”

Every step she took towards him was a little crack in his heart. She would not want him after this. A woman like Darcy would have hundreds, possibly thousands, of Midgardian suitors. There was no hope that once he returned her home she would wish to stay with him. Her beauty, her wit, her charm, her acceptance, her everything….

There was some part of him that wished she would see him and see not some hideous blue monster. But he knew she wouldn’t. She talked like she didn’t care, but he knew she did. Everyone did.

Still, Darcy Lewis of Midgard was not everyone.

She jumped up next to him, taking the book gingerly; holding it like it may break at any time. “Loki, this is your life…your thoughts…your…it’s you. You want me to read it?”

Swallowing thickly, he nodded. “You wish to know what I look like. I cannot transform myself,
even in my mind, for it would change my physical form as well.”

It was not a lie. He did fail to mention that he could cast a magical disguise over himself to blockade the Other’s eyes. However, he needed to know how she looked at the first sight of him.

Taking a deep breath, she propped open the book to *Origins*, reading intently. She snorted loudly at one point.

“What is it that you find so humorous?”

She shook her head, “You’re Dad’s name is Laufey. You’re name is Loki Laufeyson.”

He looked down at her. “Why is this so comical? Laufey is…was….the most feared and impending ruler of the Frost Giants there ever was.”

“Yeah. That’s totally terrifying. *Laufey*. Okay man, whatever. What do you mean ‘was’?”

Loki shook his head, saving the sad story of how he killed his father for another time. “Keep reading.”

Carefully, as to not disturb her thoughts, Loki began to poke at Darcy’s consciousness in his mind, testing her emotions as she read.

The weight of him sharing his thoughts was monumental to her. She cared for him, strongly. Concern, desire, passion…all of it was bundled up in one little mortal’s mind.

She turned a page and he held his breath. The image of his blue face took up the entire page, red eyes standing out against the blue of his skin. All the time, Loki forced himself to stare at Darcy’s face.

The sentiment he felt from her was enough to make his heart hurt.

Her eyes lit up, and a soft smile lit her face. It was more than acceptance. It was…possessive. Darcy did not just approve his Jotunn form, she embraced it.

“Darcy…”

Her lovely brow crinkled, as she ran a hand lightly over the picture.

“Darcy?”

Hefting the book up, Darcy held up the side of the book next to his face, comparing the two.

“Dar—“

“Sh!” She hushed him irritably, though he could not sense any annoyance in her thoughts.

He stayed silent as she zealously savored every word of his Jotunn side. It was a long time before she put the book down.

Darcy looked up at Loki, unsure of how to form the words she wanted to say.

Damn, Loki as a Frost Giant was hot. So hot. It was too hot to handle. How was anyone supposed to handle that? She just spent twenty minutes drooling over pictures of his face. There was one of him
shirtless. It was a memory of him looking in a mirror on Asgard. The only thing that kept her from having an orgasm on the spot was the look of absolute contempt on his face.

Well, he certainly wasn’t looking that way now.

“I was right.” Darcy choked out through her emotional and sexy state.

He cocked his brow. “I doubt it. But what do you think you were right about?”

Shooting him a dirty look, Darcy continued. “You’re amazing.”

“Perhaps you do know a few things….”

“You are amazing and blue and I think you’re stupid for being racist against yourself.” She finished, moving to sit between his legs.

He pushed a lock of hair behind her ear. “Is that all?”

“No… I….” The words were on the tip of her tongue. *I want you to stay with me.*

It was like he could read her mind. “Would you like to know what I think?”

Darcy nodded slowly as his fingers traced the sides of her face. “I wish to be with you Darcy. I want you to be mine.”

Her breath caught. “That sounds… pretty damn good.”

“Indeed.”

“If we have sex in your brain, would it be considered a wet dream?”

***************************************************************

The Other sat in his high backed stone chair, thinking about the intrepid behaviors of the mortal woman.

She was brave, powerful, and completely unafraid. It worried him.

How could a Midgardian possess so much power? That and a Midgardian who couples with an Asgardian prince of Lies. He did not trust them.

Though most of what they told him seemed to be true, he had a lingering suspicion they would attempt to betray the Chitauri.

He watched them through his basin, sitting on the bed and playing some ridiculous hand game for children. How strange they were. It was odd that the woman should come forwards to fight the Lead before the Asgardian. It was more surprising that she had won, leaving him no choice but to abide by the Chitauri’s laws and grant her the power of the Lead.

That made for one very powerful Midgardian. Such power meant that it would be very difficult for her partner to Lead the Chitauri without her. They will not follow his command as they would hers. Even her race could not set apart the respect her position demanded. It was a requirement they treat each other as equals, and taking advantage of even her ignorance of their culture would outcast him from their society.
So, he watched them bicker over the winner of the game, prepared to look away when they began their pairing again. He was fascinated about how much two could argue, yet still show such affections. Their relationship was an essential one and it was becoming apparent to the Other how much of an advantage that may be to Thanos’ plan.

He crossed the room to a pedestal supporting the scepter.

It was a magnificent weapon, designed by Thanos himself. Its connection to the tesseract was ever growing. For years it has remained as if at a standpoint. Within just a few days of the Asgardian’s arrival, the orb began to glow once again.

Soon, he could almost hear voices from the other side. At times, their conversations were apparent. It was silly to him how little Midgardians knew and how odd the woman with the Chitauri contrasted them. Even now, she seemed to know more than the ridiculous mortals he heard speaking now….

Erik Selvig crossed his arms, glaring at Agent Coulson. “What do you mean you can’t move us above ground?”

Phil Coulson maintained his cool agent posture, “Director Fury has insisted that this stay as top secret as possible.”

“Yes well, it won’t be very discreet if the facility caves in.”

The two men had been bickering nonstop for the past twenty minutes and the doctor was getting thoroughly irritated. Not only was the tesseract misbehaving, she was doing so more and more frequently. Not only that, but Jane Foster had failed to get her portal up and running again and Darcy was still missing.

“You tell Director Fury he needs to see this. The tesseract could transport anything, or anyone, from anywhere in Yggdrasil to this lab.”

“I will be sure to let him know.”

About Four Hours Later

The Other could not stop the overwhelming euphoria that coursed through him. Midgard was all too easy to invade. The tesseract would grant them passage and a Midgardian would lead the Chitauri to the domination of the puny mortal world. The Asgardian would later be useful when they sought to take the rest of Yggdrasil and worlds unknown.

For now, though, he intended to train the human in front of him.

“My Lead…” he addressed her formally, as she was now considered a member of the Chitauri court.

“Other.” She returned with the same respect.

The Asgardian stood a distance back, armored and waiting.

“You have recently been oriented into your position. Do you know what it is to be the Lead?”

“To lead the Chitauri into battle and earn them victory as the strong leader I proved to be.” She responded. Her words were effortless, though humored. Everything the mortal said sounded like a joke. Even so, her words were articulate and true, thus he accepted them.
“Yes…” he paced around her, sizing up the woman. Her height was not domineering and her voice did not bellow in a commanding echo. “It also means that you now possess certain…capabilities…. Perhaps your Asgardian has told you what they are?”

“Nope.” She quipped, shooting a pointed stare back at the fallen prince. He smirked, if only for a second, causing her to laugh. “Yeah, I don’t know. Can I shoot lasers from my eyes or something? Because that would be pretty cool for an alien invasion.”

“No. You—“

“Darn. I was thinking, you know those giant worm things? The floaty flying worms? I was thinking that I should ride one with lasers.”

“SILENCE.” He used his native tongue.

Her voice desisted.

“When have you seen the Leviathan?” he questioned, unaware she had left her room at any point. The woman shrugged, “Well, I figured that since I was the Lead, I had better acquaint myself with all of the war strategies and stuff. Mr. Asgardian-Drop-out and I went on a walk around the rock.”

He readied himself to argue, but he could not. She was an equal and had control over even the prisoners. If she wanted to walk around and better her knowledge of the Chitauri forces….well….it was her job as Lead to do so. “I see you are taking your role most seriously then.”

“Duh. I had to tickle some giant for it. Of course I’m going to take it seriously.”

He stopped circling her, “Then you would be willing to prove this?”

“Damn straight.”

The Other’s blood-red lips curled into a malicious grin. “Bring in the prisoner.”

He knew the woman was exceptional as far as mortals went. But she was not ruthless. Overpowering the Lead had gained her a position, but she needed the Chitauri’s support.

The guards at the door left to retrieve his subject.

“Midgardian,” he sighed, sitting down in a high backed stone chair, “He believes you will make a formidable Lead. Yet, you have yet to prove the proper use of your ability.”

The door crashed open at this, and a haggard looking Chitauri was kicked inside by the guards. They laughed until the Other directed his covered gaze in their direction.

The Midgardian looked down at the disgusting individual on the ground. “This weakling is none other but a petty thief, caught taking more food than his rations allowed.”

The mortal’s lips formed a tight line. “Well…when at war…”

“He is none but a hindrance to the Chitauri and our new cause. As the Lead, it is your responsibility to either torture him….or kill him.”

**************************

Darcy didn’t know what the hell to do.
“There’s no fucking way I’m killing this guy. He probably just wanted to feed his sister’s son or something.” She defended the hunched reptilian figure on the ground.

The Other hissed, “You must choose what to do, as you are the Lead.”

Darcy choked, trying to form words. She could feel Loki’s reassuring presence behind her. He insisted that she was now a higher rank than him, and it would have been disrespectful to her status if he stood next to her. Darcy didn’t really care.

“I don’t even know how to torture.” She whined to the Other, hoping that they could just let the poor mewling dude go.

“The power is inside you mortal! You have felt it! You know how to use it! Your cowardice is apparent.”

Damn.

Okay, focus Lewis. Just focus and torture the bloke. She could feel a cool little ball of energy growing in her fingertips, unfamiliar and threatening. She directed them at the Chitauri on the floor.

Blue light swirled from her fingers, and for a second, Darcy had the urge to run around, tear off her cape, and start singing Let it Go. The desire was beat away by the sound of the prisoner’s agonized screeching. None of the words he said she understood, but she could tell it was a plea…a prayer for her to stop.

Immediately, she put her hand down. “Alright. There.”

“He hardly learned his lesson. Again.”

Darcy shook her head. “No. Man, I don’t know if you’ve ever been tortured, but it sucks. He probably was just hungry, or something.”

“I was not giving you a choice, my Lead. You either torture him or kill him. How else do you expect to gain the support of the army?” he questioned in his gravelly threatening tone.

Darcy set her jaw, casting an apologetic glance at Loki. He wasn’t going to approve of this. She knelt down next to the tortured Chitauri. “I’m sorry. You No take things from people. Bad stupid ass, Chitauri. Stand.”

She stood up, offering the prisoner her hand. “Loki, can you translate?”

He nodded, taking a step forwards, waiting for Darcy to speak.

She took a deep breath, eyeing the Other as she spoke, “As the Lead, I command you to go get as much training in as a first rank soldier. You will not ever rise above that rank, even if you make it back from our glorious battle with Midgard. Die for your race. Die for their honor. It’s not useful to kill you right before we go to war.”

The reptilian man shook with surprise, quietly speaking to her. His words were softer than any she had heard from the Chitauri thus far, leading her to believe this prisoner was young…perhaps too young to truly fight in a war. It only made her feel more justified in freeing him.

“Thank you, my Lead.”

Darcy nodded, “No problem. Take him to train.”
She waited till the soldier was departed before looking to the Other.

Her superior sat contemplatively. Maybe he was looking for a decent way to kill her. Maybe he was asleep and she could grab Loki and escape back to their room.

Loki gave her a disapprovingly concerned look, but didn’t speak.

Finally, the Other stood. “You have put the needs of the Chitauri’s military force above that of your own status. You have sent a prisoner to fight rather than kill him yourself.”

“Yes.” Darcy squeaked. This was it, she was going to die. “Just saying, that guy is totally going to get killed anyways….”

The Other ignored her little comments, per usual. “That was a wise decision…more well thought out than any Lead we have had since Thanos himself was your rank.”

Darcy knew a compliment when she heard one. Maybe she wouldn’t die.

“You are ready to return to Earth and control the forces in battle, My Lead.”

Chapter End Notes

Guess what happens next chapter??????????
EARTH!
Damn straight!
Sorry about the irregular posting thing. Busy busy busy week.
Return of the Taser

Chapter Summary

This is it.... Earth baby! That's right, I devoted an entire chapter, just to the trip back to Midgard!

Chapter Notes

So, just going to put a disclaimer that I used direct lines from the movie.
I'm sticking to the plot here, even with the various twists.
I needed the lines for recreational purposes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“One does not typically sleep well when they move so much.” Loki grumbled into Darcy’s hair.

She sat up, naked body warm and cheeks flushed. “What if I have to kill people? I’m not a murderer! I don’t do the whole kill people thing! That poor guy I tortured today...I...tortured....bah!!! I can’t....And even if we do stop the Chitauri from invading, then what? What happens to us? We will still be taken as war criminals. SHIELD will have my head and you’ll probably go to Azkaban or something.”

“I’m not familiar—“

“No you aren’t! And what if we fail? Oh god....Jesus Christ, I don’t know.” Darcy rambled, anxiety clenching in her chest.

Loki sat up, caressing her shoulder with a cool hand. “Darcy...”

“I’m not ready to die either. I just want this to be over. I mean, it was awesome and everything getting this culturally enriching experience, but I don’t know if I can handle going into total war against my own realm.”

“Darcy, listen for a moment.” Loki urged tilting her chin to face him in the dark of their room. Her wide blue eyes stared pleadingly up at him. “I will personally see to it that you do not die. As for becoming war criminals...I shall make sure you do not become one. Your job is to lead the Chitauri. It is my job to assist you.”

She shook her head, “But, Loki, I don’t want this.”

“I will do whatever it takes to make sure that you do not make any life-threatening decisions. Though, that is becoming increasingly more difficult to do.”

“Agh.” She fell back on their covers, pressing her face to Loki’s bare chest, “I don’t want you to be a war criminal, either.”

He chuckled, darkly, “If I had not fallen off the bifrost, there is no doubt I would either be banished
or imprisoned. However, the world thinks me dead at the moment.”

“Loki…”

“Yes?”

She wrapped her fingers in his fair, pulling his lips down to hers. She tried to shove all her estranges emotions and unwarranted feelings into that kiss. Pulling away with labored breathing, she said, “Don’t be a war criminal.”

“Darling,” he kissed her nose, “You forget who you’re speaking with. May I offer an alternative.”

“Please.”

“The Chitauri cannot watch us whilst we reside on Earth. Their connection to the outside world is through the Other’s scepter and that is only through the tesseract. If we mean to open a portal for them, we would require that scepter.” He paused to draw the blankets up around them. “We could very well just…not go through with the war.”

Darcy’s heart leapt to her throat, “You’re serious? Don’t they have alien technology that will make sure we do?”

“We could try. It would keep me out of an Asgardian cell if that’s what you mean.”

Darcy stared up at the god of Mischief and Lies, hoping he was right.

“Alright, I trust you.”

“A terrible decision really. Is it because I’m hot?”

“Shut up.” She sighed, kissing him again.

********************************

“Loki, most times, I’m all good with no underwear. But not now. If you want to dress me, do it right,” Darcy scolded, adjusting the golden mask feature around her face.

Sighing, Loki reluctantly magicked her underwear. He was wearing his typical ceremonial golden armor and horned helm. Darcy looked him up and down. Her own armor was so dark and dictating where as Loki looked…innocent. He didn’t look like he wanted to destroy Midgard. He looked like the lost prince that tried to commit suicide off the end of the bifrost.

“What is it?” he asked, straightening the thin gold bands around her face.

Darcy laid her hands on his chest. “I think you should change your armor. Both sets.”

His brow crinkled, “Why?”

“Because…I don’t know. I guess….we’re supposed to be taking over the world and you should look like you want to be the King of Midgard. You look too….good. If we have to start a war, we’ve got to be bad.”

Loki arched a brow, “What do you suggest, Darcy Lewis? Please, share your expertise with me.”

Rolling her eyes, Darcy walked a circle around her, trying to look as much like the Other as possible. “I think you should have a dark guy look. Like you could be chilling out or slaughtering mortals,
either way you would still be comfy.”

Thinking about this, Loki began to glow with magic, subtle changed weaving his armor into something new. When he was finished, he looked at her for approval. Darcy had to clasp her hands to keep herself from tearing his clothes off. They had a planet to invade.

“What do you think?”

Darcy looked him dead in the eye, “It’s perfect, just like you.”

He offered her an affectionate smiled, hands settling on her hips to pull her closer. “You need spend more time with me if you still believe that.”

She kissed him softly, “I will always believe that.”

They kissed for a few minutes, slowly becoming more heated. Just when Darcy had managed to get a moan out of Loki’s lips, there was a slow grind at the door. She had found out in the past few days since she became a lead, that instead of knocking on the stone doors, the chitauri would open them a little, then wait for your permission to enter.

“Come.” Darcy called, backing away from Loki’s face. He still held her close.

The guard entered before offering a short bow of its head, “We are ready for your ceremony.”

Ah, the ceremony. Apparently, there was a ceremony where she and Loki would be offered weapons for their adventures on Earth. She didn’t really understand the whole thing because it had been explained to her in Chitauri.

They followed the guard out and along stone stairs, Darcy managing to walk regally in her armor. It was surprisingly light weight for the amount of hard white armored pieces on it.

Eventually they reached an above ground area she had never seen before, a large stone platform raised far above a screeching crowd of Chitauri. Darcy recognized a few of them from training. It was the entire army, watching them go.

The Other stood at the top of the steps with a grim red smile on his blindfolded face, behind him on a tall high backed stone was someone Darcy had never seen before. He was red. Entirely. His skin was a dark, bloody color and he held no weapon. He did not growl or snarl or make any noise whatsoever. He simply sat there in an aloof state, like he was sitting in his reading chair with a boring book.

Loki looked like that sometimes.

Except this guy was one thousand times more terrifying.

The Other nodded to her as she approached. “Have you prepared your speech?”

Darcy faltered, “My what?”

“Speech. You must speak to the Chitauri before battle. This will be your time to do it.”

She gaped, “What? No one ever said anything about public speaking! I can’t even speak your language well. Half of the audience will be confused.”

The Other shook his head, “It is our tradition, mortal.”
Sighing, Darcy flicked a look at Loki who was shaking quietly with laughter. She elbowed him in the side. “Fine. Let’s just get this over with.”

The Other nodded. “Our king will present your weapons first.”

Slowly he turned to the crowd and spoke, “Our New Lead, the Midgardian, and her partner in battle, the Asgardian, will choose their weapons for which to lead us in battle against Midgard!”

The screeching was unbearably loud, like a million nails scraping across chalkboards. Still, Darcy waved enthusiastically, trying not to think about how she was invading her own planet.

“And now, Your King, glorious ruler and overseer of the Chitauri, leader of our revolutions, and wisdom of our race, Thanos! He will grant your Lead her weapon.” The Other finished, backing away.

Thanos stood slowly, graciously accepting the screeching and slowly approaching Darcy. In his hand was the scepter.

“My Lead, Darcy Lewis of Midgard…” he spoke with surprising softness, each word was tender and he spoke English better than she herself did. “I offer you the chance to wield the most powerful weapon the Chitauri have to offer and hope that it will be not only a weapon of destruction, but also a tool to fix the tesseract and bring us to Midgard.”

In his hand, he held the scepter that was always in the Other’s room….the one he tortured her with.

Darcy just stared. Did she want that weapon? No. She wanted her taser. That scepter thing…it wasn’t her. She saw the pain it caused, and she wasn’t ready for that. Plus, she didn’t know how to fix the portal, Loki did.

“Uh…Thank you, My King, Thanos. But, I kinda don’t think I was your magical disco stick. Don’t be offended or anything! I just want to…uh….use my taser. Like, Loki, he is way better at fixing things than me and I would put all my trust in giving him the scepter instead. Really, thank you for the offer though.” She said, bowing her head.

Thanos looked completely unphased. “Very well.” He approached Loki with more of his domineering aloofness. Loki, Prince of Asgard, didn’t even look shaken. If anything, he looked bored at their encounter. “Loki Odinson, Asgardian, desired King of Midgard, will you accept the weapon your Partner in battle has denied? Will you wield the Chitauri’s greatest weapon in the battle against Midgard.”

“I will.” Loki drawled, bowing his head, his horns tilting royally.

Thanos nodded, placing the scepter in Loki’s extended fingertips.

He turned back to her, “Lead, it is your wish to wield the midgardian weapon you came with?”

“Yeah, that’d be great, Kingy.” She sighed as he brought forth her taser and bestowed it elegantly to her.

She accepted the weapon, holding it with purpose. “Thank you.”

He nodded to her and stepped back for her to face the throng of warriors prepared to fight.

Darcy’s heart hammered. She was never good at the whole public speaking thing and most certainly not in a different language.
“Hey, Other? Can someone translate?” she whispered after an awkward silence of her trying not to throw up on stage.

The Other shook his head, “No. The words must be your own.”

“Hello, Chitauri. I no speak your language good. But, I know fight. I know win. I know midgard. You have strong warriors. You have big number. We can take Midgard and all Yggdrasil!”

The speech must not have been so bad, because the entire army cheered their screeching sounds of admiration. Darcy pumped her fist in the air, cheering with them, until she remembered she was applauding the end of her own race.

It seemed wrong. The Chitauri weren’t all that bad. Sure they had some lame rulers, but what civilization didn’t? She read all the WW novels….they were all people and it was the crazy government leaders that didn’t have to fight that made were always more diligent in Total War.

“THEY LEAVE NOW!” Yelled the Other, gesturing for Loki to raise his scepter, casting a magical blue glow over the him and Darcy.

“Stay behind me.” He whispered over the roar of the crowd. “I promised to protect you, Darcy Lewis. We are officially at war.”

She took his hand, staring deeply into the blue glow of the scepter. “Just remember, I’m your boss, Mischief and Lies. Don’t kill my friends.”

“I would never.” Loki murmured gripping her hand.

Just then, the Other approached them. “Oh yes, and before you go, I have a gift for our lead.” In hardly anytime at all he had latched a thin collar like necklace around Darcy’s neck. “If you should fail us, Asgardian, Yggdrasil should not find out about our position in any of this. If they do, and you evade punishment of your crimes or do not go through with the plan, she will be brought back here and shall be at the mercy of the Chitauri.”

Darcy gasped, Loki growled. There went their plan to lie their asses off and not invade Midgard.

Blue light exploded around the two, and a familiar swooping feeling overtook Darcy, causing her head to spin in the light of swirling rainbows.

************************************************

Heimdall was watching over Yggdrasil from his position on the palace balcony when he saw it.

Blue light, streaking across the nine realms, the essence of the tesseract.

He was well aware that Midgard had been working on it, however, they had made little to no progress as they treated it more like an object rather than a source of power. The only one who seemed to have any knowledge of it was Dr. Selvig, who was almost constantly ignored.

But this energy was not coming from Midgard, rather hurdling towards it from someplace he could not see. Focusing his vision, he saw…

No…

Impossible….

No…it wasn’t.
Loki was alive.
Loki was on Midgard.
And there was a little feisty mortal woman at his side.
Allfather help him.

Jane was feeling sick.
She hadn’t eaten in twelve hours, slept in three days, and hadn’t showered in five. It was a crazy week. She was living off bad coffee and science. On the bright side, she was so close to figuring out where Darcy was. She just needed a stroke of energy from—

**BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP**

Jane jumped up, directing her gaze to her long distance equipment.
And it was going off like a madman.
Quickly she began scrawling data, grabbing her phone and opening up Tony Stark’s contact info.
“Tony…machines…crazy…it’s insane…stuff…it…it…Darcy….” she was hardly able to speak over the joy coursing through her.

“Hold on Barnhardt, I’m in the middle of something. Can I call you back?”

“NO! Space….calibrations…portal….”

“Coherent sentences…learn them.” Tony responded sardonically.
Jane let out a gargled scream, “Tony—“

“Later Foster.”

Jane nearly tossed her phone over her shoulder. She read her machines in earnest, watching as the activity. It wasn’t an Einstein Rosen bridge. There was a portal already on the ground. Someone had harnessed and energy on Earth and gotten through….

But what energy…?
And more importantly, why hadn’t Coulson told her about it so she could get Darcy back?

With an energy source like that…travel would be…simple…

The tesseract had been acting up all day.
All night.
For the past three days, and now it was on the verge of collapsing the facility on the day Dr. Fury was supposed to clear them for moving to ground level….fantastic.

“Talk to me, doctor.” Fury demanded, entering the lab.
Dr. Selvig looked up in surprise. Fury was actually here, “Director.”

Nick Fury was not in the mood for small talk, “Is there anything we know for certain?”

“Tesseract is misbehaving.” He said, leaning over a computer.

“Is that supposed to be funny?”

“No, it's not funny at all. The Tesseract is not only active, she's...misbehaving.”

“How soon until you pull the plug?” he asked, not wanting the entire facility to collapse. The Doctor brought about his explanation in simple terms, “She's an energy source. If we turn off the power, she turns it back on. If she reaches peak level...”

“We've prepared for this, doctor. Harnessing energy from space.” Fury assured the scientist.

“We don't have the harness. Our calculations are far from complete. Now she's throwing off interference, radiation. Nothing harmful, low levels of gamma radiation.” Selvig turned to a computer again, gaze shifting back and forth from his computer to the tesseract.

Director Fury cast a glance at the cube as well, then back at the doctor. “That can be harmful.” He looked about the room, “Where's Agent Barton?”

“The Hawk? Up in his nest, as usual.”

“Agent Barton, report to me.” Fury said into is ear piece.

Barton strode down from his position near the beamers that held up the lab, jogging to meet his boss.

“I gave you this detail so you could keep a close eye on things.” Fury reprimanded quietly.

Barton shrugged, cool and comfortable, “Well I see better from a distance.”

Waving it off, Director Fury addressed the more pressing matter of the misbehaving tesseract, “Are you seeing anything that might set this thing off?”

“No one's come or gone. Selvig is clean. No contacts, no I.M.'s. If there was any tampering, sir, it
wasn't at this end.” Barton said, crossing his thick arms.

“At this end?” Fury questioned.

Barton, who had been spending much time in the lab overseeing Dr. Selvig’s work, understood it better than most in the lab. “Yeah, the cube is a doorway to the other end of space, right? The doors open from both sides.”

The two turned to the tesseract before it spiked in a violent blue blast of light, the cube creating a dense light, shooting it forward to the circular frame of panels that Selvig had set up in case an event like should occur.

Fury watched, jaw clenched, prepared for the worst. His hand went for his gun, eyes focused on the mass of green and black leather that had just appeared at the pedestal. He thought he saw a swish of navy fabric, but it must have been a trick of the light.

The figure stood and his men stepped forwards, guns drawn, prepared for any attack.

The visitor faced the lab, and for a moment, he seemed no more than a man dressed in green and black leather. But there was something different. A glint of pure rage shone in his eye and there was a malicious grin on his pale face, like he had spent the past year underground and was finally seeing the light of day.

In his hand was a long golden…spear? At the end of it was a glowing blue orb, the same color as the tesseract.

“Sir, please put down the spear!”

Chapter End Notes

Shout out to Alexis, happy birthday mate. This chapter is for you.
Also for everyone else.
Also for me.

On a separate note:
I have momentarily forgotten how to write smut.
oops.
But it will come back eventually, and when it does...I promise you there will be all of the Midgard sex.
All of it.
What's a HYDRA?

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry this is so late!
These past two weeks have been completely insane!
With all the cooking and cleaning and visiting family, I've just about gone bonkers!
I'm sorry. Truly, deeply sorry.
Here is a chapter to make up for it.

How dare they!?

Loki had known from the start that the Chitauri did not trust him, as his reputation preceded his efforts to be a part of their society. But he thought that their trust in Darcy would overrule that. Still, he had underestimated the Other.

There was no doubt he cared for the Midgardian, so much so he wouldn’t dare let her get sent back to their land for torture if he betrayed them.

Darcy…

How could a Midgardian be so free and good and full of wit yet be the heart of such trouble?

“Sir, please put down the spear!”

Loki looked up. He could think over Darcy’s disposition later when armed men weren’t creeping closer with their firearms. Quickly, he cast a spell over Darcy to make her invisible, carefully searching over the minds of the men before him using the power of the scepter.

The Midgardian that spoke reminded him strongly of the allfather and seemed to desire the safety of his precious earth, along with the unlimited power of the tesseract.

Loki quickly made a point not to kill him or any of the scientists. They would be useful in harnessing the tesseract.

Swiftly, he glazed over the minds of the armed men. They were not like the rest in the room and did not seem to be of the same group. Stealing a second, he delved deeper to find they were a part of something…different.

He made a point to later ask Darcy what HYDRA was.

Without another moment’s hesitation he looked down at the scepter, desperately wishing it would not have to come to this so soon, before blasting the armed men away with bursts of blue energy.

“Stay here.” He murmured to the invisible Darcy.

Pulling out his daggers, Loki threw them at more of the armed men, thinking solely of how fast one of their firing weapons could hurt the woman behind him.

She had been right about changing his armor. This new style was similar to his last but
felt….different. He felt different. He wasn’t the same person that jumped off the end of the bifrost or that once desired the end of Jotunnheim. He no longer thought Midgardians to be completely useless either. In fact, he was rather disgusted at how easily he slaughtered them, and was relieved when a man with short hair and focused eyes held back his arm.

Loki stared at the man. He could easily tear him apart, just as he had the others. He was not a scientist, nor was he a member of this group HYDRA. But his resistance was for the good of Earth and would surely kill him given the chance. He would find out what he needed to know of this organization he worked for, SHIELD.

“You have heart.” He told the him, pressing the tip of the scepter over his heart.

Thanos’ tablets had been very informative on the magical properties of the scepter. It’s power was linked directly to the tesseract, giving the wielder nearly unlimited power over the known world and minds of the magically unsheltered.

The agent’s eyes turned the mystic blue of the tesseract, and he lowered his arms as a readied minion.

Loki went about the room, changing few of the remaining members so they would not be a danger to Darcy when he went to get them out of this building.

From across the room, the leader of this SHIELD organization was slowly moving away with the tesseract.

Loki thought about destroying this man also, simply using the energy of the scepter to turn the bald man to dust. However, with the entirety of Yggdrasil on the line, he opted to speak instead. “Please don’t. I still need that.”

Darcy was struggling to keep up with what was happening. One minute, she’s gripping onto Loki for dear life as the travel through the portal, the next, he’s slaughtering everyone in SHIELD.

At first she was pretty damn pissed. Hadn’t she educated him on the whole ‘don’t kill Midgardians’ thing?

Then she focused on his face.

There was a point in time where she might have mistaken the look in his eyes as bloodlust or rage. But now she saw it as it was: disgust. Still mortified at the number of people killed in such a short period of time, Darcy checked for survivors.

Thankfully, she saw a few scientists still moving along with Agent Barton, who had stopped by the lab a couple times, a big bald guy with an eye patch she guessed was Director Fury…. And Erik!

It took all her might not to go running and screaming and telling him she had gotten to an alien planet before him. He was going to be sooooo jelly when he found out about that.

Her elation came to a halt at Loki’s weary voice echoing through the room. “Please don’t. I still need that.”

He obviously did not want to kill Director Fury, leading Darcy to believe the scepter was giving him some insight into who the people in the room where.

That damn scepter. No wonder the Chitauri hadn’t trusted them alone on Earth. Their stupid wonder
stick had been skipping through their minds, sensing their lies.

Fury responded with a calm demeanor Darcy had come to expect from SHIELD agents, “This doesn't have to get any messier.”

Oh but it did.

“Of course it does.” Loki growled, pulling his lips tight. It was clear he wasn’t ready to deal with Nick Fury’s ignorance to the situation. “I’ve come too far for anything else. I am Loki of Asgard, and I am burdened with glorious purpose.”

Darcy rolled her eyes. There it was. Loki’s inner Shakespeare, come to grace us with his dramatis persona.

“Loki? Brother of Thor?” Spoke Erik Selvig from the ground where he was tending to a fallen scientist. Loki must have remembered that she didn’t want him to hurt her friends. Not that she wasn’t totally pissed at him for killing all those people, but the fact he didn’t kill Erik was nice.

Fury grasped at opportunity not to have the tesseract taken, “We have no quarrel with your people.”

Well, not with Asgard. But the Chitauri totally wants dead Midgard on a stone platter.

Loki gazed at the Director casually, “An ant has no quarrel with a boot.”

That was a dumb analogy.

“Are you planning to step on us?” Fury questioned with mock innocence.

And so the bad analogy continues.

“I come with glad tidings, of a world made free.” Loki said, finally getting to the point.

“Freedom.” Loki answered immediately, “Freedom is life's great lie. Once you accept that, in your heart...” he stopped to press the tip of the scepter to Selvig’s chest. “You will know peace.”

So they were sticking to the plan? Even when the Chitauri did not trust them?

“Yeah, you say peace, I kind of think you mean the other thing.” Fury said, using his wonderful observation skills.

A tesseract-blue eyed Barton cut in, “Sir, Director Fury is stalling. This place is about to blow. Drop a hundred feet of rock on us. He means to bury us.”

Smart man, Barton. Quickly, Darcy made her way over to Loki, careful not to trip over her long robes or dead bodies. Also, being invisible did not mean you couldn’t make sound. She was totally channeling Harry Potter.

“Like The Pharaohs of Old.” Added Fury, admitting to his aims.

Loki must have done some scepter voodoo, because Erik was blue eyed as well. “He's right, the portal is collapsing in on itself. You got maybe two minutes before this goes critical.”

Darcy squeezed his arm, a bit harder than necessary, to let him know she was there.
“Barton.” Loki commanded.

In the blink of an eye, Fury was shot dead in the chest.

“Loki! What the hell!?” Darcy asked, hastily clamping her hands over her mouth.

Barton, Selvig and the few others seemed unphased. So, she kept talking.

“Dude! You can’t just kill Director Fury!” She shouted as he took her hand and began following Barton and another nameless agent out of the building.

Invisibility left her skin as they ran up a flight of stairs. “Can you not stay hidden for more than a few seconds, Darcy?! SHIELD’s leader will live! But in the meantime, so shall we.”

“How do you expect him to live!? He just got shot in the god damned chest!” Darcy argued, somehow managing to keep pace with the much taller and long legged group of people.

Loki managed to give her an exasperated sight while running. “He was wearing some strange Midgardian armor.”

They pushed past a slender female agent, she and the mind controlled Barton exchanging a few words.

“And what about the other dudes that were just murdered? And turning me invisible! What was the point of that!?” she asked, angrily climbing in the back of a truck that the agents were getting into.

Loki waved a hand in front of the female agent’s face before climbing in after. “Keeping you from the eyes of SHIELD is a necessity. If they found out I had you with me, there is no doubt you would once again be used as a weapon against the monster threatening their world!” he yelled as the car whizzed down a long underground driveway, blasting things with his scepter.

Darcy shook her head, incredulously waving her hands, “I don’t have time to argue the monster thing again, but that still didn’t answer my question about the people you just murdered in cold blood!”

They made it out of the facility, the building collapsing just as she yelled out the last words.

Loki looked like he could spit acid at her, “If I promise to explain everything later, will you stop running your Midgardian mouth for me to just focus on keeping us alive?” he gestured with his scepter to a helicopter flying straight at them.

“Fine.”

Darcy crossed her arm, making a conscious effort not to fall out of the speedily moving vehicle. The crazy Asgardian she was so fond of aimed a murderous ball of blue tesseract-power at the helicopter. The contraption fell from the sky, blades sputtering dirt at them.

From the smoke rose the tall, darkly clad figure of Director Fury, gun in hand, firing wildly at the back of their truck. Thankfully, he missed and they got away.

Darcy ha half a mind to start ranting at Loki again, but kept her promise and stayed silent, waiting for him to speak. Only he didn’t. He wrapped an arm around her body, pulling her close before speaking with the agents. “Take us somewhere SHIELD will not find us.”

He directed his attention to Erik, “We need to harness the tesseract. Has it shown you the path to
finding a way to directing the power?"

Selvig smiled enthusiastically, “Yes! I can see it… If we just…” he trailed off, muttering something Jane-like.

Finally Loki turned to her, eyes weary. “May we talk about it later?”

“Why?”

“Because I do not wish to talk about it now.”

“Why? I think I need to hear some reason as to why you’re killing more of my race than absolutely necessary! Loki—“

He kissed her forcefully, stopping the words. “Please, Darcy, later.”

The anger that had been building melted on his cool lips. “We will talk about it?”

“Yes. I just need…time. To take in today. There I less time than I thought before the Chitauri must be summoned. I cannot fail them…at least, not without consequence.” He murmured against her cheek, brushing his fingers over the thin silver at the base of her neck.

“Loki…I’ll be fine.” She assured him, running her fingers through his hair. “Come on. It’ll be great. We can fight, probably win an honest loss, then…”

“Then what?” he asked, backing away. “You will go back to be a torture victim if I step out of line once, Darcy.”

“No.” she said determinedly, “It won’t happen, okay?”

“Darcy…”

“Okay?”

He hesitated, the wind whipping his hair around his face, “Okay.” Satisfied, if only for the moment, she curled into his side as best she could on the rough metal of the cargo boxes.

Loki pressed his lips to her hair, “Would you like to sleep Darcy?”

“Yeah. That’s be great. But not here. I want to be in a bed…with you. Preferably naked.” She groaned longingly into his shoulder.

A fond chuckle rumbled in his chest, “After we have stopped and have spoken, I will take you to your home in Midgard with your scientist friend, Jane.”

Darcy agreed, trying her best to relax on the treacherously bumpy ride.

For the next few hours, Loki conversed with Barton about SHIELD and a few agents. None of it was very deep, but Director Fury would still throw a hissy fit if he ever found out.

She only paid attention for a rather enthralling discussion about The Black Widow. Hmm. She’d heard about Natasha, but never actually met her. Loki talked to the Archer about it like they were friends commenting on the weather. “So she has killed many people?”

“Yes. And not always for SHIELD. Some of her assassinations were pretty nasty.” Barton said in his space cadet-like tone.
“I must say, what happened with Dracoff’s daughter is quite…admirable. From a murderer’s perspective, at least.” Loki said, rubbing his hand over Darcy’s shoulder.

Barton seemed to agree, “She’s somethin’ else.”

“Are you well acquainted?”

“We were partners on some assignments.” He said vaguely. Darcy was curious as to how they were having such an informal conversation while Barton was under the control of the tesseract.

“Are you very fond of each other?” Loki asked. She translated that into, ‘Do you like-like each other?’

“I guess. I’m not sure. Our line of work doesn’t allow for that type of thing.” Barton replied, but if space cadet’s could have sad tones, she was pretty sure that was it.

From there on out the conversation got boring again. Darcy had never been so glad to be on Earth, but what she didn’t want where extremely long car rides.

After what seemed like forever, they stopped.

“Where are we?”

Loki stood up, getting out of the truck and offering her his hand to help her down. “Underground and away from SHIELD.”

Accepting his hand, Darcy hopped down, robes swishing as she did so. “Cool. So what are we doing here?”

Rubbing his chin, Loki took her hand as the men unloaded the few materials they had in the van. “First I’m going to explain to you what happened in the building, and then I’m going to find some enemies of SHIELD to help on this project.”

Darcy’s brow crinkled, “Why enemies of SHIELD?”

“Because I do not want to manipulate any more SHIELD agents and those who are enemies of SHIELD I presume must be as intelligent.” He answered, leading them further inside, “What is a HYDRA?”

Darcy stopped walking, “What?”

“H-Y-D-R-A. What is it?”

“How do you know about HYDRA?”

“The men I killed were a part of it. In their minds they were doing some ridiculous salutation of sort.”

“Impossible.”

“Who are they?”

Darcy sighed walking around the wet hall of whatever sewer they were in. “I don’t know much, only what Coulson told us when I was briefed on being a level two agent. Jane is a level six researcher and Erik is level seven. I made her tell me more.”

Loki waited impatiently.
She spoke hurriedly, “So, basically, back in WWII, you know about it right? Okay! So, there was this weapons group in Germany that sort of wanted to crush SHIELD with its mighty wrath and it had the tesseract. Well, Captain America got frozen with it and they recently found him again and that’s how we came by the damn thing again. But, HYDRA is mean and they sort of had it out to murder all of SHIELD and back then America. But, you know….war.”

“But they are very much alive, it seems.” He responded, “And they crave blood.”

Darcy gulped, “Man, SHIELD has got us as a problem. Now they have HYDRA. Things are not going their way.”

“Indeed.”

“Sorry I yelled at you for unnecessarily murdering midgardians.” Darcy said starting to walk again, the weight of her armor beginning to feel heavy.

Loki stopped, lifting her chin to stare into her face, “You have no reason to be sorry, Darling. It is not like I haven’t killed meaninglessly in the past.”

Slowly, he began to release her, like he was once again thinking of his monstrous attributes. Darcy, pissed at Asgard for being racist and at a total loss for words, tilted her head and kissed him tenderly.

Despite all of the intergalactic travel and murder, his lips were soft and responsive. Gently, she brought her hands up to wrap in his hair, fingering it out of its style. Loki wrapped his arms around her, pulling her closer so the line of her body traced his and she could feel the muscles in his chest move when he breathed.

Emotion and desire knotted in Darcy’s chest, urging her to deepen the kiss, sending her tongue smoothly into his mouth.

From somewhere beyond their passionate embrace, someone cleared their throat. “Sir.”

Breaking their kiss, Loki set Darcy down with apparent reluctance. “Barton.”

“I have the list of people you asked for earlier.”

“Get them here and assign them to assist in this brilliant endeavor.” Loki commanded, voice bitter.

When Barton left, he turned to her again. “I should get you home.”

Quickly, Darcy snapped out of her make-out after glow. “Wait, why? I’m the Lead. You need me to help in this Alien Invasion.”

“Yes, but I need you to be safe, Darcy.” Loki argued, pushing a lock of hair from her face. “I can’t be sure of that while I’m recruiting dangerous—“

“Come with me then.” She begged, “This stuff takes time anyways, okay? I’ll stay most of the time with Jane but still be ready to help out with world domination.”

He stared down at her disapprovingly for a few seconds before sighing in defeat. “The things I do for you, Midgardian….“

“Yes! Awesome! We’ve got, like, a whole night! I can show you what showers are, and microwaves, and ramen, and I can have my bras back! This is amazing! And that’s just getting started! Now that I have all of my shower back, I can be, like, a sex goddess.”
Loki raised a brow at that last part, “Are you really so confident in yourself, mortal?”

A coy smile lit her lips as she stepped suggestively closer, “How fast do you think it would take us to steal a plane and get to New Mexico?”

He chuckled darkly, “Darling, I promise you, I can do much better.”

With that panty dropping statement, the two melted from the room in a showy flash of green and gold light, reappearing in Darcy’s bedroom in New Mexico.

“You did not.”

“I did.”

“You can teleport?!” Darcy asked, leaping onto her purple duvet covered bed with abandon.

Loki looked down at her, humored. “What was that charming Midgardian saying you used once? Oh yes, I remember…. ‘Duh’” he said, kneeling over her on the bed. “Of course I can.”

Smiling, Darcy pulled him down for a kiss, “Stop being so full of yourself.”

“Me? Did you not just claim to be a sex goddess?” he asked innocently, sliding his fingers up her legs, stopping at the knees to hook them around his slim waist.

“I only speak the truth.” She confessed breathing heavier as Loki’s silvertongue began flicking at her neck.

“Liar.” He whispered, trailing his fingers down her body, letting her clothes disappear as they went. He stopped at her waist, leaving the skirt of her robes in place.

Darcy giggled breathlessly as his mouth found her nipple. “Says you, God of Mischief and Lies.”

Just then, the door banged open to reveal a ruffled and confused Jane Foster.
Jane was having a rough time.

It wasn’t two hours after her revelation as to where Darcy might be that a few familiar SHIELD agents knocked at her door and told her she was being relocated to Sweden for her own protection.

“Why? Can I take my research? What if Darcy shows up? You can’t just relocate me!” Jane protested as SHIELD began loading her things into a van just outside the lab.

The woman agent before her spoke crisply and coolly, “It is for your own protection. Your intern has been missing for a month now, Doctor; she won’t be coming back anytime soon. We will be relocating you to Sweden.”

“But why am I being moved?”

The agent frowned, “There has been an attack. The one who destroyed Puente Antiguo last year has returned.”

Jane spat cold coffee from the mug she was drinking all over the agent. “What the hell!? Loki! But…. Thor…he went back…..”

The woman wiped coffee from her face, looking disgusted at the small distracted scientist. “We do not know much.”

“Okay, fine. Can you give me, like, a couple hours to get my things together?”

The Agent looked as if waiting two hours could be the difference between life and death. “One hour. Be ready.”

The Agents were already taking care of her equipment, so she figured she would just need to pack her clothes. She was halfway down the hall when she heard voices coming from Darcy’s room.

Jane froze.

She hadn’t been in Darcy’s room since before Darcy left.

Carefully, she pressed her ear against the door.

“Liar.” A sweet, smooth voice taunted.

“Says you, God of Mischief and Lies.” Said Darcy’s light, winded voice.

No.

The chances of that were….

No.

Jane, unable to bear the curiosity, slammed the door open.
Her brain almost fried on the spot.

Usually, when people accidentally teleported their intern away, they didn’t find them back in their room canoodling with who they thought was their long distance boyfriend’s deranged brother.

And it was not a pleasant sight.

“Darcy?”

“Jane!”

“Loki?”

“Darcy!”

“Jane?”

“Loki?!”

“Doctor Scott!”

Jane shook her head, “What the hell are you doing!?” She nearly screamed, remembering to lower her voice for the SHIELD agents outside. Jane paced the room as Darcy took her time sitting up, covering her top with a blanket. Jane missed the look her intern sent the God of Mischief. “What the hell! You travel on the freaking Einstein-Rosen-Bridge…to Asgard, of all places, get jiggy with him and come back to earth to blow up shit looking like you were choked by a damn octopus!? Is that what we’re doing?! Because I’ll have you know I haven’t showered in six days, Darcy Elizabeth Lewis! SIX DAYS! Do you know why? Because I’ve been on the verge of getting –“

Jane immediately stopped talking, her petite frame falling to the floor.

“Loki!”

“What?”

“You can’t just make Jane pass out!” Darcy protested, standing up to help her friend.

Loki rolled his eyes, “I just did. She will not be unconscious long. So, I suggest we figure out if she is to know of your association with me.”

She thought quickly. “Okay. Jane should know. One person on Midgard should know. I mean, I can explain to her stuff, right? I mean,” she touched the silver necklace, “It’s only supposed to work if you evade punishment for loosing.”

Loki glared, his pale skin practically glowing in the dark. “Are you sure? It may be a burden later?”

Darcy shook her head, “Man, I have to talk to somebody about what happened. Plus, she’s going to want to know why I’m wearing my armor all the time. I’m seriously never taking it off. Ever.”

His serious expression lightened mischievously has he pushed the blanket off her shoulders, revealing her bare chest. “I believe I’ve already taken it off you.”

Daringly, she put her hands on her hips, “Hey, you mind giving it back? I mean, not that I mind, but if we’re going to wake Jane up, I don’t want any more comments about my boobs.”

He gave her the sexiest smolder in the history of seductive glares before her armor reappeared. “Very
well, wake up the Doctor.”

“Yo, Jane. Up and at ‘em! Loki doesn’t smell that bad.” Darcy said, toeing her friend in the ribs.

Loki rolled his eyes at this, “Your insults are terrible. Should you also tell her that I ‘suck’?”

“Based off what she walked in on, I’m pretty sure she knows you suck.” Darcy snickered, bending down and shaking her friend. “JANE!”

The small scientist sat straight up, eyes wide and mouth gaping. “Darcy?”

“Hey Doc.”

“Darcy!” she exclaimed, pressing a finger to her temple. “I had the weirdest dream where my bridge worked and….and you got sent away for a month and I had to work with Tony Stark for most of the time! All he did was make fun of me and help. Then SHIELD came here to take me to Sweden and I walked into your room and you were getting it on with Loki! You know…Thor’s brother…tried to kill us?”

Loki snorted without humor. “Of all the ways to be addressed and she chooses ‘Thor’s brother’ and ‘Murderer’.”

Jane gasped flinching back into Darcy’s arms, “DARCY! What the hell!?”

Darcy crossed her arms, preparing to give Jane a lesson about being polite to guests when a tall female woman with a SHIELD badge appeared in the doorway. Before she could fully comprehend what she was seeing, Loki waved a hand over her head and she fell to the ground.

“Loki!” Darcy scolded.

He shrugged, “Would you prefer she know of our presence as well? Or would you like to go back and tell Director Fury yourself?”

“No need to be sarcastic.”

Jane choked, finding her voice, “Can someone please explain what is happening right now!”

Loki seemed to take the ‘Thor’s murderous brother’ thing to heart and ignored Jane’s plea. “Darcy, I must go. I did not think this would take so long.”

“I thought we were going to do dirty stuff all night?” Darcy questioned, crossing her arms.

“No.” Loki defied, “I was going to take ten minutes to make sure you were so tired that you wouldn’t be able to stay awake to follow me when I went back.”

Annoyed and pissed, she threw her hands in the air. “Well, I see how important I am to you in this!” She mocked his voice, “Let’s just leave the little Midgardian at her friends place while I go defile the Earth! I don’t need the Lead!”

“I do not talk like that.”

“Yes you do. That’s exactly how you sound.”

He shook his head, “Darling, you misunderstand,” he said taking her hands, “I just want you to be safe.”
Darcy sighed, cupping his cheek in her hand, “I want you to be safe too. That’s why I need to go with you.”

“I would be safer, if I was not concerned about a beautiful and daft woman getting killed….” He whispered affectionately, leaning down for a kiss.

Darcy would have liked to argue her way into going as well, but damn she was a sucker for those lips.

And that tongue.

And… hell…Loki had her wrapped around his finger.

He held her to him, his lips trailing down her neck.

Jane clearing her throat loudly, “Uh…as sweet as this is….EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT’S GOING ON, GOD DAMMIT!”

Darcy broke the kiss, giving in. “You go, I’ll stay.” She pecked his lips once. “Don’t die, alright?”

“I would not dream of it, Darling.” He said, smiling smugly and kissing her deeply for a moment before disappearing in a flash of green and gold light.

She turned to Jane who was still rumpled in a corner, “So…how’s Tony?”

“What?”

“Darcy!”

Suddenly, the SHIELD agent on the floor woke up, looking about her frantically. Her eyes set on Darcy. “Aren’t you…?”

“Yes. Just arrived back actually. Jane’s thingy must have worked well then. Thanks Jane. Good to be home. Didn’t you say we were going to Sweden?”

The Doctor hastily stood up, playing along, “Yes. Sweden. Now. Are we taking a SHIELD jet?”

The Agent nodded skeptically, “Yes. I’ll need to call this in before your friend has authorization to leave.”

“Cool.”

The Agent left the room and Jane once again turned to her friend, “You have about thirty minutes while we pack our bags for you to tell me everything.”

“Everything?”

“Ev-er-y-thing.”

“Everything?”

“Darcy!”

“Fine!”

Over the next thirty minutes, Darcy packed a bag full of the stuff she hadn’t had for a month. Such as: toothbrush, razor, toothpaste, poptarts (she didn’t know if they had that in Sweden), sweaters, jeans, panties (Loki never magicked them on her body), bras (Loki never liked those either),
deodorant, shampoo, conditioner and her hairbrush.

In the meantime, she told Jane a rough summary of everything that happened.

“So you’re telling me,” Jane said as they carried their bags to the SHIELD van, “that I zapped you to the furthest end of what is known out of Yggdrasil where you were a tortured prisoner before getting into a relationship with a supposedly dead dangerous Asgardian prince and becoming the leader of a different race’s military to pretend to help them take over Earth?”

“Yep.”

“And you became leader…by tickling their ‘Lead’ during the fight.”

“Yep.”

“How does that even happen?”

Darcy shrugged, remembering an important detail. “Hey, can you never tell anyone about this ever?”

“Why not?”

She gestured to her new necklace, “Well, they sort of put this thing on me and said if Loki evades punishment of any sort, then I get sent back to the desolate wasteland to live with the Chitauri.”

Jane blinked at her.

“What?”

“You actually trust Loki not to betray you?” Jane questioned, crossing her arms.

Darcy considered this, frowning, “Why would he do that?”

Her friend glared at her incredulously as she got in the car, “He’s the God of Mischief and Lies.”

She waved off Jane’s comment, “Yeah yeah yeah. More like a Practical Joke God. I spent a month in the same room with the guy. He isn’t that bad. The worst thing he’s ever done is magic my clothes off when I specifically asked him not to.”

“He tried to kill us.”

“No, he tried to kill Thor…”

“He tried to murder his own brother.”

“He feels bad about it.”

“Darcy!”

The SHIELD van started and the girls lowered their voices, “All I’m saying is he’s actually pretty amazing. You should talk to him, okay?”

Jane shuddered, “I don’t want to talk to him. He probably thinks all Midgardians are scum.”

“Stop stereotyping.” Darcy reprimanded, “Give him a chance. He was a bit brash at first, but he just spent a month locked with me. He knows his manners and quite a bit of Midgardian culture. Speaking of culture, have you seen my iPod?”
Jane sighed, “You’ve been back on Earth forty minutes and you have already managed to lose your iPod?”

Darcy searched the folds of her skirt, “Damn! Loki told me to grab it off the nightstand and I didn’t....”

“Why didn’t you?” Jane asked curiously, making sure to keep her vice quiet enough that the SHIELD agents wouldn’t hear them in the front seat.

“Well,” Darcy answered in a hushed tone, “I might have been interrupted by the sex....”

Jane made a gagging sound, “I can’t believe I spent a month worried about whether you were dying in a prison somewhere when you were getting sexed up by a god.”

“What can I say? I have talent.” Darcy bragged. She cleared her throat, speaking so the entire car could hear, “Hey! Can we stop and get some Taco Bell? I haven’t had any Taco Bell in a while. While we’re at it can we get some heavy liquor? Preferably something I can drink in shots? I have plans for Sweden.”

***************************************************************************************

Turning through the small device Darcy called an iPod, Loki thought of how much he did not want to miss his silly midgardian.

He was rather fascinated by the music played and had secretly been using magic to make the machine come back to life when Darcy was sleeping. He rather liked some of the music. It was so different from the minstrels and bards they had on Asgard. He quite liked a group called The White Stripes. Though he wondered why all the musicians had strange names.

It somehow made the treacherous work he was doing seem less horrible.

It might have been even less demanding work if Darcy was here with him.

Usually, she made everything more interesting.

But he wanted her safe. He didn’t want any of the Midgardian people to recognize he had someone with him. They may try to take her away from him.

He was also not entirely satisfied with leaving her with Thor’s lover. Perhaps she was an intelligent woman, but she considered him none other than a murderer. What if she convinced Darcy of the same? What if Darcy soon thought of him as the lesser brother? And a monster?

He wiped the thought from his head. Darcy trusted him. She may be the only person in Yggdrasil and beyond that trusted him. But she did. And he was determined not to break it especially when her eternal imprisonment was left in his hands.

He glanced around their secretive underground hovel that was quickly growing into a crowded kingdom of bustling scientists and strange technology. Dr. Selvig had not stopped working with the tesseract since Barton brought it back.

Loki had easily related the Midgardian science to magic giving the doctor as much advice as he could about the functions of such a device and what he would have to do in order to harness the tesseract. So far, he had been making good progress.

Sighing, Loki sat down on one of the stone stairs, clutching the wicked scepter in hand. He would go
see Darcy later tonight or perhaps in the morning. They needed a strategy to win a loss in this battle. She would know what to do. She usually did.

He switched Artists to a certain group called Green Day, wishing there was some way to keep Yggdrasil away from the threat of the Chitauri without this ridiculous battle.

Heimdall stared down at Earth in complete and utter shock.

Not only had the mortal Darcy been alive, but she had been with Asgard’s dead prince. His first reaction when he saw anything suspicious or dangerous was to go to his King and report the danger. However, this he could not tear his eyes away from the entrancing unfolding on Midgard.

At first, the girl was invisible to him. He could not see her or hear her or notice any part of her existence whatsoever. In fact, he would have never known she was there until Loki spoke to her and reluctantly removed the cloaking spell.

Still, he could only hear bits of their conversations, something Loki was notorious for. Whenever you spoke to him, you only heard what Loki wanted you to hear.

Even more so, the thought-dead-prince seemed quite taken with the young Midgardian which was most out of character for him of all people. He swept his glance over Midgard, watching as the women flew to a land called Sweden, then shifted his stare to check over Loki and the angry man in the far off place called India.

All of them seemed momentarily at peace.

Hurriedly, he ran off to consult the Allfather and Thor.

Heimdall made his way to the throne room, passing empty chambers and groups of bustling maids until he reached the desired room.

Upon the curved throne sat Odin Allfather, deep in conversation with a few finely dressed Vanir.

“Pardon me, my honored guest, but it seems there is a pressing matter I must attend to.” He assured the men. They each bowed in turn before sauntering away, their noses turned up in disapproval.

The Allfather turned to the Guardian, “What is it, Good Heimdall?”

“My King,” he said bowing and approaching the throne, “it is Loki. He returns and demands war on Midgard.”

Odin may have been expecting several things, perhaps even the Midgardian Jane’s success in creating a bifrost, but Loki’s return? Never. “What?”

“Loki has been off in a distant land...with the Chitauri. It seems he’s promised them power in Yggdrasil in return for kingship over the Earth.” Heimdall recalled what he heard of his and Darcy’s conversation.

The Allfather stood, calling the guards to fetch Thor from the training fields. “Return to your duties, Heimdall. I must save my strength if I am to send Thor to Midgard with the bifrost gone.”

The Guardian nodded once, bowing again before taking his leave.
Woah, I guess all the Midgardian sex is still waiting to happen.
It will. Eventually.
Besides that, I'm super looking forwards to all the things that will happen!
So many things, not enough time.
Thank you all so much for those super encouraging and amazing comments! I'm serious,
I have so much fun writing this and then seeing everyone's responses just adds to the joy
of it all!
All of the Blue Midgard Sex

Chapter Summary

Sex.
Poptarts.
Jane.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Darcy was having an amazing time in the shower.

Sweden was fantastic. SHIELD had provided her and Jane with a two bedroom apartment with two bathrooms and a full kitchen. It was a sweet deal.

Jane had spewed a bunch of sciency stuff at her and wanted to know every detail of Land With No Name. Darcy tried her best to give an accurate description of the place but all she came up with was ‘rocky and purple’.

When they finally arrived in Sweden, SHIELD agents drove them to their new digs and Darcy took a shower.

Not only did she take a shower, she took a shower, shampooed her hair twice, washed her body down with moisturizing soap that smelled like strawberries, and shaved…everywhere. All the while she enjoyed a cool refreshing glass of tequila with two ice cubes floating in the amber liquid.

Despite how good it felt to be doused with hot water once again, she couldn’t help but think of how much more fun the shower would be if Loki was there. He said they didn’t have showers on Asgards, only big bathtubs. In fact, it was rather disappointing she wasn’t getting to show him the sheer genius of shower head.

She had no idea how long she’d been in there until Jane came and knocked on the door to tell her she was using up all the hot water.

Refreshed and perhaps even a bit tipsy, Darcy stepped out of the shower, soaking wet in more ways than one. In one gulp, she swallowed her drink, lips tightening as it seared her throat on the way down.

Relaxed and dripping, Darcy wrapped a towel around her hair, not bothering with the rest of her body. Perhaps it was because most of the time she sat around naked with Loki or that she just drank a shit ton of alcohol, or simply because there was only one towel in the bathroom.

Walking to her bedroom, she took advantage of the full length mirror, surprised when she saw her reflection.

If you are ever stuck on an alien planet for a month with limited rations and a god working your body for the most strenuously constant and pleasurable sex of your life then you know what Darcy was going through. She turned, studying her appearance and asking herself the following:
a) Shit how did I get a hickey on the underside of my ass cheek?
b) Is that a four pack?
c) Did I lose weight?
d) Why didn’t my butt and boobs shrink any?

Shrugging, Darcy let the towel fall from her hair looking around the room for her armor which she left on the bed. It was going to be strange getting dressed. Usually, Loki just magicked whatever easy to remove dress onto her body. It was almost humiliating to say how long it had been since she dressed herself.

After pulling on panties and a bra she picked up the first undergarment of her armor, trying to figure out what all the buckles and latches were for. Then she had an idea.

Could her magic do more than torture people? If she wanted it to?

Excitedly, she laid the clothes out in front of her, looking at them and willing them to be on her body.

Nope.

She tried again, clenching her eyes shut and trying to imagine the fabric on her body.

Nothing.

How did Loki usually do this?

Turning to face herself in the mirror, Darcy gave the most seductive Loki-like look she could and imagining the clothes on herself.

Damn. Nada.

“Okay, last shot, Lewis.” She muttered thinking of the magic she summoned to torture the poor Chitauri kid. This time she raised her hands, bits of blue magic coming to her palms. In the blink of an eye, the robes, along with her bra and panties where magicked into a heap in front of her.

“Yes!” Darcy cheered at her progress. “Jane, hey Jane! Come here, this is awesome!”

Jane scuttled into the room, immediately slapping a hand over her eyes, “Darcy! You’re naked! Hey, do you have a four pack?”

She waved off her friend, rushing to her bag and pulling on a baggy t-shirt. “It is! I’m decent now.”

Jane peeked out around her fingers, satisfied with Darcy’s minimal cover, “So, what is it?”

Darcy held out her hands, blue light swirling there for a moment, the clothes on the floor magicking into a the shape of her body in front of her before the fell into a heap along with her t-shirt. Leaving her nude once again.

Jane didn’t seemed to care as much this time, running up to her intern and taking her hands. “How? You….mater….what?”


“But…the…the…need a pencil.” Jane stumbled away, hand pressed to her forehead.
Giggling, Darcy retrieved her drink from the bathroom and some fresh ice from the kitchen, returning to her bedroom. She gave up on magically dressing herself, instead choosing to slip on the bra and a pair of light grey booty shorts she slept in, turning up the Swedish radio.

Where was Loki? Was he dead? Was he thinking of her? She was thinking of him. Loki after he just woke up. Loki naked. Loki covered in green goo. Loki’s orgasm face. Loki shirtless. Loki looking like he wanted to take her against a wall. Loki blue…. What she would give to have Loki blue.

All those thoughts of Loki made her go from soaking wet to drenched in about two seconds.

Darcy willed herself not to let her hand travel between her legs and do what Loki’s tongue could have done so much better. “Come on, Lewis. It’s only been about a day. You went three months without even touching yourself before you got zapped off to Rock Nation.”

Irritated, she sipped her drink, rolling on her stomach. God damn. Maybe she could get off just thinking about him. Why did he have to be so perfect?

“Your thoughts of me are most flattering. I’ve missed you as well, Darling.”

****************************

Loki was focused on his many tasks. Erik Selvig was making more progress by the second and Barton had made as many connections and threats necessary to make sure they were not found immediately by SHIELD.

It seemed that it would be fine if he took at least an hour to go visit Darcy and bring her back with him.

He quickly told Barton he was leaving then magicked himself to where Darcy was in Sweden.

The first thing he noticed was Darcy, laid out on a bed, cheeks flushed and knees pressed tightly together. Carefully, he probed her thoughts, wondering what could leave her in such a state. He gasped at the results.

Him. She was thinking about him.

In his Jotunn form.

She groaned, “Come on Lewis. It’s only been about a day. You went three months without even touching yourself before you got zapped off to Rock Nation.” She turned over, drinking from a glass he assumed held an alcoholic beverage of sorts.

He was pulled from her thoughts by the view he was now receiving. Her ass in the most inappropriately sized shorts in all of Yggdrasil, soaked through just where he wanted to be.

Loki spoke, waving a hand to close and lock the door. “Your thoughts of me are most flattering. I’ve missed you as well, Darling.”

Immediately, she sat up, her breasts in the most complimentary garments he’d ever seen. “Loki! You can’t read my mind while I’m thinking dirty things about you.”

“I just did, Darcy. Really, you should stop telling me I can’t do things right after I have proved I can.” He told her, noticing how her knees were no longer squeezed together, but the perfect distance apart for him to settle into.
She smiled at him. “Yeah yeah yeah. Whatever. Can we make those fantasies a reality?”

He chuckled darkly, kneeling between her legs. “I believe we can.”

Darcy lifted her beautiful lips to kiss him and he tasted the alcohol on her tongue. He kissed her long and deep, feeling her heat even through his several layers of leather. “Loki… I need you….”

“Do you?” he asked, lips trailing down to ravish one of her hardened nipples. She gasped when he swirled his tongue around each one.

“Shut up.” She told him. Daringly, Loki slipped into her thoughts once more. Courteously, he generally did not search through Darcy’s mind. However, seeing her thoughts of him had piqued his curiosity… amongst other things.

His mouth stopped sucking, leaving a dark pink mark.

“Why?” he asked, positioning himself over her face.

Darcy raised her brow, a giggle tickling her full lips. “Why what?”

“Why do you wish to have me in that way?”

Darcy looked at him inquisitively for a moment, then caught on. “Why are you in my head? Stop reading my brain. I only read yours once.”

“Because I like how you think of me.” He admitted, rolling onto his side. “Are you really so attracted to that side of me?”

Darcy groaned, reaching onto the nightstand for her drink. “Yes! For Christ sake Loki! You just… just read my mind! You stood there and watched my dirty fantasies about your big blue cock! What more justification do you—”

Loki pressed his lips to hers to keep her from speaking. She was right, he was being absurd. She wanted him, did she not? Darcy was his… lover? No she was much more. Taking a deep breath, he released the spell that kept him in his Æsir form. She gasped against his mouth, when he flicked his tongue against her lips.

“God damn…..” She moaned when he pulled away.

He raised his brow at her, “What? Do you think I’m hot?”

She shook her head, sitting up on her knees. “No.” her lips found jaw and the heat of her body made him tremble in pleasure. “You’re way better than hot.”

Darcy was at a loss.

How did she, your average intern, end up with someone as sexy as Loki? She stared at him now with wide eyes, unable to do anything but remove the rest of his armor. She tugged at the straps of his leather getup, never having been more sexually frustrated whilst tipsy in her life.

Loki smirked at her, all but his pants melting away.

“You seriously forgot to remove the most important piece.” Darcy reminded him, pulling his body closer to hers so his cold chest touched her already hardened nipples. She relished in his gasp,
reaching up to kiss him again. That delicious tongue mingled with hers, drawing the heat from her mouth. One could only imagine the things that tongue was capable of cold.

“Darcy…” he whispered her name. “Perhaps we could make one of those fantasies a reality.”

“I agree. Which one? There are several.” She asked, barely able to keep proper speech with his cold, ridged hands gliding down her body, leaving goose bumps in their wake. He grasped behind her thighs, pulling her body down to the bed where he left a trail of unruly kisses in his wake.

Cold lips reached the waist of her shorts, and he looked up at her with scorching red eyes. “I have never seen anyone so wanton at my hands. I may best a million men in my time, and none of them will be so helpless as you are now.” He teased, a sharp toothed smile completing Loki’s best smirk.

“Oh.” She panted, her nether regions throbbing with need. “Stop…dammit…Loki.”

He licked across her hip bones, his fingers pulling aside her underwear and stroking upwards. A inquiring look lit his eyes. “What’s this?”

Fingers hooked around her shorts, pulling them down in one swift motion. He threw them carelessly over his shoulder, staring at her dripping hairless folds in fascination. “It’s a Midgardian thing.” Darcy explained, almost having an orgasm on the spot at the look he was giving her.

“Okay.” She panted, her nether regions throbbing with need. “Stop…dammit…Loki.”

Darcy looked down at him in awe. How could anyone think this was monstrous? He was blue…and covered in lines…lines that she hoped went everywhere. Starting at the ridges on his chin, her tongue followed them down his chest, greatly appreciating his groan as her fingers skirted over his nipples.

“Darcy…stop.” He said when she reached the hem of his pants. When she didn’t, he grabbed her shoulders, pulling her face to his. “I cannot wait, I need to be inside you.”

Running her fingers through his hair, Darcy felt his pants disappear, the cold tip of his cock against her clit. “Oh fuck.” She muttered at both the length he gained from his revealing of his race and the fact that those ridges really did go everywhere.

“If I had known that I had this effect on you, I would have done this sooner.”

“Shut up and kiss me, Smurf.” She said pulling him down to straddle his hips.

Darcy couldn’t care less who heard her scream. Let all of Yggdrasil hear her, that way they could all know she had the best lover in the entire universe. They were so close, noses touching, sharing breaths, her nipples skirting his cool shoulders. He gripped her ass with one hand to keep her bobbing up and down on him while the other tangled in her hair.

“Loki…I’m….Loki…oh god…” she moaned, throwing her head back.

“Wait, Darcy look at me.” He slowed, tilting his chin to for red to meet blue. “Come with me.”

He thrust twice more, clutching tightly to her as he pushed them both over the edge, her walls
tightening around him. Their foreheads touched as they came down from the aftershock.

Finally, Darcy rolled off him to sip her drink and offer it to Loki. As he reached for the glass, the skin of his hand began to shift back to its usual creamy pallor. “Can you stay blue for a while longer?”

“Why?” he asked, resting his back against the headboard, but he didn’t change back.

“Because I like it.” Darcy explained, curling against his chest. She looked down at the bedspread, giggling at the sticky blue spots. “Your jizz is blue.”

“My what?”

“Your baby batter, semen, sperm, cum, seed, spooge, love jelly, man milk—“

“I understand now.” He shivered when she stroked the lines on his belly.

Darcy started up conversation, “So what did you think? Was it good? I mean, I thought it was fantastic. I seriously think we should just go blue all the time. Really. I was never a fan of Michigan, but I’m all for it now. And what are these line things? They’re sexy as fuck.” She reached up to touch the ones on his forehead.

He looked down at her curiously, “You’re a strange, even for a Midgardian.” He said it in the most endearing way possible. “The lines are called Marks, they’re sensitive to heat. Jotunheim is very cold and the land is very much the same. Often times, the only way to tell the difference between day and night is through feeling. However, your touch is….most pleasurable.”

“They’re very beautiful.” She complimented, kissing the curvy ones on his shoulder.

“You think so?”

“Very much.” She said moving to sit astride him. His hair had become tousled from its slick backed do and hung in his face like it usually did when they were alone. “What are these ones?” she asked, running her thumb over the ones on his head.

“Often times, they are called the crown of Ymir. He was the giant that founded the very ideals of Jotunheim as it is today.” Loki said, pushing a heavy lock of hair behind her ear.

“I thought he, like, drank cow’s milk or something after being birthed from acid.” Darcy said accepting the drink back from Loki and taking a tiny sip.

He rolled his eyes, “Yes, those same myths would also have you believe that I have a horse for a child.”

“Do you?”

“No Darcy.”

“Do you have kids though? I mean you’re an older fellow and stuff…I suppose.” She shrugged, taking note of their two thousand or so age difference.

Loki rolled his eyes. “I may be older than you, mortal, but amongst Asgardians, I am thought quite young.”

“How old would you be in Midgardian years? And you didn’t answer the question I had about kids.”
“In Midgardian years….roughly twenty, possibly a year younger.” He took the drink and drained it, setting the glass down on the nightstand, “And no, Darling, I do not have any children.”

“Dude, I’m four years older than you.” Darcy bragged, “That’s pretty awesome.”

“I have lived longer, Darcy.”

“Whatever, still older. Are you hungry? I’m hungry. Let’s eat Swedish food. I suppose if you don’t want to go out in public blue, you don’t have to.” She said standing up and walking over to the pile of clothes. “Hey, how do you magic clothes onto your body? I can’t figure it out. Every time I try…” she tried and the garments only clothed the air in front of her before falling down in a heap.

Loki looked at her in shock, “Your magic can do more than torture?”

“Yeah! Pretty cool, right?”

“I doubt any of the Chitauri besides Thanos have ever tried to extend it beyond that.” He stood in front of her, focused on her nude body, and immediately she was clothed in the t-shirt and shorts from earlier.

“I knew you would like these.” She said, lifting the shirt so he could see her butt.

“Do not tempt me. You are hungry, are you not?” he reminded her, though his cock was noticeably reviving.

She gave him a sultry glare, sinking to her knees. “Oh yes, starved.”

Needless to say, they did not leave the bedroom for the next twenty minutes.

*********************

Jane was so wrapped up in science she hadn’t noticed there was another occupant in the apartment until the screaming started. At first, she thought Loki was back and had started to torture her intern. Immediately she ran to her friend’s bedroom door where she heard the moaning.

She wanted to groan herself.

How was it that she had met some super hot blonde guy a year ago, he gave her one kiss before flying away and hadn’t seen him since yet her intern had gotten carried away by a rainbow bridge for a month, finds his supposedly dead brother and they bang like bunnies every time they see each other? Something about that didn’t seem fair.

So, Jane waited, studying her notebook and divulging the secrets of her equations waiting for the screaming to stop. And the moaning. And the swearing. Man, she needed a sex life.

Finally, it died down for about five minutes in which she heard laughing from Darcy and just when she thought it was over, it started up again…for twenty minutes.

She was practically fuming when Darcy came out of her room being trailed by a tall dark haired figure in black leather pants and no shirt. Jane had to admit, for a guy that tried to kill her, he was pretty cut.

He was also looking at her friend like he was ready to either murder her skillfully or fuck her brains out. Maybe both. Darcy didn’t even seem to notice Jane was on the couch, reaching up and kissing him full on the mouth. Jane tried not to look at the obscene PDA happening in their kitchen full of
ass-grabbing and seductive whispering.

“Well, look who it is!” Jane exclaimed from her place on the couch.

Darcy immediately jumped back, “Jane! Shit! Sorry, I’ve been like…uh…in a confined room for
weeks at a time where…you know…your friend isn’t there to…sorry.”

The Doctor shook her head, “Uh-huh. Well, next time please keep in mind that I am here. No
Swedish radio could block out that screaming. I could have left, but the key is in your room.”

She thought she saw a smug smile form on Loki’s lips at this. Darcy elbowed him in the gut. “Hey, I
said I was sorry. Do we have any food?”

Jane nodded, “We have poptarts and coffee.”

“Awesome! Loki, you’re going to love coffee and poptarts, it’s, like, what I live off of.” She told
him, quickly setting up the coffee maker and putting two blueberry poptarts in the toaster.

“Very well, but if it is anything like that in the bedroom, I wish to stay stable minded for the
remainder of the day.” He told her, dropping himself regally into one of the high backed kitchen
chairs.

Jane remembered housing Thor and how he had acted like a spoiled prince. But Loki was…
different. Yes he acted like he owned the place, but if she were to choose between the two of them as
a ruler, she would have picked Loki. Not that Thor didn’t seem like a benevolent ruler or anything,
but he seemed too hammer happy; like he might chose war over a simple chat about the bettering of
the nation…kingdom.

Loki’s eyes immediately shot to her with a sly smile on his face.

Jane froze. What was that look supposed to mean?

He grinned and it was almost sinister.

Reddening in the face, Jane opened her journal. Maybe Odin picked Thor because Loki had a bad
habit of intimidating people with no more than a glance.

“Loki, stop that.” Darcy told him, sitting down next to him in a chair, holding three mugs of coffee.

“I have not done anything.”

“You know what you’re doing, and stop it. You have creepy ways of entertaining yourself.” She
said handing him a cup of coffee.

“How would you prefer I entertain myself? You are hungry. And I still have thirty minutes left on
my time away from that ridiculous sewer.” He said, crossing his arms. Then muttered something very
kinky about kneeling.

“I may have kneeled down to his highness once, but he is totally doing it for me later.” She said
matter-of-factly.

Jane stared. She knew Darcy had guts, but smart mouthing that evil grin was pure bravery. What was
he doing for entertainment? Was it some weird I-can-see-you-naked-shit?

Loki started chuckling.
Darcy sighed, “Really?”

“I’m sorry, Darling. I will stop.” He sipped from the complimentary SHIELD mugs supplied to their apartment. “This drink…it’s marvelous.”

“Coffee. I told you it was good.”

Jane accepted her mug from Darcy, cautiously moving to join them at the table. She sat across from Loki who promptly shot her a gaze over his mug. She almost squeaked.

Darcy rolled her eyes, “Alright. Jane, stop thinking whatever you’re thinking. Think about old lady vaginas or something.”

“Why?”

“Because Loki likes to trespass on other people’s thoughts.” Darcy said, getting up to retrieve her poptarts.

Jane almost fainted. Had he heard all that stuff about kingship and him being a hot and sexy bad boy?

“Yes.” Loki answered her thoughts. “I’m sorry, Jane. Although, I very much agree with you.”

Darcy handed Loki a poptart. “What am I missing?”

“Your boyfriend read my mind and now he knows everything I think about him.” Jane said meekly, sipping her coffee.

Darcy broke her poptart in half, sharing it with Jane. “Yeah? What might that be?”

Loki bit into his poptart. “This is also very good. Are most things on earth this sweet?”

“Most things in America.” Darcy said, “Tell me what Jane thinks of you.”

“Why can’t she tell you?” Loki asked innocently, holding up his food. “I am eating.”

Darcy turned to Jane expectantly. Loki gave her some look that she figured meant ‘If you don’t tell her, I’ll make it much more detailed later.’ She groaned. “I thought that he would be a better king of Asgard than Thor. Also that he was hot.”

“Oh no.”

“You see, I am hot. You would not say it but your friend plainly admitted that I am!” Loki was positively ecstatic and not even in a creepy way. It was charming. Jane could see why Darcy liked him so much.

Darcy peered at him over her new frameless glasses, standing up to throw away her napkin. “I think we just figured out that you are the opposite of hot.”

Loki set down his half finished poptart, pulling her closer by the hips. “Do you want to go make sure?”

“Finish your poptart. It deserves attention.”

“Actually, I believe—“
Jane cleared her throat, not wanting to know what any of this was about. “Hey, so if you do not need me, I think I’m going to be heading out. There’s that observatory thing that I have full access to. I think now that I have the keys, I’m just going to go.”

Darcy seemed satisfied with this but Loki spoke up, “Ms. Foster? Might I have a word before you leave? It is about your Midgardian technology.”

Surprised, Jane sat down in her chair once more. “Yeah?” was he going to reveal things about Asgardian technology?

“I take it Darcy has told you our…predicament?”

“Yes.” The girls answered together.

“Well, I do not have the proper equipment to harness the tesseract using Asgardian methods. I’m curious about the different materials that would stabilize a very powerful energy source.” He said, his alluring mischievous tone dropping.

Jane tapped her chin thoughtfully. A powerful energy source. She asked Loki a few questions pertaining to properties the tesseract had and she translated them over to her Midgard’s scientific ways of processing things. “Well there are a few substances that would work. I think iridium would be best. But it’s rare. Super rare.”

Loki frowned, his brow creasing. “Very well. Darling, I would also need your assistance in something more…political.”

Jane didn’t think this was a sexual innuendo but she didn’t want to stick around to make sure either. “Well bye!” She said, standing up shuffling to Darcy’s room to grab the keys.

She plugged her nose soon after she got into the room, the smell of sex heavy in the air. She grabbed the keys off the nightstand, noticing a bit of blue something on the sheets. She didn’t even want to know what it was.

**************************

Darcy didn’t speak till Jane had left. “What’s up?”

“There is a plan, created by Director Fury, to conquer any unknown force that threatened Earth. It is called The Avengers Initiative. I have divulged as much information as I could from Barton and it seems that they may be a reputable force to be conquered by.”

Darcy took a long sip from her coffee mug. “Really? Who is in it?”

“A man named Steve Rogers, Bruce Banner, possibly Tony Stark, my broth…Thor. And Barton claimed he and his co-worker were also a part of this.”

“Woah. That is a good team. I would be scared.” Darcy said. “A hot ninety year old, a big green guy, Tony, he’s pretty cool, and then your brother. He’s got the hammer of compensation. Then two SHIELD agents, the best of their breed.”

“Yes. We need to make sure they can defeat the Chitauri.” Loki said, rubbing his chin. “I cannot give them resources or anything of that nature without the Chitauri finding out.”

Darcy nodded, “I think…we need to pull a World War move.”
“I do not understand. This will hopefully not cause one of those wars you’ve told me about.”

She shook her head. “We need to piss them off. The thing is…alright, pretend we are Europe and the Avengers are America. They have nukes left over from the Cold War that the government hasn’t destroyed yet. How did America get involved in WWI?”

Loki thought for a second, recalling what she had told him before. “The country, Germany, sunk a ship.”

“Right, the Lusitania! Direct hit on American people! Major threat. WWII, what was it?”

“Japan, a different country, dropped a bomb of sorts on a harbor.” He remembered amazed at how quickly Darcy had come up with a solution.

“Exactly. We need to hit the Avengers where it hurts. We are on their homeland and they are going to kill us. We’re attacking New York, there’s no way we can win!” Darcy smiled, finishing her coffee and standing up to put it in the sink. Loki watched her incredulously.

“Darcy?” he asked, “Why are you not a part of Midgard’s government?”

She laughed lightly, coming back to kiss him on the forehead, right where his crown of Ymir would be if he were in his Jotunn form. It was rare for him to come by it naturally. It was rare that any Jotunar would have that mark, especially one so small like himself. Then again, small or not, he was Laufey’s son.

“I’m too young. I’m not finished with school yet. There are a lot of reasons.”

“They are not good enough reasons.” He muttered, pulling her down for a kiss. “Will you come with me this time? I think…I may have been mistaken before by leaving you here. It is much more stressful to think about anything that could be happening to you if you are not in my sight.”

Darcy didn’t try to contain her elation. “Awesome! Cool! Yes! I can do this! How much longer do we have before we have to go?”

“About ten minutes.”

She grinned, pulling her shirt over her head. “So, I think I need to make sure you aren’t hot.”

Loki sat back in his chair, completely unfettered as he removed the spell that kept his Æsir appearance in place. “By all means….”

Chapter End Notes

I'm so proud of this smut. I'm not even ashamed. All the blue, all the time.
OTP for the win.
I'm sooooo excited for what happens next, you wouldn't even believe it.
Heimdall was confused.

He could very plainly see, if he so desired, the coupling of the mortal, Darcy Lewis and Loki. He could hear the whispered loving words between them. He could feel their closeness and their suspicious demeanors. Yet, some things were shielded from him.

Sometimes he could not see Darcy, other times he could not hear her, sometimes he could do neither. The only logical explanation was that Loki was keeping him at arms length, only letting the information he wanted Heimdall to know be projected to his watchful gaze.

What more is that he could not tell his king of Darcy Lewis. He wanted to, very desperately. The woman was in close affiliation with Loki and was no doubt a direct link to his plans for domination. But there were magical restraints binding him. Every time he went to tell the Allfather, he would forget what he was talking about or his tongue would simply not form the words to tell him of Loki’s lover.

He watched them as they left their location in Sweden and appeared in the underground location Loki had been in before. Darcy was with him, speaking of some Midgadian device called an ‘iPod’.

The girl seemed so harmless. Yet the company she kept….

Heimdall retreated to his thoughts. He must find some way to take Loki’s trick. He did not trust Darcy Lewis because of her association with Loki as a potential threat. But more than Darcy, he didn’t trust Loki. Whatever he was keeping hidden, it was a necessity that someone find out.

He called for a guard, sending him out to find Thor.

Only moments later, the crown prince greeted him. “What troubles you, Heimdall?” Thor asked, approaching quickly.

The guardian kept a steady gaze on the mortal, fighting the laugh at her jests. Even as a threat she possessed a certain…charm. “I wish to warn you of something on your return to Earth….,” Heimdall chose his words carefully. He could not simply say that Darcy was involved. In fact, he could not even mention Darcy’s name.
“Yes? Has Loki changed much? Is he beyond reason?” Thor questioned and Heimdall sympathized with the longing in Thor’s eyes.

Heimdall did not move, only tilting his chin in slight to give his condolences. “No. But it is not of Loki I wish to speak…there is…a…a force. Something that you should be weary of. I sense there is more to this scheme than Loki will let on.”

“There are always secrets with Loki, Heimdall. Surely you know this.” Thor said, nearing the edge of the balcony. “Is there any word of Darcy upon Loki’s return?”

Heimdall almost broke his composure. Could this be a way to mention it? “Yes. I believe she has returned.” He tried to stress his words, Loki’s magic allowing very little.

“Jane as created her bridge then?” Thor asked excitedly, no doubt wishing to meet with his woman again.

The Guardian shook his head. “No. She has not.”

“Then how…”

“I cannot say.” Heimdall said, verging on frustration. Never had he spoken in such vague riddles before.

Thor sighed, “Perhaps I shall find out on Earth. Thank you for the warning, good Heimdall. I’m sure it will be much needed.” He bowed his head to the golden armored man once before setting out to find the Allfather.

*********************************

Loki sat on stone steps watching Darcy circle the sewer and admire his progress in her absence. In her hand was her iPod looking at some all-pervading source called ‘internet’. In his hand was the scepter. He looked down at it solemnly. He had taken the device for Darcy, for one of them would have to wield it. It only seemed fitting that he carry the weapon that had tortured him for months…until Darcy came along.

He sighed. In many ways, she was his savior. She had showed him kindness and humor in the worst, she gave him hope when he had none, and she offered him companionship when he did not even ask for it. He looked at her now, his heart seeming to swell tightly in his chest as she glared down at her device.

Suddenly, the orb in the scepter began to glow with the indicating patterns of an illusion. Sitting up straighter, he let the ominous light fill his chest, drowning out the warm full feelings of Darcy. Quickly, he magicked into his full battle regalia, not wanting to be caught off-guard. The scepter elongated so it seemed to be more of a staff.

Before him, the Other stood, hands clasped behind his back, dark and brooding. “The Chitauri grow restless.”

Loki felt himself grow hollow. Darcy was usually the one to be in these conversations. Why was she not here now? “Let them grow restless. We will lead them in the glorious battle.”

The Other scoffed, “Battle? Against a meager might of earth?”

“Glorious, not lengthy.” He corrected, beginning to pace the length of the rock, “If your force is as
formidable as you claim."

**The Other snapped around, his red teeth snarling,** “You question us? The Chitauri and your Mortal? Question him? He who put the scepter in your hand? Who gave you ancient knowledge and new purpose? When you were cast out, defeated!”

Loki wished he had not made such a claim when he arrived. It had traveled with him and now he was forced to play the part of the defeated betrayer. “I was a king! The rightful king of Asgard. Betrayed.”

“Your ambition is little and full of childish need. We're beyond the earth to greater worlds. The Tesseract will avail.” The Other thought on, as if the conquering of Yggdrasil was the idea that got him through the day.

Loki couldn’t help but assert his power over the Other. Perhaps it was because he spent so long under his torturous hand…or that he loved Mischief so much, he could not help but make more of it. “You don't have the Tesseract yet.”

“I don't threaten.” Loki chided lightly, glaring at the Other who had turned on him gloomily, “But until I open the doors, until your force is mine to command, you are but words.”

**The Other growled circling Loki with malice,** “You will have your war, Asgardian. If you fail, if the Tesseract is kept from us, there will be no realm, no barren moon, no crevasse where I can't find you. You think you know pain? The Lead will be ours and you will never see her again. He will make you long for that so sweet as pain.”

The Other made a grab at the side of Loki’s head forcing him back to his stone stair on Earth. He gasped, clutching the scepter closer though every nerve in his body begged him to throw it away.

Quickly he searched the room for Darcy. He stood, glance flitting around the room desperately. Relief flooded him when he saw her pacing towards him in her armor, the golden mask piece glinting in the muted light.

“Hey there.” She greeted as she approached, tilting her chin up to kiss him lightly.

Loki’s heart throbbed as he took her in his arms, making the kiss last a good thirty seconds longer than she originally intended. Her body was soft and comforting, the scent of her skin bringing him into the present day. He wouldn’t let the Chitauri take her. But he could not give them the tesseract if he lost. No…the Chitauri would have to suffer great damage for them to be unable to find him. And if he destroyed their fleets, Darcy would be punished.

Oh…his sweet Darcy….

He hugged her tighter, lifting her off his feet. “Are you okay?” she asked running her fingers over his cheekbones. He kissed her again in response. What would happen if she disappeared? If she faded from his life? Would he go back to torture? Would be become the spoiled prince he was before?

“Obviously not.” Darcy determined breathlessly as his arm caught under her rear to hold her closer.

“Darcy, please stop talking.” Loki begged, kissing her again, blocking off any potential rebuttals. He was aware of their location and the group of people down the hall. But they were under a spell, they would not remember what he didn’t want them to.

Darcy wrapped her legs around his middle, the skirt of her robes bunching up over her thighs.
“Here?”

“Is that a problem?” he murmured into her neck, stroking the outside of her already damp undergarments.

“Nope.” She sighed, attempting to push down his pants with her toes.

Loki had no patience for careful ministrations. He needed her and he needed her now. Swiftly, he pulled her underwear to the side, and undid the laces of his pants before pushing himself into her with a savage lust he’d never known himself to possess.

Darcy gasped, tightening around him, “Oh god….”

He bucked his hips into her, not able to contain himself. “Say my name, Darcy.” He panted, gripping her hips with zeal.

“Loki…” she breathed, throwing her head back in pleasure, “Oh my God, Loki.”

Already he could feel the contractions of her orgasm and he hefted her up to fuck her deeper. “You’re mine, Darcy… You’re mine.”

She cried out as his thrusts deepened, “Yours…I’m yours, Loki.” She managed.

He sighed, feeling her orgasm and he let himself follow, tangling his fingers in her hair to draw her lips to his. “Darcy…”

They stayed like that for while until he finally released her, letting her stand alone. She stumbled a bit and he caught her with a long arm. “Thanks.”

“No darling. Thank you.” He smiled, kissing her forehead.

“Me? Why? You just picked me up and sexed me intensely in under six minutes.” She said reaching up her robes to adjust her underwear in a very un-lady-like fashion.

Loki was unbothered. “Darcy Lewis, you will be the death of me.” He muttered fondly, sitting back on his stair and picking up the scepter again, its cool metal unwelcome after Darcy’s flushing warmth.

“Ah, well, I try my best.” She joked, sitting next to him. “Are you okay though? Not that I mind random intense sex in the middle of a sewer, but…you know. Why?”

Loki offered her a flirty smile, “I simply could not stand watching you from over here. I’ll admit I’m jealous of your clothes, they can be so close to you at all times and I cannot.”

She raised a brow at him skeptically, turning pink. “You know, for the God of Lies, you’re a terrible liar.”

“I am not lying.” He denied, brow furrowing in honest innocence.

“Uh-huh. You also have three legs. Cough it up, Pinocchio.” She said, crossing her arms.

Gently, he set down the scepter, not wanting to hold it anymore than he had to. He could not tell her the entire truth, lest she try to deceive him. He would not tell her about his meeting with the Other. “I’m worried about you. If we lose…” he swallowed touching the silver chain he’d come to hate.

She stroked the side of his face with the back of her hand, lifting his face from his hands. “Loki, it’s
going to be fine. We’re losing, so…loopholes.”

He nodded in mock acceptance. She would not know that the Other changed the rules. “You’re right. The thought of going through a day without you at my side Darcy, is torment.”

She smirked at him, “I knew there was a reason I liked you. Not only are you good at evading the entire truth, but you are a fantastic flatterer.” She kissed him once, “But I’ll admit, I would go smart mouth the Other and Thanos both for however long it took to be with you. In fact, I think I might taze the entire army. Alright?”

He nodded again, relieved she was letting the hidden truth stay hidden. “So, what have you found on internet?”

“The internet.” She corrected, taking out her iPod. “We’ve gotta go to Germany. The easiest thing to do would be to steal it from some rich guy there. If you’re okay with stealing.”

He gestured to himself obviously, “Mischief and Lies.”

“Right. So, Stuttgart, Germany. There’s some rich guy with a name I can’t say and lucky for us, he’s hosting a party tomorrow night.” She told him, thumbing down the screen.

“Is this really the only place we can find the substance?” Loki complained.

“Iridium? Yeah. I mean this dude was bragging about it all over the internet. AND it’s in Germany!” Darcy said, squinting at the tiny screen.

Loki crossed his arms, staring at Erik’s progress through a glass pane. “Why does this give us reason to rejoice?”

She rolled her eyes, shutting off her iPod. “Dude, you’re going up against Captain America, THE WWII hero. Seriously, there’s no better place to state your villainous actions than in Germany. Also, if we’re going to attack the Avengers, you might want to be inside their secret base.”

Loki raised a brow at this. Of course Darcy would come up with something Mischievous, she was his, after all. “Get captured….yes that offers a great many opportunities. I will damage their base, not badly enough to kill them, just….frighten.”

Darcy tapped her chin. “Damaging their base is great, but you already did that to one. These people aren’t a country, they’re people. The only thing that might work would be—“ she stopped speaking. What a ridiculous idea.

“What?”

“Nothing. It was stupid.”

“It could not have been so terrible.” Loki urged, taking her hand.

Darcy sighed, “I was going to suggest that you fake kill someone. It’s a dirty move and you would probably get killed. So, let’s not.”

Loki frowned complacently, “No, that is a good idea.”

“I just said it was stupid. Don’t.”

“Darcy, you are absolutely right. If I pretend to murder one of their close comrades…there will be no lengths they won’t go through to see me dead.” Loki argued.
She shook her head, “Who would you even pretend to kill? Fury’s no good, or any of the avengers themselves.…”

He thought for a moment, “What about that servant man of the Director’s? He was in Puerto Antiguo when Thor was there.”

“You can’t mean Coulson.”

“Yes. Son of Coul.” Loki nodded enthusiastically. “He is familiar with all the Avengers. All of them have some bond with him, do they not?”

Darcy choked on words. “But…Coulson…TBF….no!”

“TBF?”

“Taser buddies forever.” She explained.

“Darcy, he will not truly be dead.” Loki reminded, kissing her knuckles.

“Ugh, I know….” She groaned. “Alright. Fine! Kill Coulson. But not really, he’s my hero. Be careful, he knows his shit.”

“I will.” He promised as Erik looked up at them from inside the room.

“Hey!” he greeted them cheerily and Darcy recoiled.

“Erik! It’s great to see you, but you stink. Really bad.” She coughed waving her hand in front of her nose.

Erik didn’t seem to hear her. “The tesseract has shown me so much! It’s more than knowledge, it’s truth.” He stared off dreamily as if the tesseract was a woman he was madly in love with.

Clint Barton stood by, waiting for instruction. Loki grimaced, all too familiar with the tesseract’s power. “I know. What did it show you, Agent Barton?”

Barton responded mechanically, walking over to a narrow black case, “My next target.” He pulled out a bow, snapping it into place.

“Tell me what you need.” Loki commanded, weighing his scepter in hand.

“I need a distraction.” He glared eerily at the tesseract. “And an eyeball.”

********************************************

Jane got home from the observatory late, having spent most of the night becoming affiliated with her new surroundings and setting up her research there. The scientists had been friendly enough, letting her do anything she liked without so much as a second glance.

Under normal circumstances, she would have stayed there all night, star gazing and getting familiar with the Swedish sky. But her flight along with Darcy’s predicament had left the petite scientist drained. Upon her return to her apartment, she fell into bed, kicking back the covers and burying her face in her pillow.

As she snuggled closer, the side of her face touched something dry, stiffening the fabric of her pillowcase. Curiously, she rubbed her face on it again, unsure of what it was. Sitting up, she scratched at it with her fingernail, unable to see the spot very well in the dark.
Jane sniffed once, scratching again as her sleepy mind jumped into gear.

No….

It couldn’t be….

Hastily, she turned on the light, noticing for the first time her bed was covered in the same light blue splotches that had been on Darcy’s bed.

She sighed in relief.

It was probably just some kind of Swedish dryer malfunction…or something.

Semen wasn’t blue.

Chapter End Notes

I have to apologize for the insane amount of fluff. I mean, Loki get's some serious feels. And I'm just throwing the feels everywhere like their flowers in the springtime or something. I'm sorry. but hey! It's kinda cute.... Thank you all for the awesome as fuck comments and positive encouragement! Please enjoy my fluffy crack.
“I do not like this. May I see now?” Loki complained under his blindfold.

It had taken a lot to get him to wear it without cheating while Darcy worked diligently on magicking herself a dress. Loki had explained to her the necessary technique to create clothing and after about thirty minutes she had come up with a pretty nifty long purple sweetheart dress with a mermaid style skirt and a slit that went all the way up her thigh. She even conjured herself up some heels that made her butt look amazing.

The terrible part was she couldn’t actually magic the dress directly onto her body. She had to make the dress to fit herself and then put it on like an un-cool mortal without magical fingers. But she soon forgot that when she turned to gaze at herself in the mirror.

*Not half bad, Lewis.* She congratulated herself.

The only thing she needed help with where the hickies that peppered her neck and cleavage. Under normal circumstances she would tell the world to stick it and prance around with love bites. But some high class party seemed a bit of a strange place to show that off.

Their plan was pretty simple: attend the party, get the dude’s eye ball, get the iridium, Loki would get captured and she would go with Barton back to their sewer. Easy peasy lemon squeezy.

“Allright, you can take it off now.” Darcy said, turning away from the bathroom mirror to face him.

She watched, humored, as Loki’s eyes widened in awe then slowly shifted to lusty approval. “What did I do to deserve such a beautiful and talented woman as you, Darling?” He crooned, lips sweeping over her bare shoulder, stopping to add yet another hickey to her neck.

“I call bullshit. I totally had to do something to deserve you.” She sighed as his lips skimmed up her neck. “But hey, can you tell me how to make these less visible?”

Loki’s mouth stopped its sweet torture on her pulse. “Why?”

Darcy rolled her eyes. “It looks like I got choked by an octopus.”

“I really must learn what this animal is,” Loki commented, stepping away. “Do you not wish for the male suitors to know you’re mine?”

Her heart throbbed a bit. That intense sex they had earlier had made it official, she was never breaking up with him. Ever. DarcyxLoki 4ever. “Loki, you know it isn’t that. I don’t intend to let any ‘male suitors’ see me anywhere but in some sexy god’s arms. I just was thinking more along the lines of professionalism in society.”
He sighed, skirting his fingers over her chest. “Very well. But only because you admitted I was sexy.”

“I call you sexy every ten minutes.” She pointed out, stepping closer to kiss him. “Do you like the dress?”

“Very much.” His expression softened, pulling her close. “Though, it is not nearly as beautiful as the woman wearing it.”

They kissed again, Loki’s lips soft and sweet on hers. Darcy took special notice to how he kissed her. During their time with the Chitauri, his kisses were straight up sexy, like his main goal was to make her orgasm with his tongue on hers. (Not entirely impossible) But ever since they got back on earth things were…different. Every kiss, every touch, every coital interaction was somehow….insanely passionate and intense. Like it was the last time he may ever see her.

Some part of Darcy’s heart quaked at the thought, urging her to describe the feelings she felt for the weird alien with a certain word that began with an ‘L’ and rhymes with ‘glove’.

Nope.

Nope. Nope. Nope. Alien romance was not on her bucketlist at the moment. Sure, alien sex and alien relationships were fine. But…not that.

She pulled away to study his face.

He was keeping something from her. She didn’t know how she knew, or why. Maybe it was something in the arch of his brow or the angle of his cheekbones.

Bang bang bang! Jane pounded on the bathroom door. “Hey, not that I mind or anything, but you’ve been in there for three hours. Are you dead, gone, or unconscious?”

Darcy smiled. Shower sex really had been fantastic and the sounds he made during shower head…exquisite. Loki flicked his wrist and they were both dressed in standard attire. He in his green shirt and leather pants and Darcy in her t-shirt and shorts. Since the party wasn’t till evening in Germany, Darcy had suggested they sleep for a while. Loki wouldn’t admit to his exhaustion, but it was there in the dark circles under his eyes that hadn’t gone away since their first night on Earth.

In response to Jane, Darcy opened the bathroom door, her God in tow. “Sorry.” She patted her friend sympathetically on the shoulder. “Hey, we’re going to take a nap—“

Loki smirked but stayed silent when Darcy elbowed him.

“—an actual nap before we leave for Germany.”

Jane had been updated on part of their plan, but not the bit where Loki was supposed to be captured by the avengers and damage their ship, kill their coulson, and tear them apart. “Alright. I’ll just…go then.”

The girls hugged, Loki hastily pulling Darcy to bed, kissing her passionately. She felt her pillow curiously. She could have sworn Loki’s spooge had gotten on the pillows during their last run in the apartment. Wait a second…

“Loki!”

“What?” he broke the kiss irritably.
“We did it on Jane’s bed.” It wasn’t a question. It was a shameful remark.

No shock or surprise lit his face and Darcy knew that if she was ever going to continue a relationship with Loki, she was not going to be able to room with Jane. “Well, who was I to argue when you pushed me onto her bed?”

Darcyflushed in memory. She and her vigorous self hadn’t even noticed what room she was in. “Ugh. Okay, she probably washed her sheets or something. Plus it was blue, she might have thought it was candy or something.”

He raised his eyebrows at the possible innuendo. “We’re sleeping.” She reminded him, rolling onto her side so he spooned her.

Grumbling in disapproval, he wrapped his arms around her. “I do not think we should be sleeping.”

“You’re tired, Loki. Just sleep, and keep those hands in PG places.” She scolded, cuddling into his chest.

Sighing he stroked her belly under her t-shirt. “Fine. But I’m not tired.”

Darcy waited all of two minutes before Loki’s body went slack and his steady breathing blew against her neck. “Not tired my ass.” She whispered, taking longer to fall asleep.

What was she going to do? There was no doubt that on Loki’s Big-Bad-List of naughty things to achieve there was something about leaving to take the punishment for the Chitauri. Thinking about it, Darcy couldn’t do a whole lot to stop him, could she?

…Or perhaps she could…

Loki couldn’t stop her from going to the Chitauri. There was a small chance…a very small chance.

The Scepter.

Its connection to the tesseract was powerful. If she could get to the Chitauri before Loki was able to face punishment, then he would have no reason to risk his false criminal payment.

Exhausted and satisfied with her plan, Darcy curled closer to her conniving god, kissing him lightly on the jaw, before nodding off to sleep.

***********************************************************************

Loki awoke with a relaxed tranquility he had not felt since Asgard.

He was in his bed at the castle, and comforting his body were the soft curves of a woman. His elation spiked when he remembered who the woman was and crashed when he remembered their treacherous position.

Not ready for their separation, he pulled her against his chest the hairs on her neck tickling his nose. Darcy yawned loudly, rolling over to face him with her brilliant blue eyes. A smile broke out on her face. “Good evening, gorgeous.”

He smirked, kissing her temple and rolling so he hovered over her body. “Good evening, indeed.”

She giggled in the muted light, checking the bedside table clock. “It’s only six thirty.”

Loki did not seem to care very much about the time, pelting her neck with kisses his head dipping
lower and lower…

“We’re supposed to be there in thirty minutes.” She reminded, breathing heavier when he sucked on the skin of her thigh.

“Good.” He muttered, placing his mouth over the thin damp material of her shorts and breathing warm air over her sex, making her moan in pleasure. “This should only take five.”

“Wait, turn over.” Darcy panted, pushing him onto his back.

“Why?” He glanced at her curiously as she clambered over his body, positioning herself in a way that gave him access to her soaking bare lips whilst she took him in her mouth.

“Didn’t you ask me once why my favorite number was 69?” she asked, stroking him languidly in hand.

**Twenty five minutes later….**

“Shit, we’re behind schedule.” Darcy mumbled, sweat dewing on her skin after twenty five minutes of enthusiastically different oral sex.

Loki stretched, pulling himself out of their bed. “Indeed. It seems we would need another shower.”

“Ha ha ha, Mischief. Nice try.” She grabbed a towel off the floor. “Get my dress back from oblivion and figure out what you want to wear.

Errantly he waved a hand and her dress appeared on the bed. “I should bathe as well, seeing as I’m about to become a prisoner once again.”

“Bah!” Darcy exclaimed, shuffling into the shower and quickly washing her body. Maybe she could magically fix her hair as well?

Loki joined her, somehow managing to keep his hands to himself and not give her any sultry glances while he used her shampoo and conditioner to do his hair. It was a struggle, but Darcy did not to look at him the entirety of the time. Almost. Kind of. She may have started staring at one point.

But hey! If there is ever a sexy Aesir in your shower, try not to stare and see how it goes.

Four minutes in the shower and Darcy was out, dabbing her body with the towel and squeezing her body into the dress which had miraculously turned green.

A soaking wet and naked Loki Laufeyson entered her bedroom, looking at her in disapproval. “Darling, have you ever heard the phrase ‘fashionably late’?”

Darcy slowed her actions, trying to calm her anxiety. He was right...there was no need to be so stressed. Her criminal boyfriend was only going to be arrested by a big bad agency they blew up. It would be fine, right? “Yeah. Just…put some pants on before I forget to attend.”

Grinning coyly, Loki conjured himself a pair of pants as Darcy zipped up her dress and arranged herself accordingly. Calming down from her frantic flurry of actions, she settled in front of the mirror to attempt magic on her hair. God knew that was all that could help it at that point.

She lit her hand with magic, trying to decide how to manage the undying chaos that was her hair. Loki stood behind her with his all-knowing expression. It was very distracting.

“What?”
“You’re going to burn your hair off.” He commented helpfully, the tease in his voice only bearable because he was shirtless.

Darcy sneered. “You do my hair then, if you’re so good at it!”

Without question he raised his hand, flicking his wrist. Immediately, the matted after-effects of fucked hair melted into soft ringlets that hung around her shoulders, curling at her cleavage. Loki crossed his arms smugly and Darcy felt the urge to punch him and make out with him all at once.

“What?” he asked again innocently.

“Ugh, nothing. You’re just…perfect.” She muttered tetchily. “Here, let’s see if I can get you dressed.”

Loki raised a brow suspiciously as her last attempt to dress herself had resulted in nudity. “The things I do for you….”

Darcy stuck her tongue out, focusing all her energy on not getting Loki naked. He needed clothes… yeah…fabric…not naked….

In a flash of blue light a black suit and tie with a green scarf magicked themselves into the air before her, before dropping to the ground in a heap before a now leering nude god of mischief. “I cannot help but think you are doing this on purpose.”

Embarrassed, aroused, frustrated and mildly humored, Darcy magicked herself shoes. “I just can’t get it! I can do lots of other stuff. Like making things appear or disappear or torture! I tortured someone once! Remember? But I just can’t put clothes on bodies!”

Gold light surrounded him as he dressed himself magically into the clothes Darcy had conjured. He held her hand as she stepped into her heels. “Magic takes practice, Darling. You have made more progress in the past day than I made in a hundred years. You’re very apt at it.”

“How did you learn magic?” she asked, sitting down at her the vanity to apply make-up.

Loki watched her from the bed as he tied his shoes. “I was trained by my mother and the elves of Alfheim. However, I began my apprenticeship when I was young and magic develops slowly in one’s younger years. For the longest time, I could only exercise certain abilities.” He finished with the laces, watching her dab on bright red lipstick. “It is one reason why I am so curious as to how you are such an able sorceress.”

He smiled lightly, getting up to pick up the scepter and shift its form to that of a stylish walking stick of sorts. “How do you mean?”

“The Chitauri have ancient rights that bless magic onto the different authoritarians. Magic itself is simply the knowledge of manipulating the world around you and possessing the energy to do so. It’s similar to a muscle. I have had years to build up mine, but you…I believe your wielding of magic is related to the tesseract.”

Darcy nodded, smacking her lips together. “So…the tesseract is like steroids to my magicy stuff?”

Loki offered her his hand in standing. “Yes. Really, you are probably being just over enthusiastic with thinking about the placement of the clothes.”

Taking his hand, Darcy smiled broadly. “Well when you put it like that, it isn’t so bad at all! But let’s go to that party, Barton is probs already there.”
“Would you like to try getting us there?” Loki asked, pulling her closer by the waist.

Darcy reared in shock. “Wait…you mean I can teleport?”

“I see no reason why you couldn’t.”

Giggling, Darcy bounced on her toes. “Alright. Let’s see…I want to go to Stuttgart, Germany outside that fancy building I saw on google.”

She closed her eyes, clicking her heels together three times.

“That is not how it works.”

Darcy kept her eyes closed and pressed a finger to his lips. “Shhh. There’s no place like Stuttgart, Germany…there’s no place like Stuttgart, Germany…there’s no place like Stuttgart Germany….”

Then, in a fantastical burst of blue light, they were whisked away to a cobble walkway in front of a majestic building.

Loki looked down at her incredulously. “How did that work?”

“I referenced *The Wizard of Oz*. Anything is possible with Oz. Come on Toto.” Darcy explained, taking his arm and breezing forwards. “Also, I don’t speak German. I don’t know how we’re going to get in if we don’t speak German.”

Loki revived from his mystified gaze, checking their surroundings. “I speak German.” He peered around a wall for just a moment, “And Barton is awaiting our word.”

“Wait, you speak German? When did you learn German?”

He rolled his eyes. “Darling…magic.”

Darcy nodded knowingly. “Ah, yes. That.”

They approached the front gate where a pretty woman in a pink dress asked Loki a question. He smiled charmingly at her, an unmistakable bit of magic flowing into his words. The woman allowed them entrance, a bit dazed. Whether from Loki’s words or the fact that he looked sexy as fuck in that Midgardian getup, Darcy didn’t know. But she decided to be smug about the fact he was her date anyways.

As they entered the building, Darcy felt a spark of fear ignite in her stomach. This was an especially classy looking party. Everyone was rich and prosperous and she was…a grad student…. Damn.

Of all that looked at ease with the festivities, Loki was the most relaxed of them all. In fact, she had not seen him look more comfortable in all the time they had been on Midgard. With the exception of sex, of course.

“What’s up with you?” Darcy asked as a sincere little smile dawned on Loki’s infamous mouth.

He took her hand, leading her to the center of the room where people were dancing and holding flutes of champagne. “You know, I always hated the festivities on Asgard. Thor would tell stories about his glories in war as the warriors got drunk on mead and wine. But…I suppose this is familiar.”

With a slight bow, he offered Darcy his hand in a manner that suggested he wanted to dance. Darcy’s lips tightened. Her heels were high and she was getting a bad vibe from some women
around here that were glaring at her like dead meat on vulture territory. “Uh-huh. I think I need a whole lot more alcohol if that’s going to happen.” She said, draining a crystal glass, then half of another without as much as a breath in between.

A few women with raised chins and high cheekbones leered at her, looking skeptically from her to Loki. It was pretty clear what they were thinking. ‘Who was that sexy god and what was he doing with that stupid girl.’

Loki took the glass from her gently, sipping its contents. “You do not like to dance?”

Darcy smiled at a few passing old men, “Actually, I love to dance. But I don’t want to trip and fall… and die…of embarrassment.”

Loki rolled his eyes, “Darcy, do you honestly believe I of all people would allow my dance partner to trip and fall.”

“Yes.” She answered immediately. “They don’t call you mischief for nothing.”

He shrugged, “A fair point. Still, dancing would take away the need for communication with our company. They will likely get suspicious if you are only standing around and drinking.”

Damn. The guy had good arguments. Shooting the snooty women an anxious look Darcy resigned. “Fine. But if I fall, you’re erasing the memory from everyone’s mind with your disco stick.”

Adorning another charming smile, Loki took her hand, leading her back onto the dance floor, his staff magically disappearing from sight the moment his hand touched her waist. “Be at peace, Darling. Those women are simply comparing themselves to you and finding their selves unappealing in comparison.”

“Woah, way to invade privacy.”

He chuckled darkly, continuing the voicing of their thoughts. “They are jealous of your soft figure.” He pulled her closer, rocking them in an easy waltz. “They are envious of your bosom in its luscious authenticity. They wonder as to how one must obtain such succulent legs to entrap a man so tightly.”

Darcy almost fainted before she remembered how to breathe. Loki’s low seductive words whispered in her ear were enough to make the black lace panties she’d magicked soak through. “Loki…”

The gently waltz-y song ended and Loki broke apart from her for a moment before the orchestra began a new more up-beat tango tune.

Loki’s sultry glare halted as he listened to the music. “This music is familiar.”

“They have tango on Asgard?”

He looked at her curiously, “No. This song is similar to that of a courting dance between two partners on Asgard. It is…very intimate.”

Darcy was suddenly a lot more interested in dancing. Also, now that she knew those bitches staring at her man…god…Loki…were jealous of her made things a lot more lax. “Do you have a lot of practice with this particular dance?” she chuckled nervously.

Smirking, Loki pulled her closer. “Of course. How else did I get so many women into my bed?”

“Well, it certainly wasn’t your charming personality.” She teased as Loki’s hand moved to her waist
and the other clasped hers.

“You wound me.”

Darcy had several other things she would have liked to say, but she was suddenly occupied in trying not to sex her alien boyfriend in front of a bunch of partying Germans.

Loki could dance.

Not any of that shitty club dancing where the guy stands around as some chick rubs her ass on his dick. No, it was legitimate tango-ish, sexy, contemporary dance. Even more than that, Darcy found herself being able to comply with every lift, twirl, dip, and spin.

Darcy blamed it on the magic. The blue light swirled behind her eyes and the knowledge of proper dance etiquette was hers.

“You never said you were a dancer in another life.” She gasped as she spun around, wrapping a leg around his crooked knee and balancing there, letting the toe of her other foot trail on the ground as Loki worked his Asgardian dance moves all over Germany.

He laughed openly, the sullenness of his tone gone and the dark circles under his eyes all but gone.

“Hardly. This is the only dance I know.”

“Lies.” She teased breathlessly as he lifted her into the air, then dropping her into a low dip. As they danced, people began to circle them, applauding after especially difficult maneuvers. Darcy looked at the happiness on Loki’s face and remembered why they were there.

They had been prisoners together. Loki had betrayed his father in attempt to take the throne of Asgard. It was hard to believe that a young Loki, dancing the night away with unsuspecting women who knew not how deeply in love they were to fall in with the quiet dark prince of Asgard. His hands wrapped around her waist from behind, lifting her into the air where she spread her arms like she’d been doing it all her life.

When he set her down, Darcy looked upon his face, thinking it was impossible that the man who attempted to kill his own brother and commit suicide off the end of the bifrost was the same one that held her now. “What happened to you, Loki?”

They slowed as the song came to an end, twirling one last time and the smile on his face fell into the casual flirty smirk she knew so well. “I deserted my ignorance for truth and it cost me dearly.”

Her heart swelled for Loki, in all his stupid dramatic self. She could admit it, she loved him. Head over heels in love. Standing on her toes, she kissed him passionately right there for all of Stuttgart to see. They cheered when the couple parted and Loki, ever the prince, bowed with unrepressed pride.

Loki kissed his Darcy on the temple as he accepted many compliments from German Midgardians. He excused most of them, ushering the beautifully enchanting mortal off to a private corridor. “If this task did not threaten your life Darcy, I would take you in this hall.” He growled, entrapping her red lips in his.

Her body curved into him, welcoming the fall of Yggdrasil in trade for this moment. And why not? What could possibly be so bad about dying in the arms of this mortal woman he lo—

Loki drew back immediately. “Barton is waiting for you. Go out the back entrance, take your taser.
Wait for me in those blasted sewers.”

“Actually, can I go back to the apartment after?” Darcy asked her cheeks flushed and breasts heaving.

Loki debated this for all of a second. “Very well, but stay safe. I shall see you at midnight.”

Darcy frowned. “Stay safe, alright Smurftette? It’ll suck if you die.”

“The same to you. Farewell my darling.”

They kissed once again, chastely short, but it left Loki with the urge to take his Midgardian and lock them in his room on Asgard in nothing but their skin.

Sighing, he tried to calm his thoughts. Darcy Lewis… mortal, Midgardian, one of so many. But she was so independent. She was caring and enthusiastic and hyper even when he didn’t want her to be. She made him smile, she made him want to dance. He had not danced for at least a hundred years.

He had not lied entirely when he told her the dance had been one of courtship. Though, rather than that of a simple flirty dance, it was a marital practice; one newlywed nobles or royalty would partake in before retreating off to bed. In fact, the strength of the statement he made in dancing with her surprised him.

Would he consider marrying Darcy Lewis?

He knew the answer. Marriage had never appealed to him. Sex he handled well and often. But Thor was always the one to be married off and Loki was allowed his freedoms.

However this Midgardian….

Not only would he marry her, he wanted to. Leaning against the wall he imagined what their life could be together. He could call Darcy his and no other as long as they lived and all of Yggdrasil would know it. Then reality struck him like one of Barton’s arrows.

He could not marry Darcy.

She could not be his for all Yggdrasil to know, nor would he ask her to be. He was a criminal and would pay penitence to keep her alive and safe on earth.

Clutching his scepter, he composed himself, stepping out of the corridor, and walking up a set of stairs to a balcony that overlooked the man he needed. He thought of the painless care he could take in using the silly Midgardian’s device on the man. But he was supposed to be violent, was he not?

If he was to take credit for being a raging criminal, he should give them nothing to suspect otherwise. If he could not have Darcy as his, he should protect her freedom as she had nothing to deserve otherwise.

Bitter and cold, the glow from Darcy’s figure moving with his own across the marble surface had faded, leaving a vacuum of emotion. He walked leisurely down the stairs, well aware of the people watching him as he grasped onto the end of the golden staff swinging it across the man’s head.

The Midgardians that had once cheered him ran and screamed in terror as he tossed the man upon the table, magicking the Midgardian device into his hands that would grant Barton the iridium. Let them flee. Let them see him as he truly was…a monster.
He brought the spinning blades down onto the man’s eye with precision and accuracy, doubting either would alleviate his pain. He would make sure he lived through a relatively painless recovery. Darcy would want it that way.

Releasing the man, he stalked easily out into the main entrance where he and Darcy had arrived. There the guests of the party gathered round, frantically trying to figure out what to do. Loki summoned his full armor, including his helm and cape. The scepter elongated into a wicked weapon. “Kneel.”

He spoke softly at first, then again but louder as he cast a projection out. “Kneel before me.”

More projections formed around the mass of people, Loki commanding in the way everyone expected, he was the monster that would not get his love. Thor would see Jane once the bifrost was repaired. The golden prince would have his happy ending and Loki would sit complacently, knowing she was safe. His Darcy.

“I said KNEEL!”

Chapter End Notes

Woah...so I broke out some serious feels. It only gets worse from here.
I'm so sorry.
I have to also say thank you and fist bump all of you for the fantastic support, comments, Kudos and bookmarks.
I'm breaking out the Big Guns next chapter. (Big Guns is totally not an implication of Tony Stark's presence... ;))
Darcy worries, Loki worries, shit happens.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy ran around the building, kicking off her heels as she went. They may have made her butt look like fucking Beyoncé’s but she was saving the world and giving up sexy hot sex with a sexy hot god to do so. She met Barton, desperately trying to keep her boobs from flying out of the sleeveless dress and bopping her in the face. “Hey Barton. What’s the plan?”

The Agent gave her an empty blue eyed stare. “I’ve knocked the guards unconscious, no murder per his request. Follow me.”

Obediently, Darcy followed, clutching her skirt as she went. There was a time when she was only really concerned about getting enough credits being Jane’s assistant to get her graduate’s degree. Now, she was prancing across Germany to help her Asgardian/Jotunn boyfriend save the universe without everyone finding out.

Speaking of Asgardian/Jotunn boyfriends, how the fuck did she get so lucky?

Loki fucking Laufeyson fucking sexy bastard. Darcy felt like she had been shifted into some cheesy romantic movie where the girl gets to dance with the super hot—sexy—guy with no proper dance lessons, then go make out in a hallway. The only thing missing from that awesome story line was the romantic sex and the loving confessions. Darcy snorted to herself as Barton placed the strange metal contraption over a scanning pad and a small eye began to materialize.

Loki giving a love confession. That would be the day. She admitted it, she would take that hunk of messed up troubles and keep him forever if only she could. But she wouldn’t ask that of him. She would be sacrificing herself over to the Chitauri, ready to be their Lead until she died. Letting Loki redeem the life he deserved.

Darcy sighed, her heart weighing heavily in her chest as Barton pulled out a glass cylinder with a hunk of silvery metal inside. “Iridium.”

The guards around them nodded in affirmation as they rushed off in the direction of the black vans.

Darcy followed; desperately wanting to magic her robes or even her jeans, but running nude through Germany wasn’t really on her list of things to do.

They passed around the front of the building when Darcy saw Loki, full battle regalia, aiming his pointy scepter at an old man. She stopped. He wouldn’t. She knew he wouldn’t.

Still she watched his face, pained and almost crazed with the essence of someone who had lost their way. “Miss Lewis, you’re putting us behind schedule.” Barton said gruffly, clenching his fist around his bow.
Darcy nodded, trying to draw her eyes away as a tightly outfitted Captain America came into the picture. Normally, she would have been pretty excited to see a bright blue and spangled bit of muscle, but not when he was getting ready to pound her boyfriend.

Swallowing, she climbed into the back of the van, trying to keep her thoughts rational. Everything was okay, wasn’t it? Loki wasn’t going to die. SHIELD wouldn’t kill Loki.

The drive through Stuttgart was short and soon they were in the middle of some beach front, a jet parked ready on the sand. “Miss Lewis, are we prepared to head for New York?”

Shaking herself from her scary thoughts of Director Fury, she nodded. “Yeah. Embark the flying vehicle. Let’s get this iridium to Erik and then him to New York.”

“Yes Miss Lewis.” Barton said, getting on the plane. She followed him.

“You can call me Darcy.”

“It is not in my instruction to do so.”

“What if I tell you to call me Darcy?”

Barton gave her an icy blue stare. “I don’t know, Miss Lewis.”

“I command you to call me Darcy.” He demanded with mock authority.

If Barton could have smiled in his state, he would have been. “Yes Darcy.”

“Awesome! High five!” she cheered, holding up her hand. Barton slapped it and she instantly felt their friendship take on a whole new level. Or, as much of a friendship you and have when your brain is being taken over by a magical glowing stick.

The plane ride took forever and everyone there seemed completely focused on their tasks, not even bothering with conversation of any sort. Which left Darcy at the mercy of her imagination. What on earth was Loki doing right now?

**************************

Tony Stark had his gaze trained intently on the dark haired god sitting in the airplane.

What was his deal? He seemed crazy. Anyone who wanted to be king of the world had to be crazy. But it was strange. Loki of Asgard acted pretty smart, he seemed to have a lot of knowledge on things most people wouldn’t. He at least seemed smart enough to know that taking over an entire planet was impossible. Immediately after boarding the aircraft, Loki had begun inspecting Stark with a complete lack of dignity.

At first, he thought Loki was crooked in more ways than one. Maybe reserved his disco stick for the dudes. It took him a while to notice he was staring at the suit.

“You’ve got a thing for robotics, Horny?”

Loki’s wide green eyes flicked menacingly to Stark’s face. “Is that what you call your armed attire?”

“More or less.” He countered, “But it isn’t your typical baby rocket science. Much cooler. Tell me, do they have science in space?”

Loki smirked in a way that told Tony he should definitely never let Loki near any of his suits. Ever.
“Perhaps not as you see it, Man of Iron. What a silly name. The majority off your suit is not even iron.”

Tony thought back to his first suit, the one he had built in the middle of the desert. The original suit was indeed iron. There was no way he was going to start swapping old stories with some guy with a leather fetish. “It’s catchy. Easy for the public to remember. You surely must understand in all your…dramatic world dominance getup. ‘Is this not your natural state?...crave subjugation?’”

Loki chuckled darkly, and Tony thought he saw some kind of understanding there. He moved to stand by the Captain. “I don’t like it.” He muttered.

“What? Rock of Ages giving up so easily?” Tony questioned, looking back at Loki who now sat very subdued, glaring at the floor. If he wasn’t so insane, it might have been mistaken for worry.

Steve looked forwards, gaze steady. “I don’t remember it being that easy. This guy packs a wallop.”

Stark fought the urge to roll his eyes. Rogers might have been a sexy captain, but he was from another time. Only an old guy would say ‘packs a wallop’. “Still, you are pretty spry, for an older fellow. What’s your thing? Pilates?” he asked, gleefully happy at Steve’s confusion.

“What?”

“It’s like calisthenics. You might have missed a couple of things, you know, doing time as a capsule.” Tony fought to keep a straight face. Where did he come up with this stuff?

Rogers didn’t seem nearly as humored. “Fury didn’t tell me he was calling you in.”

“Yeah, there’s a lot of things Fury doesn’t tell you.” Tony said, mind running in the direction of the damned Director. He had totally been using the tesseract to build weapons. There was no denying it, once he got in to SHIELD he was going to hack into SHIELD’s system and figure this out.

The plane began to rock violently as thunder shook the vehicle.

“Where’s this coming from?” Natasha asked, steering clear of a dangerous looking spot of clouds.

Steve looked over at Loki who’s eyes had widened to the point it was almost endearing if he wasn’t trying to enslave the human race. “What’s the matter?” Steve asked. “Scared of a little lightning?”

Loki flashed a small grimace. “I’m not overly fond of what follows.”

Right on cue, the end of the jet smashed open and in jumps a tall blonde guy with an obnoxious red cape and hammer. He growled, much like an animal, before grabbing a reluctant looking Loki and jumping out of the plane.

Great. “Now there’s this guy!”

Natasha muttered something in Russian. “Another Asgardian?”

Steve chose then to ask his helpful old man questions. “Think the guy’s friendly?”

Stark didn’t hesitate to put his face piece back on and walk out to the back of the plane. “Doesn’t matter. If her frees Loki or kills him, the tesseract’s lost.” And with that, he leapt out after the two Asgardians.
Loki was panicking on the inside. Sure he would never show he was panicking, but he was concerned.

First, Darcy might be facing danger with all the lightning in the sky. Hopefully she would be able to save herself. She would not die if they were apart. She had lived twenty four years without him, hadn’t she?

Next, the air was heavy laden with magic and lightning was a sure sign of Odin’s interference and dark energy. Thor was on his way.

Loki wanted to destroy the plane right then and run away.

He knew Thor had been a possibility, but he had been hoping not to have to face his brother so soon.

For months that seemed like years, Loki had wished to apologize to his father, his brother, his mother. He wanted to tell them he was sorry and spend the rest of his days away from Asgard. He no longer felt he belonged there.

But he could not very well tell Thor sorry now. He had a part to play. He was taking over the world and it required a certain amount of unworldly betrayal.

The plane ride had been enlightening. He sent much of the time combing through Tony Stark’s mind. There was no denying, the man was very intelligent. He had so much knowledge of Midgardian science, he equated the man to Jane Foster, though they specialized in different things. Loki had no need to know of Tony Stark’s projects, but it interested him.

Asgard had developed their magic so quickly, that they did not dive into every delicate detail of it before learning it. Midgardians would come to Asgard’s status in the future, and possibly gain more knowledge on the magic/science than Asgard.

He groaned inwardly when his back thudded against the stone ground. “Where is the tesseract?”

“I missed you too.” He said, smiling brightly. They had been brothers once, and now Loki was a criminal. Mischief and Lies, how fitting.

“Do I look to be in a gaming mood?” Thor asked, hammer in hand.

Loki stood, glaring daggers. “Oh you should thank me. How much dark energy did the Allfather have to muster to conjure you here? Your precious Earth!” he scowled. Earth. The home of his Darcy. She who could not be his. Secretly, he wished Thor the best with Jane Foster, in hopes they could live the life he would not be able to.

Thor was thinking on different things. “I thought you dead.”

His heart contracted. He could see it. His mother in tears, thinking of his lifeless body carried off into space. “Did you mourn?”

“We all did. Our father—“

That did it. “Your father.” Loki wanted to shake Thor’s shoulders, remind him that he could never call Odin father. Not when he was always to be disliked and unequal to the man he thought his own flesh and blood all his life. “He did tell you of my true parentage did he not?”
“We were raised together.” Thor argued desperately. “We played together, fought together. Do you remember none of that?”

Loki shook with bitter rage. Of course he remembered that. But he also remembered the parts where Thor left him in the dust, the parts where he was made fun of for his slightness and use of magic. “I remember a shadow, living in the shade of your greatness! I remember you tossing me into an abyss. I who was and should be king!”

There were the lies. Loki knew he let go. Death had seemed preferable at the time. “So you take the world I love as recompense for your imagined slights? No, the Earth is under my protection, Loki.”

No. I pretend to take this world and save it from domination by Chitauri. “And you’re doing a marvelous job at that. The humans slaughter themselves in droves while you idly threat. I mean to rule them.”

Thor frowned. “You think yourself above them?”

Loki fought the urge to roll his eyes. All of Asgard thought themselves above Midgard. He knew first hand that all of them were below his Darcy. “Well, yes.”

“Then you miss the point of ruling brother. The throne would suit you ill.”

Loki turned, facing the sky where they’d landed. He felt a strange change in the air around him, but paid it no matter. “I’ve seen worlds you’ve never known about. I have grown, Odinson, in my exile. I have seen the true power of the tesseract.” Felt the torturous properties of the tesseract.… “And when I wield it.…”

Thor growled angrily. “Who showed you this power?! Who controls the would be king?”

Loki almost sighed with relief that Thor had not been so dumb as to believe that he had come across this power by himself. However, he was dull enough to be convinced with little power from Loki’s tongue. “I am a king!”

“Not here! You give up the tesseract! You give up this poisonous dream, and come home.” Thor pleaded, taking his brother’s face.

Loki flinched at the contact, but was comforted by it, aware that it may be the last sign of affection he would ever get from his brother.

“I don’t have it.” It wasn’t a lie. “you need the cube to bring me home, but I’ve sent it off, I know not where.” Loki figured the bifrost would be rebuilt by the time they needed to get back to Asgard. But the contrasting energies of the tesseract and the bifrost would not allow them to travel with both. If he took the tesseract back to Asgard, he would do so without the bifrost.

Thor summoned his hammer, anger setting in. “You listen well brother.”

Just then, a man of metal flew past, knocking Thor from Loki’s presence.

“I’m listening.”

Humored, he sat down, tired and concerned for his Darcy. Though he allowed himself to be distracted by the mischief he was making by confusing his current enemy. Out of nowhere he heard laughter, “Man, how thick can you get? I would have never fallen for the whole ‘I am a king!’ bit. Really, you can be so dramatic when you want to be. And man I forgot how cut Thor was. Holy shit, if he and Jane ever have sex, we’re moving into a different apartment. We got blue goo on her
bed, but mine would be broken and covered in stick hammer hits.”

Shocked, Loki whipped around to see Darcy Lewis in her Chitaurian armor, looking more like a goddess than any he’d ever seen.

***************************

Darcy had to admit, she was bad at waiting patiently.

On the plane ride, she demanded that everyone cover their eyes and not look while she changed back into her armor. Then the lightning started.

If she was worried about Loki before, she was dying of anxiety now.

So, she and her devious mind devised a plan. She would go invisible, and see if Loki was being tortured dead or not. Then she would get back to her plane.

“Alright.” Darcy addressed the crew. “Can you see me?”

There was a unanimous chant of, “No Darcy.”

“Great! Captain of this vehicle, do you know where the plane that Loki’s on is at?”

The captain responded instantly, “Yes Darcy. It is on these coordinates.”

“Awesome. I’ll be back before landing. Continue the plan as scheduled. Get Erik to New York. Barton, in the morning, be ready to infiltrate SHIELD before you get your brain back. I’m still really sorry about that.”

“Yes Darcy.”

“Cool. Goodbye guys!” she waved, teleporting to her desired location just in time to see the spangley butt of Captain America jump out of the plane. Great.

She decided she was close enough to Loki to just teleport to him.

“…I am a king!”

Darcy fought the urge to snort. Oh yeah, Loki, Drama King. She heard out their conversation before Thor was carried away by Tony Stark.

“I’m listening.”

Darcy couldn’t hold back the laughter anymore, cracking up and losing her invisibility.


Darcy reciprocated the enthusiasm, overjoyed that he was unharmed. “Normally, I would be pretty upset about the mortal thing, but I’m just glad you’re not dead.”

Loki’s lips trailed down her neck, breathily relieved laughs blowing against her skin. “I cannot believe you. Could you not wait another hour for me to meet you, Darling?”

“Obviously not. I was having heart spasms!” She exclaimed hardly hearing the crash of trees in the forest behind them, pulling her body closer to Loki’s. She needed more of him, all of him, right then.
“I could not stop wondering what would have happened if the lightning had damaged your aircraft.” He murmured against her lips, flicking his tongue against hers.

Darcy moaned, pressing their mouths more firmly together as the forest behind them erupted and the sound of a thousand gongs rang around them. “You must go Darcy. I will likely be returned to their base soon. I shall meet you later at the apartment.”

Darcy nodded, kissing him again. “Fine. Don’t be late unless you want me to die of worry.”

“I would not dream of it Darling.” He promised, running his thumb over her bottom lip before letting her go. With a wink and a flash of blue light, Darcy was gone and where she stood was a single flat blue shoe.

Oh, his Darcy….

Tony Stark, accompanied by Thor and the Soldier walked back up the hill to find Loki standing there, holding Darcy’s foot attire.

“You’re still here?” asked the Soldier.

Thor frowned, “Why have you not run away?”

“What’s with the shoe?” Stark asked, examining the dark blue footwear. “It’s not your color.”

Loki looked at the hue of the shoe, then back at Stark, casting a momentary glance at Thor, breaking out into a fit of uncontainable laughter. “On the contrary, Anthony, I believe it is very much my color.”

Chapter End Notes

Ha! I posted! Sorry this took so long, I've been enjoying some time off but got around to posting two updates today! Yay me!
Also, I realized that in the movie, Jane actually gets moved to an observatory in Norway, not sweden. So, for this fic, we're changing that. Sorry for those who wished for the Norway, it ain't happenin'.
I get the feels so much when i work on this fic, I try to write really serious feels but then it just looks like I puked a fluff/crack/smut rainbow all over a document. Whoops!
Hope you all enjoy my rainbow and Merry Christmas! And if you don't celebrate Christmas, happy December 25th!
Happy Holidays! Happy Fanfiction! Happy Time off work/school!
Not a Child

Chapter Summary

Darcy's mom calls, sex, pizza, The Black Widow, sex! But not necessarily in that order.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy was back in her apartment with her cell phone, attempting to order pizza in Swedish. Thank God some Swedes spoke English.

Once she decided that pizza was needed, she summoned her cell phone from America and charged it magically. As it turns out, she only had fifty-eight missed calls from her mother.

She’d arrived back home with a growling stomach and a strong desire to throttle Thanos’ neck. She decided to solve the first problem by calling a Swedish pizza joint and asking them to deliver her three pizzas; one cheese, one everything, and one ham and pineapple. Loki needed to try all three if he was going to have a proper Midgardian experience.

The only bad part, Swedish pizza was a whole lot different than American pizza.

The crust was thin, there was hardly a surplus of gooey carb-filled bread, and there wasn’t nearly enough salt to call it unhealthy. Sadly, Darcy rubbed her now flat stomach, pleased yet disappointed with all the hard muscle there. Should she eat the pizza or---

Fuck it, she was eating all the ham/pineapple, Loki could buy himself some when he got back.

She was already finished with two sliced when Jane came home.

“Darcy? Loki?” she called, entering through the hall.

“Just Darcy.”

Jane appeared in the kitchen doorway, looking down at the pizza with joy. “Cool, not pop tarts. I was afraid I was going to have to eat them again for dinner.”

Darcy beat her friend’s hand away from the ham and pineapple. “You eat the cheese. I’m educating Loki on the glories of Midgardian junk food. Stupid Sweden doesn’t have American pizza.”

Doctor Foster shrugged, picking up cheese pizza. “It’s probably healthier.”

Making a face, Darcy shoved an entire slice in her mouth. “Mth, Ma haghte mealthy moodth.”

“Swallow, and then speak Darcy.”

Darcy swallowed her pizza bitterly. “I hate healthy food.” She stood up, checking the clock and almost dropped her pizza slice.

“Agh! I have to go! My flight should be landing soon!” the short girl said through bites of pizza. “I’ve counted the slices, do NOT even think about eating the ham/pineapple, Jane. I’m serious. I had
to live on an alien planet for a month. I deserve that pizza. I will finish it when I get back.”

Jane raised a brow, “Uh-Huh. But wait, how are you getting to your flight and why dressed like that. You’re missing a shoe.”

Darcy face palmed. “Dammit! I swear I can hardly do any magic without disrobing myself. I’m teleporting to America. Do you need anything while I’m there?”

Jane tapped her chin. “More pop tarts, get some of those s’mores ones. How do you teleport? I—“

Darcy held up a hand. “Don’t science on me Jane. I don’t know how it works. I just sort of think about where I want to go and then I will myself to be there and it happens. Loki probably has my other shoe. I left it on a cliff in the middle of nowhere.”

The woman just stared. “No. There has to be more to it than that! Moving matter…time…time….”

She trailed off as Darcy’s person disappeared in a flash of blue light.

Taking out a pencil and her journal, Jane began to write, enjoying a slice of ham and pineapple pizza as she did so.

********************

“Barton! Am I late?” Darcy asked, rushing up to the archer, adjusting the bit of gold metal under her chin.

“No Darcy. Erik Selvig is finishing up with the iridium now. He will move to New York in a few hours.” He assured her, gesturing towards a very focused looking Erik who was now fawning over the iridium like it was a trophy.

Darcy sighed. “Alright then. Are you going to sleep? You should sleep. You look tired.”

Barton looked down at her with icy blue eyes. “No Darcy, I am not tired. My position allows me to stay focused and awake.”

She frowned at this, but didn’t push it. “Okay. I’m just checking in. Is there anything else I need to do? Do you have all of your arrows in order for when we do our sabotage? Everyone knows we aren’t actually killing people, right?”

“Yes Darcy. You are at liberty to leave.” Barton answered, snapping his bow into its retractable position.

“Alright.” She moved to teleport herself back to the apartment when she got curious. “Hey Barton?”

“Yes Darcy?”

“Will you remember all of this?”

“I don’t know.”

“Does this bother you?”

He seemed to hesitate, coming up with an answer. “I don’t know.”

“Can I give you a hug?”
“Yes Darcy.”

She hugged him and he awkwardly with robotic movements put his arms around her. “I’ll see you later, okay? Then you can get back to Natasha.”

“Yes Darcy.”

********************

Loki had been only slightly unsure of how well of a job he was doing until he came into SHIELD. He was marched along endless isles with guards surrounding him. Walking through, and gently searching the minds of those around him, he figured out how he was going to complete his destructive plan against SHIELD’s flying fortress.

He would make a certain scientist angry.

Oh but he couldn’t just make the scientist angry…no he needed much more. He needed the rest of his team to make him angry. He would have to play his cards right. The woman, Natasha, felt a powerful bond with Barton, he should use that to make her suspicious…perhaps it would give her an inkling as to what he was doing. Just enough knowledge to make assumptions.

Then he would remain silent, his presence was sure to stir up enough tension as it was.

Loki was not thrilled at causing a war on Midgard, but he couldn’t say he didn’t thoroughly enjoy the mischief he was making. It was the small bits of confusing trouble that really made him happy. Wars were to forward, not enough dirty work involved.

Then there was Coulson. He searched his mind once, once again finding him the perfect target. His death would be monumental for the Avengers. They would not be able to control their saddened rage towards him.

“Let me know if ‘real power’ wants a magazine or something.” The Director said, turning away from Loki’s cage.

He smirked. The Director Reminded him very much of the Allfather. Not only was he blinded by his own opinion, but he was powerful enough to make his desires a reality, no matter how preposterous they were.

Slowly, he turned to face a small device Darcy had told him was a camera. They would be watching him, he knew.

A few moments after Fury left, he cast a spell around his cage so on looking eyes would not see him conjure a double to stand in his place as he traveled back to Sweden to see Darcy where he would hold her close until he was no longer able to.

“Jane! I can’t believe you! I leave for ten minutes and you eat the pizza I begged you not to eat. I even brought you back s’mores pop tarts and American pizza. Your favorite pepperoni and onion pizza and what do you do, you eat the ham pineapple.”

Jane sighed loudly, “Sorry, I did leave the other one for Loki.”

He stepped forwards at his name. “Leave what for me?”

Darcy turned on her heel, her gorgeous eyes lifting to his face he looked her up and down, noticing her bare foot. “Pizza: A serious part of Midgardian culture that should not be overlooked.”
He could not hold back a small smile as she wrapped her arms around his neck and brushed her full lips against his. “Thanks for not getting yourself killed.”

“If I were dead, I would not be able to get such a beautiful welcome.” Loki said, brushing the hair out of Darcy’s face so he could kiss her lightly again.

She gazed up at him with twinkling blue eyes, raw with emotion. His heart swelled and for a moment, Loki was almost ashamed at his sentiment. Here, a Midgardian woman had made him soft. Well…not in a physical sense. But he was taken with her. “Right back at ya, Mischief. Now come on, you haven’t eaten anything in a while and we’ve got a big day tomorrow. There’s going to be a big battle in New York I think.”

Reluctantly, Loki released her and he noticed a red-faced Jane in the corner. “You know, the whole romantic outlaw thing you guys have going is cute. If this were a movie, there would be fanfictions written about it.”

Loki looked to a snickering Darcy. “I do not understand.”

“You don’t need to. Here.” She handed him a square box. Curiously, he opened it to find a circular bit of bread with an array of cheeses and meats and vegetables. “You wish for me to eat this?”

“You will thank me.” Darcy assured, sitting down and setting mugs in front of each of them. She opened a tall glass bottle and poured them each some kind of sharp smelling clear liquid. “Whipped Cream Vodka. Just because…I don’t know how this whole New York thing is going to go and if Thanos decides to kill me in the mist of it, I want to have a last drink with my best friend. And Loki.”

He felt like someone bashed him in the heart with Mjolnir. He quickly swallowed the feeling, she would not die. He knew she wouldn’t. “Am I not one of your best friends?” he questioned, sipping the sharp liquid and finding it delightfully sweeter and exotic than most beverages.

“You’re so much more, Loki.” She told him, sipping her own drink. “Sit. Eat. Chill Out. You can lose the armor if you want.”

Resigning, Loki sat on the couch, picking up one of the strange slices of food and taking a bite. His mouth watered at the strange blend of flavors, cooked so differently than he was accustomed to. “This is…surprisingly good.”

Jane drained her mug. “yeah. Wait till you try the American pizza. If you have room after that.”

Loki looked down at the box. “This is quite minimal for an Aesir.”

“Yeah, Thor ate a lot too.” The small scientist stretched, standing up and carrying a box with her. “Well, I’m going to bed. You crazy kids have fun. If I get woken up by loud coitus, I’m calling the cops to arrest Loki for terrorism.”

“You ate my pizza. I can have as much loud coitus as I want!” Darcy hollered after her friend, sitting down next to Loki on the couch as he finished the entire box of pizza, not truly realizing how hungry he was until both the Swedish and the American pizza were gone along with a great portion of the glass bottle.

All the while, Darcy sat next to him, toying with his hair, braiding a few strands, occasionally sipping her drink. Despite their problematic position he couldn’t help but relax into the gentle caress of her fingers and the lulling scent of her skin.

When he was finished, she set the boxes in the kitchen and came back to sit on the lounge, pulling
her feet up with her. He once again noticed the absence of her shoe.

He knelt down so his face was level with her shoulders and he had to look up to meet her eyes.

“Are you kneeling for a mortal?” She asked in mock surprise.

He chuckled, gently taking her feet so her legs were on either side of his body. “No. I’m kneeling for you Darling.” He kissed her knee, the smooth skin of her leg softer than silk on his lips.

Her breath caught as he reached her ankle and he bit the bone lightly. “I kinda get why you like this kneeling thing. It’s pretty awesome.”

“Quite.” He agreed, conjuring the shoe she’d lost from earlier, and fitting it on her foot. “There. I believe you left that with me. Stark was confused on my choice of outfitting.”

Her laugh was light and clear. “Oh God. I’m Cinderella. I don’t know if you’re the ideal Prince Charming, though.”

Loki raised his eyebrows skeptically, kissing her shin. “I am most certainly a charming prince. I am the charming prince.”

She laughed freely, running her fingers through his hair. “You are. You’re perfect.” She smiled admiringly down at him as his lips traveled up her leg. “What did you think of Tony?”

He traced small patterns on the inside of her thigh, ghosting over her knee. “I thought he was… interesting. He’s very smart. One might think it clouds his judgment, but surprisingly enough, he is well aware of his own intelligence yet… manages to think clearly. His suit is fascinating.”

Darcy nodded. “yeah. I wish I understood the sciency parts of it, but I don’t.”

“Would you like to know?” Loki asked, looking up at her as he pushed up the skirt of her robes.

She began breathing a bit heavier, her arousal apparent in the dampness of her undergarments. A short burst of male pride shot through him. Darcy responded to him like no woman, Asgardian or other ever had. Everything about her seemed to be made for him. Her snarky wit made him laugh, her fire warmed him when he felt desolate and cold, he fit into her hips, those which could cradle him for hours, and her frequent and freely given smiles made him feel like he was the only thing that mattered.

“Not now. Maybe after I make love to you somewhere in this apartment.” She moaned, running her fingers through his hair.

“Make love to me?” Loki questioned, he heart feeling like it might burst from his chest.

Darcy’s cheeks turned bright red as she pushed up her glasses, looking for something to say. “Ah, yeah. Romantic-y Sexy type sex. Sort of slow, tired passionate sex. I mean—”

He hushed her with a kiss. “I would be honored, Darcy Lewis, if you would make love to me.”

She smiled warmly, her hands cupping his cheeks. “I like the way you say my name.”

They kissed, deeply and intimately, her tongue running over his lips and probing into his mouth. He mimicked her pace, taking his time in eliciting deep moans from her body, feeling her quake beneath him on the couch. Again, he ran his fingers up her thigh, brushing against the soaked fabric of her undergarments. He hated the damned things, always getting in the way when he was trying to reach
one of his favorite parts of her body.

He was halfway finished with marking her neck with new love bites when a strange buzzing noise sounded through the apartment.

“Dammit.” Darcy muttered, sitting up. “Hand me my phone would you? It’s that glowing rectangle making the sounds.”

Loki found her phone on the coffee table and handed it to her, confused by the use of Midgardian technology. He watched as she pressed her finger to the flat surface, holding it to her ear. “Mom! Hi.”

He heard a woman’s voice on the other side. Curiously, he examined the device from where he sat on the couch. Barton and the guards used similar devices and he knew they were a common form of communication between two or more people, typically done by some sort of signal. Midgardians were fascinating. They took a single idea and elaborated on it so far that each person had a specific device that allowed them to contact anyone the wished.

“Darcy Elizabeth Lewis, what have you been up to?! Jane said you were sick! I’m telling you if you’ve been doing heroin, I’m going to kill you before the AIDS do!”

Loki, confused, raised a brow at Darcy. “Is that your mother?”

She nodded to him. “Mom, I haven’t been doing drugs! I just kinda took a surprise vacation and forgot my phone.”

Loki smirked, “A vacation? A very strange holiday indeed, Darcy Elizabeth Lewis.”

“Don’t start that.”

“Who’s that? Darcy! Are you dating someone!?”

“Mom—“

“Is he cute? What does his butt look like? Is this why you haven’t called me? Are things serious? Do you like him?”

“Mom—“

“Oh you love him, of course! Young love, dear.”

Loki stared, wide eyed at his mortal as she struggled for words. Her mother’s words rambling on much like her own. He held out his hand to take the phone. “No way!”

“You don’t love him?”

“What? No…I mean…shit. I was…Loki, no!” Darcy protested.

“Can I talk to him? Oh please, you haven’t let me meet any of your boyfriend’s since high school!”

“That’s…because…you…embarrass me.” Darcy grunted, wrestling for control over the phone with Loki. He had her pinned to the couch, his fingers threatening the soft skin under her round rear. Finally he snatched the phone from her grasp.

“Hello Mrs. Lewis, I’m sorry he haven’t met. My name is Loki.” He began his voice cool and clear. Darcy threw an arm over her eyes, falling back against the couch cushions.
“Odin, smite me now.”

He pinched her ankle, not hard enough to leave a mark or truly hurt.

“Oh! You have a strange name. Sounds like that weirdo who’s been dancin’ around with some magic stick. I told my husband he should keep his stick for his partner. But nope, he goes waving it around at old men. Tell me, what do you think of my little Darcy?”

Darcy groaned. “Let’s get on with the smiting.”

Loki could not hold back the shortles that shook his chest. The woman was so very much like Darcy, it was ridiculous. “Darcy?” he asked, “What do I think of her?”

The mortal in question stuck her tongue out at him and he was reminded most strongly of all the things that tongue was capable of.

“Are you deaf or a smart ass? Yes Darcy!”

Loki didn’t hesitate, looking straight at the woman he loved when he spoke. “I think she is the most beautiful creation to exist. I think that if I were to meet anyone with more charm or more wit in her tongue, I would have died and gone to Vallhala. I think that never have I seen stars shine brighter than her eyes when I’ve come home to her.”

Darcy had sat up to stare at him; a pink blush remained on her cheeks as she reached over to peck him on the lips. “You just silver tongued my mother speechless. I’m impressed.” She whispered, kissing him again.

Mrs. Lewis cleared her throat, “Loki, would you please hand the phone back to my daughter? It’s been lovely speaking with you dear.”

“Goodbye, Mrs. Lewis.”

No sooner had the phone reached Darcy’s ears that he heard the mother’s galled squeal. “Why are you not engaged to him yet?! The boy just called you his home! He said you were the most beautiful creation ever to exist! You are his shrine Darcy Dear!!!!”

“Mom, I’m not Juliet. He’s not Romeo. He just likes to pretend sometimes. I’m kinda busy, I don’t think I have time to get married anyways.”

“Is he rich? He sounds rich. Tell me about this Darcy!”

Promptly, Darcy faked a yawn. “Yeah, I’ll call you back…uh…soon. Okay? I’m really tired. I’ve got some…uh…stuff….”

“Oh, honey I remember being young. The sex was—“

“OKAY! Bye mom, love you!” Darcy said, tapping the screen and setting the phone down. “I’m so sorry.”

He stared at her, trying to figure out the words to say. Should he tell her that he loved her? That he would marry her if only he had the option to?

Quickly, he decided against it. What a tease that would be, allowing that thinking when there was no way they could live and love together after New York. She solved his dilemma on what to do by placing a sweet kiss on his lips. “You didn’t have to say all that stuff to my mom. One look at you
and she would have gotten a marriage license online and arranged a ceremony in the living room.”

He gingerly pushed a lock of hair behind her ear. “I spoke only the truth Darling. You’ve captured me in the best way possible. I am yours.”

Her creamy cheeks flushed as she smiled whole heartedly up at him. “Mine.” She chuckled a bit, “You know, it’s pretty damn crazy to think that a month ago I was sitting around bored in New Mexico. And now I’m some magic wielding crazy Chitauri Leader with a supposedly psycho Asgardian/Jotunn lover to call my own. You know what I’m saying?”

“Indeed. You are quite crazy. For your ‘psycho’ has been waiting patiently for you to make love to him. And you’ve been doing nothing but talk on your silly midgardian device.” He teased, nipping at her neck and pinning her to the couch.

“Shall I remedy the situation then, my sexy psycho?” she asked, as he banished her panties out of the nine realms. Within time, none of those irritating scraps of fabric would remain and she would be forced to go without.

“I wish you would.”

She hummed in approval, engaging him in a near entrancing kiss. And they called him silvertongue. Her mouth could charm Frost Giants…her mouth was charming a Frost Giant. Her hands slipped over his armor, looking to gain entry when she stopped, remembering her magic.

In a flash of light, he was disrobed, the head of his cock brushing against her thigh. His breath caught. There was something so bewitching about Darcy’s magical capabilities. The fact that magic bent to her will with just the slightest touch….

It helped that she, quite literally, could not keep her clothes on in the process.

Slowly, he traced the patterns on her breastplate letting it disappear under his fingers. He cleared away the rest of her armor, storing it somewhere in Yggdrasil where he would have to find it later. Darcy moaned softly against his lips, tangling her fingers in his hair and wrapping her pale legs around his waist. He stroked her cheek with one hand, supporting himself above her with the other.

She reached between them, taking him in hand and positioning him at her entrance. Gladly, he took the proposition, sinking into her slowly, reveling in the lovely hushed sounds it elicited from her pliant mouth.

Desperately, he tried to come up with words to tell her how he wanted her; how this moment could last forever and he would never tire of it. He wanted to tell her that he loved her. But he wouldn’t… he couldn’t. His silvertongue had indeed turned to lead. He gazed down into her face, their breaths mixing, her eyes seeming to reflect his own sentiment.

Taking her time, as if to make him feel every movement, Darcy moved her hips, her body arching closer to his. Her breasts pressed flat against his chest, urging him to reciprocate. She bet into him, her plump lips marking his neck and shoulders.

“Loki….” She sighed, her hands trailing down his back. The fluttering of her orgasms made keeping his slow, steady pace nearly unbearable. But he wanted to remember this, he wanted to remember her.

He held her face in his hand, touching their foreheads. “Mine.” She whispered, legs tightening their hold around his waist.
“Yours.” He breathed, her climax pushing him over the edge.

Loki didn’t pull out immediately, relaxing into the crook of her neck. Her hips embracing him into a comfort he identified as home.

*************************

Tony Stark sat contemplating the estranged criminal on SHIELD’s giant hulk-sized cage.

“He’s crazy.” He concluded, standing up.

Bruce smiled lightly, as if this was no new news to him. “So I hear.”

“No. I mean he’s seriously crazy. His mind is gone. Inside there are bits of maniacal planning and the desire for destruction and craziness.” Stark argued flitting his fingers across a screen, making sure JARVIS was still working on breeching SHIELD firewalls.

“He’s not as crazy as he is power-hungry.”

Waving a finger, Stark paced the room. “No, I thought that too. But when I ran into thunderbird and the man in Star-Spangled Tights, Loki just waited there. With a shoe! A woman’s shoe! I told him it wasn’t his color and he laughed.”

Bruce chuckled, “Maybe he has a devious lady friend who accidently dropped it before she teleported away?”

Stark waved him off. “No. He’s just insane. The terrible part is that he’s smart. It’s like you can see all of the little Asgardian gears turning inside his brain. But I have no fucking idea what they mean.”

“Let’s just focus on finding the tesseract.”

“That’s another thing!” Tony continued, “The Grinch stole the tesseract, right? And so far, he’s only killed SHIELD agents or ex-SHIELD agents. That’s it. I’m thinking maybe he has a grudge against SHIELD. But if that’s true, why would Fury bring him here anyways? Unless Fury knows nothing, which is entirely possible. But still, there is nothing for Loki on this ship. Nothing. He doesn’t know about the Avengers does he? Well, he might, he has Barton doesn’t he? Dammit…there are too many variables here…”

Banner held up his hands. “And they tell me I need to relax. Whatever Loki’s here for, he isn’t going to get it pacing back and forth in a cell like that. I think Natasha went down to talk to him. If anyone can find things out, she can.”

*************************

Darcy was curled up naked in bed with Loki, her pale arm draped across his blue torso.

She tried to convince him that the advantages of walking around as a Jotunn all the time would be far superior to his Aesir masquerade. But he insisted against it.

But he had not called himself a monster. Point for Darcy.

She inhaled deeply, wanting to remember everything about Loki, from his leathery sharp scent to every line on his Jotunn body. He had taken his time with her, making every touch, every orgasm, every brush of their lips something to be remembered. The truth dawned on her the crisis they were in. She would have to get the scepter at the last possible moment. Anytime before that and Loki
would take it before she would be able to get back to the Chitauri.

With the scepter and the tesseract, the portal would be open, and she could talk to Thanos. Then Loki would be free.

She sighed, kissing his cool shoulder, giving a sad smile to one of the purple love bites on his blue skin.

“Are you tired, Darling?” he murmured into her hair. “You have not spoken for quite some time now. It is most unlike you.”

Darcy shifted herself so she lay atop him. “No. I was just thinking I guess.”

“Again?” he teased, lightly running his fingers over her back. “Do not hurt yourself.”

“Hey!” Giggling, she poked him in the ribs, causing him to laugh and flinch under her. “Say sorry.”

“No. I do not take orders from short Midgardian women who are in over their heads with commanding gods.” He kid further, settling his blissfully cool hands on her hips. “Even if they are gorgeous and exquisitely bare in my bed.”

She smirked, running her fingers down his sides and over the Marks there. Loki’s body wiggled widely and his red eyes were framed in laughter. Darcy’s smile widened. “Take it back, blueberry! This can go on forever. I’ll have you know I won my position as Lead by tickling someone into submission.”

Loki choked on his words. “Fine!” he managed. “I’m sorry!” he fingers slowed their torturous work. “Say please.”

He looked like he wanted to glower or say something snarky but the motion of her fingers prevented him from breaking his squirming state. “Please! My fair and gracious Lady Darcy, I beg of you, have mercy!”

She leaned forward to press a kiss to his cold lips, “Well, I suppose I can be generous today, seeing as how you asked nicely.”

“Is it because I’m hot?” Loki asked, sliding his hands lower to cup her ass.

“No. You’re just sexy. Sorry babe.” She sighed as his arms tightened around her. He sat up, trailing his cool tongue over her collarbone.

“Babe? I am not a child.” He nudged her leg with his hardened length (and a great length at that) to prove his point.

Darcy giggled, her woes far from mind as she reached down to tease her clit with the tip of his big blue cock. “It’s a Midgardian term of endearment. You know like ‘honey-bunny’ or ‘sweetheart’ or ‘baby-cakes’.”

“It makes no sense!” he stopped talking to throw his head back in ecstasy. “It entails that I am a child!”

“Yeah, I guess…but doesn’t it also kinda say that you want to look after someone and make sure they’re safe and take care of them?”

Loki’s expression morphed from pouty to extremely sweet, his red irises glowing in the muted light.
“You wish to take care of me, Darcy Lewis?”

It was a battle of the personalities with possible responsibilities.

Sentimental Darcy says: “Of course Loki. I love you, I want to take care of you because your mine and no one else’s. Let’s get married and have kids and live a life magically evading the Chitauri. Now make love to me slowly.”

Logical Darcy says: “Shut up, Loki. I care for you. Fuck me quick so we can go check on the dudes that are going to help us invade New York.”

Sarcastic Darcy says: “Really? Huh. Well, you need some taking care of there, buddy. As seen by your frozen scepter right there.”

Aroused Darcy says: “Fuck yes, move your god damned hips and fill me with you distracting blue dick.”

The combined Darcy’s together had no idea what to say. “I…uh…never thought about it like that.”

Loki raised a brow in a way that made words nearly impossible. “Well, I have some ideas as to how you could take care of me. Would you like to know what they are?”

Sarcastic Darcy took the lead. “I think I know exactly what they are, babe.”

An hour later, after being thoroughly ‘taken care of’, Darcy collapsed onto the bed in exhaustion. “Okay. Good run. I think…that we should just…go check on SHIELD.”

“Okay, baby.” He teased, kissing her neck.

Darcy sat up, enjoying the sore feeling between her legs. Loki’s lusty habits combined with Loki’s other-worldly size made for some sincerely awesome after-sex-soreness. She suddenly remembered SHIELD.

“Shit! We need to go! How has Fury not noticed your gone?” Darcy exclaimed, running around, frantically searching for her armor that wasn’t there.

Loki stood as well, stretching and letting his Aesir form fading slowly back on. “I have conjured a double to stand in my place. Though, I’m afraid, the Black Widow is soon to approach me. She has been lurking outside the door to my caged chambers for quite some time now.”

Darcy summoned a bout of magic in her hand, willing the sticky blue stuff between her legs to dissipate and her hair to untangle itself. She gave Loki a look, “You were thinking about the Black Widow while we were having sex?”

His eyebrows shot to his hairline and she thought she saw a little reddening in his cheeks. “I…Darcy…I would never…I—“

Darcy snorted, shoulders shaking with laughter. “I’m just pulling your leg, Loki.”

“I do not understand.”

“I’m just teasing you.” She clarified, standing on her toes to kiss him. “I know none of your thoughts where even coherent enough to think about the Black Widow.”

Loki visibly relaxed. “You minx. You dare toy with a god?” he asked, pulling her closer.
“Maybe later. Don’t distract me. We have important things to do. If we didn’t, you wouldn’t be getting out of bed for anything. At all. We would be right there, partaking in rampant blue sex until the bed broke. Then we’d move to the floor.”

Loki groaned, no longer blue and unfortunately clothed. “You accuse me of diverting your attention.”

“You are! You’re making me think sexy things even when you have your clothes on. Now, where have you put my armor?” Darcy said, checking her hair in the mirror.

Loki waved an errant hand and her armor appeared on her body. Not on the floor. Damn. “Loki, under normal circumstances I’d totally be cool with no underwear, but I’ve got to go into battle today. I need some panties.”

He sneered. “Why? What is the point of such a dreadful device?”

She rolled her eyes, going to her suitcase and finding a pair of plain black underwear. “Alright, I’ll make you a deal. If we make it through this alive, I promise I will never ever wear any panties ever again. That way you can fuck me against walls and not even bother with some skimpy piece of fabric.”

He gave her a devious look. “Do you promise?”

“Yes, I promise.” She said rolling her eyes. She didn’t mention that she never planned on seeing him again after this. She was going to go die on a distant planet.

Loki pursed his lips together, eyes narrowed and Darcy remembered he had a bad habit of reading her thoughts. Dammit. As long as he didn’t hear about my plan…don’t think about the plan…don’t think about the plan…shit I’m thinking about the plan….

“What is your plan, Darcy?”

“What? I don’t have a plan? What’s a plan? Plan? Plant? Power Plant. Energy! Tesseract! Erik! I’ve got to go find Erik and make sure he’s set up and stuff! Lalalala hahaha! I’m not thinking about the plan!” Think of anything Darcy, anything.

Myyy Milkshake brings all the boys to the yard

And they’re like, it’s better than yours,

Damn right, it’s better than yours

I could teach you, but I’d have to charge….

Hastily, Darcy raised her hands, glowing with blue magic and teleported to wherever Barton was, leaving her clothes behind.

Loki had thought of a lot of things and heard a lot of different music.

He had never heard the ridiculous verse that flew through his lover’s mind before she disappeared. Though he sincerely hoped her milkshake was not bringing any boys to the yard.

He also had not thought that Darcy may have conceived an arrangement of her own. What was she doing?
His mind was torn into conflicting sides. First, he wanted to go back to Darcy and make sure that no man saw her in a disrobed state. But he also knew that the Black Widow was slow approaching his cage and he needed to deceive her to save the world.

Then there was this blasted plan that Darcy had created. What was her play? Was she to betray him? Turn him into Odin or Director Fury? He quickly chased that idea away. Darcy would not do that. This he knew. She cared for him.

So what was she planning?

Wiping the thoughts from his mind he magicked himself back to his glass prison on SHIELD’s flying fortress, taking the place of his double.

He had played this game many times. People, asgardian and other alike, could never shy away from a bit of flattery. “There aren’t many people who can sneak up on me.”

“But you figured I’d come.” The red haired woman replied. Loki turned to face her, detecting the slightest bit of taken flattery beneath her blank expression. He spent his life in the art of lies, chaos, and mischief. She was playing with all three.

“After whatever tortures Fury can concoct, you would appear as a friend, as a balm. And I would cooperate.” He said, giving an obvious answer to what SHIELD had planned to wean the tesseract from him.

“I wanna know what you’ve done to Agent Barton.” She said. There was no heart. No pleading or begging desire. It was a demand. Loki would have found it admirable, had he not seen the same actions in himself for so long.

“I’d say I’ve expanded his mind.” It was a simple answer, answering her question vaguely.

Natasha Romanoff looked very much like she wished to kill Loki. Her deadly stares repressed and concentrated into one focused stare. “And once you’ve won. Once you’re king of the mountain. What happens to his mind?”

Loki took a second to comprehend the situation. This agent, an employee of SHIELD would not so easily show her weakness through the form of a man. Though they considered him arrogant and unknowing of Midgardian capabilities. They were not aware of his devious company as of late. She was using Barton as a ploy to learn his plan. It was perfect. “Is this love, Agent Romanoff?”

“Love is for children. I owe him a debt.” She replied making Loki smile sincerely on the inside. Perhaps that is what she thought, but he was indeed a man in love. Still, he needed to play her game if he was to unleash the beast aboard their ship.

“Tell me.”

She let loose a shaky breath, seeming to break a bit. But the steady hate was still prominent in those wide eyes. “Before I worked for SHIELD, I uh...well, I made a name for myself. I have a very specific skill set. I didn't care who I used it for, or on. I got on SHIELD’s radar in a bad way. Agent
Barton was sent to kill me, he made a different call.”

“And what will you do if I vow to spare him?” Loki did not expect her to accept a bargain, nor did he want to make one. He intended to spare Barton to enable the Avengers a better chance at beating the Chitauri.

“Not let you out.” She said, putting on a more defensive tone.

“Ah, no. But I like this. Your world in the balance, and you bargain for one man?” he challenged her. Where his plan was very broad, the lure of mischief was hard to resist.

“Regime's fall every day. I tend not to weep over that, I'm Russian, or I was.” She said. Loki believed ‘Russian’ was a nationality, one that Darcy had talked much about for her lecture to him on politics.

“And what are you now?” he questioned.

She bared herself, preparing for what Darcy would call a ‘big finish’. “It's really not that complicated. I've got red in my ledger; I'd like to wipe it out.”

Loki’s insides soared. They believed him insane, arrogant, and belittling of mortals. He should prove that to them further. “Can you? Can you wipe out that much red? Drakoff's daughter? Sao Paulo? The hospital file? Barton told me everything. Your ledger is dripping, it's gushing red, and you think saving a man no more virtuous than yourself will change anything? This is the basest sentimentality. This is a child at prayer. Pathetic! You lie and kill in the service of liars and killers. You pretend to be separate, to have your own code, something that makes up for the horrors. But they are a part of you, and they will never go away.”

He banged his fist on the glass, staring down at the mortal woman. “I won't barter Barton! Not until I make him kill you. Slowly, intimately, in every way he knows you fear. And then he'll wake just long enough to see his good work, and when he screams I'll split his skull!”

She turned away from him, head bowed.

Loki could not help but think he was being a bit dramatic. Perhaps they would think he was pretending his escapade. No. he must continue. “This is my bargain, you mewling quim!”

She turned away, seeming to weep. However, he knew differently. This was still part of her job. She was acted the part of a heartbroken lover to gain information on a plan threatening her world. Bile rose in his throat. If only there was someone he could act to as a heartbroken lover, for his love was most likely getting herself killed with these ‘plans’.

“You're a monster.” She whispered and Loki saw their acts ending in the same place.

“Oh, no. You brought the monster.”
“So, Banner? That's your play?” she asked, no longer acting, her face as clear and blank as when she entered.

He feigned surprise. “What?”

She turned to speak into her ear device. “Loki means to unleash the Hulk. Keep Banner in the lab, I'm on my way. Set the door locked.”

The Black Widow, cool and collected, faced Loki quickly. “Thank you, for your cooperation.”

He tried not to smirk as she left. No matter how hard she tried, she could not hide her sentiment for Barton. Just as he, in his mindless state, could not hide his sentiment for her.

Chapter End Notes

I'm super-ultra-mega excited for everything! The war is in motion, the next few chapters are going to be pretty long because I don't know if I can split it all up.

Thank you all for your comments and stuff! I love getting feedback almost as much as I love writing these damned fanfictions!
20Q on the Bifrost

Chapter Summary

Darcy makes a better plan! Loki hates the Milkshake song! Coulson doesn't know what's happening! 20 questions on the Bifrost!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy grunted angrily as she hefted her body into a plane with Barton. “I’m so stupid! I just had to think about the plan! Really, my magic using, thought trespassing boyfriend is looking me up nude, of course he’s going to be reading my mind!”

The large door to the plane shut tight, keeping the members of the mission inside. Darcy didn’t even bother to take a breath. “I mean, seriously Darcy! Ugh, love is a bitch Barton. It’s even worse because he doesn’t even fucking know it. And the more I think about it, the more my plan sucks. I mean, can you guys even defeat the Chitauri?! There’s, like, thousands of them. Believe me, I know, I trained with them and shit. Grant it I only trained with them for about three hours, but it was a laborious time in my life! Barton, answer me!”

“Yes Darcy. I don’t know what you’re asking me.”

“What do I do man?” Darcy cried, throwing her arms into the air. “I’ve got to make sure you guys come close to winning. And with that, I also need an excuse to make me in charge of all these nasty war crimes and losses against the Avengers. I’ve got to make Loki’s loss look so small, that the Chitauri will overlook him because my betrayal was just so much better! I’m thinking…his scepter? Maybe I could steal it and shut down the portal.” She made a frustrated sound, yanking tirelessly at the silver chain around her neck.

Barton seemed less than interested in what she was saying. “Why don’t you just fight with the Avengers?”

Darcy tapped her chin. “That’s good…but that’s good. But I don’t have enough magic to do that. I mean, if teleporting too much in one sitting makes me dizzy, wiping out an army would kill me! Wait…I have magic…on Midgard! Barton I have access to America’s Nukes!”

Barton still wasn’t paying very close attention, switching arrowheads. “Yes Darcy.”

“Yes Darcy, indeed!” she cheered, pacing the length of the cabin, her dark blue robes swishing around her feet. “This is perfect! Why didn’t I think of it before? Nukes! Of course I can’t personally send the nukes…I don’t want to get that close to radiation or steal from the U.S. government, they would hate me. Federal prison isn’t fun, I hear.” She sighed. “Who has access to nukes, Barton?”

“The council.” He answered immediately. “If they all have a unanimous agreement, they can send a bomb anywhere they feel is a potential threat.”

She clapped Barton on the shoulder, giddy with excitement. “Alright! So, I just have to figure out...
where these council people are, and then go manipulate their brains or convince them to send a nuke to New York. Then, I will magically influence the bomb to go into the portal. I’ll take the scepter, teleport inside the portal to go accept my punishment from Thanos, and Loki will be home free! Barton, you’re a genius!”

“Yes Darcy.”

“Now all I have to do is make sure Loki doesn’t find out about this.” She stopped pacing, staring at her hands in front of her. She hadn’t done any mental magic before. What if instead of stripping off all her clothes, it just stripped off all her brain cells. “I feel bad keeping this from him. God, if I tell him or he finds out he’ll take credit for it. He’ll go receive his punishment just to keep me safe. How does your brain magic work, Barton?”

“I don’t know, Darcy.”

“Well fuck.” She sighed, steadying her hands and falling onto one of the hard benches inside the plane. “Alright. I’m going to do it. I’m thinking maybe a mental barrier type thing, right? Maybe, Loki will think the only thing that’s going through my head is the milkshake song….yeah… Milkshakes….”

“Yes Darcy.”

She lit her hands with blue magic. “Wish me luck, Barton.”

“Good luck Darcy.”

Grimacing, she raised her hands to the sides of her head. “Loki can’t read my mind, Loki only hears the Milkshake song. Loki no mind reading, Loki only Milkshakes…. ”

She removed her hands, not feeling any different. “Well, I’m not brain-dead. I think it worked, maybe. What do you think, Barton?”

“I don’t know, Darcy.”

“Are we almost there?”

Barton looked up from screwing on his arrow heads and the back of the plane opened. “Yes Darcy.” He moved to the edge of the carrier, arrow notched and pointing downwards at the most impressive flying vehicle Darcy had ever seen. It amazed her how something so big could be suspended by only four big fans.

“So…how are we wrecking it again?” Darcy asked, standing on her tiptoes to peer over Barton’s shoulder.

He seemed to ignore her question. “Permission to shoot, Darcy?”

“Oh, permission granted?” she questioned, wondering how some little arrow with all this wind was going to hurt that monstrosity of an aircraft.

Nevertheless, Barton let his arrow fly and Darcy watched as it curved in a wide arch before landing smack on a turbine. “I don’t get it. What—“

With a press of a button at the end of Hawkeye’s bow, the engine blew up. “HOLY SHIT!”

Barton turned away, his blue eyes contrasting with the deep shadows under his eyes. “Are we
prepared to land, Darcy?”

She took a moment to gather her thoughts. “Uh…heh heh…landing…okay. Sure. We have the plan straight, right. First, you go take SHIELD offline. Then I’ll get Loki’s scepter from where they’re keeping it and get to Loki. Loki should be working on splitting up the Avengers and fake murdering Coulson.”

Barton nodded, giving her a bland look. “Yes Darcy.”

“Let’s do this shit! For Midgard!”

********************************

It was far too easy for Loki to break out of his cage. All he needed to do was wave his hands and suddenly, he was out of his cage, standing by the control panel he had watched Fury use numerous times. The only troublesome part was waiting for Banner to get angry.

He could feel the tensions amongst the Avengers rising, their struggles only the beginning of truly becoming a team. However, Barton remained surprisingly calm. That is, until the telltale explosion jostled the ship and he felt them losing altitude. Banner was definitely angry after that. Still he waited. Darcy was to retrieve his scepter.

There were many strategically advantages gained from receiving the scepter from Darcy. It would keep her out of the Director’s eye and it would keep her busy and away from the sure line of gunfire that was taking place where Barton would be. Also, it was important that he keep the illusion that he was contained to their ridiculous cell.

Just as he was wondering if she was alright, the short woman appeared before him, clutching the scepter. “Dude, it took me forever to find this thing. Apparently, our explosion blew up the lab. Luckily for you, I’m super awesome at everything.” She smirked, handing him the weapon.

He raised an eyebrow, pulling her closer for a chaste kiss. “I’m well aware. How fares the state of the Avengers?”

Darcy looked to the side contemplatively. “Well, the Hulk jumped out somewhere over New Jersey…I think. Barton should be meeting up with Natasha soon. Captain America and Tony are fixing the engine and hating each other. Did you plan that? And Thor…well he’s actually on his way here.”

Loki nodded. “Good. They are not completely broken. Now, I’m going to turn you invisible. Please keep it that way, at least until Thor is gone. Then we must find Coulson.”

Not three seconds after turning Darcy invisible did Loki hear the thunderous steps of his brother. Quickly, he magicked himself out of the cage, placing a double within and opening the cage. Thor banged into the room, immediately flying to tackle Loki’s immaculately perfect double.

Slight annoyance tugged at Loki’s mind. “Are you ever not going to fall for that?” It was one thing to appreciate a good illusion, but not to recognize it after a while was insulting.

In response, Thor hit the glass of the cage with Mjolnir. Loki knew what to do. He did not want Thor dead and if he did not break out of the cage soon enough, Loki would make sure that he was alive and able to fight the Chitauri. Still, it must be kept secret. Pressing the button Fury had threatened him with earlier, Loki sneered. “The humans think us immortal. Shall we test that?”

He felt a hand squeeze his arm in anticipation. A strong desire formed in his gut to read her mind.
once more. To know what this plan his gentle witty Darcy had concocted. He refrained, the task at hand requiring his full focus.

“Step away please.” Came the voice of just the man Loki had needed to see. Agent Phil Coulson. Even better yet, he had Thor as witness. What better way to show Asgard he was a criminal than murdering a friend in cold blood before the crowned prince?

Loki turned to look at the mortal, wanting desperately to roll his eyes. Midgardians were very dumb. Killing them would be fairly easy, though he had no desire to. Coulson was holding a rather large looking firearm with absolute determination. “You like that? We started working on the prototype after you sent the Destroyer. Even I don’t know what it does. Wanna find out?”

Now Loki was rolling his eyes, conjuring a double behind Coulson. How did one expect to kill a god when they did not even know how to wield their weapon of choice? Still, the agent was a good man from what he saw and he meant something to his Darcy. For this, he would not truly kill him. Much.

From behind Coulson, he stabbed him through with the scepter, doing well to ignore his brother’s protests as he sent him hurdling towards the Earth. Darcy immediately made herself visible. Coulson had not seen her yet. “You’re going to lose.”

Loki, well aware of this, turned skeptically to the almost dying man, mentally casting a spell. Coulson would fall into a heavy sleep-like state until their battle was over, and after wake up entirely healed. “Am I?”

“It’s in your nature.”

Loki figured the man must have some undying faith in his heroes if he believed that they could defeat him now. “Your heroes are scattered. Your flying fortress falls from the sky? Where exactly is my disadvantage?”

“You lack conviction.” He said simply, head tilted at an almost defiant angle.

His brow crinkled, prepared to argue. “I don’t think that I—“

Loki’s statement was cut off by a large blast from Coulson’s weaponry. “So that’s what it does.”

Climbing out of the rubble, he could hear Darcy’s laughter and Coulson turned to look at her. “Darcy Lewis?”

Darcy couldn’t help but crack up.

There was Loki, being an asshole and Coulson does what Coulson does best.

“Darcy Lewis?”

She bent at the waist, arms wrapped around her gut. “Coulson...you kill me! ‘So that’s what it does’! Priceless!” giggling, she knelt next to him, “Don’t worry. You’re going to live through this. Right, Loki?”

Loki pulled himself out of the mess, glaring at her. “Yes, Darling, now let us leave dear Coulson to be found by Fury.”
Coulson looked downright confused. “What...?”

“All you need to know for now Coulson, is that I’m trying to help Yggdrasil here. It’s a long story and you would love to hear it. Some of it. Not all of it. And I have to thank you for all those taser firing lessons. You’re my hero Daddy C!” She said, kissing his cheek. “Loki, is he in any pain?”

Coulson’s eyes widened in shock as Darcy stood and pressed her lips to SHIELD’s escaped prisoner’s mouth. “No, my Darling, he has no discomfort. Now, please, Selvig will not be able to open the portal without us there.”

Darcy sighed, taking Loki’s hand. “Fine. Coulson, do me a favor, don’t tell Fury we’re here, alright? It’s all part of the grand-master plan to save the universe.”

Together, the two mischief makers ran off down a hallway, Darcy still suppressing laughter. “You should have seen your face! It was hilarious! He blasted you through the wall! You’re okay though, right?”

Loki sighed in a way that showed he really wanted to be mad, but couldn’t will himself to do it. “Your lack of concern is disheartening.”

“Awww, no! I’m sorry babe. Did the big muscular Asgardian/Jotunn need the sympathy of a puny mortal?” she teased, mocking his accent.

Loki pulled her around a corner, walking faster. “I do not sound like that.”

“You totally do.” She continued, having to take two steps to match one of Loki’s long strides. Seriously, legs that sexily long should be illegal.

“I do not.” He argued, approaching the top deck of the ship and running out onto it, pulling Darcy after him.

Darcy was too busy holding up her robes and keeping her shoes on her feet to respond, following him onto a plane right away. “You know,” she began once they were flying away towards New York, “I think we should just teleport to Stark Tower and drink Tony’s scotch. I mean, do we have to sit in the plane?”

Loki looked down at her, amused. “One would not typically suggest drinking before conquering a realm.”

“This one would. I highly recommend it. Plus, we’re probably going to end up destroying a good part of New York. Tony’s scoth is, like, $3,000 a bottle. We should take advantage of this opportunity to go chill out before we kill everything.” She said, trying to keep it light. She didn’t want her statement to come across as ‘hey, let’s go spend our last moments together making out in Tony Stark’s penthouse where you’re probably going to find out about my plan and foil it unless my spell worked.’

Loki grinned at her, the bags under his eyes lifting if only for a moment. “I cannot argue with such a tempting thought.”

In virtually no time at all they moved from a cargo plane to the rooftop of Stark Tower next to Erik who was smiling like his just won the lottery while plugging in some wires. Darcy frowned. “Hey, is he going to be okay after all the mind control? It’s not going to do anything funky with his brain, is it?”

Loki shrugged. “I’m not sure. Nothing harmful. Though occasionally, long term spells will deeply
integrate tendencies of the caster's magic into the subject.”

“So, Erik might end up playing a lot of practical jokes and lying to Jane about where he put her journal?” Darcy asked, watching as her friend chuckled with glee at a spark two wires made when they touched.

Loki wrapped an arm around her shoulders, “Well, that is if the magic through this scepter is mine. It is the tesseract’s supply and is meant to be wielded by the Lead. I believe it to be your magic, though I am the one wielding it.”

She nodded comprehensively. “Alright. So if Erik starts taking his clothes off when he does science…?”

He laughed at the prospect of this happening. “It is a possibility, though I do not think it will happen.”

They watched the scientist toy around with his machine for a few more seconds before Darcy asked a very important question. “Wanna go make out on that couch? I think we have at least an hour.”

****************************

Loki tried with no prevail to find Darcy’s plan.

Obviously, she had done some sort of spell on her mind and no matter how many spells he used to try and counter it, the bizarre song about milkshakes continued to play over…and over….and over again.

As she straddled his lap on Tony Stark’s couch, he was once again overcome with curiosity at Darcy’s magic. She had never been given training or taught any spells. From what she told him, she simply wanted something to happen and it did. There were stories about sorcerers and sorceresses who possessed so much power that they needn’t know spells, that they’re magic functioned on its own accord. But those were mainly legends.

If his mother knew he was letting a lady practice magic without her knowing the basic rules and instructions, she would have his head.

Darcy ground against him lightly and he moved his hands to slip up the skirt of her robes. She pulled away. “I don’t think we have time, do we?”

Loki grinned, nipping at her neck. “We needn’t time.”

Despite their situation and the war about to take place, Loki reveled in her giggles and faux exasperation as he pulled up her skirts and moving his fingers under her useless undergarments. “I don’t know. Do you think Tony would be upset with us for fornicating on his sofa?”

Loki chuckled, unable to tolerate the presence of her underwear any longer and banishing it to Hel. “Yes. I think he would be most offended. He shall not know.”

“You better bring that underwear back when we’re through or I promise you, I will start sending all your leather pants to a wallet company. All your fancy trousers are going to be holding credit cards and dollar bills.” She threatened. Loki did not understand much of what she said other than she would be rid of his pants forever.

“So long as I am around you, Darling, I would not mind being nude.” He said into her hair as her lips and teeth worked their way around his jaw.
She sighed, sitting back on his knees and picking up her glass of scotch. “I just can’t win, can I? Come on, if we’re going to do this before Tony shows up to change his suit, we’ve only got about ten minutes.”

And what a wonderful ten minutes it was.

****************************

From the newly rebuilt bifrost, Heimdall watched the angry man walk out from the wreckage of a building, a determined air about his grim person.

The Guardian had known there was something about him, back when he watched him in India. However, he knew now the weight this one man would play in the battle of New York. His strength would be crucial to winning. Still there was something else.

He still did not know the game Loki and Darcy were playing. They attacked the ship, yet spared the man, Coulson. They allowed one of their most important minions to be reunited with his companion, they spent time with Jane Foster, causing her no harm by any means, and spent most of their time together laughing in the most innocently romantic of ways.

Darcy Lewis and Prince Loki seemed none other than two devious lovers playing some impossible game. Yet, the portal was to open soon and the Chitauri would set Hel on Midgard. Their words were blacked from him. He could see their actions, he could see what they were doing and feel the occasional anxieties between them, but he had not a clue what they intended to do, nor could he ask for help from his King because of the absurd spell Loki had cast.

But he knew something was wrong.

He thought through what he was about to do very carefully. He had used the bifrost without express permission of his king, both times for Loki and both times a war was almost made between realms. Seeing as how Midgard was already at war, Heimdall pushed his sword into its sheath, directing the bridge at the angry man, Bruce Banner. Surely, this would not upset him too strongly.

****************************

“New York, New York. It’s always New York.” Banner muttered to himself, looking around the abandoned parking lot and thinking about the news he’d seen of a large portal opening up over Stark Tower. No doubt all the buses would be stopped by the time he needed to get into the city. Maybe he could find a car somewhere….

Out of nowhere, the area around him started burning, erupting in a column of light and rainbows. He would have been angry, the other guy threatening a return but the scientist inside him won out, attempting to decipher the phenomenon happening to him. It was impossible that this was happening…Thor had…no…

Then he felt himself move.

The words to describe it fell from existence and the only thing he could truly use to express the feeling was “AHHHHHHHHHHHH WHAT THE FUCK AAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

He landed on his hands and knees on a smooth multi colored surface, at the feet of a golden man. Quickly, he stood up, wide eyed at his surroundings. He couldn’t be on Asgard. That would be insane.
“Bruce Banner of Midgard,” he was addressed by the Golden Warrior man. Usually, Bruce tried to stay away from intimidating people, as they had a tendency to make him angry. But this man… god…whatever he was, seemed to make him calmer by the second. The other guy had never been more in check.

“Uh…hi. Where exactly am I?” Bruce asked, looking around the golden dome inquisitively.

The Golden God stepped down from his pedestal, staring at Bruce with heavy golden eyes. “You are on Asgard. I am Heimdall, Guardian of the Nine Realms and Gatekeeper of the Bifrost.”

Bruce recognized the name. Thor had given them an overview of how he got to Earth and he remembered distinctly the man named Heimdall and his very special eyesight. “Oh. Well, I don’t suspect you’ve brought me all the way here to see the sights.” Banner suggested, pacing around the dome curiously. How was such a floor made? There were no—

Heimdall did not break his composure. “I have gone against the will of My King to bring you here and to ask you a favor. It involves Loki and…”

This caused Banner to meet the Guardian’s face. He didn’t seem like the guy to forget names. “And…”?

“I cannot say. I am bound by a spell, though it does not seem as strong win your presence. I was able to tell you of Loki’s position.” Heimdall turned to face a large opening at the edge of the bifrost that saw off into what Banner thought was all of Yggdrasil.

He gazed as well, awestruck by the beauty of it. “Alright…so, are you going to suggest Loki’s secret weakness or something?”

Heimdall tilted his head down, shifting his gaze to look at something. “No. I have brought you here to ask you to discover Loki’s scheme.”

“What? You mean besides becoming King of Earth?” Banner asked, snorting a bit. Did Heimdall not know that he was a ferocious green monster when he got angry? He must, the guy watched everybody in the universe from a giant gold conservatory.

Heimdall did not break his gaze from Yggdrasil. “Loki, I believe, has another plan. He is intelligent and was once a Prince, his title is of Mischief and Lies. He knows the ways of strategy in battle and how to conquer a kingdom. He would not wage war on an entire realm to gain kingship and expect to win. Even so, I do not believe Loki to desire rule over a realm such as Midgard.”

Bruce thought that through for a moment, brow crinkling. It was similar to what Tony said. Loki was a pretty smart guy and a walking-talking thesaurus. And if Loki had someone helping him…

He sighed. There were too many variables. “It makes sense what you’re saying. But this person that’s with him, are they controlling him? Or what?”

Heimdall was silent for a second. “No. It is highly unlikely.”

“What are they doing?” Bruce asked, wishing he had some way to write this down.

“I cannot say.”

So, it’s like twenty questions….

Banner crossed his arms, scratching his dirty neck. “How long do I have here?”
“About five minutes before my King will notice the presence of a Midgardian on Asgard.”

Great. “Alright. So, whoever is with Loki, do they play an important part in whatever he’s doing?”

“I think so.”

“Is this person powerful?”

“Yes.”

“Are they considered dangerous by many people?”

“No.”

“Are they from Asgard?”

“No.”

“Are they one of the Chitauri?”

“No.”

“Are they from one of the nine realms?”

“Yes.”

Banner sighed, casting a glance at the Golden Warrior. He seemed extremely focused, like he simply could not form the words he wished to say. “Are they from Midgard?”

“Yes.”

That took him back. Midgard? A human was helping Loki dominate the world? He chose his words carefully. “Do they have a position of power in Midgardian society?”

That took Heimdall a second to answer. “No.”

“Is he more powerful than Loki?”

Heimdall’s eyes seemed to glow a little brighter, his eyebrows set in a frustrated glare. “I think… you…you’re question is wrong.”

What? How could his question be wrong? Unless… “Loki’s partner is a woman?”

“Yes.”

A sudden thought burst into his head. “Does she wear blue shoes?”

Heimdall gave him skeptical look then glanced down at the universe once more. “Yes.”

Bruce was lost. How was he supposed to know every single woman on the planet who wore blue shoes and was not a politician? “Is she there against her will?”

“No.” there was something in the immediacy of Heimdall’s answer that made this situation a whole lot more confusing.

“Loki and this girl are romantically involved?” He questioned. No wonder Heimdall was confused. There was a woman on Midgard that liked Loki enough to bang him. To each their own, but…. And
it wasn’t against her will. He didn’t say that Loki and the woman were just fucking. The way Heimdall talked about the situation meant that whoever this was, they were helping Loki in whatever weird crap he was playing. He wasn’t just his casual fuck; she was his partner in crime.

“Quite so.”

Bruce tried to think of who Loki would meet on Midgard. It all depends on where he was at a certain time. He scratched his neck again, shit he only had about three minutes left. “Alright. Did he meet her in Germany?”

“No.”

“In SHIELD?”

“No.”

“Did he meet her while he was going around mind controlling people?”

“No.”

Banner drew a blank. How…what? “So, he didn’t meet her on Midgard?”

“No.”

That was impossible. No woman or man had ever been to Asgard or any other part of Yggdrasil. He racked his brain. “Did he meet her recently?”

“Yes.”

“Like, in the past month?”

“Yes.”

Banner thought even harder. Hadn’t Stark been ranting about one of his friends or something… damn. He was too involved in his work to notice at the time. Something about spending time in New Mexico.

New Mexico.

Wasn’t that where Jane Foster, Thor’s girlfriend lived? Yes. Tony said he was spending experimental time with Jane Foster.

“Is it Jane Foster?”

Heimdall looked over at him, urging him to keep guessing. “No.” he looked behind him then forwards again. “My King has noticed you here. I must send you back to Midgard.”

He walked up to his pedestal, pushing down a heavy golden sword. “I will make sure that you get into the city, your friends have already started the battle and are waiting for your presence. Or as you put it ‘the other guy’s’ presence. Do not forget this. I cannot share any of this information with my king, the spell binds me. If Loki is captured, he will face Asgardian justice. Something tells me he does not intend for the woman to ever be found out.”

The area around Banner began to glow and Heimdall gave his last words. “But for now, focus on defeating the Chitauri. They are a formidable force and threaten Midgard. DO what you can to stop them, Bruce Banner. Do not let Loki’s tricks fool you in the heat of battle.”
And with that, Bruce was sent plummeting back to Earth, only to land next to a motorcycle with the keys in the ignition. “Well, how about that?”

Chapter End Notes

Lol, it's chapter 20. Did you see what I did with the title? '20Q...' Chapter 20.
Woah, it's almost like I planned it this way. :P

Also, I was thinking about maybe a Bruce Banner/Heimdall thing.
What do you guys think? I mean, it's not your typical run-of-the-mill ship, but I could sail it.

This chapter was so fun to write and thank you everyone for all the support and comments and stuff.
Please review if you want and it you don't want I suppose you don't have to. ;)


The Battle of New York

Chapter Summary

A very long chapter that encompasses all of what really happened in New York.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Clint watched Natasha pace across the room, catching him up on recent events. He was trying to give her his full attention.

He watched anxiously as she crossed her arms, explaining Loki’s attacks. He knew about them. He knew about Germany and the iridium, he knew about the scepter, he even knew about the damned SHIELD attack and Coulson’s death. But there was something he wasn’t remembering.

“…and after he pissed off Banner and managed to teleport down to his scepter and back up to sector B1 to kill Coulson.” She stated in her softest professional tone.

Something ticked in Barton’s head. “No.”

“What?”

He blinked, trying to recall. There was something…he wasn’t sure what, but something wrong with that statement. Wasn’t there…a plan? “I don’t know…it doesn’t seem right. All of it happened, but…god I can’t remember.”

The agent’s beautiful (beautiful? What’s wrong with you Clint?) eyes flickered with something more than curiosity. Her words were clipped and measured, their careful balance indicating her ferocity. “What about it doesn’t seem right, Barton?”

He tried to steady his hands, wanting desperately to clutch onto his bow, to aim and shoot at something. Anything. That’s what he knew. Even through Loki’s control, that was what he knew. He couldn’t even be sure of what had transpired, but he needed to be assured of something. “Loki…there was more to it…she told me—“

He stopped talking and Natasha’s eyes widened, “She?”

His brow crinkled. “I don’t know…” had there been a girl? He could have sworn there was a girl at some point. “It just slipped out.”

“Loki…?”

Clint shook his head, sitting back against his pillows. “No…my mind feels like someone ran it through a blender. I’m not sure what…I just know that Loki…he’s desperate. Whoever was in my mind…they’re very desperate.”

“Desperate for what?” she questioned further, her voice not peaking high enough for the bugs throughout the room to catch more than a whisper.
He rubbed his temples, as if he could move the black in his mind that was keeping things from him. The desperation…it was strong. They wanted something…and where willing to go through hell to get it. “I’m not sure. The most I can remember is my targets. All the time I was just…focused. It was like the only thing I wanted was to get my next target and shoot. I waited for it. I wasn’t unhappy or uncomfortable or…anything. I just waited till someone told me what to do.”

She kept a solid gaze on Barton, “And you don’t remember who they were?”

“No.” he said rubbing his forehead. “I remember Loki but there’s like this huge wall in my head that’s keeping memories from me.”

Natasha sighed, sitting next to him, close enough for comfort but not close enough to touch. Denying any kind of emotion he had for her would be stupid. Of course he liked her, but there was no way it could ever happen. He was dedicated to SHIELD as was she and their being together would be a distraction and they were frequently partnered. Partners that got together were known for failing missions in favor of saving their friend.

But they were the dream team. They had never failed when working together. In fact, they tended to do better. It was for the best.

Natasha spoke after a while. “Stark said that when they found Loki again, on the mountain side where they left him, he was holding a shoe.”

“A shoe?”

“A woman’s shoe.” Natasha clarified. “I think it was blue.”

Clint drew a surprising blank. He was Hawkeye, masterful at catching seemingly unimportant details. But he could remember anything of a blue shoe or the woman it belonged to. “I don’t know, Tasha. I wish I did, but…..”

She lifted her eyes to his, and for a moment, he could see what Loki did to her. He could see the rules and restraints she put on herself to keep her perfect agent composure broken and confused by his words. Her hand stretched out, long fingers almost touching his hand, stopping just before. Carefully, Clint took her hand, their fingers linked.

If he had incentive to get an arrow through Loki’s eye socket before hand, then now, he had no other option.

***************************

“I don’t understand the name of this group.” Loki said as they sat on Tony’s couch, spent and waiting. At some point Darcy had wandered around and found an iHome. She’d promptly hooked up her iPod and turned on some Foxy Shazam.

“It’s Foxy Shazam, you don’t need to understand. Eric Nally is a boss with an awesome mustache.” She explained, kicking off her shoes and swaying her hips in the open room.

Loki sat back on the couch, watching her in amusement. “That is an interesting dance, Darling.”

Darcy giggled, raising her arms in challenge. “Oh honey, that isn’t even the best of Darcy Lewis. You couldn’t handle it.”

Offering up his best devious smile, Loki stood, drawing closer to her. “Pray tell, what is the best of...
Darcy Lewis?”
“You asked for this, Blueberry.” She said, turning to her iPod and switched the song to I Like It.
“…Oh you got me

Under your spell

You hypnotize me

With your hips and thighs

And I wear these shades so when I stare no one can tell!”

Darcy sang along to the words, glaring sensually at a very wide eyed God of Mischeif, rolling her hips back and forth.

“So c’mon!

Show me a little more!”

She skipped around him, stopping in the middle of the room to do some bizarre dance that made both her breasts and ass move most alluringly.

“That’s the biggest black ass I’ve ever seen

and I like it, I like it a lot!”

Confused by the words of the song, Loki was halfway between shock and hilarity as the short Midgardian continued dancing around him and squeezed his behind. He gasped at the contact, pulling her closer and hoisting her skirts to grab her ass. She smiled, taking an invitation to grind herself against his growing erection, “You were right. I obviously cannot ‘handle’, as you but it, the best of Darcy Lewis. Perhaps you could teach me.”

“Hm, perhaps I should.” She agreed, reaching up to kiss him.

Then there was an interruption.

“Sir!” called Erik, “Tony Stark is approaching.”

Loki damned Tony Stark and Midgardian music both before kissing Darcy. “Stay here, I will turn you invisible. When Stark leaves, the portal will be open. You will be able to direct the Chitauri some from here. Your position in the city will fulfill your position as Lead.”

She grimaced. “And you’re going to be where? Out fighting with them? No fucking way!”

“Darcy, not now! Stark—“ he growled gesturing towards the window.

Darcy sneered, “Fine! Make me invisible.”

He did so, hurriedly walking to the balcony of Stark’s tower, waiting.

Stark landed roughly on a platform, walking down a ramp as his impeccable armor was removed. Cautiously, Loki followed. He was taking off his suit? He had been prepared to ward off Stark by giving him further incentive to hate him. From their trip on the plane, he learned much of the woman Pepper Pots of whom Stark seemed to love. If he threatened her, there was no doubt Stark would
stop at nothing to make sure Earth was safe.

Still, there was a very small chance of him properly threatening Stark without his suit on. It would seem too unfair.

Cautiously, he retreated inside, spying Darcy’s shoes on the floor. He quickly magicked them away before Stark saw and started making more assumptions about his fashion sense.

Stark seemed too busy to notice, walking through his kitchen. “Please tell me you’re appealing to my humanity.” Loki said, holding out his scepter in both warning and peace. He would not attack Stark if Stark did not attack him.

The obnoxiously arrogant man spoke at last. “Actually, I’m planning to threaten you.”

“You should have left your armor on for that.” Loki commented, smiling. However smart they were, Midgardians were still silly. Had he really wanted to overtake the Earth, he would have just killed Stark instantly.

“Yeah, well, it’s seen a bit of mileage and you’ve got the glowstick of destiny. Would you like a drink?”

Loki smirked, looking down at the scepter. Darcy had called it something similar. He thought of the drink he had earlier and thought it better to go to battle clear of mind. “Stalling me won’t change anything.”

“No, threatening.” Stark corrected, taking a glass down. “No drink? You sure? I’m having one.”

He fought an urge to roll his eyes. Could this man get any more annoying? If he was not essential to the stability of Yggdrasil, Loki was sure he would have already taught him a lesson. “The Chitauri are coming. Nothing will change that.” He faced the window, sincerely wishing his Darcy would remain silent, though he thought he heard a few restraining chokes of laughter. “What have I to fear?”


Loki nodded, forcing a wicked smile. “Yes, I’ve met them.”

Stark made a face. “Well, it takes a while to get any traction, I’ll give you that. But let’s do a head count here.” He stepped around the counter top, towards the armored god. “You’re brother, the demigod.”

Loki made a face, turning away and he heard a clicking sound. Quickly, he darted into Stark’s mind and a tight smile found its way onto his lips. There was a way out of this after all. “the super soldier, a living legend that kinda lives up to the legend; a man with breathtaking anger management issues; a couple master assassins and you, big fella, have managed to piss off every single one of them.”

Of course he had. “That was the plan.”

“Not a great plan.”

Excellent plan. Loki corrected in his mind.

“Because when they come, and they will come,” he swallowed his drink, “They’ll be coming for you.”
“I have an army.” Loki challenged. How much faith did Stark truly have in his team’s capabilities. It could not be any less that spectacular. Out of all the battle’s Loki had fought, he knew not one was fought without a reason to win and the faith of your army.

“We have a hulk.” Stark replied quickly and readily.

“I thought the beast had wandered off.” Loki inquired, lightly. Banner would no doubt be back. He would get him here himself if that’s what it took.

Stark, for the first time looked dead serious. “You’re still not getting it. There’s no throne. There’s no version of this where you come out on top. Maybe your army comes and maybe it’s too much for us. But it’s all on you. Because if we can’t protect the world you can be damn sure we’ll avenge it.”

************************

Darcy stared at Loki, waiting for him to use another stupid analogy. She had been thinking of nothing but her plan for the longest time and apparently, Loki had not heard.

The downside, it seemed to be his intention to keep her holed up in Stark Tower for the entirety of the battle. She could not persuade the Council members if she was still here, watching New York city get destroyed. It didn’t matter how much heart the Avengers had, there were only six of them. Barton could run out of arrows, the Black Widow could run out of bullets, Captain America could get tired, the Hulk could lose his mind, Tony’s suit could break and the Chitauri would keep coming.

She had looked at the army; there were thousands upon thousands upon thousands of them. And each one was set on becoming a part of Yggdrasil.

The only way to win this war was to get it done quickly and with the most horrifyingly destructive bit of weaponry known to the human population.

Darcy was brought from her thoughts by the sound of breaking glass. “Loki!” she said, noticing the Stark shaped hole.

“Stay hidden. He was wearing his suit.” Loki said, peering over the edge.

Darcy stood next to him, as Stark spread his arms, completely suit-less. “Loki!”

Just then, something yellow and red shot out from behind them and wrapped itself around Tony. Her horned partner gave a smug smile. “Please be careful Darling. In case he attacks.”

Darcy had a very strong desire to stick out her tongue and only refrained by Stark’s appearance in the window, adorning his Iron Man suit. “And there’s one other person you pissed off. His name is Phil.”

Then the portal opened, a stream of blue light running from the tesseract to the sky where a dark hole opened to the familiar purple sky of her previous imprisonment. Immediately, Stark went after it, meeting the first Chitauri Warriors came through, third ranks since the piloted vehicles. The majority of the fighters would be carried in on the Leviathans and would fight on the ground.

Darcy turned herself visible. “Okay, so, I’ve decided that there’s no way I’m staying in Stark tower while you go fly around with Chitauri. All of the Avengers are upset with you. You’ll be their main target.”

Loki crossed his arms, “It is quite infuriating when you speak the obvious.”
She had a strong desire to punch him in the gut and make out with him all at the same time. “Yeah well, I’m the Lead of this shindig and I call the shots. So… I’m going to hitch a ride with one of those awesome flying vehicles and then command this army with my taser. You can stay here and make sure that the portal stays safe and that everyone is still ably fighting.”

“No.” Loki said. It was not an argument, nor a command. It was a statement. She was not leaving this tower. “You may be the Lead Darcy, but you are mortal! Your fighting styles involve firing this strange device that does not even kill! If you are truly affronted with danger you will die.” His expression softened as he took her face in his hands. “Darcy, I will not be able to survive, let alone save Yggdrasil if you are dead.”

Darcy’s heart did things that would probably have qualified for a heart attack. Damn. Silvertongue. She had to get away somehow. “Loki… I don’t want you to die either. So we’re just going to have to take some chances here.”

He kissed her lips very gently. “Ah, my Darcy. I did not wish to threaten you. But if I notice your presence has left this Tower, I will cast a spell that will confine you to this section.”

Darcy did punch him in the gut this time, though it did very little except make her hand hurt. Loki was unphased. “Loki! You’re such an ass!”

He sighed, taking her hand and immediately the pain was alleviated. “It is not my fault that you chose to attack me while I was wearing my armor. Though I doubt your Midgardian muscles would do very little damage.”

She grimaced. Loki was pretty cut for being so insanely annoying. “Ugh, just bring me your face.”

Loki bent down so she could attack his face with hers, if only for a moment. “You are the most ridiculous woman, Darcy Lewis.” He sighed, touching their foreheads.

“It’s part of my charm.” She breathed, licking her lips.

They kissed again. “Indeed it is.” Loki pulled away looking to the sky. “Thor is approaching. You will stay here, Darling.”

She pouted, falling back on the couch. Fine. She could stay here.

A deceitful beautiful trick formed in her mind. Loki could make doubles right? Corporeal doubles that could talk and move and everything….

Turning herself invisible as Loki turned to the balcony again to face Thor, Darcy imagined herself a double. Two Darcy’s, both fully clothed….

Suddenly, in front of her was a copy of herself, Chitauri armor and all! Unfortunately, Darcy’s own clothes were on the ground next to her. “Damn.”

Quickly she dressed, while conversing with her double. “So, can you talk and stuff?”

“If you want me to.” Said her double, checking her nails in a very Darcy-Like fashion. “Do you have any bagels?”

Darcy looked the double up and down. “Are you sure you’re me and I’m not the double?”

The double shook her head. “I am the double. I only say what you want me to say.”
Darcy thought about this. “Say peanut butter.”

“Peanut butter.”

“Say ‘I hate cows.’”

“I hate cows.”

Darcy nodded appreciatively. “Alright. I believe you. I need you to stay here and just be exactly like me. If Loki comes back, get annoyed.”

The double nodded. “Okay. Can I drink some of this?” she asked, holding up some of Tony’s scotch.

Darcy tapped her chin. “Uh, I don’t know if you drinking things will affect me or not. Don’t drink that… just check the fridge for some juice or something.”

“Cool. I’ll see you later Darce. Go get those council members.” Her double encouraged, shuffling towards the fridge.

After high-fiving her double and slipping on her shoes, Darcy held in her head the location of the first council member that Barton had given her and teleported away.

**************************

“Of course Banner, you just had to say yes. You could have moved to East Africa and helped people there. But nooo, you had to go with SHIELD just because the Black Widow batted her eyelashes and pointed her gun at you.” He muttered bitterly to himself as he swerved around jet another wave of cars leaving the island of Manhattan. Evacuation was commencing and even from his spot on the ground, he could see the huge portal in the sky, a large worm-like alien flying out of it.

“And look at that! What is that?! I’m going to have to kill that!” he growled to himself, speeding up.

Upon entrance to the city he was stopped by a cop with a NYPD hat. “Sir, we can’t let you enter the city.”

Bruce glared, “I’m sorry to hear that. I’ll just let myself in then.”

He moved to put his bike in gear when the police grabbed onto his arm. Bruce felt the presence of the other guy stirring. Not yet, not yet, not yet. “Sir—”

“Look, you really don’t want to make me angry. I’ve got a Leviathan to kill and some Chitauri to smash, so if you’ll excuse me.” He said revving again, the cop looked like he was about to say something else but another stopped him.

“Let him go, Chuck. We’ve got civilians to save.”

Taking that as an okay, Bruce kicked forwards, intent on finding one of the Avengers before going green.

As he rode onward, memories of his last trip to New York came to mind.

“I destroyed that building. Oh and that tower. I don’t remember that being there. Probably because I tore down what was there last.” But even through this, his anger was not directed at himself or the hulk or even society. It was all on the Chitauri. He may have destroyed New York as well, but it was his place to tear apart the buildings on his planet, not theirs. Yeah he was angry, he was boiling mad,
and they would get to see it.

His musings were cut short by the sight of a spangley red white and blue figure in the middle of the road.

He dismounted his bike, propping it neatly against a flaming cab. “So, this all seems horrible.” Bruce commented, looking around.

The Black Widow gave him a skeptical look, “I’ve seen worse.”

Banner smiled, remembering their last encounter, “Sorry.”

A tight, tired little smile lit her lips, “No… we could use a little worse.”

“Stark,” said Steve, speaking into his communicator. “We got him. Banner, just like you said.”

Steve smiled grimly, “Stark says to suit up, Banner. He’s bringing the party to you.”

Natasha looked up at the oncoming goliath and she shook her head. “I don’t see how that’s a party.”

Banner turned, walking calmly towards the oncoming offense.

“Dr. Banner!” called the Captain, “Now might be a really good time to get angry.”

Bruce chuckled a bit, struck by the truth of his situation. “That’s my secret Captain. I’m always angry.”

Don’t shoot me!” Darcy insisted as she teleported into a wide glassy office of one of the council chairmen. In this case, it was a council chairwoman.

The woman in question was standing near the window, a gun in her hand, aimed and a half naked Darcy Lewis. “Who are you?!”

“I’m a friend!” Darcy insisted, trying to cover her girls, and failing. “A naked friend. Can you, like, look away for a second?”

The woman shook her head, clicking off the safety of her gun. “How did you get in here?”

Darcy sighed, “Alright, wait a second. Here.” She took out her taser and threw it on the desk. “There. That is my only weapon. I can’t really explain how I got here better than magic and we don’t really have the time.”

The woman did not lower her gun and she gestured to a chair, “Sit.”

Darcy sat. “Alright, my name is Darcy Lewis, I’m American. I’m a poli-sci major and I intern for Jane Foster. Now onto the important stuff, do you know what is happening in New York?”

Her brow furrowed, “Of course. I was in the middle of contacting the other members of the council to come up with a solution when you—“
“Great. I have a solution! I wanted to talk to you guys about that! We need a nuke,” Darcy said standing up in excitement.

The woman gasped in confusion. “There is no ‘we’. You are not a part of the council.”

Darcy waved her off. “No. I’m not. But I am a very influential member of the Chitaurian population and I am telling you that if you want the universe and Midgard…I mean, Earth, to be safe then you have to send a nuke to Manhattan.”

Councilwoman lowered her gun, “What do you mean?”

“I can’t explain much more than that. But you know that crazy bloke with the horns you guys are blaming for all these problems?”

She nodded, her stiff lip tightening “Loki of Asgard.”

Darcy rolled her eyes, “Yeah, him. Well, he’s got nothing on the guy that gave him that nasty scepter. And his top dog warriors, I’m talking class ten to twelve, are waiting just inside. They can take Earth and they will.”

“How do you know this, Darcy Lewis?” she asked, picking up the taser in the hand that was not holding the gun.

Darcy cleared her throat, “Uh, heh, well…that’s a story for another time. You’ve gotta trust me on this.”

The councilwoman looked incredulously at the young girl as if the last thing she would ever do is trust a short college student wearing a ridiculous outfit about where to send a nuke. “And why would I trust you?”

Darcy threw her arms into the air. “I don’t know! Because you saw me naked! I’ve got a four pack! I haven’t shot you! Because I seem to have some kind of inkling as to what’s happening almost! I appeared in your office using magic! Why wouldn’t you trust me!?”

Wide eyed, the councilwoman nodded. “I suppose, sending a bomb to Manhattan would be the quickest way to make sure the Chitauri do not continue their attack. I shall consult the council and Director Fury. But I am not keen on doing this Darcy Lewis. How will we ensure the bomb gets inside the portal?”

At this, Darcy frowned, “Yeah, I think I’ve got that. I mean, magic.”

“What do you mean, ‘magic’? Surely you cannot—“

Darcy was too busy magicking herself a set of panties with the words ‘THE MIGHTY THOR’ printed across the butt next to a print of Meuh-Meuh. She continued to put them on in front of the council woman. “Sorry.” She apologized, “I’ve kinda got a glitch in my magic where I get naked whenever I cast a spell. It’s kind of embarrassing sometimes.”

The councilwoman nodded again, falling back into her desk chair in amazement, “Right. Well, that is very nice underwear.”

Darcy giggled, “Yeah. I’m mostly doing it to piss off a certain god. But, you know how that goes.” She sighed, “Alright. So, let’s address this council. We need to get that bomb out P-R-O-N-T-O, pronto!”
It took very little to convince the other chairmen, in fact, they did not even have to bring up Darcy in the two minute discussion. Though all the while, she could not help but feel conflicted. She had spent a month with the Chitauri and they were not a bad race. They were people. They laughed and had culture and education and technology. They were sentient beings, and here she was, intending to murder the race she led.

She shook out her hands as the chairwoman argued with Fury. Why were the Chitauri not a part of Yggdrasil anyways? Asgard must have known about them, Loki could speak the language. Loki knew of them before he even got there. So why weren’t they?

The answer seemed pretty clear.

It was racist Asgard. Racist Asgard had probably seen the Chitauri and dubbed them lesser, declining them entrance to Yggdrasil, dehumanizing and damaging their pride till they were drawn to attack Midgard, Asgard’s pet realm to get revenge.

Well, Darcy Lewis wasn’t Asgardian. She would protect her realm with everything she had. But afterwards, she was going to defend the underdog.

Before Darcy left the chairwoman’s office, she swept her mind of all memory of her appearance. Just as a precaution.

****************************

Loki was close to simply flying through the portal and killing Thanos himself if it meant Darcy would be safe. But, that would not stop the fall of Midgard. Defending and defeating Midgard at the same time was positively miserable. The only good thing about it was the chance of Darcy’s safety and the small bit of joy he felt in causing trouble.

But it was still so much. He had to leave his scepter behind so that Erik Selvig might close the portal. Surely someone had tried to penetrate the barrier by now. The force should have knocked Selvig into unconsciousness and freed him from the scepter’s spell.

He stood solidly on the back of one of the fourth rank’s air vehicles, taking note of Hawkeye’s arrows flying straight at his eye.

He sighed. Midgardians.

He caught the arrow without the use of magic, holding it away from his face smugly. Did he honestly think—

Without warning, the arrow head combusted, sending Loki off the ship and back onto that blasted tower, his helmet banging off his head. He stood, Quickly trying to regain his bearings when he was promptly thrown through yet another window of Stark Tower by none other than Doctor Banner, or rather, the Hulk.

He groaned in pain as he was thrown against a wall. Still, he was not Midgardian and his bones were made of much thicker stuff. He stood, sincerely angry at this hulking mass of green muscle. “Enough!” he stood, trowing back his cape. “All of you are beneath me! I am a god you dull creature, and I will not be bullied by—“

His words were stopped as the Hulk grabbed him by the ankle.

*Flip, BASH! Turn, CRASH! Flip, BANG!*
The Hulk turned away as Loki lay in a pile of stone, sharp stabbing pains inching over his body. Perhaps he had not anger Banner anymore. This was not the level of discomfort he had been expecting.

“Puny god…” the hulk grumbled, walking away and jumping out the window at yet another Leviathan.

Loki groaned, attempting to move when an amused cackle sounded through the tower.

“Dude, that was great! Do the groaning thing again!” cracked Darcy, sitting on the counter and holding a circular bready food. She smiled then changed her mind giving him a half-hearted scowl. “I’m supposed to be annoyed at you. Darn you Loki! Fuck you and your silly inhibitions.”

He watched curiously as his Darcy took another bite of whatever she was eating. For a moment, he believed she had begun drinking again, but quickly changed his mind. Darcy was very focused on the task at hand. She would not defile it with alcohol. He dipped into her thoughts, expecting the Milkshake song, but instead drew a blank.

There was nothing there for him to search. He approached Darcy and gripped her arm. When he stared into her eyes, he caught on to the trick. “Where is she?” he growled at the double.

Darcy’s duplicate shrugged, “I am Darcy. But you have some great horns. And you’re hot. Super hot. Like, fuck me now hot.”

Loki tore the food from her hands as she went to take another bite. “Hey!”

“Darcy would never call me hot and she has obviously gone too far with her magic if she has created a clone of her being.” He rubbed his brow, “Where is she?”

The double tapped her chin. “A clone of her being…what’s that supposed to mean? How do doubles usually work? I just do what Darcy wants me to do and say what Darcy wants me to say. Except…right now, she isn’t saying anything. Do you think she forgot about me? Damn, I’m a bad double.”

“Oh gods, this is worse than I thought. You’re inquisitive. Skilled magicians and sorcerers have troubles creating beings that think for themselves and here you are…Darcy no doubt is in trouble. Now, tell me where she is!” Loki scolded, taking the girl by her shoulders and shaking them desperately.

“Loki, god dammit, put me down!” demanded another voice that was not from the girl he held now.

“Darcy—“

Darcy sighed, “I swear, I can’t even go pee for three seconds without you assaulting my friends.” She commented waving a hand and making her double disappear.

“Darcy, we both know that had you been relieving yourself, I—“ Loki began, shortly interrupted again by his infuriating mortal.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah. I’ve got bigger fish to fry.” She ran to the window, peering at the portal, then at the city. Her blue eyes widened. “Fuck! No!”

Loki stood next to her, “Darcy, what is it!”?

She shook out her hands, her full lips deepening into a frown. “My deviously malicious plan is not going how I wanted it to…” she muttered, shifting her gaze out the window, leaning back to see the
roof. He followed her gaze to Natasha holding the scepter. “Fucking hell.”

“What was this plan, Darcy?” he asked and she glowered, raising a hand to magic herself away, but Loki caught it. He cast a spell that would blockade her magic. “Darcy!”

“Loki! Look, I’ll explain my plan once I’m sure it’s worked. This is not the best day, alright? Can you just let me go?” she asked, yanking at her arm, attempting to free herself.

“Tell me what you have been doing first.”

Darcy sighed loudly, “I put a double here and went to convince the council to nuke the Chitauri through the portal. I told them I would put it in there, but Tony Stark is already carrying the GOD DAMNED BOMB UP THERE NOW! I’M ALREADY KILLING HALF A POPULATION, LOKI! I DON’T WANT TO KILL MY FRIEND TOO!”

Upon these words, he released her. If anyone could understand this, it would be him. He had been on the verge of destroying Jotunnheim and murdering an entire race… Yet, here on Earth, he had done everything possible to make sure the Avengers could win. He did not have influence over the Chitauri, and nearing the end of the battle, things had seemed helpless. He intended for the Black Widow to close the portal. However, that would not have solved his problems at all.

While he had conspired about protecting Darcy and building the Avengers’ motives, she had been formulating a much more powerful plan. She had set out to do something that would mark Midgard’s strength for millennia to come.

“Darcy…you…that is quite an esteemed plan.” He commented, loosening his grip. He looked up, “Tony Stark will live, and he falls through the closing portal now.”

She ripped herself away from him, throwing her arms in the air. “The portal is closing!” she put her hands in the air to teleport again, but Loki grasped her wrists, keeping her magic in check. Because of this, her wards fell and the ludicrous Milkshake song was no longer what played through her head.

Shit. Shit. Shit! SHIT! If I can’t teleport there’s no way I can get back through there and talk to Thanos. Fuck Loki. He was supposed to be flying around. If he wasn’t here I could have gone back and done all that but noooooo, he had to come back here and piss off the Hulk.

And look at that, the Black Widow has the scepter. The scepter I needed to go talk to Thanos. Great. And this asshole still won’t let go of me. Can’t he see I’m trying to save his sexy, beautiful, ungrateful hide?

Loki felt both annoyance and tenderness for his ridiculous mortal. “Darcy, that was a terrible plan!”

“Oh great! You can read my mind again! Fan-fucking-tastic!”

He thought quickly. If he was truly going to take the blame for the Battle of New York, SHIELD must never know of Darcy’s presence. They couldn’t know she sent the bomb or her position as Lead. Of course she wouldn’t allow him to be carried away to Asgard without a fight.

Loki frowned down at his lovely mortal. He loved her, but there was no possible way he would endanger her any further. She struggled against his grip, but he hardly noticed, taking most of his magic to put a barrier on Darcy’s magic.

She felt this shift, “What the hell did you just do to me?! Loki!” her eyes were wide with angry tears.
He felt like crying himself, this would be the last time he saw her. Darcy Lewis, a blessing in the form of a short Midgardian woman. Gently, he brushed a lock of hair from her face, bending down to kiss her softly. “Shhh.” He hushed, wrapping his arms around her.

She stopped fighting, following suit. “Loki?”

Loki kissed her again, sending her the hope of a happy future on Midgard. Perhaps she would meet a politician man and they could be married. She deserved a good life, as the noble unknown savior of Yggdrasil. “My Darling, I will miss you. You are everything dear to me. I once forgot that I could be anything but a monster Darcy Lewis, but you took that from me. I’ve had the titles of prince and king, but I have never held one with more honor than that of being called ‘yours’. It has been—"

She turned to face him, “Wait, what? Loki, why does this sound like a goodbye speech?”

He stroked her face, kissing her forehead, “Darcy….”

She opened her hands, as if to summon magic, but nothing came. Realization struck her lovely face. “Loki! You…fuck you!” her voice cracked. “You can’t leave me! I’ll do anything, I’ll admit you’re hot, I’ll…I’ll never wear underwear again! We can find another way!” she cupped his cheeks in her hands, tears spilling from her eyes. “Please.”

Loki’s heart broke with that last plea. He wanted nothing more than to kiss away those tears and profess his love to her. But he promised nothing would happen to her. “Be at peace my Darling.” He said, holding her close and rubbing her back soothingly. “Promise me something.”

“Loki…”

He pecked her lips once, staring into her eyes, “Promise me you will stay safe.” He touched the silver chain around her neck, “Promise me you will not let any harm come to yourself.”

A fresh tear spilled from the corner of her eye and he kissed it, tasting the salty liquid on his lips. “I… I no fucking way! I’m not making any goodbye promises. Fuck goodbye!”

Loki expected himself to feel relieved by this, for at least her mind did not seem to be riddled with pain and suffer as his did after almost destroying a race, but if anything he was more anxious. Darcy couldn’t protect herself without him, could she? He took her in his arms again, one last time.

“Farewell my love.” He whispered into her hair.

Her breath caught, but still she talked. She always talked. “If you send me away I will….…” He didn’t let her finish, already casting the spell to get her back to the apartment in Sweden.

The pain from the Hulk’s abuse was tolerable compared to the throb in his chest. What had this woman done to him? What kind of dull creature was he to find love whilst a prisoner on a foreign land?

Crestfallen and in inconsolable unrest, he sat back in the hole Banner had slammed him into. Was he really going soft now, near weeping over a mortal woman?

Yes. Yes he was.

In no time at all, he was surrounded by Avengers, an arrow directed between his eyes. Agonizingly, Loki sat up, clutching his ribs. He offered them a small smile; they would never know the sacrifice he had made for them. Nor would they know the part his gorgeous Midgardian played in the freedom of Yggdrasil.
“If it’s all the same to you, I’ll have that drink now.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I did use some Foxy Shazam lyrics from the song ‘I like It’. It is a insanely awesome song, I love it.
I also used direct quotes from the movie.
Whoop whoop...
I decided to compile all of the events of the battle into one chapter. I may come back and edit if I decide that I hate the way it turned out.

But right now I'm loving it! This story is headed in a shifty direction and I'm a little excited as to what happens next. Tell me what you guys think because I love it when people give me feedback.
No Problem-o, Direct-o Fury-o

Chapter Summary

Loki finds an iPod, Darcy goes to New York, Erik is uncomfortable, Director Fury is hot, Tony Stark is a peacock.

Chapter Notes

So, this chapter is extremely long. I'm talking about 8,000 words here. I tried cutting this chapter in half, but it really didn't work. Seriously, it's just better this way. I'm sorry that I'm putting your minds through such a long chapter, but I feel that this dry spell of no smut and shit tons of plot is just necessary. I promise you, in the next two to three chapters, everyone will be happily laid again.
Also, I will now begin my divergence from canon! Goodbye canon!
without further ado about nothing, here is chapter 22.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Darcy fell, fully clothed, to the floor in the apartment in Sweden next to a hysteric Jane.

“Erik! What happened?! What do you mean you were controlled by Loki?!?” Jane questioned looking frustrated and bitter angry. She glared at Darcy’s limp figure on the ground. “Hold on Erik, I have to yell at Darcy. Can I meet you somewhere? I’ll call you back in a sec.”

Darcy rubbed her eyes, sitting up. How was she supposed to do this?
‘Farewell my love.’

She face palmed, falling back onto the floor. Her life was one of those bad chick flicks with all the dancing, the gushy break ups, the destruction of half a race, and the sad crying….

“Darcy! What the hell?! You didn’t tell me that you guys were destroying the city! And mind controlling people! This is creepy as shit! What the fuck got into you! I don’t think you needed to obliterate New York and put Erik under the power of your boyfriend’s magic stick just to….hey, are you alright?” Jane bent over her red faced friend.

Darcy blinked a couple times, a couple tears trailing down her cheeks. “I’m a terrible politician.”

Jane just stared. “What are you talking about?”

She sighed, sitting up. What the hell was going to happen? She thumbed her necklace. Loki was taking the punishment, and she would be allowed to live on Midgard. “Loki didn’t…Loki…”

Jane offered her intern a hand, helping her stand. “He’s taking responsibility for New York?”

Darcy nodded. “Full responsibility. He’ll be punished…Thanos will see to it that he gets the tesseract
and Loki’s probably going to go suffer for crimes on Asgard.”

Jane bit her lip. “Well, in all fairness, you guys did destroy the island of Manhattan.”

“No! That was the Chitauri! Jane, you’re missing the point!” Darcy clenched her fists irritably, “It was either New York or the universe! Loki saved the universe! He could have his prince-hood restored and his fucking everything he ever wanted if he spoke up and told Odin the truth! But he won’t! He blocked my magic so that I couldn’t go spitting the truth!”

Jane held up a hand. “Wait, I’m confused. Why don’t you just say what really happened?”

Darcy threw up her arms. “Because of this god damned thing!” she tugged at the silver chain. “If Loki evades punishment, I get sent back to the Land With No Name to be Thanos’ slave forever.”

Jane let out a low whistle. “Wow. I misjudged Loki. He must really care about you. Erik says Thor and Loki are going back to Asgard. Fury’s going to let them keep the cube.”

“The bifrost is fixed?” Darcy asked, her sadness slowly morphing into fury.

“Maybe. But you wouldn’t be able to take the tesseract on the bifrost…that’d just be silly.” Jane said thinking aloud. “I mean—“

Darcy held up a hand, “What? What are you talking about?”

Jane blinked. “The tesseract is, like, energy. You wouldn’t be able to take it on the bifrost without destroying something.”

Suddenly, Darcy’s brain kicked into gear. It was like waking up from a nap at two in the morning with only five hours before your midterms with three cans of redbull and two cups of coffee. “Jane! I have an idea!”

“What?”

“Sh! Alright, I don’t have any magic right now…there’s some kind of block on it. But, if we can get to Thor before they leave with the tesseract, I mean, that thing takes a while to prepare anything. It’s so unstable and shit. We can explain all the shenanigans! Then he can explain it to his Dad!” Darcy began shaking out her hands, grinning wildly. Loki may have blocked her magic, but he forgot about the extremely useful prospects of a technologically stable Midgardian society. She had airplanes and money. Well, not really money. She was a college student. They had no money. “We can do this Jane!”

Jane blinked, “We?”

“Yes!” Darcy cheered, shuffling through the house, “And the bastard left my iPod at Stark tower. Fuck. Did SHIELD give us any money to live off while we’re here?”

“Yeah, about four thousand.” Jane said, taking out her wallet and pulling from it a beautiful plastic card.

Darcy leapt up in joy, “Yes! Call Erik and tell him to meet us at the airport in New York! Tell him to figure out where the hell they’re taking that horny blue asshole!”

“Blue?”

Darcy sighed, “We don’t have time for your irrelevant questions, Jane. This is about saving my
reluctant boyfriend’s noble hide.”

The petite scientist gave her friend a funny look. “Darcy, he’s the god of lies. What makes you think he won’t betray you once he gets to Asgard.”

Darcy frowned, resisting the urge to slap Jane in the face. “Loki is the most gentle, genuine person I’ve come to know Jane. I trust him.”

Jane looked like she wanted to argue, for a while, staring into Darcy’s determined eyes. Finally, she resigned with an exasperated sigh. “Leave it to you to trust the God of Lies.”

“Yes!” Darcy pumped her fist in the air. “Come on. Call Erik on the way to the airport.”

Bruce stared at Loki, the fallen prince, cuffed and defeated, chained rather brutally to a chair in SHIELD’s partially destroyed New York base. All he could think about was Heimdall’s warning.

To be honest, Loki looked like shit. That could have been because he had lost his possible rule over the Earth, or maybe because he had been bashed into the ground by the hulk. Tony had cracked a few jokes about how Loki was tearing up over his loss. But watching him now, the guy looked like someone had taken away everything he had except his bitter anger.

Was it a break up?

Shaking his head, Bruce turned back to the contraption he was building with Erik Selvig and Tony. Thor had been in the middle of asking Heimdall to open the bifrost, clutching Loki’s upper arm in one hand and the tesseract in the other, when his younger adopted brother rolled his eyes.

“You oaf! The energy of the tesseract would decimate the bifrost! Heimdall would not grant you passage.” Loki yelled, pure unadulterated wrath in his eyes.

Thor was taken back. “Of course. But then how else would we take the tesseract to Asgard?”

It was at this point that Erik stepped forward and volunteered to make something that could get them to Asgard with the tesseract. Tony and Bruce had agreed to help him while Loki was cuffed.

Thor now sat, watching his brother with an unreadable expression. Bruce took the opportunity to question the big blonde Asgardian. “What’s up with Loki, Thor?”

Thor looked mildly confused, glancing up at the ceiling above Loki, “I do not understand.”

Bruce rephrased. “What’s wrong with Loki? I mean, other than being defeated or whatever?”

“I do not know, Banner. Loki has always been…strange.” His gaze flicked back to his brother in concern.

Loki looked as though he could hear them, rolling his bloodshot eyes and clenching his fists. Frowning, Bruce referenced the data Erik had on the tesseract to adjust the temperature of encasing they were to put around the cylindrical tesseract-holder. “Yeah, but…Loki has magic, doesn’t he? Why isn’t he just teleporting away or something?”

Thor scratched his beard contemplatively. “I cannot speak for Loki. But perhaps he misses home. If he has truly been with the Chitauri for a year, then he may crave to see Asgard once again.”

Bruce shrugged, staring back at Loki whose head was now tilting back in the telltale signs of sleep.
“Or maybe he’s too tired.”

Thor stood up, “As I said, I do not know. Loki has always been different. He is…was…a prince of Asgard. But he was a well known scholar and sorcerer. He is very young to have accomplished so much. Often times I had wondered why the Allfather chose me for the throne instead of Loki. Well, we did find out I suppose…” he clenched his teeth. “Loki was very reclusive. It surprised me that he would do something so bold like this.”

Bruce was engaged, convinced that this may lead back to the mystery girlfriend. “What do you mean?”

Thor gazed off, caught in another time. “Loki was well renowned for his mystery. He gained the title of Mischief and Lies because of how little he associated with other people. When he did, well, he tended to be a bit chaotic. He used mischief to end skirmishes and lies to protect those he cared about. He could talk himself out of anything.”

Bruce rubbed his brow. “Do you think that maybe he threatened Earth for a reason?”

“I think that if he did, we should only know if he wishes it. Loki is known for covering his tracks.”

“Magic.” The Mad Scientist muttered, running his hands over the newly made cylinder. Stretching, he stood up. “Well, I’ve got to go use the bathroom. I think Erik and Tony have got this for now.”

Thor clapped him on the shoulder. “Thank you Banner, for asking about Loki. I realize this must be difficult for anyone to truly understand.”

He smiled, patting the prince on the arm. “Well, curiosity is a scientist’s burden. Just ask the other guy.”

*************************

Just as Bruce Banner left the room, Erik’s phone rang again. “Jane!”

“Erik, Darcy and I are getting onto a plane headed for New York. We need to know where you guys are sending Thor and Loki back.”

The scientist’s voice was high pitched and frantic and in the background was Darcy’s rambling voice, “But why?”

“Because! There’s been a misunderstanding. Darcy says not to tell you about it yet, but we need to know. Seriously, the fate of Yggdrasil rests on us knowing.

Erik thought she was joking. But, then again, Jane wasn’t that bad at telling jokes. “I think somewhere in central park. Did you say Darcy was with you? I thought—”

“Where in Central Park?”

“The East end. Jane, what’s going on? What do you mean the fate of Yggdrasil?”

Jane sighed. “Sorry Erik. I’ll explain later, or rather, Darcy will. Maybe. She’s freaking out a bit. Okay, I’ve gotta go! Bye!”

“Jane!”

It was too late. She’d hung up.
Thor looked to him expectantly, “How fares Jane Foster?”

Erik shook his head, “She’s crazy. With a crazy intern.”

“Ah, and the Lady Darcy. I thought she was away? Transported by Jane’s bifrost?”

“Well, apparently she’s back. I don’t know how though.” Erik grumbled, coaxing the tesseract into a steel holder. He truly hated the shining blue cube. For what seemed like years he had been under its influence, infatuated with how it worked. He lived and breathed the tesseract. Now he just wanted it gone.

Thor retreated to his chair, gaze drifting to a snoozing Loki. Erik shuddered as he remembered the scepter the monstrosity before them wielded. He was not a fan of his mind being overtaken by crazy Asgardians, but despite his absence of conscious thought, he did not recall ever being uncomfortable or unhappy in his state.

Rolling his shoulders, Erik suddenly had an odd desire to remove his pants. Thing very hard about the universe and making tesseract related discoveries…it just didn’t seem right that he should do so with his clothes on. Shaking off the urge to get naked, he got back to work, working on balancing an equation for the amount of iridium they would need to make the transportation device work.

An hour or so passed before Pepper Pots came in to embrace Tony Stark.

“Tony…” she sighed, kissing him passionately.

“Miss Potts.” Stark greeted, his egotistical tone still intact but with some softness to it. Based on the look he was giving the strawberry blonde, Stark was a man in love, whether he admitted it or not.

When they pulled apart, a loud smack sounded through the room. “Don’t ever do that again! I don’t care if someone is trying to blow up the moon, Tony!”

Stark shook his head, looking incredulously at his woman. “Would you be less angry if I said you were the last thing on my mind before I thought I was going to die?”

Tears formed in the professional Pott’s eyes before kissing him again. “Okay.” She sniffed. “My anger has been reduced by twelve percent.”

Tony laughed lightly, wrapping his arms around her again.

Erik focused on his work, carefully adjusting the handle on the cylinder. It took him a while to notice that a certain god had woken up and was now staring intently on what he was doing. Green eyes followed every movement and Erik had some strange notion that Loki understood what he was doing.

Thor had said magic and science were one in the same. If Loki had that cross knowledge…

He shook off the thought. It didn’t matter what Loki understood. He was leaving for Asgard in the next few hours anyways.

“Hey, Tony, this isn’t your iPod, is it?” Pepper asked as she and Stark entered the room. “I stopped by Stark Tower and it was playing Kendrick Lamar at full volume.”

Erik glanced up to find Pepper holding up an iPod with a realistic picture of a purple galaxy for a lock screen. Tony went to take it when the device disappeared in a flash of gold. Everyone’s glance shot to Loki who smiled lightly. “What? It is mine.”
Everyone in the room raised a brow at him. “When did you get an iPod?” Stark asked.

Loki blinked at Stark like this was the most obvious thing. “At the same time I was performing grotesque and rudimentary experiments on animals and children. Would you also like to ask when I gained control of my first small nation? Or perhaps you wish to know my favorite kind of pizza, so long as you’re asking unimportant questions.”

Erik gapped. It didn’t matter how many realms Loki had tried to conquer or what world he was from, sarcasm was identifiable anywhere.

Loki smiled smugly at the dumbfounded group. Thor spoke up first. “Loki, return the iPod to the Man of Iron.”

“No. It is mine.”

Tony held up a hand, “It’s fine, Point Break. He can keep it. He doesn’t deserve it, bastard wrecked my tower. But I don’t really want to open that cage long enough to get it from him.”

Loki managed to roll his eyes through his exhaustion.

Putting a block on Darcy’s magic had taken more form him than he thought. It seemed that her development of such a power had caused it to manifest in an extremely short amount of time. Limiting her capabilities required a rather large sum of energy.

Thankfully, his short rest had allowed him enough strength to magic Darcy’s iPod from the hands of Pepper Potts and into his own. When they agreed to let him keep it, the scientists went back to creating the device that would take Thor and him back to Asgard. He had learned from watching Selvig work that it was a fairly simple design, similar to that of the portal he made before, only it was made to go to Asgard.

Relaxing into his metal chair, Loki typed in the four numbers that would open Darcy’s iPod and began looking at the many ‘apps’.

When they were with the Chitauri, Loki had secretly taken her iPod and played the silly games on it. Darcy had not noticed her score on ‘Flappy Bird’ had gone up to 679 overnight. Loki shook off the memories of Darcy. He would simply not think about her. He was no longer a part of her life. The less association with Darcy Lewis, the safer his beloved would be.

These thoughts did not stop him from skimming through her iPod and attempting to focus on ‘2048’. After winning three times in a row, he swiped the screen, trying to pick between ‘Fruit Ninja’ and ‘Temple Run 2’ when another app caught his eye.

Photos.

This word was not quite familiar, though she had mentioned them at times. He tapped the screen once, opening up a series of small pictures. Wishing to see them more clearly, he tapped one of them. The sight almost made him drop the device.

He swiped the screen again and again and again, each picture another punch in the heart.

Darcy had taken many of these photos. Some were of him, sitting on their bed looking bored, or glaring. He was surprised to see so many of him laughing and smiling. Well, she did have propensity for making laugh. Some of them had her face, grinning, her with her tongue out, frowning; there was
even one of the glasses he made for her.

There were pictures of everything. They sky, the ground, the Other, the scepter, their room, the
shower, him shirtless, their feet at the end of the bed, their hands folded together, an impressively
large love bite on the side of her breast. She even had pictures of the tablets he had read. It took him
a second to realize he was grinning like a fool at his small screen.

The ever infuriating Stark piped up. “What’s so funny over there, Kermit?”

Loki pressed the button that turned off the screen. “I was researching this disease you Midgardians
have…Ebola. Perhaps a plague such as this could be my next ploy to take over Midgard.” He paused
for a moment, acting as though he made a mistake. “Oh, my apologies. Did I just admit my plan
aloud?”

“You know,” Stark said, eyebrows rose in appreciation, “you may be a sore loser, but at least you
know how to use irony.”

He flashed a smile, physically poking the iPod into a hidden pocket in his robes. Those photos of
Darcy would keep him company in whatever punishment he must face. “Well, I had a reasonable
teacher.”

“Who was it? Mark Twain? Poe? Agent Coulson?”

“Myself.” Loki responded airily.

Erik Selvig stood up, looking worn and uncomfortable. “It is almost complete. Bruce, you may want
to check my calibrations.”

“Where are you going?” Stark asked, turning to the doctor.

“I’m picking up Jane from the airport. She and Darcy just got in. Apparently there is some
emergency.” He took his coat from a nearby table, waving goodbye to the group before exiting.

Loki had frozen to his chair. Damn that woman. Did she not see that his imprisonment would free
her? Of course she did, she was not stupid. If she would only realize that it was better this way.
Asgard would be the place the Chitauri would next attack in search of the tesseract. She would be
safe from it all. He would accept punishment and Thanos would lose. He would not get the tesseract
or Darcy.

Of course, he had to be gone before she could stop him.

Quickly, he tried to think of ways to hurry them up. His magic was weakened and performing any
great tasks would be impossible. Never the matter, the faster they got to this Central Park, the better.

“Doctor Banner, and beast that nearly split my godly skull over Anthony Stark’s floor, the calibration
for that device is off. If you send Thor and I with it in that condition, we will end up four of your
Midgardian Meters left the bifrost.” He said through his teeth. The doctor stared and Loki almost
growled at him. “Well….fix it or shall I remain here for another hour?”

Bruce Banner gave him a curious look and Loki had half a mind to examine the dear doctor’s
thoughts, but found he had better save his strength.

“That is too far, now we shall land in the homes of Asgardian citizens. What would they think?
Really, Doctor, I should think the hulk would be more apt at this.” Loki tried, urging him to move
to faster. What was wrong with these mortals? Was his encouragement not enough?
He continued his verbal ministrations for a painful ten minutes before Banner finally complained. “Alright! Seriously, can we please put a muzzle on the creepy guy handcuffed in the chair? Please.”

Loki made a few objections to the mouth guard they placed over his mouth and sure enough, Bruce Banner calibrated the machine correctly.

Darcy hated airplanes.

Not because she was afraid of falling, but because teleporting was just so much faster.

It was an eight hour flight from Sweden to New York and the plane schedules were all messed up because of the Chitauri’s invasion, not to mention everyone trying to either get in or out of New York. Everybody seemed devastated, but really they should be happy. The Chitauri did not rule all of Yggdrasil and Midgard still belonged to the Midgardians.

Upon disembarking, Darcy made it out of the airport in record time, as not having luggage meant you could get through American customs pretty fast.

By the time they got out, Erik Selvig was waiting for them in the lobby, looking up at the sky. He spotted them, “Jane, Darcy, what’s going on? And Darcy, what are you wearing?”

Darcy waved him off, “I’ll explain later. Right now, we need to get to some funky Asgardians so I can kick their asses.”

“What are you—“

“NOW SELVIG! I DIDN’T TICKLE A CHITAURI LEADER TO BE QUESTIONED BY PUNY MORTALS! CENTRAL PARK. NOW!”

Erik stared wide eyes at Darcy for a moment before ushering them out to his car and driving them off while he and Jane talked about his recent misadventures. Jane continued to give Darcy hate glares all the way there.

“Jane! I’m sorry, it was Erik’s brain or all of Yggdrasil. And he’s fine! Do you remember ever being unhappy Erik? Because you seemed pretty damn happy the last time I saw you making eyes at the tesseract.” Darcy defended as he swerved around a pile of burning Chituari flesh. Darcy swallowed hard. All those deaths…her fault.

Killed to save lives, Darcy…. Killing to win a war…. All for the best….

Erik stared at her blankly for a moment. “Darcy…I…you were there.” It wasn’t a question.

“Oh, do you remember now?” she grumbled, crossing her arms and paling at the dead Leviathan next to them. Her mind flicked back to the young first rank soldier she had tortured. Was he also dead? The person she refused to kill, she had killed anyways.

“I…yes…Darcy…you and Loki…are…are you…?” he trailed off, getting some far off air about him and shifting uncomfortably.

Jane threw her arms up. “Yes! She and Loki have been ravenously fucking—“

“Hey! It’s not that bad!”

Jane glowered, “No. It’s that bad. RAVENOUSLY, CARNALLY, PRIMALLY FUCKING .”
Erik let his head fall on the steering wheel in exasperation after stopping at a red light, a pile of cars splayed out near the entrance to Central Park. “This is as far as we go by car.”

“Great! I’m going to go yell at my ex-godfriend and then slap him in the face. Let’s go.” The three exited the car, running in the direction of East Central Park. Darcy picked up her skirts to run, her heart hammering out of her chest. Would Loki be gone? Shit, what if Loki was gone already?


“Stupid…god of mischief…fucking…asshole…breaks up with me…. ” She muttered angrily, getting strange looks from bystanders as she followed Jane and Erik though the park.

“They should be just up this way.” Erik said, jogging up a path to their right.

Then Darcy saw it, the unmistakable flash of golden armor. With every ounce of strength in her magic barred body, Darcy sprinted forward, hiking up her skirts and flying full force into a concrete platform, Jane and Erik at her heels.

There, in the center of the circle stood her devilish prince in shining armor, a tight muzzle around his mouth. Well, there goes the passionate kiss idea she had. His eyes widened at the sight of her quickly changing from shock, to tenderness, to bitter volatile anger.

Jane gasped. “Thor?”

“Jane?”

“Thor?”

“Dr. Selvig?”

“Loki.” Darcy breathed.

Loki glared, but said nothing for his mouth was covered.

“Thor!”

“Jane!”

“Thor!”

“Dr. Selvig!”

“Loki!”

Loki looked at her but remained silent.

“Thor.”

“Jane.”

“Thor.”

“Dr. Selvig.”

“Loki!”

This time when Loki looked at her, there was a small apology in his wide green eyes as he twisted
the handle of whatever contraption he shared with Thor, sending them away in a fancy flash of white light.

With the light, a wave of heat crashed over the platform, a gust of energy sweeping over her being and in it, she felt some kind of internal barrier move. Her fingers twitched with magic.

“Loki fucking Laufeyson!” she shouted at the sky, “I am getting to Asgard and when I do, I am tasing your blue striped ass into tomorrow, do you hear me?! Probably not, but that’s what’s happening! Your ass and my taser officially have a date! As soon as I figure out how to hunt down your ass, it’s happening!”

Anxious and with magic at her disposal, Darcy conjured her taser and pointed at the sky with it in hand. “I’M NOT KIDDING YOU SHIT! AND I KNOW YOU HAVE MY IPOD!”

Jane grasped her hand, pulling it down. “Darcy, cool it! This is getting out of hand, okay?! Just let Loki take the punishment! He still tried to kill Thor and did kill a bunch of other people!”

Darcy was livid as she took Jane by the shoulders and shook violently. “I SENT THE NUKE, JANE! I KILLED HALF A POPULATION! I AM THE FUCKING GENERAL OF THE FUCKING ARMY THAT ATTACKED NEW YORK! THIS,” she gestured to the ruined city behind them. “THIS IS MY FAULT! AND THAT,” she jerked her thumb upwards, “THAT WAS THE DUDE I HAPPEN TO BE MADLY IN LOVE WITH. THAT’S RIGHT, I SAID IT! MADLY FUCKING IN LOVE WITH! SO HELP ME, I WILL GET TO ASGARD TO TAKE PUNISHMENT FOR MY ACTIONS, IF IT KILLS ME, JANE FOSTER!”

Jane was flustered, mouth gaping at her short assistant when one of the Avengers that had been present finally make themselves known.

“Excuse me, Ladies, I couldn’t help but notice this little scuffle and in it did Darcy just mention that she was the general of the Chitauri’s army and madly in love with the asshole that threw me through my own window?” Tony Stark inquired with an airy hand.

Darcy raised a hand to explain her situation when she was interrupted.

“You!” Barton stepped forwards, pointing a finger in the most juvenile way at Darcy. “You’re the girl! You’re the one who was with Loki all the time…you…you gave me a hug!” he said it like she had killed his puppy.

Everyone was staring at Darcy and she had a strong urge to taze them all. A tall blonde guy with some insanely attractive vintage haircut Darcy assumed was Captain America, a.k.a. Steven Rogers, spoke up. “Wait a second. Do you by any chance have blue shoes?”

Darcy lifted the skirt of her robes in response so he could see her dark blue flats. “Yeah, why?”

Tony Stark looked her up and down, “Son of a bitch. Banner you were right. Loki does have a devious female friend.”

Bruce was standing there, his mouth gaping wide open at the short Midgardian girl with long hark hair and glasses like the answer to the universe had just been dropped off on his doorstep. “You’re Loki’s girlfriend? You met him while with the Chitauri? You’re the one Heimdall said kept Loki under control?”

Now everyone stared at Bruce, “When did you see Heimdall?” a woman with dark red hair Darcy could only guess was Natasha Romanoff.
Bruce shrugged nonchalantly, still staring at Daarcy and pushing his glasses further up on his nose. “After I landed in New Jersey, he used the bifrost to get me to Asgard so he could tell me to try and find out what part Loki’s accomplice played in the war on Midgard. Apparently Loki put him under some spell where he couldn’t tell anyone about the fact that Darcy was there. I had to play 20Q, but then I guessed wrong. In the end, he told me to focus on the battle and he dropped me off somewhere in the suburbs.”

The Avengers and two scientists all started to ask questions.

“Why didn’t you tell us sooner?”

“Did he say anything else?”

“The bifrost is working again?”

“Who the hell is Heimdall?”

“Dammit, Loki. Why do I even like you?”

Stark spoke last waving a hand to hush them. “Wait wait wait... Heimdall took you to Asgard but not me? I call bullshit!”

Darcy leapt with joy on the inside. “That’s great! Maybe Heimdall could just zap me to Asgard so I can kick Loki’s ass!”

“Uh,” Bruce scratched his neck, “I don’t know. I think he might have gotten into some minor trouble for bringing me there. The bifrost might not be open right now.”

She sighed, “Well fiddlesticks. Fucking fiddlesticks.”

While it looked like Steve and Tony were about to get into a fight over how self centered Tony was and how much of a prude Steve was, Natasha shook her head. “Before, you said this was entirely your fault. Unless I’m mistaken, Loki killed a lot of SHIELD agents, including Coulson.”

Darcy waved it off. “I can explain that...kind of. So, good news, Coulson isn’t really dead. He should be waking up soon actually. He was only supposed to be asleep for twenty hours. His belly should be healed up too. His death was just supposed to encourage you guys to hate Loki and make sure he lost.”

Jane punched her intern in the shoulder. “You can’t just kill Coulson! He’s Coulson!”

“Ow!” Darcy rubbed her arm. “Sheesh, I just said that we didn’t actually kill him. He was just sleeping!”

Natasha still frowned, “What about the other SHIELD agents?”

Biting her lip, Darcy weighed her taser in hand. Should she tell them about HYDRA? Telling them now would seem a bit risky. Especially...in the middle of Central Park. “So, I can tell you that those agents did die. But they weren’t...uh...it wasn’t right to kill them...but...Ugh, can I talk to Fury about this? This kinda seems like a Darcy to Fury type conversation.”

“No.” The Black Widow answered. A straight up denial. There was no use begging. Darcy should save whatever dignity she had left and not beg.

“Pleeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaaaase! Please oh please of please, Ms. Black Widow. For fucksake, I’m sorry
I let my rogue god mind control your boyfriend!” Darcy fell to her knees, “But he’s only miserable when he wants to be and I am a desperate intern who just spent eight hours on an airplane to face justice for nuking a population of my own people! This knowledge I have could save SHIELD and America. Bless America Ms. Romanoff! Take me to Fury! I will be forever in your gracious debt!”

So it was breeching sarcasm with perhaps a little more drama than necessary, but she needed to make amends with SHIELD if she was ever going to get off their radar. Plus she needed to get to Asgard immediately.

The Black Widow rolled her eyes, “Are you seriously begging?”

She stuck out her bottom lip for emphasis, “I’m fucking kneeling. Mind you, I only kneel for certain people so feel special right now! And because I made you feel special, you should take me to SHIELD so I can apologize to Coulson and explain things to Fury and use your technology to get to Asgard so I can go taze Loki and get my iPod back.”

Stark cut in, “So it wasn’t his iPod. I knew the bastard was lying.”

Natasha sighed. “I can’t believe I’m doing this. Get in the car, Darcy. Dr. Selvig, Jane, come with us.” She approached Darcy who was now standing and fist pumping the air. “Give me your taser.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t want to end up unconscious behind a wheel. Taser now.”

Darcy frowned. “I won’t taze you with it, I promise.”

Barton chuckled a bit, finally getting his bearings back after the rush of memories that came back of Darcy. She really was too fearless for her own good. “Let her keep it Nat. I trust her.”

The Black Widow’s eyes widened to the size of flying saucers. Surprise was apparent. Barton openly trusted someone. Darcy, on the other hand, was thrilled. “Awesome! Are we all going back? Can I get a ride on that motorcycle? I missed you Barton, even if you were a bit of a killjoy sometimes.” She clapped him on the shoulder before turning to Jane.

“Hey boss-lady?”

Jane, looking more than a little ticked off, crossed her arms. “What?”

“Can I use your bifrost?”

Jane frowned. “SHIELD has it. Plus it isn’t working anyways. It only functioned properly the one time you did it.”

Darcy pursed her lips. She did have magic, didn’t she? It was technically the same thing as science. Maybe she could fix it. “Can I use it anyways?”

Jane sighed, “Sure! Why not!? Would you also like to tell me about everything that happened to you in the past month? Maybe you could share that story of how you went to Alfheim and slaughtered everyone there with your army!? Hm?!?”

Darcy tried to not be hurt. It was true, wasn’t it? She was a killer. A Loki-less killer who needed to go pay for her crimes but couldn’t because her sweet ex-boyfriend was taking the blame which meant she wouldn’t get punished by the scepter of doom. “I…I…” she sighed, casting a downward gaze, “I’ve never been to Alfheim.”
Just as she thought she was about to start crying, there was a comforting hand on her shoulder. “Ma’am?”

She looked up with bloodshot eyes to a tall blonde and beautiful Steve Rogers. “Would you like to ride on the motorcycle?”

Nodding, Darcy wiped away a tear. “Yeah. That’d be great.”

As the ever gentleman Captain America helped Darcy onto his motorcycle, Stark made a face at Jane. “Wow. Low blow Foster.”

Jane looked down guiltily. “Well…she kind of did…”

Everyone glared at Jane with some form of disbelief, all except Erik. Bruce stood in her defense, more understanding than the others. “Come on guys, she’s never killed anyone. She doesn’t know what it’s like.”

“What do you mean?”

Barton rolled his shoulders, climbing in the car. “Get in.” she did, Erik following. He continued to speak. “No one ever really wants to kill someone. You do it for defense or misunderstandings or because you can but it catches up with you. You don’t feel right about it. Darcy spent a month with the Chitauri, they were people to her. Of course she’s going to feel terrible about blowing them up. She’s not the killing type.”

Jane twiddled her thumbs. “Yeah, I shouldn’t have said that. It’s just…Of all the things she could have done on an alien planet and she chooses to become general. She didn’t research or ask questions or anything! She just pissed off their leader and had sex with their prisoner.”

“Well, she also gained the ability to use magic.” Erik interceded most unhelpfully.

“Thank you, Erik.”

Darcy got off the motorcycle at SHIELD’s base in New York feeling remotely better. Not only was Captain America a handsome stud, he was also a total gentleman. If she wasn’t head over heels for Loki, she might have even asked him for his number. Only, she was pretty sure, ninety year old virgins weren’t her thing.

They walked inside to wait for the others to show up. She was kind of shocked when Jane approached her and offered a hug. “Sorry Darce. I just…I didn’t think about what I was saying. It sort of just spilled out.”

Warmth spread through Darcy’s chest as she hugged Jane back. “Aw, don’t get soft on me Foster. I of all people understand the word vomit, lack of filter from brain to mouth. I got you.”

“So, we’re okay?” Jane asked timidly.

“Can I still use your bifrost?”

“You can try.”

“Then we’re good.” Darcy assured following the curvy butt of the Black Widow through SHIELD’s
endless hallways and corridors until they were well underground. They were passing a bunch of windows with scientists piling around Chitauri weapons and limbs. One room seemed to have people inspecting a Leviathan eyeball.

“Director Fury came in this morning. He should be down here.” Natasha led her into a large conference room that had a window into a plain white room with a Chitauri warrior inside. They wore first rank armor and seemed smaller than the other’s she saw. “Barton called in your presence about five minutes. Fury should be here—“

“What is he doing here?” Darcy gasped, running to the window. The Chitauri Warrior screeched when he saw Darcy and she made out most of what he said.

“My Lead, we have failed you! Midgard proved more formidable than we had hoped!” he screeched.

Darcy shook her head, recognizing the Chitauri as the one she had tortured. “No. I fail you. I fail Chitauri. I bad Lead.”

The Chitauri looked at her in wonder. “What of your Asgardian? Where is he? Has he claimed punishment for our loss and returned the tesseract to Our King Thanos?”

Darcy shook her head. “Asgardian went to Asgard for punish. I not know tesseract.”

The Chitauri screeched, “Curse Asgard! The Chitauri will take back the tesseract! It is our pride! Our power! We suffer without it! If Asgard does not accept us into Yggdrasil, then we shall fight for our place as rulers!”

Darcy took a few seconds to comprehend that. Asgard wouldn’t let the Chitauri be part of Yggdrasil? “Why Chitauri no Yggdrasil?”

“We are different than Asgard. We live differently. We have one ruler, and two generals, but they are not treated any better than the rest of us. We are equal in our wealth and share our prosperity. Asgard…thousands of years ago, would only let the Chitauri be a part of Yggdrasil if we dropped this way and betrayed our traditions for a hierarchy of power and greed!”

Darcy almost banged her head against the glass. Of course. Of course that’s what happened. Why didn’t she think of it sooner? Asgard, the Realm Eternal, a capitalist Aristocracy. They wouldn’t let some nation into their selective nine realms because they didn’t comply with their monarch’s rules.

Darcy suddenly knew how she was going to solve this problem. She was going to talk to Thanos and Odin. No matter what it took, she would make sure the Chitauri were a part of Yggdrasil. It was time for the realms to start getting some god damned respect.

Determination plastered her face. “I will make Chitauri a realm. Like Asgard, Like Vanaheim. We keep tradition.”

The Chitauri bent his head. “Thank you, My Lead.”

“Thank you, Warrior.”

Someone cleared their throat behind her and Darcy turned on her heel. “Director Fury!”

The tall black man stood calmly, his eye patch firmly in place and a grim look on his face. “Sit down Miss Lewis.”
“I hear you’ve been causing problems for both the better and the worse. You’ve made some pretty difficult to believe claims. Though there is a lot of proof in your favor.” He nodded towards the first rank warrior. “You speak their language?”

Darcy nodded, trying to come up with a good way to tell Fury about HYDRA. Loki said they were all over SHIELD. Telling him out loud would just be a death wish. Damn.

Before Fury could speak again, Darcy opened her mouth just wide enough to figuratively shove her foot inside. “Indeed I do speak their language! I also speak several others, such as Spanish! That’s right, three years in high school! Como se dice, ‘You are one sexy Director’ en espanol?” she said, leaning forward on her hand, to stare dreamily at Fury.

Stark’s mouth gapped in shock. “I cannot believe you just said that. I’m dreaming right? Someone tell me that a girl did not just hit on Fury.”

Darcy kept rolling with it. “Oh yeah, you’re hot as hell. I’m getting moist just thinking about it. I could talk about my extensive language to you later…like on a date. You could hear all of my creative language skills. I can say ‘fuck’ in six different languages. Here, give me your phone. I’ll put my number in and I can tell you all these important things.”

Fury had somehow managed not to break his cold hard glare and for a second Darcy thought she had just gone and embarrassed herself for nothing when Fury pulled out a long black phone and placed it in Darcy’s hands.

“Woah, cool phone.” She opened it, searching for the notes section. She kept talking about her skills in language and some mildly embarrassing things about swearing during sex and how she hoped not all Swedish people understood English while typing out a message:

HYDRA

Fury kept up that gaze, waiting till she took a breath to speak again. “Miss Lewis, I would love to hear more of that on our date later, but now could you tell me about my friends that have shortly departed?”

Darcy passed him his phone, a grin on her face. *That’s right. Just call me Agent Lewis.* “Oh, uh, Loki did it. But, I bet he had a good reason.”

Fury’s eyes darted to the message then back up at Darcy. She thought there was a flicker of shock there, if only for a moment. He spammed the delete button. “Very well. That should suffice. Thank you, Miss Lewis. I’m afraid I’ve just received some information that means I will have to cancel on our date. However, I would love to meet you again sometime.”

Darcy mentally cheered herself on. “No problemo, Direct-o Fury-o.”

He nodded. “Agent Romanoff, get Miss Lewis anything she needs for her trip to Asgard. If she returns to Earth alive, she will promptly be moved to a level 7 agent.”

Tony held up a hand in the most flamboyant way possible and Darcy figured that if Stark was an animal, he’d be a peacock; his own, flashy breed of Peacock. “Wait, does any pretty girl who hits on you get to be level seven? Is that how Romanoff got to be level seven?”

Fury didn’t answer, already out the door. “Haha! Fuck you, Loki! I’m going to taze your ass yet!”
Darcy paced the conference room occasionally casting a glance at her Warrior. There was no way to get him back to the Chitauri’s land until she was through on Asgard. “Alright, Natasha—“

“Romanoff.” She corrected.


“Darcy!” several voices yelled at her.

“Agh! Okay, here’s what I need…..”

About seven minutes later, they were standing in SHIELD’s parking lot with Jane’s bifrost and Darcy was walking funny due to certain straps on her legs.

“I can’t believe your underwear, Darcy.” Jane muttered, turning on her machine.

Darcy giggled, “Ahh, yeah. I figured I’d piss off Loki. But then he kind of left without seeing them.”

The petite scientist shook her head, as if trying to remove a bad memory. “I don’t want to think about it.” She backed up, giving the device a few whacks with her hand. “Okay. Well, I have no idea how to get it started.”

Darcy rubbed her brow. Magic was hard when you didn’t know how to use it. She lit her hand with blue magic, touching the surface of Jane’s project with her fingertips, trying to detect some kind of problem. “I’m not getting anything. It seems okay. It just needs a kick…I’m thinking the baby wants….”

“Oh, not this again.”

“Shhh, it’s deciding.” Darcy hushed, pressing her ear to the top of the small machine, taking in the rumbly tones. “Hmmm it knows its Daddy.”

“What?”

“Sorry Jane, this child is actually mine. You’re more of a surrogate mother. It’s Loki and I’s. And it wants Mumford and Sons.”

Jane sighed, “Well, I guess it’s more appropriate than Nicki Minajj.”

“Nonsense.” Darcy chided, searching her pockets for an iPod that wasn’t there. “Damn you Loki!” she glanced around at the Avengers. “Do any of you have an iPod?”

Tony searched his pockets. “I have a Stark pod.”

She shook her head. “Too much Stark.”

Pepper held up her phone. “I have an iPhone.”

“Too much phone.”

Banner shrugged his shoulders, “I guess you can use mine.”

Darcy leapt up, accepting Bruce’s iPod. “Thanks Mr. Jolly Green Giant! You know, you should be
printed on frozen broccoli bags. I would totally eat my broccoli if the hulk was on the bag. I mean, how encouraging it that for young kids!? *Eat broccoli and turn into a giant green rage monster when you get angry at the bullies!*

Bruce turned some strange shade of red and Jane tugged at Darcy’s hand. “Come on, Lewis! Focus!”

“But I want to be strong! I want to Tazing Loki’s ass, liberating the Chitauri, turning myself in. I got this.”

Quickly, she scrolled through Banner’s music, finding a lot of Raga and Britney Spears. “Dude, Britney? Really?”

Bruce shrugged and Darcy kept looking till she found Mumford and Sons. “Dude, cool! You have ‘Hopeless Wanderer’! That’s Loki’s favorite song by them!”

Immediately, she switched it on and the machine began to glow and buzz with energy. “Yes! It’s working!”

Enthused once again, Darcy began to chant around the device.

“*Hold me fast, hold me fast
Cause I’m a hopeless wanderer!*”

Jane clapped her hands together, caught between wanting to take data or dance around the machine. Being that she couldn’t find her journal, she went with the latter.

“But hold me fast, hold me fast
Cause I’m a hopeless wanderer!”

Bruce tried to make a grab for his iPod just as Jane’s/Darcy’s/Loki’s bifrost began vibrating faster, responding enthusiastically to the music.

Darcy cheered, when a blinding flash of light engulfed the three of them, sending her to Asgard where Loki was going to get hell from her.

Chapter End Notes

Ah ha!
I made a few references I should point out.
I did a Rocky Horror Picture show thing, turning 'Janet, Dr. Scott, Janet, Brad, Rocky, ....' into 'Thor, Jane, Thor, Dr. Selvig, Loki, ...' I really couldn't help myself. That moment is what inspired this story. The only reason that this fic exists is because of this chapter and that RHPS reference.

Then at the end I used some Mumford and Sons. Hopeless Wanderer is a pretty cool song.

Thank you all for your comments and kudos and enthusiasm, it is fantastic! I love it! As always, comment, request things, type incoherent responses and gibberish for reviews. Unless you don't want to, then don't.
Coulson sat stiff on the edge of his bed at the SHIELD infirmary in New York. They had been just bees about to strip his body down naked when he woke up, his chest wound healed and with the memories of Darcy’s spit swapping contest with the God of Mischeif fresh in his mind.

Now, Fury sat in front of him. “Stay with me Coulson.”

He shook his head, “Darcy…she…she…she’s helping Loki!”

Fury smirked. “As it turns out, they’re trying to save the universe. And Darcy Lewis has been very helpful in more ways than one.” He gave his top Agent the quick version of Darcy’s tale.

Coulson was still stuck on the part where he got stabbed in the chest. “I got stabbed in the chest.”

“Yes.”

“Darcy Lewis is in a relationship with Loki.”

“Yes.”

“She still carries around her taser.”

“Yes.”

Coulson was silent for a moment as he let the story Fury told him sink in. It made sense, but there was no way he was ever going near Loki again. Almost dying was horrifying. “Sir?”

“Yes, Coulson?”

“Does Loki still have his scepter?”

Fury shook his bald head, “No. SHIELD has it locked away someplace no one will ever get it again.”

Coulson nodded to this, straightening his tie and taking a breath. Suddenly, he remembered something. “Sir?”

“Yes, Coulson?”

“You know that prototype SHIELD started working on after Loki sent the destroyer?”
The Director nodded.

“I know what it does.”

Loki breathed a sigh of relief as his feet came in contact with the rainbow bridge. Banner’s calibrations had not failed him. His ridiculous mortal was safe. She could not travel to Asgard now the tesseract was no longer on Midgard.

Still, there was some unease in his stomach. Darcy had traveled a great distance without magic and had nearly managed to speak truth to Thor. He had a terrible feeling that nothing would stop Darcy Lewis, not even inter-realm travel. Thor gripped him by his neck.

“Loki! The Lady Jane had traveled far for some great emergency! What were you thinking?”

Loki smiled widely under his muzzle, for his brother did not truly know the reason for his suddenness.

Thor growled, hauling him onward none to gently. “Greeting Heimdall.”

The Guardian nodded and Loki cast a brief glance into his mind, shocked at what he saw. Heimdall had broken the rule of the Allfather to inform Bruce Banner of Darcy. Bitter rage overtook him. He had learned to avoid Heimdall long ago, to make himself invisible to his allseeing eyes. But masking Darcy had not been so easy. Whether it was because she was Midgardian or because of the strength of her magic, but he had only been able to cast a spell that forbade Heimdall from speaking of her presence.

Apparently it did not work so strongly on Midgardians. No wonder Doctor Banner had been giving him such strange looks; he had inclination to his relationship with a woman. Loki racked his brains, searching for something, anything, that could help. But he found nothing. His magic was still limited and Darcy was still susceptible to the Chiaturi.

There was only one way. He must receive punishment quicker.

Heimdall had called them a horse and Thor mounted his steed, pulling Loki up with him. He sighed through his nose. It was so belittling to be tugged around like no more than a common animal. Really, Thor should be more grateful. Loki had saved him from disappointment when Jane Foster admitted Loki would be a better king.

But what was worse than being lugged around by Asgard’s golden prince was the disappointed horror that awaited him inside the palace.

“Loki of Asgard, if Odin had not already made up his mind to have you eternally punished, I would kill you myself!” reprimanded the Queen of the Realm Eternal.

Frigga, Asgard’s beloved queen and the only one of his Asgardian family that he would dare continue calling by something familiar. If he was heartbroken before, now he was heart shattered. The woman he had considered mother his entire life believed him to be a murderer and power hungry-child. But even she could not know of his Darcy and their deeds.

The sharp edges in Frigga’s face softened and she squeezed one of his hands, drawing him in for an embrace. “But I have missed you.”

Still muzzled, he could say nothing, but after a moment, he squeezed her hand. Loki clutched to his
mother, the woman who had introduced him to magic and had loved him even though she knew his heritage. She may have been the only one who favored him over Thor. He realized now how he must look. Loki, the fallen and defeated prince of Asgard, pitifully retreating to his mother.

In the next second, he let go, stepping back as guards removed his muzzle and chained him around the neck and feet all linking together at his waist. It took a long while to decide where to put the tesseract where the Chitauri would presumably not be able to reach it. Loki had a strong desire to point out that it was an energy source and Thanos could open a portal with it long enough for him to get through no matter where it was. Just not long enough to get an entire army through.

He decided against mentioning this, however, simply because he enjoyed watching Thor, Sif and The Warriors Three struggle through where to put it. Eventually, they decided on the treasure room near the destroyer.

Loki couldn’t help but chuckle at their resolution. Where they really so dull as to put a portal, an entry, into the room holding Yggdrasil’s greatest treasures? Sif’s hard glare met his eyes, “What are you going on about?”

He allowed a brief bit of mischief to occur, simply for fun. “Nothing, Lady Sif. I was merely delighted in your decision. It was so well thought out and fool proof, really. You’re minds together are truly impressive.”

“Think not of him, Sif. He is still mourning over his loss on Midgard.” Fandral cut in, his wispy blonde hair and flirtatious grin forever in place.

Loki prepared to taunt them further when he was interrupted by a guard. “Sif, Wariors Three, Heimdall requests your presence.”

At first, Loki thought nothing of this. There were plenty of things Heimdall would need them for. But there was still that tugging sensation in his mind that refused to let him forget about Darcy’s determination. Thor left with his friends and Loki stood at the doors to the throne room, anxiously awaiting his punishment. Ever so slowly, the guards followed up behind him, preparing to lead him inside.

Hesitantly, the guards took the chains that bound him and tugged him into the throne room. There, upon the throne looking as old as Yggdrasil, sat Odin Allfather.

Frigga stood next to the throne, her eyebrows set and worry in place. “Loki.” She chided.

“Mother.” He greeted now that he was not gagged. “Have I made you proud?”

“Do not make it worse.”

“Define worse.”

“Enough!” Odin bellowed, “I will speak to the prisoner alone.”

_The prisoner. Now there is a title I never expected to have._ Loki watched as Frigga left, her skirt swirling around her ankles.

“I really don’t see what all the fuss is about.”

“Do you not truly feel the gravity of your crimes? Where ever you go there is war, ruin, and death.” Odin said, punctuating each word like he rehearsed it. Perhaps he did.
He fought the urge to roll his eyes. Of course he felt the gravity of his crimes and much more. “I went to Midgard to rule the people of earth as a benevolent God. Just like you.”

Bile rose in his throat. Ruling Midgardians…how silly. How could any individual rule over them? He knew for sure that if one did try, Darcy would stop them. No one could rule his Darcy, not even him.

“We are not gods. We are born, we live, we die. Just as humans do.” Odin said. Loki scoffed. If Odin even believed what he claimed then Midgard would not be such an ignorant realm and there would have never been a war.

“Give or take 5,000 years.” He reminded. “And how many of Idunn’s apples you consume.”

Odin sighed, rubbing his ancient brow. “All this because Loki desired a throne.”

“I was my birthright!” he shouted. If he was going to get the proper punishment, he should act as though he truly deserved it.

“Your birthright was to die!” Odin yelled in return glowering down at his prisoner. “As a child. Cast out onto a frozen rock. If I had not taken you in, you would not be here now to hate me.”

Loki sneered. Yes, because I truly have no reason to hate you. “If I am for the axe then for Mercy’s sake, just swing it. It’s not that I don’t love our little talks it’s just…I don’t love them.” Loki said, trying to quicken their way to his punishment. Why did he feel as though Darcy was no longer safe? Perhaps he had been feeling that all the time he was away from her…. What if she was in one of those silly dangerous Midgardian cars? Ones that could flip over and kill her when it rained? What if Thanos had decided his punishment had not come quickly enough?

“Frigga is the only reason you’re still alive, and you’ll never see her again. You’ll spend the rest of your days—“

“WAIT! STOP THE SENTENCE YOU CAPITALIST SPACE PIRATE! IF YOU FINISH THAT STATEMENT I CAN PROMISE YOU HIS ASS ISN’T THE ONLY ONE THAT’S GETTING TASED!”

“**AHHHHHHHHHHHHH WHAT THE FUCK AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!**” the three Midgardians screamed as they were roughly transported from the parking lot of SHIELD’s New York base to a shiny golden globe in space.

Darcy grunted as her face came in brutal contact with the rainbow bridge, causing her glasses to bend at the side. “Damn.” She said, standing up and taking in her surroundings.

She had three words: Big, Gold, Sparkly.

Those three words alone could describe Asgard as well as the golden armored guy in front of her. “Darcy Lewis.” He acknowledged with a glint in his wide gold eyes. “You have caused me lots of trouble these past few days.”

Darcy scratched the back of her neck. “Heh heh, sorry about that. I heard Loki did some voodoo on your tongue.” She shot a nervous glance around the observatory that Jane seemed in the process of worshipping. She was on her hands and knees, crawling over the ground, examining everything inside. Bruce, it seemed, was not even moving his gaze from Heimdall.
The guardian nodded. “Yes. But it is becoming easier as the spell weakens.”

Darcy gave him a thumbs up, “Well, hey that’s cool. But, speaking of Loki, I kinda need to find him. I don’t know how much you saw or heard down there on Earth, but we have a bit of a problem. . . .”

“I have summoned trusted companions that will grant you and Jane Foster passage into the castle.” Heimdall said in a deep, rich voice.

Bruce blinked a few times, “Am I not going into the castle?”

Heimdall’s all seeing gaze moved to the Doctor with light amusement. “No. I think you will stay here.”

Darcy turned to Bruce, wiggling her eyebrows suggestively. The good natured Banner shook his head, visibly reddening. She nudged him a couple times and Bruce batted her hand away. Jane seemed to have come back from Astrophysics heaven. “What?”

Darcy grabbed Jane’s hand. “Come on Foster, we have escorts to the castle!”

“Who—”

“Jane!”

She whipped around so fast, that Darcy got a mouthful of Jane-hair. “Thor?”

From the bright light of day on some monster stallion rode Thor Odinson, Prince of Asgard. Behind him trailed four warriors Darcy recognized from her last visit.

“Woah! Asgardians!” she exclaimed running up to them. The swishy blonde one she had flirted with last time greeted her with a friendly smile that she was no longer interested in.

“Lady Darcy and Lady Jane!” the big bearded one exclaimed. “We believed Heimdall had closed the bifrost!”

Jane was too busy making eyes at Thor to really answer. Darcy took initiative. “Yeah, well, Midgard isn’t completely without our modes of intergalactic transportation, thanks to Jane Foster here.”

The wicked awesome sword lady remained on her horse, completely ignoring Darcy and Jane.

“What have you called us here for, Heimdall?”

Lifting his enormous sword, Heimdall turned to face them. “Ask the Lady Darcy. She had brought herself here for a reason.”

Sif turned a painful gaze to Darcy, “How may we assist you, Lady Darcy?”

Shaking out her hands, Darcy found her rage. “I need you to get me to Loki. As fast as possible and preferably without interruption.”

Sif looked like she wanted to object, but she managed a disdain filled question. “What are your intentions, Mortal?”

Darcy’s fingers twitched. Was she really going to stand around answering their questions? She may need to taze Loki but…they referred to her as Mortal. “Huh, I’m sorry, what was that? I believe my name is Darcy Lewis, mortal!” she pulled out her taser, making wild gestures, “And as to what my intentions are with Loki, that’s between us! So take my sorry ass to him and stop being all offended that some Midgardian scum is walking all over your golden city!”
Everyone gaped as Darcy strutted to Sif and held out her hand. She did not react, simply gawking at her with wide eyes. She sighed. “Well, help me up! I seriously don’t have all day!”

Carefully, Sif took her hand with expected strength and lifted her onto her steed. As confident as she was, Darcy was not familiar with horses. At all. She gripped onto the muscular and silent Asgardian, muttering angrily.

“Stupid…Jotunn….fucking horses…elite society using horses. Where are the flying saucers? Loki…fucking asshat….taze his ass.” They passed over bridges and sped through glittering realm faster than any car ever had gone. Or so it seemed.

In no time at all, they were at some huge golden stairs that lead to the most glorified modern art/sculpture exhibit Darcy had seen. That must be the palace.

With shaky legs she slid off the horse, managing to fall over onto her ass, flashing her underwear to Sif and The Warrior Three in the process. Darcy looked around for Jane and Thor who seemed to have stayed at the bifrost. Fandrall cleared his throat as Darcy adjusted her underwear in a very unladylike fashion.

She refrained from sending him the bird. “Hey, it’s not my fault your puny Asgardian society still uses horses. And my underwear…let’s just not tell anyone about that. Agreed?”

She waited till they all nodded. “Great! Now take me to that jackass Liesmith before I explode!”

Clutching her taser in one hand and hoisting her robes in the other, Darcy ran after Sif and Hogun who took the lead, envious of their pants. She was going to make herself pants later. Stupid skirts are bad for running.

Fandrall ran next to her. “Lady Darcy, forgive me for asking, but what exactly has Loki done to encourage you to come to Asgard on your own accord? If he has done anything to offend a lady as ravishing as yourself, I should cut out his tongue for it.”

Darcy rolled her eyes. “So your pervy and sexist! Awesome! Well, I’ll have you know, I have plans for Loki’s tongue so if you could refrain from cutting it out, that’d be great!”

Her response was breathy and irate with some irritated undertones. Overall, a brilliant comeback wasted on the likes of Fandrall who could not seem to manage a witty quip as they charged through a heavily pillared hallway.

They soon came upon great golden doors, glinting with muted light. Outside the doors was a woman with long blonde hair and clear blue eyes that looked so very much like Thor’s. Her brow crinkled at the group before her.

“Your majesty.” Sif and the Warriors Three bowed, their fists to their chest. Darcy awkwardly followed suit and the woman before them waved out her hand. “Stop that. Sif, what has happened?”

Sif, ever the stone cold shield maiden rose and spoke with authority. “This Mid—Darcy Lewis of Midgard seeks audience with Loki.”

 Damn straight she does, Darcy thought. “Yes. And when she says ‘seeks audience with’ what she really means is ‘reveal Loki’s lies and lovingly tear him to shreds’. Where is he?”

The Queen cocked her head to the side curiously. “What has he lied about?”

“Everything.” Darcy explained, approaching the golden door. “Is he in here? Shit…I mean…
fuck….I mean, shoot, is he talking to Odin?”

Frigga seemed mildly amused, “Yes. Though the Allfather has requested—“

Darcy didn’t hear Frigga finish before she pushed open the ridiculously thick hunk of shiny metal, running into the throne room, past gorgeous pillars and architectural marvels straight to the most beautiful thing in the room. And he was bound in chains.

A white bearded figure sat on the throne, in his hand a regal staff and he emanated power like no one Darcy had ever seen. He also wore an eyepatch which Darcy thought was kind of funny. But now was not the time to laugh.

“…You will spend the rest of your days—“

Darcy almost tripped again trying to get close enough to be heard. What if he didn’t hear when she shouted? Better be really loud, just in case.

“WAIT! STOP THE SENTENCE YOU CAPITALIST SPACE PIRATE! IF YOU FINISH THAT STATEMENT I CAN PROMISE YOU HIS ASS ISN’T THE ONLY ONE THAT’S GETTING TASED!” she bellowed, not daring to halt her sprint till she reached the throne.

The Allfather glared down at her in astonishment. “I do not know how you got here Midgardian, if Heimdall—“

Darcy held up her hands, panting from all the running. “Darcy…my name is—“

“Darcy Lewis!” Loki screamed, his voice cracking on the –ar. “What must I do to make sure that you are not getting into trouble!?”

Darcy, forgetting all about her taser, punched Loki in the stomach and again, her hand throbbed because of it. “That…*pant*…that’s for…*pant*…taking my iPod.”

Odin continued, “Mortal—“

Darcy found her breath, as well as her rage. “My name is Darcy Lewis! I am the Lead of the Chitauri and the chaos on Midgard is my doing.”

Odin’s eye widened at this but Loki laughed nervously, trying desperately to reach Darcy, but the guards restrained him by the long chains. “Surely you would not believe her! She. Is. Mortal!” he fought, barely maintaining his toothy white grin.

Darcy faced Odin, unwilling to look at Loki without taking him in her arms. “Odin, he lies. You and Loki may not have been close, but you know him. Loki wouldn’t try to take over a whole realm, he’s way too smart for that. He may be dramatic, but he’s not that bad.”

“Darcy…please, stop. Please!” Loki pleaded, now openly fighting the guards that held him back and were calling in for back up.

She continued her speech as the Allfather listened. “I found myself with the Chitauri after Jane Foster’s bifrost misfired and sent me there. I rose in their ranks to become the Lead of their army. There, Loki and I devised a plan to save Yggdrasil.” She took a shaky breath, tears starting to leak from her eyes. “The Chitauri planned to attack Midgard and destroy Yggdrasil from there with the tesseract. Loki and I went in as poseurs and took the tesseract first. We let them in…and…and I sent a deadly weapon….we defeated the Chitauri.” She swallowed. “Loki shouldn’t be punished.”
“She lies!” Loki protested, his hands glowing with magi and tears threatening his eyes. “Odin, she lies! I am worthy of punishment. Death or worse, do not forgo this opportunity to properly be rid of a war criminal!”

Odin cast a glance between Loki and Darcy, “And why, pray tell, should I believe a short Midgardian girl that calls me a pirate?”

Darcy huffed, crossing her arms but quickly went back to extreme desperation. “Because I am a government official! Alright, so, that’s not a good reason to trust anyone, really. But you should still trust me!” she insisted. “I am the Lead! I am mortal! Because if you remove his punishment and set him free, I will be sent back to the Chitauri as recompense for his betrayal to them and I will be likely imprisoned whilst there.”

By now, the guards surrounding him were all unconscious or writhing on the ground in pain while Loki’s hands glowed, melting the cuffs around his wrists. “Don’t! Odin…Allfather…Father! Please! Do not do as she says!” he pulled at his chains, the ones around his feet separating. “Or will you allow yourself to be controlled by a mortal!?” his tone was sharp and pleading. Loki Laufeyson, downright begging.

Odin looked between them for another expressionless moment. “Darcy Lewis, you would be willing to vouch for Loki in front of the Asgardian Court and claim his innocence?”

She nodded, clenching her fists. “I am.”

He frowned, “And why?”

Darcy swallowed. How should she answer? Because she wanted Loki’s innocence to be known? She knew what she should say. She should say that she was the one responsible for the Chitauri’s suffering and death and it should be her that faces trial with them. But what came out was unfiltered, completely true, and flowed off her tongue in sequence with her tears. She turned to Loki, “Because I love him”

Loki growled, pulling at his chains, his irises beaming red. “Darcy…”

Odin stared at her, as if unbelieving. “And you are willing to endure eternal punishment because of this?”

She sniffed, failing to blink back her tears, “I have betrayed the Chitauri worse than Loki. I sent the weapon to destroy their fleets. So can you please get on with sparing him already?!”

Odin looked between them again, making a decision and Darcy felt the necklace around her neck grow hot. A small sad smile met her lips as she turned to her enraged god.

*******************************

Loki’s body burned. He could not stop his form from switching to Jotunn, nor did he care.

“No…No you cannot! YOU WILL NOT!” Loki screamed, giving one last final jerk at his cuffs. They snapped, the last of the metal falling from his body and he ran to Darcy, pulling her into his arms.

The silver chain around her neck glowed with blue light as Odin spoke those unforgettable words. “I, Odin Borson, Allfather of the Nine Realms…”

“No no no no. Darcy, you daft mortal.” He whispered, frantically cupping her face and kissing her
tears. She wrapped her fingers in his hair, rubbing behind his ears with the pads of her thumbs.

“I’m sorry.” She said as he stroked her face, clutching the woman he could not hope to keep.

“…hereby remove all charges against Loki Laufeyson, Prince of Asgard for his crimes….”
Loki bent down, pressing his lips firmly to hers. “Darcy… you cannot… Darcy please….”

“Shh, it’s okay.” She chided gently, bumping her nose to his.

“No….”

“I’m only mortal, Loki.” She whispered onto his cheek, her hot breath surging straight to his heart. If Jotunns could burn from sentiment, this is what it felt like. “My eternity is a lot shorter than yours.”

“… he shall henceforth be excused from any punishment.”

“I love you, Loki.” She said one last time before the necklace erupted in a flash of blue light stealing the ridiculous mortal from his arms.

Silently, Loki looked down at his hands, blue and covered in marks, shaking from the loss of warmth that had inhabited them. Darcy… his Darcy… gone.

A sound he had never made before, a growl, so very primal but so fitting spur from his lips as his hands cracked with frozen magic, the area around his feet becoming solid with ice. “No, no, no! DARYC!” he turned on Odin, anger seeped from his body, spilling onto the floor in the form of freezing magic. “YOU LISTENED TO HER! YOU OLD MAN! SHE WILL DIE! THANOS WILL HAVE HER KILLED FOR WHAT SHE DID TO PROTECT MIDGARD!”

Odin stood, hitting the ground indignantly with Gungnir with fury. “She offered me the truth and the opportunity to save you! She said it herself, she is mortal! I have given you back your crown and you are angered over a common Midgardian!”

Loki writhed, “I would have given up a thousand meaningless thrones for her! And she is not common! Darcy Lewis is by far the most intelligent and beautiful woman in all the nine realms! She is better suited to rule than Thor and far better suited than you!”

“And what?! You intend to rule the Nine Realms with her at your side!?” Odin challenged, his staff glowing bright.

Loki let out a merciless laugh, “No. If Darcy Lewis were to be made queen, she would do so without anyone at her side.” He approached Odin slowly, barely holding back his icy wrath. “And I will get her back, if I have to go myself, I will. So help me, I will not let her die.” He spat the last words.

Odin glared down at his adopted son, expression unreadable. “You will not waste your life on the likes of a single mortal. Especially by the hand of those insects.”

Loki let rip another ferocious growl, lifting his chin in defiance. “SHE IS MINE! AND YOU WILL NOT HAVE ME DO ANYTHING! YOU INSOLENT FOOL! I WILL SAVE A LIFE GREATER THAN MINE FROM THE GALAXY’S MOST FORMIDABLE WARRIORS! I—”

Loki’s angered words were halted as he was knocked over the head by a soaring hammer. He collapsed to the ground in a heap of leather clad limbs, Mjolnir returning to Thor’s waiting hand, Jane at his side. Frigga stood with them, heavy disapproval apparent in her features.
He looked from Odin, to Loki’s blue face, to the pile of unconscious guards. “What did we miss?”

Chapter End Notes

So, I may or may not be rushing through the chapters here. But I just finished 22 and couldn't stop! And, hey, I've only got about thirty other things I could do besides write these. SO I AM GOOD TO GO!

I have been daydreaming about this awesome bit where BAMF Darcy Lewis makes an appearance and I sincerely hope this meets the requirements.
Also, I am MADLY IN LOVE with the idea of Frigga&Darcy&Sif Bromance. It is sooooooo going to happen. Darcy will have bromances with girls. Impossible you say!? Maybe....maybe not....

Thank you everyone for leaving comments, kudos, and bookmarks. Your reviews, whether coherent or gibberish, are beautiful and they make me laugh everytime! Thanks for reading and stuff!
Chapter Notes

So reading through comments, I happened to notice there was tons of hate for Thor. I’m going to admit it now, I don’t hate the guy. I really considered making him an ass hat, but I’ve decided against it for the sake of plot. Yeah, he hits Loki with Meuh-Meuh and yeah, he has a dumb one liner at the end. But he isn’t a complete asshole for now.

“If he is innocent then why, my love, are you imprisoning him?” Frigga inquired, quite crossly, from her chair at the table everyone had gathered around to speak of their recent crisis.

Jane glanced about at the odd assembly. At the head of the table was Odin (who reminded her a lot of Director Fury and not just because of the eye patch), Frigga, Hogun, Volstagg, Fandrall, Sif, Thor, Bruce, and herself. So far, their meeting had consisted of Frigga pacing around, arguing with Odin about Loki being locked in a cell.

The Allfather banged his staff on the ground. “Because when he wakes up, he will attempt to go after that mortal girl!”

Jane opened her mouth to protest but Thor’s gentle hand came in contact with her arm. “I would not, Jane. My father is quite displeased at the moment. I would not have him throwing you into a cell as well.”

“But, how are we going to get Darcy back if all he’s doing is sitting here arguing about Loki?” she whispered at him.

Frigga, her voice calm and patient as ever, responded to Odin with grace. “And?”

Odin stared blankly. “What?”

Frigga made a questioning gesture. “And why must you stop him from going after her? He cares for her, does he not?”

Odin stuttered, “Well…I.I suppose…but—“

“And you have given him his crown, have you not?”

“Yes…but Loki—“

“Then let him go.”
“No! I will not have Loki go and wasting his life chasing after Midgardian woman who are dull enough to make deals with an elementary race such as the Chitauri! If it is love he desires, then let him find it amongst the ladies of the court!” Odin declared, pounding his fist on the table in defiance of his wife. “If the people of the court declare him innocent, there is no doubt in my mind that he should soon be married, perhaps in such a way that could even mend our truce with Jotunheim, and he will have all but forgotten about this silly infatuation with the mortal.” The Allfather finished as if this was the best thing since sliced bread.

Jane flushed. Was she not sitting right there? Next to Thor…crowned prince of Asgard…? She was his girlfriend, right? He kissed her on the bifrost and everything…. If Darcy was here, she would be cussing someone out.

Be Darcy, Jane! Find your inner Lewis! Her conscience encouraged. Since when did her conscience sound like Darcy? Whatever, she was saying something. “I object!” Jane yelled standing.

Everyone at the table turned to look at her and she swallowed hard. “Um, I would just like to say that I think that if you don’t let Loki go and find her, someone else should do it. Because…you know…she’s got family and stuff. And friends. And…college loans….” Jane trailed off as the piercing gaze of the Allfather met her.

“How could I forget, Jane Foster?” he said, sitting down. “She is your conspirer, is she not?”

Jane shifted uncomfortably. “I mean, she’s my intern, but—“

“You see?!” Odin exclaimed, turning again to Frigga. “She is not even of high ranking in their society! She is a thrall of this one who knows very little of even our simplest magic!”

Jane turned beet red rather from anger or embarrassment, she was unsure. At this, Thor stood. “Father, I will not stand for insult upon Jane, nor Darcy. They are intelligent and educated women of Midgard and—“

“As far as Midgardians go, I am sure there are better!”

Frigga cleared her throat loudly, a heated glare upon her husband. “Jane?”

She jumped at her name. “Yes…You’re Highness?”

The Queen offered a gentle smile. “What do you know of Loki and the Lady Darcy’s relationship?”

Jane thought carefully before answering this question in front of a group of refined Asgardians. “Uh…hem…well…they, uh, they like each other and they have a very…ah…nice way of showing it.”

Everyone continued staring blankly, all except Bruce who looked like he was choking back laughter.

Jane cleared her throat. “They seem to really like each other. They seem to know each other really well and they laugh a lot together. Well, I guess they would have to. They were stuck on a planet together for a month. Overall, their…erm…interactions…are, uh, passionate.” Passionate. That was a good way of putting it, right?

Frigga folded her hands neatly in front of her, facing Odin once more. “There you have it.”

“What?” he huffed.

“The reason why Loki should be allowed to chose the woman he pursues.” She said shortly. “That
includes loud Midgardian women.”

“Frigga, my dear,” Odin insisted, “She called me a pirate! Me, the Allfather! I have no need to steal, I am a King!”

Jane and Bruce shared a look, holding back snickers. Of course Darcy would call Odin a pirate. Bruce cleared his throat. “Sir, in Darcy’s defense, I don’t think she actually meant a treasure plunderer. Part of Midgardian pop culture indicates men with eye-patches should be categorized as pirates.”

This seemed lost on Odin who continued to protest. “Never the matter! She is not even a noble! She speaks too loudly and far too tactlessly to even be considered a lady worthy of a prince! Furthermore, it is Loki’s duty to Asgard to mend the rift between the realms after so many attacks!”

Thor spoke at this. “Not all was Loki’s doing! I started the war on Jotunheim. Loki and Darcy Lewis saved Yggdrasil. Besides, Loki has claimed that he would deny his crown if it meant getting Darcy back.”

“Yeah.” Jane agreed, anger near boiling point. “And that was the most sexist thing I’ve ever heard in my life, by the way. Come on, Allfather, this is a modern day and age!”

There was silence for a beat then Sif lightly clears her throat. Jane was a little intimidated by the female warrior at first, especially after the way she had called Darcy a mortal. Wrong choice there, Sif. “If I may, Your Majesties?”

They nodded to her and Sif spoke with the elegant coolness Jane could never accomplish. “I escorted Darcy Lewis from the bifrost to the palace, she rode with me here and I interacted briefly with her before.” Her gaze was steady on the Queens. “In all of my life I have never heard a lady speak with more crass and unwavering vulgarity. She ran with her skirts above her knees and threatened us with her small Midgardian weapons. She is most graceless when it comes to riding and she fell off when we arrived, accidentally revealing the most inappropriate undergarments in all Yggdrasil. She made several implications of things she might like to do to Loki…and several parts of his body. Darcy Lewis is not a lady.” Her cold hard glared shifted around the table, a small smile quirking her lips. “I quite like her.”

Fandrall, having found confidence at Sif’s words, also had something to say. “Yes, I too had a brief interaction with Darcy and I must say, her fiery wit is as amusing as it is spiteful. I should think that Loki would not easily become bored with her.”

Volstagg, who had been enjoying a cup of mead along with a plate of fruit and cheese, added some commentary. “I agree! She made fools of us upon our encounter at the bifrost!” he chuckled. “A spirited woman she is. I see no reason why Loki should not court her. Well, other than she is on a desolate planet of which she is to be punished eternally on in turn for eliminating a great portion of the Chitauri’s population.”

Hogun looked at them all briefly. “She is funny.”

“Enough!” The Allfather stood, brandishing Gungnir. “I do not care that you see such charm in such a witless creature! Loki shall remain in Asgard where he belongs and the Midgardian will suffer as she was meant to!”

On that note, he left the room, golden yellow cape swishing in his wake.

Jane was so bitterly angry she had the urge to hold up her forefinger and thumb like a five year old
and pretend to squish Odin’s head between them. “Well now what?”

Frigga stood as well, a cautious smile on her regal face. “Well, it is not wise to disobey the Allfather’s rule. Unless…” she paused, giving them all a very knowing look, “…you can do so without his knowledge.”

She turned to leave and Thor’s eyes twinkled. “Mother, did you just permit us to do what I think?”

Frigga waved him off, tuning to walk down the hall after Odin. “I have done nothing of the sort. I am the Queen and I follow the Allfather’s rule most fiercely.”

Thor grinned ear to ear, clutching Mjolnir. Jane went a little weak in the knees. Man, the God of Thunder is hot. Hogun shook his head at Thor. “It is a bad idea, Thor.”

“It is this or he will forever be locked in that cell.” Thor insisted to his friends. “Sif…”

She sighed, glaring at the ceiling. “Even if we manage to free him, Darcy Lewis is with the Chitauri. Heimdall cannot even see that far, nor can the bifrost reach it.”

Jane’s love struck brain snapped into gear at the sound of science. “But that doesn’t make any sense. My Einstien-Rosen Bridge is based off of the bifrost and it can make it there. The bifrost is huge. Theoretically, it should be able to.”

Volstagg laughed as if the idea was preposterous. “Jane Foster, the Chitauri’s land is not even in Yggdrasil! The bifrost does not reach anywhere outside of the Nine Realms.”

Sif set her hands on her athletic hips. “So there you have it. We cannot even reach her unless Jane Foster has managed to bring her own bifrost?”

Jane stared at them all incredulously, looking to Banner for support. He raised a brow at them. “You’re all kidding, right?”

More confusion. Thor held out his hands. “What do you mean, Dr. Banner?”

The two scientists rolled their eyes as if it was the most obvious thing. “You did bring the tesseract back with you, right? That thing is the most powerful energy source in the Nine Realms and you’re here saying we don’t have a way to get Loki to the Chitauri. It’s their cube!”

“But it is property of Asgard now!” Fandrall insisted. “It was taken from the Chitauri to keep them restrained lest they try to taint Asgard or the Nine Realms with their perturbing ways of life.”

Bruce’s brow crinkled. “How do you mean?”

Hogun stepped forwards. “They are no more than mindless creatures to Yggdrasil. If Darcy Lewis truly destroyed their fleets, she would be praised amongst Asgardians.”

Jane’s jaw dropped. Darcy talked about the Chitauri like they were great. Controlling and old fashioned, but a well functioning community. There was no other way to put it: Asgardians were racist. “But Darcy is their general! She’s the Lead of their army. She feels super bad about destroying them. It’s kind of heartbreaking to watch actually.”

Sif drew her dagger. “Enough. There will be time for this discussion later, for now we need the tesseract.”

Bruce rubbed his hands together. “I should be able to calibrate it to where the Chitauri are if Dr.
Foster assists me. It might take a while though. We aren’t accustomed to this sky.”

“Well, if we are breaking Loki out, perhaps you should ask him. He is a great scholar as well as a sorcerer. He knows every star from here to Muspelheim!” he said cheerfully.

Jane nodded, “Okay, we can—“

“No.” Bruce interrupted. “I’ll take my chances.”

“Why?”

He shook his head, “The last time I tried to calibrate the tesseract with Loki around, the other guy almost made an appearance. Loki is way too pushy and really bad at encouragement.”

“Then I can do the calibrations. We need to get to Darcy as fast as possible. Where is the tesseract?”

Thor smiled at the progress. “In the treasure room, where Asgard keeps all valuable artifacts!”

Bruce and Jane shared yet another astonished look.

“What?” asked Sif. “Even Loki reacted similarly when he overheard where we were putting it.”

Bruce snorted aloud. “Uh, that’s because the tesseract can, when unstable and uncontrolled, produce portals that open long enough for a single person to get through. And you put it in your treasure room.”

The Warriors Three, Sif and Thor looked struck at the information given. “You’re serious?”

Jane let her head fall into her hands. “Magic, elite society, and yet there is this.”

Fandrall brandished his sword. “We mustn’t waste any time then. Thor and Jane will retrieve Loki while Hogun, Sif, Volstagg, Bruce, and I will go get the tesseract!”

Jane was skeptical but Thor clapped his friend on the shoulder. “Be cautious. As my mother said, we must do so without th Allfather finding out.”

Bruce held up a timid finger. “Then shouldn’t we go and get the guy with illusion magic first. And then go to try and steal the precious artifact?”

Sif raised an appraising eyebrow at the doctor and she drug her gaze over his rumpled, war beaten figure. “Doctor Banner makes an excellent point.” Her grin quirked. “I must say, under normal circumstances it would not be so refreshing as to be so easily bested in challenges of the mind when faced with Midgardians. Although, today has been…enlightening.”

If Darcy were here, she would have elbowed Banner in the ribs and given him a shove towards the pretty lady. Thor interrupted her thoughts, “Very well. The five of you retreat to the Warrior’s Commons and Jane and I will go free Loki.”

Without further ado, Thor took her hand, ushering her out and down the hall. She jogged to keep up.

“I just knew that Loki had not truly abandoned his sanity!” Thor said to her as they dodged some guards. “I have never been more pleased at Odin’s rage than now. For it means that Loki is not the murderer I thought him to be.”

Jane just gapped at him. “Didn’t Loki try to kill you?”
Thor chuckled lightly. “Well, yes. But that was at the same time he found that he was not Aesir. That...well...father had always revealed some slights in my favor. Loki learning his true heritage showed what that was about, also why I received the throne and not him.”

“Wait,” Jane said, gripping onto his hand tighter and they scurried down a set of stairs, Thor’s dark cloak brushing her knees. “Loki isn’t Asgardian?”

“No. Loki is of Jotunheim. Our father took him from there when he was but a babe.” Thor explained and...damn...Jane loved the way he explained things.

She was only drawn from drooling over the rich tones of his voice and the affection in how his hand closed around hers by a memory of Darcy’s shouting. “Is that why Darcy was threatening to taze his ‘blue striped ass’?” she thought allowed.

Thor shuddered. “I should hope that he does not get tazed. Darcy’s weapon is most fierce.”

Jane fought a giggle as they ran down another corridor, void of people. Loki was a blue dude. A cold blue dude with ice magic and a lot of brains and….

Loki was blue…

“Thor?”

“Yes Jane?”

She swallowed drily. “Is it blue?”

His brow crinkled, “Is what blue?”

“Loki’s...you know...stuff...you know...his spooge.” She managed as they approached a rather large gold gate.

“I do not understand...”

“You know! His man milk, baby batter, sperm, seed, semen!” she cried exasperatedly.

Thor turned a bright shade of red. “I...I understand now. I do not know. Perhaps you should ask him.” He suggested awkwardly, patting Jane on the shoulder. “I do know that both Jotunn blood and saliva is blue. It would not be strange for his seed to also be...Jane? Jane, are you alright?”

Jane had started gagging violently and rubbing her face over her sleeve. “No!” she growled quietly. “We’re getting to Loki. Now.”

*******************************

Damn Odin. Damn Thor. Damn this cell.

Loki had returned to his Aesir form upon waking up, his wrath reviving just as soon as his mind. He tried every destructive spell he knew, trying to break the cage, but it only absorbed his magic as he knew it would. So he paced around his cell, kicking aside tables and chairs and books his mother must have prepared for him.

Was she dead? Had Thanos already killed her? Or perhaps she was only writhing in withering agony while he tortured her? Oh why hadn’t he cursed her to Midgard? She would have been safer from herself if he had. Perhaps he should take a page from Thor’s book and attempt to smash his way out.
Why had he not noticed before how truly racist Odin was? He treated Darcy as if she were his pet rather than a person simply because she was Midgardian. That was why he was not chosen as king and the reason for his condemnation to this cell.

Loki now sat on the ground, his feet bare and hair loose, furniture battered and tipped, book pages scattered about. He stood again, prepared to try anything to get out. But there were no guards for him to coax into freeing him, nor prisoners in adjoining cells. Marvelous. The one thing Odin really thought through….

“Brother…”

Loki jumped, whipping around. Had Thor just snuck up on him? The very idea seemed impossible. But never in his life had he been more pleased to see Thor. “What are you--?”

Thor spoke over him. “We are reusing you so that you may save Darcy Lewis from the Chitauri.”

He only laughed. “And how do you expect me to get there? We are worlds apart!” Loki protested, kicking aside a broken chair.

Jane made a sound of exasperation at Thor side. “Dude! Seriously? They said you were the smart one the tesseract—“

“Has probably been stolen already.” Loki finished for her. “We can check, but even so, The Land With No Name is a great deal farther from Asgard than Midgard. Calibrating it would be like trying to shoot an arrow at a specific fleck of dust.” He rested his head against the wall, clenching his fists. Had it only been yesterday when he held her against him in Stark Tower? The tesseract may be his only way back to her.

Jane seemed to be thinking along these lines. “Oi! Look, it’ll be hard, but Darcy called Director Fury hot for you, alright! We aren’t letting that just be for one of Tony’s youtube videos. That was a sacrifice of dignity and—“

“Darcy called the Director, hot?” Loki asked, standing up straight. Obviously it had been a ploy of sorts, but, still it bothered him that she could call that man hot but not himself.

“Yeah…”

“Thor, you do know how to open these cells, do you not?” Loki asked, raising a hand to magic on his armor.

His brother…yes, his brother…nodded, lifting his hand to press it against the pad on the wall that was set to release the barrier. “Wait. Open it on my signal.” Loki said, cracking his knuckles.

These cages were monitored by the Allfather. If he did not stop the warning from going off, they will have been found out. Quickly, he prepared the spell, nodding to Thor.

He pressed his palm to the square and immediately the barrier dropped and Loki stepped out, casting his spell. A double appeared inside, pacing and disheveled as the glowing magic walls returned.

Thor and Jane waited for a second, like a score of guards would walk in at the next moment while Loki casually strolled towards the exit. “Are you coming or not? Retrieving the tesseract is not going to be difficult but the sooner the better.”

Coming to her senses Jane approached Loki, eyes narrowed. “You’re an ass.”
Loki opened his mouth to tell her that he was far too bad tempered and educated to be one of Midgard’s common beasts when he received a cold hard smack right across his cheek “That’s for fucking Darcy on my bed and getting your crazy alien goo all over my pillow!”

Despite the surprise at Jane’s offense and his current situation, Loki stifled a laugh. So, the clever Jane Foster had finally come to know his true heritage. “My apologies, Lady Jane. Perhaps next time, I will find somewhere more creative to put my…ah…spooge. I really do not understand Midgardian names for things. Though I must admit, some of the phallic innuendoes are quite hilarious.”

Jane’s discomfort never ceased to make Loki feel better. Though, he must admit, it would be immeasurably better if Darcy were here to scold him for it. Because of her absence, Thor posed as a substitute. “Loki! How dare you make such foul jokes around a lady??”

Jane waved him off. “It’s fine, Thor. He’s actually pretty tame compared to most Midgardian men.”

Loki gave her a nod of agreement, “Yes. Now if we are finished discussing my humor, you may want to go appear as if you have not just removed me from prison. I must now go retrieve the tesseract.”

Casting a spell over himself, Loki appeared to be one of the guards. “Wait, Loki, we should go with you.”

Loki kept walking, choosing to ignore the small woman. Why would he need her accompaniment? He could very well fix the tesseract faster than she or Banner. “Hey, stop.”

“What?!” he nearly shouted, increasing his pace, the thunderous stomps of Thor and his desired love following in his wake.

Jane’s panting was audible in the halls. “I want to help Darcy get back. Plus I had this idea for the tesseract.” She said, loudly enough for any listening ladies or servants to hear.

Relinquishing, Loki slowed, changing his form to that of Bruce Banner. “Miss Foster, if you would please stop bellowing our secret plans across the palace, that would be most beneficial in saving Darcy.”

She scowled at him, though he detected her fear. Despite everything, she was scared of him. Perhaps it was the magic. Magic tended to ward off women. Well, all except Darcy.

“I was just trying to tell you about my idea and why I should help you.”

He crossed his arms, waiting for her to tell him. “Well?”

Jane took a deep breath, as if she was stating the next idea for the apocalypse. “Once you get to Darcy, you’ll have the tesseract, but it will take time to calibrate it to get back to Asgard. Instead, I was thinking that we direct a portal from here. That way we can let you in when need be and the Chitauri won’t have access to the tesseract.”

Loki considered this. It was not a bad idea, but worthy of discussion. Thor opened his mouth as if to congradulate Jane on her wit, but Loki beckoned for them to follow, speaking in Bruce Banner’s focused tone. “It would indeed keep the tesseract from the Chitauri for a while. But perhaps that is not in our favor.”

“But why?” Thor asked, disbelieving. “Asgard will keep the power from them and they will no longer be a threat. Unless, of course, they do as you say and manage to get in through these
spontaneous portals you speak of.”

Loki turned a corner, speeding off down a long spiral of stairs. “The only advantage to your plan, Jane Foster, is that it would provide Darcy and I an assured passage back to Asgard. Darcy did tell you of the Chitauri’s rather unfortunate disposition, did she not?”

Jane cleared her throat, abashedly. “Well, I guess she might have ranted about liberating them once, but I don’t really remember. Something about racist Asgard which I’m totally understanding now.”

No wonder she is so loud. No one even listens to her, not even her friends.” I see. For now, let’s proceed with your idea. I shall prepare negotiation with the Chitauri once Darcy is safe. Though, if she is dead, I will not regret killing a race.” He shook with anger and Jane took a step back.

“Can you not be angry as Bruce. I mean, he’s great, but he’s...you know.”

Sighing, Loki changed his appearance and Jane scoffed. “Really?”


He could not help himself, Loki quirked a smile, turning on his heel and continuing his strut down the hall with Jane’s short legs. “I really do not understand the problem.”

“Ugh!” Jane groaned. “Now I see why Darcy likes you so much. You’re just like her only more irritating! There can’t be two Jane Fosters walking down the hall!”

He sighed, pleased at her annoyance. It was taking his mind off Darcy. “Very well.” With a flick of his wrist, Jane appeared to be Fandrall.

“Lo-ki!” Thor shouted in as quiet a whisper he could manage. “Change her back!”

Loki looked up at his brother with Jane’s wide brown eyes. “Is she not dashing?”

Both of them struggled for words as Loki continued his stealthy tread down the stairs. “I do not have time to change her back immediately. My condolences.”

Fandrall (Jane) was frowning. “Of all the people’s bodies…”

As they approached the guarded entrance to the treasure room, Loki could not help but gather hope. Perhaps he should be more grateful to Jane. Without her, there would be no possibility of his rescuing Darcy. Thor and his bafoons would probably be determining which parts of him they would get to feed their horses after he’d been murdered.

A wave of hope struck his heart. He could get Darcy back. Perhaps, she would still be alive and he could bring her back to Asgard despite the Allfather’s requests. He could imagine how impressed she would be by the library. There would of course be a feast soon, and she would love the dancing and drinking and laughing. During the night, she would share his bed and they would not sleep till daybreak.

Using his magic sparingly, he mentally encouraged the guards to leave their posts, never breaking his stride. They stopped before the now free door, Thor reaching for the handle. Loki bat his hand away with Jane’s petite fingers. “Do not be absurd. I will transfer us inside the room. The door is enchanted.”

Jane raised Fandrall’s eyebrows in shock, as Loki transported them inside, muttering the most intelligent things to ever come out of Fandrall’s mouth. Wasting no time, Loki picked up the glowing
tesseract from its pedestal, holding it in his bare hand. Often times, the cube could burn Midgardian flesh. But he was Jotunn and he allowed his hand to get colder enabling him to grasp it without pain.

His arm surged with energy. Reaching out with his mind, he could feel the dense, constant power of the tesseract. “We shall go to the library to fix this. I doubt the Allfather would think to search for you there.”

Using the tesseract’s energy in order to save his own, Loki raised his hand, casting them into Asgard’s greatest archive. Figuring they were safe, he returned his body to his own and Jane to hers. Thor visibly relaxed. “That was a most disturbing experience.”

Jane was staring at her hands in amazement. “The…the…need….paper…”

“Why could you not take us directly to the tesseract, Loki?”

Loki was pacing the shelves, the familiarity of the books giving him a sense of nostalgia. He had truly missed Asgard. “I am saving my energy. Changing appearances does not take nearly as much magic as moving.”

“Obviously!” Jane snorted, wringing out her hands and gesturing wildly. “The appearances…it’s…it most have something to do with the molecular structure of our bodies. And Loki…you know how to manipulate them…that’s crazy…can anyone learn it?”

He contemplated this. “Given enough power. Most beings have their own energy, though Midgardians are very limited. Even if you require the necessary magic, it takes a very long time to learn to perform tasks. Eventually it gets easier so that your own spells can be invented and exercised at will.” His thoughts trailed back to Darcy. “The only person I have known to suddenly become apt in sorcery is Darcy. I believe it is because she draws her energy from the tesseract as an external source.”

Jane seemed very interested by this, her eyes burning with an almost threatening curiosity. Like she would kill for science. Perhaps Thor did have competition for her affections after all. “What can—“

“Miss Foster, I would be glad to answer your questions later, but for now, I would very much like to rescue my love from the Chitauri.” He said, examining the tesseract. “Where is the casing that Dr. Banner helped create before we left?”

“Here.” Answered the Doctor himself, walking into their presence from between a couple shelves. “I thought you guys were going to wait for us to break into the vault?”

“Here.” Answered the Doctor himself, walking into their presence from between a couple shelves. “I thought you guys were going to wait for us to break into the vault?”

“Loki thought it would be better to do the job by himself.” Thor grumbled, crossing his arms, eyes darting from Jane to Loki in obvious displeasure.

It took Loki a moment to deduce that Thor may have been jealous. Jealous…of him… Loki considered this as he accepted the frame from Banner and slipped the tesseract inside. There was once a time when he would have been ecstatic to find that Thor was envious of him at all. But there was no excitement in him. There was, however, slight discomfort at the thought of him and Jane.

She was attractive enough, he supposed. But she lacked the curves he enjoyed pressing against him and holding onto in the night. She was not especially feisty and something told him she was not nearly as understanding as Darcy. Where Jane may possess knowledge of her sciences, she was confined to the walls of those thoughts.

And Darcy had…charm. She was herself, no matter how infuriating she was to the rest of the world.
He ran his hand, pulsing with magic, over the cylinder, feeling for its aim. Everyone’s eyes were focused on him and it was extremely unnerving. Loki had never really been the center of attention and here he was, attempting to calibrate this device with near shaking hands. Was Darcy dead? What if Thanos had been angry and killed her right away? And to think all he’s been doing is explaining magic to Jane Foster.

“What is it?” he snapped at the group as they had encircled him with their gawking eyes. “It is hard enough to do this as is, especially with this impractical midgardian technology! Do you need something, or is it your pastime to mull around like sheep!”

At his words, they dispersed a little, Sif picking up a book and flipping through the pages errantly. Volstagg had brought a plate of something or other with him and Fandrall began chatting with Thor. Only Banner and Jane remained, discussing the necessary calibrations.

“I’m not an astrophysicist. I did the reading, but….”

Jane shrugged. “Thermo-nuclear astrophysics is my life some days. And the tesseract…I’m a little offended that Fury didn’t call me in to work on it.” She sighed. “You know, I really should be worried about Darcy, but I seriously can’t help but think she’s, like, resolving their problems over Lady Gaga. That or she’s tasing Thanos.”

Loki smirked as he magically moved the bits of wires and metal inside the cylinder. “I wish it could be true. But according to the Chitauri’s laws, Darcy only has three options for redemption and death is a probability for each.” he muttered, hands beginning to shake as he remembered the tablets he read.

Banner took the device from his hands, setting it on a table. “What are her options?”

He swallowed. “Her first option, is death. Immediate repercussion. The Chitauri do not like this method as much because they do believe very much in redemption. They teach this more so through the second option which is torture.” His fists clenched in horrendous memory. “I doubt they will try torture again with Darcy. She barely survived it the last time and they do not have apt healers.”

Or would they? It would be a painful end. He paled.

“What’s her third option?” Jane asked meekly.

Loki shook his head. “It would not be an option if she were not the Lead.” He turned away from them to stare out the window at the night sky, reminding himself of the star’s locations and their correspondence with the Land With No Name.

“The Chitauri are not a dumb society as Asgard will have realms believe. They are smart and their culture is as progressive as their politics.” he marked the location of the stars in his mind before moving back to the tesseract. “They believe that if the Lead or the Other has done something out of their instruction, than they must have had a fair reason to and they may present this option to their superior or superiors. They may come to a compromise and if they do not, the lower party has an opportunity to vouch for a higher position.” He finished with a sense of dread. Darcy may be the most intelligent person in the Nine Realms, but she was also the most selfless. There was no qualm that she might try this option over torture.

“Wait, wouldn’t that be better if Darcy was ruling the Chitauri?” Banner asked, watching as Loki focused, driven now more than ever to get to Darcy before she made anymore reckless decisions.

“Of course not!” he countered. “They will kill her first! She is powerful but Darcy does not have the
“Well, she did blow up an entire portal full of Chitauri to save Midgard.” Jane commented watching as Loki’s fists clenched, sparks going off inside near the tesseract.

“You dare—“

“Hey.” Banner interrupted. “Let’s keep things cool, alright? The Other Guy doesn’t do well in heated environments.”

Sif set down her book, “What other man do you speak of? Surely these scandals could bear an argument.”

Banner shoved his hands into his pockets, uncertainly gauging her. “I suppose I should have said something before I came inside the palace. I have a…condition.”

“What kind of—“

“I turn into a giant green rage monster when I get angry.” Banner interrupted, turning down to the tesseract again.

“Is this a common ailment on Midgard? I do not recall it ever being one.” Sif commented, seeming very interested in Banner’s alternate form. “A green monster? Are you similar to a Frost Giant?”

The tesseract sparked again, Loki continuing his work. No matter what Darcy said about the unfair discrepancies of Asgard, he could not deny the betrayal he felt when they spoke of his race.

Fandrall chose now to break conversing with Thor. “Ah, Jotunns. Nasty bits of work. Surely you cannot be like them, Bruce Banner?”

“Oh no. It’s much worse.” Banner said, smiling kindly. He probably did not know what a Jotunn was. “Just ask Loki.”

“I do not wish to speak of it.” Loki muttered.

Sif somehow found this admirable. “If you are formidable enough to frighten Loki then surely you must be a worthy warrior. I would gladly fight beside you, Banner.”

Loki had no time to be surprised at Sif’s interest in Banner, he was almost done. Almost there…

Suddenly, he felt a disturbance in his magic.

Oh gods.

“We’ve been discovered. Odin has noticed the tesseract is gone. They are going to check my cell now.” He spoke to them, quickly finishing. He hoped he would land in the Chitauri’s realm planet and not one of their many purple moons.

Thor stood immediately, ready for action. “We shall disperse. Loki, Jane, Bruce and I will take to the gardens to send you from there.”

Loki frowned. “Fine. For now, they do not know I am missing. However, my double will disappear once I am gone and they will know you have the tesseract. Take it, and hide it in the Allfather’s chambers.”

The group ran from the library, rushing to the nearest exit. Thor stuttered, confused. “Father’s
“chambers? Are you mad Loki? He will surely find it!”

“No. He is Odin. He expects it to be hidden somewhere magical and deadly. He will likely check my room before he checks anywhere else.”

“But that I ridiculous, Loki. Perhaps we should simply return it to…” he caught onto Loki’s exasperated expression. “…fine. The Allfather’s chambers. How do you expect us to get you back?”

Loki grimaced, raising his hand and casting a necessary spell. “There. A guard is now under the impression that I threatened to take the cube to Jotunheim through one of my passages. Hide it in the Allfather’s room for twenty minutes. Retrieve it, then open the portal again for Darcy and I to get through.”

Once outside, Loki handed Jane the device. “I have made modifications. You now twist one end and it will open a portal within seven of your midgardian meters.”

Bruce stared, wide-eye as Jane shot a portal out of the end. “You did that in ten minutes?”

Loki shrugged, his heart beating fast. What if she was already dead? Reaching inside his coat, Loki pulled out three daggers, holding them expertly in hand before turning away from his escorting crew of helpless followers.

He paused, if not for a moment before stepping through the portal. “Thor?”

“Yes, Loki?” his adoptive brother asked, suspicion apparent in his tone.

Loki bit back bile. Was he really going to do this? He was. “Thank you.” Just as Thor was about to respond, Loki added more. “For not killing me with your hammer, using your unnecessary friends to help me, and set me back on my rescuing of Darcy.”

Thor sighed. “I will accept that as a thanks, though you always manage to soil them with disdain.”

Letting himself smile a bit, Loki stepped through the portal, the blue light taking his body and mind away from Asgard to the dark rocky surface of the Chitauri’s land.

His eyes widened at what he first saw. He had expected gore, definitely blood, perhaps a pained and slightly dismembered midgardian on the ground, begging for mercy.

What he did not expect was to find was a naked Darcy Lewis, broken tasers at her feet, her hand alight with magic, soap bubbles floating purposefully through the air, and several clothed doppelgangers furiously tickling the Other, each of them singing some variation of ‘We Are the Champions’.

“SUBMIT! I AM DARCY LEWIS, APOLOGETIC DESTROYER, REALLY SADLY HEARTBROKEN CHICK, A WICKED AWESOME MIDGARDIAN AND I WILL LEAD THE CHITAURI TO POLITICAL VICTORY! I AM DARCY FUCKING LEWIS, HEAR ME ROAR!”

Oh gods. What has she done now?

Chapter End Notes
WOAH! I did use the title of the story in this chapter. Did you catch it? I'm really proud of that moment actually.

So, there's that ending where I was thinking about what to do for Darcy's epic moments with the Chitauri and everything I came up with was really terrible. So I thought to myself, "Q, this is Darcy we're talking about here and I'm writing a crack-fic." Hence, bubbles and singing doubles.

I promise there is Darcy's perspective next turn and it will all make sense!

Really, I'm having an excellent time writing this story and per usual, salivating over your comments. So, please, donate a comment to the Q Organization of Attention. We appreciate feedback of any kind. Thank you!
Darcy arrived in the Land With No Name in a racking ball of sobs and tears. She’s not even going to lie, she cried into a guards arm as they carried her towards the Other. He or she seemed mildly disgusted, but at least didn’t jerk away.

The Other simply watched her. “What are you doing?”

More loud crying.

“Mortal!”

Still going.

“My Lead, stop making those sounds and what is secreting from your face?!” the Other shouted over her snuffle.

Darcy sniffed. “I’m crying. Those are tears.”

“Why? Stop it. It’s most annoying.”

This, of all things, ebbed the endless sobs. “Dude, I can’t help it. I’m sad. When humans are sad, our faces drip liquid.”

“That if most unfortunate. But stop. I must give you your penalty for failing the Chitauri.” He hissed, standing up to leer over the Midgardian. “I, as your superior, have decided that you must die for what you have done.”

Darcy had expected this and decided that dying was better than torture. “Okay. But before you go and do that, I have a request.”

“Why would I grant you a request? You have failed the Chitauri, half of our armies are depleted because of you, not to mention thousands of lives lost!”

She flinched in memory, sobs begging to be set free from her chest. “I know. But you have to understand that I needed to protect Midgard. It’s my home! If you took it over and tried to hold them against their will, there would be more war and there would be even more casualties.”

The Other growled in annoyance. “Useless mortal! The Chitauri have been searching for power since Asgard stole it! And here you are, giving their realm back to them!”

“Midgard is its own realm!” Darcy argued. “Asgard is just some bitch realm that keeps trying to take us.”

“You are fooling yourselves! Asgard owns all!”

“Do not!”

“Yes they do!”

“No, they don’t!”
“Yes!”

“No!”

“Yes!”

“Silence.” A cool voice interrupted. Darcy looked up to see the glowing red face of Thanos, his expression bland. “My Other, will you please give my Lead and I some time to talk.”

The Other bowed, “My King.” With a snarl and a swish of his robes, the Other was gone.

Darcy turned to Thanos, wrought with indignation. “My King, I have got one request. I will accept the death penalty if you let me go back to Asgard to make Odin give you your tesseract and make this land a realm! I know it sounds bad, but I can do it. I’ve been thinking about it and—“

“Please walk with me, My Lead.” Thanos said, gesturing for her to follow him as they stared up at the purple space. “Asgard has always been as they are. Prejudice against those that do not look similar to them and favorable towards those of their own race. They shun those who are weaker and cast out those they believe to be threats.”

They stopped at the edge of a cliffside, overlooking a dark space-like galaxy. “For years, the Other has played this chance at dominating Yggdrasil. Several of his attempts have failed. Asgard has taken our tesseract because it gives us an ability that only they have.”

It clicked with Darcy immediately. The reason why Odin could near banish everyone he wanted without so much as a second glance. It was the same reason Midgard was ignorant for so many years. “The bifrost. Asgard was the only realm with the ability to send people through space.”

Thanos nodded. “The tesseract would allow the Chitauri an equal opportunity. The Other, was very focused on taking over Yggdrasil and Asgard. He has a hatred for them as he tortured your Asgardian to near incoherency throughout his time here.”

“So what should I do?”

Thanos folded his hands behind his back, red face complacent. “You are a formidable enemy, Darcy Lewis and you are in a position of power. Your choices on Midgard indicate that you would like to see a change in the way our head general and ambassador handles his duties. If you so wish, you may challenge the Other for his position.”

Darcy blinked. “I can?”

“Yes. Though unlike your fight for the Lead, this fight is to be brutal. You must fight till the death.” Thanos answered, his voice as cool as always.

She felt every bone in her body fill with purpose again. “I’ll take it.”

Thanos nodded, “Very well. Have you need for rest?”

Darcy considered saying no. She would much rather just fight the Other now, but to be honest. She was hungry and tired and all she wanted was to do was sleep and not think about Loki. “Yes. I don’t think I’ve slept in two days. It’s kinda hard to tell with the time changes.”

“retreat to your chamber then and we shall call for you in a few hours. Be ready. A fight such as this has not taken place since Asgard’s first rejection of the Chitauri.”
On that lovely note, Darcy stumbled off to her room. She was surprised at how familiar everything was. She no longer felt like she was on some crazy alien planet. It felt natural to magic off her armor and press her finger into the purple goo-ball on the wall. The green slop that fell onto her body was comforting and the gas soothed her worn brain.

Not bothering to change back into her armor, Darcy went to her bed. For once it was made and as she pulled back the covers, she took notice of how all the dry white spots were gone. Good. Now she wouldn’t think of him so much.

That was a lie.

Darcy thought about him.

In fact, all she could do was think about him. She hadn’t slept in a bed without Loki for a month and now the bed just seemed too big. There was no skinny Asgardian boy for her to drool on, no after sex panting, no steady heartbeat under her ear. It was disheartening.

Darcy lay in bed until she was sure that it had been an hour before standing up and dressing. She changed her underwear to a white pair with Captain America’s shield on them. She needed to feel like she was fighting for a good cause. For Midgard. For what she thought was right.

Who knew spangley clothing could make you feel so empowered?

In no time at all, a guard was at her door. “Come My Lead, the fight will begin soon.”

She nodded to the guard, stepping outside, her glasses balanced on her nose. “Okay. I am ready.”

Together she and the guard walked in silence and she felt some kind of support coming off of him. Like maybe he wanted her to win. “My Lead, as a custom, the Chitauri do not chose sides until after the battle has begun. But I am hoping you will win. The Other has made many mistakes for many years.”

Darcy nodded in silent thanks. “I will try, Warrior.”

He inclined his head before stopping at the large rocky entrance way to the open battlefield where she had once pushed rocks. Standing at one end was the Other, fists clenched and teeth darker red than ever.

“Are you prepared to die, Lead?” he threatened from across the field.

Darcy tried to answer, but really didn’t know how. Was she prepared to die? She really wanted to kiss Loki again, get her political science degree, and save the realms from a controlling aristocracy but if that didn’t work out, it would probably be okay. “Maybe.”

The countryside around them was filling in with Chitauri, there to see the fight. She took this time to consider how to beat the Other. She knew their battle was to the death, but she really didn’t want to kill again. It was really damaging to how she felt about herself. Murder just wasn’t her thing.

Too soon, Thanos strode to the center of the battlefield, speaking eloquently short. “Today we have witnessed change, perhaps for the better, or for the worse. But we have yet a challenger for our position as Other. The Lead wishes to take the position and is willing to fight to do so.”

The crowd cheered and Darcy was reminded too strongly of the time before she fought the Lead and Loki yelled at her for being a daft mortal.
“They will fight until one of them is dead. There are no limitations, only that any interference from a member of the Chitaurian society is punishable. Let the battle commence.”

Darcy silently thanks Thanos for not giving Odin-Length speeches.

She tried to think of a good spell to cast on the Other, maybe try torture again when she was hit with a blast of blue light. Pain shot through her body, white hot and poisonous. It hurt to breathe, to move, to live. She remembered everything she hated and nothing she loved.

The Other relinquished for a second. “Do you see, mortal? This is what it is like to fight with a force more powerful than yourself! This is what it is like to take on the Chitauri!”

Darcy stumbled to her feet, reaching up her skirt and pulling out a taser and pulling the trigger. The other flicked a finger and her precious device cracked and fell to the ground.

“You’re silly Midgardian weapons are no match for me!”

The Other was breathing deeply, as if preparing for yet another tirade on why he was superior to her when she reached up her skirt again and pulled out her second taser. She had five of them strapped to her thighs.

He sent a blast of blue light at that one as well. “Mortal, where are you keeping these? Do you not realize the pitiful situation you are in? One wave of my arm and you will die from torture.”

Darcy sighed, if she could just keep him distracted long enough, maybe she could get close enough to tickle him. Quickly, she pulled out her third taser, running forwards and aiming at the Other’s chest. He blasted that one as well. A perfectly good taser. Wasted.

“Mortal, your efforts to kill me are weak. I find it entertaining.” The Other scoffed, gaining a few bouts of laughter from the Chitauri.

“Dude, you’re such a lame ass. I’ve never met someone who clings to power like you do. Oh, wait. Yes I have. His name is Odin Allfather!” She taunted, giving herself time to pull out another taser, this time, she ran with it.

The Other howled with rage, her taser blast into a million pieces. Damn. She reached up her skirt again, pulling out the fourth taser and using it as an opportunity to get closer to the Other. But the fucking kite just kept backing up and laughing at her.

“You are an impertinent mortal!” he yelled, and her taser exploded, the blast sending her back on her feet.

Darcy groaned as she hit the ground, the crunchy sound of glass clinking in her ear. There go the glasses. Torturous magic overtook her body once again. Her body trembled in pain, her mind darkened by the worst thoughts possible. All of them, she realized were her potential reality. She thought it would end. She thought that the Other would stop to taunt her again, but the pain just grew more intense.

In her mind she saw Loki, his smile gone and his body broken. Just by looking at him, she knew he was dead. Her worst fears were splayed out before her. Loki’s death, her own failure, giant spiders. Holy Shit there was some giant spiders.

She cried, her body rigid and begging for forgiveness, and she felt cold.

A voice in her head started speaking to her.
Alright Darcy, you know what they say about white lights. Stay away from the god damned white light.

Darcy closed her eyes, and sure enough, there was a white light.

Darcy, don’t fucking touch that light. If you touch that light, you’re going to fucking die. Literally.

She really wanted to go to that light. It looked way cooler than being tortured. Torture sucks.

Darcy Elizabeth Lewis, you have a universe to save! You have a MAN that needs you! No…you have A GOD that needs you! Run away from the god damned light!

That was a really good point. But her body hurt. She didn’t really have a way out of this whole dying thing if the Other kept torturing her. She already kissed Loki goodbye. He could go be a prince and shit.

Darcy, do you or do you not have magical capabilities. You’re the God Damned Lead of the Chitauri and you’re trying to defeat the Other with puny Midgardian weapons.

Holy shit. Her subconscious was right! She was the God Damned Lead! And Fuck, torture hurt. Opening her eyes, Darcy banned herself from that white light. Maybe later, Asshole!

Desperately trying to ignore the searing pain, Darcy felt her magic stir and she lit her hands with blue light. She needed a shield. She needed to make sure the Other couldn’t torture her.

Just like that, a magical blue current of energy settled into her skin and the torture stopped. She was also wearing her favorite magical style of Buttnekid! Hurriedly she stood, gaining more confidence by the second. “I am the Lead!” she shouted to herself.

In a blast of light, she conjured a double who smiled and ran to the Other. “What are you doing with your powers, mortal?! What have you done!” in anger, he tried shooting the double with blasts of blue magic, but Double Darcy only giggled as they passed through her.

“For Bagels!”

Darcy grinned to herself. “Don’t you get it man? I am the Lead! And I am going to win this!”

She conjured another double that leapt in joy before following her partner in chasing the Other around the battlefield. The Other growled. “That means nothing! I am a higher rank than you! I have greater power!”

Smiling wider, Darcy skipped across the field. “That’s the thing with you crazy politicians! You have all that power, but no fucking idea how to use it!” she made little finger guns at the Other and in a burst of blue light, two more doubles began chasing him.

One of them shouted at her, “Hey! Can we have some bubbles? I love bubbles!”

Darcy was feeling so empowered that she decided bubbles were a pretty awesome fucking idea and lit the battlefield with them just as her doppelgangers managed to tackle the Other. “This cannot be happening!” he shouted as they managed to squirm their fingers beneath his armor. “You cannot kill me!”

Darcy shook her head. “I don’t intend to kill you. I just want you to submit. I’m done with murder. We can solve things diplomatically.”
The Other scoffed between peals of laughter. “No! Never! I will never submit to you, mortal!”

Crossing her arms, Darcy clicked her tongue. “I’ll have you know, I have a degree in Annoying given to me by two PhD’s and a God. I can make you submit.”

More of his chirping laughter. “I dare you to try!”

Darcy clapped her hands, “Darcies! How about a good old bit of encouraging music. You guys know *We Are the Champions* right?”

They laughed. “DUH!”

They sang the chorus off beat and loud as hell. The Other’s groaning laughter was priceless. She raised her fist into the air, aware she was naked and far beyond caring.

“SUBMIT! I AM DARCY LEWIS, APOLOGETIC DESTROYER, REALLY SADLY HEARTBROKEN CHICK, A WICKED AWESOME MIDGARDIAN AND I WILL LEAD THE CHITAURI TO POLITICAL VICTORY! I AM DARCY FUCKING LEWIS, HEAR ME ROAR!”

The Other shouted something breathlessly before a burst of blue light appeared through the mass of Darcies. They all looked up in confusion, turning this way and that, stopping their chorus of inspirational music. One of the Darcies pointed in a horrified panic to something behind Darcy. The doubles screamed, “Loki, no!”

This was enough to make Darcy spin on her heel, just in time to see the silver tip of a blade poke through her favorite God of Mischeif. “LOKI, NO!”

The Other’s laugh was malicious. “I have always wanted to do that. The Asgardians will pay, starting with their beloved *Prince*.”

Darcy ran to the fallen body of her love, daring her tears to spill over. “Loki…Loki, come on. Come on, don’t die. You’re so stupid! I had everything under control and look at you!” she nearly sobbed, pressing her hands over the wound where blood poured out.

His eyes glinted green, shining like the galaxies above them. But those eyes were only for her. He brought up his hand, brushing the hair from her face. “Perhaps, if you admit that I am hot, I will not die.”

That did it. The waterworks spilled over, and she touched her forehead to his, sobs taking her body. “Like that’s ever going to happen.”

He chuckled and a bit of blood wet his bottom lip.

The Other laughed and Darcy looked up at him, glaring, unfortunately he looked like a blurry bit of blue because her glasses had broken in that stupid explosion. “He will die, Darcy Lewis and you will —”

“GET HIM GIRLS! TEAR HIM TO GOD DAMNED SHREDS! THIS ISN’T MURDER, ITS REVENGE!” Darcy shouted, rage and tears in her eyes. How dare he even suggest…

An angry group of Darcy ran after the Other, their hands in fists. Darcy helped them out by pulling out her final taser and tazing that fucker to the ground.

Immediately she looked back down at a dreamily smiling Loki. “You are beautiful in your rage.”
“You’re beautiful too. Even if you are insanely stupid. I’m fixing you now.” She said, pressing her lips to his forehead, ignoring the sounds of ripping flesh as her doubles tore apart the Other. She would deal with that guilty mess later.

He shook his head, bringing her lips down to his. She let him, tasting blood in his mouth. He sighed. “Now I know I am dead, my Valkyrie has already come.”

She sniffed, wiping away a mess of tears. “You know, for a dying person, you’re really dramatic.”

He smiled. “I love you Darcy. Perhaps we will meet again—“

“Bullshit.” She muttered, lighting her hands with magic, but they went out. Like the crushing anxiety of the situation was putting out her will to heal him. “I love you too. And you’re not fucking dying, Loki.”

He seemed to be mustering all of his strength to create his infamous devious expression. “You know, they say denial is just a river....” he trailed off as Darcy’s magic lit hands went out again.

“No…” she said, shaking his chest. “No…you are not going to die after taking one of my cheesy punchlines....Loki…fuck...no…”

Angrily fighting tears, Darcy healed the wound, the skin coming together and she knew it was healed on the inside. But…he did not budge.

“No. no. no. NO!” she shouted. “By GOD Loki I hate you!” she punched his dead body and even that hurt her hand. It hurt her hand a lot. “Alright! You’ve done it now! You’ve made me desperate! You’re hot!” she cried. Sobs racked her body, shock overtaking her.

She felt around for all the magic she had, in that moment, it was almost palpable. The air seemed thick with magic…no…not magic. Something else…something…sweet….

Maybe it was pure desperation or love or magic, whatever it was, Darcy gripped to it with everything she had. There was no spell, no wish that could be granted, no begging or yelling. She shook with raw, undeterred will.


Every nerve in her body exploded with feeling. Her doubles disappeared, the bubbles stopped pouring from the sky, and she felt power surge through her mind like the white light she’d been running from before had been amplified by ten hundred billion thousand zillion. As if that was even a number.

It was so great, that Darcy was only conscious long enough to see Loki’s red eyes shoot open before collapsing onto his blood-soaked chest, the world around them shining brightly with rainbows.

************************

Loki clutched to Darcy, fairly sure he was dead.

Or at least he was. There had been a white light and everything. But just as he reached out to touch it, he had felt something tug him back. And there was an extremely loud voice yelling at him to go back to his body. So, he’d done it. He woke just in time to see his Darcy fall onto his chest and the world around him to burst into light.

That had definitely not been twenty minutes.
Before he knew it, he was kneeling in the castle gardens, holding a limp Darcy to his chest. Had she saved him? Of course she had. The daft mortal. But how? He had died. Life had left his body.

Yet here he was, blue and cold, burning with love for the lifeless Midgardian in his arms. A gentle hand had pressed to his shoulder. “Let her go, Loki. Let me take her to the healers.”

If it was any other voice besides his mother’s, he would not have let go. He would have kept hold of his gorgeous naked mortal until she awoke. As weak as he was, he cast a spell and she was clothed in a simple green dress that would not be uncomfortable to sleep in.

He pressed a hand to her neck and felt her pulse, slow, unsteady, but there.

Kissing her lips and cheeks, he held her closer.

“Loki…darling, we need to take her the healers.” His mother chided.

He knew she meant well, but he felt so disoriented. The only thing he really wanted was to be with his Darcy. She would not leave him again. Never. He kissed her again on the lips, brushing the hair off her face. She had saved him. Impossible as it was, Darcy Lewis had defeated the Other and saved his life.

Two of his mother’s ladies came to take Darcy from his arms. It took him a minute to finally let go.

It took him another five to realize that he was still kneeling on the ground in his Jotunn form, staring at his hands before the Allfather, his mother, brother, Jane, and Bruce Banner.

He came to his senses at last. “You did not hide the tesseract in Odin’s chamber did you?”

Thor sighed. “No. We did not.”

“Damn.” He said before slumping onto the garden tiles and falling into blissful sleep.

Chapter End Notes

I've decided that I do not care about the correct spelling of taser/tazer/tay-fucking-zer. I'm so very sorry for this, but it's just going to have to be like that.

I realize that this chapter is a bit shorter than the one's as of late, but that's okay because I've got other things up my sleeves. On the bright side, NO ONE DIES! Except the Other. He dies. But he was an asshat so it's okay.

I promise a shit ton of smut next chapter along with some liberating speeches given to you by Darcy Lewis, the Other of the Chitauri, Ambassador of Midgard and a potential title that you can try to guess if you want. It might be a title you have to marry into.

*gasp*

Comment if you wish! If you don't wish, leave kudos! If you don't want to do that either, I guess that's fine too!
Frigga smiled at the giggling Midgardian, lying in the healers’ ward, completely incoherent and oblivious to everything she was saying. “…and then, Jane ate my pizza! All of the ham pineapple! It was so mean!”

“Darcy…” she chided, patting the girl’s hand.

“And Loki…oh man is he beautiful blue. Like, he thinks he’s a monster but he’s soooooo hot. It’s awesome. And those lines…go everywhere….everywhere. By everywhere, I mean—“

“Darcy Lewis, what happened with the Other?” Frigga interrupted before the mortal could say anything more.

She seemed to contemplate this for a bit then giggled. “Loki died! Boom!”

“Boom?”

“Well, it was more of a slichky sound…because he got stabbed. But that I said ‘NO. Live! LIIIIIVE!’ and I’m doctor Frankenstein.”

“Is that all?”

“Hm,” she giggled again, “He made a bad joke and I killed the Other with my doubles. He was so mean. He killed Loki.”

Frigga thought about this. Had Loki truly died? Or was he simply injured? “How did you revive Loki, Darcy?”

Darcy laughed, a gentle hum on her lips. “Well, he was dead and his heart stopped and there was this stuff. Everywhere! I thought it was magic or love or something so I put it in Loki’s body. Then I fell asleep.”

Sif cleared her throat from the corner of the room, “My Queen, I feel as though this is a pointless effort.”

“Why?”

The Warrior raised her arms, “I do not know! Perhaps it is because she does not know what she is saying! Or that she is almost dead! Or perhaps it is because she spent five minutes screeching and cackling gibberish.”

Darcy cracked up at this, her laughter loud and breathy, she cackled out another loud screech.
accompanied by some clicks in the back of her throat. Frigga raised a brow. “I think that is the Chitauri’s language. I am not sure. Loki can speak it.”

Sif rubbed her forehead. “Lady Astrid said that she was suffering from an overload of magic and her body was not yet suited for the amount of magical energy in her system. Do you not think it is making her…?”

“No. The magic only affects her body. She cannot move, the amount of energy it takes for her physical form to keep the magic is a great cost. But her mind is still working…part of it at least. She can answer our questions.

Darcy groaned. “Frigga?”

“Yes, Dear?”

“Is that Sif?”

“Yes. Why?”

“Is Sif a badass?”

Sif and the queen stared at each other, “We do not understand.”

“Is she awesome?” Darcy corrected in a mumble. “Because Loki says that Sif is the only female Warrior and I think Asgard is sexist and racist and fuck everything! Fuck it! Fuck…Odin. I’m…I wanna fuck Loki.”

Sif pressed her lips together in restrained laughter. “I suppose…” she snorted, “There are benefits to this…interrogation….”

Friggas shoulders shook with laughter as well, the Midgardian continuing to talk, “Sif…Sif should teach me how to fight shit. That way I can stop having my tasers broken…Sif, the Other broke my taser! He’s such an asshole! Fuck him! Fuck…dirty assholes…I’m the Other now, bitch.”

Needless to say, Sif spent a great part of her free time ‘interrogating’ Darcy Lewis with Frigga.

********************

The first time Darcy woke up, it was a disaster. Her body wouldn’t move and she did not have the energy to even keep her eyes open. But somehow, with her head lolling to the side, she managed to look up at the kind face of a woman with long blonde hair. She recognized her as the Queen she had bowed to. She fought to say something, urging her tongue to ask the question her restless mind had been thinking about.

Was Loki alive?

But she couldn’t even manage that. Her voice was a barely audible scratch. “Loki?”

The Queen smiled genuinely, stroking Darcy’s cheek. “He is alive, Darcy Lewis. Thank you.”

She meant to say some kind of awesome noble response, but it ended up a loud snore as she fell back asleep.

********************

The second time Darcy woke up, it was worse.
Her brain was functioning at a much faster pace than her body and everything she tried to do was delayed. The feeling of slow helplessness was increased by the amount of anger that coursed through her system.

Loki! That stupid, sexy, good for nothing, god of mischief! She sacrificed her life for him right after a love confession and he goes and ruins it by almost getting himself killed on a foreign planet! She shook with volatile rage, moving to get out of bed. It was good progress when she finally managed to get her feet on the floor.

The terrible part was when she went to put all of her weight on those dumb legs and they wouldn’t stay standing. In an instant all the blood rushed to her head and Darcy felt herself collapsing, only to be saved by a woman who smelled like herbal tea and perfume.

“Damn….fuck…lemme go…gotta…kick Loki’s ass….amongst other things….”

The pretty lady sighed, “Hush, Darcy Lewis. You must rest.”

Darcy was asleep before her head hit the pillow.

********************

The third time she woke up was true progress. Sorta. Maybe. Not really.

This time, her mouth was actually moving at the speed it was supposed to and her body was almost not slow. Darcy scooted her legs to the edge of the bed, enabling her to then stand up without passing out. “Awesome.”

Giddy with victory, Darcy set her priorities. First, she was going to magic her taser and go taze the fuck out of Loki. And by that he totally meant yell at him for being such a stupid idiot.

“Dumb gods….think they’re immortal…Immortal my ass…” Darcy muttered bitterly. Once she was standing, she called forth her magic, her taser appearing in hand and her green dress dropping to the ground.

Darcy’s triumph was lost to the weapon. All of the energy she had regained had seemingly been sucked into the little bit of plastic and she would have fallen to the floor again had it not been to Ms. Herbal Tea lady. “Really? Can you not stay in your bed?”

Darcy reached for her taser which had fallen to the ground. “Nooooo. Lemme go. Probe later…free now.”

“Rest, Lady Darcy.”

Right on cue, Darcy fell asleep.

********************

The fourth time she woke up, Darcy was pissed.

It felt like someone had served her a plate of piping hot magic constipation with a side of steaming wrath all glazed in a sheen of unresolved sexual tension.

Her eyes shot open and Darcy found she had control of her muscles. She moved her head back and forth, a smile creeping across her face. She quickly moved to get off her bed when her legs were halted in their mission. “What the…”
She lifted her head to find all of her limbs chained to the bed. “What in the actual fuck!?”

Immediately, the voice of Ms. Breakfast Tea was breezing through the air. “Miss Lewis, I expect you are a bit surprised?”

Darcy looked up to the pretty brow haired woman sitting in a chair across the room, in her hands some kind of needlepoint. “Yeah. Why the fuck am I tied to a bed? What are we being kinky? Because I like some kind of safe word first. Let me up! Now! I have a God of Stupid Sacrifices to yell at and this is SOOOOO not helping!”

The woman simply stared wide eyed, “They told me you would not speak like a Lady…”

Darcy felt bad about the things she was about to say, but her whole body felt like it was about to explode from the magical overload. It felt like constipation. Really bad constipation. Like all the magic she hadn’t used for the past however long she’d been asleep had built up and her sparkly magic bowel was going to explode.

“THEY TOLD YOU WHAT?!” Darcy yanked at her chains, a surge of magic going through her body as she mentally tried to turn them to dust. “I’m sorry! Am I not what you expected?! You’re not the one who just woke up tied to a bed! Now let me go! I AM DARCY LEWIS AND I PROMISE YOU I WILL TAZE SOMETHING!”

The woman gasped, backing against the wall. “Your chains refrain you from using magic! Trying will only make it worse!”

Darcy practically growled with frustration. Her body was awake and she could hardly move. “THEN LET. ME. GO. I have shit to do Teabags! Don’t fuck with me!”

“I had no intention—“

“I had no intention to be tied to a damned bed!”

“I—“

“Lady Astrid, please remove Darcy’s constraints.” Chided a smooth voice from the door.

Darcy craned her neck to look at the graceful form of the Queen in her room. Lady Astrid seemed to relax and panic all at the same time. “My Queen, she is not physically stable.”

Darcy couldn’t control her rage. “Damn right I’m not! I feel like I’m going to EXPLODE! So if you just do what her majesty says and REMOVE DARCY FROM HER FUCKING RESTRAINTS!”

Lady Astrid squeaked, but went up to Darcy, running a hand over her binds. After freed, Darcy rolled out of bed, landing on the stone floor with a smash! “Oh…fuck.”

“I told you, you are not physically…oh my,“

Darcy was wobbling to her feet, raising a hand full of bright blue magic and conjuring her taser. The release of magic was good, but I no way was it satisfying. Her dress fell to the floor but Darcy hardly cared about nudity at this point. All of Yggdrasil had probably seen her naked by now.

She reached down and pulled the green silky fabric back over her body, facing the Queen. “Your Majesty, would you please direct me to where Loki is?”

“Call me Frigga dear.” The Queen smiled kindly, “And I shall show you.”
Darcy tied her dress in the front, stumbling to the door with all the grace of a drunk teenager after they took a spin on the merry-go-round. “Cool.”

Lady Astrid seemed beside herself. “My Queen, she can hardly walk!”

Frigga sighed, looking from Darcy’s disheveled rueful face to Astrid’s scared demeanor and shrugged. “She will heal. Eventually.”

Darcy internally cheered, but the magical tension was too much. She needed to yell….scream…taze something…have sex. Oh yes. She was going to angrily sex Loki when she found him. He was going to get yelled at and then would be thoroughly and angrily sexed. He would not be able to move the next week because of how angry this sex was going to be….

Frigga jogged ahead of her. “You have been unconscious for nearly two weeks Darcy Lewis. The reason you feel so repressed it due to your receiving of new power. Loki has explained your sacrifice and your change in rank. You simply need outlet.”

Outlet…mmmhmmm…sex… “Two weeks!?” she panted, struggling with all her might to keep Frigga’s healthy pace. Her limbs were being sluggishly annoying. “Where exactly is Loki?”

Frigga grimaced. “In his cell. Odin calls his rescue of you an act of treason, and so it was. He stole the tesseract to get to you.”

Darcy flinched, “Agh! He’s so stupid! I was there! I was defeating the Other, totally not close to dying and then he comes in all heroic and gets himself stabbed! I worked up that goodbye bit pretty good too! I even confessed my undying love to him in front of ODIN! ODIN OF ALL PEOPLE GOT TO HEAR MY LOVE CONFESSION!” she screamed, trying to relieve the aching magic back-up.

Frigga laughed lightly as they approached golden doors. “Darcy Lewis, I must thank you. Loki would have died had you not been there to revive him. We do not know how you did it, but I am ever so thankful that you did.”

Darcy blushed. A personal thank you from the Allmother? Awesome. “Well…I wasn’t really going to let him die. I mean, I did that whole ‘giving up my life for yours’ speech. I wouldn’t let that go to waste.” She said, fingers anxiously toying with her taser.

Frigga nodded, an understanding smile on her lips as she opened the golden door. “His cell is the last on the right.”

Darcy released the safety on her taser before stomping unsteadily inside the dungeons. When Frigga called after her. “And Darcy?”

“Yes Frigga?”

She squeezed Darcy’s arm affectionately, “I know that you are upset with Loki, and he with you, but keep in mind he cares for you as well. He did not wish to see you die.”

Darcy nodded in understanding though she was still contemplating what the best way was to attack Loki without his rock-hard abs breaking her hand. With that lovely thought, she turned, running down the long corridor full of half empty cells, only tripping over her feet five times.

She got to the last cell, she almost passed out again. There, dressed in his green sweater-y undershirt, leather pants, and set jaw was her God of Mischief. Her everything. Her Loki.
“HEY ASSHOLE, WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU!?” she screamed at him through the golden magic barrier.

Loki jumped, his face morphing from sweet relief to rage in a matter of seconds. “ME? WHAT IS WRONG WITH ME!? YOU DAFT MORTAL! YOU CANNOT SIMPLY—“

“OH NO! DON’T YOU DAFT MORTAL ME! YOU’RE THE GOD OF FUCKING STUPIDITY! I GAVE YOU A SACRIFICE SPEECH AND WHAT DO YOU DO? YOU FOLLOW ME TO THE GOD DAMNED PLANET AND NEARLY GET YOURSELF KILLED!” she ranted, getting closer to the barrier and arching her neck to glare at him.

She grimaced, looking to a rather terrified guard. “Oi, you. How do I get in this?”

He stuttered for a moment. “Just…just…walk through.”

Taking instruction, Darcy lifted herself through the glowing wall. “Well how ‘bout that?”

Loki was still glaring. “You are truly insane and that is coming from me!”

Darcy went right back to her rage, the yelling was not doing jack shit to relieve the pressure and Loki looked sexy as fuck when he was angry. “I’M INSANE! ME? OBVIOUSLY I’M INSANE! I’M IN LOVE WITH SOME IDIOT THAT THINKS IT’S OKAY TO GO GET HIMSELF KILLED WHEN I SPECIFICALLY SACRIFICE MY FREEDOM SO THAT HE WON’T!”

“YOU ARE INSANE?! NO. I THINK NOT! BECAUSE NO MATTER HOW RIDICULOUS YOU GET, I STILL LOVE YOU! YOU WERE DUMB ENOUGH FOR YOUR SOME OF YOUR LAST WORDS FOR ME TO REMEMBER YOU INCLUDE ‘JUST A MORTAL’!” he growled, leering over her, eyes burning green with rage.

She was soaked. Arousal was probably dripping down her leg at the moment. “Oh yeah?! Well, you tried to use one of my cheesy punchlines on your DEATHBED! And you said it wrong!” she thrust her taser forwards, pressing the tip to his chest. “I SHOULD FUCKING HATE YOU!”

“LIKEWISE!” He grabbed the taser, ripping it out of her hand and throwing it at a wall so it crumpled into tiny pieces.

“IF YOU EVER TRY TO GET KILLED AGAIN, I’M KILLING YOU MYSELF! I LOVE YOU!” Darcy yelled, stepping even closer into his personal space, shoving him in the chest roughly.

Loki glared, his expression usually one that a crazy serial killer has before they murders their victims. “I LOVE YOU, DARCY LEWIS AND IF YOU EVER LEAVE ME AGAIN, YOU SHALL BE DEAD AS WELL!”

He took her by the shoulders, lifting her off the ground. Darcy couldn’t handle it anymore. His hands were on her body, and it opened up every nerve from head to toe. She grabbed a fistful of his hair, bringing his mouth down to hers.

Loki responded with the same wicked heat, his usual skillful tongue gone and replaced with a sloppy, lust driven attack. He lifted her further into the air, clutching her body against his. Darcy wrapped her legs around his middle, attempting to gain friction on something…on anything. She needed him naked and magic just wasn’t fast enough.

She tore at Loki’s armor, fingers clawing through the green material of his shirt. Their tongues battled for dominance, Loki taking her bottom lip and biting so hard it drew blood. She groaned into his mouth as the heavy block on her body seemed to get heavier.
Loki tore at her back, the silk dress coming apart in shreds. Loki’s shirt joined hers on the floor in a pile of strips. Darcy was beyond words, her moans primal and her movements driven by rage as Loki threw them onto a bed, or a chair, hell it could have been a fire pit and it would have felt cool compared to the infernal temperatures her body was reaching.

Loki fell between her legs, completely inelegant and with a passion that caused her to arousal to spike so powerfully, Darcy feared she might climax right there. She wrapped her fingers in his hair, bringing her nails across his scalp, urging his face to hers as he thrust into her. There was no gentle ease, no waiting, no adjusting, just carnal unadulterated desire.

Darcy was in love.

She wrapped her legs around his waist, and pulling him closer. His hands found her hips, fingers digging into her skin so hard she knew there would be bruises. But it didn’t hurt. I fact, she wished he’d grip harder. His lips trailed down her neck, biting and sucking with uncontrolled hunger.

“Loki…” she said, voice choked with remnants of her angry, pleasure, emotion, sentiment, whatever the hell you wanted to call it…it was there.

He lifted his head to stare her in the eyes, her feelings reflected in his green irises. “Darcy…”

There were no words for the feeling that came next. His breath against her lips, him pulsing inside her, the feel of his weight pressing against hers…Darcy was completely and utterly lost. Her back arched in orgasm, mouth agape in a silent scream for no sound could express that pleasure. The overload of magic and anger receded into ecstasy. Loki’s lips hummed at her ear, whispering her name over and over again.

He collapsed on top of her, breathing heavily, his forehead touching hers. “I love you Darcy. Dear gods I love you.”

“I love you too.” She sighed, tenderly stroking his face, overcome with a sense of fulfillment. They weren’t dead. They had actually lived. And neither of them was being imprisoned for life, probably. The realization brought tears to her eyes and before she knew it, she was overcome with sobbing laughs, kissing every bit of Loki’s face she could reach. “Don’t ever die on me again.”

He kissed her tears, “How could I say no to you?”

“You say no to me all the time.”

“This is different.” He insisted, taking her lips in his again. “I do not want to say no.”

“Good.” She murmured, kissing his cheek, feeling her tiredness return. She fought it. “I’m sooo going to take advantage of you being alive.”

Loki seemed to notice her sleepy demeanor and rolled off her body, lifting the blankets around them. “How so, my love?”

“Well, first we aren’t leaving this bed for at least a week. I don’t care how many prisoners have to see my bare ass.” She muttered, reaching over to hug Loki’s chest.

“There is an illusion around my cell. At the moment, it appears that we are sharing a rather chaste series of kisses and whispering sweet nothings.”

She chuckled, running her fingers through his familiar happy trail. “All the more reason not to move.” She kissed his chest. “The next thing I’m going to do is make you conjure me a new taser.
Then you’re going to apologize to everyone who saw me naked. That’s, like, most of Yggdrasil. You know, I had better make you a list.”

He stroked her back soothingly, tracing patterns between her shoulder blades. “Is there anything else, Darling?”

She tried to laugh, but sleepiness was already tugging her under. “Make me a princess.”

Loki’s fingers stopped moving and Darcy wiggled to keep them skirting over her skin. “Was that a proposition for marriage, Darcy Lewis.”

“Pht.” She giggled, unsure of what was truly happening. “No. I can give you a marriage proposal and it’d be fucking great. Then we could go make little Lokis and little Darcy’s together. That would be, like, the best combo ever. Our kids are seriously going to cause trouble. I think we should let Tony babysit. Then they would have to make New York, New-New York. Well, we already destroyed it so, New-New-New York.”

Loki could not believe the direction their banter had taken. He had no doubt in his mind that Darcy did not know what she was saying. She was incoherent and unstable enough in the healing process that fits of consciousness were faced with abnormal sleep behaviors. Of course Darcy’s would be talking.

“Darcy Lewis, are you offering me children?” Loki asked, kissing her hair.

“No.”

“No?”

“I’m fucking demanding them.” She mumbled, her mouth lolling open. “Kids would mean we could have sex. I love sex. I love you too.”

“I do not know if I should remind you of this moment later or not.” Loki chuckled to himself.

He felt her stick her tongue out, only she was half asleep so the result was her licking his chest. “Mmm, I like you. You’re so pretty. Can you do the thing where you’re even prettier?”

Loki looked down at her, watching her hands trace across his stomach the places where his Marks would be. “Why? You will get cold.”

“Bullshit. I want you to be blue. You’re so hot. I had to admit you were hot when you died. I did. I said ‘Loki, you’re hot!’ and you didn’t even hear me because you were dead!” her nose skirted over his shoulder. “Mmm, but don’t tell Loki I said he was hot. He’ll never let me live it down.”

“What am I not telling Loki?”

“That I think he’s hot.”

“How hot?”

“Hotter than fucking hell.”

“Hotter than Director Fury?” Loki inquired.

“Fury is Jotunnheim cold compared to how hot Loki is.” She mumbled, her breath warm on his skin.
“Don’t tell Loki.”

“Alright. I will not tell him.” He assured, rubbing her back.

She hummed in satisfaction and was silent for a while. Loki was nodding off to sleep when she spoke again. “You aren’t blue.”

“Would you like me to be?”

“Yes.” She sighed, snuggling her body closer to his so she was nearly laying entirely on top of him. He granted her request, releasing the Aesir illusion. “Mmm. You should walk around like this all the time.”

Loki chuckled, “Someone would murder me. Or at least, they would try.”

“Not while I’m here. I’m the Other. I can kick their ass with my magic powers and then I can have sex with you. While your blue. All the time.” She sighed. “We should have sex now.”

“Darcy, my love, you are not even truly awake. Your body is at rest.” He reminded her.

She giggled, “My body doesn’t rest. And you’re naked so things are wide awake. My body likes your body naked.”

“Go to sleep, Darcy and when you wake up, I promise, your body and my body will find something interesting to do naked.” He said, the heat of Darcy’s body setting his nerves into a blissful state.

“Is that fancy talk for sex?”

“Sleep.”

“Sex.” She muttered, though it was slurred like she couldn’t quite make her mouth move. “Shit. Not…again.”

With that she nodded off and Loki pulled the covers up around them preparing to doze next to his silly beautiful woman when a light voice spoke to him from outside his cell. “Loki, I understand no is not the best time, but we must speak.”

Loki sat up to face his mother. The illusion he cast on the cell was still in action. The Queen of Asgard only saw Darcy sitting in a chair, sleeping soundly and him holding her hand affectionately. Magically clothing himself and Darcy and casting his Aesir illusion into place, Loki released the spell over his cage. “Yes mother?”

Her smile was warm as she looked from Darcy’s deep-sleeping form to her finally relaxed son. “How fares Darcy Lewis? She seems to have…calmed down.”

Loki chuckled, “Her body is still healing. Taking the Other’s magical capacity as well as healing me must have depleted her greatly.”

Frigga nodded, “Loki that is one of the things I wish to speak with you about. Darcy…she does not…use spells….”

“No. She does not. I’m not entirely sure how she manages to…”

“Loki, according to Darcy you had died. Your soul was on its way to Vallhala and she brought it back. That is no ordinary sorcery.” She whispered, stepping closer to the magic wall. “As I have said before, Darcy is an unsure variable to the court. She cannot be ignored because she has involved
Asgard in the Chitauri’s brutal takeover, and if she is their leader, than she faces the risk of punishment. If they learn that she has these powers, it would not work well in her favor.”

Loki considered this. “Darcy is a very gentle…no…well, Darcy means well by every fiber in her body. She would not wish to hurt anyone. Besides, she has killed more of the Chitauri than they have killed humans.”

His mother smirked at him. “Loki, has Darcy not told you of her endearing plans to liberate the Chitauri and convince the Allfather and the Nine Realms to include them as a part of Yggdrasil?” she gauged his open stare. “I suppose she has not. I suggest when Darcy wakes up that you teach her a bit of magic control. Her Midgardian body is having a difficult time managing the amount of magic coursing through her. It makes her very irritable actually. I believe Lady Astrid may never cuff anyone to a bed ever again.”

Loki raised a brow. “Lady Astrid chained Darcy to a bed?” *Should I be offended? I am offended.* “Is she still alive?”

“Physically, she is well. Though she has refused to leave her chambers for the past twenty five minutes.” Frigga said gleefully. “Also, no doubt Darcy will be blamed for your thievery of the tesseract and the presence of Midgardians on Asgard.”

Loki frowned, “Jane Foster is Thor’s woman and Bruce Banner, I thought, was acquainted with Heimdall.”

Frigga laughed, “No, not those Midgardians. The four that arrived this yesterday evening using Jane Foster’s bifrost. They claimed to be here on a diplomatic mission as Ambassadors of Earth. Though, one claims that he is simply a genius, billionaire, playboy, philanthropist. But I do not—“

“Oh no. You let them in? Mother, you worry about Darcy causing troubles…she will only be half of it.” Loki grinned mischievously, thinking of what Odin Allfather must make of his unwanted guests.

***************

The previous day….

“THOOOOOOOOOOOOOR, LOOOOOOOOOOOKI, HEIMDAAAAAAAL! WHY ARE THERE MORE MIDGARDIANS IN THE THRONE ROOM ASKING FOR CHAIRS ON MY COUNCIL!”

Clint gave a low whistle. “I think you pissed off an old dude, Stark.”

Tony rolled his shiny metallic red and yellow suitcase in front of him, smiling happily. “It’s a specialty of mine.”

Steve leered. “You should show some respect, Tony. He’s lived a lot longer than you.”

Natasha quirked a smile. “Oh yeah. I bet.”

Tony barked a laugh. “Yeah! This guy is older than dinosaurs. We should call him Rex. Do you guys think that’s fitting? I think he looks like a Rex.”

Odin’s face was purple with rage as his mouth opened and closed, uselessly searching for words.

Clint rubbed his chin. “I think you might have broken him.”
Steve squinted at the Allfather, “Is his face bleeding? Fellas, I think he’s having an aneurism. Does Asgard have doctors?”

“No no, it’s fine. I’m here.” Tony said approaching the throne and bending down over the distressed king. “Hm. He seems to be in a state of shock. Cap, maybe you should go find Banner, ask him to go green and yell at ‘im. I know that always gets me right back with it!”

Just then, Thor ran into the great pillared hall, clutching Mjolnir in one hand and Jane’s hand in the other. Banner followed close behind. “My friends! What brings you to Asgard?”

Tony moved away from prodding Odin’s face. “Hey Point Break! Well, we were all hanging out at SHIELD when Barton was trying to teach Darcy’s alien friend English, he’s getting kind of good actually, and he says ‘Get Lead. Help Midgard.’ Well, we happen to be some pretty smart people, so we fixed Jane’s bifrost, got an iPod and played music until it worked.”

Jane interrupted, “Which song was it this time?”

“Ludacris’ ‘How Low’.” Natasha said, her crooked smile still in place.

Barton laughed, “That was great! Darcy would have loved it. Where is she by the way?”

“Yeah.” Tony said, adjusting the clamps on his suitcase. “I’ve been wondering how my little World Dominator and her trusty Blue Boyfriend were doing.”

Jane made a few gagging noises, and Thor patted her shoulder affectionately. “Jane does not like to think about Loki in his Jotunn form.”

“Is it that bad?” Steve asked. “I didn’t think it would be, but…”

Jane coughed, “It’s not that…it’s just…” she shivered, “my bed sheets….”

“A story for another time, perhaps.” Thor interrupted before Tony could say anything more.

Odin at this point came to his senses, “WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!”

Steve and Tony turned to the king, both with the same mildly irritated expressions. “Look here Rexy….”

“Earth isn’t just some planet for Asgard to have control over. We have some pretty powerful forces….”

Clint nodded in agreement, “We deserve to be a part of this council as a part of Yggdrasil. Thor told us that each realm has one to five ambassadors.”

Natasha crossed her arms, “Given that you agree we are a realm. I’m sure you have no objections.”

Odin looked frantically between the mortals before him. “FRIGGA!”

His wife poked her head inside the room, “Yes?”

“Is Loki still confining himself to his cell?”

“Yes.”

“How fares the mortal?”
“Who?”

“Loki’s Midgardian! How fares she?”

Frigga blinked, “I do not understand.”

“DARCY LEWIS! IS SHE BETTER? I NEED HELP, MY LOVE, OR SO DAMN ME TO HELL!”

The Allmother smiled slyly, “Darcy Lewis is still ailing. She will not be able to explain herself until she is well. Perhaps in a few more days. Four at the least.”

Odin stood there, mouth gaping like a fish. Tony took out his Stark phone and took a picture, sending it to Darcy.

“Perhaps, Allfather, you would like to offer our guests rooms and rest for their time in Asgard while the council takes place.” Frigga suggested lightly. “And in a few days, they can visit their friend Darcy Lewis.”

“Thank you! Welcoming guests! That is how we handle foreign diplomacy!” Tony shouted, clapping Odin on the shoulder. “Your wife is nice, Rex.”

Steve gave a slight bow to Frigga. “Thank you Ma’am.”

Clint swooped low, “Your majesty, thank you so much!”

“Thank you.” Natasha said in turn, bowing her head.

Tony left the Allfather’s side, approaching Frigga with an air of delight. “Frigga!” he called and embraced the Queen of the Realm Eternal. He sighed, patting her gently on the back and giving her a kiss on the cheek. He released her and explained, “Darcy is my adopted niece of sorts and we are so very close. When she gets married to Loki, it’ll be great. I already consider you and your grumpy little Rex over there a part of our happy family.”

Odin stood, banging his staff on the ground. “LOOOOOOOOOOOOKIIIIII!!”

Chapter End Notes

So...Yeah.
Next up is going to be the council meeting where I intend to have some serious BAMFing from everyone!
I’m so happy to have all the Avengers on Asgard and Odin may or may not have a heart attack by the end of this fic.
For those of you who are Odin fans, I’m sorry. I just don’t like him.

I started a new fic called There’s a God Under My Bed
You can check it out if you want. Personally, I think it’s kinda cute. But I’m also biased. And you know what they say about biased sources....

Thank you everyone for your support and whatnot. I highly suggest that you post a comment so that I can fangirl over all the people who wrote me things. I don’t care if you write, like, three words and all of them are in Ancient Chitaurian...I will decipher...
that writing and send a message back!
“Focus Darcy, you are losing control.” Loki directed from his place in a chair, reading a book of ancient bullshit.

Darcy growled in frustration, throwing down her own thick text. “What’s the point of this?! I can do magic! I don’t need these stupid spells! How do you even remember all of these?”

Sighing, Loki stood and Darcy felt the need to remind him it was also terribly distracting when he sauntered around, sexed and scantily clad. She licked her lips and he waved a finger at her, a shirt appearing over his bare chest. “It is a wonder you have learned anything at all. Spells are a language of sorts. After a while, you can simply use the vocabulary to make your own spells.”

“Yeah. But why do I need them?” Darcy argued, throwing her clothed body onto the bed.

“Because you have more power than your mortal, take no offense Darling, but you do have a mortal body, is not made to sustain such energy. It will wear you down if you cannot control it.” He chided, sitting down to rub her back with a soothing hand.

“I can control it.” She reminded him, sitting up to straddle his lap.

He eyes her suspiciously, keeping his hands to himself. “Can you?”

“Yes.”

Loki frowned, stroking the length of her cheek. “Then transport my book from the table to my hand….”

“Piece of cake.” Darcy said, raising her hands.

“….Without disrobing.” Loki added, a testing air to his voice.

She groaned, falling forwards so her head rested in the crook of her neck. “But Loki…that’s the best part. I don’t even really want to be wearing clothes. Think of all the things we could be doing right now that don’t include our clothes.”

Pressing his lips together thoughtfully, slowly Loki’s hands came up around the backs of her thighs, trailing ever so slightly under her skirt to grasp her panty covered rear. He frowned. “Darcy, why are you going back on our bet?”

“Hm?” she had stopped listening to focus on not attacking him viciously with her face. The magical/sexual/angry constipation wasn’t nearly as bad as before. But it was still pretty relentless. She got frustrated easily and followed up every small act of magic with vicious sex. They’d been in
the cell three days and Darcy had the meeting with the Yggdrasil council tomorrow.

The court passed their verdict on Loki’s imprisonment later that day and they suspected that he would be let off entirely.

Her underwear disappeared. “Darcy, we made a gamble that if we lived through this, then you would not wear those infernal under garments.”

She made a noise in the back of her throat. “Technically, you didn’t live through this.”

“I did. I am alive now, thanks to you.” Loki reminded, kissing her cheek.

Darcy pouted, trying to press her lips to his. “Loki, stop making me regret saving you and kiss me.”

“That is cruel.” He protested, putting a hand over her mouth, “Darcy, love, you misunderstand. I very desperately want to fuck you senseless.”

“How senseless?”

“I could tase you and you would not feel a thing.”

She whistled low, grinding onto his erection. “Then why don’t you?”

He sighed, taking her hands and kissing the knuckles. “Because you are going to be faced with some of the most politically powerful people in the Nine Realms and if you happen upon any magical activity during that time, I do not wish for you to be displayed for them to see.”

Darcy sighed, “Loki, I’m pretty sure all of Yggdrasil has seen me naked at this point.”

“I hope not.”

“Loki please.” She begged, throwing her head into the crook of his neck. It was almost painful the amount of sexual frustration she had and struggling through spells made it worse. “I need you.”

Somehow, the bastard managed to keep his lips in a tight line as she ran her tongue and teeth over his pulse. “Just a short break?”

“We just took a break an hour ago. Do you know how long that break lasted?”

“Hm.” She humed against his neck, rubbing herself over his hard arousal. “I don’t think I care.”

He hissed, his hands tightened around her ass, pulling her closer. “Why do I even try to get you to focus on anything?”

Darcy gave a triumphant giggle, pushing him down on the bed and capturing his lips. “Hey! Who said I wasn’t focused? I was totally focused. On you.”

“Exactly.” He groaned as her lips traveled down his chest and past his navel. “We will go just one more time, Darcy. But you need to…ohhh fuck Darling…I’ve changed my mind.” He bucked his hips into her mouth. “We shall work…damn … later.”

****************************

Frigga sat in the Warrior’s Chambers with the group of Midgardians that called themselves ‘Avengers’, the Warrior’s Three and Sif. They all seemed to be getting on rather well despite the many…many…many brawls they were getting into. Frigga was most surprised by the woman with
red hair. She was not dressed like a warrior, though she brought down Hogun in seconds.

They were proof indeed of how Asgard had ignored Midgard, casting them off as primal beings.

She had just returned from the cells as she had gone down there to tell Loki that he and Darcy could retreat to his rooms. The Council had seen it fit to ignore Loki’s recent crimes. One of his duplicates had talked to him and when she asked if they were going to go up to his room he simply answered, “Later.”

Sif noticed the queen’s entrance. “How fares she?”

“I do not know, though I believe she may be…ah…more relaxed than the last time we saw her.” Frigga’s eyes twinkled at the implication and Sif laughed fondly.

“I wish to meet her again while she is awake. Surely a woman of such nature is a warrior in your realm?” She turned to the lovely sight of Clint Barton being sat on by Volstagg.

Tony snorted, “Darcy? I don’t know about warrior, but she makes a good cup of joe.”

Lady Foster nodded in agreement. “It’s true. Her coffee is seriously better than anyone’s. And Darcy is like... D-A -R -C -Y... Damn Awesome Radical Chick You can’t help but love just because of her coffee.”

“Though Darcy’s coffee is quite delicious, and she is a fine Warrior. She defeated me with her taser, though I was mortal at that time.” He said contemplatively, shifting Mjolnir in his hand.

“So what does Rex think about her?” Tony asked, Starkphone in hand. Apparently Asgard had great reception.

Frigga pressed her lips together to keep from smiling to broadly. “Odin does not know what to think of her.”

Clint barked a breathless laugh, lamely trying to push off Volstagg. “He…. *pant*... hates her. *pant pant*”

“Not an inaccurate statement.” Bruce Banner muttered from his high backed chair at a large banquet table. He seemed to have taken apart the device that had once held the tesseract with the help of Jane Foster. “Your Highness, do you have any idea how Loki remade this thing to calibrate so easily? He made so many changes in such a little time, it’s insane! And believe me, I know insane.”

Frigga smiled helplessly. “I am sorry, Bruce Banner. Loki is an esteemed scholar with years of study in complex and methodological magic. I suppose my magic takes a different route. Elusive, but not quite as technical. He is quite refined that way.”

Jane let loose a sound halfway between a snort and a gag. Thor rubbed her back soothingly. “She has recently come to some overwhelming—“

“Don’t—“

“I’m sorry, my love. But don’t you think Tony would find it hysterical?” Thor asked innocently.

Jane’s entire body twitched. “Nope.”

Stark was up in an instant. “What would I find funny?”

Sif cast Frigga a sideways glance. Darcy had hold them all about their sexual adventures, whether
they wanted to hear them or not. Sif would never look at Loki the same way again.

“Nope. You don’t get to know.”

“Foster…I endured your crazy, messed up whatnotts for three weeks! You don’t flush the toilet! And you didn’t shower….you didn’t shower that entire time…..” Stark reminded her, crossing his arms indignantly.

Jane blushed, letting her forehead bang on the table. “Gods, kill me now.”

“Perhaps Sif could save you humiliation, Lady Jane. Darcy has informed us of just about everything that happened on Midgard.” Frigga soothed.

It didn’t soothe Jane at all as she picked up a pencil and began furiously writing a series of equations. “I beg of you don’t do it while I’m in the room. I’ll throw up.”

Sif nodded gravely. “It was not courteous of them as dwelling-companions.”

Tony sighed. “This is going to be something stupid. I thought maybe they melted your computer hardrive to make alien weapons. What did they do? Sex on your bed? Amateurs.”

Jane turned an odd shade of green, burying her face into Thor’s massive arm. “Shut up Tony.”

Sif chuckled, not sparing any details in Darcy’s story.

********************

Darcy collapsed into Loki’s gold and green bed, her hair wet and her body spent. “As much as I dislike Asgard’s mentality, I love their bathrooms. Your bathtub is the size of my bedroom. How much water does that waste?”

Loki followed, his shirtless form sitting next to her. He rubbed his hand over her silky-robbed back. “The water is cleansed magically and used again.”

“Cool.” Darcy sighed, crawling up to the head of the bed to bury her face in the pillows. She moaned into them. “Loki?”

“Yes my love?” he replied, rolling onto his side to better press their bodies together.

“If Odin and Odin’s council don’t put me in prison or have me murdered via strangulation, can we live in your bedroom?”

Loki chuckled. “Of course. I had no intention of living anywhere else. Perhaps on Midgard, but I do not think they would appreciate my presence.”

Darcy hesitated with what she wanted to say. Should she go out on a limb here? “What about living on Jotunheim?”

Confused, he lifted her chin for their eyes to meet. “Darcy, I let you read my mind. Do you really not remember what I did to Jotunheim?”

She thought. “Well, you almost blew them up. But you didn’t.”

“Darcy, I killed Laufey.”

“Laufey…heheehe.” She tittered. “Who the hell names their kid Laufey. It’s like loofa…but worse.”
Loki rolled his eyes like he couldn’t believe someone had cursed him to fall in love with this woman. “I take that as you do not remember.”

She snapped back to the present and what he told her. “Wait, wasn’t he the most fearsome king of Frost Giants or something?”

“Yes.”

“And you killed him?”

“Yes.”

“Wow.” She yawned. “I guess we’re not living there.”

“Darcy, Laufey was my father. And I killed him.” Loki reminded her. “Did you not read the book at all?”

Darcy held up her hands defensively, “Hey man, there were sexy shirtless pics of blue you all over that book. I can’t read when your sex body is there for me to look at. Plus, it was a true mystery for me. I had to admire it.”

Loki rolled his eyes, taking her in his arms. “Perhaps flattery is a good way to win one’s love. It seems to have gotten you far.”

Giggling, Darcy pulled his face to hers for a kiss, tiredness sinking in once again. Magic was hard work when she actually focused on it and the physical exertion from all the mad sex was just exhausting. It finally felt like the last of her magical overload was dying down. “Loki?”

“Darcy?”

“What do you think’s going to happen when all this is over?” she asked, curling into his chest, running her fingers over his chest.

He hummed at her touch. “You mean if Odin does not have you banished from Yggdrasil and lets you live?”

“Yeah.”

“I think I will find a way to make sure you do not leave my side for eternity. And after that feat, I will take advantage of your company.” His had slipped under her robe, stroking her belly. “And I suppose, after that, well, I had some ideas.”

“Hm?” Darcy’s heart thudded. Was he suggesting what she thought he was suggesting? She liked the idea, but not yet. In an ideal world where the Chitauri were a part of Yggdrasil and Asgard didn’t need social reform, sure. She’d be all over that. But now?

She was the Other. The Chitauri probably had otherworldly issues that don’t have to do with Yggdrasil. She had taken on this responsibility. Not to mention she was still in college. Damn…she was going to have to drop out of college.

Loki kissed behind her ear. “I have a confession.”

“You have a horse for a child?”

“What?”
“Nevermind. What’s your confession?”

Loki, confused by her joke, continued. “In the state you are in, your mind does not always stop when your body does. The amount of magic in your system sedates your body where as your mind continues on in an incoherent state. You talked and it was quite hilarious.”

Darcy’s brow crinkled. “So, just so I know what you’re talking about here, my magic is drugging me?”

“Yes.”

“Huh.” Darcy said, trying to ignore the pooling heat in her belly as his hand traveled down to her hip. She was too tired. “What did I say?”

“Hm? Oh, perhaps it is better you do not know.” Loki teased, humor in his tone.

“What? No, tell me! If I talked to you that probably means Lady Asswipe—“

“Astrid”

“—got an earful! Loki, c’mon! Tell me.”

He seemed to think this over. “And what shall I get in return?”

“I’ll let you sleep in your bed.”

His lips were on her shoulder, his laugh tickling her exposed skin. “It is my bed. You need better leverage, Darling.”

“Fine. I’ll practice magic for a whole ten minutes without stopping to complain.” She bargained.

“twenty.”

“Ten.”

“Twenty-five.”

“Fifteen.”

“You’re ridiculous.” He sighed in defeat, “Fine.”

“Great!” she exclaimed, pushing him down so his back was flat on the bed. “Now tell me.”

Resentful, Loki began to spill. “You suggested we get married then demanded children.”

Her face reddened. Alright, so she might have thought about that whole ‘getting married thing’ a few times….and the ‘children’ thing. “Anything else?”

“You called me pretty in my Jotunn form.” He said, voice tender.

Darcy smiled despite her embarrassment. “Well, you’re pretty cut for the Prince of Jote-gard.”

“Jotunheim.” He corrected.

Darcy shook her head. “No. Odin restored your princehood and if you’re the son of Laufey, then you’re also the prince of Jotunheim. Hence, you are the Prince of Jote-gard.”
“That is not how it works.”

She ignored him. “Or do you prefer As-heim? Personally, I think it has charm. Ass-heim.”

“Darcy….”

“No, you’re right. Jote-gard is way better. So, you wanna practice some magic or sleep or have sex or something that doesn’t involve continuing this conversation?”

He shifted so she lay on his chest and lifted her chin. “Darcy…” he looked down guiltily. “I am sorry. Perhaps I have gotten ahead of myself. I realize you must have plans already. Completing your education and—”

She kissed him to stop the words. “Stop being stupid. It’s not like that. I have no intention whatsoever of leaving your side. I love you too much. But we have things to do. Loki…I killed fleets of the people I now help rule. I have amends to make and Realms to unite. I mean, don’t get me wrong, I daydreamed about us and the future we could have.” She took a steadying breath, surprised at the moisture pooling in her eyes. “But I kinda fucked it up.”

Sighing, Loki brought her face down to his or a slow kiss. “It is nothing, Darling. I was…I am… royalty and we of all people know the sacrifices that must be made concerning marriage. What is important to me is that you and I are together and that you will not run off to potentially get yourself killed.”

A tear leaked out the corner of her eyes. “You were the one that died, stupid.” She mumbled. “But Loki, it’s not that. I wanted to! I still want to! I just…can’t. We can’t.”

Loki hushed her, cradling her against his chest. “Darling, we have time.”

“You have time, Loki. I’m mortal.”

“You are now, but I believe—“

There was a quick knock on the door before it burst open. A brisk woman in a long blue dress entered the room, eyes widening at the intimate position of the couple in front of her. No doubt Asgard probably thought women ought to be virgins till married. “Prince Loki…Lady Darcy…hem, it is the Queen’s wish that I prepare Darcy for her day in front of the council. The Allfather has also demanded specifications that must be attended to.”

Darcy sat up slowly, beyond caring of what Asgard thought of her slutty midgardian ways. She pressed a light kiss to Loki’s mouth, his lips comforting on hers. “God, I love you.”

“More than bagels?”

“Sadly, yes. I love you more than bagels.”

“The gods truly hate me. They have doomed me to failing in love with a mortal who would dare choose a bread over a god.” He rolled his eyes as she slid off him, green robe slipping off one shoulder as she approached the blue-dressed woman. “Hey, you can call me Darcy if you want.”

Ms. Prude looked a little like she would rather suck Chitauri dick than call Darcy anything else. “Lady Darcy, if you would follow me to your chambers that have been offered to you by the Allfather, we shall get you dressed in something suitable.”

Suddenly, Darcy was really missing Lady Astrid. “Okay, fine. What should I call you then?”
“Lady Sigyn.”

Darcy tapped her chin thoughtfully. That name rang a bell. She followed Sigyn from Loki’s room, only glancing back about five times to smile and wink at him. Sigyn…Sigyn….sigyn. Sig-yn. Sigyn….why did that name--?

“Oh! You’re Loki’s wife or something in Midgardian legends! Or something. I’m guessing you’re not his wife, otherwise him and I would need to be having some serious conversations.” Darcy rambled, throwing her arms in the air, causing her robe to lip off her shoulders even more.

Lady Sigyn turned to glare at Darcy with unparalleled contempt. “No, mortal—“

“Darcy.”

“Mortal—“

“Darcy.”

“Midgardian—“

“Darcy.”

“Stop interrupting me, mortal—“

“Darcy!” Darcy shouted, running a hand through her messy hair. “Look, I’ve been through a lot. A shit ton actually. And I didn’t do all that shit just to have some lady speak to me like I’m a nameless ant!”

Oh no. I used the ant analogy. Shit, I’m becoming Loki...

Sigyn did not look pleased, “Make no mistake, Darcy Lewis, mortal, that Midgardians in Asgard are not welcome. As for Prince Loki, I have not the slightest clue as to what he sees in you. But he shall not see whatever it is for long. You will be dead before this whole little Chitauri mishap is over.”

Darcy had expected racism, maybe some rudeness, but this was just bitchy. “Well, at least he sees something in me. Unlike you. He obviously sees nothing in you as he didn’t even blink when you walked in. You must really suck.”

Infuriated but confused, Sigyn gritted her teeth. “What? Suck what?”

Darcy smiled slyly. “Dicks.”

“I do not!”

She sighed, “Obviously. If you did maybe he would have seen something more in you.”

The lady gapped. “You…you…you’ll pay for that you petulant little harlot!” she raised her hands sparks dancing around her fingers. Darcy could almost taste her magic; she could feel it. She was much weaker than Loki and Frigga. Darcy had a strange urge to lick her fingers and extinguish the little sparks by hand. But she refrained, simply raising a suspicious brow.

“Oh, cool it down hot stuff, before you hurt yourself.” She said, gently pushing down Sigyn’s wrist. “Look, as much as I’m kinda pissed that you called me a harlot, I’m also going to forgive you because you were raised in a racist society. As for all the mortal shit, call me Darcy or I’ll turn you into an ant. That way, Midgardian children can pour their juice on you when you’re trying to steal their goldfish in the summertime.”
“You dare—“

“And Loki’s totally mine by the way. Whenever you’re thinking to yourself why he would go for a puny mortal, just keep in mind that I destroyed an entire army with no more than words and a wicked awesome weapon. Midgardians have charm, you should respect it.”

Sigyn stared, her fingertips still sparking like they wanted to create a full blown glow, but couldn’t manage it. “What are you implying…Darcy?”

“Just that you should consider me your equal. You’re not above me, I’m not above you. But if you try to kill me, I’ll turn you into an ant.” She said matter-of-factly, following a slow treading Sigyn down a wide windowed corridor.

Sigyn reddened in the ears, “I…I…I….”

“It’s cool.”

She continued a little further, “The ladies have been speaking of you in…ah…a most unflattering fashion.”

Darcy’s heart drooped a little, yet she willed herself to fight it. “…gossip? Sheesh. What do I care if a bunch of stuffy women insult me? Just out of curiosity, what did they say?”

The Lady’s eyebrows came together, “Fist, they claim that you are not a Lady. You are brash and loud and crass.”

Darcy shrugged, “I guess. Why do they think that?”

She looked at Darcy, disbelieving. “Did you not yell to Lady Astrid about your desires concerning Prince Loki? Or prattle on to the Queen and Sif about the happenings on Midgard?”

“Maybe a little bit…”

“Then that is why. They also claim that you are a wicked sorceress that has polluted the mind of Prince Loki. Which I am still inclined to believe.” Sign said stiffly.

Darcy grumbled, restricting the urge to growl at the stupid racist, anti-magic, Odin-controlled Asgard. “Right. Well, as long as we’re being honest, why do you believe that I am a wicked sorceress?”

Sigyn blinked. “You said it yourself! You killed the majority of the Chitauri population. You are their leader only after defeating the last! And surely there is no way a Prince of Asgard would sink so low as to take a Midgardian lover lest he is cursed?”

Darcy crossed her arms, “Hey! Alright, I thought you were cool for a second there but apparently I was wrong! Look, yeah I’ve got magic but I don’t even know any spells! And Thor is with Jane! What the hell is that about? Do you think she’s brewing love potions and putting them in his coffee or something?”

“Well, people have done worse for the hand of royalty.” Sigyn pressed, her voice low and even, her eyes suggesting she wished to scream.

She was at loss for words. “Obviously you have no fucking idea of anything. Have you even thought to look at Midgardian culture? Or did you just learn everything from a Harry Potter book?” she screwed up her face in an angry glare, “And who the hell are you to say that I am out of Loki’s
league just because I’m mortal! Fuck yeah I’m a mortal! I’m going to die in about fifty years or sooner if I stay on this fucking realm! I’m mortal and I’m more desirable because of it. You only get all this for a limited time, baby. But any man who marries you is stuck with you for the rest of his super long immortal life.”

Sign’s face burned with anger. They stood in the hall, face to face, bitter anger radiating off their beings. “You. Are. Inferior. To me.”

“Bullshit.” Darcy spat, crossing her arms, “You wanna know the real reason why Loki’s with me, Sigyn? I bet you do. You’re the kind of person who likes to know everything.” She spoke softly, forcing her rage to recede. Her visit on Asgard had already been far too angry and she wasn’t about to make it worse.

Sigyn was breathing heavier, not bothering to contain her own wrath. “What?”

Darcy smiled weakly, relaxing her shoulders. “It’s not about magic, or sex, or a crown, or how long I live.” She took a step away from the lady, extending her hand in a friendly gesture, an invitation. “It’s the reason I’m the Other of the Chitauri and why I killed part of the race I ruled to save my native realm. It’s the reason I’m on Asgard, sitting in prisons or fighting in hospital beds, waiting to confront Odin and the council.”

Sigyn looked at the hand in disgusted shock, then back at Darcy’s face, saying nothing.

She left her hand out, squaring her shoulders, “It’s love. That sounds cheesy as fucking hell, but it’s true. I love Midgard and equal rights amongst races. I love my friends and I want them to live. And I love Loki. So there you have it. I’m not going to argue with you over how belittled Midgard is by Asgard, or how the Chitauri do not deserve equality, or if I’m worthy of the man I love. You can just suck it. Suck it deep, Sigyn. Cuz that’s all I got for ya.”

Sigyn looked at Darcy, skeptical eyes drifting over her mortal figure, searching for any signs of untruthfulness. She stared at the hand, as if daring it to move. “I will not make any pact with you Midgardian. I am not your friend. Your presence, along with that of the others, is unwelcome until the Allfather declares it not to be. I will meet the demands of my Queen and King and hope that should we ever cross paths again, it will be on your funeral.”

Darcy translated that into, *Frenemies.* “Okay. Cool. I hope you die too. But, just to be clear, what exactly are the demands of Queen and King?”

Sigyn began walking again, her long legs carrying her much faster than Darcy could walk. “Come. You must be dressed in something suitable. You look as though you have been copulating in your bathing chambers for the past hour.”

Darcy snorted, “I have been copulating in my bathing chambers for the past hour.”

She sighed, “And you say you are not a harlot. Honestly, perhaps I should switch my occupancy. Loki’s whore would most certainly pay better.”

“You know, I think that was sarcasm. I’m a little flattered. Although, you don’t have a good enough ass to be Loki’s whore. Maybe Fandrall…”

“Fandrall is a thrall to feminine charms and having a whore to his own would be a useless act.” Sigyn commented airily and Darcy caught a small little smile on her lips.

“Fandrall is a little bitch.”
“Indeed.”

“You’re such a dirty slut, Sigyn. How dare you agree with a midgardian?”

“Silence, witch.” Sigyn was fighting the smile now, her face tight. She was so going to break soon.

“Right back atchya, hooker.” Darcy said with a wink, “You suck.”

Thus an unstable frenemy-ship was born.

********************

Loki watched, disappointed at the group in the Warrior’s Commons. The group of Asgardians and Midgardians had thought it wise to begin a lovely earth tradition called ‘Beer-pong’. Somehow it had been changed to ‘Ale Pong’ and so far, his mother was winning.

Clint stared in shock as he slurped down his fourth beer. He was teaming with the Captain and they were losing. “Your Majesty, how do you do it?”

Frigga wiggled her fingers, “Magic.”

They threw the little balls of plastic again, the group cheering them on, all except Jane and Dr, Banner who were still huddled over the tesseract’s containment device. “Mother?”

Frigga turned to him, a delighted smile on her lovely face. “Loki, darling, it is good to see you are finally free and well rested.”

“…And oh so relaxed from all of that rampageous angry fooling around, eh?” Tony teased, falling into a chair and sipping from a mug of ale.

“Anthony, you are drunk. Stop.” Loki warned, attitude in check. He had wanted to come down here to speak with them about their council meeting that was in less than two hours. And here they were. Inebriated with his mother of all people.

“Why? We heard all about your blue sticky—“

Loki waved his hand and a muzzle appeared over Tony’s mouth. The room cheered, Natasha, red in the face from drink, even smiled at Loki offering him a toast with her mug. Loki sighed, waving his hand again, casting a spell that would sober them. They would need preparation for this meeting.

Immediately, they lost their carefree expressions, looking around at each other, confused. “What has happened?” Fandrall asked, his eyes flying away from the tightly clad rear of Natasha to Loki. “Why have you ruined our fun, Loki?”

He sighed in exasperation. Was everyone besides himself always so stupid? “It would be wise for the Midgardians to prepare for the council meeting they have in a short time if they wish to properly represent their realm. Your word may have weight in deciding Darcy’s fate. Really, this is most irresponsible.”

Frigga nodded in agreement. “He is right. We shall continue this charming game later. I’m sure it would be a most excellent part of our festivities.” She rose from her chair, gesturing to the Avengers. “Come. I shall have you fitted for clothes and dressed in under an hour. Or would you prefer to be adorned in Midgardian fashions?”

“Midgardian.” Answered Clint.
“I’ll stay as I am.” Said Natasha.

“What…oh clothes…I’m fine.” Banner mumbled over his work.

“No Thank you ma’am.” Captain said graciously.

“Mhmmmm hmm mh mnnnnhm.” Tony tried through his muzzle which he was still attempting to remove.

Frigga sighed, “Very well. Loki, perhaps you should check on Darcy’s progress. I know my ladies are not quite appreciative of how she has managed to capture their Prince.”

Loki knew his face was reddening and he knew it was visible. “Mother, you are a terrible liar.”

“Am I?”

“Mother, please stop.”

“Ah, forgive me. It just seemed they were all so disappointed to learn that you favor a Midgardian. The rumors about her are quite hilarious.” She added, shooting a glance to Sif who chortled in response. “Why anyone would believe Darcy is a wicked sorceress with mind controlling powers is beyond me. They seem to think you’re cursed.”

Loki felt fury prick his insides. “They dare to insult her?”

“No Loki. They are jealous of her. Most of them would not even expect a Midgardian to possess much magic if any at all. They wish for an excuse. They were here and obviously had not taken your favor. How could it be possible that a mortal would?” Frigga sighed, folding her hands.

Loki was reminded why he loved his mother so much. She had taught him the practical use of tone and tongue. “Perhaps, I should see how she fares.”

“If you must.” Frigga winked, beckoning for her son to leave.

***********************************

Darcy struggled to breathe, her lungs fighting against the confines of her dress. That combined with the muzzle over her mouth meant she wasn’t going to be conscious much longer. Apparently, Asgard didn’t have sizes to fit well endowed women. That, or the Queen’s ladies were going out of their way to make sure she looked like a ho.

The midnight blue dress she wore pushed up her bosom so much that she could hardly move her chin without bumping into some kind of breast tissue. The fabric hugged her bodice and did not quite reach the ground, exposing her ankles. She supposed this was some big ‘no-no’ on Asgard since everyone else’s dresses touched the ground.

Darcy had tried several times to argue with the Ladies, all of whom were like Sigyn. Sigyn had stuck to her words by the letter. She was in no way Darcy’s friend in attempting to help her, though she did not make matters worse. She only watched in cold, unwelcome stares. They were comforting compared to the contempt in the other’s faces.

Eventually, she had called them all out on being jealous gold diggers and racist pricks. That’s when someone brought in a muzzle and had it clamped around her face. She tried to shout in protest, but to no prevail. The women continued to dress her in low shoes and some kind of make-up. She fought them at every turn.
Magic had also failed. It was essential that she keep that to a minimum since they believed she was some wicked sorceress and she didn’t want to encourage their beliefs by cursing them all. However, all the ladies seemed to have the same sparky-magic. In other words, limited power.

Darcy didn’t want to scare them, but the dress had been too confining. She lit her hands and had made it bigger. That’s when she got cuffed. Little golden bands were snapped onto her wrists, blocking her magic.

From there she just tried to remove her dress physically, stomping around the room, moaning through her muzzle and trying to undo the laces that held the stupid thing together.

That resulted in her hands being bound to the chair she now sat in as the ladies gossiped like schoolgirls. Thankfully, they had left her hearing.

“…The Vanir nobles arrived this morning. All ten of them…”

“…The elves brought offerings of fruit…not the best of their crop, I’m sure….”

“…Prince Loki is sure to be praised once this mortal business is taken care of…”

“…I am not one to entertain mortals, though, that one in the strange blue, red, and white suit is quite lovely….”

“…Frost Giants…nasty monsters, aren’t they…?”

“…Asgard’s seventeen nobles have entered…”

“…the three realms’ council members…but Midgard? When did they decide they could match the might of Asgard?”

Darcy’s anger built. Her chest hurt and her mind was muddled from lack of air. She considered growling, but they wouldn’t listen to that. But what were they discussing. There were Nine realms and there they were talking about how only three got to decide the fate of her and the Chitauri? Only four because of the Avenger’s invasion that they would be a part of the council meeting.

Blood pulsed in her temple and she shook her head in a sorry try to remove the muzzle. One of the Lady’s tittered at her, “Are Midgardian’s really so primal? How sad. And to think they should help I deciding your fate.”

Darcy tried to stand, her body pulsing with magic, but she was chained and standing only resulted in her tripping, which consequently meant falling to the side. She braced herself for an embarrassing fall when strong hands caught her by the shoulders. She would have sighed in relief, only she had enough air to keep breathing. Loki.

“Darling, what has happened?” he asked, holding out his hands to support her.

Immediately the muzzle was removed, along with her cuffs. Darcy gasped for breath, using Loki’s hands to steady herself. The air made her ribs hurt and her mind swim. She managed a panting statement, “Damn Asgard…gotta have equality…Loki, where is that planet you wanted to go live on? We can leave now.”

Her statement ended with a handy collapse into Loki’s leathery chest.
Despite recent events, it was not one of Loki’s more favorable hobbies to support his unconscious beloved after she had been attacked. Though, he expected more of his mother’s ladies.

Quickly, he magicked her a freer dress, green and well fitting. Her breathing restored, his relief apparent. He turned his gaze to the women, speaking softly, “Had it been anyone else, I would ask you to explain yourselves. But you have offended my love. She has been severely damaged in battle, yet you treat her as though she is a pet to be cruelly toyed with. You’re disrespects are an insult to me personally and shall be taken as such.”

He let his gaze wander around the room, many of the ladies avoiding his glare. One met his eye. Sigyn.

He courted her once. She was the only Lady he ever courted, others he simply took to bed. But Sigyn was feisty and had a spark of mischief he had appreciated. Though, she also happened to be very shallow and figured herself a prize the longer he courted her. So he stopped, deciding it was better to spend time in the presence of books who worked much better as company. The desires for flesh he treated with willing women of his choice.

Sigyn had not been so content with his decision. She spoke now with that same cold, desolate voice. “My Prince, we did not know Midgardians could be so fragile. Perhaps—“

“Hold your tongue, Sigyn.” He demanded, lifting Darcy in his arms, preparing to take her back to his chambers. “As for the rest of you, my relationship with Miss Lewis is none of your concern. You disobeyed your duties in favor of bullying a woman who has been through much more in the past month than you have been through in your pathetic, pampered lives.”

“Loki.” His mother chided from the doorway, her face stern and unyielding, “Take Darcy to rest. The Allfather has declared a meeting in the next half hour. You must be there.”

She turned her stare to the women and Loki knew that no amount of physical damage could ever match the dread of that disappointed glare. He chilled thinking of it upon him. In an instant, he magicked himself and Darcy o his room, setting her on his bed.

He gently undid her dress, going about checking her ribs to make sure she was not internally injured. She shifted at his touch to her skin. “Hmph. Hey…”

“Are you alright? Darcy, I am sorry. I did not mean for them to happen.”

She chuckled, slowly sitting up and resting her head against the headboard, “Fuck. I didn’t actually think they meant for me to pass out or stop breathing. They just wanted to make me look really slutty.”

“You are defending them?”

“Nope.” She said, rubbing her bare sides, “Bitches need to be treated with their own medicine.”

He took her hand, “My mother shall see to it.”

Darcy lifted her head, touching her face curiously. “Hey, I’m not wearing glasses.”

“No. The healers fixed your eyesight.”

She hummed as his hand settled on her belly. “Mmm. That’s awesome. So about that distant planet? I was thinking one of those barren moon things…they look pretty inhabitable.”
Loki frowned at her, “What happened to liberating the Chiaturi?” he asked.

“A bunch of pretty women threatened me with sparks and called me a primal being. I don’t know how I feel about going in to speak with a council.” She protested rolling her shoulders.

Loki chuckles, taking her hand, pressing his lips to her knuckles. “Darcy Lewis, are you truly suggesting that you should give up? You?”

She bit her lip, “Loki…”

“Darcy, the council will be much easier than the ladies. Women on Asgard are…bored. It is expected of them to be catty and competitive. They fight dirty for the best husband and belittle others for amusement and empowerment.” He told her, sitting down on the edge of the bed. “Running away now would make us fugitives. As lovely as it sounds, I suspect we would not get peace.”

She pressed her lips together. “Fine. I guess I’ll get through the damn council. Supposing they don’t condemn me to Hel.”

“They might. But only for a few years.” He teased, kissing her cheek.

Darcy smiled, tilting her head so their lips met. “Thanks for the reassurance. And speaking of the council, I have questions.”

“Don’t you always?” he asked.

“Yes. But…how much time do we have till the meeting?”

“About twenty minutes.”

“I need to learn as much about international Asgardian political regulations as I can within the next twenty minutes. Starting with this ridiculous council.” She stated, standing up and shrugging her dress on, the untied back revealing her pale shoulders and dimpled back.

Awed by her certainty and determination, Loki conjured a book that would offer her everything she needed. “Anything else while I am heeding to your commands?”

“Yeah.” Darcy said, flipping through the book. “Tell me the name of every current dignitary in Yggdrasil and their association with Asgard.”

The throne room had been set with great tables and chairs, goblets of water and fresh paper laid out in front of each chair. Nobles and dignitaries pooled around, the air heavy with disagreement to come.

Odin rested his head in hand, clutching Gungnir with the other. He had not expected the Midgardian’s appearance, nor had he expected them to be so popular. It seemed they each served as a different personality to the court.

Stark: Smart, arrogant, loud. He was their voice and an ever going stream of charisma.

Barton: Ready to listen, ready to argue. A fine balance of humor and deadly wrath.

Romanoff: Intimidating. Her stare made the Allfather wish to hide.

The Captain: Righteous. Fair. Always for the popular vote. His politeness made him difficult to
disagree with and even harder to insult.

Banner: Intelligent, controlled, secretive. He had the favor of the Asgardian warriors as well as Heimdal.

Then there was Darcy. The Ladies of the court gossiped, but it hardly meant anything to the rest of Asgard. She was an enigma to them. A simple mortal who had fought her way to power and won the favor of the god. He had hoped she would come off as a whore of sorts. Some lusty woman Loki had picked up from the Chitauri and taken out of want.

But she had not.

Asgard considered her an intriguing mystery. Many looked up to her. It was unnerving. In only two days, Yggdrasil had gone from perfect balance to chaos all with Loki and his mortal.

Or was it Darcy and her god?

He didn’t want to think about the prospects of that.

Finally, he decided it was time to call order to the council. Hopefully the ladies had dressed Darcy Lewis…erm…the Mortal…as he wished. Perhaps her choice of clothing would influence the court otherwise. A simple strategy of using the enemy’s appearance against them…he’d been using it for years.

The nobles settled, only Tony Stark’s laugh still resonating through the hall.

“Greetings all who have come today to determine the fate of the mortal Midgardian, Darcy Lewis, the Other of the Chitauri and Ambassador of Midgard. She is answering for the crimes of her army against Yggdrasil, her invasion on Asgard, and her illegal claim of ownership over the tesseract.”

Odin scouted the room with his eye, meeting Loki’s stiff position. He took notice that his son had changed his ceremonial armor. It was less Asgardian and more…well, he didn’t know. Loki.

The Midgardian, Tony Stark, cleared his throat loudly and muttered something about unfair trials. A few muffled chuckles spilled from the group of elves. Odin would be sure to limit how many of them would be allowed passage onto Asgard next time.

“Bring in the prisoner.” He called and the double doors to the hall opened and in their vast wake was the short mortal, dressed in a fine fitting, green and gold gown. Not only did it accentuate her beauty, but she wore the colors of Prince Loki. His claim on her was now made to some of the most influential people in all of Yggdrasil. Brilliant. Now how was he supposed to conspire against her if she was openly the desired of Loki?

She was flanked by two guards, each with a small smile on their lips. He expected fear, maybe some snarky little glimpse or witty grin. But there was only hard pressed determination. It was unfamiliar on her face, and immediately he stiffened, prepared to smite her if need be.

“Darcy Lewis, Midgardian, do you admit to leading an army onto Midgardian soil?”

She frowned at him, crossing her arms. “Odin Borson, do you admit to being the King of Asgard, the Realm Eternal and Allfather of the Nine Realms, sworn to protect Yggdrasil and abide by its laws?”

The council gasped. This was a formal hearing. No one could ask such questions when being questioned. It was insubordination. “Mortal—“
“Darcy—“

“Mortal!”

“Darcy Lewis.”

“Darcy Lewis, you are not permitted to ask such things. Do you admit—“

She lifted her chin in defiance. “I have no interest in answering you questions while my trial remains unfair and breaks the laws of Yggdrasil.”

Odin gaped at her, glancing around the court. “What do you mean? Nothing has been disobeyed.”

She sighed, like he was a child having to be reminded to bathe. From under her arm she pulled a large thick tome, opening it to the middle and read. “According to Asgard’s most ancient laws, it has been decided that when dealing with affairs that involve the entirety and all the safety of Yggdrasil, those realms involved, should have representatives so long as the visiting representatives are living. No realm should have more than seven ambassadors and no less than two.”

She approached Odin’s table and dropped the open book in front of him. “Forgive me, Allfather, but it seems a few rules have been broken. Upon my count, I have noticed that Asgard has seventeen representatives, Vanaheim; ten, Alfheim…four, Midgard; six.”

Odin stood, pushing the book aside. “These traditions have been present since Asgard’s war with the Jotunns! We shall simply remedy the law!”

“Remedy the law to suit your imperialist desires. You can throw me in prison again if you wish, but I refuse to participate in this trial until it is fair and the means of this law are met.” Darcy said, stepping back, her gaze shifting quickly to Loki then back at the Allfather.

He grimaced, leaning forwards over the table. “You are but a mortal. I have years ruling Asgard and you cannot simply refuse to do anything. I am—“

“I am Darcy Lewis! The Other of the Chitauri, Ambassador of Midgard, and Political Science-Major!” she paused for emphasis and Odin sat back. Whatever this title, he was unsure of it. Perhaps she was more powerful than he thought. “I have trained and studied politics, Odin. I know your simple ploy and illegal plays. I will not stand for it. If you want to punish me for what I’ve done and my people’s claim on the tesseract, you had better get all of fucking Yggdrasil to agree on it.”

He found his senses, coming back at her words. “You deviant. Midgard has no claim on the tesseract —“

“Not Midgard, the Chitauri. They are my people.” She announced, voice plain and strong. A couple chortles emanated from the court.

“You are not one of those insects, Darcy Lewis! You are midgardian!” shouted one of the Asgardian nobles.

Face stern, Darcy Lewis took a step back, her hands alight with magic. In a flash of bright blue light, she was dressed from head to toe in Chitaurian armor. Her breastplate shown white and he took notice of her dark blue pants, adorned with white armored plates. In her hand was the small device she called a taser. Loki was beaming at her with some kind of pride Odin did not understand.

The mortal had simply changed her clothes and now everyone looked as if she had swayed them entirely. “I am the Other. The Chitauri are my people. I can promise you, Odin Allfather, I will not
rest until the law is fairly implemented. It is the word of your ancestors.”

Odin radiated anger. She needed a good smiting….he was going to smite her…using his own law against him…how dare she….

Thor’s voice boomed across the hall. “All in favor of Darcy Lewis’ proposal?”

The smile that crossed Darcy’s face was all he needed to know about what was to come next.

Chapter End Notes

Ah! Alright! Here is the next chapter! I’m so very sorry it has taken me so long to post. The damn exams have been beating me up from the inside. As much as I wish to throw all of it down the drain, that degree is pretty damn beautiful…and expensive. And…I’ve already paid for it…a little bit.

I have to thank blue_meets_green for a line in this chapter. They commented it to me and I felt a strong desire to use it as a line for Jane. Quote: "D-A -R -C -Y... Damn Awesome Radical Chick You can’t help but love!"

Thank you BMG for that. You’re cool.

Thank you all for your kudos and comments and stuff! The energy surrounding this story gives me the squeaky fangirl giggles! I can't hold it back! You all are fantabulous and I’m seriously thrilled for the next chapter. It should come out sooner than this last one, but I’m not sure. It won’t be longer than a week most likely.

Feel free to drop by a comment, I will respond to the best of my ability. I have access to google translate if you want to test how many things I can copy paste and I'm perfectly open to new languages that haven’t been confirmed to the rest of the world yet. So comment, unless you don’t want to. Then refrain from commenting.
Foreign Diplomacy

Chapter Summary

Darcy and Loki make a deal. Odin and Darcy make a deal. Asgard and Jotunheim make a deal.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Darcy laughed loudly, raising her mug of ale in a challenge. “Volstagg, you’re on!”

So, things had escalated pretty quickly after the council voted for a fair trial and decision making process. Odin had declared, once again, that he was the king and he would not have lesser beings on Asgard. He then retreated to his office/study/kingly chambers to pout.

Everyone else had begun indulging in the feast that had been set up for the noble visitors. And what a feast it was! Asgard knew how to make food. There were plates of cheese, succulent fruit, green vegetables, warm bread, and the most delicious meat Darcy had ever tasted. She was reminded by Loki that it was indeed, Bilgesnipe flank.

She at it anyways.

There also seemed to be an endless amount of the best alcoholic beverage in the Nine Realms. Darcy was sure not to drink much at first, intending to keep her senses in case Odin decided to make one of his ‘I AM KING’ speeches. But…oh…that ale…

One sip just seemed like fifty more.

In reality, it was really all Volstagg’s fault. He was the one boasting about he could out-drink anyone…ever. So, what better way to prove one’s worth on Asgard than beat one of their warriors in a drinking contest? Trick question: there is no better way.

Volstagg stood in turn, arms spread to the banquet table. “The Lady Darcy thinks she can out-drink me?” he laughed, but there was no spite in his tone. It was merely banter.

Darcy drained her goblet, banging it down with a clank. “Lady my ass! First to puke loses!”

“Darcy, do not be an idiot.” Chided Loki from next to her. He was very quite at the feast, only giving small smiles to a few people that complimented him on his defending of Midgard. She had asked him if he wanted to go back to his room or give her a tour, but he insisted she stay and become better acquainted with the nobles.

She giggled, “Bullshit. I’m just going to show them what an individual can learn in Cancun.”

His eyes widened at this, “No. I have seen that memory. You may be fine with barring your nude self to all of Yggdrasil to see, but I am not. You are mine and I do not very well wish for—”

“Shh.” She pressed a finger to his lips, bending down to kiss him as a bunch of mugs got delivered to the table. “I’m not going to out-drink Volstagg. I’d die of alcohol poisoning.”
The ignored dirty looks from an Asgardian serving lady as they kissed again. Loki raised an eyebrow. “No?”

“Nope.” Darcy smiled. “But I am going to win.”

“Lady Darcy, are you propositioning mischief?” he questioned innocently.

“Me? Why I’d never.” She gasped, taking one of the mugs the serving lady had delivered. Before her and Volstagg both were large silver platters lined with the light colored drink.

“Are you ready to be beaten, Darcy Lewis?!” Volstagg cheered, face rosy with laughter and drink.

She smiled slyly over her tankard, “Nope!”

Promptly, Darcy set down her drink and made a broad, open armed imitation of Volstagg’s gesture in the direction of Captain Rogers. “Steve, so I hear, cannot get drunk. Ever. I think he can beat you.”

Captain looked a little uncomfortable in his spangled suit, having been making slow conversation with a couple Asgardian dignitaries. (Dignitaries whom all happened to be men. All of them.) “Uh, Darcy.”

“Yep. There’s my champion. Duel!” she cackled, falling back into her fancy gold chair, watching Loki as he restrained an exasperated eye-roll.

“And here I was ready to take advantage of your inebriated state.” He sighed, giving her a humorous look as she put her feet in his lap. “Pity.”

Darcy giggled, watching Steve nervously finish his first ale. So far, still sober. She let her gaze wander over the table, analyzing the different people. Stark seemed to get along with everyone, many of the men from Alfheim were fawning over Natasha who seemed oblivious and/or unimpressed with their swoons. Barton was showing off his archery skills to Hogun by shooting grapes off the end of the table or out of certain dignitaries’ hands. Jane and Thor were nowhere to be seen…heh heh heh…

Then there was Banner.

Bruce was staring out a window, looking curiously at the bifrost, Sif standing close behind him. Suddenly, Darcy remembered the happenings on their arrival to the Realm Eternal.

Oh, this could be fun.

“Hey Loki, God of Practical Jokes and Bad Sex Puns?”

“Yes, mortal?”

She poked him with her toe, “What would you say to trying some mischief for the sake of mischief?”

He hummed, running his fingers over her booted foot, “I’d say I’m in dire need of some.”

A grin stretched across her face, “Banner’s got an admirer. Any guesses?”

Loki rolled his eyes as if her observation was to elementary for him to even say. “Of course, Heimdall. However, I do not think this is my kind of mischief. I’m not appreciative of match-making.”
“Loki, you’re missing the point.”

“What is the point?”

She sighed, sitting up so their noses touched, “I want to make a challenge for you.”

“Given the past month, I do not wish for any more challenges. Especially from you.” He grumbled, pecking her lips.

“I’ll take that as a yes.” Darcy grinned, bouncing in her seat.

Loki gave her a hard look, but a small smile played at the corners of his mouth. “What is this great challenge then?”

“I think that we should fake send Banner a bunch of cheesy love notes from his ‘secret admirer’ then do the same with Heimdall.” Darcy said, wiggling her eyebrows.

“It will not work, Darcy. Heimdall sees everything.” Loki sighed, turning back to his half eaten plate of food.

“Yeah, but I have you, Mr. I-can-get-around-everyone-including-Heimdall-with-my-fancy-magic-powers.” She pointed out, poking him in the arm. “Come on. It could be fun?”

He rolled his eyes, “This hardly sounds like fun. Could we send hateful letters instead? Those would be far more entertaining.”

“Nope. Too mean.” She tapped her chin thoughtfully, “If you help me with this, I’ve got a few creative suggestions as to what we could do later.”

“Do you honestly think I could be swayed by…” Loki trailed off as Darcy bent forwards to whisper in his ear exactly what those creative suggestions entailed.

He cleared his throat, “…Alright fine. I’ll help you with your elementary troublemaking.”

“Yes!”

“Under one condition.” Loki added, examining a grape between his fingers.

“Damn.” Darcy relented, leaning back in her chair, watching as Steve finished his tenth mug. The only effects seemed to be that he was doing the potty dance. “What?”

“I get to wear my helmet.” He smiled deviously, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear and kissing her deeply. Her fingers tangled in his shoulder-length hair, pulling his mouth more firmly against hers. She was pretty sure that serving lady’s dirty looks had never looked as dirty as they did when she pushed her tongue between Loki’s lips.

They only parted because Volstagg was looking green. Not three seconds after Darcy caught her breath, a large pot was brought to him. A pot in which he bent over and thoroughly puked his guts out.

There was a massive cheer as Steve received congratulations. Though, all of them were cut short as he quickly scurried off to find the latrine.

Loki’s lips were at her neck as soon as the Captain had left the hall. “So, do we have a deal?” he asked, pecking her lips.
“Deal.” She agreed, standing up. “Be sure to remember that for tonight.”

He waved his hand and a gentle caress of magic danced around his fingertips. “There, it is done. And tonight?” Loki asked, taking her hand. “I think now would be preferable.”

She smiled, lifting their hands to kiss his palm. “I’ve actually got some diplomatic issues that need addressing.”

“With whom?” he released her hand to slide his palms over her armored shoulders.

She waved her eyebrows at him, picking up a couple full tankards. “Odin Allfather.”

****************************

Odin sat in his study, angrily pouring over documents from council meetings during his father’s time. In those days, even the Frost Giants had been invited to Asgard. But why couldn’t that infuriating mortal understand?! Welcoming the Jotunn’s onto Asgardian soil would almost guarantee war and outrage!

There was a gentle knock on the door. Probably just his afternoon tea.

“Enter.” He grumbled, still reading his papers.

“Gooooood afternoon Daddy-O.” called an unmistakable voice and the very last he wanted to hear.

The Allfather spun around to face none other than an armored Darcy Lewis, carrying a tray of teacups, a teapot, and pastries. He nearly growled at her, “What do you want?”

She rolled her eyes, setting the tray over the text he’d been reviewing and pouring them tea. “Well, I figured that instead of just waiting around for you to make some godly decision, I would come up here and speak diplomatically.”

Odin scoffed, “You wish to barter with me, Darcy Lewis? I shall not stand for it! You have humiliated me in front of the Nine Realms and unlike the rest of Asgard, I quite dislike you.” He ended, watching her as she picked up her own cup and took a dainty sip. It was strange to see such a powerfully dressed woman drink so much like a lady.

The sound she made next, however, did not even show signs of lady hood. “Okay, well, first, thanks for calling me Darcy. Second, you humiliated yourself by not following your own laws. And third, I know you hate me, there’s no need to remind me.” She took a large gulp from her teacup. “I’m not attempting to barter with you, Odin. I am very desperately trying to negotiate some peace.”

“Eck!” he made a sound when he drank from his own cup and found, instead of tea, ale. “What is this?”

Darcy swallowed the last of her drink, smacking her lips together. “I don’t like the tea on Asgard. The ale is way better.”

Odin set down his cup, prepared to bellow at her for intrusion and attempting to disable the King. Darcy waved him off.

“Dude, just stop. Sit down, drink your teacup ale, and talk to me like a grown ass man. I’m an adult, you’re an adult; can you please just focus on this discussion?”

Odin stared at her. Perhaps he was acting a bit childish. And the ale was quite good. Also, Darcy had
become popular with the council, if he could convince her to support him, this issue could be overlooked. “Very well.” He sat down, “What is it that you would like to discuss?”

Her smile widened as she poured herself a fresh cup, “I want you to give Jotunheim their Box of Old Storms—“

“Casket of Ancient Winters.”

“Same difference.” She plucked a pastry from the tray and took a bite. “Give that back to them and give the Chitauri the tesseract.”

“Why, by the name of—“

Darcy made a screeching sound, followed by a few clicks of her tongue and deep rumbles from her chest. She sighed in irritation, refilling his mug, “Drink up, All-papa. This is never going to work if you don’t chill out.”

Surprisingly, Odin complied.

*Three Hours Later…*

“You do not understand, Darcy…” Odin slurred, drinking from the magically replenished teacup.

Darcy turned her uneven gaze on the king, “What? That you’re racist? You’re all racist! Imperialists! Racist! Jackass!”

He waved his hands about, collapsing back into his chair, “Darcy I do not want the Frost Giants on Asgard!” the King whined like a toddler who didn’t want to take his bath. “And you’re trying to make me.”

“Not true!” Darcy argued, poking him on his armored chest. “I’m just trying to stop you from being such a royal ass.” She mocked his accent near the end, making a long ‘a’ sound.

Odin adorned a look of dismay, “That is where you’re wrong! I am the royal Áss! I am a proper Áss King!”

Darcy couldn’t hold back the wave of laughter that broke through her lips and reverberated around Odin’s study. “Dude, don’t say that.”

“Why not!? I am a Royal Áss and I have more power than you…and Loki…. Why does he like you? You’re so annoying! Why do you like him? I don’t want Frost Giant’s on Asgard!” Odin stood up, pouting and tossing around feathers and ink wells.

“Oh yeah?!” Darcy challenged, drunkenly getting to her feet, “Well, I don’t want war!”

“YOU ARE CAUSING A WAR, DARCY LEWIS!”

“YOU’VE BEEN CAUSING WARS SINCE BEFORE I WAS BORN, ODIN!”

Odin pounded his scepter against the ground and in return, Darcy took out her taser and began swinging it around. Both of them spewed violent threats at the other, not even bothering to stop drinking.

*One Hour Later…*

Loki finally found Darcy.
He had no idea how long she was supposed to be in a meeting with the Allfather and he was concerned that she might get smite.

He searched the palace up and down, finding his crazy woman in Odin’s study. And it was quite the sight to see.

Darcy was lying on the floor, sadly glaring at a broken teacup while Odin sat cross-legged on his desk, writing down every word Darcy said. The room around them was in ruins. The walls were covered in scorch marks from Gungnir and he smelt faint traces of soap bubbles.

“…give this fucking Casket of Dead Snow to the Jotunns so they can be happy and not go all killy killy murder on Asgard. And I, Odin Allfather, am going to apologize to Loki for lying to him his entire life about being smurfette. The fate of the tesseract is undecided.” She slurred, stabbing the air with her finger.

Odin signed the paper with a flourish. “There. I hate this agreement.”

He tossed her the scroll and she read it. “I hate parts of this agreement.”

They sighed and Loki watched in fascination as Odin Allfather chuckled, cheeks red and scorch marks on his armor. “If we are truly making the Chitauri’s land a realm, I think I should be able to name it.”

“Bullshit.”

“That is a terrible name.” Odin frowned, shaking his head, and falling back on his desk, “I was thinking something like Odin-gard. Or Frigga-heim.”

Darcy made a puking noise. “No way! Frigga-heim maybe, but Odin-gard? That’s just pushing it.”

“What would you call it then?”

“Darcy-gard. Loki-heim.” She answered immediately.

Loki had stayed silent, taking a video with his (Darcy’s) ipod of the drunken discussion between the two. He chortled as Darcy threw her broken teacup handle when Odin told her those names were ridiculous.

“Darcy?” Loki chided gently, ending the video.

She sat up quickly, a grin splitting her face, “Loki! I told you diplomacy would work!”

Odin sat up as well, eyepatch askew, “I’m sorry smurfette!” he bellowed, falling back against his desk again, this time in a sleep.

Loki rolled his eyes, glaring at Darcy. “Why?”

She giggled, stumbling over to the Allfather and lifting his hand to slap his limp palm against hers. Quickly, Loki went to inspect the Allfather to make sure he had not fallen into the Odinsleep again. “Father?”

He responded with a resounding snore that caused Darcy to erupt in laughter, “And they say politics are boring!” she leaned against Loki’s chest, looking up at his face. “Do you want to go do that thing I was talking about earlier?”

Loki smirked down at the foolishly intelligent Midgardian before him, her long hair in tangles and
armor marked with burns from fighting. A toothy grin still stayed on her face. He shook his head, lifting her into his arms. “Perhaps in the morning.”

She groaned, wiggling in his hold. “No…Loki….”

He transported them to his chambers, setting her on his bed where she immediately lay back and fell asleep. Endearred and exasperated, Loki removed her armor piece by piece till all that clothed her was a dark blue tunic. She rolled over in her sleep and he was pleased to discover that she wasn’t wearing any offending undergarments.

Darcy was quite the vision and for a moment he considered casting a sobriety spell just to take advantage of how lovely she looked. However, sleep was probably healthier for her at this point anyways. Shedding his own armor, he climbed in bed beside he; but not before sending the video of Darcy and Odin’s dispute to Stark. As it turns out, internet is no more than a small kind of transmittance magic.

********************************

“Ugh.” Darcy moaned from her place in Loki’s bathtub. “Make it go away.”

He chuckled, bending down to kiss her chastely on the lips. “You were the one who confused diplomacy with toxicity.”

She wound her hand in his hair, pulling his face back down to hers. “It worked, didn’t it?”

“Hmm, quite.” He hummed, drawing his tongue along her bottom lip. “Yes. I’m eager to see how Loki-heim reacts to the change.”

“You suck.” She sighed, leaning her head back as Loki’s laughter sounded around the room.

“Or was it Darcy-gard? I do not—“

He was cut short after being forcefully pulled, fully clothed, into the tub. It was easily big enough for the two of them, but it was still a shock that she had managed something so sneaky. “You were saying?” Darcy asked, her gaze lingering over his drenched figure.

With a flick of his wrist, Loki’s clothes were gone and relaxed against the side of the tub, his long legs draped over hers. “I was saying that the woman I love is a daft mortal who—“

In the next second, Darcy splashed over to him, engaging him in a slippery naked battle that he let her win. It ended in her sitting on his back, keeping him pinned underwater. “Lewis for the win!”

Just then, there was a timid knock on the door and a maid entered immediately after, not waiting for any grant of entry. Her eyes widened in terrified surprise. Darcy held up her hands. “It’s not what it looks like.”

Bubbles came to the surface of the water, Loki’s back quaking with laughter. The maid stuttered for something to say. “T-the Allfather requires your presence.”

“Mine or his?” Darcy asked, pointing down at Loki.

“Both of you, my lady.” The maid squeaked, “He seemed rather insistent.”

“Hm, I bet he was. Tell him we’ll see him in a couple hours.” Darcy said, “Thanks, by the way. And, once again, just for the record, I am not drowning Loki right now. Probably.”
On that lovely note, the maid scurried away, a small quake of laughter in her shoulders. Loki chose then to come up for air, dumping her off his back and into the water where he hovered over her. His dark wet locks hung around his face. “You minx. Denying an immediate call from the Allfather. And for what?”

“To fool around with my sexy godly boyfriend.” Darcy answered, running her fingers down his dripping shoulders. “My wet sexy godly boyfriend.”

“indeed.” He agreed, pressing his lips to the crook of her neck, lapping at the droplets of water that pooled there.

It continued, his mouth working its way over her collarbone and down to her breast. His lips submerged to reach the rosy buds that hardened under the simplest of his touches. He took one in his mouth, ravishing her with every intention of procuring gorgeous sounds from her luscious lips. Right on cue, Darcy made a small mewling noise and he felt her rub her thighs together underwater.

“Bed.”

He kept up his work, intending to take full advantage of the two hours they had. He was not about to rush this morning. His hands traced her curves, lingering between her thighs and caressing her bare quim.

Darcy hissed, “Loki…bed. Please.”

Well, she did ask nicely.

In a quick spell, Darcy was lying on his recently made bed and he stood beside her in his pants and helmet.

She looked about herself, a frustrated grimace on her lovely face. “hey, what the… why hello there.” Her tone changed as she to notice to the horned shirtless god next to her bed. She cleared her throat nervously. “Uh, you…uh…you were serious?”

He quirked a brow, “Well, it was part of our deal, was it not?”

Darcy grinned, but he detected anxiety in her timid movements. He approached her, kissing her delicately. “It will be fine.”

She relaxed, laying back on the bed and in the next second, small golden chains wrapped around her wrists and ankles, binding her to the headboard and a green scarf appeared over her eyes. “Safe word?”

“Loki-heim.” He smirked, kissing down her belly.

“You bastard.” She gasped, his long fingers beginning an exploration up her leg.

“In every sense of the word, Darling.” The horns of his helmet pressing against her knees and faceguards cool against her thighs. It was going to be a good two hours.

******************************************************************************

Odin faced a group of blue Jotunn diplomats, his head pounding.

Darcy Lewis was not yet here. She who convinced him to do partake in this ridiculous event was an hour late. He’d sent several guards and servants down to Loki’s room to retrieve he and they’d all come back with red faces and some mumbled excuse about how she was ‘busy’.
“I’m terribly sorry for the delay, but it is within express violation of our laws,” he made it sound like a dirty word, “that we wait for everyone who partook in this treaty’s creation.”

The Jotunn’s grumbled in discomfort, clenching their fists and shifting in agitation. The council was assembled and Tony Stark’s bursts of laughter were the only thing to break the silence.

The seconds ticked painfully by and Odin debated whether he should say something. But, to be honest with himself, things would be much better handled if Darcy was there.

Suddenly, the doors to the hall bust open and in rushed a disheveled Midgardian in Chitaurian armor. “Pardon my absence; I was not alerted that this was happening so soon.”

She rushed over to the Frost Giants, taking their hands and shaking them, and introducing herself to them. It shocked Odin that he feared for her safety at their touch. Everyone drew in a gust of air when she openly addressed them each by name, not even blinking when their large blue hands came in contact with her own small pale ones.

Even the giants seemed astounded at her openness to them. Odin’s gaze flicked to Loki’s chair where the prince now sat, as if he had been there the entire time. His gaze was trained with concealed nerves on Darcy Lewis. Odin vaguely remembered their last interaction where he had called his son ‘smurfette’. Perhaps they would simply refrain from speaking of it.

Darcy’s voice radiated through the hall. “Welcome to Asgard, I guess. Uh, we, as a council, would very much appreciate it if the Jotunnar representatives would rejoin the council.”

The leader of the group, Býleistr, Laufey’s second born, answered her. “We would be honored, Darcy Lewis, to reclaim our positions.”

She made a broad opened arm gesture to the seats next to the Asgardians. Loki stiffened as one sat down next to him. From his throne, Odin saw Darcy cast her lover an encouraging smile before strutting up to her own seat as the representative of the Chitauri.

“So,” she began, hands on the table in front of her. “Let’s get this party started.” She pressed her lips together before straightening up. “Býleistr Laufeyson, King of Jotunheim, Asgard has expressed the desire to arrange peace after the death of Laufey and Thor’s rampage on Jotunheim with the Casket of Ancient Winters.”

A wave of whispers rained through the room. The Jotunn’s gaped at each other for a moment. Býleistr responded in a professional tone. “What is it that you desire from Jotunheim? We have great quarrel with Asgard. The sons of Odin have killed many of our people and our king.”

Darcy sighed, crossing her arms. “I seriously just said that. Asgard doesn’t want anything from you except peace. Yggdrasil is not prepared for another war and Asgard wants nothing but peace with —“

Býleistr pointed an angry finger at Loki, “He manipulated us, Darcy Lewis. And last I checked, you were not Asgardian. Perhaps you should let the Princes speak for themselves, or even the King.”

Darcy raised a brow, “Okay. Whatever. Talk to him then.”

Loki shot her a dirty look, standing to face the five Jotunn’s next to him. Býleistr’s tone was cold, his marks standing out in the hall of gold. “You lead our king into Jotunheim with the intention of slaying him.”

“Yes.”
“And you killed him.”

“Obviously.”

“What explanation would you give us that would sway Jotunheim from waging war on Asgard?”

Loki could have said a number of snarky, arrogant things, but Odin was ever so grateful he responded in his genuine, assuring voice. One that implied negation rather than threats. “Býleistr, Asgard is not at fault for my mistakes, nor Thor’s. We are, as you could say, reformed. Asgard is relenting, offering up weakness and asking our peacefulness in return for the Casket.”

A different Jotunn stood and Odin believed he was Laufey’s third son, Helblindi. He was heavily marked and ropes of purple scars trailed over his bare chest. He was not small like Loki, but he was smaller. He wore his scars with pride. “Forgive my brother, he is far too passionate about the troubles we have faced in the past. We have every means of coming to peace and receiving the Casket once again. However, what Býleistr means to say is that we do not know if it is another trick.”

Odin stood to this, “Helblindi, we can assure you and Jotunheim that Asgard wishes only for peace.”

Darcy Lewis cleared her throat loudly, an unsubtle clue for him to elaborate.

“In the past, Asgard has not been fair to Jotunheim as far as diplomacy goes and we would like to remedy that. There is no trick. If you do not believe us, consult the Midgardians who have recently found their way into our council.”

Clint, Barton, Steve, Tony, and Banner offered small waves. Of course, Stark was the first one to talk, “Yeah. If Rex gives us any trouble, Midgard will totally wage war on Asgard. We could do it.”

Natasha interrupted him, “Of course we have no intentions of starting wars. Our goals remain to restore peace in the Nine Realms and establish racial equality.”

Helbendi nodded, and Odin noticed the circular patterns on his forehead. They looked like a crown. “That seems evenhanded. Yet, this last part of your statement interests me. If it is equality you wish, then it would not be unreasonable for Jotunheim to ask for mild reparations.”

Odin’s head throbbed. Weren’t they already asking for the Casket of Ancient Winters? Did they really need more? Greedy…disrespecting…Frost Giants….

Býleistr banged his hand on the table in agreement. “Yes. The Cask will be more than enough to compensate for our ruined kingdom, but the loss of our people has been heartbreaking. Not to mention the loss of Laufey’s first son, our brother, Hveðrungr. He was only a baby when he was killed.”

Loki paled and many eyes, those who knew of Loki’s heritage, flew to Odin. The King in question had no idea what to do. Should he lie? Say that what happened to Hveðrungr was a mistake? Keep going? It was a decent plan, but Býleistr seemed to notice something was wrong.

“What are you not telling us?”

Odin thought frantically for something to say and in his distress, cast a short glimpse to Darcy Lewis, who, not a second later, had her fiery mouth doing what it did best. “Býleistr, Helbendi, the Royal Asgardian family along with myself would appreciate bringing that point up later in order to declare a proper recompense. Would that be suitable? At the moment, peace is our main concern. The Chitauri grow restless.”
Býleistr gave a hesitant, measured nod. “Very well. With the current conditions, Jotunheim would gladly accept a peace treaty with the Nine Realms in return for the Casket.”

Odin cleared his throat. “All in favor?”

There was a unanimous ‘I’ and the Jotunn’s sat contented. Odin inwardly mourned the loss of the Cask.

“And now to the more pressing matter of the Chitauri—“

“Darcy-gard would like permission to be a realm.” Darcy clarified. “The Chitauri are people too. At the moment, we are not demanding ownership of the tesseract, only to be a part of Yggdrasil and be treated as those inside of it would. Just, to make this end quicker, raise your hand if you’re cool with that.”

Surprisingly, over four fifths of the council raised their hands. A few did not, one of them was Tony but that was only because he was laughing at something on his phone.

“Great! That means now the bifrost can reach there and everything. Brilliant.” Darcy clapped her hands together, stepping down from her chair, “Jotunn diplomats, let us retreat to a smaller room to discuss the remedies to your family troubles. And possibly some explanation.”

Loki swallowed hard, rushing to Darcy side and bending down to whisper frantically into her ear. Odin sighed, shooting an uneasy glimpse at Thor who was scratching his beard contemplatively.

They both knew, this could go any number of directions that could deeply affect the balance of Asgardian society and the state of Yggdrasil.

And it was all coming down to Darcy Lewis.

Damn.

Chapter End Notes

Whew, this has been a long week. Super terribly long. Nevertheless, here is chapter 28!
I realize that this story has really gotten away from me. When I originally thought of writing it, my plan was to stick to canon entirely. But then this mess happened. Though, this mess does make me happy.
Speaking of my happiness...
I love comments and kudos and stuff. If you want to give me some of those, that'd be cool. Unless you don't want to, then don't.

This is a very accurate depiction of how awesome I feel about myself whenever I post a new chapter. I felt it was important that you all know:
Darcy was impressed, really she was.

Býleistr and Odin had partaken in somewhat civilized arguing for thirty minutes and they had only gotten into four non-fatal fist fights. The only thing she was terribly disappointed in is that they weren’t even discussing Loki. They were just arguing about how racist Asgard was.

Darcy considered going and breaking them apart, but she didn’t want to be Darcy The Other. She wanted to be Loki’s support. He was going through a mild panic attack, hands clenched at his sides and a tendon in his jaw twitched every three seconds. Frigga stood by Helbindi, both of them observing their fighting family members in frustration.

Loki focused on the fight with upmost attention while Thor whispered supposedly soothing things. Darcy could tell he was trying, but it wasn’t helping.

“Loki, it’s going to be fine.” Darcy said, wrapping her hand around his clenched fist, urging it to relax in her grasp.

His gaze flicked down to her, “Darcy, I do not think this was a wise idea.”

“Why?”

“Because this feud has gone on far too long. My appearance shall only make it worse! The long lost son of Laufey, a prince of Asgard? Darcy, it is madness. You must see that.” He said, settling his hands on her cheeks.

She cupped his hand in hers. “Yes it’s crazy. But it’s true. If the realms are going to heal, the truth needs to be out on the table.”

His eyes, previously aching with worry, began to relax. “Gods I love you.”

“I love you too.”

He pecked her once on the lips, which was probably pretty scandalous for the kind of meeting they were in. But, hell, Thor was half asleep in a chair, Frigga and Helbindi had other things to talk about, and Odin was offering another helpful ‘I AM KING’ speech. No one was really paying attention, right?

She stood on her toes to kiss him again, letting him part her lips with his tongue. So, it was a little inappropriate given the time and place, but that could be dealt with later. Plus…those lips…that tongue…that lack of air…who needed professionalism when you could have Loki’s mouth al to yourself?
His hands rest on her hips, pulling her as close to him as humanly possible with their armor on. It wasn’t the most comfortable thing in the world, honestly, but it wasn’t overly concerning. She tangled her hands in his hair, giving a little squeak when his skilled fingers found a space in her armor to pinch just under her butt. Loki chuckled, his lips sliding down the column of her throat. She threw her head back, accepting the treatment.

Someone cleared their throat.

The broke apart to meet the gaze of a furious Odin, a humored Helblindi and an uncomfortable Býleistr. Thor was still asleep and Frigga’s expression was unreadable. The youngest of Laufey’s sons was the first to speak. “I believe we were called into this room by you, Darcy Lewis, to discuss the happenings of Laufey’s firstborn, our brother, Hveðrungr.”

She reddened, detangling herself for Loki. “Sorry…just…uh, passing the time while you got out your anger, Býleistr. No offense. I’m pretty sure Odin needed it too.”

Helblendi raised his black eyebrows, smiling ever so slightly. “Yes. I believe they did. However, now that the kings have fought and settled, would you mind giving us the explanation?”

Darcy pressed her lips together, “Actually, I don’t think it’s my place to tell you. Odin should say it. Or Frigga. Or Loki. Hell, even Thor could—“

A loud snore shook the room and everyone cast a glance over at the crowned prince, happily snoozing in a chair. “Okay, so not Thor.”

Helblendi and Býleistr turned expectantly to the King and Queen of Asgard.

Odin shifted uncomfortably before letting his head fall into his hands. “Please, Býleistr, let us keep in mind that this was done in the hopes of solving the rift between our realms one day….”

Darcy cringed, pretty sure that solve meant bargaining chip.

“…It was a mistake…”

“Mistake?” Frigga questioned.

“…Misjudgment…."

“Odin, really....”

“Woman! Let me talk!”

Helblendi continued to stare and Býleistr became more impatient. “Speak. I am losing my tolerance of this meeting.”

Odin growled, “What I’m trying to say is—“

Loki cast Darcy a sideways look in an obvious question. She shrugged, sending him a quick wink. Relaxing his fists, Darcy watched as the spell that held on Loki’s Asgardian appearance began to fade away, leaving him blue, marked and downright sexy.

Odin’s speech faltered, eye widening as his gaze fell on his adopted son. Býleistr followed his gawk, gasping at Loki. “What mockery is this!!”

Loki rolled his eyes. “It is not mockery. I am a Jotunn. Laufey’s firstborn to be precise.” He drawled.
“Laufey…Laufey…you killed him!” Býleistr screamed his massive cold arms lowering the temperature of the room.

Darcy could finally see why Loki said he was small for a Frost Giant. To her, he was pretty damn big, but he was at least two heads shorter than Býleistr and nowhere near as bulky. The only thing they had in common was the sharp planes of their features and that crown of Ymir across their heads.

Helblindi approached Loki inquisitively, his purplish scars a contrast to his gentle tone. “May I?”

Loki nodded, letting his biological brother feel his face and hands. He spoke quietly and in an amused voice. “I have studied battle and magic both. You are no stranger to either.” His fingers traced up Loki’s chin. “You must know how to avoid the strike of a blade, Jotunns scar easily.” He chuckled, nodding obviously to his own scars. “That or you’re very good at hiding or healing them.” Helblendi knit his brows curiously probing up the Marks on Loki’s cheeks, finally reaching his crown. “You would never be able to fake this, Hveðrungr.”

Býleistr frowned, “Helblendi, you know I trust you, but are you sure?”

He kept his large scarred hands on Loki’s head, fingertips skirting over his marks. “Brother, I have never been surer of anything. Look at how small he is. Father always spoke of that. He used to say that he would be the mind of our family as you would be the arm. I was to be the mediator.”

Býleistr pushed his brother aside, staring his long lost brother in the face. “You have known, yet you stay with the Asgardians? Why?”

Loki answered easily and with the utmost honesty. “I have just recently discovered my true heritage. And not a few days after this revelation, I was dropped outside of Yggdrasil. From there on I was left at the mercy of the previous Other.”

“Then what? How did you return to Asgard? To Midgard?”

Loki spoke coolly, though plainly. “Then, after almost a year, a Midgardian somehow ended up on the desolate rock inhabited by the Chitauri. She became the Lead and together we made a plan to betray the Chitauri and return to our home realms. I think you know the rest of it.”

“Oh,” Býleistr’s gaze flicked to Darcy then back to Loki, “She is still your lover? Even though she has known of your true form?”

“She is different from most.” Loki explained, taking Darcy’s hand in his cold one. “And she is much more than that.”

Býleistr scoffed, “A mortal companion? Why not also take an insect as a pet?”

“Back it up there, Frosty.” Darcy said hotly, poking the giant in the chest. He turned on her, looking down unimpressed. Darcy would not give into his intimidation attempts. “This ‘mortal’ just spent the past couple of days defending your entire race to the most stubborn man in the fucking universe who thinks he’s the king of everything. I’ve been convincing the entire Asgardian population that you are not crazy monsters and here you are, talking like I’m an insect!”

Býleistr’s expression tightened, but he seemed unsure of himself as well. Like picking a fight with a short loud mouthed woman was the most confusing thing in the world. “I meant no offense. Only that your life is considerably shorter than ours.”

Darcy rolled her eyes. “Then ask him if the length of my life expectancy bothers him, without comparing me to a bug! Really! I am the second in command of a realm and you’re admitting you
Think I’m an ant! I’m butt hurt about that.”

“Butthurt?”

“Upset.”

“I understand. My apologies, Darcy Lewis.” Said the king, turning uncomfortably to Loki. “Forget I said anything concerning your choice in partnership. She is a fine woman and will make a spectacular ruler of Jotunheim.”

Loki’s eyes widened, “I beg your pardon?”

Býleistr lowered his gaze, “You are the firstborn of Laufey, and it is your right to be King.”

“No.”

“What?”

“I do not desire the place as King. My heritage is Jotunn, I was raised Asgardian, tortured and acquainted with the Chitauri, and in love with a Midgardian. I believe that I would be better suited as a diplomat between realms rather than a King.”

Helblindi chuckled, the deep rumble humming around the room in icy comfort. Býleistr kept questioning. “You do not desire to be King?”

Loki gripped tighter to Darcy’s hand, “I wished to at one time, though I do not believe it is the place for me. I have changed my priorities.”

Býleistr seemed to consider this for a few seconds. “You are giving up Kingship for a woman?”

Loki quirked a smile, “No, I’m giving it up for many woman.” Darcy elbowed him teasingly in the gut, hurting her arm at the same time. He continued, “and men. I’m putting my talents where they are needed. I have not lived on Jotunheim. They need a king who understands them. I am a Jotunn in my blood, but I am too different to rule your realm.”

Helblindi put his hand on Býleistr’s shoulder, “He is right. He may be Laufey’s first born, but he is also Odin’s son.”

Býleistr’s eyes slid over the assorted crowd, lingering on the sleeping Thor for a moment. At last, he turned to Odin, “Consider the rift in our realms healed, so long as Loki is the tie between us.”

They clasped hands and Darcy pumped her fist into the air. “Oh sweet success.” She practically threw herself at a still blue Loki, her body getting hot in all the right places.

Loki pushed a lock of hair behind her ear, capturing her lips in his. “I agree.”

They embraced again, his cold tongue taming the building heat inside her body. Darcy broke their kiss for only a second to speak, “Didn’t you say something about putting your talents where they’re needed?”

“I might have. Mind you, it must be quite a desperate ‘need’ for me to use them.” He murmured into her ear.

Darcy laughed, lighting her hands with bright magic, teleporting her and Loki from the conference room and leaving all her clothes behind.
Thor snored loudly, jerking awake. “What did I miss?”

The next few days were some of the best Darcy had ever experienced.

The morning after the conference, Darcy received begrudging apology letters from all of Frigga’s ladies and Darcy nearly broke a rib laughing at Sigyn’s.

After the Council Meeting, the Avengers claimed they needed to go back to Midgard to report to Fury. All except Bruce Banner, who was invited to stay and study under Heimdall. He accepted and had recently spent almost all his time at the bifrost. Darcy may have...hem...spied...hem hem....

They totally kissed looking over Yggdrasil together. It was adorable.

Loki shunned her for the rest of the day.

A couple days after the Midgardians left (Tony promising to return with Pepper for a visit) Darcy made plans to go sort things out with Thanos and the Chitauri.

The visit went well, and they all agreed that the Tesseract could be kept on Asgard for protection so long as Darcy had access to it at all times. Thanos gave her permission to live anywhere she pleased so long as she responded to the needs of her people, which was indicated to her by a burn on her new silver necklace.

Jane had stayed on Asgard to study with the scholars and, while Thor was training to become a proper King by Odin (good luck), followed Loki around prying out everything she could. Somehow, she had deduced that Loki was the most educated intellectual present to her, that or just better at explaining things.

Darcy worked on settling in the terms of the new realm. That meant countless hours with Odin and other council members, debating everything from the name to social rights.

It was everything he had ever hoped for and more.

For an hour every day, Sif would take her out to teach her how to fight with a sword and afterwards they would go and have tea with Frigga.

Her evenings, nights, and mornings, she reserved for Loki. They roamed the palace, going on walks through the gardens, exploring Asgard together, and, hell, the sex wasn’t too bad either. Waking up in his arms every morning was like a dream come true.

Then came the night for the announcement of the Chitauri’s realm getting a name. Darcy was thoroughly impressed by the banquet set up and Frigga assured her that it was the grandest Asgard had ever seen.

Despite his invitation, Thanos had declined his opportunity to visit Asgard, saying the foreign parties and celebrations were best left in the hands of the Other and the Lead. As for Darcy’s new Lead, she picked up her friend from on Midgard, asking if he’d like to fill the place. He was quite enthusiastic about it.

Loki’s lips brushed over her bare shoulder as she massaged her hand. Shaking hands with dignitaries was frustrating. “You look ravishing tonight.”

“You said that last night.” She laughed, turning her head, to press a kiss to his lips. She had damned
well look ravishing. She’s gone through the most vicious makeover of her life as her body was scrubbed down and painted with makeup that made her look like the most natural supermodel in Yggdrasil. Then there was her dress, long, green, and floaty. Loki wouldn’t have any problem taking it off her tonight.

“Mmm,” he hummed, “I wasn’t lying.”

Sif passed them, purposely bumping into Darcy, deceptively coughing words, “Save it for the bedroom.”

“Sif needs a boyfriend…hem” Darcy coughed back, leaning back into Loki’s chest.

He sighed, “You have turned Sif into you. I am terrified for the men of Asgard.”

“And rightly so.” Darcy smiled, taking his hand, walking them around the crowd of dancing people. “This reminds me a bit of Stuttgart.”

“I do believe I prefer this.” Loki said, pulling her into his arms and taking them to the dance floor. “Are you going to tell me what the name is, or do I have to infiltrate your mind?”

Darcy winked, “I dare you to try. I know how much you love the Milkshake Song.”

Loki made a face, “I like it when you dance to the Milkshake Song.”

“Of course you do.”

Odin stood, thumping Gungnir on the ground, drawing everyone’s attention. “I would like to announce the newest addition to our council and an honest pleasure to have on Asgard, however much I’d like to tear her to pieces or banish her to a barren moon…or blast her into an insect…or….”

Frigga elbowed Odin in the side. “It has been enlightening to have Darcy Lewis, the Other of the Chitauri, here on Asgard. I believe she has an announcement regarding our new realm.”

The crowd applauded as Darcy made her way to the front to address them, in her hand a crystal flute of drink. “Hello everyone and thank you King Odin, for those kind words of welcome. I daydream about killing you sometimes as well.”

The audience gave a good natured chuckle.

Darcy cackled, “They think I’m joking.”

They laughed some more and she knead her eyebrows. “Right, well, after a lot of struggle, we’ve decided that the Chitauri will have equal rights on all Ten realms and will be accessible by the bifrost. They will be able to keep their socialist society. Now for the part you’ve all been waiting for, the name of this spectacular new realm….”

She trailed off, meeting Loki’s eyes.

An hour later….

“Really Darcy? DEL-gard? Did no one notice you used your initials to name the new realm?”

She crossed her arms, “I thought it was pretty nifty.”

“Only you would name a realm after yourself.” He said leading them through the halls of the palace and away from the raging festivities.
The longer she spent on Asgard, the more Darcy realized how much of a recluse Loki must have been. He blushed when people complimented him and spoke with a Silvertongue when only necessary for diplomatic purposes. When he did speak, it was like someone wiped the room of all sound.

Loki’s word spoke volumes on Asgard.

“Who said that I named it after myself? What D-E-L stands for ‘Demolition Experts of Lambodia’?” she argued.

“Lambodia is not even a place, Darcy.” Loki sighed, ushering them down a hall that was not towards their room.

“It is now.” She grumbled. “It was Delgard or Odingard. Take your pick.”

He clicked his tongue, “Whatever happened to Lokiheim?”

She shrugged, “Everyone decided it was missing a certain ring.”

“Pity.”

They walked in silence for a few moments, enjoying the other’s company as Loki guided them into the library. Darcy had taken advantage of Asgard’s massive archives when she could. But it had been a rather busy few weeks. “Where are we going?” Darcy asked as Loki pulled them between shelves taking them in an elaborate twist through the towering endless books.

Loki didn’t answer right away, stopping to pull her in for a kiss. “Someplace special.”

They continued on their way until they reached a long cozy window seat, stacked with green pillows and books. Darcy gasped, taking in the scene. “Loki…it’s…it’s….oh Loki.” It was his mind in reality.

He chuckled, taking her to the seat and gesturing for her to sit down. “What do you think?”

“I think that it’s beautiful.”

Loki smiled tentatively, holding her hands in his lap. “I’m glad.”

She brought a hand up to his cheek, bringing him down to her lips. “I love you.”

“I love you, Darling.” He breathed, pressing his forehead to hers and she felt it cool on hers. Lately, Loki had been going Jotunn more around her, even when they weren’t having sex. He knew she liked it and he hadn’t called himself a monster once since meeting with his biological brothers. They kissed again and Darcy could taste the tension on his lips.

“You know, nervousness isn’t a very good look for you, Loki.”

“Am I that obvious?”

“Oh yeah.” She giggled, kissing his neck a few times. “What’s wrong?”

Loki smiled at her, taking her wrists and pulling back a bit. “Absolutely nothing. Nothing is wrong, Darcy.”

It was then that Darcy realized he was right. Not one damn thing was wrong. In that moment, their lives seemed pretty damn perfect. “Yeah. Weird, huh?”
His response was a deep kiss, his lips successfully shorting out her brain. “Darcy?”

“Hm?”

“May I ask you something?”

“You just did. But you can ask something else if you want.” She teased as his face pulled away from hers as he slid off the seat.

He knelt down in front of her and at first, Darcy thought she was going to be receiving some hot oral sex because that happened a lot. But, then he took her hand…her left hand. “Oh, Loki….”

He kissed her knuckles, “Darcy, I know you said that this may not happen for a while, and it doesn’t have to. But if you would, take me Darcy Lewis, I would gladly be yours forever. I love you more than anything and—“

“Yes.”

Loki blinked at her, his red eyes burning with open sincerity. “Yes?”

She couldn’t stop the well of tears in her eyes long enough to roll them properly. “Yes, of course!”

“You will marry me? Truly?” he asked, lacing their fingers together, a radiant smile on his beautiful blue lips.

“If you ask me again, I’ll bite you and not in the good way either.” She sniffed a happy tear slipping from her eye. “I love you too.”

Loki slipped a silver band on her ring finger, the pattern an elegant twist of emeralds and diamonds. He stood and they kissed over and over, caught up in a tangle of arms and smiles, books and pillows.

“Would it be wrong for us to have sex in your childhood getaway?” Darcy inquired, snuggling comfortably between two pillows.

“I would not object to it.” Loki said, rolling his hips against her to prove his point.

“Good.”

And from that night on, better love was never made.

Except, you know, all the rest of the other times they did it. Like the next day, or the day after that….hell, there were a lot of days after that would probably qualify….

It was going to be a great marriage.

Chapter End Notes

Woooohooooo!
I wrote it! It isn't over yet though, I have one last chapter in me!
There isn't a lot for me to say for this chapter, only that I'm really happy with all the comments and kudos and bookmarks and all of you are fantastically beautiful people.
Comment if you like, and if you don't like, don't!
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

THE END

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Darcy, I’m not sure this is a good idea.” Loki said, stopping in his tracks.

“Nonsense, it has to happen eventually.” Darcy urged, taking his hand and leading them along the sidewalk. It was spring on Midgard, flowers were in bloom, kids were out playing, and old women were reading books on patio swings.

“But Darcy, what if they do not approve of me?” He asked, “I am not even dressed suitably for such a meeting.”

Darcy sighed, stopping on the walk to put her hands on Loki’s shoulders. He was wearing a dark green v-neck t-shirt and black jeans. And oh man, did he look delicious. “Loki, calm down. It’s Midgard on a Thursday afternoon, you look great. And they will approve of you.”

“They believe I tried to enslave your race.”

“I explained it over the phone, remember? About five minutes ago where I stood and—“

“Darcy, you are missing the point.”

“Am I?” she asked, standing up on her toes to kiss him lightly. “Because I think you’re missing the point.”

His hands rested on the curves of her hips. “Pray tell, what is the point?”

She smiled, pressing a kiss to his jaw. “I love you and you love me and we’re going to go tell my parents about it.”

Finally, Loki relented, pulling her closer to entrap her lips in his. He tasted like mint and sex. She could only imagine why….

Darcy pulled away before they could get too heated. It was almost impossible to get anything done when she was with Loki. One peck on the cheek could turn into hot sex in the throne room, or the gardens…or the stables…or the library….then there was that on time in Thor’s bathroom….

She shuddered, “I’m going to bring out that gag again so your mouth can’t touch me.”

He looked down at her innocently, “Why ever not?”

“You know why, busy lips. Now let’s go meet my parents before we burn out the eyes of that old lady. She’s been watching us now for a while, and it’s creeping me out.” Darcy said, taking his hand and pulling him a few more houses ahead. It had been a while since she wore any Midgardian
clothes and given the weather, she’d decided on white jean shorts and a tank top.

She walked up the steps of her parent’s front porch, ringing the doorbell three times in a row. Loki looked far too much like a prince; his posture tall and regal, expression bored. The only thing that offset the balance was his gawking stare down at Darcy.

“Loki, if my parents open the door and you’re staring at my ass, I’m going to laugh.”

“What? You stared at mine the entire way here. Not to mention all through that meeting with Jotunheim last week. If you do not wish for me to stare now, you should wear these garments more often. Perhaps I would get used to them.” He suggested airily, a smile tugging at his lips.

Darcy was about to retort when the front door flew open, revealing the short, graying form of her mother. “Darcy! And…oh heellloo there…” her mother’s gaze flew from Darcy to Loki in an instant. “YOU’RE ENGAGED!”

“Geez, Mom, tell the whole neighborhood!” Darcy complained, but her mother was already ushering them into the house, introducing herself to Loki.

“Oh, Paul! PAUL! Darcy’s here! And she’s brought her fiancé! Are you the one I talked to on the phone!? Oh, of course you are, you’re too handsome not to be! And oh! Where are you from? England? I thought you had a British accent…and….PAAAUL!”

Darcy lunged forwards grabbing her mother by the shoulders, “Calm the hell down mom! Calm down! Relax, I have something to tell you about the recent turn of events in my life.”

“Hello Darce! We weren’t expecting you!” her Dad said, walking into the room, arms wide to hug his daughter, “Oh, and you’re engaged? That’s new.”

“Yeah, it’s great. Dad, Loki. Loki, this is my Dad, Paul. As you can see, he knows how to stay cool around attractive men, unlike some people.” She said rolling her eyes towards her mother as Loki and Paul shook hands.

Darcy’s mom didn’t seem to care, bounding up and down, “Oh fine. What are these new life events?”

Darcy crossed her arms, “Well, I’m the Other of the Chitauri, those aliens that attacked New York. So, I’m their second in command. And I’m also going to be a princess of Asgard.”

“That’s great honey. Now tell us what’s really happening.” Paul said, sitting back on the couch and pulling his wife with him. Darcy had to admit, her parents were a cute old married couple.

Loki stepped forwards, wrapping his arm around Darcy’s middle. “Actually, she speaks the truth. I should know, they say I am a god of such things.”

Darcy’s mother gasped in realization, “Darcy! You’re marrying royalty and ruling aliens!? she clasped a hand over her heart, “I knew we raised you well.”

She leaned back into Loki, his firm chest humming with laughter. Her mother sighed in a schoolgirl type fashion. “Oh, darling, when is the baby due?”

Darcy face-palmed, “Mom…”

“Oh, I’m going to be a grandmother! You know I got my marriage license online as soon as we hung up that phone call a while ago!”
“Mother….”

“I think that you should get married now before that bump starts showing.”

“MOM I AM NOT PREGNANT!” Darcy shouted, throwing her hands in the air.

Loki cleared his throat, “Well, you might be….”


Loki held up his hands, “Darling, in all honesty, I just—“

“All honesty? Loki you’re the God of Lies! Didn’t you cast some magical anti-contraceptive thing?” She breathed, starting to panic.

“Yes, before you accepted the Other’s magic and all of the enchantments working on you broke. And since then, we haven’t exactly been errant in our spare time.” Loki explained, forcing back a smile.

Darcy’s heart was hammering and she looked down at her belly, then back at Loki’s face. “Are you sure?”

With wide eyes, he took her hand, letting the warmth of their magic flow together as he held them against her lower stomach. On the palm of her hand, she felt a tiny little pulse of magic. “Oh… Loki…”

“Do you think it’s too soon?” he asked, sliding both his arms around her.

Darcy shook her head, “No. It’s perfect.”

They kissed and Darcy’s mother sniffed, dabbing her eyes with a tissue. “I told you so, Paul. That’s fifty bucks.”

“Woman, how did you know from a phone call?”

She sniffed indignantly, “I’m a mother. I know everything. Now,” she stood up, brushing her pant legs, “I’m going to go find those wedding papers I picked up last week and we’ll have you married in a jiffy!”

“Mom, really?”

“I’ve always wanted to do this!”

Paul pouted, “You couldn’t have lied? I was going to use that fifty bucks.”

“Dad, you’ve got to stop making bets with Mom. You’ve been losing since I was born.”

“How was I supposed to know you would be born on a Tuesday?! Your Mother is crazy!”

Loki chuckled, “Does this mean we’re getting married now?”

“Apparently.” Darcy sighed, letting his hand trail across her abdomen.

“My Mother is going to be upset. She only found out this morning and is no doubt already making preparations.”
“Oh man! Frigga is going to kill us.” She smiled affectionately as Loki’s linked hands around her. “All three of us.”

Darcy’s mother reappeared from the hallway clutching papers and a bouquet of flowers. “I now pronounce you husband and wife! Sign these papers and kiss the bride!”

And that’s the story of how Darcy and Loki got married in her parent’s living room.

“All any good ideas for a honeymoon location?” Darcy asked, as they left her parents’ house with promises to return.

“I was thinking that my bedroom is very nice this time of year.” Loki suggested, pulling her close. “Or did you have something else in mind?”

“You know,” Darcy said, wrapping her arms around his neck, “I don’t really care.”

The following kiss was one for the record books.

****************************

Thanos’ lips turned up in a grin.

The tesseract was safety secured in Asgard, of which he had access to by the powerful mortal, Darcy Lewis. The scepter was being held on Midgard and the Aether…well, the convergence was upon them, it was bound to reveal itself soon. Its infinity stone brothers and sisters stirred, so it would follow suit.

It was better that the stones remained were apart, yet at his disposal. Having them within hands reach was as dangerous as it was foolish. Now that he had Yggdrasil, and with the fiery quick tongued Darcy Lewis keeping them well defended, all he needed was that which he could not get himself.

“The Orb, return it to me.” Thanos commanded lightly to Ronan, sitting back in his throne. “And make sure none of Yggdrasil knows.” He chuckled darkly, muttering to himself, “Soon, they will all be mine.”

Chapter End Notes

*sniff sniff*

Dear Lovely Readers,

Alright, so it's over now. I couldn't wait to post. It's all done. Or is it? I kind of dropped that off a bit right there...with the thing...and the Thanos thing....LOL
I'm thinking of maybe continuing in a series, so tell me if you think I should or not.

Honestly, it has been amazing writing this fic. I had so much fun with it and all of you are flippin awesome.

I think I might actually be crying at the end of my own fanfiction. It's a little bit sad. I feel complete somehow.
Thank you all so much and I'm still so happy that people enjoyed reading Worlds Apart just as much as I loved writing it.
For now, I think I'm going to keep writing There's a God Under My Bed which is a kinda fluffy baby tasertricks fic. I'll admit, it's kind of adorable.

So, I guess this is goodbye to Worlds Apart....

As usual *sniff* feel free to comment...unless, of course, you don't want to... *rubs nose* then don't.
*erupts into happy violent sobs*

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!