Five times Loki was forgotten, and one time he was not.
by SumiSprite

Summary

What the title and tags say.

Notes

A bit of angst I could not resist writing. Nothing huge, just kind of a quickie thing to break my writers block. XP
Please enjoy the angst!!
Today was supposed to be a great day.

Today was supposed to be that one special day every child gets every decade or so, that one day they get to be a king (or queen) for a day in their family and friends’ eyes.

Loki is but a child, but today he is a decade older.

But no one knows this.

Because no one seemed to remember that it was his birthday today.

When he woke up that morning, he was giddy and excited, rushing to the dining hall to be surprised and delighted by a grand birthday breakfast. He giggled at himself as he stood outside the large double doors leading to the royal dining hall, mentally preparing himself for the grandeur and glitz of a birthday.

But when he had opened the door, a wide smile splitting his face, he was greeted to not but his parents and older brother, Thor.

There was no grand feast. There were no presents piled up in the corner. There were none of his few friends, no guests, no fellow children – there was nothing.

Loki was at first stunned, too busy gaping at his parents and Thor, who was noisily eating his breakfast and talking about some kind of new fighting technique he learned in training to Odin. It took her a moment, but when Frigga noticed the doors were open and her son was standing there, she looked up and smiled.

“There you are, Loki. We thought you had wanted to skip breakfast,” she said, before she frowned in concern at Loki’s stunned look, “Is something the matter?”

A beat passed before Loki shook his head, and numbly shuffled to take his seat. But he did not eat anything. His brain was a mess, trying to figure out what was wrong with this whole thing.

’Did they forget…?’ he wondered, eyes watering.

No! No, of course not. Maybe he got today’s date wrong. He always lost track of time whenever he was studying. Maybe he was just off on the day. Or if it was today, maybe his parents and Thor were planning a bigger surprise today. Or maybe a dinner celebration! That had to be it.

And besides, even if everyone else forgot, his parents and brother wouldn’t!

Right?

Hours passed, and with those minutes and seconds, went the very day itself. There was no surprise party or feast. To everyone, it was just a normal day. And even still, as the day progressed, Loki did not let a single tear fall.

It was only when night fell, and he was safe and alone in his rooms, Loki broke.

They forgot his birthday…
Loki is but a young boy just entering his teens when he graduations from his Seidr lessons. He was at the top of his class, and had surpassed even his teachers. He had even finished and mastered his studies a decade earlier than everyone else!

He had been so excited, running to tell his mother and father of the news, his elderly tutor just barely on his heels.

Frigga had been so proud, smiling and patting his head. Odin had been as stony as ever, grunting his congratulations to Loki. But that was normal, and any praise from Odin was hard earned and even harder won.

“We shall celebrate tonight, Loki.” Frigga had said, promising to throw Loki a feast and to speak with a new, more advanced, tutor for future lessons.

On that same day, Thor had mastered his weapons training with a sword. He had run to his parents with his gruff and burly teacher on his heels to his parents, and both seemed to glow with their pride for their eldest son.

“We’re so proud of you, Thor!” Frigga beamed, hugging her son tightly.

Odin cracked the tiniest smile, squeezing his eldest son’s shoulder.

“Well done, my son.” He said, “We shall celebrate tonight.”

Loki watch on, slightly hurt by the excess of praise his brother received, while he himself had gotten the bare minimum.

He shook his head. No, this would not be like his birthday. Even if it was only he who remembered everyone forgetting his birthday, no one having remembered even after it had long passed, he knew it would not be the same…

Right?

The celebration was grand. The mead was flowing for the adults, and warrior children ran about laughing and swinging their wooden swords. Parents laughed and cheered, sweets and sugary treats only fueling the energy of the youths that had attended the night’s celebration.

But none of it was for Loki.

During a lull in the party, Odin rose from his seat and virtually sung praise of his eldest son’s accomplishments. From his achievement in weapons training, to his power as an honorable warrior, Thor was praised and celebrated like the god and king he was to be.

And Loki just stood in his corner alone, smiling on as his oblivious brother beamed and laughed over the uproarious celebrations.

The party lasted long into the night, but Loki left early, claiming to be tired. He congratulated his brother and wished his parents a good night. They barely even noticed.

When he retired to his rooms once more, alone and standing in the dark, Loki fell onto his bed and wept.
They forgot his own accomplishments.

When he is but a teenager, Loki finds courage and lures the great horse Svadilfari away from Asgard in the form of a beautiful mare.

And in leading the great horse away, he vanished for almost a year.

And when he returned it was with an eight-legged colt in hand.

A part of him was expecting a warm, surprised welcome. He expected to see the shocked expressions of those who had been searching high and low for the second prince, of joyous cheering and welcoming hugs as he came out nearly a year of being gone.

He did not receive such a welcome.

He was greeted by his family once he returned to the palace, his parents asking in subdued resolve where he had been, and where did he get such a hideous creature?

Loki told them. He told them how he had lured Svadilfari away from Asgard so he and its owner could not finish Asgard’s wall, and therefore would have no need to give up Freya as payment. He told them how the great horse had caught him, forced itself upon Loki, and saddled him with this strange yet wonderful colt.

If he could not garner care from them for being gone for so long, perhaps he could at least gain sympathy…

Right?

Oh how wrong he was.

Disgusted, Odin ordered the colt, Sleipner, to be locked away like the beast he represented. Frigga broke down into tears, unable to look at her son – her own child, violated, by an animal. The shame was almost too much for her. And Thor…

Well, he wasn’t known for keeping his mouth shut.

Within a day, Asgard knew of what had been done to Loki. How he had been violated by a horse, how he had been saddled with a freakish child, and how said child was forcibly taken away from him. And he gained no sympathy.

They called him Ergi, a freak, a slut who would lay with any and all beast if it meant his own pleasure.

It was hardly a welcoming homecoming…

Alone in his old chambers – full of dust and left just as they were a year ago, not even touched by maids – Loki did not weep.

He only set a few tears fall before he fell into bed, exhausted and heartbroken.

They forgot he had been hurt…
When Loki is barely a man, just on the cusp of adulthood, he makes a few friends in the Dwarves. They themselves, shunned by the Realms, and only sought after for things they can give. Their deformed appearances and gruff demeanors often put people off – but not Loki. He made friends with a few talented Dwarves of whom were proud of their wares and crafts.

Loki marveled at their creations, so engrossed in the wonders of giving shape and form to what were once mere thoughts.

And he bragged about their work – he told everyone he knew how wonderful his friends were, how no other man – or Dwarf – could best them.

His words reached the shriveled ears of the Dwarf known as Brokkr, and he was outraged by them. Confronting the youngest prince, the Dwarf and Loki made a bet; if Brokkr beat Loki’s friends in a contest of craftsmanship, the Dwarf would win Loki’s head.

No doubts for his friends’ talents, Loki agreed.

But he lost.

And he was to lose his head.

It was so odd. He walked with his head held high to a chopping block with an axe, all of Asgard gathered for the spectacle. Even his parents and Thor were there. And his friends. But no one came ot his defense, to plead with the Dwarf to spare his life. Not his mother, not his father, not his brother, and not even his friends.

But then he saw a silver lining as he touched his neck.

“I promised you my head,” he said to Brokkr, “Not my neck. And you would need to cut my neck to take my head. I am afraid our bargain is null.”

Outraged cries rose from the crowd, much to Loki’s shock. Did they honestly want him dead? For him to lose his head in the indignity of something as stupid as a bet?

Was he truly so hated…?

But Brokkr was not swayed. Fuming, he turned to Odin and demanded retribution; he won the contest fair and square, which is more than he could say for the Trickster. Loki looked to his father, his eyes pleading; do not do this, please, help me. I am your son!

…aren’t I?

Odin took a moment to think, before he nodded to Brokkr and announced to Asgard,

“In place of having his head cut off, Prince Loki of Asgard shall submit to having his mouth sewn shut, to prevent anymore lies or boastful words to leave his lips.”

The crowd rejoiced, and Loki felt his heart plummet into his feet. What…?

He was stunned; too stunned to even utter a sound of pain as a burning needle was pushed into his
His eyes, wide and staring at his so-called family, were like emerald flames. ‘How could you…?’ he thought, his very rage and hopelessness visible for all to see.

Laughter could be heard as he was made to walk back to the palace in shame, his mouth shut tight with blood-soaked threads that could not be broken.

Away from Asgard’s people, Loki stood in his rooms, his heart not but a cold furnace for his apathy. He wanted to cry. But he could not.

His own friends forgot about him…

X~X~X~X~X~X

When Thor leads Loki, the Warriors Three, and Sif into Jotunheim, Loki feels nothing. Letting the Jotnar into the vault, ruining Thor’s coordination…his brain and common sense told him it was for the best. Thor was not ready to be king. He was too arrogant, too cruel and vain and driven by lust for war. He would be Asgard’s downfall.

But his heart, broken, beaten, and battered, it told him it was wrong. He had no reason whatsoever to save the people of Asgard – the same people who would sooner wish to see him bloodied and broken than keeping their golden prince from the throne.

‘What am I even doing anymore…?’ he wondered.

He almost laughs. What, indeed…

And when Thor confronts Laufey, Loki feels a sense of déjà vu. He observes the Frost Giant King, a curious sort of fascination taking over.

“You know not what your actions would unleash…” Garnet eyes become distant, a strange flash of some unknown emotion flits over Laufey’s face – Loki cannot name it, but he has felt it.

“I do…” Laufey rumbled softly, before he steeled himself and glared at Thor and his companions, “Go now, while I still allow it.”

Loki manages to coax Thor away, to forget this silly folly. It wasn’t worth it! And besides…he didn’t want to attack these giants for some reason. He felt he could not. He should not.

But an ill-timed insult from a Jotun guard opens the floodgates. Chaos ensures.

And in the throes of battle, a Jotun grabs his arm.

A chill races through his body, and his armor and sleeve crumbles away from the sheer cold of the Jotun’s touch. And when his hand meets his pale skin, it turns blue.

Both freeze in shock, the Jotun looking up at Loki in confusion and suspicion. But Loki could do nothing but stare at his arm, horror and a vague sense of curiosity diluting his thoughts.

“Retreat!”
He barely hears Sif call the retreat, nor does Loki register the sound of the Bifrost opening again. It takes the combined efforts of Hogunn and Volstagg and drag Thor to the Bifrost. And in a flash of light they were gone.

But Loki was still there.

He was still held in the Jotun’s grip.

They did not come back to get him.

They probably didn’t even realize he wasn’t with them.

And in the moment, far from his warm and secluded chambers, Loki laughed.

He did not cry, for he had no more tears to give.

*They had forgotten him.*

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When the first prince of Asgard set foot on his realm, Laufey knew no good could come of it.

But there was little to nothing he could do to stop or send the irate brats back to their golden realm. Honestly, hadn’t they done enough as it was? Asgard won the war, stole their Casket, destroyed thousands of lives, stole his mate’s life…

But most importantly, they killed his first born.

He could recall that day lie it was yesterday. The war raging, his tiny, fragile, beautiful baby, clutched in his arms and unafraid of the chaos outside the nursery walls. He had only been a young king back then, having succeeded the throne early after his Sire passed from illness.

Young, naïve, and his mind focused solely on his tiny baby, Laufey had wanted to expand trading routes to provide more for his people, something his Sire never deemed a good idea. Midgard had its own poles, and they barely inhabited the north and south sides of the compass. What better place to set up a few settlements? It was the perfect place to start growing new crops, to perhaps open early treaties with Midgard before anyone else could get to them.

But Odin, just as young a king if not slightly older, he was greedy. Just like his father, Bor, he was a tyrant who demanded everyone to submit to him – even other realms. And if anyone, realm or person, refused to bow to him, he would *make* them bow.

Laufey remembered how terrified he had been, using every source he could to try and get a message to Odin, begging him to explain himself. They were only going to Midgard for agricultural reasons! They were not trying to subjugate the realm!

But any and all calls and pleas fell on deaf ears, and Odin ravaged Jotunheim.

Terrified for his baby, Laufey hid him in the temple with the Casket. Odin may be a cruel animal, but he would never set bloodied foot on their sacred ground…

…right?
And yet…

It was all gone.

The Casket, his beloved Fárbauti, his people, his kingdom, and his beloved son, his Loptr. All of it had been taken, murdered…

But he never would have guessed his heir had been stolen.

He watched on as his warriors and the Asgardians fought one another, his heart heavy from the memories.

But when he looked up, catching sight of one of his guards grabbing the arm of the second prince, he felt something in his apathetic resolve shatter.

Prince Loki, his arm caught by the Jotun, seemed to expect his very flesh to rot and freeze away. Laufey himself expected as much to happen. But it did not.

Instead, Laufey could only watch in open shock as the prince’s arm turned blue, and familiar markings not unlike his own rose upon the sky blue skin. Markings he himself had traced when the prince, as a baby, had first been placed in his arms. Markings only passed down from the Dams of Laufey’s house.

Loptr’s markings.

And when Thor and his companions left their second prince behind, lost and alone in a land of giants and ice, he rose from his throne and approached the stunned and hurt figure.

The guard holding Loki’s arm backed away and released Loki’s arm, prompting the prince into looking up with wide, terrified eyes at Laufey.

It hurt in a way, seeing his own, Aesir skinned son afraid of him. But Laufey did not falter.

Instead, he dropped to his knees before the young prince, reached his arms out, and tightly embraced his lost child. Frozen tears ran down his aged and scarred face, but he paid them no heed.

Loki, locked in the giant king’s arms, was beyond shocked, if not disturbed. But as he watched his pale skin turn from its milky color to a powdery blue, he suddenly understood.

He listened to the deep drum thrumming deeply and thunderously in Laufey’s chest; this was the same heart he had slept under before he had been born, cradled in the giant’s belly as he listened to his favorite lullaby through the flesh.

This embrace, it was different from what he would gain from his family. This embrace, from a Frost Giant, felt warmer, tighter. This was a true embrace. This was a mother’s embrace.

This was a mother’s love.

This is what it was like to be remembered.

And for the first time in his long, agonizing life, Loki wept tears of happiness and relief.

As he cried, his heart thawed and rejoiced.

He never wanted the throne.
He never wanted the crown.
He only ever wanted three things.
Love.
Respect.
And to be remembered…
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

So like...this started off as some Mama!Laufey/Loki bonding and fluff...but then it became a sequel to this fic. God help me. lol
Please enjoy!! Those of you wanting to see Loki have at the Aesir, enjoy. Those of you wanting to see some fluffy yet angsty bonding with Loki and Laufey, enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They say silence is deafening, that it can be more powerful than the roar of a battleship or a raging dragon. But here, in this place, held in the arms of his mother - his real mother - the silence was an utter relief.

Loki had spent most of his life in silence, and to him it was always deafening. It was like a maddening ringing in his ears, the silence, the isolation, the pure loneliness. Even when he was standing in a room full of people, perhaps at yet another feast thrown in honor of Thor, he felt like he could scream at the top of his lungs and no one would hear him.

No one ever did hear him. No one even looked at him twice. He could be battered, beaten, and bloody on the floor, and no one would even bother with him.

He almost laughed, because ironically, that had happened more than once in his lifetime. He could be hurt physically and people would laugh because he was in pain. He could be in the most excruciating pain, and the most he would get was a scoff or a mocking laugh in his face. His heart could be hurt, and no one, not Frigga, not Thor, and especially not Odin, would notice.

Or perhaps they did, but they did not care…

A large hand suddenly found his chin, gently lifting his head up from its hiding place against another’s neck. Garnet eyes – once green – met the other's, the color almost completely identical to his new Jotun eyes.

“Something is troubling you?” was the inquiry from the Jotun King.

Though it was phrased as a question, it sounded more like a statement. And it made Loki want to cry all over again – because he was being seen for the first time in his whole life.

But he had already cried so much, Norns only knew for how long. He honestly wasn’t even sure what day it was anymore. He had blacked out a number of times from sheer exhaustion alone. And each time he woke up, it was to a concerned blue face and bright red eyes.

Laufey never once left his side – Loki had half a mind to wonder if he had even left the Jotun’s arms in general. He only knew they were no longer outside, but in what he could only assume were Laufey’s bedchambers on a fur covered bed. Lying on their sides, Loki almost clinging to the large Jotun like a limpet, one would be hard pressed to decide whether the sight was heartwarming or disturbing.

Loki swallowed thickly, uncertain. His mind was racing a mile a minute, he couldn’t seem to truly
focus on what it was that was disturbing him so much. There was simply too much going on in his head; like his brain had been replaced with a hive of angry bees. There was doubt though, but he had no idea where it was coming from. He was so confused.

But like a true mother, Laufey seemed to sense exactly what was bothering Loki. Resting his chin on Loki’s head, he pulled a soft white fur up over the smaller Jotun’s shoulders.

“You came into this world early,” he said suddenly, startling Loki, “You were so small, so fragile. You came into a world of giants, and when you were born, you fit perfectly in the palm of your father’s hand.”

Loki cringed, hands tightening into fists.

“We honestly were not sure if you would make it,” Laufey continued, “But I knew. I knew you would be just fine. I could sense within you something strong, something so powerful, not even Ymir himself would be strong enough to break you.”

Loki’s jaw clenched, his eyes burring. He cursed his tears, and pressed closer to the larger Jotun.

“That is why I am so small?” he asked.

A gentle rumbling, warm and light, reverberated through Laufey’s chest.

“Perhaps, but I truly think it is because of an old legend of ours.” He said.

“Legend…?” Loki inquired, curious.

Laufey nodded. His free arm stretched outwards to pillow Loki’s head, their eyes now meeting. A finger came up to shoo a strand of Loki’s hair away from his face.

“They say that, when a Jotun is born small and frail, it is because he made a deal with the Norns while still in the womb. Inside their Dam, they traded their strength and size for powerful Seidr. They say the first prince of Jotuneim was born small, and he possessed a power unlike any other - he even created the Casket of Ancient Winters,” Laufey said, “We call Jotnar like you Vetsgipt; Winter’s Gift. The birth of a Vetsgipt is celebrated as a sign of hope, or revival in the wake of death.”

Loki blinked dumbly, somehow unable to fully process the information. If he was such a great gift to the Jotnar, then why…?

Laufey seemed to read his thoughts, as his arm tightened around Loki.

“Odin has never told you how he came to possess you?” he asked. Loki shook his head.

“No…” he said miserably, “He never…he always favored Thor over me. All of them did. He’d never tell me what I really was, or why he took me. Probably for some political gain…”

His eyes burned once more, and he screwed them shut to hold in the tears that threatened to spill. He would not cry anymore, he was so sick of crying. He was sick of the hurt, sick of the rejection, sick of the confusion, he was just so sick and tired of everything…

“Did…did you not want me…? Did I do something wrong…?” he asked, almost fearfully, dreading the answer.

Laufey at first said nothing, and it frightened Loki. But if he had been watching the Jotun’s expression, he would see the utter rage and shock flaring in his garnet eyes. His wrath was palpable,
as tangible as the chill of the air around them.

Loki gasped as he was pulled impossibly close to Laufey, nearly crushing the smaller Jotun to his chest.

“‘You did absolutely nothing wrong,’ Laufey said emphatically, ‘You were only a mere babe, Loki. You could never do anything wrong…”

He sighed, his grip loosening. Loki felt him shake his head.

“The attack was sudden, we were taken completely off guard,” he said, “I was young then, naïve, and my sole focus was on making sure you were safe. I panicked when Odin and his forces invaded my realm. I acted as a Dam instead of a King…and I fled.”

“I honestly cannot remember much of that time, as I was so afraid, reacting on pure instinct. But I somehow ended up at the temple, where the Casket was kept. I thought you would be safe there, the chaos was all around us. So I placed you on the alter beside the Casket, thinking you would be safe, that no Aesir would set foot on holy ground…”

“But I was wrong…I was so wrong. Foolishly, I left you to fight and assist your father…but it was for naught. Your father fell valiantly in battle, at Odin’s hands. I was enraged, my heart nearly shattered with my beloved’s passing. But Odin was greedy, he was not done stealing from me…”

Loki listened in rapt attention, eyes wide and staring into the hollow of Laufey’s neck. The pieces were all starting to come together, falling into place perfectly.

“Suddenly, the Aesir retreated, and we thought the battle was over. I raced back to the temple for you. But when I stepped inside…all I saw was blood. So, so much blood. And you…you were gone. All that was left was the white furs I had swaddled you in…and my heart broke, for I was so sure you were dead.”

“I…I was stolen…” it was supposed to be a question, but Loki said it with such dawning clarity, it came out as more a statement.

Laufey nodded, “My baby…my precious, beautiful baby…”

He suddenly pulled back, looking down at Loki. The look in his eyes startled Loki, but he could not tear his gaze away from the other. There was so much love directed at him from those eyes, a love he had never seen or experienced before. Not from Frigga, not from Thor, and certainly never from Odin. He has, however, seen a similar expression in the eyes of his children; from Sleipnr, Fenrir, Jormugandr, and Hela…

All before they were stolen away from him.

It was like Thor slammed Mjolnr into his chest; was this what he has been missing for so long in his life? What he had truly been craving? The pure, unconditional love of a real parent? It seemed so simple, yet maddeningly impossible to comprehend.

Loki studied the older Jotun, both parts curious and fascinated. Despite the obvious differences – their size, the lack of hair, and the more gaunt appearance – Loki thought he looked a lot like Laufey. He wondered what color Laufey’s hair would be if it grew out, or perhaps his full head of hair was an oddity as well as his size. Would it be black? Or did he get his hair color from his sire, his father? Their markings were nearly identical, with only a few slight differences in their positions and shapes. Though he was more gaunt than Loki, no doubt due to Jotunheim’s decline in available food sources, he had Laufey’s facial structure. The high cheek bones, narrow brow, the thin mouth, and
even his sharp nose.

Laufey even had a similar build to Loki. Both were long of limbs and slender in the waist, but they both possessed masculine shoulders and large hands. Laufey was more muscular than Loki though, his body no doubt weathered and hardened from centuries of strife and the fight to survive.

It was with a startling realization that Loki realized that he was not the only one who had been hurting this whole time. Loki was not the only one Odin had hurt and scarred. Laufey was hurt too, scarred physically and emotionally, his heart left broken and bleeding. The wounds in his heart were scarred and infected, festering with rage, regret, and grief for his once lost child.

But now they were both here, in the same room, the truth now revealed. It was as if their wounds could now finally start to heal, and their scars could start to fade. Not completely though, the damage was far too great. But if it meant they would fade just a little, it made all the difference in the world.

They were no longer worlds apart. And an ache Loki never even knew existed arose within his chest. It was a pain one gained after so long separated from someone they loved and cherished. And he somehow did not notice how much he had missed Laufey, his mother, his Dam. He only just now seemed to realize that, on some deeply ingrained scale, he knew, and he had missed his real family.

“My Dam…” he rasped, his throat tightening, “You’re…you’re my mother, my Dam.”

Laufey nodded, a small smile breaking over his dark blue lips, “Yes, I am. But only if you will still have me.”

Without even thinking, Loki nodded vigorously, lips tightening as his eyes watered and spilled with tears. He didn’t even bother to stop the sobs that spilled from his mouth. He felt like he had been returned to infancy, reverted into a childhood he never had a chance to live. And in that moment, Loki was a child again, and this time, there was no rush to grow up.

“Dama…” eyes screwing shut, he buried his face into his mother’s – his real mother’s – neck.

Laufey wrapped both his arms around Loki, his long body curling around his found child, as if to shield him from the world itself. Crooning and shushing his child, his hands petting and stroking his hair and back, the two Jotnar felt as if they could finally rest. It finally seemed to occur to them how tired they were, how long they had trekked on such an emotionally damaging journey. But now, it was over…

But their little bubble of solace was shattered by the simple knocking of a door.

“Laufey King?” someone called from behind the door.

Laufey growled deeply, hesitantly pulling away from Loki. He sighed, giving Loki and apologetic look before he left the bed and answered the door. He glared brimstone and hellfire at the rather meek looking guard.

“I thought I made it clear that I was not to be disturbed.” He said lowly.

The guard swallowed, but nonetheless held his ground, “Sir, Queen Frigga and Prince Thor Odinson are at our gate with numerous guards and the warriors who invaded our territory yesterday.”

Almost at once, Loki and Laufey’s bodies locked up and tensed, hands clenching into tight fists. But while Loki’s eyes were wide, almost petrified, Laufey’s were narrow and burning, raging with a fire only a mother could hold.
“What do they want?” he said.

The guard eyed Loki from behind Laufey’s form, his answer silent yet clear. Loki’s lips pressed into a thin line, his jaw tight. He was suddenly frightened, childishly so. The urge to hide within the soft furs of his Dam’s bed was becoming far too tempting, and he gripped the white fur around his shoulders tightly.

“They are not welcome here.” Laufey said flatly yet heatedly.

“We told them as much,” the guard said, “They refuse to leave without Lo— …that is, Prince Loki Odinson of Asgard.”

“There is no Prince Loki Odinson of Asgard,” Laufey said, “Only Loki Laufeyson of Jotunheim.”

“They are adamant,” the guard said carefully, “Especially the Queen and Prince.”

Laufey scowled, but it was soon lost as he turned to look at Loki. The small Jotun looked frightened, like a Dire Wolf pup left alone in its den. The urge to simply take his child back into his arms was nearly overwhelming to Laufey. But he needed to gauge a reaction from Loki; this was as much his decision as it was his sole right to decide whether or not he wanted to see the Asgardians.

Turning fully, Laufey went back to the bed and sat on its edge. Loki crawled to his side, and Laufey wrapped an arm around him, holding him to his side.

“What do you wish to do?” he asked.

Loki swallowed, uncertain. On one hand, he did not want to confront them right now, especially Thor. Thor, who once swore to destroy every Jotun in existence. Thor, who led them into Jotunheim without any regard for his or his friends’ safety. Thor, who left him here on Jotunheim, and only just now came for him…

Thor and Frigga…the guard only mentioned those two, plus a few guards, and who he could only guess was Sif and the Warriors Three. Which begged the question…

Where was Odin?

Loki felt himself scowl, and he looked up at his Dam with a fire to match the Jotun King’s own in his eyes.

“I wish to face them.” He said.

Not meet, but face them, he said. Laufey did not miss the odd, yet easily missed wording. But it made a swell of pride settle in his chest, his son’s courage and determination. He could see it in Loki’s eyes, even before he was discovered to be his lost son. He held a fire all his own in his eyes, reverberating from his very heart and soul. Cowardice did not exist in Loki; only the instinct to survive and make sure those around him did as well. That wasn’t cowardice, no matter what the Aesir said. That was the loving instinct to protect.

Stroking his head, Laufey gave his child a nod.

“Let us go then.”

~x~x~x~x~x~x~

If one were to take one look at Thor and deduce just what he was feeling, people would say he was
angry.

And he was angry.

For far too many reasons – most of which circled around what his father had told him. His brother, Loki, a Jotun? Oh his father was cruel, a foolish old man to think Thor would believe such drivel. Loki was no monster, he was no Jotun beast! And as if his father would take in a Jotun runt into their family after slaughtering so many of the monsters. He was the one who told them all of those horrific stories about the Jotnar in the first place.

The impending Odin Sleep must have truly clouded his father’s thoughts. But his mother, Frigga, seemed to agree with Odin, trying to convince Thor that it was the truth; that Odin had found an abandoned Jotun baby in their temple, alone and crying, far too small to be accepted by the Jotnar. Loki was no monster. Perhaps a little mischievous and misguided, but never a monster. He may even be jealous of Thor, but he would never hurt him on purpose…

…right?

“They’re here.” Thor looked over at his mother, then straight ahead of them.

Just a few yards off, they could see Jotnar and some sort of large form – a beast not unlike the one they faced before - with a Jotun mounted upon it. Thor’s hands curled into fists, missing the weight of his hammer; but Odin had none of it, as he did not wish to risk another massacre by Thor’s hands. Mjolnir was left with Odin in Asgard, their only means of defense being a few guards, Lady Sif, and the Warriors Three.

Finally, the Jotnar arrived. Thor recognized the one atop the strange ice beast to be Laufey. And in his arms he held a small Jotun clad in green and black – his brother’s clothing.

Thor felt a rage he never knew he could feel rise within him, and he stepped forward, ignoring his mother’s protests.

“What have you done to him, you beast?!” he snarled.

“Thor!” His mother hissed, before she too looked up at Laufey and the Jotun that represented her second son.

She had only ever seen Loki in his true Jotun skin once when he was a mere babe. But to see him now, almost a full grown man, with skin of sapphire and eyes of garnet…it almost frightened her. And it reminded her; this was no longer her son.

Laufey easily dismounted his beast, before he reached up and helped Loki down from the saddle. Both stood before the large beast and the escorting Jotun guards. Loki looked out over the Aesir faces, gauging many reactions from the assembled men and women.

There was shock, yes, but mostly, there was hatred, rage, and accusation. Those emotions he could see quite clearly in Thor’s companions. Sif especially seemed spiteful, her eyes almost literally spitting venom and acid right at him. He suddenly found himself quite enraged himself, but not at the Warriors Three or Sif.

“I must say, it is quite a surprise to see you all here.” He said, breaking the silence.

“Loki…” Thor rasped, disbelieving – Loki would swear there was a trace of denial and disgust in his
eyes as well, “Is…is it truly you…?”

Loki nodded, “And if my word isn’t enough – something it never is in your eyes either way – I can tell you now about that incident involving you, Freya’s dress, and a certain hammer of yours.”

He suddenly paused, his eyes sliding back to Sif and the Warriors Three. He crossed his arms, regarding them in a bored manner.

“Well? Go ahead and say it, we all – sans Thor – know you’re thinking it. You might as well quit whispering behind his back and say it.” He said.

“You are a traitor…!” Sif snarled.

Thor turned on her, eyes disbelieving. Loki sighed and shook his head at Thor’s obliviousness.

“Truly Thor, you claim them to be our friends, and yet they whisper the vilest things about me behind your back,” he said before his eyes hardened, “And you all call me the Deceiver. I’d call you all hypocrites, but as of now, I have not the energy to waste on you.”

“Loki-”

“What would you know of honesty, Jotun scum?” Sif snapped, brandishing her sword.

“Sif! Mind your tongue!” Thor snapped at her, before turning back to Loki, “Loki, you are confused. This is not you! You are not some Jotun monster-”

“I damn well am, Odinson!” Loki snapped, startling everyone. He bore his teeth at the Aesir, hands clenched tightly, his blue skin flushing purple in some places.

“I am a Jotun,” he seethed, “I always have been. I just did not notice until one touched me, and my Dam - my mother” He shot a scathing look to Frigga, "Took me back into his arms for the first time in over one thousand years!”

Thor frowned, confused by his words, before he turned to look at Laufey.

“Him? Loki, he is a man, he cannot be your-”

“Oh wake up you idiot!” Loki snapped, “Did you not think to wonder about my body? How it was possible I was able to give birth to my children, how I was capable of being raped by a horse?!”

Everyone seemed to reel back at Loki’s exclamation, Frigga appeared especially pale, her eyes wide and mouth drawn into a thin line. Thor looked like he had been slapped, both parts confused yet shocked. Loki smirked, but there was no mirth in his expression.

“Oh Thor, have you forgotten already?” he said mockingly, “How you told all of Asgard that I had laid with a horse? How I had been violated, saddled with a colt and then having the child ripped away from me? Just because he was different and not up to Odin’s standards? Did you forget how I was mocked and harassed every day afterwards? How, with the impression that I simply enjoyed being taken against my will, I was saddled with even more illegitimate children?”

Apparently this was news to Laufey, as he seemed to grow pale, and his breathing was visibly increasing. Nostrils flaring, his eyes never left Frigga and Thor’s, the fire within them somehow growing even more intense and hellish.

“Oh I got over it, after a while. But oh, I never got over how you laughed,” Loki snarled, spitting the
word, “You laughed, Thor. You laughed when Odin took Jormugandr and threw him into Midgard’s sea. You laughed as I was beaten into submission as Fenrir, a mere pup, was chained and taken away like a rabid animal. You laughed as my beautiful, beautiful daughter was ripped from my arms, while I, weak from her birth, was restrained by your hands…”

Silence reigned over the frozen land. Silence, the very essence of the ice itself, the stillness of the slow glaciers and gently falling snow. Sound was taboo in this realm, a sin so vile, that not even nature herself dared to utter a sound.

Loki was panting by now, his form shaking, his eyes wild and shining with tears he refused to let fall.

“You always claimed to love me, to care about me, to always protect me…” he rasped, “So where were you? Where were you, Thor? Where were you when I was innocent? Where were you when I was being hurt? Where were you when I was being beaten, broken, violated and laughed at for it?! Where were you?!”

Thor could not, would not, answer. Because he quite simply did not know how to. The sheer confusion and disbelief shone in his eyes, and it made Loki want to spit.

“You are a vain, cruel, spoiled child. You are not worthy of any throne, but I suppose with Odin unwilling to have a monster sit on the throne, you’re his last resort.”

“You snake, Thor is more worthy than you will ever-”

“Is he?” Loki asked in mock shock, breaking Sif off, “That’s funny, because I quite frankly fail to see his worth – not as a king, not as a prince, and certainly not as a brother…”

“I never wanted the throne. I never wanted a crown, nor the title of king. I only wanted respect.”

He suddenly turned to look at a gob smacked Frigga. His eyes seemed to dim, the rage calming within them. One would think his expression as soft, yielding even. But no, he felt no rage or anger towards Frigga…

He felt nothing for his so called mother.

And that was perhaps even crueler than his rage.

“I do not even know what to say to you, Frigga,” he did not miss how she flinched when he used her name instead of calling her mother, “I can only hope I will one day pity you. Being sent here to clean up Odin’s mess like a maid, I can only imagine how humiliating this must be.”

“Loki, my son-”

“No. I am not your son,” Loki said firmly, “You may not have stolen me, but you are just as much a liar as Odin. You simply went along with his plan, you simply could not disobey him…”

His eyes suddenly hardened, his brows creasing into a scowl.

“Such a good, submissive wife he has. Always by his side, always there to serve him. Tis little wonder why you said nothing; you have no spine.”

“LOKI!” Thor snapped, teeth bared and expression disbelieving and the other Aesir’s expressions enraged. Loki only shook his head, ignoring Thor.
“I do not doubt your love for me, but I will always doubt you as a person,” he said simply to the pale, trembling Frigga, “I feel nothing for you but mistrust. And you will likely never hold my trust again.”

“And that creature has your trust?!” Thor yelled, pointing a trembling finger at the passive Laufey, “That thing, who abandoned you, you would pick him over our father?! The man who rescued you, saved you from these monsters?! He told us what happened, and whatever these beasts have said is pure lies! They left you to die!”

“He hid me to keep me safe!” Loki shrieked, his voice cracking as he yelled and howled more than he ever had in his entire life, “Odin All-Father is a liar! Laufey did not abandon me, he hid me to keep me safe! He never invaded Jotunheim to subjugate it, they went there for agricultural reasons, and Odin took this as an excuse to conquer a realm, just like his father did!”

“Lies! These are all lies, Loki!”

“Odin is the one lying you bumbling fool!” Loki snapped, “By the Norns, Thor, open your eyes! You take every word the All-Father says as if they were the words of a god!”

“He is a god, as am I!”

“YOU ARE NOTHING!” Loki shrieked.

“I AM A GOD!”

“YOU ARE A CHILD!”

“No! You are acting like the child!” Thor yelled, “You, who would go against our father, who loved you and raised you, and you dare to betray him?! To believe these foul lies these beasts have fed to you?!”

Loki suddenly froze, eyes wide as he stared at Thor. Disbelief was visible in his garnet eyes, and Thor had half a mind to think he had finally reached his brother. His features softened slightly, and he reached a hand out to Loki.

“Loki, forget about all of this, and come home,” he said in a tone not unlike a hunter trying to coax a rabbit out of hiding, “Everything will be fine. Father can remove that foul skin the Jotnar have placed on you. We can go back, and we can-”

He paused as Loki held up a hand to silence him. He was looking at Thor as if he were staring down a madman.

“You say Odin loves me…” he said.

“Of course he does! He loves us both, he is our father.” Thor said, as if it was the simplest thing in the world.

But Loki only shook his head slowly, carefully. And Thor seemed to then realize what Loki’s expression truly was; he was looking at Thor as if he were staring down a madman.

“Thor…if Odin loves me as you say…” he started, hesitant, slow, as if he were speaking to a child,

“Then where is he?”
A ringing invaded Thor’s ears. Vertigo seemed to hit him like a ton of bricks, and a sudden jolt of shock and confusion struck him like his own lightning.

Odin… where was Odin? If he wanted Loki back, why had he sent him and Frigga? Why not leave Frigga to watch over Asgard while he and Thor retrieved him? Odin was the one Loki was truly angry with, he was the one he needed to confront.

So then why…?

“L…Loki…” Thor choke, as if suddenly realizing just how wrong everything was.

Loki sighed, head lowering, “None of you are worth my wrath. None of you are worth me spitting on. You do not even deserve the honor of me feeling anything for you…”

He looked exhausted. And truly, why wouldn’t he be? He finally got to say to these people what he has been keeping locked up in his damaged heart all this time. And yet, it felt as if it was too little too late. The damage was done, and the words were now said. A weight had been lifted, but still, his heart was heavy with the knowledge that nothing would change. The Aesir would still hate him and see him as the jealous, sniveling coward that Thor was burdened to always watch over and keep in line.

He somehow knew all this time that nothing would change. But, it appeared even his scarred heart was kind enough to hope.

He shook his head, facing the Aesir once more.

“I am no Odinson,” he said firmly, proudly, “I am Loki Laufeyson, heir to the throne of Jotunheim, first born of Laufey Nalson, and I am burdened with glorious purpose.”

“But no longer am I burdened with you, or anything having to do with Asgard.” He said.

“Loki…!” Thor rasped, eyes swimming as he reached for Loki.

But the small Jotun stepped back, far out of Thor’s reach. "I never want to see you here again, Thor Odinson. Never again," He hissed, "Barring political reasons, should you ever set foot on Jotunheim again…I will not hesitate, Thor. I will hunt you down and show you just what true pain feels like…”

He looked to the sky then, and with a sore throat and a booming voice, he called,

“Heimdall, take them back to Asgard!” he called, “I hereby renounce my title as second prince, and my place in all of Asgard!”

“No, Loki, NO…!”

But it was too late.

Whether it was because he was glad to be rid of Loki, or because he was bound by oath, Heimdall sent down the crashing beam of light from the BiFrost. Engulfing everyone, including Thor, who lunged with an outstretched arm to reach for Loki, the light quickly swept them all away. Nothing was left but a scorch mark on the ground on which they all stood.

Long minutes of silence passed, and to Loki, it was the sweetest sound he had ever heard. He suddenly felt weak, so tired and helpless; like a newborn lamb.

He was shaking, and he turned to Laufey, whom was gazing down at him with a mixture of immense pride and concern in his eyes.
“My Dam…” he croaked, his throat raw.

Laufey gracefully fell to his knees before Loki, reaching out to cup his face in large hands.

“My gem,” He said, "I am so, so proud of you."

Loki shuddered, leaning into the cool touch, a hand coming up to touch one of the blue hands over his cheeks. Loki had never felt so torn up, his heart bleeding itself of all the centuries of hurt and anger it held. It hurt so much, but once he was bled dry, and the wound closed, he knew he would feel only freedom.

He sighed shakily, eyes shutting.

“Please…take me home.”

His knees gave out then, and Laufey lunged to catch his child in his arms. The Jotun guards around them murmured in concern for their prince, but Laufey quieted them with a look. Cradling Loki to his chest, the larger Jotun stood up once more. He stroked a finger over Loki’s serene face; he was oddly reminded of when he had held Loki just like this as a babe.

Without saying a word, Laufey mounted his beast once more, holding Loki tightly in his free arm.

“Come,” he said to his guards, “We are going home.”

The Jotnar nodded, and marched on back to the icy palace.

That night, and every night afterwards, Loki finally slept without a single nightmare.

And he somehow knew.

He was now free.

Chapter End Notes

So tell me what you all think? I highly doubt I'll be adding more, but...well, never say never. lol

~S~
Loki recently found out something very important today.

He had brothers.

Two younger, normal sized Jotun brothers. Helblindi and Byleistr, both born perhaps a few decades apart, and both born almost a century after Loki himself. Both were sired by Laufey’s second mate – more out of politics than love like Farbauti had been. Civil wars were certain in Jotunheim after its fall, so Laufey took it upon himself by offering himself to keep the peace with a general in Jotunheim’s capital, Utgard.

The Jotun – Laufey did not name him, as there seemed to be a lack of any real love in the marriage – had died in the middle of a violent territory dispute a century or so ago, leaving behind their two children for Laufey to care for. But even if there was no love in the marriage, there was love for the children Laufey bore.

Laufey had told him of his brothers a couple days ago, a day or so after his confrontation with Thor and Frigga. At first Loki had been stunned, anxious and a bit frightened for no apparent reason. But Laufey seemed to easily read his anxieties, and said he was more than welcome to meet them – but only after he had gotten some proper rest and had time to sort out his thoughts.

Loki had been immensely relieved after Laufey said this. And after a light meal of a strange though not unpleasant stew – he didn’t think he could stomach anything else at the moment – he had slept for an entire day. Laufey never left his side if he could help it.
And when he woke up again, Laufey was still by his bedside, waiting patiently in a quickly formed icy chair with another modest meal for him.

Sighing, Loki sat up sluggishly, rubbing his sleep hazed eyes. He would later be appalled by the rather impressive bedhead he sported, but it wasn’t as if Laufey didn’t look on at the image with anything but an enduring look.

“Good evening, gem.” Laufey greeted.

Loki blinked blearily, “Evening?”

Turning towards a window across the room, Loki was shocked to see it was dark outside. But then again, it always seemed to be dark on Jotunheim. He hadn’t once seen the sun, or if they even had one.

Laufey, once more seeming to read Loki like a book, nodded and passed him the small bowl of stew.

“You slept for an entire day, about ten hours,” he said, “Jotunheim does not have a large sun, but rather an expansive star, and two large green moons. The ‘days’ on Jotunheim are rather dim and short, while the nights are aglow with the moons, and last much longer.”

“You’re nocturnal…” Loki said in realization. Laufey nodded.

“Our sun is small, and is more like a comet than an actual star, so it passes over us rather quickly. Our moons, however, stay longer, and provide a more subdued light,” Laufey pointed to his eyes, “The light of our sun is potent, and the snow reflects it in a blaze. Our eyes are adapted to the night, so we took what we were given by nature and sleep during the short days, and awake during the long nights.”

That…made a lot of sense, or so Loki thought it did. Jotunheim’s chronological habits were almost a perfect opposite to most other realms. The nights were longer, and the light more easy on the Jotnar’s light sensitive eyes. The days were exceedingly short, and their sun, while small, was bright enough to light up the snow and cause snow-blindness. Adapting into a nocturnal race seemed much easier than it sounded in the Jotnar’s situation, as it was more a change led by common sense and a bit of convenience.

And if he were honest with himself, Loki was actually a bit glad of this. He’d always loved the dark and soft glow of the night. The night brought peace and natural silence, a time of sanity in Loki’s otherwise insane life. The day did not bring comfort or sanity; it brought noise, pain, hurt, and insanity that much closer to him. The day meant leaving the safety of his room to face a cruel world and even crueler people. The night forced these cruel people to sleep, and allowed Loki to stay awake as long as he wished so that he may attempt to bind and stifle any wounds on his heart and body brought on by the day.

Sipping at the lukewarm stew, Loki considered the window for a moment longer before turning back to Laufey. Their eyes met, and Loki immediately lowered his gaze timidly. He didn’t know why he was so meek around Laufey, almost embarrassed even. He was practically meeting his estranged mother for the first time in his life, and he felt almost awkward around him. But at the same time, his chest was tight and so full of unconditional feelings towards the Jotun King. It was so damn confusing…

Loki kept his gaze lowered to his lap, hands cupped around the bowl he held. Curious now, he raised a hand and looked at it, taking in the light sapphire blue of his new – his real – skin. Markings swirled around the back of his hand, a few ‘rings’ adorning a couple of his fingers. Turning it over,
he found his palm and a bit of his wrist was a slightly lighter blue and lacked any markings outside the usual lines on one’s palms and the crooks of his fingers. His nails were, to his surprise, a rich, shiny black – like shards of obsidian.

“Does it disturb you?”

Loki looked up with wide eyes at the inquiry. Laufey gazed at Loki with a mixture of hope and well concealed uncertainty. He gestured to Loki’s hand.

“Your skin, your markings – does it disturb you?” he elaborated.

Loki blinked, his head going blank. He did not have a single thought going on in his head, nor did he have to take a moment to come up with a thought process to Laufey’s question. He shook his head.

“No, it does not. It is…” he paused, trying to find the right word, “Different. It’s a good different, but still different…”

He suddenly chuckled meekly, feeling embarrassed, “I am sorry, I am not sure how to describe how it is I am feeling right now. But I do not…I do not feel repulsed or angry if that is what you are wondering.”

Laufey seemed to relax, his shoulders lowering slightly. He smiled a small, yet affectionate smile. Loki felt his face tinge purple, and he lowered his gaze once more. It suddenly seemed to occur to him; he never knew what having a mother was like, how wonderful it was to feel the unconditional affection and love from one. How unworthy he could suddenly feel from a simple look of love. Frigga he knew had loved him, to a point and in her own way. But she did not love him in the way a mother should love her child. No, that was reserved only for Thor, not Loki.

Ironic, he thought flatly. Her title as Goddess of Motherhood seemed more like a well disguised joke to him now…

Appetite now lost, Loki carefully set the bowl down beside him on the bed. His hands landed on the thick furs covering the bed, soft and thick. He wove his fingers through the soft furs, sighing softly.

A hand reached out to take the bowl and set it on the nightstand. The bed dipped slightly as Laufey moved to sit beside Loki on the bed's edge. The hand came back and rested against Loki's cheek, and he looked up with wide eyes at Laufey. The Jotun’s hand was massive against the side of his face, nearly cupping the entire side of his head.

“Did you wish to see your brothers today?” he inquired gently.

Brothers…his brothers. Did he want to meet them? Of course he did. Did he want to meet them now? He wasn’t sure. In fact, he was pretty sure he did not want to see his half-brothers right now. Or ever.

‘…this makes no sense whatsoever.’ He thought sourly.

He heard Laufey chuckle, his hand moving up to smooth back his tussled hair.

“You are nervous to meet them.” He said.

‘…how does he do that?’ Loki wondered. He cleared his throat, shaking his head in uncertainty.

“I…I do not know. I don’t feel like I should be nervous, and yet…”
“They are your family, and yet this will be the first time you will ever meet them,” Laufey elaborated, “It is an awkward mindset, like meeting estranged cousins for the first time.”

Loki was becoming more and more convinced Laufey possessed some form of mind magic. He seemed to know exactly what Loki was thinking, and even when he was confused about his own thoughts, Laufey knew just how to set them straight with a mere few words. He could recall tales of how mothers had a natural intuition when it came to their children. They seemed to know exactly what their children were thinking, and whether they tried to hide it or not, they simply knew.

He nodded, unconsciously moving closer to Laufey. The Jotun wrapped an arm around his shoulders, and Loki leaned into his side, vaguely noting how easily they fit together; like two puzzle pieces. He closed his eyes and hummed pleasantly as Laufey ran his fingers through his hair, untangling a few knots.

“You are not at all expected to meet them immediately,” he said reassuringly, “You can take as much time as you need before seeing them. They will understand.”

“They know I am here…?” Loki inquired. Laufey nodded.

“They thought I had gone mad at first, before I showed them to you as you slept.” Loki looked up at Laufey abruptly, mouth drawn in a thin line.

“They have…seen me?” he asked. Laufey quirked a brow.

“You have nothing to be ashamed of, child. There is nothing wrong with your appearance.” He said.

Loki sighed, lowering his gaze, face flushing, “I know. I just…I don’t know.”

Laufey tightened his arm around Loki, voice lowering slightly, “I am guessing Asgard has told some lovely stories of undersized Jotnar?”

“You could say that…” these ‘lovely tales’ consisted of much violence, violation, and even sacrificial ceremonies and games of torture. Some of which had come from Odin himself…

Loki bit his lip, uncertain.

“What…what did they say?” he asked.

Laufey chuckled ruefully, “I dare not repeat what Helblindi said, lest I bring the Norn’s wrath upon us. I’ll only say my parlor is now under reconstruction. Byleistr was so shocked he was speechless, but no sooner proclaimed some lovely threats against Odin and his, ‘thieving paws’.”

That…that was almost funny. Almost. Though despite this, Loki smiled, stifling a chuckle. His brother had said that? And Helblindi had apparently thrown a tantrum to rival any Thor has ever had.

But he was curious…

“And when you found out?” He asked curiously.

Laufey’s look flattened slightly, but there was a slight hint of embarrassment in his eyes. He sighed.

“Your father would be proud. After you exhausted yourself, and I had taken you to my chambers, I may have frozen half the west wing and ruined some furniture…perhaps prompted a guard into early retirement…”

This time, Loki did in fact laugh, quietly and muffled against his hand. He only grinned further when
Laufey gently flicked his head in retaliation, but no sooner drew him closer to his side.

“Did you wish to meet them?” perhaps he was using the question as a tactic to divert from talking about his rather childish actions, but he really was curious.

Loki thought for a long, silent moment, staring at his lap. He bit his lip anxiously, his fingers curling into fists. But Laufey said nothing, only watched patiently as his little giant thought, gently stroking his hair as he waited.

Loki sighed, looking back up at Laufey.

“I think perhaps-”

He paused suddenly, he and Laufey looking over towards the door leading out of Laufey’s bedchambers. It had creaked ever so slightly, a few flecks of frost falling from the jamb.

Loki tensed, but Laufey gave the door a rather deadpan look. Sighing, he stood up and straightened the skirts and loincloth he wore, striding towards the door. Grabbing the handle, he swiftly twisted it and opened the door.

And falling into a graceless heap upon the floor, two young Jotnar who were obviously eavesdropping fell to his feet. They looked up at Laufey with wide eyes, before the youngest pointed to his brother.

“It was his idea.” He said with a wide grin.

Laufey did not look the least bit impressed.

To be continued…
Brothers - part 2

Chapter Summary

Loki meets his brothers, and finds out what it means to actually be loved by a brother.

Chapter Notes

Guys this is all the fluff! And the angst. Lol Enjoy~ More eot come soon, and once more, suggestions for future chapters are greatly appreciated!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This was…so strange. Or at least that’s what Loki thought.

If one had told him he would now be living on Jotunheim with a Jotun mother he never truly knew he had, found out he had two younger brothers he never knew he had, and was now being confronted by two said brothers…

Well, there would be a lot of fire involved. And snakes. Lots of snakes.

And yet here he was, in Laufey’s bedchambers, with the Jotun King himself, and two younger Jotnar piled in the doorway. One, the youngest, looked quite amused by the turn of events. The other just looked like he wanted to strangle the younger.

Laufey sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Did I not specifically instruct you both to wait?” he droned.

“You both?” the second grumbled.

“Boys…” both Jotnar tensed, lowering their heads at Laufey’s tone.

The Jotun King shook his head, before he turned back to Loki, his expression softening. Though he seemed exasperated by the younger Jotnar’s antics, Loki could see a faint spark of amusement in his garnet eyes. Clearing his throat, Laufey gestured to the two younger Jotnar.

“I hope you can forgive their eager, and rather graceless introduction,” he started, causing the youngest to chuckle mirthfully, “Loki, these are you brothers.”

He gestured to the larger of the two, “Helblidni…” and next to the youngest atop Helblindi, “And this errant joker is Byleistr.”

Loki blinked, nodding numbly at the introduction. Normally he was rather composed and even gracious when introduced to others, more so off-realm visitors to Asgard’s palace than anyone else. He was especially popular among the delegates of Alfheim and Vanaheim, the two reigning capitals
for Seidr knowledge. Half of his most advanced spells were taught to him by Freyr himself during his visits to Asgard.

But this… this was no delegation introduction. This wasn’t Loki greeting ambassadors or political visitors. This was Loki meeting his two younger brothers for the very first time. And he had no idea how to take it…

And before he could so much as utter a formal greeting, the youngest – Byleistr – was up on his feet and sprinting for Loki. The small Jotun reeled back as the other hopped up onto the bed, a wide, eager grin on his face as he sat next to Loki on crossed legs. And just when he thought he couldn’t get any more eager, Byleister reached out and trapped Loki in what he could only describe as a literal bear hug.

“Welcome home, big brother!” Byleistr crowed, squeezing Loki tightly. Loki would swear he heard his back popping from the crushing embrace.

“Uhn…! Th-thank you…?” Loki wheezed, uncertain.

Laufey made as if to protest – quite loudly – before Helblindi stepped in with an exasperated sigh.

“Byleistr you ape, come on, he can’t breathe.” He said, shoving his brother’s arm.

“Boys…” Laufey once more used that trademark warning tone.

Both Jotnar backed off, but only slightly. Helblindi took a seat on Loki’s other side, both brothers now nearly squishing Loki between them. Laufey rolled his eyes, swatting their heads.

“Don’t crowd him, boys, he’s already overwhelmed as it is.” He warned.

Grumbling, Byleistr moved over a bit, along with a much more complacent Helblindi. With Laufey watching over them with the eyes of a mother hawk, Loki felt a bit better about the experience, but still nervous. He looked at each of his brothers in turn from the corners of his eyes, observing them.

Though Byleistr was the youngest, he seemed to be slightly broader and thicker than Helblindi. He was quite muscular, but not overly so, but held a build similar to Thor’s now that he thought about it. He must take after his sire, as Loki could find very few traits that could belong to Laufey. He had Laufey’s nose, and he and Loki definitely shared a similar grin. His eyes were a slightly darker shade of garnet. He wore a fur lined kilt and loincloth similar to Laufey’s, armored around the hips. A few cuffs adorned his wrists, and a leather strap was slung across his chest with a narrow holster at his back – for a spear perhaps?

Helblindi definitely took after Laufey as well as Loki. Though his shoulders were broader, his waist and legs and arms were lithe yet strong. He and Loki had almost identical faces, but Helblindi’s was still a bit rounder with youth and small amounts of baby fat. He seemed quite serious, yet very curious of Loki, seemingly observing him in the same manner Loki himself was. He wore a kilt and loincloth similar to Byleistr’s, but he boasted a few pouches and a dagger strapped to his waist. Cuffs held cinched to his wrists, but he also boasted an ankle bracelet on his left ankle.

But what surprised Loki most was that they had hair.

Byleistr had slightly wavy, shoulder length white hair, and Helblindi had straight faded black hair a shade lighter than Loki’s.

It made Loki wonder; did only warriors shear their heads for convenience on the battlefield? Did it perhaps fall out as they aged? Or was he just overthinking things? He made a mental note to ask
Laufey later.

Smiling tentatively, greeted his brothers, “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Byleistr’s grin widened, “Love your work as the Trickster. Finally, a brother with a sense of humor!”

To his surprise, Loki actually laughed, startling himself as he covered his mouth. Helblindi shot Byleistr a deadpan look not unlike Laufey’s own.

“What? He laughed!” Byleistr crowed. Helblindi only rolled his eyes, catching Loki’s attention with a more subdued smile.

“Forgive Byleistr, he’s…special.” He said.

“More special than you, Dám loves me best after all.” Byleistr boasted.

Laufey sighed, but Loki did not miss the slight upward twitch of his lips. He was undoubtedly amused by his children’s antics, despite his best effort in appearing annoyed.

“Norns help me…” he sighed.

Loki startled himself with another chuckle, finally starting to relax around his new found family. And in an almost effortless endeavor, he began asking them questions about themselves. The awkwardness had abruptly left them, and suddenly Loki and his siblings couldn’t stop talking to one another.

Loki found out his brothers, despite their large sizes and muscular bodies, were not as they seemed. Byleistr, when not training with the other warriors, was striving to become an ambassador. He wanted to see the other realms, meet new people, and explore every nook and cranny he could find in each realm. Though his chances of leaving Jotunheim were slim, he held onto a small shred of hope that he could one day see the other realms. He was quite an incurable prankster and joker, and Loki had to wonder if this was a trait he and Byleistr both got from Laufey. Ambitious and curious, he was still loyal to a fault, and found no issue in making himself the butt of a joke if it meant making others laugh. Despite his size, he was one of the quickest Jotun on the battlefield, excelling in the use of the staff and spear. Though he couldn’t really sit still, often fidgeting or shifting constantly, he was attentive and focused entirely on Loki.

Helblindi was virtually Byleistr’s opposite. He was calm, composed, and very much a striving wordsmith like Loki. Though he has been trained to be Laufey’s heir due to Loki’s supposed passing as a babe, he didn’t want the throne. He wanted to be an advisor and scholar, his thirst for literary and historical knowledge nearly as abundant as Loki’s. They shared a lot in common it seemed, though Helblindi didn’t have much patience for the study of Seidr like Loki. Not that he could learn much anyways, he said. Their library used to be massive, but after the war, it had been raided and decimated. He was swift and brutal in battle, his trademark strategy of blinding his opponent either temporarily or lethally becoming as legendary as Farbauti’s ability to strike opponents down with a single, cruel strike. He spoke with a blunt poise that most could not pull off, but suited him very well.

Helblindi actually expressed, with quite a bit of relief, that he had been ecstatic to learn that his older brother was not only alive, but he himself would not have to take the throne anymore. He admitted that the concept of ruling a kingdom had seemed like too much for him, and he didn’t feel he really fit into that mold. And Laufey looked on happily, well aware of his middle son’s lack of desire for the throne, but not protesting in the slightest to the sudden change in arrangements. At the time, there was nothing he could do to get Helblindi out of the situation, and Byleistr expressed even more disdain for the throne. Neither of his two children wanted a throne, and Loki to a degree did not want
one – not Asgard’s throne anyways. Laufey made a mental note to discuss the possibility of Loki taking the throne later on, when he was more settled and comfortable with his family. He was definitely more suited for the position, and held both lenience and a firm resolve; he would make a wonderful king.

But for now, Laufey merely sat back with a serene smile as his youngest prattled on to an interested Loki about his latest prank on General Thrym.

“And then he completely lost it! Now the color of the Midgardian sun, he proceeded to chase me throughout the palace, screaming out every way he could skin me and present me as a pelt to his mate.” Blyeistr laughed, Loki chuckling along with him.

Helblindi rolled his eyes, but the effect of his annoyance was lost with the lopsided smile he wore.

“Honestly Byleistr, it’s a wonder you haven’t been turned into a pelt…” he muttered, “You’d make a better throw rug than a jester.”

“And you, dear brother, can kiss my icy blue-”

“Byleistr…” Laufey warned, eyes glinting. Byleistr only grinned cheekily.

Loki sighed, suddenly worn out from all the talking and laughing. His eyes were watery, both from stifling yawning, and also because he oddly felt like crying. When was the last time he had laughed so much? When was the last time he had talked for so long with an equally eager and attentive partner? Let alone two? When was the last time he felt like he could actually speak freely, without having to filter his words or stifle any remarks?

When was the last time he felt so free…? When was the last time he felt so loved…?

“Loki?” the mentioned Jotun looked up at Byleistr’s startled and concerned face, “What’s wrong? Why are you crying?”

‘Crying…?’ Loki blinked, suddenly seeming to realize that he was in fact crying. Tears spilled down his face freely, yet not a single sound left his lips. Reaching up, he quickly tried to wipe the tears away, but they just kept coming, replacing what he already cleared away with his sleeve.

“I’m sorry. I…I don’t know why I’m…” he choked, unable to continue as his throat seemed to close in on itself.

Helblindi and Byleistr looked to their Dam in concern, but Laufey could only shake his head. He approached his little giant, kneeling in front of him as he stroked his head and wiped a few tears away with his thumbs. Byleistr looked to Helblindi, as if to ask permission. Helblindi nodded, and Byleistr smiled in a more subdued way.

When their Dam pulled away from Loki enough, Byleistr swooped in and held Loki in an embrace. One not nearly as crushing or excited as his first hug, but firmly and securely. Loki blinked dumbly, his tears blurring his vision. Byleistr said nothing at first, only pulled Loki into his lap and led him tight.

“Dama and Helblindi used to hold me like this when I had nightmares when I was little,” he said, “It always made me feel better…”

Blinking with wide eyed, Byleistr’s words slowly seemed to sink in. He looked over at his Dam and Helblindi, both nodding in encouragement. Throat tightening, and eyes watering further, Loki buried his head in his little brother’s throat and wrapped his arms around his neck, sobbing softly against his
brother.

It was such a strange, foreign form of comfort. Thor had never once held Loki like this, with the consideration and care an older brother should have. And yet here he was, being held by his young Jotun brother, being given the comfort and attention he had longed for his entire life. Never had Thor once comforted Loki when he was hurt and crying. If anything, he found ways to only make it worse. If Loki cried, Thor called him a weakling, telling him how shameful he was to let tears fall – even for his own children. Whenever he hurt, Thor told him it was life, how it was for everyone, and that he just had to deal with it. That or he just ignored Loki or didn’t notice his pain. And whenever Loki swallowed his pride and asked Thor for help, to be the older brother he was supposed to be…he would laugh.

It made Loki cry all the harder, and hands belonging to his Dam and other brother shielded him, rubbing his back and stroking his hair. Here, he was not being mocked, ridiculed, or hurt for having a mortal soul. Here he was not punished for having feelings, a heart. He was not mocked for having emotions, for being hurt and drowning in pain.

No, here, in this winter wonderland, of ice, snow, and night, he was loved. Here he was desired, cherished, and comforted; not by one, but three people who loved and adored him. He had two wonderful brothers here in this land of ice, and an even more wonderful mother.

He almost laughed at the irony; in the realm of Asgard, a land of gold, warmth and sunlight, he felt cold, broken, and alone. And yet here, in this land of ice, silver moonlight, and snow, he felt warm and protected.

And Loki could not have felt more loved in that moment.

To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

I know it's short, I kind of feel like I should just combine both parts into one chapter. Eh, who knows? 8P

~S~
Father

Chapter Summary

Loki learns about his father.

Chapter Notes

Gah, sorry this was so late. I hit another block, and I was under the weather a bit for a while. TwT
But anyways, enjoy this angsty update! God I love/hate the OOCness of this fic.
Enjoy!
~S~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

This was…so strange. Or so Loki thought it was.

He had been raised on Asgard, a realm that looked down upon the Jotnar, and pretty much everyone else who was not like them. Every other realm was not so much respected as they were tolerated, but none held Asgard’s complete and utter respect. Asgard thought the other realms respected and revered them; Odin knew better, he knew they feared and loathed them to a degree. Asgard was a realm of greed, ruled by kings that lusted for power and submission. Before Odin, Bor was no exception. Svartalfheim still boasted festering scars and wounds from the former king’s beating. And during Odin’s rule, he followed in his father’s footsteps two-fold.

The Vanir war was a bloody, swift battle. Asgard suffered almost no losses, but the Vanir suffered many deaths and fatalities. And of course, not long after that, Jotunheim was ravaged, two treasures stolen from the wintery lands; the Casket of Ancient Winters, and Laufey’s infant heir.

Even now as he lay awake in the darkness of Laufey’s bedchambers, it baffled him. If this were under any other circumstance, Loki would be quite appalled to sharing a bed with one of his parents. He was a full grown man after all, he wasn’t a child suffering from some nightmare and seeking his mother’s comfort. And yet, at the moment, he really could not care less if he was acting like a child right now. And even more so, Laufey had seemed to wordlessly urge Loki to stay the day with him again. He had remarked that his own rooms – still a nursery at the time – would take a bit of time to prepare and set up for him, and he would not have his son simply sent off to a drafty guest room.

Loki had a feeling that Laufey was just as afraid of waking up and discovering this was all just a dream as Loki was.

Loki sighed. Staring up at the darkness of the canopy, his mind continued to race.

He had no idea what he was doing anymore. He felt like he was drifting, his very life running off without him. And yet it completely contradicted the absolute stability and sanity he felt.
Jotunheim, he learned quite quickly, was not as he had been told on Asgard,

From what Helblindi and Byleistr told him, it was a true winter wonderland. But the entire planet was not reigned by ice and snow. Mountains and forests dominated the further lands, and seas larger than any other took up most of the planet, not unlike Midgard. Islands of exotic beauty could be explored, many new ones still being discovered to this day. However, Asgard was not wrong in its decline.

The Casket of Ancient Winters was also called the Heart of Jotunehim – and for good reason. It was originally never meant to be used as a weapon, but as a source of power to the frozen lands and help those who live there to prosper. Without it, the planet itself would slowly start to die, and after a while, the planet itself would completely decimate itself. The Jotnar would become an extinct race, and all that Jotunheim had to offer would die with them.

Loki shuddered, not daring to think of what would happen if Jotunheim were to die – if his whole family were to die. None may think so, but every realm was precious to Yggdrasil itself, and the death of a single realm would affect the entire universe in which they lived. If one realm were to die, others would not only be affected, but possibly start to decline as well. Nothing would be the same…

Laufey had assured him that the decline of Jotunheim was slow, and they would all likely be gone themselves before Jotunheim were to see her end. But it still frightened him. Everything, his family, his brothers, his Dam, these people – all of it could be taken away from him. If not by the end of their world, then by a war, or a realm – namely Asgard – wishing to completely wipe them out altogether. Loki already made his message clear to Thor, but once the Thunderer took Asgard’s throne, what’s to stop him from ravaging Jotunheim in the name of his ‘brainwashed’ brother? What if he never accepted that Loki was a Jotun, and of Laufey’s house? What if he never changed, never learned? Not only would Jotuneheim be attacked, but Asgard and all the other realms would suffer because Thor would know nothing more than to wage war.

Loki bit his lip, hands tightening into fists on the furs that surrounded him. This was too much to think about. There was simply too much going on to simply think and find a solution in one day…

“Cannot sleep?”

Loki startled, turning his head to the other side of the bed. Faintly glowing garnet eyes stared at him, the owner lying on his side as he regarded Loki with a clear gaze. One would have to wonder of the larger Jotun had been asleep at all, or if he had been waiting for Loki to fall asleep first.

Loki swallowed, lowering his eyes from Laufey.

“I am merely restless I suppose…” he said.

A hum of understanding. A large blue hand came up to brush Loki’s hair back from his face, before coming to settle over a small hand.

“Do you think of Asgard?” Laufey asked.

Loki nodded.

Laufey’s eyes lowered, his hand tightening ever so slightly around Loki’s. Loki marveled at the other’s hand, just a few inches larger and longer than his own. The nails were black like his own, but while his were blunt, Laufey’s were sharped at the tip, creating short claws. Tentatively, he wrapped a hand around Laufey’s index finger, studying the markings and rings around it. They had similar hands, the fingers long and thin, yet the palms were expansive.
“You used to do this as a babe.”

Loki startled, looking up at Laufey questioningly. The Jotun chuckled, nodding to their hands.

“You used to play with my hands and fingers like this,” he said, “You seemed to be studying them, as if you were trying to see what made them move. You always looked so focused, thoughtful.”

Loki blushed, clearing his throat. But he didn’t remove his hand from Laufey’s. Instead, he asked something that has been plaguing him since he first reunited with Laufey.

“What was my Sire like?” he asked before he could really think.

He no sooner regretted asking, as Laufey’s hand tightened almost painfully around his own. It just as quickly loosened though, but Loki felt he had overstepped his boundaries. But Laufey only sighed heavily, moving closer to Loki until his arm was draped over his waist. He wove his large fingers through Loki’s hair, and the smaller Jotun leaned into the pleasant touch.

“Your father was a brute,” he said, stunning Loki, “A true giant all his own. He was a soldier at the time when we first met, and he challenged me to a duel.”

“I had heard of him, of the great Fárbauti and how skilled he was in battle. And like any arrogant fool, he thought he could best me in a fight…”

“And…did he?” Loki asked tentatively.

“No,” Laufey said simply, almost smugly, “He lost, quite gloriously I might say. I pinned him on his back, and in a rage, I called him a witless, lumbering brute…”

Laufey suddenly smirked, rolling his eyes faintly.

“He often told me that that was the moment he fell for me,” he sighed, exasperated yet fond, “The oaf was at my mercy, my spear at his throat, and yet he could only gape at me like a landed fish and blush like an infatuated youngling.”

Loki blinked dumbly, but then he snorted and covered his mouth, “How exactly did you marry then?”

“Oh, it was a short venture, I assure you,” Laufey snorted, propping his head up on his free arm, “From that day forth, your father made every attempt to woo me – from bringing me gifts of furs, jewels, and other such trinkets I could not care less about, to daring feats, and of course imitating a dying Saber Tooth outside my room.”

“Imitating…?” Loki inquired, confused. Laufey chuckled.

“That’s what I and anyone who isn’t tone deaf called it. Fárbauti claimed that he was trying to ‘serenade’ me,” Laufey said, “It always either ended with guards coming to see who was dying, or if it was late, I’d throw a chunk of ice at him and tell him to shut up.”

“But…?” Loki urged, a slow smile coming to his lips.

Laufey sighed, almost sounding defeated, “But, the brute won my heart either way. Whether it was his silly attempts to court me, or perhaps his charm, he won in the end. He actually did not ask me to marry him until he was sure I wouldn’t say no just to spite him. It came to a point where I was constantly asking him when he’d ask me to marry him…”
Laufey’s eyes grew distant, looking right through Loki and into the past itself. He seemed to peer back into a time before the war ravaged Jotunheim, where he and his mate were still united as one. To a time before Loki and his brothers were born, when everything was just right.

“He one day snuck into my room, as he often did when he was restless. We spoke for a while, and I asked him again, ‘when will you ask me to marry you, Fárbauti’. And that day was the last time I would have to ever ask…”

A smirk stretched dark blue lips then, and Laufey blinked back to the present.

“You were conceived that night, I believe.” He said.

Loki flushed hotly, blinking dumbly at the statement. And yet, he felt honored, glad even. It certainly sounded like his parents had had an eventful, if not brief courtship. And in the end, his Sire won Laufey’s heart. It was obvious in the way he spoke of Fárbauti; Laufey was absolutely smitten with Fárbauti, and loved and missed him dearly.

“The next night, I marched up to my Sire with Fárbauti, and demanded we marry that night. Though stunned, he agreed, and we were wed mere hours later…and within a few turns of the moons, you were born to us.”

The absolute pride and wistfulness in how he said those last words had Loki flushing and fidgeting like a modest child. He virtually glowed under the pride and happiness in which Laufey held for that day.

“Did…did he like me?” Loki asked. The question seemed childish, stupid even. But he honestly wanted to know.

Laufey chuckled, brushing some of Loki’s hair back – the smaller Jotun was thinking of growing it out.

“He absolutely adored you; we both did,” he said, “Though you were quite unimpressed with him when you were born. The first time he held you, you gave him this strange, almost disgusted scowl, and ever since then he has done everything in his power to win you over. ‘Just like his Dam’, he always said.”

Loki laughed quietly, feeling quite accomplished. Even as a baby he was a trouble maker. He was quite proud of himself.

“You eventually warmed up to him, and he flaunted you like a jewel to everyone who had the misfortune of crossing his path. But you liked me best, often scowling at your father if he tried to take you away from me…”

“But either way, your Sire was someone I loved dearly, even if I did not show it nearly as much as I should have…” he sighed, playing with a lock of Loki’s hair, “You look a little like him. You were blessed to inherit his hair.”

Loki peered up at Laufey, both parts curious and uncertain. He swallowed thickly before speaking.

“How…?”

Though it was a rather broad question, Laufey seemed to understand. The Jotun King’s face fell somewhat, and he pulled Loki closer to his chest; protective.

“Odin had breached the palace, and Fárbauti demanded that I take you and flee. I of course refused,
but he reasoned I could not fight with a babe in my arms. He was adamant, and like the charming trickster he was, he convinced me to run and hide you in the Temple…”

“And when I came back for him…my beloved was gone. He had been run through with a spear, and Odin was nowhere to be found…”

His arms tightened around Loki, and the smaller Jotun could swear he heard his voice crack ever so slightly towards the end.

“The oaf had promised he would be fine,” Laufey said bitterly yet despairingly, “He was such a foolish, wonderful and brave liar…”

He suddenly loosened his hold on Loki so he could look down at him properly. He looked so tired, yet there was pride and love in his eyes. It frightened Loki, yet invigorated him. He was not used to being looked at with such love and affection.

“Your Sire loved you dearly, Loki,” he said softly, “Never doubt that, gem. You are precious to both of us, even if he is not here to tell you.”

Loki felt his eyes sting, but he fought back the tears that threatened to fall. This was just not right to him. No one had ever said he was so loved. Frigga had every now and again said she loved him, but it was always in such an offhanded way. And to hear it now, this real, pure, affectionate love from a mother and a father…

Laufey startled slightly as Loki threw his arms around his neck and hugged him tightly, burying his face in his throat. But he did not hesitate to embrace the smaller Jotun back.

“Why do you call me that?” Loki said, muffled, “I am no gem.”

“But you are a gem,” Laufey argued, smiling as he rubbed Loki’s back, “You are our treasure, you are precious to us. And you are loved.”

Loki’s sob was muffled against his neck, but he could feel the warm tears against his throat. Gently squeezing the small Jotun, he leaned down and kissed his head.

“When you were born, and your Sire first held you, he said you were like the most precious gem he had ever seen,” he said.

Loki groaned, clutching at the other’s collar bones, “You’re making me cry, damn it…”

Laufey chuckled, resting his chin on Loki’s head.

“Then cry, gem,” he said, “There is no shame in shedding tears.”

No shame…Loki wanted to laugh. Everything, from the way he was being treated, to everything he has heard about the Jotnar, everything was the exact opposite of what he has learned in Asgard. It was a complete contradiction. Jotnar were monsters; they were anything but. Jotnar could not love or feel; nothing could be further from the truth. You bring shame to yourself and others when you cry…

It was safe here. He was allowed to be a person, a simple man with a heart. He was allowed to have a mortal soul, to hurt, to bleed, and to cry because of it.

He was allowed to heal.

Sobbing, the little Jotun clutched at his mother, and wept…
To be continued…

Chapter End Notes

Also, NOTICE!!

I am thinking of making a bit of a series based off this fic. I'll be starting with Loki's conception. And...well, I'm not used to writing Jotun porn, has anyone else wrote it? Can I possibly get some help with it? Remember, my canon detonates the Jotnar as intersexed, so please keep to the concept if you can help!
Thank you!

~S~
IMPORTANT! Author’s note and PSA regarding my Thor/Avengers fics.

I will start off frank; no, I am **not** abandoning any of these fics; no, I am not going to be updating in the immediate future; and yes, they are still on-going, but life reasons will explain why they are not being updated.

I am in school and working to get my associates degree, then will be moving onto hopeful pilot training. My story priorities will remain on my *Rise of the Guardians* fics, primarily *Solitude and Darkness*. And because of my school schedule, and my working hours, I cannot work on more than *SaD* until I get free time, and until I finish *SaD*.

Some of you may be confused as to why I am making this post now of all times. One fic hasn’t been updated in years (*Come Home*), the other has also been mostly untouched for a year or so (*Five Times Loki was Forgotten and One Time he was Not*), and another is sporadic in its updates (*Prodigal*).

I am doing this now because one individual on FF has been using some very poor methods of underhanded and simple-minded means of trying to get me to update these fics. Worse yet, I was planning to use some technical methods of getting them off my tail, but after doing some digging, I fear things may get a tad ugly. I’ll simply say Proxy server and leave it at that. They dropped numerous IMs on me regarding those fics, making passive-aggressive inquiries as to when I will update, despite my telling them it’s probably not going to be anytime soon because of my school, work and life in general. That was back in early October, yet last night, I get another IM from them asking how I’m doing on my Loki fics. It’s barely been a month, and all college students who read this know just how ridiculous that is – even non-college students know or have an idea of how much time school takes up.

I’m a tad pissed right now, as I have told them straight up not to ask me about my fic progress in those stories, yet it was ignored. But the bottom line here is I’m getting suspicious, and this person’s IMs seem to correlate with those rather unhelpful ‘update please’ and ‘please update’ two-liners that get dropped into my review and comment boxes for those fics – per chapter, in less than five minutes between them.

I’m getting tired of people dropping passive-aggressive comments and reviews that assume the fics are dead and they are sad I’m not writing them. If I don’t say ‘it’s over’ then chances are, it’s not over. People don’t know that, I get it, but it helps to not make assumptions, and better yet, not spam my review/comment box with unhelpful filler-comments. And even better yet, consider not just IMing me to pan-handle for updates that are not going to be written at the drop of a hat.

To recap. I’m putting this here to make people stop asking me when I’ll update and to deter one particular individual from bothering me on FF. I have seen your IP address, dear. And because of what I saw, I am not going to risk speaking to you directly if you are, in fact, a minor as the information implies.

So yes, all of my Thor/Avengers fics are **on hiatus until further notice.** I am doing this **because I am busy** and not out of spite – tempting as it is. I am also doing this as **an indirect and final warning to a certain IMer on my FF account.**

**THIS IS A PSA TO LET YOU ALL KNOW NOTHING HAS BEEN ABANDONED – I HAVE**
A GOD DAMN LIFE. I WILL NOT UPDATE ANYTIME SOON. I WANT TO, BUT I HAVE ALMOST NO TIME.

And to those who have been so patient and supportive of me, and who continue to read and review…thank you. Seriously, I have considered killing these fics many times because of the people who make demands of me or are just plain rude or unhelpful. You guys are what is keeping this and the other fics alive, and keeping my spirits up to prevent me from just deleting them out of spite and frustration. So thank you, seriously. I love you guys.

INHALE… I believe this is all I need and have to say on the matter. Hopefully you all will take this with a grain of salt, and the one person who I don’t want to hear from steps the fuck back.

This has been a fanfic PSA from Sumi-Sprite.

Good evening, and see you all next time.

~S~
IMPORTANT PSA

A VERY IMPORTANT PSA!

Regarding ALL of my Thor/Avenger fics.

Alright, let’s just get it out there, folks. Perhaps around October, a little before then, I had once more been getting more persisting comments and yet another IM from three consistent sources asking I update these damn fics. And at that time, that was the last fucking straw. That was it; those persisting comments broke me. I had at the time planned to give out a PSA telling people that these fics would be dead entirely. Because of those persisting comments, ESPECIALLY from particularly three sources, had entirely killed off any and all affection I had for those fandoms, and thus, the plots died.

I was sick and tired of these comments, blocking those I could on FF, even one that crossed onto DeviantART to bother me. AO3, sadly, does not have a blocking application, so all I could do was try and ignore these idiots.

In this PSA, I was even going to name names. I was so fucking spiteful, angry and just TIRED of it. I already felt guilty enough as it was that I hadn’t updated these stories in literal years, and there have been so many wonderful, supporting readers for them too. But it was no longer a comfort to me to have these good comments outweighing the bad. I wanted it to die and stay dead so I could get some peace of mind again. I even planned to possibly adopt those fics out to others who could complete them.

But, after discussing with a friend, I decided to hold off, maintain radio silence to truly consider things. And today, I finally decided to go an alternative route.

You see, the reason my fics – not just these ones, but ALL of them – have been so dead for so long is because of a combination of school and work. It was a lot easier doing fics when I was just going to school, or just working and not doing both at once. But it became impossible to do one or the other, especially when I got into classes requiring a gross amount of reading, complete with inconsiderate teachers who seemed to think that their students had NO other classes, jobs or life outside their subjects. I actually had a very recent, very serious burnout, and thank the gods that my boss is so damn considerate and understanding. He gave me as much time as I needed off work so I could catch up in classes I was very close to doing less than ideal in, catch up on sleep I absolutely NEEDED, and just generally get back to a healthier mindset. I returned to work on a MUCH more sensible schedule, and I’m doing much, much better, but I’m still too busy to do anything other than dedicate 99% of my life to school and work, and the remaining 1% to making sure the 99% doesn’t kill me.

And not long after, I sat down with my mom and an academic advisor. We crunched the numbers, and we found that the next coming semester may in fact possibly be my last. I have perhaps the next semester left, or one and a half semesters left and then I’m done. In which case, I’ll just be working so I can save up enough to start my own life, go to a trade school (because fuck universities, seriously), and really and truly start my independent life.

Six months, perhaps nine, and then everything with school will be done. Meaning I will have time for fanfiction again, something I have missed so much, and long to continue. I know after so long, especially in my RotG fandom, fans have gone and the fandoms are drying up. Even the Marvel fandom has likely experienced this, but at this point, I don’t care about the view count. I just want to finish what I started and ENJOY IT.
That said, no, my Avenger/Thor fics will not be updated just yet. No, I am not completely killing them off or adopting them out. I will keep them, and when I finally graduate, I will look back on them and see if I can continue them. I’m almost 90% sure I can and will once I have school completely cleared off my plate, but I make no promises.

So the gist of the situation is this: I will NOT update these fics just yet. Not until I graduate and have school done and over with, and I’m left with just working as much as I can and move onto trade school. Other fics that are not Thor/Avenger have a CHANCE to update before the new year, but again, no promises.

Guys, I’m not going to lie. My Thor/Avenger fics are on seriously thin ice now. I’m not giving any more chances after this. You want to bother me and demand an update? Fine, go ahead. If I can, I’ll block you. If not, fine. But that’s it. I’m shutting shit down. I’m not even going to adopt plots out. No, what I will do is take these fics down, maybe give enough warning for people to save them to docs for personal reading, but that’s it. If from then to now I get at least 5 more messages demanding “update please” or “please update” or any other bullshit remotely close to it, these fics are gone. Six to nine months of either silence or HELPFUL reviews. If you like the fic and want to comment, great! I’d love to hear it! If you just want to badger me, please see your ass right out the door. I don’t fucking care if you are a fucking 12 year old or have some kind of language barrier as an excuse, you’ve gotten NUMEROUS warnings and understood them, but continued to persist.

I have all of your interactions with me screen capped and saved. If you are one of these persisting, sniveling little shits with truly nothing better going on in their lives than a fucking FANFICTION, I have plenty of spiteful initiative to out you publicly.

So there you have it. I have ultimately decided not to delete and adopt out anything, but I do ask for just one more stretch of patience. You all have no idea how much I used to love these stories, but after so much time and so much insensitive persisting, I’ve practically fallen out of love with them, and have even grown to resent them on numerous levels. I think I can recover and even grow to like them again once school is finished, but until then, please, please just bear with me a bit longer. I won’t ask readers to stick around – I don’t blame you in the slightest if you want to move onto other fics. I’m honestly shocked I still get such encouraging comments and reviews on these, despite how long it’s been and the bullshit its bred.

This is why I wanted to give my GOOD and ENCOURAGING readers this. I don’t want to be such a spiteful bitch and take this away from you just because of a tiny handful of childish shitheads. Tempting as it is, I’ve ultimately decided to take the high road and just hope it’s enough, and that for once these assholes will get a clue.

If not…then I can only apologize. I can’t make empty promises anymore, and if my last promise has to be putting these stories in a digital paper shredder, then that’s what I’ll do.

This is the absolute last and final warning to those of you who have been trying to get an update out of me, who have IMed and followed me onto DA for your ridiculous and rather pathetic need for a fanfiction update. I will out you, I will plaster your user names and messages all over the place, and whatever happens, happens. I’ll sleep perfectly fine at night regardless. Hell, people can go into the comment and review boxes right now if they want to find you – it’s not hard in all honesty.

I guess that’s all I can say on the matter now. Nine months is all I ask, perhaps ten if it comes down to it; the hope is that by next fall I’ll be back in the fanfiction seat at the absolute latest. But once I finish school, I’m very sure I will be able to come back and start an actual update schedule. But until then, I ask one of two things: be respectful or fuck right off. If you do not want to stick around that long, I honestly and truly do not blame you, and I’m sorry I let you down. If you do intent to stick
around…I hardly know what else to say other than thank you and that I do not deserve such loyal readers. If you are thinking of leaving another insensitive, two-liner review asking I update…I gave you fair warning. Enough said.

Until then…well, just for now, this will be goodbye. I want to try and get in one update for one of my RotG fics before the new year, but this will be more of a hopeful goal than a plan.

Be kind to your own readers, and be kind to other writers. We don’t get paid for this, and we’re growing and evolving every day in our lives. Once our priority plates are clear enough, then we can get back to fics. Otherwise, don’t ask writers to meet your demands; the world doesn’t revolve around you, and honestly, just what does it say about you to be so thirsty for a fanfiction? If you’re so desperate for fics, get off your ass and write your own. Work for it just like a real writer.

Till next time, folks, I will see you then, and I hope I will get to see familiar and welcome readers.

~Sumi

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!