Sweets for my Sweet, Sugar for my Honey
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/3870757.

| Rating:   | Explicit |
| Archive Warning: | Underage |
| Category:   | M/M |
| Relationship: | Loki/Thor (Marvel), implied Jane Foster/Thor |
| Character:  | Loki (Marvel), Thor (Marvel), Skye | Daisy Johnson, Jane Foster (Marvel), Natasha Romanov |
| Additional Tags: | Sugar baby Loki, Sugar Daddy Thor, Skye Is a Good Bro, Loki has unwanted feels, Loki Angst, Thor also has unwanted feels, Date night to the movies, And thus, Public Blow Jobs, public fingering, Loki is hella attracted to Bard the bowman, Rimming, staring another bathroom stall, surprise Jane intrusion, Thor IS still married, Loki wishes he didn't wish that he wasn't |
| Series:     | Part 4 of Destructive Tendencies can be Delicious |
| Stats:      | Published: 2015-05-03 Words: 7842 |

Sweets for my Sweet, Sugar for my Honey

by CandyassGoth

Summary

Loki goes to see a movie with his new official sugar daddy Thor, but the movie isn't what Loki was looking forward to the most.

Notes

MOAR SUGAR BABY LOKI AND SUGAR DADDY THOR. Long ass chapter these are supposed to be short, I fucking fail at the phrase ‘less is more’ cor fuck

LET ME JUST SAY: if you are a grown ass adult DO NOT have relationships with minors. Looking back on this fic makes me uncomfortable with Loki’s age so I’ve bumped it up. In my head he was normal Loki aged down to fit the 'troubled teen' thing. However the older I myself get the more underage stuff freaks me out. Like most people I’ve had my fair share of being groomed by adults to assume its nice to be desired by grown ass men when I was an impressionable teen. But as I’ve come to realise I am now a grown ass adult myself, I also realise the teen/adult stuff is not cool.

In this AU adulthood is from age 21.

I apologise for errors
Loki had Thor drop him off in a decent part of town. Apparently Thor’s work building was only a few minutes away, in the opposite direction to Skye’s apartment of course. And surprisingly, Thor dropped him off right in front of a pharmacy. He wasn’t a subtle man (Loki couldn’t complain here though), and didn’t drive off until Loki was in the doors, even if he did keep the slightly tinted windows up.

The young man behind the register gave Loki an odd look as he paid for his bag of painkillers, gum, condoms and a new tube of lube. With the size of Thor’s cock he was going to have to make sure he always had his own lube available now that this was going to become a thing. He was so excited it went full circle to the point he was back in a daze.

“You’re back early.” Skye said to him in surprise when he got home, finding her in pyjamas and hair rollers—and she still looked like a rockstar.

“Am I?” he croaked, going straight to the kitchen to take the pills. His jaw had begun to feel weird as well. If Thor hadn’t given him those pills earlier he was sure his jaw would be aching something terrible too. Not to mention his waist and wrists and thighs and fuck he had really been drilled properly. Even his shoulder blades were tingling.

“I thought you’d sleep in or something. From what you explained he sounds like a big teddy bear that would totally snuggle.”

“He had to work.”

Skye cocked a brow and hummed, crossing her arms as she leaned on the doorway to the humble kitchen. “...Which translates into ‘he kicked you out’?”

“No. He was just rushing.” Loki grumbled, trying not to feel more paranoid than he already was. Thor said he was coming back, and he would believe him.

“He totally kicked you out!” she exclaimed, making him turn to answer her directly, revealing the fault in his voice.

“He didn’t!”

She paused. “Why are you sounding pubescent?”

“That...is a long and messy story.”

Across him Skye was shoving fry after fry into her mouth, guzzling her drink and pausing to munch on her burger before fawning over the huge plate of fries again that they had in the middle of the table. Together they sat in the foot court of the nearest mall, feet sore and surrounded by bags of shopping. A few outfits, two new pairs of boots, and an armful of underwear that Skye had insisted on—she liked to share but underwear was too far, especially when they were on Loki’s
arse which was constantly in another man’s bed. She had to keep track of her own cleanliness somehow. At the very least Loki now had a big selection of sexy and comfortable pairs—and he didn’t have to worry about how to explain to Happy how he got them.

But…how was he going to dump Happy? He should’ve waited until the next month to get his allowance first then drop the bomb. But that was cruel. …Life is cruel.

Still…

There was no use worrying, he had new things to worry about anyway, and sat in his own world as Skye sat in hers, both prattling on.

“Oh my gosh, these fries are magic.”

“And his PA was this incredibly sexy woman with fiery red hair and the kind of lips everyone wants. Why is he fooling around with me when he could be sleeping with her? I bet she was a model.”

“You know what we need on these? Bacon and melted cheese.”

“His wife isn’t bad either, she’s beautiful. Unless she photoshopped the pictures on their walls. Maybe he’s just gay? But he’s married and clearly has good taste in women…”

“Good taste indeed…”

“Oh no, he’s bi. He told me.”

“Hey, did you hear? Darcy is returning on Monday.”

The name snapped Loki from his musing. He made an affirmative noise. “Yeah? It’ll be good to see her, and hear of all the mischievous she got up to on her science trip.”

“I still don’t get how hanging around sciencey scientists is going to help her actual major.”

“At least we’ll be the first to know if they find aliens or learn how to create hybrids?” Loki offered figuratively and then literally with a fry aimed in her direction.

“Okay, dibs on cat features. Am I right? Those reflective three-D eyes? A tail. And of course ears.” Skye used her hands to simulate cat ears, duck-pouting as she wriggled in her seat. Loki could almost see the cat tail swishing.

“You’d kill the masses with the adorableness.” He chuckled. But his face dropped, and his thoughts directed back to his new Daddy, and his old one.

As perceptive as always Skye stopped her dallying and leaned her elbows on the table. “Is it your father?”

Loki jumped and glanced in the first direction his motor responses sent him as if the man would magically pop up. Skye raised a brow and followed with her eyes. He sighed and shoved in a few fries, chewing them thoroughly. “Why would you think that?”

“Well the only time you ever look so miserable is when he’s giving you trouble. Otherwise you’re a fucking butterfly.”

“I’m not a butterfly,” he shot harmlessly, then shook his head. “It’s not him.”
“Then?”

“He wants me.”

Skye raised her brow higher, and gestured to their shopping trip. “Judging by today I could imagine so. So…what’s the problem?”

“I have to get rid of Happy.” He said after a pause. He wasn’t upset about it, far from it, but he didn’t like to get on people’s bad sides. He knew people were all snakes, and it could come back to bite him.

“Aww, the Ice Queen has a heart,” Skye cooed loudly, laughing off the half-hearted tongue Loki pulled at her. “Okay but wait, I thought you wanted this guy? Even if he did mess up your throat…”

Loki sighed; he shouldn’t have told her anything. “It wasn’t like that. He’s a…very busy stressed old man. Not old but you get the drift.”

“What so he’s living in the lap of luxury but he gives you cash, on top of it all? I thought you’d move on from those days of you know, throwing crumpled notes at the cashier?”

“He was rushing. And we hadn’t exactly pledged allegiance.”

“And the frog in your throat isn’t a pledge of allegiance? I’m surprised you don’t have haemorrhoids too. Or do you?”

“He’s seeing me tonight, okay? He said we’ll sort us out.”

Shrugging in defeat Skye sat back, then pulled her lips in a ridiculous purse, eyes wide in thought. “Hey maybe you’ll get one of those black business cards. All access, never declined, unlimited supply kind of ones?”

Loki dead panned, another spark of jealousy creeping beneath his skin. “His wife, yes. I don’t know about me.”

“Mistresses are well taken care of. And with the sexy thongs in those bags you’ll have him running after you like a puppy. Or, big rough greyhound.”

Loki sighed dramatically. “You have never had a problem before when I came home limping, why now?”

“Erm, maybe that is when you come home sore in one general area?” she replied, head cocked in a sassy manner. “Your throat is dinosaur-extinction type destroyed, you can’t sit without leaning your butt over and you’re covered in bruises head to toe. A little excessive much?”

“It’s not like that,” Loki groaned weakly, leaning back in his own seat and closing his eyes. Skye had not said anything that morning when he popped the handful of pills, or when he was in and out the dressing room, and he tried very hard and so far had successfully ignored the bruises that had blossomed around his body. It was true he had never quite been put in his state, but he had never had a man like Thor take him so thoroughly in such short time before. Even Thor admitted he had been out of character, a little rough and excited. It wasn’t on purpose.

“Look all I am saying is don’t excuse abuse no matter how much he’s paying you.” Her tone was soft and genuine, a you-can-talk-to-me smile on her face when Loki opened his eyes.
She was talking from experience. Loki couldn’t disrespect that. “...I understand, Skye.”

“Good.” She chirped, and went back to her burger. Loki went back to the fries, realising with a blush he was still leaning off to a side to relieve the pressure off his butt. The painkillers numbed it, they numbed everything, but his hole still felt tender and soft and he didn’t want to aggravate it unnecessarily because he couldn’t feel the pain.

Skye’s ringtone went off then, and she cleaned her fingers off hastily before digging her phone out of her bag. She glanced at the caller ID, then did a double take, then looked at Loki.

“Uh, Loki you’re phoning me.”

Loki coughed around a fry and sat straighter in alarm, slapping his pockets. “What?” he hissed.

“This is your number!” she exclaimed, sticking the phone in his face. It was his name and number. His jacket, his phone—shite. How had he not realised?

“Shit. Shit—you gotta answer it.” He floundered.

“Why me? If it’s his wife or her hired assassin isn’t it better a guy answers? Maybe she doesn’t know her Adonis is boning a dude?”

“Fine.” Oh well, you die how you live they say. In his case it will be by being fucked over. He took the phone and swiped, throwing on a last minute layer of testosterone onto his voice it as he answered. “Hello?”

“Loki?” It was a woman, and he would have squeaked if he had still been breathing.

“Um…?”

“It’s Natasha, we met this morning. It’s him,” the woman added to someone in the background, and Loki heard the muffled sounds of a hand-exchange. Natasha, Thor’s assistant, he recalled. He sighed and relaxed, slumping back with a sigh of ‘oh God’. Skye sat back as well at his sign, and took her burger with, watching him with owl eyes as if he were part of an enticing new blockbuster film, reaching for her glass of coke.

“Loki?”

Loki sighed again at the sound of Thor’s voice. “Thor, hi.”

“Your phone was in the jacket.” Thor said. There was a smile in his voice, and it made Loki smile, bruises and aches forgotten.

“I can’t believe I didn’t think to just fetch it when we left. I don’t normally forget my phone.”

“You don’t usually work so hard either, do you?”

Loki opened his mouth to answer, then frowned. “...How did you know to phone Skye?”

“It was the only number in use in your current call logs. Besides Happy.”

“Smart. I’ll remember to look there if the situation is ever reversed.”

“If the situation is ever reversed the only person you can call is Natasha. No one else, alright?”

Despite the seriousness of his tone and the order, Loki felt a thrill of excitement. This was his first
officially married man after all. “Okay. I’ll be careful.”

“Good, baby. How are you feeling?”

“Better.”

“Got some meds? Are they working?”

“I did, but I’m fine.”

“I feel bad, baby. What can I do to make up?”

And that was why he knew he didn’t have to worry. There was just something about Thor, something authentic, something...humane. Even for the sluts he picked up. “Judge a man’s heart by how he treats his inferiors, not his equals”, Officer Roger used to say whenever he made his bi-annual visits to the school—when Loki was still attending of course. But that had always stuck with him, for the truth of it was staggering. And useful in his line of work to scope a man.

Then again Thor could be lying, but the man was too honest in the worst things to be playing some sadist game, especially when Loki was clearly no victim to trick like some little lamb.

“Well if you’re sure, I’d like a diamond ring, a horse, a trip to the movies and definitely that little something something that involves your face in my arse.”

The coke in Skye’s straw went into her mouth and straight out her nose, spraying across the table and what was left of their fries before she could cover her face. Their neighbours hadn’t heard him or what he had said, but they heard her and watched on as she coughed, banging at her chest and hiding her flustered face. Loki cackled silently as she kicked at him from beneath the table, his tongue poking out between his teeth.

“I can do two of those tonight, and both in public. Interested?”

Loki paused, his pulse and imagination shooting off at the prospect. He licked his lips, staring off. “...You get off on that, don’t you, Daddy?”

Off to the side Skye silently and sarcastically mimicked him saying Daddy, now drinking straight from her glass. He threw a coke-and-snot infected fry at her as Thor hummed through the connection.

“Perhaps, but I am not the only one. Am I?”

“Perhaps, you are a businessman after all. I’m sure you know when to invest for the most gain.”

“Mmh. Keep talking like that and I am going to drag you to my office for some work.”

“As long as my benefits includes dental and a dermatologist because I am going to need that after swallowing your cock and snorting your cum out of my nose.”

Skye choked loudly on an ice block, this time requiring a few thumps on the back from a worried guy seated behind her.

XxXxXxXxXxXxXxXx
That evening Loki was conveniently outside the same pharmacy that Thor dropped him off at. Thor raised a brow but didn’t say a thing about it as Loki hopped in the car, grinning and leaning over to kiss his bearded cheek. The gesture received one of the genuine smiles from Thor when Loki drew back, and he returned it with equal authenticity. He was dolled up, numbed of aches and excited for his second night with Thor; Happy and Mrs. Odinson be damned.

“You look nice.” Thor said, hand under his chin. Loki rubbed his face against it.

“Thanks, so do you.”

“Here’s your jacket.” Thor lifted it from his lap as he pulled out onto the road. Loki took it and stuck it straight on his face, smelling faintly Thor’s cologne. Thor looked at him with a chuckle. “I didn’t lace it with chloroform.”

“You don’t have to to get me into bed.” Loki shot back, snuggling back into the seat as he basked in the ambience of his new Daddy. He stuck his hand out, unable to help himself, and grabbed onto Thor’s thigh. The man stiffened briefly, hands tightening on the wheel, but betrayed nothing but a light smirk. Thor was dressed a lot more causally than this morning but still smart, a maroon jacket, grey vest and black pants—he looked delectable.

“How was work, Daddy?” Loki asked, breathlessly.

“Horrible. I’ve been roped into a deal with an opposition company and I am not looking forward to it...”

Loki wasn’t much of a businessman, so he didn’t bother to act like he would know what Thor was talking about. The man seemed to honour honesty, so he would stick with that. His hand slid up his thigh a little, just a little, and with gratification he saw Thor’s jaw clench, eyes glued to the road.

“Then it’s good we’re having fun tonight.”

“I’ll admit, I haven’t been to the cinema in what, four years?”

“Truly?” Loki asked in surprise.

“Work was always more important. Work, home. It didn’t make it on the household schedule.” It didn’t make it on her schedule, Loki could hear.

“Do you at least have a DVD collection?” he asked.

“Oh yes. Anyone who doesn’t have a few movies on hand is a cause for concern.”

Loki giggled, the sexual temptations gone for the moment as his curiosity got the better of him. “...So, favourite movies? What’s on the rack?”

“Just the classics. Terminator, Jurassic Park, Bad Boys. The Mummy. And et cetera.”

“Not bad.” Loki pouted, nodding. “Lord of the Rings?”

Thor grinned. “That is a given, baby.”

Loki grinned back.

The cinema they went to was in the next town, a half an hour’s drive away. Loki wasn’t too
worried driving around with an almost stranger in the nightfall. He knew the reason—they couldn’t risk getting caught. Thor’s wife was who-knows-where, but they probably knew people all over, and this was becoming one of those times where Loki too actively hoped they did not get caught.

The drive itself was quiet, and Loki took back his hand to practice a little something called *Delayed Gratification*. He would have gladly leaned back and given Thor a blow job, but he still had the inexplicable urge to follow Thor’s patient and calm example. It felt mature, something adults did. He instead fisted his hands in the jacket, not even bothering to check his phone for calls and texts from Happy.

Thor asked again about his throat, and Loki made sure to pacify him without rubbing on any guilt. He was here to make Thor happy, and he would not risk unnecessary manipulation tactics and lose him.

As it turned out the cinema was bustling with people (it *was* a Saturday), mostly couples, but also many families. The selection of movies available could have been better, Loki thought, but it wasn’t entirely bad. He just missed the days when every movie available was one you wanted to see and you where left standing till the last minute to decide. The Lego Movie and John Wick where the two leading shows, but it was Dracula Untold that caught and kept Loki’s attention. And it had to do entirely with the sex appeal of the damn actor who played in the Hobbit, *and* of the damn vampire theme. He wasn’t sure what Thor’s opinion on cartoons were, and he hadn’t yet heard of John Wick, but who didn’t like a Dracula movie?

After a while of indecision, hovering happily under Thor’s large arm, Loki humbly suggested which he’d like to watch. Thor smiled and kissed the side of his head, whispering that he mustn’t be scared to speak his mind. Loki sucked his lips in and nodded, clinging onto Thor as they joined the line. He inhaled deeply, his eyes falling closed, and sighed in content. Thor hugged him close, large hand rubbing comforting circles into his side.

“Are you okay?” Thor asked softly after a moment.

Loki nodded. “I am just happy you’re here with me.”

“Ditto.” Thor said, and if that wasn’t the cutest thing ever, Loki didn’t know what was.

Tickets bought and sharing a large pop corn and coke (unanimously agreeing neither were very hungry) they headed into the screening room. And to Loki’s ever perverted delight, it was sparsely populated. Still he frowned and leaned over to Thor as the older man led him by the hand to their seats. “Why is it so empty?”

“It’s on its way out.” Thor said, gesturing to the screen.

“Oh.”

They were situated in a row all to themselves so far, up towards the back and to the right. When the lights eventually turned off and the movie started, Loki felt a ridiculous sense of pride at choosing the right damn movie for some privacy.

Patience out the window, Loki reached over and cupped Thor’s crotch the first moment he got. Thor clearly hadn’t expected it and jumped as if it could possibly have been someone else. He looked at Loki, and Loki gave him a squeeze that asked ‘yes?’, biting his bottom lip.

“Baby...” Thor murmured, offering the pop corn over. “Have some.”

Loki took a handful with his free hand, and turned back to the movie. Thor didn’t move his hand,
so neither did Loki, and they watched and ate for about half an hour before Loki was stuffed and took a sip of coke to ease his still tender throat, giving Thor the go ahead to eat the rest of the popcorn. On the screen the creepy old vampire from Game of Thrones was turning the hero into a vampire.

“He is from The Hobbit isn’t he?” Thor asked, leaning over.

Loki nodded eagerly. The actor had lines on his hideously-handsome face in all the right places, his body proportioned attractively and Loki was not going to lie about wanting to ride that. But to neutralise his obvious reaction he pointed at the screen (releasing Thor’s crotch), jerking his chin.

“And the vampire—the first one—is that man from Game of Thrones. Do you watch that?”

“You know your men, baby,” Thor replied, shifting, and suddenly his hand was in Loki’s lap, popping open his jeans and squeezing him. Loki jumped like he was electrocuted and stifled a groan, barely remembering to shake his head in guilty denial.

“I know my shows.” Loki corrected meekly, leaning back in his seat so Thor’s large arm had space to move as he slipped his hand into the tight space, fondling him. He paused when he felt the lace of his panty, and Loki saw his cheeks rise in a smirk of approval. If Skye was here she’d be using Batman’s bat signal to say I told you so in Morse code.

“You’re hard.” Thor noted, “What did I say about other men?”

If he was angry there was no way to tell, not as he stroked Loki lovingly, casually watching the film without giving anyway any movement as to what was happening. The rest of the audience was completely oblivious, but they were still there, and Loki wondered how much they could get away with it the darkness of the large room. He squeaked and started to pant, the movie drowning out his sounds, squeezing the arm rests of the seats in effort to remain still. He turned his attention back to the movie, hoping for a distraction, but the universe decided to screw him over and displayed a topless Vlad making out with his wife, sweating and looking absolutely edible.

“You like vampires, baby?” Thor asked, leaning close but eyes on the screen. “Do you wish you were in her place? In his bed?”

Loki shook his head vehemently, even as he rolled his hips up, fingering flexing to find their way into the hero’s hair.

“I leave you for a few hours and you’re already straying,” Thor said, shaking his head, appearing calm, but Loki whined, playing along in genuine concern.

“No, Daddy. I’m yours. I want you.” Loki reached over again and grabbed Thor’s clothed dick. It was hard as well, and Loki shifted eagerly in his seat, nudging Thor’s hand away so he could bend over and look up from under his mascara coated lashes. “I can show you?”

In response Thor said nothing, but slid his hand down Loki’s back and dipped his fingers into the back of his pants and beneath his underwear, pressing a finger between his cheeks.

Loki squirmed and shifted to accommodate the idea, but with the tightness of his pants and the dryness of their skin it wasn’t going to work.

“Hold on...,” he said. When Thor pulled his hand back Loki dug in the front pocket of his jeans and pulled out one of the condoms he brought along. “Lubed,” he said as he passed it to Thor. The man was now paying attention to him rather than the screen (or the other people in the room), ripping open the square packet and without hesitation urged Loki back over into his space so he could
smooth the path between his buttocks with the excess lube. Loki shifted until he found a good position. Thor followed suit until Loki was resting against the side of his chest, Loki’s arm on the armrest as he leaned over, Thor’s arm around Loki’s back and down Loki’s pants, little hips angled.

There was another battle present on the screen as Thor slotted the condom on two fingers and wormed them between Loki’s cheeks, rubbing around and around his puckered hole for a while until it loosened and Loki was squirming. This time when Loki wrung his fingers in Thor’s jacket he wasn’t rebuked, and Thor spurred him on by pressing in his two sheathed fingers.

Loki moaned out aloud. Too loud it seemed for Thor lifted his free hand and brought up the coke with him. He nudged the straw against Loki’s lips, “Drink.”

Loki obeyed and took in the straw, sucking down a big gulp as Thor buried his fingers further. The angle was still awkward, making him extra tight, and he squealed, straw popping out so he could bury his face in Thor’s neck. His cock was throbbing something terrible and as he fumbled for a better position he felt that Thor’s was too. He shifted even more and deposited himself into Thor’s lap where he undid his pants, and looked up for final permission.

“Suck it then,” Thor said, smoothing a few loose threads from Loki’s face. “Show me how much you want Daddy. Come on.”

Whimpering, Loki pulled Thor’s stiff cock out with minimal difficulty. The head was leaking and swollen, bewitching Loki in a mere second to engulf it in his mouth like he was starving. He moaned enthusiastically, sucking on the tip as he massaged it roughly with his tongue. Thor’s free hand wound itself in his hair and he moaned too, and Loki strained to see from his angle if the chances of being caught had risen.

Loki was glad to find out that Thor hadn’t forgotten him once the blow job started, and kept thrusting his two fingers in and out of him. He aimed them down as he buried them, and found Loki’s prostate within a minute of nonchalant fingering. Despite knowing his body well Loki was still caught off guard and jerked as the hard tips of Thor’s thick fingers ran over the small gland inside him. He groaned around his mouthful of Thor, precum oozing from his lips as he tried but failed to take Thor all the way into his mouth. The angel wasn’t right, but Thor wasn’t complaining, massaging his scalp in a patient rhythm. His other hand however, was picking up speed and impossible depth.

One particularly hard jab to his prostate and Loki lifted his head, face crumpled in pleasure. He groaned loudly, mouth glistening in the light of the screen. Thor tutted and wiped his broad palm over Loki’s mouth, taking away all the accumulated spit and precum. Loki glowed, feeling pampered and content, watching Thor wipe his hand on the seat beside him. Then Thor took hold of his cock and twisted his fingers inside Loki, forcing him forward.

“Start again, this time don’t make a mess. Understand, angel?”

Panting, Loki looked up at Thor, his face and neck prickling red with blush. He nodded obediently, wanting to make his Daddy happy.

“Yes Daddy.” He moaned, leaning over.

Thor smacked the wet head against Loki’s lips before letting him take it in. “That’s right, baby. Suck Daddy’s cock. Swallow everything, I don’t want one drop on my clothes.”

Determined, Loki did his best to please. He swallowed automatically every few moments, jerking
Thor’s cock and wringing up whatever precum had slid down his length and popped it into his mouth. He lifted off briefly for breath, a few strings connecting his swollen lips. Thor was watching him, the movie forgotten, his eyes small with lust. He groaned at the sight and forced Loki’s head back down, breaking the strings with his cock and squeezed the base of Loki’s warm neck.

“You’d better make me cum real quick, baby. Movie won’t last forever, and I don’t think we want the nice ladies in here to see you with your mouth full of my cock.”

The threat just made Loki hotter, but it served its purpose and Loki went in for the kill, lapping and sucking what he could take and jerking the rest. Thor had one fat cock, dribbling constantly with thick precum that challenged Loki. He moaned in effort, head bobbing without any encouragement from Thor who went back to fingerimg him, swirling his fingers and assaulting his prostate in rough thrusts and running his other hand back through Loki’s hair.

Loki’s whole crack was wet and slippery from the lube on the condom, providing Thor’s hand with the perfect glide to finger him with.

But then Thor was coming. His hand tightened in Loki’s hair and he tilted his head back, going stiff with a drawn out groan as his cock spewed copious amounts of well earned cum into Loki’s mouth. This fingering hand still too, but Loki was focused on his task which was easy thanks to all the practice he’d had. He swallowed and swallowed, concentrating his upper body to take what was given to him without hiccups, until Thor was going soft, and Loki’s mouth was empty.

“Good boy, such a good boy,” Thor breathed, pulling his right hand back and urging Loki from his lap. Loki sat back in his seat and gasped for breath, staring blankly at the screen as lingering splatters of cum settled in his mouth, on his tongue. Beside him Thor threw the condom into the almost empty popcorn box and shook it around, then tucked himself away.

Loki started to squirm, looking down at his trapped cock, feeling the wetness between his cheeks. He looked pleading at Thor. “Daddy?”

Thor leaned over and slotted their mouths together, sharing the taste. Loki responded with a jolt, but Thor pushed him back into the seat before he could assume a grip on him. “We’ll sort you out after the movie.”

Loki gave him a tired look of disbelief and whined, hands dropping to squeeze himself. “But—?”

“What did I say?” Thor asked, looking at him sternly.

Loki lowered his gaze and drew his hands away, and settled for grinding his pulsing arse into the seat and feeling the tightness of his pants against his cock.

The rest of the movie was torture. The movie itself was good, Loki hadn’t expected the ending, but all he really cared about was relieving himself. But then he remembered what Thor had promised on their phone call that day, and it secured him to sit quietly and wait for his reward.

With a bang Loki stumbled into the furthest stall in the bathroom, squeezing himself as small as he could so Thor could slip in after him before anyone noticed. Thor locked the door and Loki ripped open his jeans, pushing them down his butt as quickly as he could. He hissed when the zipper clashed with his painful erection, but forced the pants down, eager to free himself.

Then Thor was there behind him, large palms over his, and he kissed the side of his neck. “Take it
out and rub, I’ll finish pulling.”

Loki grunted in agreement and thanks, and braced his left hand on the wall, standing in front of the toilet. Their first meeting flashed through his mind and he shuddered, ready to add to that memory. He stuck his free hand into his black lace thong and pulled out his cock, giving it a few strokes as Thor got his impossibly tight pants down to his knees.

Thor stood up, dragging his hot palms up the back of Loki’s thighs as he did, aiming them in so he could take each cheek into each palm, and drew them apart, squeezing the flesh roughly.

“You’ve got such a tight little arse.” Thor murmured admiringly, almost as if he were looking at a painting on the wall. Loki snort-giggled, and wiggled himself back into Thor’s hands, lifting his backside in a pointed manner.

“Real nice arse,” Thor added with a tight slap. Loki grunted, gritting away the yelp and kept a steady pump on his cock, eyes closed in bliss as Thor’s heat surrounded him, surrounded the air itself.

“Daddy...” Loki groaned, somewhat irritably. He was ready to cum any second, he had been since getting Thor off, but Thor kept prolonging it. As much as patience was a good trait, especially in a sugar daddy, this was going to kill Loki with sexual frustration.

“Is that a tone I detect?” Thor asked cheekily, pulling on the string of the thong. Loki just pushed his hips back. He could take spankings and rough sex, but deprivation? No. Money wasn’t his only payment here.

“Please...you promised.” The pitiful tone always won him some mercy, especially with an added look from the corner of his eye, biting in his bottom lip.

Thor sighed, then smiled and leaned to kiss his cheek. Loki realised he really liked that. “I did. You’ve been more than perfect for me.”

Loki blushed and ducked his head, leaning his body back into Thor’s. “Thank you, Daddy.”

“Okay baby, let me eat that little hole.”

With a relieved and excited squeak Loki bent over, moving his hand down the wall so he could raise his butt. But Thor was poking at his waist, and Loki twisted to have a look when Thor did it in another spot.

“...Did I give you these?”

Loki mouthed silently as Thor prodded his bruises, and starting checking the rest of his body. He lifted Loki’s top and searched around his waist, a frown deepening across his face when he found a few more.


Thor didn’t look pacified.

“It’s okay, it doesn’t hurt.”

“I’m sorry.” Thor said, softly, then pulled Loki from the wall and crouched down. He grabbed hold of Loki’s right leg and pulled on the jean. “Lift, let’s get the pants off so I can get in there properly.”
Loki gladly kicked the fabric off, almost booting Thor in the face in the process. That had to come off first, but Thor jammed it back on so Loki could brace himself against the floor tiles, legs wide apart as he bent over again, one hand on the closed toilet seat and the other on the sidewall of their little private place. It ended up where Loki could crane his neck a little more and see Thor between his legs, and when Thor spotted him, he grinned, finger back toying the string between his cheeks. “Ready baby?”

“Yes, Daddy. Please,” Loki whispered, glancing at his erection with brief apologies. Ass first, then cock.

To Loki’s surprise Thor knelt down on the floor, both knees on the public bathroom, and spread his cheeks with his thumbs. He leaned in, beard tickling Loki’s soft skin, and smelt along his crack, nosing at the lingering lube with a hum.

“So wet, angel.” Thor said, drawing his cheeks back together and moving them around, squeezing and pulling for his own amusement. When he spread them again he went straight for the deep end and licked over the furled hole. Loki moaned and twitched, his hole winking. Thor licked it again almost instantly, and started mouthing noisily and thoroughly.

It was heaven.

In his head Loki scratched ‘Getting rimmed’ off his bucket list. Next one he would actively hope for is a blow job. Maybe Thor would take that virginity too, he might just be excellent at it if how well he was tonguing him was anything to go by.

The strength in Thor’s hands was what truly made Loki’s knees weak in that moment. Thor spread him open, keeping him open, hands big and burning and covering more skin than Loki had ever felt at one time. He used them to keep Loki in place as he forced his tongue into the puckered opening, depositing spit into it every short while until it was running down Thor’s hands, chin and Loki’s inner thighs. It was wriggling and warm and coaxing his hole further into hypnosis, twitching for something more wholesome. This way and that, Thor turned his head, thumbs lifting Loki’s cheeks apart with ease as he kissed wetly, lips widening to cover as much reddening skin as possible, drawing back in a firm suction, tongue dancing like an eel.

The squelching was audible, but not enough to be heard outside their box. They could hear from outside though, and Loki panted as quietly as he could, listening to the other men coming in and out, water running, toilets flushing, friends discussing the movie they just saw, all oblivious to the fact that his Daddy was eating his arse out in quite practically the same room.

Finally Loki opened his eyes, head hung, and saw from Thor’s chin. The man was hard at work, head bobbing beautifully, throat swallowing. Loki whined out at the sight, then again when Thor stopped and squeezed him in warning. Thor bent a little to look at him, and kissed his thigh. His beard was darker with moisture, a few complete droplets visible.

“Quiet.” He reminded, giving another kiss.

Loki nodded, upside down, face flushed from both position and situation. His arms were shaking, straining and stiff, but he wouldn’t move if he could help it.

Then Thor wiped his middle finger up the sides of his inner thighs, gathering the idle saliva, and pressed it straight into his hole. Loki keened, his swollen cock bobbing, and squeezed around the intrusion.

“Daddy is gonna fuck you, gotta open you up a little more.” Thor whispered, to which Loki nodded.
again eagerly in agreement, then kissed Loki’s other thigh. “I was rough this morning.”

“S’okay,” Loki choked, moving his hips back as Thor fingered him, adding his tongue to the mix and licking the rim as it pulled out when he drew back his finger.

The obnoxious sound of a telephone ringtone ripped Loki from nirvana. It sounded right like it was in his ear, probably because it was coming from inside Thor’s jacket. Thor paused for a moment, then continued his attentions, letting it ring. Loki closed his eyes and tried to block it out, focusing instead on the second finger slipping into his puffy ring. The ringing eventually stopped and Thor was well into fucking him with his thick fingers, just brushing his prostate. Then the ringing started again.

“...We-we can stop...” Loki breathed, cracking open his eyes reluctantly. He didn’t want to, but he didn’t want to get the blame if Thor missed something important.

Thor sighed, keeping his fingers buried, and pulled his phone out with his free hand and clicked a button, not even bothering to see who it was as he gave Loki’s hole a quick lick, slipping his fingers out to pry his cheeks apart. “Yes?” he said, sounding like he was dying of boredom in his office.

Then suddenly he was still.

“Hey love.”

Loki froze, eyes splitting open in a second. He stared at Thor from under his body as Thor leaned back on his calves slightly.

“I’m fine. Are you?” he said into the phone, frowning a little. Loki heard sounds from the other end, but he couldn’t make out the words. “Tomorrow night? Yeah—no yeah, I’ll pick you up. What t—eight, alright. I’ll be there.” He stopped, and pulled his hand away, and Loki felt his heart sink. Thor had a troubled look on his face, and if Loki wasn’t as perceptive as he was he wouldn’t have recognised the guilt beneath those hard blue eyes.

Then Thor was standing up, knocking his knuckles against his forehead. Loki straightened himself out with a soft groan, winding his arms and lifting each leg to get the circulation going again. He must’ve looked silly, but Thor wasn’t looking at him, the wall of the stall seemed to be far more interesting as he nodded into the call. Loki looked down, then sat himself on the seat, and tried to push away the ugly rearing head of jealousy.

“No I didn’t say—Jane, I never said that. You’re the one—” Whatever he wanted to say was cut off and Thor dramatically threw his hand up, seemingly like he had done this a thousand times. Loki tried not to watch him, and instead watched his neglected erection. He took hold of it and wondered if he should just finish himself off.

Then realised he now knew the wife’s name.

“I said I’ll pick you up, can we just agree on that?” Thor begged angrily, this time carrying on before Jane could answer. “I’ll be there. Yes. Okay... I’m glad you’re back early, yeah. Yes. No it’s been fine. Actually it’s not fine, Pierce got what he wanted. Now we have Hydra and Co. to deal with, as if Hammer Industries wasn’t. But that’s not important, just...get home safely. Okay...see you tomorrow.”

The second the call ended Thor exhaled sharply, dropped his hand and tilting his head back, eyes closed. Loki pretended to be any good with origami, a few sheets of lamely folded toilet paper
across his bare thighs. His erection had wilted, which had been a first ever. He had never cared about his Daddies and their actual partners enough for it to dampen his arousal. He hadn’t cared that morning when Thor was fucking him on Jane’s kitchen counter, so why was he caring now?

“Sorry...about that.” Thor said eventually, dropping the phone in a pocket. Loki looked up in surprise. “Sorry you had to hear that.”

Loki shifted awkwardly. “You don’t...you don’t have to apologise. I’m sorry you had to have it.”

“Word of advice, don’t grow up and get married.” Thor joked sadly, looking at the mess on Loki’s lap. “Sorry.”

“Should we go? You should get some sleep for tomorrow.” Loki said as he crumpled the toilet paper, face and voice blank.

For a moment Thor was still. He said and did nothing, staring down at Loki’s hands, worrying his bottom lip with his teeth, right foot shifting.

Then he shook his head and surged forward, lifting Loki by the arm and turning him to brace against the wall. Loki complied as nimbly as he could without falling, and frowned over his shoulder as Thor angrily worked his zipper open. His brows were furrowed and connecting in a dark scowl above his usually kind eyes in a way Loki didn’t like, so he looked away and up at the wall, preparing himself to soothe Thor’s aggravation with a welcoming and pliant body. It was what men like Thor needed from their toys, Loki was not a fool to think otherwise. He was a realist, and realistically Thor was having marital problems and needed a pretty little doll to make him feel wanted and appreciated. To fill in until his wife returned to his arms.

He heard Thor spit a moment before that familiar heat surrounded him and Thor pressed himself between his cheeks, moving the thong string aside again, towering over his body. Thor was practically leaning on him, giving him no room, his big hard chest moulded against Loki’s back. It made it slightly awkward with Loki two heads shorter and near twice as small but Thor tilted his hips and easily found what he sought, popping through Loki’s messy ring with a grunt before taking hold on his waist and starting a needy pace that already aimed toward climax rather than pleasure.

Loki winced and shuddered, hearing every sound Thor made as the man leaned his cheek on the side of his head, so near his ear. He brought Loki back against him as he thrust forward, his cock deep and well tended in the soft warmth of Loki’s body. The pain was minimal, Loki was well lubricated and stretched; the only pain was in his chest.

It soothed a little when Thor wound his arms around him, and leaned to kiss his temple. “You’re perfect, Loki.” He whispered, and dropped his hand to caress Loki’s cock.

“Da-daddy...” Loki gasped back, gritting his teeth as his eyes filled with tears. Where was this coming from?! This was insane.

And worse Thor noticed, and slowed until he stopped, his hand continuing to work Loki into a swift erection. He frowned again but this time it was in concern and he nudged his head on Loki’s, giving his body a squeeze. “Don’t be scared, sweetheart. I’ll never hurt you.”

“I know.” Loki shot, more to himself than Thor, and nodded. “I know. I want to make you happy...”

“You do, baby. Fuck you make me so happy. I don’t regret meeting you...” Thor growled into his
ear, pumping Loki harshly towards an orgasm. Loki was far too sensitive now after their evening and he whined, pushing back urgently as his breathing rose with the coil in his belly.

“I—I’m gonna—please cum with me—!”

“Shhh, shh.” Thor hushed him, rolling his hips back into action. He moaned at the tightening of Loki’s channel, the soft plush of his buttocks against his groin, and the beautiful petite form of his little body. His thrusts sped up, his pelvis slapping against Loki’s cheeks, making them bounce. The combined sound was becoming louder but Thor didn’t stop, fucking Loki good and hard as he held their bodies together.

Loki came first, gasping and choking as he shot his seed against the wall, grinding his arse back so Thor could pound onto his prostate and sweeten the experience. A few seconds later Thor followed, burying deep before letting go. He hissed and muffled himself by pressing his mouth against Loki’s shoulder, hips stuttering and cock pulsing in the sweltering flesh he was buried in.

Neither moved, and Loki got the impression that Thor would’ve elected to remain moulded to him all night if he could. But Thor was softening and had to pull out, but then suddenly he slapped Loki’s rear and Loki jumped, this time yelping.

“Clench. I want my cum inside your little hole all night. Can you keep it in?” he slapped Loki’s arse again, and Loki worked with it, tightening his muscles. He nodded, unsure, but he would damn well try.

“Good boy.” Thor kissed his cheek (making his heart stutter), and finally stepped back. Loki groaned and stood back up straight, again winding and stretching his limbs. He jumped again when Thor’s hands were suddenly back on his ass, but he was wiping, a big bundle of toilet paper wound around his hand. “Hold still, baby. Let me clean you.” Thor said gently, and continued wiped away all the stickiness.

The pain in Loki’s chest increased tenfold, with a burning iron brand labelled Jane.

XxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXx

End Notes

Apparently Thor has a public sex fetish, and my own heart kind of hurts right now for Loki. Which says something, considering the amount of stuff I’ve put him through in my fics.

PS: Jane is not a bad guy, pls don’t be angry at her gais. Loki is the other woman here lol

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