A Symbol of Peace
by fairy changeling

Summary

Loki is the symbol of peace. He will be ravished by Thor in place of his kingdom. Only Loki does not want to be a symbol.

An Alternate Universe where Loki is given to Thor to keep the peace between their homelands.

Notes

This story is based on a drabble “Thrall” that I wrote for Five Acts.

“You are a symbol of peace.”

It is very hard to be a symbol when your clothes don’t fit. Loki hates the robes he’s forced to wear, that are too big for him and drag on the ground behind him, hates how his skin changes from the blue that he has always known to a fleshy pink that makes him feel weak. He was the same as the ice before. Now he is as removed from his homeland as he could possibly be. Not only is he sent away to Asgard, to live with the royal family there in a hope of keeping the peace between them but he is turned into one of them.
He has to dress like them, he has to hide his true form. Loki may not have been the most imposing of the frost giants, he might have been a weakling and a runt kept around for this very moment when his life would become useful but he still loved his home. Now he is nothing more than a symbol of peace. He is bowed and covered and bought before all of Asgard to show them that they have won and they have an Ice Prince as their spoil of war.

Loki is fourteen. Still a child by the standards of Asgard. He is received in an awed hush, even told he’s beautiful and then he is given away. He won’t belong to Odin but to the future king. He will be Thor’s to do with as he wishes. Loki as the symbol must always be seen to bow to the victor and Thor is that victor. Loki wishes his father had fought harder, that he had not been so willing to make Loki’s surrender a part of their peace. Loki will be plundered in a way their lands cannot be. He will give up his secrets, his spoils because everyone knows it is better this way. Loki must remain the symbol and everything done to him will be symbolic of what should have been done to the losing realm.

Loki will still have to suffer it, of course. There is no escape for him. He makes this journey on behalf of his people, on behalf of his father, to save them from the shame. Loki will take all of it for them. It was what he was kept alive to do. It is almost enough to make him feel powerful, knowing that he represents his whole world to the Asgardians. Loki tries to be what he is supposed to be, to be dutiful but there was always a spark of disobedience in him that his father could not destroy; a little sliver of ice in his heart that does not go away amongst the feasting and the carousing that accompany his arrival.

Loki does not want to submit to Thor. He does not want to be punished for indiscretions that were not his own. He is a terrible symbol for peace because he intends to fight his captor tooth and nail until Thor would send him back and risk another war rather than keep him. Loki should be a symbol to his own people of how the fight is never truly finished and they can still win even if the odds are not in their favour.

He plans to rot Asgard from the inside out. They will regret the moment he ever set foot in their realm and he will prove to his father that Loki has always been more than simply his runt.

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“Congratulations on your prize.” Fandral said, slapping him heartily on the back. Thor knew that his friend said the words in jest but he could not know just how pleased Thor was with his thrall. The moment his eyes had landed upon the little creature, his robes falling over his hands, draped in jewels, with his hair as dark as the night sky and his skin pale as the moon, Thor had been enchanted.

He had had mistresses and he had had palace boys but he had never had one like Loki. Thor was
secretly glad that his father no longer possessed the inclination or the zeal needed to make the boy submit to him. Thor was more than eager to take his father’s place and ravish Loki as was needed. He could not wait to mark the pale skin in place of scorching the earth of Jotunheim, could not wait to plunder his sweet body in place of the gold and jewels they could not take from the kingdom.

Loki had been taken from the feasting hall long before the celebrations ended. He would be anointed, his body rubbed in oils, his body buffed of any roughness, if there was hair on his body it would be brushed and trimmed but Thor wondered if the boy was still too young for that to be too much of an issue. He would be bathed in perfume and dressed in hardly anything, just enough to leave Thor wishing for more. All though the feast Thor knew that the boy would be waiting in his bed and it was all he could do to eat and drink and not throw the table over and storm from the room, eager to take hold of his prize and start the peace process between them properly.

Now finally he was being escorted back to his rooms. His friends were in their cups, celebrating the victory but Thor had not drunk with the same gusto as them. He had wanted a clear head for what was waiting for him. He did not want drink to cause him to fail when he entered the room. He did not want the boy to think Thor was in any way deficient.

He reached his door and bid his friends good night, letting them and their noise leave because he didn’t want to open the door and frighten Loki into thinking he would be expected to pleasure all the royal guard of Asgard and its Prince.

He opened the door, wondering if Loki would be awake and awaiting him, as eager for it as Thor was or if he would be asleep. Maybe the sound of footsteps and talking would have awakened him and he would be sitting up in the bed, sleepily rubbing at his eyes, his hair messed from sleep. Thor contemplated all the ways he would like to see Loki, how if he was asleep then he would wake the boy with a kiss but when he had the door open he found the boy on the bed, an untouchable block of ice.

He had never seen magic used so successfully before. The ice walls around the bed frame were thick and cold when Thor touched them. He wondered how powerful Loki was to keep the spell going even while he slept. He slammed his hands against the ice wall and it cracked a little but nothing else changed. Loki slept on. Thor smashed at it again and again but the boy didn’t wake and the ice didn’t smash. Eventually Thor slumped, exhausted, into a chair and fell asleep there, unable to get what he wanted that night.

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Loki awoke shivering and soaking wet. He sat up, horrified to see that his ice walls had failed him in his sleep. They were reduced to nothing but water now. Loki was certain it had not been his
magic that had failed. If his magic had stopped working then the ice walls should have crumbled, they should not have melted away into nothingness. The bed beneath him was soaked, his robes were soaked and Loki made himself stand up, his feet cold to the touch of the stone floor. He had never felt the cold like this back at home. He had been one with the ice and snow and it had not bothered him. He felt the change in temperature now though.

There was a fire lit already and Loki stood in front of it, peeling off the layers he had been allowed to keep on, hanging them on the fire place to dry. He stopped his cold feet into the rug laid out before the fire, what had once been a white bear before someone had killed it and skinned it to make the rug and its fur was soft and warm beneath his feet. He stood nude, soaking up the pleasure of the heat on his wet skin.

“So you like the fire then?”

Loki jumped, turning quickly to see Thor. The man was seated across from him, watching him greedily, his eyes following the lines of Loki’s body with interest. Loki almost made to snatch back his wet clothes, to cover himself but then he planted his feet firmly and stood proud. Let the man look at him. Loki would not be ashamed of himself or cavort like a virgin maiden ripe for the plucking.

“I realised I could not break your ice walls.” Thor continued. “Your magic is very strong, Loki, but everything has a weakness. I lit the fire and melted them.”

“Will you tell your father what I did?” Loki asked. While he was not pleased to find that the brute had discovered a weakness in his spell it had still done what Loki had planned. It had still kept Thor from conquering him. “Will you tell him how I have not been bedded? Will you send me home? If my magic is strong are you not frightened I will use it against you?”

Thor stood up, stepping towards him and Loki held his ground, refusing to cowering. Thor reached out to stroke over his cheek, looking at Loki with gentle understanding in his eyes.

“You think little of me, don’t you?” He said, reaching to tug at Loki’s damp hair. “I will not send you away because you are a problem. You are my gift, my thrall. I will keep you with me till the end of my days, Loki.”

“I will kill you.” Loki hissed.

Thor shook his head. “If you meant to do that than you would have waited up last night to kill me. You have great magic, Loki, but you used it to protect yourself instead of causing damage. I think you are frightened. You do not know me, I am simply the barbarian your father would rather appease with your body then fight.”
Loki shifted haughtily. He wanted to tell Thor that it was simply luck that he had thought of the ice spell first and not thought of something more damaging but he knew that was not wholly true. He wanted to be a nuisance; wanted to cause Thor to hate him and abandon him but the thought of using his magic to kill had never crossed his mind until Thor pointed out its uses. The fact that he had had the power at his very fingertips and yet had not thought to use it surprised Loki and he looked down at his hands as if it was the magic itself which had betrayed him by not suggesting that course of action.

Thor captured his face between his strong hands, pulling Loki in for a kiss that was unexpected and sent sparks of electricity spiralling through him. Thor broke the kiss and Loki leant after him, hating himself for the weakness in his bones but Thor was strong and surprisingly tender for such a brute.

“Do not fill your time with thoughts on how to kill me.” Thor said, brushing Loki’s hair away from his face, fingers brushing his pale cheeks. “I was not the one who made you come here but I am the one who has you now. You are very beautiful, Loki, son of Laufey, and I have hungered after you since I first saw you.” In one elegant move Thor was down on bended knee, Loki’s small hands crushed together in his large ones. “I would be honoured if you would allow me to hold you as I have wanted.”

Loki trembled. This wasn’t how it was supposed to be. Thor wasn’t supposed to ask for his acceptance, he was supposed to take Loki even if the boy fought him. It would be better still if the boy fought him because they were supposed to be pieces on a board game between their fathers; they were supposed to be symbols of what their mighty armies could not do. Thor was not supposed to be kind to him.

“What will you do if I refuse? He asked, awaiting the punishment that must be forthcoming for disobeying. Thor might speak nicely, he might confuse Loki as to his purpose but Loki had lived all his life in a court and he knew how poisonous nice words could be. Loki was supposed to play his part and no doubt when he stepped out of line Thor would begin to show his true ugliness.

Thor however only smiled at him. “Then nothing will happen. You are my Thrall, Loki. If I bed you or not will not diminish you. You may go what you like, do what you like. I will set out your own rooms for you if you dislike me that greatly but I will still want you but only a you who is willing.”

Loki felt the little sliver of ice that had been in his heart melt with those words. He knew that Thor was eager. The man could not hide that look in his eyes but he had not been at all forceful. He had kissed Loki but that was all and Loki could not help but think that Thor told the truth, that he would never press his intentions further if Loki did not allow him. For the first time since he had
been gifted to Thor, Loki saw how this could be waited to his advancement.

He could weave a greater enchantment over Thor of Asgard then any of his plans to have himself sent home. He could bewitch Thor until the man was so in love with him he would take up arms against Loki’s father and beat him down for this slight against his youngest son. He could make Thor adore him with such ardour that Thor would crown Loki his queen and put him on the Thor rather than any maiden of Asgard. Loki saw all of that, all the ways in which he could have what he wanted from Thor and even when his traitorous heart told him he would grow to love Thor back if he started down this path Loki did not listen to it.

He would not become a footnote, the son who was given away and kept as a spoil of a long forgotten war. He would become Thor’s very reason for breathing and Thor would be all his own. Thor was gifted to him as much as Loki was gifted to Thor. They were locked together now by their parents accord. They could neither break away and Loki did not want to.

“Yes,” He murmured, tugging Thor up from kneeling. “Yes, I will give myself to you. I want it, Thor. I want all of it.”

Thor smiled, a wide, bright smile and Loki wondered if this would have he would feel if he was embraced by the sun. It was so warm in Thor’s arms, burning through him and any layers of resistance he still had to give. They kissed slowly, Loki tangling his fingers in Thor’s long blonde hair. Thor was everything he’d been told he should hate, the story that had been told to frighten him as a child but now Loki knew that Thor at least was nothing to be afraid of. He was weak, he was malleable and Loki would be the one to mould him.

Thor was the one who swept his legs out from under him, who settled him down on the rug in front of the fire.

“You’re cold.” He said, rubbing his hands along Loki’s shoulders and down over his hips. Loki shivered, arching his hips up, greedy now for Thor’s hands upon him, for the warmth of Thor’s touch. The fire blazed on, casting shadows over the two of them and Loki tugged at Thor’s tunic, reminding Thor that he should not be the only one naked. Thor stripped himself of his clothes, leaving them aside and layering his body over Loki’s smaller one.

Thor was so much more than Loki had imagined he would be. Loki had always been slight, always the smallest of his family and towered over by the others of the court. He had heard his family laugh about the tiny forms of the Asgardians but Thor was much larger than Loki, he dwarfed him. Loki could feel the strength in his body and he realised that if Thor had not wanted to accept a refusal then he could have forced Loki with ease. Thor was so gentle though, his large hands brushing over Loki’s skin, his kisses cresting over Loki’s beating pulse in his neck and then lower to press over his heart.
Loki threaded his fingers through Thor’s hair and then he ran his hands up and down Loki’s back, feeling the coil of Thor’s muscles, feeling all of the brute strength hidden under his skin. It was delicious to think that one day he would turn that power towards his own plans, that one day Thor would want to fight for him.

Thor spread his legs, still so gentle and Loki had never imagined that when they came together it would be this peaceful union. The rug beneath him was soft, holding him where Thor could not support him and as Thor settled between his spread legs Loki tipped his head back, closing his eyes and waited for the pain he knew should be coming. There was the brush of Thor’s fingers against his entrance and then nothing more, only that feather light touch and Loki opened his eyes, looking up into Thor’s carefully guided face.

“You are too little for that.” Thor told him and Loki felt a blush flood his cheeks. He’d never assumed that would be a problem, that his youth would count against him.

“No!” He said, grabbing Thor’s arm. “I can take it…I can…” Thor pulled back and Loki looked at him, at the huge throbbing cock between his legs and he drew his own legs together tightly. If that breeched him then Loki knew it would break him apart. He bit his lip, eyes flickering back up to Thor’s face. Thor’s expression was a mixture of pride and bemusement at Loki’s stubbornness.

“We will have years together.” He murmured, pressing a kiss to Loki’s pink cheek. “There is no reason for us to rush to this. I want you to feel good, Loki.”

Loki did not want pain. He did not want to be broken apart and mended only to be broken again. No doubt his father had sent him knowing what sort of fate lay in store for Loki, knowing what might be done to him. It was by some greater grace that Thor was not the monster Loki had feared. Instead Thor covered him again with his warm, heavy body, fingers curling around Loki’s little cock and stroking it as he rocked them together. It was something more than Loki had ever felt, it stirred a fire inside him that Loki had not before known he was capable of. He gripped Thor tightly, nails digging into his back and let Thor guide him through this passion.

It didn’t take him very long to reach the edge. Loki threw his head back, crying out as he came, coating Thor’s fingers with his seed. Thor held him through the after-shocks, cradling Loki in his arms till he feel back exhausted. Thor sat up, letting Loki lay there on the rug breathless and watching him with darkened eyes. Thor wrapped his hand around his own cock, stroking himself and Loki wiggled around to get closer to him, tongue darting out to kiss the first bud of seed from the crown. Thor groaned, pushing his hips forward, fucking into his fist and Loki lathed at the slit with his tongue, enjoying the taste of Thor, enjoying watching the man come apart from even the most inexperienced of his touches.
Thor stiffened, one hand reaching to grab at the back of Loki’s head and Loki gasped as he was dragged away but not fast enough because a second later Thor’s seed was painted across his face. He blinked up at the man, horrified, almost humiliated but then Thor leant down and kissed the droplets from his face.

“I think,” he said, pressing Loki back down into the bear skin rug. “That should satisfy both our fathers, shouldn’t it? Everything now is for us, Loki.”

Loki brushed his fingers across his cheek, taking away Thor’s seed and he sucked it from his fingertips. “Yes, I think so.” He agreed. Alone in the room together now it should be just the two of them. He didn’t ever want anyone else to intrude on their sanctuary together. He would be more to Thor than simply his gift and Thor would be more to him than his keeper. Loki would make certain that neither of them were ever anyone else’s pawn ever again.

“You are so beautiful, Loki.” Thor whispered and Loki smiled.

Already his enchantment had begun to settle.

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