**Poisoned with Child**

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### Poisoned with Child

by [madwriter223](http://archiveofourown.org/users/madwriter223)

**Summary**

When Thor brought Loki back to Asgard, he had not expected what they would discover. Answer to a Kink Meme prompt.

**Notes**

The Prompt:
Mpreg, Miscarriage, Mind control, Cultural Relativism/Clash/etc.

The Avengers, and pretty much all of humanity, are shocked to learn that Loki has been acquitted by the Aesir because he was pregnant (by whom, why and how are filler's choice) during Thor and Avengers and is therefore not responsible for his actions at the time (the fault belongs to the fetus). After all, the Aesir explain, before the pregnancy Loki never acted like that (Fandral said Loki was “one for mischief, but you’re talking about something else entirely”, refering to treason, in Thor) and he came quietly after the Hulk caused him to miscarry.

To the Avengers (and the rest of humanity) that is, well, ridiculous and they can't help but wonder how naive the people of Asgard must be to actually believe that.

Thing is: neither the Aesir nor the Jotun are human, and their biology has serious differences. So what is completely ridiculous to humans is actually completely logical to the Aesir and Jotun.

- Aesir and Jotun pregnancies last for three years (they do live for thousands, after all) rather than ten months.
- All Jotun are capable of bearing and siring young ...but the hormonal balance is therefore very delicate and if something upsets the balance it can lead to instincts (such as protecting the nest at all costs... even the destruction of another realm) overriding logic and common sense and it gets worse the longer it goes untreated.
- Aesir mothers form a link, severed easily and naturally before birth, between their mind and the developing mind of the fetus. If a mother begins behaving in inappropriate or criminal ways during a pregnancy, the fetus' influence is blamed and the pregnancy terminated.
- Loki got no treatment for the imbalance because he didn't know he was pregnant and the fetus was half-Aesir ...and therefore capable of creating a mind link.

To the Aesir and Jotun courts, this is more than enough for Loki to be considered completely innocent. But since they weren't complete and absolute mind control the Humans still think Loki should be considered responsible for his actions.

**IMPORTANT**: To better understand the idea behind a 'poisonous child' please read the prompt. As the OP called for cultural relativism, I decided not to explain the concept in this fic. Because I believe that if something is culturally accepted, it doesn't need additional explanation as all know and understand it already. The only thing I added from myself was that Aesir-Jotunn hybrids are always severely poisonous. On with the fic.

**Poisoned with Child**

Loki stumbled slightly as they came to a stop in front of the throne. Thor looked at him in worry, keeping a steadying hold on his elbow. His brother had seemed weak in the knees since they had arrived, possibly even since the battle on Midgard. Perhaps it was just nerves. Father must be terribly angry.

Nothing showed, though; the Allfather's face was as impassive as it always was when settling matters at court.

His father rapped Gungnir twice against the floor and a hush fell across the Hall.

Odin's voice was firm and cold as he innumerated all the evil Loki had spread over Midgard. During the retelling of his crimes, Loki remained pale. He swayed slightly every few minutes, but Thor made sure he didn't fall.

Perhaps Thor should've taken Loki to Eir first.

Odin rapped Gungnir once again, his lone eye turning to his sons.

“Loki. What say you about the crimes you have committed?”

Thor hurried to remove the gag, but even with his mouth free, Loki said nothing. He just stood there, blinking blearily at the Allfather.
Odin frowned, then repeated. “Loki. What say you?”

Loki blinked slowly, then his bound hands moved to press against his abdomen. Thor's eyes widened when he noticed the pale hands were shaking ever so slightly.

“I do not feel good, Father.” Loki mumbled and this time Thor wasn’t fast enough to keep his brother from falling.

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Odin gave a heavy sigh and rubbed a weary hand across his face. “You are certain of this?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“And there can be absolutely no doubt? For anyone?”

“I do not believe so. Both his mind and blood hold signs of the child's poison. The child itself was big enough for at least half of the gestation period. The conception dates well before Prince Thor’s failed coronation ceremony.”

“Good. Request a mind healer from Vanaheim, have them help you.”

“Yes, my Lord.” She turned to do just that, but the King grabbed her arm, preventing it.

She turned back to him, waiting patiently.

Odin was silent for a long moment, and when he did speak, it was with the voice of a parent, not a King.

“Eir, how is my son?”

The Healer's voice in turn was soft, reassuring. “His mind is confused and his body battered. It did not help any that I had to cut the babe out of him.”

A blink. “You what?”

“The babe's hold was strong, even in death. Loki's body wasn't able to expel the corpse, thus I was forced to help.”

“He is healing though?”

“His body is. But I believe that when he wakes, he will grieve for both the evils he had committed and for the child he lost.”

“...request two mind-healers then.”

“Yes, my King.”

*~*

“What do you want, Odin Spear-Bearer?”
“Helblindi King. I must speak to you regarding the action of my son, Loki.”

“Loki King-Slayer, you mean? Loki the Betrayer?”

“Yes.”

“Say what you will, All-Liar. Nothing will change my kind's hatred and contempt for that treacherous snake.”

“Loki has been returned to Asgard. There, it was discovered that Loki had been with child during both the destruction of Jotunheim and Midgard.”

“...was the child poisonous?”

“My Head Healer assures me both body and mind of Loki still tell of its poison.”

“Then tell me, Odin King, how you plan to punish the rotten seed once it's born?”

“The child perished during the last battle on Midgard. Even I cannot punish the dead.”

“How do we know you speak the truth?” A new voice called from behind them, and Odin glanced over his shoulder. A young Jotunn stood there, his skin markings depicting him a member of the Royal Family. “Prince Byleistr, I presume?”

“Do not waste your breath on niceties, Spear-Bearer.” the Prince snarled. “What proof do we have you're not just trying to save your son's miserable existence?”

“Indeed, All-Liar.” Helblindi smirked from his throne. “All know that Aesir unborns are seldom poisonous, and even if it takes root, their hold on the mother is weak at best and easily dealt with by potions. The child may have had a hold on Loki King-Slayer, but what makes you think we will believe your son deserves our lenience?”

Odin closed his eye tiredly. There was no other way then. “After the Great Battle on Jotunheim, I ventured into a temple and found a baby. A Jotunn baby, yet when I lifted him in my arms, his skin turned Aesir pink. I took pity on the child, and I returned to Asgard with him. I raised him as my own son and named him Loki.”

All was silent. Byleistr was staring at him in mute outrage. Helblindi was looking to the side, a snarl on his face. When he turned back to the Allfather, his red eyes were blazing like the fiercest fires of Muspelheim.

“You're telling me, Odin Thief, that you stole a Jotunn child from its home?” he asked, voice low and frigid.

“I did what I thought best. He had been abandoned to die.”

“Be silent, All-Fool, lest I kill you where you stand.” Helblindi hissed as he rose from the throne. “No Jotunn would abandon a babe.”

“Not even a runt?” Odin asked, and Prince Byleistr growled at him.
“What do you know of our children?” he snarled.

“We are all born small, All-Fool. We grow like the Ice itself – slow and strong.” Helblindi swallowed down his anger and kept his cool. “How do we know you speak the truth?”

Odin just blinked.

“There is no proof of Loki being Jotunn other than your word, All-Liar. What proof will you give us?”

Odin thought about it for a few minutes. “Loki’s skin reverts back to Jotunn blue when touched by one of his kind. You are welcome to come to Asgard and see for yourself.”

“Then to Asgard we shall go. Byleistr, you stay and guard the throne. Thrym, gather three of your best warriors. We are paying a visit to the 'golden' realm.”

*~*

Helblindi's hand was as big as Loki's entire chest, yet he lay it there as gently as one would on a skittish colt. Red eyes watched as the blue of his own skin seemed to leak onto Loki’s, spreading quickly and effortlessly. The only indication that the young Prince felt the change was a tiny sigh as the blue reached his face and slid upwards towards his hair.

Helblindi lifted his hand slightly, and the blue immediately started receding. The Jotunn King frowned and lay his hand back, and the blue once again overcame the hated Aesir pink.

A natural shapeshifter. Not to mention a powerful sorcerer, judging by the thrum of magic beneath his hand.

Such a treasure the All-Fool has stolen.

“Are you satisfied, Helblindi King?”

“On this matter, I am, Odin Kin-Thief.” He turned to face the Allfather, his red eyes furious. “You thought I would not recognize his markings?”

“I had thought him abandoned.”

“You should've recognized him as 'hidden'. Or perhaps his royal markings encouraged your 'taking pity on him’.” He removed his hand from Loki's body, so slight compared to his own, and stood. “Once he is well enough to travel, he is to go to Jotunheim. He will be educated on his blood and the heritage denied him by your trickery.”

“You expect me to give him to you?”

“Yes. Otherwise, I will strike you dead where you stand and take him myself.”

Odin's gaze turned old. “I still think of him as my son.”

“We are not cruel, All-Fool. If he thinks himself yours still, you may visit him.”

The single eye close briefly. “I accept then.” A pause. “And what of his crimes?”
Helblindi turned to look at Loki, gaze solemn. “Jotunheim heard many tales of your Queen Bestla's insanity when poisoned with you.”

“I know those tales as well.” His mother's madness was legendary in its greatness. All knew of it.

“And yet you let him breed with the Aesir without sparing him the mercy of knowing where it led! You called these horrors upon your land and mine.” Helblindi King straightened to his full, impressive height. “Hear this, Odin Spear-Bearer. Knowing of the poisonous child, we no longer hold the Stolen-Prince Loki responsible. We will, however, hold you forever at fault for this, Odin Kin-Thief.”

The Allfather remained silent, taking the judgment with weary resignation.

Helblindi sneered at him, and bowed mockingly. “We shall take our leave now, Allfather.” His expression hardened. “We will be expecting word of Prince Loki's recovery in two days time.”

“Of course. Guards, escort our esteemed guests to the Bifrost. Heimdall will send you back.”

Without another word, the Jotunns left. Once alone, Odin gave a heavy sigh and moved to stand next to his son's bed. He leaned down, gazing at his slumbering child, then carefully brushed the few dark strands away from the pale forehead. His hand didn't move away though; the thumb moved to trace the line of his brow, over and over.

Loki exhaled softly, and turned his head into the caress. Odin took that as permission to sit carefully on the edge of the bed. He continued petting his son's head until the duties of the King required his attention to move away from his youngest.

*~*

A few days later, Eir sent word that the young Prince was finally awake. Odin waited until all matters were dealt with before making his way to the Healing chambers, his time now free to speak with his younger son. To finally tell him the truth in a way that it required, unlike the hurried explanation in the vault while the Odinsleep weighed heavily on his mind.

He had to pause in front of the doors to Loki's private chamber though, upon hearing the conversation inside.

“Had I known, brother, I would have spared no moment to slam Mjolnir into the child.” Thor said, his voice heavy with boast.

“You would not, Thor. We both know you are incapable of taking the life of a child, even a poisonous one. You would've slammed Mjolnir into my head, then brought me straight to Eir.”

“...I regret causing you such pain, Loki.”

“Thor, stop it. I told you already, I do not blame you for the child nor for my madness. None of us could have known.”

“But, now we do know. We now know of your Jotunn heritage, and I'm sure with enough books read, we can find a way to stop the insanity from taking root when you bear my future heirs.”
There was a long pause. “Thor, I told you before. It had been a mistake. We were both drunk, spirits high from news of your impending coronation. It can never happen again."

“Never is a long time, brother.”

“You know how stubborn I can be. When I say never, I mean never.” Another pause. “Just because we know we share no blood, does not change the fact we were brothers once.”

“We are brothers still.”

“And I love you like a brother. But nothing else, never again.”

“Though it pains me greatly, I understand, Loki. Never shall I bother you with this again.”

“I thank you then, brother.”

“Brother.” Thor said it so tenderly, like one would speak to a lover, that Odin was forced to interrupt them.

He pushed open the door and walked inside. Thor sat on the bed, both hands clasped around one of Loki's. Upon seeing Odin, Thor immediately stood up.

“Father, I-”

“What's done is done, Thor.” Odin said, his tone brooking no argument. “No more of this may happen in the future.” He took another step forward and lay a hand on Thor's shoulder. “For Loki's sake.” He added quietly.

Thor expression closed off in grief, but he nodded.

Odin patted his shoulder then pushed him gently towards the door. “Go, Thor. I need to speak with Loki. I will explain to you later what I will explain to him now.”

“Aye, Father.” With one last look at Loki, Thor obediently left.

When Odin turned to face his younger son, Loki was staring intently at his sheet covered lap. His hands, still shaking slightly, were clenched into tight fists, resting against his slightly raised knees. He looked pale, much too pale, and weak with illness.

Odin suddenly felt much too old, much too tired.

“Loki.” he said gently, sitting on the chair next to the bed. “My son.”

“I am not your son, am I?” Loki's tone was listless, lifeless. “I don't remember much of the time during my pregnancy, but I remember that much.”

“...do you remember anything else? From Midgard, for example?” Odin asked, almost fearing the answer. Loki had always been a sensitive lad, treating any slight against him as a grave offense and holding each of his own failings close to heart.

Loki’s brows furrowed in thought, then he slowly shook his head. “Nay. It is all... blurred together, like one giant flash of color and darkness. Thor explained some of what happened, at least the parts
he knew of.”

“I will explain everything in detail, once you are truly well.” Odin took a deep, steadying breath. “I will explain your origins, though. If you will hear me.”

Loki swallowed heavily, then lifted his head, eyes fixing on his father's face.

Odin smiled softly at him. “I do not know how much you remember nor how clear the memories you have are, so I will start from the beginning.”

“I am listening.”

“After the Great Battle, I ventured into a temple. I found you there. I had thought you abandoned, but now I know that is not the truth. You had been hidden there, and Helblindi King assures me you will be welcomed as Kin once you return there.”

Loki's face tightened. “I don't want to return there.”

Odin lay a placating hand on Loki's knee. “It will be best for you to go. You have much to learn about the Jotunn, about your own body and instincts. The Aesir can only teach you war stories, and that image of the Jotunn is distorted by animosity and the hate brought forth by the long War. Everything else has been forgotten.”

Loki swallowed again, then looked away briefly. “Why did you take me?”

Odin closed his eye. “I will not lie to you, son.” He opened it again, smiling gently. “I know you will sense it a mile away.”

Loki gave a weak scoff as a response.

“At first, I had thought I could bring a lasting peace through you. First raise you in the Aesir way, then return you to Jotunheim. But as you grew, with each day you became my son more and more. The thought of one day parting from you became an impossible one.” Loki looked away at that, but Odin leaned forward, pressing his palm against his son's cheek and forcing him gently to look back to him. “My original purpose for you was abandoned not long after your 1000th birthday. Since then, your only purpose has been to be happy. Happy here, in Asgard, with your family.”

Loki pursed his lips tightly. “You cannot deny you are not my family, though. Not by blood.”

Odin shook his head. “Nay, shared blood is not all there is to family. You and Thor have been raised as brothers and that is what he will always think of you. Since the very moment your Mother took you in her arms, you have been hers and she loves you as only a mother can.”

Loki still refused to meet his gaze.

“And though you have not been born of my blood and I did not think you mine at first, I love you dearly now. I have loved you as my son for centuries now, and I will continue loving you as your Father for many more to come.” He paused, then added firmly. “You are my son.”

Loki eyes, when they finally turned to him, shone brightly with tears, but none fell. He studied the Allfather, possibly for signs of trickery, but then nodded, accepting Odin's words.
Odin smiled at the small gesture, and brushed his thumb against his son's cheek, then released his hold, sitting back in the chair.

The two sat in silence. After a few moments, one of Loki's hands drifted down to lay against his side, pale fingers twitching against the sheets. Odin carefully took it into his own, just holding it.

It warmed his heart greatly that Loki allowed the contact. It made his spirit feel so much lighter when he felt Loki squeezing his hand back.

*~*

With a bright flash, they arrived, landing in a remote location of Nick, son of Fury's choosing. They were surrounded by Midgardians, but they were of little threat to them. His firstborn stood with his little friends nearby, and the thunderer was already grinning in greeting.

“Greetings, Allfather!” Thor called, stepping forward. “How was the trip?”

“Different.” Odin answered, nodding in greeting. Though the Tesseract was no Bifrost, it served well for travel, especially in the possession of Heimdall.

“Welcome, Odin Allfather.” A dark-skinned human walked up to them, a group of oddly dressed Midgardians behind him. “Welcome to Earth.”

“Or Midgard. You know, whatever you guys call our little ball of dirt.” A human wearing red and gold armor said, grinning cockily at him.

“Stark, for once in your life, shut up.” A red-headed woman hissed at him, and the human rolled his eyes at her.

Amusing, indeed.

“I am Nick Fury.” The dark-skinned human continued, undeterred. “And these are the Avengers.”

Odin nodded at them. “Thor speaks highly of all of you.”

“Why don't we move this meeting into the Helicarrier. So that we can have some privacy while we discuss matters.”

“Unfortunately, my son's health is still fragile, so this visit will be a short one.” He gestured to the Warrior Three and they brought forth the bags of gold and jewels. “Here is the agreed upon weregild. I hope you accept and consider all transgressions forgotten.”

Fury made a gesture with his hand, and several black-dressed men moved forward, dragging the bags away. “We accept the weregild and the matter is forgiven.” He said formally, back stiff.

Odin nodded. “I would speak with Bruce Banner now, if you permit it.”

“Of course.” Fury stepped to the side, turning to the group behind him. “Doctor Banner, if you'd please.”

A rather... unassuming human stepped forward, kneeling before them. “King Odin, it is a pleasure.” He spoke softly, his voice shaking with nerves.
“Are you the berserker Thor spoke about?”

“I think so, yes.”

Hm. How interesting these humans were. No surprise Thor liked it so here.

“Arise, Son of Banner.” As soon as the human was back on his feet, Odin lay a hand on his shoulder. “The House of Odin owes you a great dept of gratitude, valiant berserker. You shall always be welcome in the Golden Realm, and when you pass on, Valhalla will welcome you like the noble warrior you are.”

The human blushed, staring at the Allfather in disbelief. “I... thank you.”

Odin dipped his head in acknowledgment. “There is another who wishes to speak to you.” He turned and gestured to his younger son.

Loki stepped forward, his personal guard stepping forward with him, watching all present for any signs of danger to their Prince. Odin had to admit, Frigga had chosen them well.

“Dr. Banner.” Loki bowed carefully, and Odin steadied him gently to keep him from falling. Eir had been right, Loki was not well enough to travel yet. “I wish to thank you for helping to save me. Just as the House of Odin owes you a dept, so does the Line of Laufey. Should you not be accepted into Valhalla despite my Father's behest, my daughter Hela will welcome you in her Realm and keep your soul safe for all of eternity.”

Banner winced slightly. “Umm... thank you?”

Loki nodded again, then stepped back, closing his eyes tiredly. Best to depart now, while his youngest son still had strength to stand on his own.

“We shall take our leave now.” Odin raised his eyes, opening his mouth to call to Heimdall, when one of the human (the red and gold armored one) stopped him.

“Wait, wait, your Kingness. I've got a question for you.”

Odin looked at him. “Ask then, Midgardian.”

“How did you punish Loki? I gotta know, cause it sure looks like it worked.”

The Allfather frowned in confusion. “Loki is not to blame for his actions. Thor was supposed to explain this to you.”

“I tried, Father.” Thor admitted guiltily. “They are reluctant to believe my word for it.”

“What, that whole 'poisonous pregnancy' thing?” The human scoffed. “You can't really expect us to believe that load of-”

“Stark! Shut. Up.” Fury hissed at him, his expression dark. “We're trying to prevent an interplanetary incident here.”

Odin kept his gaze on the disrespectful mortal. “What you believe is of no consequence. Your lives
are short and your minds small.”

“Hey, I'm a certified genius!”

“By Midgardian standards, that may be so. It speaks against you, though, that you refuse to accept a truth well known in the other Realms.”

“Your Highness.” The blue-clad warrior interrupted, laying a calming hand on the shorter human's shoulder. “We mean no offense. We just believe that because Loki's crimes were committed here, on Earth, he should be punished by Earth laws.”

Odin restrained himself from sighing. “Very well, then. Which one of you is the archer?”

“I am.” A short human raised his arm slightly, and Odin turned to the Warrior Three.

“Sir Hogun, kill him.”

The Midgardians started yelling then, even as they all readied their weapons.

Odin tapped his staff against the ground and released a small blast of power to quiet them. “That man has killed many people during my son's stay here. By Midgardian laws, he is to be killed or locked away till he dies.”

“Hey, he'd been brainwashed! Mind-control, ever heard of it?!”

“Nevertheless, it were his hands that committed those crimes. By Midgardian laws, he should be punished.”

Fury raised his hands. “You make a valid argument, Your Highness. I apologize for my team.”

Good. At least one of these humans knew the value of diplomacy. Unfortunately, it appeared he was the only one.

“So you're saying Loki had been mind controlled?”

Odin almost sighed in exasperation. “Yes and no. He had been poisoned with child. His actions were not his own, well out of his control, even as his mind willed them so.”

“Then how-”

Loki swayed slightly, face even paler than when they arrived, and Odin lost his patience.

“Enough!” He boomed. “This matter is closed! The weregild has been accepted, the crimes forgiven. I will not stand here and listen to you squabbling like spoiled children demanding their own satisfaction on matters they do not understand.”

Some of the humans still looked angry and ready to argue more, but Odin did not give them that chance.

“Heimdall!” He called to the sky. “We are done here.”

And with a flash of power, they were gone.
Fin

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