I'm Gonna Let it Shine

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I'm Gonna Let it Shine

by CandyassGoth

Summary

Sequel to This Little Light of Mine

Thor and his rescued Feline-Hybrid Loki are settling into their new life together, but Loki's heats make it increasingly difficult for Thor to handle and keep his conscience clear, especially when Loki keeps trying to solicit him as though sex with Companions wasn't illegal.

Loki wants sex from his human-pet. Thor wants the universe to give him a break.

Notes

So I wrote a sequel to a oneshot fic of mine. You don’t have to read that one first but it’s fun to know the back story, see everything in context. It should be up there in the Part 2 of the Lokitty, WoeKitty series section. I mostly write smut, so my conscience feels cheated that that fic had no smut. But you’d see why. So I put it here when things are better :3
Also warning for Jane/Thor. And Frostiron. It’s not the main focus obviously, but it is included.

_I apologise for errors_

See the end of the work for more notes

**I’m Gonna Let it Shine**

Jane was so pretty, even in the murkiness of Thor’s dreams.

Full lips, big sweet brown eyes, and the cleverest tongue Thor had ever felt. It put prostitutes to shame—not that Thor had ever been with one, but his sleep-self thought so.

Her hair tickled his face as she straddled him, leaning over to lick and bite at his neck, murmuring sweet nothings. His hands came up and squeezed her thighs which suddenly were covered in cotton shorts, a lazy grin spreading over his face at the shiver he rang from her wriggling hot body. He groaned, arching his neck to the left so she could keep doing that delicious suckling, nibbling just under his ear. Her tongue was sure and warm, like her words, and Thor slowly twisted his head back, inhaling her scent. It was familiar, _too_ familiar, distorted somewhat in the weird laws of dreamland where nothing ever made sense.

He was hot now, so hot and hard and he knew this dream would end soon as he stirred into consciousness. He groaned and reached back, cupping her backside and pulling her down flush against his cock, thrusting his hips up for the friction. She mewled in his ear and fussed with the blankets, pulling at them as she mouthed her way from his ear to his jaw, and up to his cheek, nibbling and licking and making his skin freeze in what had to have been the morning air.

The feeling was so palpable, as dreams often were, but Thor worriedly chased his pleasure, chased the feelings, and captured her mouth quickly so when he woke, he’d be able to remember the feelings the dream had created. She made a sound against his mouth as he kissed her, wriggling down against him as Thor ground up viciously, determined to have this wet-dream.

Dream Jane however, didn’t know how to kiss. She kept licking at his mouth, holding her lips apart when he slotted his tongue in, kissing back in a strange way that was messy and amusing. It didn’t stop Thor’s zest and he rolled them over with a grunt, feeling everything tenfold now as his sleepy muscles pulled, and the warmth beneath him squirmed.

The familiar scent hit him again and he thrust down, his stiff cock trapped in his briefs but enjoying the friction anyway as he rubbed himself between…very…very real legs.

Thor’s blood flushed ice cold when it clicked he was already plenty awake, and leaning heavily over another very real body. Jane was _not_ here, he had taken her home after their dinner last night, so the only other person in the house was…

Loki mewed softly beneath him, arching so he could resume licking at Thor’s neck, where Thor’s scent was likely strongest.
The second he felt Loki’s tongue he wrenched away, frightening Loki up into a huddle against the headboard. It couldn’t be helped, and Thor shot out of bed with a drawn out “Fuck!”, trying to flatten his erection. Shame rushed through him like a river and he rubbed his flaming face, back turned to the bed.

The blankets rustled as Loki moved closer. “Mauw.”

“Loki…” Thor whispered, wincing as he pushed at his crotch again. The hair on the back of his neck stood, and he glanced back, finding Loki sitting on his calves, hands at his chest and looking worried. He wasn’t naked, thank goodness, but he still looked debauched, lips red, hair mussed and in his sleeping shorts and big red T shirt, one of Thor’s old ones that he had stolen from the cupboard while Thor was at work. Thor hadn’t even realised it was missing until he found Loki wearing in, looking too human in his attempt at nonchalance.

Fuck he had just done that. He’d had close calls before where Loki snuck into his bed at night and slept against him, a prime victim for Thor’s occasionally raunchy dreams and virile body, but this was the first time Thor hadn’t woken in time to stop himself. What was different?

Jane, his mind supplied. His new girlfriend. They’d been on a few dates now and last night they’d had quite the make-out in his car, his blood still boiling when he felt into bed.

“Fuck.” He groaned, scrubbing his face roughly. Thankfully his erection wilted, taking just a short while of him leaning against the windowsill until he could turn around and face his Companion, who sat quietly and patiently the whole time, his big black ears twitching.

“Fuck.” Thor said again, shame upon shame filling the black parts of his soul. What was he doing?

Loki purred suddenly, slipping off the bed with the grace only a cat had and slunk up to nuzzle at Thor’s naked chest, bumping his head under his chin to ask if he was okay. Loki may not be able to use words, but he spoke just fine, and Thor had quickly learnt a miraculous amount of body language in the year he’d had Loki. It was amazing to be able to tell what Loki was expressing simply by movements, tones of his voice, expressions on his face, and it also became incredibly useful at work when handling business.

But Loki was asking things that Thor couldn’t deliver, and he seemed unable—no, unwilling—to understand the concept of no.

He had decided he could do this forever, be there for Loki and love him, but he hadn’t realised how two-sided it could become.

It was obvious they had a connection. It was something odd and magical, strange, but not frightening. Loki was grateful and greatly admired Thor. That much was as clear as flashing green neon signs whenever he looked at Thor.

Thor often thought back to that day he found Loki’s picture on the catalogue, and remembered the inexplicable urge to get him, save him. There had to have been some kind of higher power at work, it had all just happened so fast that three months after taking in Loki Thor sat staring in shock at the wall, only then realising how quick and easy it happened, and how meant to be it felt.

And Thor loved it, he loved that he had done the right thing, went by his gut and usually-damning brashness. But Loki seemed to love it all the more, and if this were some loony-tune cartoon those flashing green neon signs would turn into big thumping red hearts, and it worried Thor.

Strays and abused pets (and even people) were often known to become overly attached to their good
Samaritans, developing various levels of devotion, love and attraction. And with those pets or people it was endearing, or manageable if morally unhealthy, but how did one handle this? It wasn’t just affection, it was desire. The little moment in the bathroom hadn’t been a once of thing, and Thor struggled to hold it together.

And it wasn’t that he didn’t like Loki, he loved him from his sweet purring in the mornings at breakfast to the annoying way he kept pulling books off the bookshelf and stashing them under the couches, but he didn’t like like him. …Or so he kept telling himself, digging his knuckles into his temples and trying to picture Steve’s face in horror or all the horrible things that Loki had been through. It wasn’t right for him to find attraction in Loki even if Loki kept trying to literally seduce him. Loki had been raped and violated through his short life in disgusting places, the last thing he would need is yet another human to take advantage of him.

Loki clearly felt differently, and the connection they shared—though deep and comfortable, meant to be—was strained. Loki kept doing these things, becoming upset when Thor rebuffed him, and then leaving Thor to wallow in self-disgust, confusion and guilt. What the hell was he supposed to do? Relationships with Companions was illegal, and morally wrong. They were sort of like children, they were technically half animal, and they were pets in the very least sense. There were all kinds of labels to slap on the situation to show that it was wrong, and Thor didn’t like to do wrong things. He felt dirty afterwards just having a clean debate in his head, then double so when Loki came purring by, kneading on his thighs and nuzzling his chest like a caress.

“Go wash your hands. Breakfast time.” Thor said, shortly, as he pushed Loki away. Loki grumbled something against his chest and fought against his hands, breathing hot against his skin. Thor grabbed his shoulders and turned him forcefully, shoving him towards the door. “Go on, I’m coming now.”

Loki was no longer the skinny sickly thing Thor had found, he had filled out in both hair and flesh. His skin was soft and smooth, as was his hair and fur. He had meat on his bones and he was much heavier than before. Steve praised Thor often, as did Bruce, and Thor praised himself. Loki though, seemed intent on praising him the most.

Although not right now, and Loki growled as he glanced back, lips pulled to show his displeasure at being evicted. Thor pointed, holding his ground, and Loki slunk out with his ears back and tail swishing dangerously.

Thor groaned, flopping face first into bed.

“So, I’ve been thinking of getting you a friend—” understatement of the month “—and Steve also has a Feline Companion. Well, three actually, and a Canine. Remember Bucky? But I think you might get along with Tony. I’ll have Steve bring him over tomorrow. Sounds good?”

Loki made a negative sound under his breath, chin on the counter top and ears flat, eyes narrowed and averted. It was insanely cute, Thor wanted to scooop him up and kiss him all over until he died from giggles, but even a simple thing like cuddling was now infected with other thoughts. And he wanted to blame Loki, he really did, but he was the one who couldn’t control his boners. Loki was just following his misguided instincts.

Surely reminding Loki about other Felines was sure to help their little issue? Thor didn’t know what else to do, he was too embarrassed to even think about what had been developing let alone contact a Companion expert—more so because of Loki’s duel sex, they’d take Loki away from him if they sniffed out how often Thor thought about it. But that also had started developing only in the last
couple of months.

The weeks and months following their first week together were much less worrisome. As per Steve’s conditions Thor took Loki immediately to Bruce where he received more medical treatment than Thor initially thought he’d need. They had to keep him in for a week, and though Thor visited every day it took Loki a few weeks after coming home to forgive Thor and realise whatever was done had made him feel better, not worse.

The surgery to remove his womb was successful, but it took his body a while to recover what with his lifetime of ill health, not to mention the hormonal change. It was somewhat uncharted territory for the doctors, but they did what they could, and five months later Loki’s heat returned, signalling he was healed and indeed as healthy as a horse. Thor had been glad at first, but once it came he missed the first five months where he and Loki bonded.

Like an ordinary cat, Loki loved to be involved with everything Thor did, whether it was watching TV, or cooking, or working out. Loki shadowed him whenever he wasn’t napping or watching the birds from the window, glad to just bask in Thor’s presence, and often warmth. Thor forgot how many times his legs had fallen to sleep due to Loki creeping his way onto his lap and going to sleep, heavier each day the more he ate and the less he coughed up.

Often Thor had to coax him outside to play with a ball, Loki liked to play but he didn’t like outside very much. Sometimes he would come out on his own, usually when Thor was cleaning his car just so Thor could chase him with the water hose. Some cats liked water, Thor was happy to learn. Loki also liked car shows on TV, head jerking as he following the racers from one side of the screen to the next, and he liked books. Thor was certain he couldn’t read, but that didn’t stop Loki from fiddling with them, rubbing his head on them and smelling their book smell. Thor once bought a brand new novel, just to watch Loki go cat-nip crazy over the new-book smell.

Loki was playful and mischievous, not very talkative and when he sulked he sulked, but he was a good Pet, and Thor quickly grew to love him.

Except it became hard to show physical affection once the heats returned. Loki solicited him each time, frowning his little irritable frowns when Thor rebuffed him. Sometimes it was easier, he pretended not to notice or to be busy. Loki grew rather sluggish and remained in one place for a while, but other times it was much harder.

Loki was stubborn and often spiteful, chewing the bristles off Thor’s toothbrushes when Thor refused to let him eat toothpaste, stealing and hiding all the spoons under his bedding when there was no pudding, playing on Thor’s bed during the day and often sleeping in his bed entirely, refusing to give it up and hogging all the space. So getting cornered by Loki during his heat was not a simple matter of saying no.

Loki would often shimmy out of his clothes and lounge around naked all day especially on the weekends, his expression as neutral as can be, making unhappy sounds and fiddle with taps for water to cool himself down. On work days when Thor would come home Loki would be more insistent as if he’d lost eight hours of seduction, laying himself at Thor’s feet and worshipping him, making deep sounds in the back of his throat as he arched his body, skin pink and hot and just begging to be caressed. Then he would turn over and lift his arse, tail up and flagging as if Thor would have any trouble seeing what Loki was offering. It was so brazen and blunt but it made Thor as hard as a rock, sweating profusely and hurrying to make sure all the curtains were pulled and doors locked even though he ran straight to the bathroom afterwards to calm himself down.

The first time had been so sudden and with viable explanation, but these moments were different. Loki was determined to have sex with him to the point of ruining Thor’s bed sheets with his arousal
discharges and leaving his scent everywhere Thor went. He would get upset and outright growl when Thor physically pushed him away, leaving Thor boggled for a long time.

Two weeks ago he had contacted Steve about bringing his Feline Tony over, under the guise of Loki being fit for another Feline’s company. He didn’t want Loki to forget entirely what it was like to be with his own kind, he rarely went outside as it was, ignoring all the Tomcats that sneaked around the neighbourhood for others to fraternize with.

That had to have been the most telling thing for Thor: Loki went into heat twice every month for a few day up to a week at worst, driving Thor up the wall with his incessant advances, and yet he would completely ignore all the handsome Feline males that wandered by, poking their heads over Thor’s fence and twice even climbing their way into the yard to sniff at the new Queen in the neighbourhood and the strange scent of a Companion heat. Only Loki wasn’t a female, he was an intersexed male, and he would hiss and spit for all his worth when they came knocking, hiding away in Thor’s room, then creeping out later with his hips raised, tail lifted and soft damp holes aimed at Thor.

It was wrong, Thor could feel it in his bones. Whether people said it or not Companions were not on an equal level to humans, and for Thor to even think of indulging in this would be a classic case of abuse of power. What if Loki decided one day he didn't want to continue, but he was too afraid to refuse Thor in fear of being abandoned? That would be so wrong, and Thor didn’t want to cause something like that, even if he was growing more and more attracted to the idea of humouring Loki. He was only human, flawed and hot-blooded and driven near to madness to the point that he stopped masturbating in fear of his thoughts bringing up Loki.

It was enough to make Thor tear his hair out, ready to throw himself into the pit that went straight to hell. There was so much he wanted to ask, so much advice he needed, but one look at Steve’s righteous face and he kept his gob shut, plastering a wide smile over his anxiety.

“Hey,” Steve said brightly as he walked up to the front door, Thor already in the archway to meet him. Behind Steve was a shorter Feline male, definitely Tony, looking as superior and forward as ever. Behind Thor Loki hissed, and Thor shushed him.

Unfortunately Tony heard, and stopped to hiss back, brown eyes locking onto where Loki stood brooding behind Thor. Loki grabbed onto Thor’s shirt and pulled, growling when Thor refused to budge.

“Is...will this work out?” he asked, trying not to sound miserable they Feline’s hissed in turn, fur raised and teeth bared.

“Even Companions act up a bit when first meeting. It’s just instincts. Unless they are really incompatible they should be okay in a few visits.” Steve said, reaching back to flick Tony’s ear. Tony stopped hissing and grumbled, hunching as he stared at Loki. Thor twisted to dislodge Loki, a job that took Steve’s help. Eventually Thor got Loki into the living room and Steve got Tony inside, guiding them to sit on either side of the big three-seater couch. Thor had prepared snacks and spread them across the coffee table. He filled a plate for Loki before taking his own, putting it down next to Loki on the floor who had eyes only for the Feline intruder in his house. Steve did the same, giving Tony a pet across his brown hair for being good so far.

Thor tried his best to ignore the prickling vibes of betrayal from Loki, and filled his mouth with crackers as he and Steve settled down.
“How is Peggy?” he asked.

“Oh, she’s great, you know? Really moving on up. Pulling rank. She’s happy. Thanks.” Steve smiled, helping himself to the hotdogs. “And you? How is that scientist Phil set you up with?”

Thor didn’t notice the glance they got from Loki, thinking—not even of Jane—but of his wake-up call with Loki. His face went red and he smiled, knowing it wouldn’t come off as suspicious. As long as Loki didn’t try to seduce him while they were here, God forbid. Thor groaned internally, already fighting the urge to check that Loki’s heat-cycle schedule hadn’t suddenly changed.

“Jane is great. She’s sweet, beautiful, and really funny. I really like her. My mother will too.”

“You can always count on Phil Coulson to save the day.”

“I still have to thank him. It was a pretty good match.”

“When are you seeing her again?”

“Saturday coming if she’s free. She’s not a slacker, that’s for sure.”

“I hope you guys work out.”

“Me too. I mean I think we will.” And he meant it. A year ago he was lost, knowing he wasn’t ready for a serious relationship and feeling bad for it. But now things felt different, he felt more mature and settled, responsible, thanks to Loki. But if anyone should reap that reward it should be Loki.

Thor pinched his own thigh, stuffing his face with an egg sandwich.

“I hope we can say the same for these two.” Steve said, looking between Tony and Loki who were openly eyeballing each other. Neither had touched their food, staring intensely at the other. Steve petted Tony again, and Thor wished he could do the same without confusing Loki. “I’ll come by on Wednesday. We’ll make this twice a week. They’ll warm up in no time.”

Thor choked from nodding so vigorously in agreement.

As it turned out Jane was busy the following Saturday. Thor would miss seeing her, but Loki didn’t let him brood for long, his ever interested shadow. With his entire schedule suddenly open and his attention vulnerable Thor found himself making a last-minute appointment before he knew it, earning a nice scratch in the process for being sneaky.

“Well if it isn’t my favourite patient. When did he realize?” Bruce asked with a chuckle as Thor scratched his arm, Loki pointedly looking away with a huff.

“When I called earlier. He knows this too well know. I should start emailing appointments.”

Bruce smiled, then turned to Loki who sat miserable on his examination table. “Hi, Loki. How are you?”

If Loki could speak Thor was almost certain he’d mutter something sarcastic, it was no surprise he hated coming here where there were needles and funny chemical smells. But Bruce was great, Thor had no complaints, so he took most of the scratches for Bruce when the time for injections and inspections came along. Bruce didn’t ask why they came in all of a sudden, and gave Loki a quick once over, saying little and moving slowly for Loki’s sharp eyes to keep track of. Holding a
Companion down for a shot was like going into battle, so keeping everything calm was extremely important.

After checking his teeth with careful fingers Bruce shrugged, giving Thor a curious look. “Looks well enough. Last time you mentioned his heats. Did you keep a track like I asked?”

“Yes.” Thor said, guiltily, smiling so as he handed the page over. Bruce smiled, knowing what was bothering him. He had confessed somewhat to Bruce, explaining how difficult Loki became during his heats, and he was relieved when Bruce told him it was normal, many people were at a loss of what to do when their unfixed Companions showed signs of arousal without a mate to be with. Except he didn’t mention anything about when those Companions were after their owner’s chops.

“It’s ah…it’s increased again. But I’ve got a lid on it. I’m actually having Steve bring Tony over. Maybe he needs some Feline company, he’s been locked away since I got him. Might…I dunno, calm him down.”

Bruce frowned over the paper, nodding, and Loki fidgeted off to the side. “A little like-minded company should do him good. And if it leads to something, well, he’s perfectly healthy now and they’re both fixed. After all this time sex must seem appealing again. At least for the most part.”

Thor looked up sharply at the idea. It had made its way across his mind, yes, but with Loki’s history he hadn’t even considered actually letting Loki mate with another Feline. The thought itself was already so complicated seeing as Loki was dual sexed and went into heats, and he felt a sting of protectiveness and rebellion at the idea of Loki mating.

He was fixed, like Bruce said, so there wasn’t the fear of pregnancy. Bruce and his team who had seen to all those dual-sexed Companions in Rumlow’s operation had confirmed to Thor that Loki had never had any litters, the womb inside of him small and undeveloped, another failed experiment, allowed to live because he wasn’t deformed physically and still capable of intercourse. They’d taken the womb out but left the ovaries, afraid of what it might do to Loki’s already fragile hormonal system. A vasectomy later (due to internal testicles they’d found) and Loki was officially sterile, but still capable of heats and heavy erections.

Thor looked at Loki dubiously. “I don’t know if Steve would allow that. Or Loki for that matter… Maybe I should ask Steve to bring Natasha instead. I don’t know if Loki’s ever…you know. Known a woman.” The idea made his chest less tight, and somewhat jealous this time. He was so fucked.

“Odds on a reaction are equally balanced right now. He’s used to the role of being on bottom so that’s what he’d conform to first. But he’s still male, his instincts could kick in a reset his views.” Bruce shrugged, stepping away to pull off his gloves, giving Loki the space to fidget more and mutter to Thor. Then he gave an odd smile, wringing his hands. “There are those Pussy-cat conventions you could try if you want. If or when you think Loki is socially ready. Go take him and maybe find him a female looking for a handsome Tom. Queens can be picky, but he’s a good looking fella.”

Thor had heard of those, and he sighed, nose crinkling. “Do I have to pay to get in or…?”

“No, that sounds like prostitution. It’s just a gathering where people help their Companions…sate their needs. Without medication or surgery. And they can monitor them better that way rather than trying to track down which of your neighbours’ Companions knocked-up yours. Even without heats they’re randy creatures.”

Maybe this wasn’t an entirely bad idea…Natasha was fixed too, but she might not want to mate with Loki without the strong hand of a heat, but another female might.
“…Loki is different though. What if they notice?”

“It’s not his fault. Just be upfront. Their sexuality is also psychological, so believe it or not many of them mate for pleasure rather than the urge to breed. Loki’s never conceived though he must have had the instinct to, so that could be motivating him now that he is in a safe and provided environment. …Or he just remembers what sex feels like and he’s craving.”

“But they—”

“Sex in heat. Everything feels good during heat, which is why they gave them heats.”

Thor didn’t want to know what that had felt like, but took comfort knowing Loki was right here now, safe and sound. Maybe this was the answer to his problems. He’d thought some play-dates with Tony would easy Loki’s interest in him, but maybe what Loki needed was simply sex. He couldn’t ask that of Steve, Tony and Loki didn’t seem to be getting along anyway.

They got home in a lighter mood than they left, Loki strapped in the backseat and staring out the closed window, intrigued by all the people and Companions and animals. As long as there was some kind of barrier between him and them Loki seemed content enough, and Thor realised a Pussy-cat convention might just be a horrible idea. Loki knew Steve, he trusted him, so maybe starting with Natasha was best.

They made it back in time for Steve to come back with Tony for lunch. They were on the couch, Thor resting his head back to clear his mind, Loki resting against him like a sloth, kneading ferociously as if to say yes good this is better I like home okay?. It quickly stole Thor’s attention and he went hot, the heat of Loki’s hands seeped through his jeans. But in time to save him Steve’s car pulled up, and Loki hissed.

“Don’t be upset, you and Tony should make friends. At the very least.” He added guiltily, giving Loki’s chin a scratch. Would Loki even know what to do with a female?

“Hey Thor. Hey Loki.” Steve greeted as he walked in, Tony trailing after him with an unimpressed look that almost made Thor laugh. Loki scooted off the couch without being asked, rushing around the armrest to peek over Thor’s shoulder with another hiss.

“Hey. Hi Tony.” Thor looked at Tony, and Tony made a sound back, quickly looking back to Loki who growled, hiding away.

Steve looked around, taking a seat. This time Tony found his way onto the leather armchair, lifting his bare feet so he could sit with his legs crossed and watch Loki from a slightly higher-vantage point.

“So no Jane?”

“She had a sudden conference, couldn’t argue. We can watch the game?”


Thor looked back, startling at how close Loki was, ready to jump into his skin. He sighed, and got up, reaching for Loki’s arm.

“Come on, they gotta do this eventually.” He got Loki to his feet, moving his hand to the back of his neck with a reassuring squeeze. What started as a way to guide him grew quickly into a thing of comfort, and Loki mewled unhappily as Thor coaxed him forward.
Steve got up too and brought Tony forward, speaking softly to him like he was just another guy, gesturing to Loki.

“That’s it. Loki, this is Tony.” Thor said, shaking hands with Steve and then letting Tony take an extra mandatory sniff of his hand for show of comradeship. Steve held his hand out then for Loki to do the same, and Loki did so after hesitating, already knowing Steve. Then the Feline’s looked at each other, and Tony made the first move, sniffing in Loki’s direction.

Loki’s ears and tail twitched, but curiosity eventually won out and he leaned forward to take in Tony’s scent. Steve backed off Tony, so Thor did the same, praying they didn’t attack each other. Even with their superior strength, he and Steve would come out of it needing stitches with the claws on their Companions.

But luck was with them and they sat down slowly, Tony and Loki circling enough other and sniffing now that they were acquainted. Loki backed off first, sneezing once before rushing back behind Thor. Tony left him alone, curling back up on his chosen chair. It was good enough progress, and they enjoyed a nice afternoon of watching the game.

Half way through it Thor got up to get snacks, leaving Steve to look between Loki and Tony who were awkwardly avoiding each other. Loki remained behind the sofa the entire time, only the tip of his head and ears poking out, but he was the first to come for food when Thor returned.

“Open,” Thor ordered, holding up a cracker with egg and mayonnaise. Loki obeyed, accepting it with delight as he knelt by him, watching their hands with interest. Tony remained where he was, watching them all eat and ignoring Steve’s offers until Loki accepted for him, leaning over Thor’s knees with his mouth open for Steve.

Tony shot forward with a menacing hiss, frightening Loki back onto his backside.

“Tony!” Steve barked, a lap full of egg and cheese for his trouble.

Before Thor could even decide how to react Loki got back to his kneels, back arched and face twisted and he yowled low in the back of his throat, most definitely now ready to attack.

“Tony, go outside.” Steve ordered, pointing to the door. Tony ignored him, growling and practically leaning over the coffee table on all fours, Loki just below him, holding his ground.

“Loki,” Thor called, receiving a hiss. Then Loki lashed out with his right hand, just missing Tony who swiped back, the table shaking

“Loki!” Thor shouted, panicking somewhat. But it did the trick, and Loki turned away with a loud angry howl, slinking back behind the sofa. Thor deflated with a sigh, and gave Steve an apologetic look, who shooed Tony off the table, smiling back.

The rest of the afternoon was quiet with both Felines sulking. It was disheartening, but it gave Thor the push to corner Steve just before they left, Tony already loitering in the driveway, Loki at the window hissing at him through the glass.

“Look I was thinking of something. If you don’t mind, only if. But…what about Natasha? Maybe a girl will be easier for Loki to befriend.”

Steve lips pursed. “Natasha isn’t the most open person, but it’s worth a shot. Loki needs friends, he does. I’ll see what I can do.”

They left and Thor sighed, leaning in the doorway as Loki stared innocently at him from the living
room, kneeling at the window like he had not just been rude to their guests. He couldn’t even imagine what Loki would think of meeting Jane, he already fussed smelling her perfume on him.

“Hear that? Natasha might come next time. She’s a girl, maybe she won’t be as intimidating. I’m sure you still have some memories of…” Thor trailed off, rubbing his eyes. “Come on, let’s get some milk and biscuits.’

Loki was a week away from his next heat, and Thor was climbing the walls himself. Loki seemed upset with him lately, and Thor didn’t blame him with all the social activities he’d been forcing on him. Not to mention the visit to Bruce. Thankfully it stemmed Loki’s desire, but the heat was coming around again and Thor couldn’t help noticing all the little pre-heat things that signalled it, like the way Loki slept more, the way he copiously sniffed the air when Thor walked past, licking his lips afterwards, the way his butt rose and stayed up at every back scratch, leaning it not so subtly towards Thor.

All of it made Thor all the more determined to have Natasha over, the Pussy-cat convention now on speed dial. Wednesday came in no time, and Steve rocked up that afternoon with his beautiful red-haired Feline queen. She was absolutely divine, Thor hadn’t seen her in person before, and greeted them with a smile at the door. Loki hovered behind him, realising there was a change.

“Loki, I want you to meet someone.” Steve said loudly, peeking around Thor’s shoulder. Loki leaned to meet his gaze, frowning when he saw Natasha.

Thor put an arm around him and brought him forward, squeezing him as he gestured. “This is Natasha. Steve’s other Companion. Say hi?”

Natasha was frowning too, gingerly following Steve’s directions as if doing it only because he asked and not out of interest. She, like Tony, made the first move, confident in her gait as she slunk up, sleek orange tail swishing behind her. She sniffed at them, full lips luscious and ridiculously tempting, twitching as she took in Loki’s scent.

Thor glanced at Steve with hot cheeks, wondering if Steve had ever noticed that and how low he was sinking to see all these things. It would be best if Loki just found someone to mate with after all, he couldn’t keep having these depraved thoughts.

He must’ve pushed Loki forward too fast, or too soon. Loki stumbled forward with a hiss, and Natasha didn’t waste a second. She retaliated, eyes big and black as she launched forward, tumbling off with Loki to the side in the grass.

Thor and Steve dashed forward with cries of their own, but it took a full minute to separate them safely. Thor had never seen Loki so vicious, making an ugly sound as he fought, eyes wild and claws bloody. And it wasn’t one-sided, Natasha sounded just as upset, getting in more hits than Loki and spitting at him like he was filth. Thor instantly guessed why, and felt his heart clench, crossing the Pussy-cat convention off his list.

Once Steve got a good grip on Natasha he wheeled her back to the car, his muscles seeming useless for all the fight she put up, shouting apologies. Thor all but sat on Loki, holding him down into the grass and listening to his haunting yowl until Natasha was out of sight, and Steve accepted Thor’s suggestion to just leave.

Only when the gate was closed did Thor ease off, earning another shove as Loki flew into the house and up to his own room, where Thor found him later cleaning his wounds, unshed tears glistening in
his eyes.

Loki ignored him for the rest of the week.

Saturday came and so did Jane. Rather than meet him for lunch like planned she turned up at his house as a surprise, and a surprise it was. Loki quickly disappeared upstairs, recognising a stranger, but it was for the best. Thor left him be, and gladly entertained Jane.

“The science is there, it’s just to start, you know?” she said, cuddled besides him on the chair. They’d been chatting for two hours now about everything and anything. Thor enjoyed her company. Smart and funny, with an adorable laugh. And she was a good kisser, and he flushed for thinking so, remembering his dream had only said otherwise that because it was Loki who had been…who he had…

“Thor?”

“Huh?” he blinked. “Sorry, no. I mean yes, it is.” he laughed, scratching his head, “Sorry. Just a little…overworked.”

“Oh. Sorry.” She patted his cheek sympathetically, leaning up to kiss him chastely. “Maybe you need a holiday.”

“Maybe I do.” He smiled, slinking both hands around her as she smiled mischievously, climbing into his lap with only a second’s hesitance.

“Maybe I know a nice island…” she said, leaning over to nibble the exact same place Loki had. Thor jumped, squeezing at her small hips as arousal shot through him. “Nice quiet island used for research. No disturbances, no crowds, no nosey-neighbours, private jet…”

“Sounds fantastic,” he choked, closing his eyes and inhaling her perfume as she kissed down his throat, rubbing her soft hands down his chest, so unlike Loki’s, firm and spidery.

“Just you, and me…” she went on, travelling up around his jaw. She cupped his face and shifted forward so they were almost exactly like in his dream, only they both had pants on and she was definitely Jane. “Alone, with all the time in the world…”

He hadn’t bothered wondering when or if they’d fall into bed, she was a nice woman and he wasn’t in a particular rush, but he greatly appreciated the offer anyway. He was going to have blue balls by the time Loki was done with him, he wouldn’t mind a good weekend of sex himself. And with the sudden enthusiasm on top of him, it seemed he wasn’t the only one.

Thor was groping her before he knew it, grabbing handfuls of her arse, her thighs, her chest, moaning as she leaned over him and dominated the kiss. She smelt divine and felt even better, rolling against his hard on like no woman had done before. It only riled him up further, pulling her as close as possible, taking over the kiss slowly but surely, groaning as she started plucking open the buttons to her shirt.

“I have an hour to kill before I head back in,” she said as she broke the kiss with a loud breathy groan, grinning as she sat back against his knees.

“Okay,” he said, laughing when she laughed, so beautiful. She swooped in eagerly for another kiss, pulling now at his shirt. He leaned them forward so she could get it off, messing his hair as she did so, and threw it over her head. Thor grinned, sitting back and waiting for her praise, her hot mouth
on his chest when someone growled, someone hiding around the archway to the stairs and someone that could only be Loki.

“What was that?” Jane twisted, but Loki was already gone, agile and silent as ever on the stairs.

Thor sighed. “My erm…my Feline Companion.”

“Oh! You have a Companion? And you didn’t tell me?! Aww, I must have scared him. You should have introduced me, he’s probably been terrified of this stranger in his house. Is it a guy or girl?”

Just then, as Thor prepared himself to steer the conversation back to a more intimate setting, Loki started yowling. Jane ‘aw’ed again, and Thor kissed his chance goodbye.

“Can I meet—?”

“No!” Thor smiled nervously to calm her blink of shock, bouncing her on his knees. “No, er, he isn’t very friendly, he gets nervous around strangers. I tried to get him to make friends with my friend’s Companions but that didn’t work out. Got into a fight. So he’s on edge.”

“Oh, that sucks.” She looked genuinely sympathetic, but Loki continued to call, and she climbed off. “You can’t ignore him, he’s scared. I’ll just go, we can continue where we left off next time, right?”

Thor groaned internally but gladly accepted her parting kiss, grinning as she bit his lip before wiping back her hair and grabbing her bag, seeing herself out after straightening her clothes.

When the front door closed Thor let his head fall back with a groan, pants tight and chest cold.

“Maaawwww!”

Thor slid face down into the couch with a muffled sob.

Steve was the one to suggest coming back over with Tony, on the grounds that Tony actually wanted to, something about him seeing Loki on Steve’s phone from a silly selfie Thor had taken of himself with Loki in the crook of his arm, babbling along as he poked the screen. Thor didn’t want a repeat of the fight that happened, but Loki’s heat was just about back and Thor was desperate. Maybe with the heat it would make Loki placid and friendlier. …Or it would turn him into a hell-beast if he felt threatened and vulnerable. Thor thoroughly hoped the former, he didn’t want Steve’s Companions to suffer for his.

“Round what, fifty?” Steve joked as he and Tony entered the house.

“I might be losing on this more than I win.” Thor said, greeting Tony with a pat to the arm. Tony made a verbal sound in greeting and immediately looked around rather than hovering at Steve’s side.

Steve smiled. “Maybe this round will be a winner.”

“Coffee? A beer?”

Thor and Steve set themselves up in the living room with the TV on, nursing cold beers and keeping one ear open after Tony disappeared off, no doubt into search of Loki.

“So, how many rounds has it been with Jane?”

“Enough to know she sometimes honestly forgets to tip the waiters. Scatterbrain. But way too cute to
“And have you guys…?” Steve hinted with a small blush of his own, smiling the kind of knowing smile the public didn’t know he could make.

Thor sighed in thought, his chest fluttering at the memory. “Almost.”

“Too soon?”

Thor stared at the screen, debating a moment before he blurted out the truth. “Loki cock-blocked me.”

Steve burst out laugh. “What?”

“Yeah he just…he’s been grumpy so I didn’t introduce him to Jane. She came over and we got into it, then he started calling from upstairs and she left, said I should see to him first and we’ll carry on next time.”

“That was nice of her. Considerate.”

“She is nice. Very nice…”

Steve burst out laughing again, and they continued to chat, oblivious to the narrowed green eyes watching them from the hallway, just as the owner of the green eyes was to the Feline sniffing at his back.

Loki started with a high-pitched hiss when he realised someone was behind him, and launched himself up onto the railway of the stairs. Tony ducked and hurried a few steps away, but he didn’t retaliate when Loki hissed a second time. He moved back, features twisted in curiosity as he sniffed vigorously in Loki’s direction.

Loki slipped off the rails and stood tense on the stairs, ready to pounce, then Tony rubbed his head onto the wall besides him. He purred loudly, knocking and ignoring the small potted cacti plant on the end table behind him.

Loki blinked and deflated, then slowly came down the stairs as Tony wandered off into the kitchen. Loki followed reluctantly, if only to make sure Tony didn’t ruin something of his.

The brown-haired Feline was rummaging through the cupboards when he got there. Loki made a nervous sound, glancing back for Thor. Then Tony rumbled loudly, neutrally, stealing back his attention, and proceeded to create something with different foods. Loki scooted closer in increments, curious as Tony slapped two pieces of bread onto the counter top, and shook upturned jars at them until they were covered in peanut butter and jelly respectively, spreading it around with a finger. Tony then flattened the pieces together and slid them across the counter, and straightened expectantly.

Loki blinked owlishly at the offering of food, but only went to inspect it when Tony grumbled and wandered off to the side, rubbing his body up against the wall. Loki’s tail flicked, a sliver of annoyance rising having this other Feline spread his scent around, but allowed it in favour of poking at the bread. Thor only ever gave him bread and peanut butter as a treat now and then, and never with the other sweet stuff. Loki sniffed at it, quickly mouth watering. He glanced up at Tony and found him watching intently, hair rubbed across Thor’s dishtowels.

“Wau.” Tony said, head titled in mid rub, eyes like saucers.
Loki took the sandwich, and leaned on the counter as he ate it. He started off slow, having only ever accepted food from Thor in the last year (not counting the titbits from Steve who got the food from Thor originally), but quickly polished it off with an unintentional purr. Tony returned it, eyes bright as he watched Loki devote the snack.

Each time Loki’s eyes were down Tony inched closer until he was back behind Loki, sniffing and inching until he was sniffing along Loki’s back. Loki went still and growled, but let Tony scent him until Tony sneezed and backed off, one brow high in confusion. Loki mewled unhappily as Tony stared at him. His ears went back, rumbling in warning should Tony not back down.

Tony didn’t, but he made a loud called, one that reminded Loki that he was in heat, and he called back before he could stop himself. Tony repeated the sound and drifted closer, knocking against the fridge as he did and taking some magnets off with him, tail catching some loose condiments on the counter and knocking them off.

The motions and sounds triggered something familiar in Loki and his already antsy body uncoiled, but before he could lift his tail and rub against the wall on his side Steve walked in, frowning in amusement at the dirtied counter top. Thor was a second behind him, eyes worried until they found Loki, and all the crumbles on his shirt.

“What is going on in here?” Steve asked, reaching to pet Tony, who angled himself away with a not now noise that made Thor laugh. Their humanism still shocked Thor at times.

“And how many of these did you have?” Thor asked Loki as he stepped in to clear the evidence.

Loki rolled his tongue around his mouth and glanced at Tony, his tail twitching along with his nose as he tried actively to seek out Tony’s scent, Tony’s interested scent, his senses realised belatedly.

“Tony likes to experiment with food. I didn’t even teach him this one. He just figured it out.” Steve said, stepping forward to help.

“No, it’s okay. You’d better go, I wouldn’t want to keep you. Say hi to Peggy.” Thor said, referring to the phone call Steve just received.


Tony fussed again when Steve led him out, staring at Loki until the last second. Thor caught the exchange with raised brows, forgetting the strewn food until he stuck his fingers into the peanut butter.

As soon as the door shut Thor looked back at Loki, easily noticing the change in demeanour. Last time he and Tony had been swiping at each other, and now they were eating together?

It’s the heat, he realised pleasantly. He smiled in relief, nodding to himself as he stored the information away. It brought down Loki’s high wall, enough for him and Tony to be in the same room alone without fighting, enough for Loki to eat a freaking sandwich Tony made. That must have been like the Companion version of catching prey as food and offering it to a…to a potential mate. He had to have been able to tell Loki was in heat. Why else would Tony find him food, suddenly all charms? It wasn’t in the most traditional sense, but Tony still technically got him something to munch. Simple but tasty, no wonder Loki was looking so confused.

Tony didn’t look all that upset either with Loki’s unique state, not like Natasha had. Perhaps Loki registered as another female to her, posing some kind of challenge, whereas with Tony it was different, the reaction to attract instead of repel.
“Made a friend?” he asked softly, and Loki looked at him with conflict in his eyes.

It was clear enough for Thor to pause, but by the time he opened his mouth to ask what was wrong Loki dashed out, leaving Thor in a wrecked kitchen.

Thor retired early that night, calling his goodnight to Loki through his closed door. Loki was sulking with him again, but this time Thor wasn’t sure what for. He had noticed a little something between him and Tony, but that could have just been his imagination—which was becoming very active these days. Was he upset that Tony left? Or had he figured out what Thor was trying to do?

He lay in bed with a frown, on two minds when the door creaked open. No one walked in, but a moment later Loki hauled himself onto the bed, slinking as low as he could and greeting him with a sad mewl, ears flat. It reminded Thor instantly of the first few months when Loki would scurry into his room, frightened of the lightening, the fireworks, the party next door, the dogs barking, eyes wet and ears flat, tail curled around his waist. Thor would hold him close and pet him, talking pointless nonsense about his life before Loki, distracting him with the sound of his voice. It always worked, and within the hour Loki would be sleep after a long purr, hands squeezing and tickling beneath the blankets.

“Come here.” Thor murmured, opening his arms. Loki perked up, only a little, and climbed half on top of him, nuzzling his chest with a purr. But it quickly became obvious this was not going to be a cuddle, not with the way Loki straddled his leg and started grinding.

Thor laughed sharply, more out of shock at Loki’s audacity and tenacity than humour. This was insane!

“Loki!” he exclaimed in disbelief, and Loki shouted right back at him, saying something in what could have been three words.

“We can’t do that!” Thor tried again, but he couldn’t sit up with Loki deliberately weighing him down. His thin blanket wasn’t doing a thing to help either, he could feel Loki’s erection pressing into his leg.

Loki hissed, shoulders hunching as he stubbornly continued, rolling his hips fluidly. He yowled in warning when Thor pushing at his shoulders, but it twisted into something more vulnerable, laced with rejection. It was hard enough hearing the sound of a sad dog, but hearing a Companion do it, so human, it was practically impossible not to feel heart sore.

Thor groaned and Loki stilled, face buried into Thor’s chest as he whimpered, seconds away from crying.

“Loki…” Thor started, putting his hands gently on Loki’s arms. Loki held on tighter, but Thor just rubbed his arms, staring at the ceiling with his own truckload of conflict.

“Maauuw.” Loki called, muffled but loud. It was the same sound he and Tony had been making in the kitchen, Thor had never heard Loki make it before. It was lucky Steve had gotten his phone call when he did, Thor would’ve felt a little over protective checking on them just for that. Though Thor didn’t know exactly what it meant, he could tell there was a question in it, or like an announcement, a proposal.

Then Loki turned his head up and rested his chin on Thor’s breast, face crestfallen and ears low. He looked so miserable, it suddenly made Thor upset. Was he such a bad owner? What was he doing that was so wrong?
He cupped Loki’s head, smiling sadly when Loki rubbed against it.

“What must I do?” he breathed. It was rhetorical, but Loki turned and started licking his hand. Thor’s body reacted instantly, flushing hot. He pulled his hand away before he could get hard, Loki was over his crotch, and let Loki find his gaze.

Loki stared pensively at him, penetratingly, as if trying to peer into his soul. It was unnerving, especially with the shape of Loki’s eyes and the rumbling coming from his chest, but it just made Thor look back harder. And God Loki was lovely. It broke Thor’s heart to imagine him any younger, soft and innocent and bright-eyed, living such a horrid life of misery and abuse. He had been a kitten not so long ago, did he ever get the chance to be one? To play and eat and play some more? Or was it boxes and rags for as long as he could remember? Thor didn’t want him to remember, he wished he could take it all away, maybe then Loki wouldn’t expect him to…to…

“What do I do…?” Thor laid his head back, closing his eyes as he heard took off in the direction of the door was that quickly blowing open.

Loki purred at him with a funny chortle, shifted then started grinding again, this time keeping his eyes on Thor’s face. Thor could feel it on his skin, Loki’s chin digging into his chest as he humped, making Thor tense in return. With his eyes closed it pronounced the rest of Thor’s senses, and in the quiet of the room he could perfectly hear the breathy little sounds Loki’s made in rhythm with the rise and fall of his chest, and feel every wiggle and flush of warmth as Loki moulded to his form.

Then Loki’s hips stuttered and he let out an all too human moan, eyes fluttering, and continued on with a faster rhythm. It was clear he was going to climax, and that was the last straw.

Thor rolled them over as fast as he could to catch Loki by surprise, and detangled himself in the next second. Loki made a series of loud angry noises but Thor won, getting off the bed in a stumble, his cock now hard and bulging in his briefs.

“Wait! Loki, wait.” He said, holding a hand out. Loki sat up on his calves, panting and ready to follow him. He was the most stubborn mischievous thing ever!

“Wait here. I’ll come back and—and we’ll sort something out. Okay? But you must wait here.”

Loki pulled a face, knowing what ‘wait’ meant, but he also knew what ‘come back’ meant, and to show Thor he wasn’t leaving he got into the covers and curled up in the middle of the bed at the top, on top of Thor’s pillows. Only his eyes and forehead poked out, his eyes glinting at the right angle and making Thor’s hair stand.

Thor sighed and nodded, rubbing the back of his neck as he turned out. “Good. Stay here, I’ll come back now.”

Loki didn’t follow him, and he shambled downstairs to find his laptop. He collapsed onto the couch and turned it on, adjusting his hard on with a full bodied flush. *He was fucking doing this*, he was going to hell.

The screen came to life and he clicked open Google, waiting a beat when he realised he was going to have to put this whole dilemma into words. He blushed, glad that at least he could remain anonymous. Or he hoped.

*My Companion is attracted to me*

He stared at the word bar, afraid that once he clicked there was no going back.
“Maauuuuw.”

Thor clicked, jaw clenched and hands sweaty.

Thousands upon thousands of pages popped up, and Thor’s jaw dropped.

My Canine wants to hump me, help!

How to handle Petz ruts.

My Companion keeps escaping to mate

I think I love my Companion??

A guide to Petmanz sex

Human-companion mating

...Well, it was good not to feel so alone anymore. Why hadn’t he done this since day one? He would’ve saved himself weeks of lost sleep.

Thor changed the word ‘Companion’ to ‘Feline’ and clicked search.

My Tomcat Feline keeps trying to have sex with me

Impossible horny Queen. No mate.advice?

I want to fuck my Feline.

Thor looked away, breathing out the nervousness. He needed to Google stuff more often.

Okay so, where to start? Thor thought, pressed for time. Loki would seek him out if he took too long, and he didn’t want to create any kind of memories in the living room that he might need to repress when company was over. Or worse, Jane. Then again, the bedroom wasn’t any better.

There were blogs upon blogs, so Thor clicked over to images, knee bouncing.

The porn was immediate and copious. Feline females sprawled out on their backs or on their knees, getting fucked by normal guys. Both young and mature women on their knees being mounted by their Companions or getting their pussies licked. Blow jobs, anal, facials, creampies, it was all there.

As tempting as it was Thor resisted from looking through the videos, stopping completely when he found an image of a Canine mounting a Feline. It was a trigger concept for Loki, and Thor used it to regain control of himself. He wouldn’t sit and find enjoyment in something that hurt Loki.

He went back onto the web results and scrolled a couple times until he found a forum. Inside the website were dozens of sections, frustrating him, but soon enough he found the guidance list.

My queen is not spayed and gets aroused a lot, how to take the edge off ??

Something clicked and Thor brought up the Find bar, but the word intersex had no results. How was he supposed to get advice when Loki’s...state wasn’t classified? Disheartened, Thor clicked into the title, figuring it was close enough.

The Original Poster was someone called Starlord:
Okay I found this stray lady feline in my basement 2 months ago. There was a real bad storm and I think she got in while I was away. Didn’t have the heart to kick her out so I let her stay and we been gettin along. She’s kinda mean. Doesn’t like petting. but she scared my neighbours annoying dog so that is cool. But now she’s always horny and I swear she’s tryna solicit me for sex. And I swear I didn’t ask for this! Kinda embarrased so how do I fix this? Does this REALLY happen? I got scratches all over, fucking help pls.

Thor laughed, he couldn’t help it. He could relate, and it eased the pressure in his chest, so he hurried to read the responses.

The cat trick with the q-tip can be done with Fequeens, obv with something bigger like your fingers if you don’t wanna get too intimate. - posted by hawkeye

Get her a teaser tom! Pussycat conventions have plenty studs available. My Feline loves going, we even have a few Toms on speedial for housecalls –posted by anon

Just do her. She wouldn't be nagging u if she didn't want it. She wont tell anyone either ;) – posted by yourwarden

If you’re going to keep her just get her spayed, Starlord. This won’t stop and it will only get worse with time if you ignore it. She’ll end up running away in confusion and get lost or taken. Don’t let her suffer. Companions don’t go into heat like cats, so for her to ‘solicit’ you for sex shows she thinks very very fondly of you. –posted by Hill

Use your fingers or dildo. She’ll know the difference, they not dumb, but she won’t care after an orgasm. Should cool her down for the day. Just remind yourself you’re helping her, it doesn’t have to be sexual. – posted by kittylover

Don’t just ‘do her’. Can we please report that idiot? She has feelings too, and if she’s considering you to mate with her then it means she trusts you. She wouldn’t be offering if she didn’t like you, believe me. If you get her a Teaser Tom you can’t just shove them in a room together, it has to be one she wants/likes/knows, so please listen to her if you consider this. If you help her yourself don’t feel ashamed, we all understand how awkward it feels at first, but that’s how it is for everyone getting into a taboo kink.

A little fingering goes a long way, and she might not mind a little foreplay depending on her personality/relationship with you. If you use a dildo please consider an average or smaller size, it is more than enough to sate her. Don’t try making her a size queen even if it turns you on, she will end up being unable to climax with ordinary sex and it will make her miserable (if it doesn’t hurt her in the first place).Same goes for sub males. If you consider having sex with her it should be okay as long as she’s of age.

Let her chose the positions. I knew a guy who kept forcing his queen on her back and she ended up scratching his throat open even though they’d been having censual sex for a few months. It’s not safe for either of you, listen to her. Also flavourless lube is a good idea, just clean her afterwards so she doesn’t eat it when grooming.

Don’t feel guilty if you are/become attracted to her, as long as you respect her and don’t hurt her then enjoy each other :-) – posted by Gwentastic

There were a dozen others, but it was pretty much all the same thing, and what you’d expect. With Loki though the laws were a little screwed, but if he did this with the genuine aim of just easing Loki’s heat then surely he was not wrong?

After Googling the cat Q-tip thing out of curiosity and reading a few more lines of encouragement from other Feline-lovers, he wandered over to the Tomcat Feline section, hearing Loki call distantly. Both men and women reported their Toms trying to mate with them. It wasn’t quite the on the level
of heat that he had with Loki, but it was something. He found his way to the gay page, blushing his way through the links and comments, and only arousing himself further.

*I live in a flat so my Tomcat hasn’t been around girls since he was a kitten. I don’t know if this made him gay or if he was always gay or if I influenced it with my past boyfriends sleeping over but he came onto me last night and I have to admit I wasn’t hating it. He straddled me in bed and I jerked us both off. He enjoyed it and he looks at me differently now. I want to do it again but I want to know how different sex with him would be to a normal bloke. Any advice?* – posted by 221b

*Has your Tom just come into age? He could have an excess of sexual urges built up and yes he can understand where your sexual orientation lies, so he’s just adapting to find relief with the only other being he comes into contact with (I assume). It’s okay to be curious and turned on by his advances, they’re sexual beings just like us, but remember to be a little more patient and vanilla. He won’t understand why you want to gag him or use a plastic vibrating penis in his butt.* – posted by gregolas

*Anal sex is possible, but it might take a while to accomplish depending on his personality. Gonna take a lot of practice fingering before he is used to the feeling. Also he wont bite your dick off if you’re thinking of oral. Unless you jam it in, I guess. Be good to him*~ – posted by anon

*Let him hump a pillow while you mount him from behind. He’s still a dude so you should let him rut something like a pillow or your hand while preparin him for anal. The hornier he is the more he’ll be open to. A small dildo works wonders to prepare him. If you packing huge and think you’ll hurt him then maybe don’t try, it wont be worth the betrayal. He wont ‘enjoy’ the feat of fitting you through the pain, they think differently.* – posted by mycraft

*Lube lube lube! And don’t force him if he don’t want to, you’ll hurt him or end up covered in an accident and deserve it.* – posted by anon

*No one else is mentioning it but he’d appreciate being sucked and mounting you as much as you would from him, so if you don’t mind it then don’t be shy to get in touch with your own inner animal. gregolas and mycraft are right, he wont get the really kinky stuff, but it will drive him wild to have his dick sucked, and letting him fuck you will bring you closer than you can imagine. Sex with will be different yeah, but fucking amazing. It’s breeding man, and they understand that XD* – posted by adlerpaddler

Thor was fondling himself but the time he shut the laptop, replaying everything he had read, and making a huge note to go back and read through the rest, and he’d be lying if he said it was entirely for the education. The whole thing was really starting to pull him under, and knowing there was a place to find answers dragged him down further.

Maybe it wasn’t so wrong? …Too wrong?

“Maaauuuuu!”

No, there was intelligence in those eyes. Companions had to know what they were doing when presenting to their owners. Maybe it was just illegal so idiots didn’t take advantage of it? There was already enough abuse in the world as it was. Loki’s genetically added heat made this a difficult topic to debate on, but then it gave Thor the best reason to comply, didn’t it? Loki had a physical need that needed relief.

Thor nodded to himself, feeling more convicted than he had in weeks of staring at the ceiling so not to risk catching a glimpse of Loki’s arse. He put the laptop aside and got up, still as hard as when he sat down. He grabbed hold of his courage like a coachman to his reins and bounded up the stairs, choosing not to pause at the door lest he run back down.
He entered the room confidently, and was proud to see Loki still on the bed. The blankets where a mess though, most of the pillows on the floor, and the swayback position Loki was in couldn’t be very good for his back. His backside was towards the headboard, giving Thor the chance to keep his control.

“Mew.” Loki wheezed sweetly, looking up with a sparkling glint at Thor’s promised return.

Thor shut the door and padded closer, noticing Loki’s acknowledgment of his erection. Loki mewed again and rubbed his head down into the bedding, wriggling his hips side to side. He was naked now, his clothes probably twisted up in the blankets, Thor couldn’t see in dark. The curtain was open enough to illuminate the room with moonlight, making Loki look more ethereal than ever before, his black tail high and curled at the tip.

He stopped besides the bed and sat down, and cupped the top of Loki’s head.

“Hey.” He said, unsure how to approach this. Did he explain to Loki his epiphany? Or what he was about to do? Or did he just do it?

“I’m sorry you have to go through this. I don’t know if you’d still actually want to do this if you didn’t get heats. But I’ll help you. But you gotta tell me if I hurt you.”

Loki purred loudly, knocking against his hand and shuffled closer, slowly changing the direction of his body.

Well, it was now or never.

“Okay. Okay. Fuck. Come on, kneel up.” He grabbed a fallen pillow from the floor and placed it down in the middle of the bed, and patted it. “Come kneel over this. Between your legs. No—yes, like that. Good. Good Loki.”

Loki knelt over with the biggest firmest pillow, purring against the silk and thoroughly destroying it with his precum. He was hard and dribbling fluid, and as soon as Thor pressed his hips down he started thrusting and made a deep hum in the back of his throat at the friction.

“There we go.” Thor encouraged with a slight shake to his voice, cupping his own crotch as he left his other hand on the small of Loki’s back, feeling every roll of his hips. Loki lowered himself and grunted at every thrust, but too soon he looked back, scaring Thor’s hand away from his bulge.

Loki made a sound of longing, hips stuttering before he shifted and again angled himself towards Thor, and pushed his hips up. It presented his little pussy perfectly, glistening and pink between his lithe pale thighs. Thor’s cock spurted a rope of precum just at that sight and he groaned, a thick wave of arousal shooting through him from head to toe.

Eyes trained on the delectable little slit Thor shoved his briefs down far enough for his cock to spring free and took himself in hand. He stroked himself just enough to take the immediate edge off, aware and insanely aroused having Loki watch his every moment. Loki started thrusting again, excited by his actions, and started babbling, wagging his bottom.

And hell if Thor didn’t want to fuck him. It would be so easy, Loki was so ready, so needy. Loki wanted him, offering himself for months now. It must have been so hard each time Thor rejected him, not to mention the humiliation.

“I’ll make it better.” Thor promised suddenly, rubbing Loki’s back again as his heart and mind took off.
He shifted behind Loki and immediately Loki’s arse lifted and he stilled. Thor kept petting him, rubbing his sides, the fur line on his back, his thighs, until Loki was a little less tense and a little wrigglier. Thor tried to take his time, to convey to the human part of Loki that he cared about him, that this was for his benefit and not Thor’s perverse lust. But Loki started fussing and Thor grudgingly moved on, rubbing one finger down along the small creaseless slit.

So different to a regular vagina, it made Thor’s chest tight thinking about the sad way Loki had been brought into existence. But he was still perfect and deserved proper love, and Thor was going to give it to him. Loki would forget ever having suffered another’s touch.

Loki had really filled out, now that Thor was taking a good look. He had a beautifully defined form, not that of a woman, but angled attractively anyway. It filled Thor with pride, first and foremost, but now that he started his tumble down the hill-side of perversion, it filled him with desire too. Loki was so comfortable and well taken care with him, Loki was all his and so grateful. Loki, this beautiful mischievous Feline.

Loki shifted backwards suddenly, caterwauling at the top of his voice. Thor jumped back but Loki followed, stretching his arms out in front of him and glancing over his shoulder with a frustrated crinkle of his nose.

“Alright! Alright! I’m doing it!” Thor exclaimed, holding back a tense laugh as he leaned forward and took Loki’s hips back into his hands. It placated Loki and he held still again. The act made Thor uneasy and he suddenly wished he had looked at some videos before doing this, see what was normal and what wasn’t—not that porn was ever very accurate. But Loki wasn’t as patient, starting to call under his breath.

Thor shifted Loki so he was back down against the pillow, then pressed in a finger before Loki could complain. Loki’s voice hitched high and he purred so loudly that he vibrated bodily, but otherwise kept still. Thor petted his side, licking his lips again as he pushed in his finger as far as it would go. And as far as he could tell Loki was normally developed inside, and perfectly slick. He couldn’t help from lowering his gaze and watching his finger disappear between the scant pink lips. The skin was tight, a worrisome fact, but it didn’t stop him from imagining how good that would feel wrapped around his aching cock.

“I’m going to hell...” he lamented, to which Loki purred loudly in return, shifting his hips up.

“No, use the pillow.” Thor directed, and started a steady rhythm with his finger. He pressed on Loki’s hips to urge him to move but Loki refused, looking back with a scowl. He meowed something under his breath, and it quickly became clear he didn’t want the pillow. He wanted Thor, his eyes big and trained on Thor’s leaking prick. He unfortunately knew exactly what sex was and how it worked, trickery wasn’t going to work on him.

“Fuck.” Thor got up on his knees and pulled Loki backwards by his hips so they were flush. Loki made another high pitched sound and stilled again, fingers clenched in the blankets. Thor ran his hands over his back like a massage, trying to put aside the feeling of his cock resting against Loki’s cheeks. Before pulling his hands back he squeezed Loki’s neck, remembering that male cats bit the scruff of females when mating, and lo and behold if Loki didn’t give another loud wail that the neighbours might have heard.

“Shhh! It’s okay! It’s okay—” Thor spluttered, distracting Loki with two fingers. But there didn’t seem to be any damage, and Loki responded with a certain satisfied purr that made Thor blush.

Two fingers and Thor could feel the stretch of his entrance, and Loki’s hips started moving again. He thrust aimlessly and lazily, so Thor took a chance and reached around and took hold of his cock.
Loki grunted, a deep guttural sound that made Thor fear for his throat, but then he started thrusting again, and Thor moaned as his cock received a decent amount of friction in return.

He pressed closer up against Loki, unable to help himself, but kept his eyes open and on Loki to keep him focused. His hands quickly became wet with sweat and sexual fluids. Loki was wet, his cock pulsing and dribbling and his cunt slick and dripping. He wasn’t as tight as when they started even though the skin around his feminine sex was now swollen in desire, taking Thor’s fingers without resistance and with an exuberance Thor hadn’t witnessed from him in a while.

Maybe all Loki needed was a good orgasm. Did Companions masturbate? How had he not asked this question before? Well, he hadn’t been quite the pervert before...

Despite the presence of his heat and his vagina, Loki fucked his hand like a stud set on breeding. Thor had to tighten his arms so to keep himself and Loki steady rather than letting Loki rut them both over. It was so virile, the act, so full of energy and life. Of purpose. This wasn’t some half hearted lay or some greedy one sided fuck. Companions had little to no concept of the actual meanings of greed or cruelty, but they did of love and kinship, and in a sense Loki was mating with him. He was furious in his movements, set on climax but clearly enjoying the pleasure of it too, purring and chirping and again looking back, lips parted in sexy little gasps as he lifted his hips to accept Thor’s thick fingers.

Loki knew what he was, Thor realised at that moment, and Loki was okay with it.

The revelation struck Thor like a gong. Loki had been born as he was, he grew up as he was and he was what he was. His whole biology—though created—made him what he was. Loki did not feel bad for being different—again, there was little concept of that. He only felt bad about being rejected as any pet or person would. As far as Loki was concerned he needed to mate and he wanted Thor, he didn’t sit about worrying about his dual sex and the morals of their relationship. Loki was fine, he was content, content enough for his only complaint in life was that Thor kept tip toeing around his demands for intimacy. It was Thor who redundantly pitied him.

Suddenly emboldened Thor pressed in a third finger. Loki took it without a blink, squeezing once around him as if acknowledging it but otherwise remained focused, frantic and murmuring consistently under his breath, eyes glazed. He was erratic now, unsure of which organ to give more attention to, so Thor took charge and fist ed him at the rate he wanted, while sawing his fingers in at a decent pace, messing pussy juice everywhere. The motions and angles lessened Thor’s contact with Loki’s arse so he tipped his hips to the side greedily and ground against Loki’s thigh, a filthy sight on its own.

Loki’s genitals were warm and swollen with blood, his skin glistening and smooth. Thor stared at what he could see in the natural light, unashamed for the first time, watching the way his fingers disappear into the tight burning opening, how Loki’s cheeks bounced, the quivering of the small light brown furl of his arse hole. The sudden impulse to dip a finger in there was frightening, worrisome, but Thor had no time to fight himself on morals—Loki started coming.

Loki went still and arched his back as far as it would go, face pressed into the bedding and hair splashed out over him. His yowl was muffled and drawn out as his body shook, cunt contracting and pushing out rope after rope of thick cum from his cock. The bedding was beyond help, Thor’s hand dripping fluids as he kept pumping root to tip, curling his fingers over the swollen red head.

Thor kept fingering through the spasms. He was knuckle deep, massaging Loki’s inner walls and thoroughly enjoying every shiver and shake he received for his efforts.

Eventually Loki quietened like a siren in the distance, and hung limp. He breathed heavily, twitching
in the aftermath but otherwise dead weight, body sagging and depending on Thor’s grip. Thor eased him down carefully before he extracted his hands, but that was another effort on its own. He tried to be as slow and careful as possible but Loki still whimpered when Thor let go of his cock, and clenched down when he started pulling on his fingers. In fact, he clenched too hard.

“Relax.” He whispered, and even that loud in the still air. He tugged but Loki clenched harder, making a small pained sound. Great, he really should have watched those videos. He felt like a teen all over again, figuring out how sex worked.

“Loki, relax.” He said again, about to scratch the fur line down Loki’s back when he remembered his hand was covered in cum. He wriggled his buried fingers instead, and after a minute of easing finally got his fingers free from the vice grip. It really was strong, what would it be like to have his cock buried snug like that?

Thor grabbed the base of his cock with a grunt to keep from coming, grasping weakly at his remaining self control to keep from coming all over Loki. Loki’s descent from his climax seemed to have ebbed onto Thor and cooled the fire in the blood just enough to feel a resistance at the thought, even if he couldn’t keep from imagining sinking his cock into Loki’s warm body and holding him close.

At some point Loki turned, leaning up on his palms and nuzzling at Thor’s abdomen. He was purring, a deep firm hum that set down Thor’s antsy nerves, lulling his heartbeat into a steady rhythm that coaxed his breathing along. All until Loki started lapping at his sticky hand.

Thor had the same hand wrapped around his cock, and he froze in shock as Loki lapped calmly and leisurely, his slightly longer (and nimble) than average tongue creasing into the joints of Thor’s thick fingers, sucking his own cum. The sounds were utterly filthy and the sight worse, thick visceral ribbons connecting his fingers to Loki’s tongue to his mouth. It was so hot—Thor had never ever seen anything so erotic.

Too fast too soon Loki ended up at the top of his hand, cleaning off the last of the cum on Thor’s thumb.

But it was too much, too close now, and Thor’s restrain snapped the second Loki’s tongue sponged over his cockhead. He pulled his hand away and pushed Loki’s head down over his cock, just enough to get his cock an inch or so between Loki’s lips and he was coming.

The feeling was instantaneous and he growled in acute pleasure, eyes and body clenching. Loki made a sound of surprise but as soon as he realised what was happening he started sucking, not too careful with his teeth but enthusiastic nonetheless, using his tongue and suckling down each spurt. It was messy and obscene, and Thor forced his eyes open to watch. He jerked and held Loki’s head tighter when their eyes met, knowing he had crossed a line even if Loki was staring up at him in near worship. But the moment was all-consuming, and he moaning off weakly as Loki suckled until he had nothing left to give, and stared lapping his cock again for the cum that had dribbling out around his lips.

Loki’s whole face was wet with spit and bits of cum, but he looked satisfied to have licked Thor clean, his eyes growing big and round once more, near bushy tailed in all sense of the phrase. And it was that that made Thor’s hair stand, and got him out of bed in a stumble.

“Go sleep. Go sleep in your room.” He ordered, pointing to the door with a shaking hand. He had to look the least serious he ever had, near naked and flushed, and to support that Loki cocked an all-too-human brow, tilting his head in question.
Why, Thor could see on his face, and he could also see the hurt waiting below the surface. The confusion. The rejection.

...Fuck, he couldn’t kick him out now, what was he thinking? He had taken as much as he gave, he couldn’t shove Loki out the door now under any pretences. What he had done was bad enough, but there was no way he could force Loki out if he wished to sleep here with him.

They stared at one another for a long moment, Thor cracking under Loki’s ever penetrating gaze. Thor dropped his hands and tucked himself away, feeling exposed despite it all, and quickly dropped back into the bed. He felt ridiculous as he pulled at the blankets, trying to be as nonchalant as he could hiding his nakedness while avoiding the messy spots.

Loki felt no such thing, and hurried to climb in besides him, a huge bundle of purring warmth against his chest like a fuzzy wart.

It was hard not to embrace him even as Thor’s eyes watered, and he let Loki into the nook of his arm. He lay still, letting Loki fuss and fidget until he was happy and started dozing off, finally still, finally satisfied.

Thor didn’t feel quite as content, a storm brewing inside him as he petted Loki from head to back until sleep took them both.

XxXxXxXxXxXxXxXxXx

Thor was back on the forum the very next day, going through things he needed to know, and things that were so weird his curiosity got the better of him. He cleared his browsing history each time he logged off, definitely not about to take the chance of having someone find what has been going on in his mind.

And even this research was more difficult than he thought it would be—mostly because of Loki hanging off his arm. Loki couldn’t read though he could recognise words like his name, but it was hard navigating through the clustered forum and praying an embedded image didn’t pop up and scandalise them. Loki stared intently as he scrolled and stopped, scrolled and stopped, interested in whatever Thor was doing like he could understand it as well. Thor had coming across a few too-close calls before he decided not to research in front of Loki lest he figure out what he was thinking of.

It took great effort in the next few days to act like that night never happened. He made an effort to be normal, he pet Loki’s head, he scratched his fur line, he helped him wash his hair, and ignored every subtle glance, every direct purr and ever forward touch that Loki passed back. Thor’s entire body flushed red thinking of what he had done, and to get through his days he focused on the first half where he had been entirely (mostly) altruistic. It had been to help Loki out of his dreadful heat, that was it.

And it worked. Loki went back to ‘normal’ himself, easing off of Thor’s back with the whole seduction, even though there was a new glint in his eyes. Thor tried to ignore that too, acting oblivious and once initiating phone sex with Jane in a desperate attempt to steer his attractions back where they should be. Jane was a gorgeous woman, stunning and amazing in every way.

But Loki was inescapable, and replaced her in Thor’s current fantasies each time without fail.
A week later Steve called to arrange another get-together. Thor hesitated, wondering if the change in their relationship was noticeable. Eventually he relented, and they decided on a day for Tony to come over. It was still important for Loki to mix with his own kind and form some kind of kinship, it might make him more agreeable and expressive. Natasha had been a disaster and Thor knew better than to try Loki with strangers, but Tony seemed like a promising bet. And it had nothing to do with the fact that Thor was almost sure Loki wouldn’t want to sleep with anyone who wasn’t him…

“Slowly—Tony I said slowly.”

Tony pulled a face to the side, canine teeth poking out like vampire fangs, but stepped closer slower. Loki remained still besides Thor, shoulders up but face open, remembering Tony.

Thor remained as calm as he could, hoping male Felines were less vicious than females, because Tony had a bit more muscle than Natasha did and Loki had received quite a few bruises and scrapes from her. Besides him Loki remained still too, letting Tony slink up and take a curtesy sniff, then hold still for Loki to return it. As soon as Loki did so, and perked up with a twitch of his ears, Tony dashed into with house with a loud throaty sound. Even to Thor’s ears it was playful, and he smiled in relief as Loki scooted out of the way, and followed a second after.

“They’re really making progress.” Steve said, smiling.

Thor invited him in, and they sat down in the living room. “Better than I expected. Loki’s always been a bit...unpredictable.”

“He didn’t exactly have a normal bringing up.” Steve reminded, “Bucky, that Canine? Only now he’s really warmed up to us. He gets along with Natasha better though. There’s no threat there of her —...but me and Tony, you know. Sometimes it’s harder to deal with, thinking of where they were...what they’ve been through.”

Thor chewed the inside of his lip. “Yeah...I know what you mean.”

“Mauw?” Tony questioned, in the hallway and staring up at Loki who was perched on the staircase rails, blinking down at him.

Loki’s thick black tail swished.

Tony sniffed air, then turned and rubbed his hair against the wall, nuzzling it afterwards to make sure his scent remained. Loki grumbled under his breath, understanding the claim for what it was, but didn’t move to stop him.

“Meow.” Tony said, louder, cocking his head. Loki’s ear went down and he held tighter to the rails, lips curling up in warning as Tony slunk around the staircase and crept up, rubbing against the wall as he went. Loki’s head turned to watch him, their gazes locked as Tony climbed up deftly until he reached the top, and wandered out of sight.

That was too far in Loki’s opinion and he swung off the railing, running up the stairs to keep watch on Tony.

“Hey Thor, are you okay?”
Thor blinked, looking up. “Sorry?”

“Are you okay? You seem...kind of out of it.”

“I’m fine.” Thor said, a little too fast. “I am fine. Just...” He couldn’t tell Steve, he really couldn’t, but he wanted to. “…Just been wondering if I should get Loki’s heat removed. Maybe it will benefit it more than harm him.”

Steve winced. “Is it that bad?”

“No.” Thor pretended not to hear the squeak in his voice. “It’s just a bit—I want him to be okay, that’s all. He’s terrified of Canines and he won’t even humour another Feline during heat. Spits and hits at the windows when they come by, then clings on me like they’re going to get in.”

“If it’s affecting him so much then maybe speak to Bruce. They can always do more tests and try to work out something specific for Loki, put him on hormone supplements afterwards if he still needs something connected to the heats.”

Thor nodded, wondering only if there was anyway Bruce would be able to find out he had had his fingers in Loki.

“You’re doing a great job.” Steve said, suddenly.

Thor smiled. “Thank you.”

“Your mother would be proud. Haven’t invited her over yet?”

Thor sighed, resting his head back. “I wanted to, but with Loki temperamental like this I didn’t bother trying to set it up. She knows, but she was never very keen on the whole business. I just don’t want her to meet Loki on a bad day. …Which is everyday, even when he’s happy he’s difficult in some way. I don’t want to freak her out.”

“Well, you also have Jane.”

Thor laughed. “Yes. Yes...soon. Once Loki is sorted.”

Tony was going through his toys, and Loki was a second away from smacking his favourite ball out of Tony’s hands and shoving him out of his room when Tony threw the ball at the wall in a way that it ricocheted three times between the four walls before hitting the floor. Both of them were crouching by the time it landed, and Loki cocked his head curiously. Tony grabbed the ball in mid air as it bounced between them and gestured to it for Loki’s attention, then threw it again. Wall, ceiling, wall, floor, and Tony caught it in his hand.

Loki was on his feet with the frantic urge to chase it, discrepancy between them forgotten. Tony puffed out with confidence at Loki’s interest and looked around the room with narrowed eyes before throwing it again, managing to get Loki’s scratching post involved in the four bounces before it hit the floor again. Loki made a noise of excitement, rushing to grab the ball. But he hesitated and looked eagerly at Tony in question, and Tony pointed to the appropriate corner.

Loki only managed to bounce the ball from wall to wall, but Tony was quick to return him and wall and demonstrate again.
“What are they doing?” Steve asked, looking up at the ceiling.

“Sounds like that green ball.” Thor said, recognising the sound it made when played with. They were making a huge ruckus upstairs, but at least they weren’t fighting.

“Tony has excellent aim, he’s going to break something if he’s at the wheel.”

“It’s okay. Loki won’t let that happen. He’s protective over the house.”

“Lucky you. Tony breaks everything. Or, rearranges. Peggy’s hair dryer was once hooked up to the toaster, and that to the can opener. He’s as creative as he is destructive. Sometimes a little too clever by, well you know, Companion standards.”

Loki was fascinated by the ball and the new ways Tony could make it bounce. He’d experimented but nothing as wild as this. After figuring out how to do it almost as well as Tony they started just throwing it so the other had to duck it catch it. Loki tried to be mindful of the windows, he remembered the pain of broken glass, and the look of anger it drew from past owners. He didn’t want to make Thor angry, or have broken glass in his room to bite at his feet.

They quickly became out of breath, and instead of throwing it back Tony kept it, and tossed it hand to hand with a smile. Loki watched the ball dutifully so he could pounce the moment Tony chose a direction.

Tony threw it, and Loki dived after it.

**THUD! THUMP!**

Steve and Thor looked up.

“You sure you don’t want to check up on them?” Steve asked.

“Not much for them to break.” Thor said, glancing at the hallway anyway.

“They sound okay. No shouting.”

“Yeah, exactly.”

Loki whined as he lifted his scraped hand, a bloody cut going down his palm. It seared but it wasn’t deep, victim to the latch on his room door in his excitement. He’d fallen from there and taken the only shelf on the wall with him, his little trinkets and possesses going everywhere.

Tony hurried besides him in a second, calling out in worry. He took Loki’s hand in both of his and made a sad sound. Loki returned it and tried to pull his hand away, about to slink downstairs for Thor to take care of it with the barrels of affection he always did. But Tony wouldn’t let him go, and started licking it clean instead.

The sting made Loki jerk and he wobbled on his remaining arm, falling down to his elbow. His shins were sore too, so he lowered and lay still and let Tony nurse his injury, trusting him.

Something caught his attention and he sniffed, and jerked again at the heavy scent of catnip. His box
of catnip balls was open, grassy balls all over. He mewled and scooped with his arm, unable to resist from burying his face in them. He purred loudly as he did so, finally pulling his hand free so he could catch more. Tony realised then what was scattered around and dropped like dead weight besides him, rolling immediately and getting catnip all over his hair and face as he inhaled deeply.

The pain was temporarily forgotten and Loki hummed, closing his eyes in pleasure as the scent wafted through the room. He rolled over onto his back and back around onto his belly, trying to be inconspicuous as he herded the balls closer to him, knocking into Tony as he did. Tony didn’t seem all that bothered, making deep sounds each time he pressed his face into the floor.

Loki pulled himself onto his knees and started pushing the balls between his knees, coveting them in a pile and smacking at Tony’s face and hands when he tried to steal his own. Tony fought half-heartedly, letting Loki take what was rightfully his, but it also put all the irresistible balls beneath him, and Tony meowed loudly, rubbing up against Loki’s side.

Loki stilled, hunched over his treasure and hissed in warning. But it was for his catnip, and only realised after Tony started licking at his neck what Tony was vying for. The feeling was nice, Tony’s tongue warm and firm, making him shiver as he leaned heavily against him, crowding him against the door. He was warm and he smelt good, familiar, and it struck a familiar cord in his belly.

“Mau.” Tony called, loud against his shoulder, nuzzling up to nip at the fur line going down his back.

Loki shuddered hard, so hard it was near painful, and responded in tune, and pressed against Tony with a deep breath of longing.

That one move was all the communication they needed, and Tony moulded quickly over his back.

“They actually have a trampoline pit for them. I took the boys and Natasha, it was crazy. They loved it. I loved it. Great day out. You get your own enclosure so Loki won’t be threatened by anyone, you should take him.”

“I think I will actually. I don’t think I do enough to keep him active. He’s got more energy than he can burn off, I guess that’s doesn’t help when his heat comes either.”

“I was going to say take him jogging with you, but first you might want to find out who else jogs and at what time. That is actually a great way to exercise him I can’t believe I didn’t think to tell you before.”

“You jog with yours?”

“As often as I can. It’s better than trying to get them to all do stretches and some work outs in the living room, it ends up in chaos.” Steve laughed.

Thor pouted in thought, mulling the idea over. It was a great idea, but he wasn’t a jogger. He might as well start though.

“…It’s quiet.”

“Yeah, the neighbours have always been—”

“No I mean upstairs.” Steve pointed a finger.
“…Loki…?” Thor called loudly as he got to his feet, as slow as could be considered calm. “Hope he’s not being mean.” He said to hide his panic—panicking over what he wasn’t sure—as Loki loved to hiss and spit under his breath, and led the way up the staircase. His room was first and the door ajar, but it was empty. Loki’s door was open too, and had shadows in the doorway. Thor couldn’t decide whether to announce his arrival with loud steps or not, so he just walked until he came around to the door, and grabbed his hair in shock.

“Shit!”

“What?” Steve bounded over for the last few steps, but it was too late.

Tony was at Loki’s back, arms on either side of his body and latched onto the scruff of his neck fur with his mouth. He was thrusting methodically, but picked up pace when he caught onto their presence. He growled loudly and hunched as if to hide what was beneath him, and thrust all the more faster so Loki yowled beneath him.

“Shit!” Thor repeated, at a complete loss of what to do.

Loki lay still, chest and cheek against the floor, hips arched up and pressed back into Tony’s. His pants had been pulled over the swell of his butt just enough to grant Tony access, Tony’s pulled down in the front just enough to expose himself.

Thor would have barrelled in to stop it were it not for the dazed look of pleasure on Loki’s pink face. There was no denying he was consenting, he wasn’t in heat, and he wasn’t a push over. He seemed very much in favour, catnip balls all around them, some crushed his hands. His lips were parted in a beautiful ‘O’, eyes small and glazed. He let slip a beautiful loud moan, oh so human and just bordering his Feline nature, when Steve rushed in and tapped on Tony’s arm.

“Tony stop! Tony, get off of Loki! Now!”

Tony made an angry sound and bit harder, stubbornly, eyes open but pointedly averted. Loki made a breathless sound beneath him as Tony kept slamming into him, crushing him down as if trying to meld.

“Tony—!”

“Steve!” Thor reached in and grabbed Steve’s arm, yanking him back into the hallway. “Leave them.” He said breathlessly, glancing down as Loki shifted on his knees, arching his back sensually to aid Tony’s efforts.

“Thor I am so sorry!” Steve gushed, face red and hands all over it. “I didn’t know—I didn’t think—”

Thor had, but he hadn’t actually expected it to work. And now that it had, he wasn’t sure how he felt. He suddenly felt hollow.

“It’s okay. They’re not fighting. Loki—Loki is okay. He is okay.” He looked down at Loki for proof, nodding for the both of them. “He wants it.”

“I am so sorry.” Steve insisted, giving the mating pair one last shocked look before stepping back towards the stairs. Thor swallowed and followed, stomping down his new secret urges to shove Tony off and declare Loki as his, in every way.

They made it back downstairs, their faces hot with embarrassment and shock, and stood idly in the living room now that they knew their Felines were upstairs having sex.
“…Well, now I know why Tony’s actually been keen on making a friend.” Steve said, scratching his head sheepishly. “I feel like I should have seen this coming. Last two females he’d been hanging around ended up pregnant.”

“He’s not neutered?” Thor asked before he remembered that Loki was fixed anyway.

“He wasn’t at the time, then I got him fixed. What I mean is Tony’s really not shy to make his way around. I’m sorry, we should’ve spoken about this before anything of the sort happened. Loki’s been through enough.”

Thor nodded, pushing aside his gnawing guilt with a calm expression. “Yeah…yeah. But it’s okay, it’s not your fault. Or Tony’s.”

“It’s not Loki’s fault either. He can’t help the heats.”

“Then everything is okay. They’re big boys, I am sure they can sort it out.”

Steve nodded surely, though his eyes were still glittered with shame.

Loki cried out as Tony bit one last time into his neck, sinking in as deep as possible with a delicious roll of his hips now that they weren’t under scrutiny. Tony came, whining into his neck and humped erratically, spilling deep inside Loki’s channel. Loki’s eyes fluttered and he moaned, body seizing up and spilling into his own climax at the feeling of warm seed filling him.

Oh he missed this. He couldn’t even remember the last time he had mated with another like him. And he hadn’t quite missed the loud biting voices and hard unforgivable hands of the old humans and their copious friends, but mating was always a delight when he could reach his peak too, filling the void of yearning inside his belly. The void he desperately wanted to fill with Thor, his most dedicated and loving human.

Eventually Tony let go of his neck and started licking the spit-soaked fur as he softened and slipped out, but still heavy at his back. Loki stayed where he was, enjoying the gentle services and attention to detail as Tony went down his arm, finding his way back to the cut on his hand. His administrations turned gentle and he purred, letting it soak into Loki’s skin.

It was nice, Loki acknowledged. Tony was nice. Very nice.

But Thor was still better.

“Okay, bye! Go safe!” Thor called out the front door, waving to Steve who drove out, waving through the window. The sun had just set and it was a warm night, usually Loki would be all over him by now, heat or not. But tonight he hovered on the stairs, yet to come down officially. Thor closed the door and turned to watch Loki lick at his tricep, hair mussed and pants low on his waist.

“You sure you don’t want Tony to sleep over?” Thor asked, breaking the silence.

Loki stopped only to shoot Thor a raised brow.

“Just asking. Don’t know if you needed more time.” Thor shrugged, berating himself for acting so nonchalant. He was being weird enough for Loki to frown, tilting his head like nothing had happened.
But it did, and Thor was fiercely and stupidly jealous.

It had to be some by-product of living with a Companion, these feelings—these urges. Like husbands around their pregnant wives, sympathy cravings. Here he was jealous that the Feline Tony had gotten along so well with his Feline Loki that they mated. He had no business getting jealous, Loki was not his lover. And he was the one who kept pushing Loki away, it wasn’t Loki’s fault if Loki got tired of begging and chose someone else. In fact that is exactly what Thor had wanted, to remind Loki about other Felines and divert his interests where they belonged. So why did this feel like a gut-punch?

“Mew.”

Loki was right in front of him on the first step, leaning a hand on the rail and looking stunning with his pink cheeks and glazed eyes, especially now after...

“You—…”

Loki said something and held his other hand out, turning it to show his palm. Thor took quickly when he saw the cut.

“Shit. What happened?”

Loki explained something, but trailed off, his words useless between them. Thor touched it gently, but any attempt to blame Tony fell through, and he tugged Loki off the step.

“Let’s clean this.”

Loki followed quietly, always silent on his feet as he let Thor sit him on a stool at the counter. Loki sat quietly, more recluse than Thor had grown used to, and it added to the chipping on his heart.

He dabbed a bit of Feline friendly anti-septic onto a clean swab from the first aid kit and carefully cleaned Loki’s cut. Thor tried to figure out where it could have happened so he could fix it, but came up short. All he could see was Loki bent over and grinding back against Tony.

He wanted to ask if Loki hurt anywhere else, but suddenly he didn’t feel he had the right.

Lost in his confused thoughts and regrets he didn’t see the way Loki stared at him from the side, quiet and still until Thor deemed him fixed, and that he would order pizza for dinner. They ate in relative silence, Thor pretending to watch TV as Loki lay with his head in his lap like always, only now he was not trying to slip his sneaky paws into Thor’s crotch or twist and turn until his rump was where his head used to be. Thor noticed automatically, but still he didn’t see the eyes that looked at him, forlorn whenever he was looking elsewhere.

A few days later on schedule Loki fell into heat seeing as he had no womb to conceive with. Theirs days and interactions had been somewhat…different than usual, but Thor supposed he only had himself to blame for it. He knew he was being slightly distant, but it was as much for the greater good as it was to his ridiculous jealousy. It was best that Loki mated, he was calmer and even looked more content. There was no nagging, no clinging and no fussy, only a strange kind of staring that Thor noticed belatedly, and couldn’t translate.

Thor was at work at the time Loki went into heat. He was fine before he left, still snoozing in his own room (which was a telltale sign, Loki was always up early). When he came back Loki was in the living room, sprawled across the three-seater couch and breathing deeply but steadily, face flushed and wriggling into the cushions. He took one look at Loki, seeing the expectance on his face, and dialled Steve without needing to look at his phone.
He didn’t know quite what to expect, but Steve agreed on letting their Felines mingle. Tony was apparently on board, so that was that.

Tony was over the very next day by Thor’s permission, and he and Loki quickly disappeared into the nooks of the house, beginning Thor’s new life of torture.

He was that he could let Loki have this. He was. He really was.

But it was hard to remember that each and every time he overheard them fucking. Over the course of the next two months Thor learnt just how many sounds Felines could make when mating. Cats themselves could apparently make over a hundred different sounds, so neither Loki nor Tony were shy on demonstrating their vocal cords. They often ended up in Loki’s room or the storeroom downstairs. It was dark and cramped and Loki loved it for some bizarre reason, luring Tony in and fucking him on the mound of old mats Thor had stored there. If Loki could have babies Thor was almost certain he’d give birth and raise them on it.

Tony was a good Feline, if a little snarky and rude in his insane facial expressions. But Loki found him fascinating, letting him hover and crowd him and nip into his neck. Tony slept over for days at a time during Loki’s heats, kept busy enough that the house was fairly stable when Thor came back, and both Felines were exhausted and hungry.

It was a small consolation that the sex happened while Thor was away, but it only lasted as long as Thor resisted doing the laundry, cleaning Feline jizz of all of Loki’s clothes and bedding.

Loki’s scent quickly became ripe in the house. By the second week Thor was uncharacteristically frustrated and irritable. If he wasn’t listening to Loki mate he was trying to do something while ignoring Tony’s presence, or Loki’s scent, or the increasing urge to look up Companion porn. Loki getting off wasn’t helping the way Thor thought it would, not in the least. He should have known, they were still far too human to watch them having sex without getting aroused.

He had avoided the forum rather than going back, but now he wanted to read it all, see it all. It was hard not to imagine it every time he heard or accidently walked in on Loki on his knees (and once on his back), rolling his hips as he let Tony fuck him.

*Mate him*, his decency corrected.

*Fuck off*, his crumbling will power retorted.

So Thor turned to Jane, like he should. But unfortunately, as he had only sparsely realised: she wasn’t around much. The two weeks ended up being two weeks of loneliness and non-stop Loki boners, and Loki wasn’t there to nag for it this time. Thor tried his best to picture Jane, slicking his cock obscenely with lube as he thought of her, rubbing desperately, but with Loki’s stink in the air there was not a chance. All he could picture was Loki’s lips wrapped around his cock, sucking down his cum like a good angel.

Did he and Tony do that? Loki seemed to understand what—oh...his past.

Just into the third month of horror, Jane returned. She had been away on a consultation, being the brilliant woman she was. He almost cried in relief when she agreed to see him, and got dressed up smart for their date.

“Be good okay? Drink your milk.”

Thor made Loki some warm milk and two cookies before he left, petting Loki’s nape as Loki downed the treat enthusiastically. Tony wasn’t there. Loki’s heat had subsided for the time being,
leaving him floppy and easy to handle seeing that it was sated, emotionally as much as physically. Loki would crawl back upstairs once he left and fall asleep in his bedding still a bundle on the floor, two of Thor’s towels in it as a constant fixture.

As Thor checked his watch Loki leaned over and nudged him in the chest with his head. Thor blinked at the top of his head in surprise, and hesitated only a moment before petting Loki’s head.

“Go sleep.” He urged, choosing not to say he’d ‘be back late’ in case the message got mixed between them and if he decided to stay at Jane’s it would mean leaving Loki waiting up all night.

Loki turned his chin up to look curiously at him, upper lip stained with milk, and made a small sound.

A jolt of seedy arousal shot through Thor as his head filled with images of leaning over and licking the milk off. Kissing him until it was gone, or thumbing it away just to dip his thumb between Loki’s lips and feel him suckle as he no doubt would. His groin stirred immediately, glad to help destroy him.

“Going.” He grunted curtly, kissing Loki on the head before he rushed out.

Dinner was wonderful. Jane was wonderful; and Thor made an extra effort to be a gentleman. Flowers, a fancy restaurant, good conversation.

It was hardly her fault that he was sexually frustrated, and he didn’t want to make it hers. But a good meal, a few glasses of wine and copious giggling and he didn’t have to worry about it. She missed him as much as he missed her, linking their fingers over the table and smiling broadly as they discussed whatever came to mind, moving into a more suggestive area the later it got. They’d been out for two hours and the wine had settled nicely, thrumming low in their blood. Thor kept his intake to a minimum, as the driver, and soon enough he was helping Jane put on her jacket.

“So, are you going to invite me over or keep avoiding it?” she asked, pouting playfully.

Thor blushed. “Only if you’d like that. But I thought this time maybe your place—”

“Oh, no, you’ll break up with me if you saw my apartment. Not pretty. You’ll run screaming with old laundry and dishes chasing you. Besides, I like your place. Darcy could be home and well…I want you all to myself.”

Welp, there went any arguments he could think of.

“Oh my God!” Jane shrieked, pointing at the dark figure.

Thor turned and swore, hunching over Jane to hide her but squinting anyway to at least see who the fuck was climbing up his fucking window at night. He squinted a little harder but then the person turned slightly and he saw the shilouette of two ears and a tail, and realised it was Loki. His mind helped his eyes fill in the blanks and he swore again, half laughing half gritting his teeth.

“It’s Loki.” He said to Jane, chuckling as she blinked, then laughed, covering her face. He bunched up the covers at their side and pulled it up to cover them, then waved a hand.

“Loki! Get back inside!”
Loki pawed at the window, fingers staining the glass, meowing distantly.

“Get inside!” he shouted, and he knew Loki understood by the way he hunched and turned his head stubbornly.

“How did he get out there?” Jane asked, peeking out with just her eyes from beneath the blankets.

“I don’t know.” Thor said, frowning and staring down Loki until Loki gave in and climbed away. Thor waited until he heard the thud of Loki re-entering the house, then sagged slightly and rested his head on her chest.

“He’s a little clingy.” She noted, teasingly, running her hands through his hair. She had no idea.

Loki made a long sound of lament from the next room, and Thor grit his teeth, snapping his hips and focusing instead on the sound of surprise from Jane. He blocked Loki out entirely for the rest of the night, pretending he was in Jane’s apartment, and the sounds of a Feline belonged to the neighbours. It got the job done, and Thor slept slightly better than he had in months.

“And here are the eggs!” Jane announced, dancing around the kitchen as Thor stumbled around. She might have slept even better than him, and he realised he wasn’t the only one who needed their night. It was Friday so they both had to work, but he had the liberty of being a little late if he wanted and luckily so did she, so he didn’t rush, letting the sleep fade slowly as he got around, humming and kissing her lightly as she took over his kitchen.

Toast, bacon and eggs, and it smelt divine. Thor kissed her again in thanks, salivating at the smell and sight of the food laid out as he seated himself at the counter.

“Loki! Loki, food!”

Thor’s head shot up.

“What do you say? Breakfast? Or just food?” She asked.

“Oh, no, just er, just leave him. He’ll come down on his own time. We can just leave him some.” Thor said quickly, buttering his toast.

“I don’t mind, you know.” She said, shooting him a look like he was being unreasonable. “Loki?!”

Thor winced to the side, filling his plate before setting one for Loki anyway. Whether Loki came down now or later Thor would have to do it anyway, and Loki loved bacon and eggs.

“I hope he’s not scared of me. You need to introduce me.”

Thor held back a sigh. “Love, it’s fine. He—”

Hiss

They looked up and saw Loki in the hallway, peeking from around the door frame and looking ready to bolt.

Jane smiled and put her hands together before reaching one out for him to smell.

“Hi, Loki. I’m Jane.”
Loki blinked at her, quite apathetically, Thor noted in misery, and in a flash zipped into the kitchen besides Thor. He hid behind Thor’s shoulders and stared at Jane over them, chest rumbling, barely audible but with the capacity to be threatening.

Thor felt a sting of annoyance and physically nudged Loki one place over to his designated plate. “Eat Loki. Jane won’t bite you.”

“It’s okay. I should come around more if we don’t want him jumpy around me.”

Thor wanted to say something, placate her worry, but no. He was tired of Loki calling the shots. He had never thought himself to be either a dog or cat person, but suddenly he could understand why some people couldn’t stand cats. There was no reason for Loki having pulled the stunts he did last night and certainly no reason for him to be glaring at Jane. He wanted to scold Loki, seriously scold him, but the little voice of reason held him back each time, especially seeing that Jane was here. She wouldn’t understand, and think him needlessly cruel. Loki might not understand either.

Showing her big heart Jane sat at the opposite end of the counter, smiling benevolently and kindly as they enjoyed her breakfast. Loki played with his as he finally sat next to Thor, glancing around with sly eyes and if Thor could guess he’d say Loki knew she’d been the one to cook. Thor ignored him, enjoying his own food, until Loki started stealing a strip of bacon from his plate.

Thor smacked his hand and it dropped. “No. There’s yours.”

Loki’s ears went back and he hunched, and Thor prayed Jane wouldn’t care enough to get involved. A minute later Loki tried again, lips up in the funniest Angry Cat pout as he did so. Thor smacked his hand again and this time shifted loudly away, making an exasperated noise.

“Loki.”

“Maauuuw…”

Jane politely stayed out of it with a small smile, thankfully not offering Loki off of her plate. Loki relented and nibbled off his own, casting them both angry little glances and purposely dry heaving in front of them afterwards for the hairball that didn’t come up. And then when their backs were turned, scooped all the left over bacon and a handful of scrambled eggs and ran away with it.

Thor was burning with embarrassment as they cleaned up.

“I swear he’s not like this. He just gets a little—”

“Thor, it’s okay.” She patted his chest, ever smiling and bright. “They’re like kids, of course they’re going to be naughty.”

She had no fucking idea.

He drove them around last night so he had to take her to work. He wanted to see Loki first, tell him that his behaviour was wrong, bad, naughty—but he also knew it was a lost cause. He gave up the thought and hurried Jane out as quickly as he would without seeming like he was being rude, calling a goodbye to Loki before stepped out and driving them off.

Jane was none the wiser, continuously telling him that it was okay, like she was afraid he would choose between him and Loki, and he knew she was good enough to fear him neglecting Loki in favour of her rather than worrying that he would neglect her in favour of Loki. It made things all the more difficult. She was an angel and Loki was a little terror who couldn’t understand his
misconceptions—and dammit he was an angel too.

help

A week and a half later Loki went back into heat. It was a few days late according to the schedule, but Thor didn’t dare complain. He also didn’t panic himself but wondering if Loki was pregnant, the womb was gone and he highly doubted they just grew back, they weren’t freaking lizards.

It happened in the morning, but Thor had a meeting today and he couldn’t stall. He drew Loki a cool bath and left a nice cold glass of milk by his door before he left. When he came back Loki was no where in sight, the house quiet and still. Thor half expected to be mauled or grumbled at but he put his things down in peace. He waited for Loki’s calling, the thud of footsteps, but maybe Loki was asleep.

He poured another glass of milk before going upstairs, a handful of biscuits and a smile on his face. He had been a little hard on Loki lately, and he didn’t want to make Loki feel out of place.

The glass of milk he put there that morning was empty but in the same place, and he entered Loki’s room with a smile.

“Hey there.” He said, finding Loki in his bed. Loki was awake, but with small eyes and little expression. Thor tried not to let it bother him and he crouched down, giving over the treats. “Here, have a snack before dinner.”

Loki blinked at the offering and he sighed, humming in what Thor learnt was thanks. His heart lifted a little and he couldn’t help ruffling the side of Loki’s head. It was already Thursday, Tony could come over tomorrow and Loki could take care of the incessant needs his body forced on him. Although he normally looked more excited when his heats came around, why the long face now?

“Did you soak in the bath?”

Loki glanced in the direction of the bathroom and nodded twice, looking a little tired and irritable.

Thor caressed his cheek. “Just hold out for tonight. I’ll call Tony over for tomorrow.”

Loki looked up sharply and hissed.

Thor ripped his hand back to his chest and blinked. Loki’s twisted features softened when he looked at Thor, then he grumbled something and looked away, sighing heavily again.

Thor frowned, looking at his hand and once around the room as if the cause would appear.

“...Do you want to talk about that?” he asked, rhetorically.

Loki frowned and just burrowed low, ignoring his milk and biscuits. He loved those biscuits, especially during his heats when his every sense was heightened.

“What?” Thor lifted an incredulous brow as it struck him. “Tony?”

Loki looked darkly at him, lips twisted. Thor frowned even harder, brows twisted up in a mess.

“...You don’t want Tony to come?” he asked carefully.

Loki’s ears twitched and he jerked his head.

“Why?” Thor blurted, knowing he wouldn’t get much of an explanation. Steve hadn’t said anything
afoul, and Tony didn’t seem like a mean Feline, even if he was a bit rude. Tony hadn’t been here in a while anyway, Loki had been a purring lump on the floor the last time after he left. Maybe Loki was just tired of fighting with Thor and needed someone knew to spit at, Thor couldn’t figure him out entirely.

Loki made an irritable noise and just shook his head again, looking away.

Thor blew the air from his cheeks and sat back on his butt, arms around his knees and suit be damned.

“Okay. Can you tell me why? Why don’t you want Tony to come back? Did Tony hurt you?”

All he got was more frowning and irritable uttering. Loki didn’t seem scared in any way, just… annoyed.

“…Tired…of him?”

Loki threw him a look that clearly said shut up, and shuffled up to grab the biscuits and milk. He ate and drank noisily, getting crumbs and milk blotches everywhere. Thor frowned, wondering if he went downstairs at all where all his meals waited in plastic containers.

A small giddy niggle was trying to make its way into Thor’s chest as he watched Loki.

That had to be it, Loki was tired of Tony. Loki was quite a bit of an introvert; he liked solitude and quiet time. Tony was a bit of a busy body, claiming whatever space he was in even if it wasn’t in a territorial manner. Maybe Loki just didn’t want to mate with him anymore, it could be as simple as that. No…but maybe... Who the hell knows. Thor gave up the thought with another cheek-filled exhale and got up, clearing his throat.

“Okay, well, then he won’t come. Okay? No Tony this time.”

Loki wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and looked up with a slightly more tolerant look, nodding.

“Okay.” Thor shrugged, and went to his own room to change into something more comfortable, equal parts concerned and ridiculously glad.

That night Thor lay in bed with his lap top. His door was closed and locked, and Loki was out cold in his own room. It had been a while since Loki had to go through the heat without relief and he was grumpy and tired, and Thor gladly took advantage of the time alone. He couldn’t help himself, cock already stirring in interest. He wasn’t going to do anything, but if Loki was going to go back to his old style of dragging Thor down with him then Thor wanted to at least see the mechanics of how to…go along with it. He wasn’t arrogant to think if Tony was out he was in, but he was honest enough to admit to himself he needed to release some built up steam before handling Loki again.

Feline porn, he threw into Google, half wishing half dreading that the FBI would suddenly appear on the screen and suck him through. But the screen popped up bright with results, and he slid a hand over the bulge of his briefs as he scrolled.

For a while it was just scrolling. There were lots of pretty Feline females going around, but after finding a video of a pregnant one riding some guy found himself in the pregnancy kink department that starred scores of pregnant Felines and Canine’s, their tits full and leaking as they were bent over or laid back and ravished. The men making these videos were insanely into it too, making all sorts of embarrassing wild noises as if they were animals too. And strange enough it seemed to rile up their Companion partners, and Thor greedily watched bits of every video, face bright red.
He came across one or two that clearly involved a Companion barely giving over their consent to an impatient human, and he passed those over quickly, wondering if Steve’s people ever fought against pornography abuse. That would be a tough one to bring up though, he couldn’t risk making it suspicious after all this heat business with Loki.

Thor eventually found himself in the gay Feline department, and stared in shock at the cock-sucking skills of some of these little guys. They stared at the camera too more often than not, putting even regular porn stars to shame as they mimicked and did even better. The actions were a little too human though, too trained, and he found he rather liked the natural flare to Loki’s advances. At least he hadn’t been trained to be something he wasn’t.

Thor pulled out his cock after watching a particularly cute bushy-haired Feline boy suck his human partner to competition, purposely letting the sticky cum drip from his mouth and slide down the man’s adequate cock before hurrying to lap it back up like it was a race. There was genuine excitement in the boy’s eyes and Thor’s golden heart took solace in it, more so when the man crooned and praised him with gentle touches that made the Feline purr for the camera. That couldn’t be faked, and Thor supposed that made it easy to catch when it was abusive or not, even if it was all technically illegal.

There was another man waiting to be serviced by the bushy-haired Feline, swapping camera duties. The video was a rather well shot amateur home-video rather than the exaggerated ones where a lot of the moaning was loud and forced. But this Feline was all too happy, clinging to the man’s thighs as the man stood and caressed the back of his head, no doubt enjoying those curls as he rubbing his more-than-generous cock over his face. The Feline made little chirping sounds that Thor was sure he heard Loki make before, lapping half heartedly along the shaft until the man gave him permission, and swallowed down the cock whole.

Thor stroked harshly, beating off with a deep frown and a low moan. He fumbled to keep the sound of the video low so not to catch Loki’s ever perceptive attention, too lazy to dig out where he put his ear phones. He pumped himself hard, using spit and the copious precum leaking from his cock to lube it up and it was more than enough, setting his nerves on fire as he finally stepped aboard.

For a moment, only a moment, Thor stopped, watching the screen blankly. The images moved about, sounds blurring into background noise. What had he come to, what was he doing? ...Why was it so wrong?

He wanted Loki so much. He was going to hell. But it wasn’t enough to dampen his lust. His was tired of fighting this.

His eyes focused back in on the screen a moment later and he moaned, resuming the motions around his cock to the beautiful sight of the bushy-haired Feline boy arched out, waving his hips in a most basic manner of seduction. He had a cock in his ass the next minute and Thor came, not in the least mindful of his own grunting as he did. Loki’s form replaced the strangers’ at the very last moment and Thor nearly sobbed, remembering each and every time Loki had offered the very same thing to him. It was a rushed and guilty orgasm, and it look his energy with it, leaving him barely enough to slam the screen down and haphazardly clean himself with nearby tissues before he fell asleep, sprawled out and sweaty.

Thor dragged himself out of bed the next morning, feeling sticky and disgusting and somewhat...defeated. He knew why, he supposed, but he couldn’t feel any emotional reaction to it. He just shoved his dirty clothing and bedding in the laundry basket then shoved himself into the shower, letting the warm water soothe the ever present tension in his shoulders.
But the shower couldn’t last forever, the ‘save-water’ campaigns always in the back of his mind whenever he wanted to indulge. He vacated sooner than he wished but it was of no matter, Loki was somewhere and probably hungry, he needed tending to. He left his room a mess and trudged out in slacks and an old t-shirt, stopping by Loki’s room first rather than going down then coming back up.

He door swung open and he leaned in, spotting Loki on the floor, near but not on his bedding.

Thor frowned. “Loki?”

The Feline was breathing, and blinked wearily at Thor, but made no attempt to move.

Thor frowned harder and stepped in, glancing at the heat calendar on the wall just to be sure.

This wasn’t his usual heat behaviour. Yes Loki could nap for ages even after a full night’s rest, and come out of it like a Tasmanian Devil, but it was usually either or. He didn’t lie around looking dreary, on his side rather than on his belly like he normally liked so he could flag with his tail. His brow was wet and his breathing shallow.

He didn’t look well, not at all.

“Loki? Loki, what’s wrong?” he asked, trying to mask his nervousness as he hurried in and knelt besides him.

Loki made a tired sound and turned his face into the floor, making it difficult as Thor tried to feel his temperature. He was hot, but it didn’t feel any worse than on normal heat days.

“Loki where is it sore? Where? Show me—” the rest of it got punched out of him as he sailed back and hit the wooden floor, Loki heavy on top of him. He blinked in shock and gasped for breath, fearing for a wild second that Loki wanted to hurt him. But Loki made no such move, shifting twice until he was sitting on Thor’s belly, making it slightly difficult to breathe.

There was a look of triumph on Loki’s face, and Thor realised with a groan that he had been tricked. He thumped his head back against the floor and whined, closing his eyes tiredly.

“Loki…” he groaned, shaking his head slowly from side to side.

Loki shifted down his body when it was clear he had surrendered, and leaned over. Thor frowned and opened his eyes in time to watch Loki lick at his cheek, a small suggestive lick unlike the cleaning and grooming kind.

They stared at one another, noses nearly touching, and Thor shook his head again.

“…What do you want?”

Loki purred softly and tilted his head in thought, then answered by licking over Thor’s lips.

It was weird, but arousing all at once. Thor’s blood rushed hot by that one simple action and he licked his lips, pleasing Loki who purred louder and licked his lips again.

That was it.

Thor broke his resolve, his will power, his fears, his morals, and he met Loki with a lick of his own. They cracked and crumbled completely, making way for all the possibilities with only Loki as his guide, his reason, his power.

Their tongues met and Loki jerked in surprise at his participation, but dived back in a second later.
Thor met him again with gusto, grabbing onto Loki’s neck and cupping his head as they kissed messily. Thor couldn’t help trying to use his lips but Loki didn’t seem to mind, trying to copy him and doing a damn good job of it. Thor allowed him an equal balance of power and compromise, easing off the lips to enjoy the animalistic connection that kissing Loki’s way gave.

It was incredibly messy but Thor was as hard as a brick within a minute, his body quickly wide away and flushing hot. He ground his hips up and dropped a hand down to Loki’s waist, pushing him down so their crotches met hard and rough. Above him Loki was making a funny sound in the back of his throat, and Thor realised it was in answer to the grunting coming from his own. They sounded like two wild beasts, rutting against each other and biting and licking viciously at each other’s mouths. It was intense, Loki was near vibrating with the sheer desire lurking under his skin, wriggling down so there was no space between them.

“Fuck.” Thor grunted when he turned his face for air, and sucked in a gasp just before Loki found his mouth again and stuck in his tongue. Loki was getting the hang of it, his teeth a slight danger as Thor cut his lip and nearly his tongue in the process. But everything felt so heightened, so good, so fucking good, and Thor closed his eyes and pretended he was just another Feline, chosen by Loki to mate. And he was chosen.

How many times had Loki tried to seduce him? Countless. It was no wonder Loki was always irritable with him if he felt this level of lust each and every time, only to have Thor turn him down. He hadn’t really understood the level until now, and he wasn’t even the one in heat.

Loki pulled away with surprising strength but slammed his palms down on Thor’s rest to keep him down, wriggling in his lap in the most destructive way. He had a salacious grin on his sharp face, fangs poking out just so as he starting pushing up Thor’s shirt, pointedly tugging on his belt.

“Okay, okay,” Thor breathed, doing the rest as Loki sat back and watched, moving only when Thor had to kick off his pants. Loki helped, ripping claw marks into two places but that was the last thing on Thor’s increasingly frazzled mind. He felt wild. He kicked the pants off like they burnt, keeping one hand around Loki’s arm so he could pull him back as soon as they were off. He hadn’t bothered to put on underwear, he realised, and he didn’t even want to get into that subconscious choice. Loki on the other hand made a funny giddy sound, leaning over intrusively to stare at Thor already hardening prick.

The scrutiny was made Thor’s cheeks burn and he tugged on Loki’s arm, his throat clogged with what had to be a toad. Loki looked up at him curiously, before seeming to realise something. He purred loudly and slipped back into Thor’s lap, kneading immediately on Thor’s chest. The pain was instant and Thor jerked, resisting in time from pulling Loki’s hands away. But there was a sly grin on Loki’s face and the Tom leaned over slowly, ever so slowly, until he was able to run his tongue along the small welts.

Rough but soft, Thor was at a complete loss of how to explain it as his eyes rolled back, heart hammering in his chest. He grabbed at Loki’s waist and squeezed, his thumbs caressing Loki’s belly, when they brushed beneath his shirt and over his swollen little numbs.

Loki jerked and arched towards him, and Thor couldn’t help lifting his shirt to take a look at the rows of dark pink teats, all hard and swollen and just made to be in his mouth. Thor shook his head, for what he wasn’t sure, and heaved them over. Loki landed on his back with a surprised puff of air, but he didn’t stop Thor from ripping his shirt off. If anything he looked more satisfied the more Thor grew in need. And while Thor didn’t know what he expected, he was grateful for the visual confirmation that he wasn’t taking advantage here.

Once his pale chest was bare Thor leaned over and sucked the first one he reached. Loki screeched
and grabbed hold of his head, not too mindful of his claws and thankfully latching onto hair and not skin. Thor rolled the thick nub in his mouth, drawing it up into his mouth and marvelling at the soft heat. His hands found their way to Loki’s hips and he hooked them in the hem of his pants, yanking them down as he moved to the next teat, leaving a wet strip of flesh as he did.

Loki made an all too human moan as he arched again, lifting his hips so Thor could get the pants off. But as soon as they were off his ankles Loki twisted, pushing at Thor’s shoulder so he could fold over onto his hands and knees. His thick strong tail smacked Thor in the face and twisted around his neck before Thor could nudge it aside, complimented by the most devious look as Loki peeked over his shoulder, his green eyes near sparkling as he hoisted his hips up and tugged Thor by the neck.

The strength in it was surprising. Thor caught himself at the last minute, laughing breathlessly as he followed Loki’s direction like he was the pet. And well, didn’t they say dogs had owners and cats had pets?

The thought served only to rile Thor up further. He growled loudly, in a way he hoped would come off as playful, and mounted Loki the way he was being prompted. His cock was straining up against Loki’s pert butt and he grabbed Loki’s waist with a groan to ground himself, but paused to slide a hand over and feel for Loki’s erection. He had turned so fast Thor hadn’t been able to see it and nearly forgot Loki had one himself, one that would surely enjoy some attention.

And boy did he have one. Loki was already stiff himself, cock leaking—or no, rather, the juices were leaking down along his cock from his cunt. Thor growled again, this time in lust, and couldn’t help from tightening his fingers and giving Loki a few good wet pumps. Loki gasped and rutted forward, his hips strong and commanding. Thor wished it didn’t surprise him, he needed to stop seeing Loki as that fragile thing he brought home.

He left Loki to rut as he leaned back a little, pushing on Loki’s back so he arched a little more, putting his slit on display.

“Uugh.” Thor groaned, holding his hand still now so he could focus on running the pads of his fingers straight down Loki’s puffy mound. Loki stillled at his touch and quivered, tail tightening and tugging again as he arched his hips up pointedly.

It was too much. It was far too much, Thor was going to lose his mind, he was sure of it. He sunk two fingers in and immediately pumped them, salivating at the immediate rush of juice that coated his digits.

“Fuck, Loki.”

“Mauw.” Loki answered, swivelling his hips so Thor’s fingers popped out. He backed up before Thor could question him and rubbed his arse against Thor’s hard on, making it more than obvious. And as tempting as it was to crudely stick his cock in and fuck, Thor needed to sate the months of frustration and curiosity boiling beneath his skin.

Letting go of Loki’s cock Thor cupped the back of Loki’s thighs and used his thumbs to spread his cheeks obscenely, and pushed his hips forward to rub the swollen red head of his cock against those smooth pink-dusted lips. A mewl escaped his Feline, who canted his hips, but Thor hung onto his self control, trying not to acknowledge how fluid Loki was in his hands, pushing back as Thor circled, spreading his pre cum along the slick dribbling out.

This wasn’t human, not at all. Thor couldn’t help comparing it to the many experiences he had, and most shamefully, his times with Jane. He knew it wasn’t right but his mind wouldn’t conform, gladly throwing image after image at him of her beautiful body bent over, moaning sweetly as he fingered
her from behind before taking her. It was all good and well, at the time it was heaven, but there had always been that niggle in the back of his mind, that itch, that rot, and it was now panting beneath him, thighs spread and smelling so uniquely familiar. Loki was so wet, unnaturally so, a by-product of his heat, and Thor lathered his cock in it for as long as he could, just feeling, just being.

Pretty soon Loki was keening unhappily. He unwound his tail and swished it irritably side to side, making sure to smack Thor and give him a mouthful of fur. Thor petted his side and whispered sweet nothings, glancing down a little more carefully to search for something that might resemble a clit. But like the rest of his female sex it was lacking, and Thor pulled his lips at the spitefulness of Loki’s creation.

But as soon as the thought came so did another, and he looked up at Loki, breathing picking up again. Loki had a prostate; that much he knew from Steve’s and Bruce’s medical reports, and if Loki didn’t have a clit to caress, perhaps that would do just fine.

“Almost there.” Thor whispered in response to Loki glaring over his shoulder, with the cutest ‘why is it taking so long’ expression. He dipped two fingers in and coated them in slick, giving a little wiggle before trailing them up to Loki’s furled hole. The moment he petted the ring Loki’s shoulders hunched up and he held still, tail up and out of the way in a practiced manner that Thor could tell was not something he learnt while in his house, even with Tony.

“It’s okay. I won’t hurt you.” Thor murmured, scratching the fur line of Loki’s back and he wriggled in a finger.

Loki made a dubious sound but held in place and dropped his head, tail flickering a little as Thor reached his knuckles.

“Does it hurt? Loki?”

The Feline turned to glance at him, then shook his head once and lifted his tail again for show.

“Okay. You must stop me if it does. Okay?”

He didn’t get more than a knowing gaze, but he took his time, giving Loki all the chances to squirm away from his probing fingers. Once he got two sliding comfortable he swiped up a little more slick and spat on them before pushing them back in. He just held them there, as he finally took hold of himself and pressed against the soft wet opening below.

Loki growled sharply. Thor jerked, back tracking a step. But other than what sounded like a reluctant warning, Loki remained still, shifting on his knees once last time.

Thor took a moment to breathe and remember himself, forgetting the world, focusing on this room here and now. He and Loki. Loki, who he loved so very much. Loki, who he would never hurt.

“I’ve got you. Thor’s got you.” He whispered, reaching around to rub circles into Loki’s belly as he dipped slowly, catching against Loki again. He waited for the tiniest of shifts backwards before he moved again, digging lightly into Loki’s taunt stomach as he pushed in.

They moaned in union. Loki threw his back head, black hair spraying across his shoulders. His body tightened and Thor swore, feeling it predominantly around his fingers and his cock. The action didn’t help his restraint and his hips stuttered, sinking in a little more of his length, feeling it move with and against his fingers separated by a thin fragile wall of scorching flesh.

Thor moaned brokenly, eyes screwed shut as he took it all in, each feeling, every throb, until he couldn’t tell what was his and what was Loki’s. Everything was hot and wet and stuck, his cock
ready to burst at the smallest movements. His hand dropped to the floor so he could lean over Loki, his breath falling over Loki’s ear. When the Feline noticed he twisted and tried to capture Thor’s lips, nipping playfully until Thor bit back, trying his best to focus on holding it together.

Loki giggled against him, eyes full of mischief and mirth, and no doubt bone-deep satisfaction. The cat that got the cream. God, when would it end?

A curious sound escaped Loki and he bucked backwards, pretty mouth falling open as he took Thor further, clenching around the fingers in his arse. It brought Thor back to action, and he heaved himself back up, and steadied himself on his knees with a deep breath. He wasn’t going to last long, that was a guarantee, but he was determined to wring Loki’s orgasm out first.

Once thought of as a sort of deformity, Thor embraced Loki’s dual sex, much like Loki had already himself. He thrust shallowly, watching the soft sensual rolling of Loki’s back as he did so, until he felt Loki was loose enough to handle him once he gave in. When he reached that point he brought his attention to his buried fingers, and pressed a few times as he kept pumping until Loki jerked and squeaked, and he felt the little swell of his prostate, a little deeper than was normal and wedged in the wall of his holes.

Each time he thrust in it made it easier to feel it pushing against his fingers, and before he even realised what his exploring was doing Loki was trembling around his cock, caterwauling into the stifling air of the room as he started fucking himself back. He rolled his lithe form beautifully, making the most tantalising noises in the back of his throat as he moved back against Thor, eyes closed in bliss.

He was ready, Thor decided. Loki and Tony’s rendezvous never last long, a minute or so at the most, but they often got back into it ten minutes later, so he would stick with that too. At least for now, he would aim for longer periods next time. Next time...

Thor took hold of Loki’s cock and tugged him back, slamming their hips together and squeezing his cock simultaneously. Loki screamed, a raw sound of nothing but pleasure. Thor’s ears were tuned in for any sound of pain as he repeated the motion, and quickly developed a rhythm of pumping Loki’s cock in time to thrusting his own, filling Loki as he tugged his rough slick fingers down Loki’s length and to the base.

Loki started growling again, a funny animalistic sound that would scare Thor if Loki weren’t fucking back against him, tail curled up Thor’s arm. The Feline was rolling his head into the floor, hair a tangled mess around him as he sunk lower and lower, giving his bottom half over to Thor’s control. He was still as tight as ever but taking Thor comfortably to the hilt, body pliable and full of nothing but trust.

And fuck, it was glorious. They could’ve been doing this the whole time. But Thor didn’t reject it, he didn’t reject the agonising months of stalling and resisting, he hadn’t been ready. He could’ve hurt Loki, he could’ve done something stupid, he could’ve ruined what they had built. No, this was the time, and it was perfect.

Already his climax was approaching, boiling thick in his groin as he fucked Loki lower and lower to the floor, making use of both hands as best he could. Each caress to Loki’s prostate had the Tom moaning and clenching around him, milking his cock and releasing ever more slick that was starting to bubble, foaming and frothing out from around his straining prick, dribbling down to his balls for an even filthier chorus as they slapped against Thor’s fist when he brought it down over Loki’s cock.

The floor beneath them was sopping wet, but Thor couldn’t find a care in the world. The wet squelching was far too divine, coupled by the feel of Loki wrapped around him in all ways.
“Come Loki.” He urged, wondering if Loki would understand that, if only by the tone of his broken voice. “Come for me.”

Loki grunted something at him and reared up, flicking his hair to the one side as he rolled his hips like a porn star, arching his neck out. Other than that, he didn’t seem intent on finishing, much to Thor’s disgruntled confusion.

“Loki—” Thor sobbed.

Loki meowed back at him and pushed up on his arms, moulding against Thor’s back and twisted his neck, holding it open. Only then Thor realised he was baring it.

“Loki.” He choked, a fierce animalistic desire of his own raging up at the offer. He let it take him, pulling both hands from Loki’s wet flesh and planting them on the floor on either side of Loki, just tall enough to tower over Loki and drape over his back as he piston forward, their skin slapping louder with each shot.

And Loki was back to rumbling, holding his body still as Thor breathed against his neck, his voice slowing pitching into a full on yowl.

Thor had never stuck around to watch Loki orgasm when mating with Tony. It was force of habit to think to use his hands to help his partner off the edge, but he took the hints and every bit of beast inside of him and dug his teeth into the meat of Loki’s shoulder and growled.

Loki’s voice reached its pitch and he yowled like a banshee, shuffling back violently a few last jittery times, enough so that Thor grunted wetly around the flesh, cock pulsing in the tight sheath of Loki’s body. Loki gave one last twitch, tightening like a vice with the softest, sweetest sound, and that was it for Thor.

His climax was pain, erupting from him and squirting out from around his cock a second later. They both felt against their thighs, and that was Loki’s limit. The Feline came audibly, gasping as he shot his load onto the wetness soaking at their knees, his cunt contracting beautifully as Thor continued to saw into him, dragging out their orgasms until they were both moaning brokenly, Loki’s shoulder full of Thor’s saliva and surely to be swollen in an hours’ time.

Unlike Thor’s previous experiences, this wasn’t one of his more graceful or attractive moments, but he seemed to be the only one to think so. Loki was shaking and muttering soft gibberish, his tail completely matted and wriggling between them, flecking them further with sweat and their copious fluids.

Thor only released Loki’s shoulder when the last throbs had ebbed away, and Loki practically collapsed. He took Thor with him too, knocking into his one arm and robbing him of his already wavering his balance. Thor slipped, his knees covered in fluid but he managed to land just besides Loki with a minor knock to his arm and elbow, laughing weakly as Loki turned onto his back and stretched, feet and legs becoming utterly drenched. Somewhere in the back of Thor’s mind he was sure cats were supposed to be finicky and clean, and he knew he should get up and start cleaning up, but watching Loki roll about like he was the happiest thing in the world was just a little more fetching.

After a short moment of stretching and humming Loki lay on his side and faced Thor, his face flushed and hair wet, a slight pant still on his breath. There was certainly a dark mark blooming on his shoulder; Thor didn’t even want to look at the rest of him in fear of finding more.

They stared at each other, Loki eerie in his capability to go for minutes without blinking.
“You okay?” Thor asked, softly, after what felt like an eternity.

Loki blinked sleepily at him. He yawned, then rolled over so his back was pressed against Thor’s chest, and wriggled back. Thor took the careful initiative to wrap his arm lightly around Loki, and received a heavy sigh and Loki going limp against him.

He held tense for a moment, staring into the side of Loki’s serene face, when Loki’s tail brushed up against his arm, and entwined once more.

His arm fell limp in an instant, and a second later he deflated, pressing close into Loki’s back and cuddled him close. He kissed the back of Loki’s head and hummed, willing Loki to feel every ounce of love, human or not. He didn’t know what was going to happen now, how to move forward, but he found he was ready to try.

“Love you, Loki.”

“Mauw.”

End Notes

Great, now i can move on. This thing has been in the works since Dec.

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