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All for you, Brother.

by Phandom_Doodles

Summary

After Loki is sentenced to be executed, Thor desperately wants to save him. He finds a way, but Loki isn't so sure.

Notes

The sex starts as slightly dubious but quickly moves onto rape, but I'm just putting this out there, if you have an issue with reading that kind of stuff, you might want to give this a miss.

If you don't like it, don't read it. Constructive criticism is more than welcome, if you like it great, if you don't, please don't send me hate, it doesn't help anyone. I'm writing this, not because of comments made on here, because of comments and private messages I received.
on FF.net. So with that in mind...

Reading anything below this line is your choice.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"Come now brother, don't be shy."

Loki had scrambled as far away as he could from Thor and was now backed up in the corner of his brothers room, eyes wide with fear, mouth muzzled and hands bound in front of him. He had seen Thor enter the room but that's not what scared him. It was the two, rather large dildos; straps attached that set him off.

After Thor had returned Loki home, the all-father had sentenced Loki to be executed but Thor had pleaded with him to change his mind. He didn't, once the all-father had made a decision, he rarely went back. Thor had then asked that he be allowed to have Loki spend his last month’s living with him in Thor's quarters. He wished to say goodbye to his brother. After a while, Odin had finally agreed, as long as Loki was bound, gagged and there were guards at every door of Thor's room.

"You're okay Loki; you're going to be fine. You know, I'm only trying to help you." Funny way of showing it, Loki thought, but he could only whimper as a response.

Thor was a couple of feet away from him now, Loki was struggling and mewling but it was getting him nowhere, Thor watched him with a small smile until Loki calmed down and was just left breathing heavy. Thor bent down so that he was eye level with his brother.

"Now, Loki, I need you to be cooperative with me. A little over two months and you will be dead, but I can save you, I just need you to help me out okay?" Loki didn't see how the two large dildos came into 'saving' him but he wasn't going to find out without a fight. He knew Thor was stronger than him, he barely had a chance but he would struggle, and whine and kick and fight until he passed out. He stared at his brother defiantly, not challenging him, willing him to stop, angry but pleading.

"Don't look at me like that Loki; you have yet to hear my plan. I asked to have you brought to my room for your last week’s here. It doesn't matter how beaten you are, how sorry you are, nothing will change the All-fathers mind about your execution. But, one thing father will not be able to ignore. No execution may be brought upon a woman who carries life in her womb."

Loki's eyes went wide and he shook his head slightly, he can't be serious, surely he wouldn't...

"Don't you see brother? I know you're not technically a woman but father cannot have you killed if you are with child. It's perfect. It buys us time."

"Do you not see Loki? This is all you have, there is nothing more you can do, you will die brother!" Thor put the two dildos down on the floor and grabbed Loki's bonds and put his other hand round the back of Loki's head, just like he has done so many times before, it should have felt familiar but to Loki, muzzled and bound, trembling in the corner of his 'brothers' chambers, it just felt wrong.

"I cannot lose you again, not yet, do you understand? We must do this!" With that, he pulled on the bonds on Loki's hands as he stood up, dragging the younger god up with him. Loki struggled and let out moans of panic but Thor picked him up effortlessly and put him down on his bed. Father would not be happy about this but it was all he could do now, to save Loki.
Keeping one hand on his chest he pulled at Loki's clothes, simple by as guardian standards. A green over shirt and plain black trousers, no shoes and no undergarments were given to criminals.

He couldn't get the shirt off of him without ripping it so he did just that instead, tearing it from the neck, down the middle and ripping the sleeves to pull the material off him. Then he undid the clasps at the top of Loki's trousers, the god bucked wildly trying to throw him off but Thor just leaned onto the hand on Loki's chest and he stilled, tears running from his eyes now.

He lay still, breathing raggedly through his nose as Thor opened his trousers and began pulling them down with one hand. Loki didn't move as he felt them slipping lower, revealing his mixed sex. Thor had never seen him completely naked before, he wasn't even sure how Thor knew he was intersex.

Thor pulled his trousers off the rest of the way, pulling Loki to the edge of the bed, now completely naked, he looked down at his brother's cock. He parted the younger god’s legs slowly and Loki turned his head away in embarrassment. Thor breathed in deep as he looked at his brother. He was so beautiful, Thor had never seen anyone like him before and he could feel himself growing hard as he imagined what he was going to do.

He left his brother, lying displayed on the bed and went to fetch the dildos he had left on the floor in the corner. Loki didn't move he knew there was no point; Thor would just wrestle him back to that position anyway. Thor also decided to get some oil to and returned to where Loki was, heaving and crying subtly on his bed. Thor stroked his brother’s leg and shushed him gently, like he did when they were younger and Loki had snuck into his room, scared because he had a nightmare. It did little to calm him down though, Loki jumped and completely tensed.

"Relax, brother, I'm not going to hurt you, I promise. But this will be easier if you don't fight." He dipped his fingers into the small bowl of oil and brought them up to Loki's sex, ignoring his cock and gently stroking them across the younger god’s first entrance. Loki whimpered in shame and tried to move away from his brother's touch but Thor's hand just followed him, one finger slipping inside and stroking his inner walls. Loki whined again, more tears running down his cheeks.

"Hush, brother, it's okay, I'm going to make this nice and easy for you." He set a gentle rhythm, his finger moving in and out slowly, before adding a second finger, making his brother whine a little louder in discomfort. Thor didn't add any more digits yet, nor did he add any more oil. He would wait until Loki became aroused enough to smooth the path himself.

After a while Loki finally became more giving, his entrance becoming wet and allowing Thor's fingers to move easier. Loki's breathing changed and struggled a little differently now, his whines sounding less panicked, more desperate.

Thor smiled. "That's it brother, this doesn't have to be difficult for either of us." Thor moved down so he could watch his fingers disappearing into his brother’s sex. He knew Loki would try his best not to show his arousal but Thor could tell, the way his stomach twitched, his breathing uneven. He might not like the situation but at least he could enjoy the process.

Thor added a third finger and Loki hummed out loud, if not for the muzzle, it probably would have been words. Thor pulled his hand away, coming back up to look at his brother’s face.

"I want you to enjoy this Loki. I'm helping you, don't forget that. I shall fill you with my seed and our child will keep you alive." Thor leaned down and kissed his brothers neck, dragging his tongue along his collar bone, before heading downwards, kissing his way down Loki's body, and not missing a spot that might make his brother enjoy this more.

His tongue reached Loki's cock, now half erect and Thor took it into his mouth, tongue swirling...
around the head, feeling it firm up nicely in his mouth. He bobbed his head and licked for a few moments until he felt Loki was hard enough, and then he hollowed his cheeks and sucked. Loki called out from behind the gag, hands balling into fists, hips bucking upwards, making Thor pull back, his brother's cock leaving his mouth with an obscene 'pop'.

He stood up taking off the top half of his clothing as quickly as he could. Loki just lay still breathing, not daring to move or make a sound. He also refused to look at Thor but he tensed again when he could hear the older god undoing his own trousers. Oh no.

The weight of the situation came flooding back to Loki, what his brother was about to do and he panicked, struggling to get off the bed, he didn't care if it was hopeless, he just needed to get away from his brother, show him that he didn't want this.

Thor grabbed hold of his legs as he tried to get up and pulled him back to where he was before. Holding Loki down, he quickly rubbed some more of the oil onto his own cock, just to be sure, before lining up with a struggling, mewling Loki, and pushing himself in. Loki stopped moving, eyes wide as he was breached by his brother. Thor let out a grunt at the feel of Loki around him. He pushed the last bit of himself into Loki's sex and stopped for a few moments, breathing deeply, stroking along Loki's thighs, kissing his chest and neck.

"Oh Loki, you don't even know how good you feel, so tight around me, brother." Loki could feel his cheeks burning. Thor took Loki's bound hands and put them around his neck, into a sort of forced embrace.

After he felt Loki had stretched enough to accommodate him, he pulled out almost all the way, and pushed in and damn if that wasn't one of the best feelings he had ever experienced. Even Loki moaned, though it was half pleasure, half shame. Thor pushed in a little harder, watching Loki's face, saw his eyes squeeze together and knew he was enjoying this.

Quickening his pace, and leaning on one hand, he reached down and took Loki's cock into his other hand, the younger god throwing his head back with a loud whine, face red, eyes screwed shut.

"Look at me Loki." Loki didn't, he couldn't look at his brother while they were doing this, he wouldn't. Thor squeezed his cock and rubbed at the head roughly and Loki's eyes shot open, Thor leaning above him, he had no choice but to look at his brother. Thor smiled down at him.

"It's okay to enjoy this Loki, you are allowed to. Now...come for me brother." He whispered the last part as his hand sped up, pulling Loki closer to his release but Loki didn't want to, he couldn't let go like that because of his brother, he closed his eyes and tried to hold down the fast approaching orgasm. Thor leaned down, speeding up his thrusts again, tugging his cock almost painfully now, and bit into his neck. Loki cried out, spilling between them, insides clamping down on Thor's cock and practically sucking his orgasm from him, Thor moaned into his neck as he filled his brother with his seed.

They lay still for a while, breathing heavily; Thor had stayed hard, even after his orgasm and was still deep inside Loki as they breathed. Loki wasn't paying attention to anything, his eyes were closed, breathing difficult because of the gag. Thor reached to the side of him and grabbed the first dildo. He pulled out and quickly replaced his cock with the large object.

Loki whined in surprise.

Thor hushed him again, stroking his hair while kissing and licking at the sweat on his neck and chest.
"Shhhh brother, we need to keep my seed in there somehow."

Thor took the straps on the end of the dildo, still sticking out of him and clasped them about the younger god’s thighs, so it could not slip out.

"You enjoyed that, I know you did, I can feel the evidence running down my stomach." He lifted his body up, tilting Loki’s head down, to show him the way his cum was running down his torso. Loki felt his face flush again, more than it already was, but he relaxed his head back, just glad it was over. He hoped Thor would let him bathe once he had unplugged him.

But Thor wasn't nearly done with him yet.

Thor lifted up fully off his brother and Loki breathed a little easier, only to be flipped over onto his stomach, making him whine in confusion, eyes going wide but his brow furrowing.

"Now, brother, correct me if I am wrong, but I have heard that people like you, can be bred from either entrances, hmmm?" Thor had one hand pressed onto Loki’s back, holding him in place while his other hand roamed lower, fingers slipping in towards his other entrance. Loki struggled again, putting in a new effort; he needed to stop this, stop Thor now! He moaned out in panic but Thor chuckled.

"Something tells me, I'm right, aren't I?" He pushed his finger into Loki, dry. Loki froze, eyes squeezing tight, groaning long and loud, trying to breathe properly. Thor told him he wouldn't hurt him. What was he doing, why was he doing this?

Thor pulled his hand back and Loki sagged against the bed, breathing hard, letting out whimpers he couldn't even control now. Pleading was getting him nowhere with stopping him but he could try to get Thor to at least use something. Loki lifted onto his elbows and turned to look at Thor, eyes pleading now, begging him to use something, he whimpered at his brother hoping he would understand. Thor wasn't that stupid, he knew it was hurting his brother.

He smiles reassuringly at Loki, leaning up to stroke his hair gently.

"Its okay brother, I've got you, you're okay with me." He dipped his fingers back into the oil, returning his hand back to Loki’s entrance and rubbing his fingers gently against his hole. Loki jumped but, feeling the oil, let out a relieved groan and flopped back down onto the bed.

Thor came up and kissed along the smooth wet skin of Loki’s back, he inserted one finger, thrusting a couple of times before inserting a second one, Loki hissed through his nose at the burn of the stretch but he relaxed back down, the sooner Thor was done with this, the sooner he could wash and rest.

Thor thrust his fingers in and out, getting deeper, trying to find the spot that will make Loki relax and enjoy it, because damn, he was tense, even after his orgasm. He curled his fingers and angled his thrusts. He heard Loki let out a shocked groan and knew he had found it. He smiled to himself.

"Am I the first to touch you in this way brother?" Loki didn't respond he tried to keep defiantly quiet; he would not make this better for Thor.

"Loki, you're blushing like a shy virgin, you don't have to answer me for me to know." He pressed and rubbed harder at the spot inside Loki and the younger god had to squeeze his eyes shut and bit his tongue to stop his moan. Curse his body’s betrayal.

Thor pushed his free hand under Loki's stomach and Loki knew what he was doing, he ground his hips into the bed as hard as he could to stop him but Thor easily forced his hand under and felt how Loki’s cock had grown hard again, his smile grew bigger.
"Does it feel good brother? Do you want more?" He wrapped his hand around Loki’s cock and stroked in time with his thrusts. Loki moaned, unable to stop himself, too tired to try. Thor wasn't going to stop any time soon; he leaned forward next to Loki’s ear.

"Come on brother, you can do it again, give it to me little brother." Thor bit Loki's ear hard and Loki lost it, pulsing into Thor's hand for the second time, his hole clenching down on his brothers fingers, which he kept thrusting even after Loki had finished his orgasm.

"That's it brother, so beautiful when you come undone like that. It seems you have a thing for biting to, am I right?" He bit along Loki's shoulder and down his back as he pulled his fingers out, using the cum on his other hand to slick up his cock, he lined up to Loki's entrance, leaning forward again, arms either side of Loki's body. Biting down on Loki's shoulder and thrusting in, everything in one go, Loki screamed from behind the muzzle, hands clawing into the sheets below him. He held his breath and clenched painfully on Thor's cock, making Thor hiss and let go of his shoulder.

"Ahh, damn, relax Loki. Brother you need to breath and relax, you wouldn't want me to move like this, and believe me, I will." He started to pull out and Loki let out a choked grunt of pain, followed by a lot of more panicked grunts, begging Thor to stop. Holy shit, stop, that hurts...stop...stop...please!

Thor stopped moving and waited until he felt Loki relax a bit around him. It took the younger god a few minutes to compose himself enough to do so but after a while, Thor felt his passage loosen and he smiled.

"That's it; see how much easier it is now brother?" He started thrusting slowly, listening to the little whimpers Loki couldn't control. This felt much too good to Thor. He looked down at all of his brother, his wet, hair, sweat running down his shoulders, some pooling into the dip in his back. His hands were bunched into the sheets, trying to ground himself. Although Thor couldn’t see all of his face, he could see how flushed his brother was, could hear the small noises loki tried to stop, his face damp and scrunched up in what the older god knew was pleasure, trying to hide it from Thor, almost trying to hide it from himself.

Looking down lower he could see his own hips smacking up to his brothers behind, could hear the wet noises of the sweat on their skin, mixed with the actual noises coming from where they were joined, it was so beautifully obscene, Thor wasn't sure he could last long with this. Could he get Loki to come again? He wasn't sure the god could if he wanted to by now.

Loki whined out an impatient noise, wanting Thor to hurry up and the older brother sped up his thrusts, his cock punching into Loki’s prostate, making the god moan loudly. Thor's thrusts went rigid as he released into his brother. Loki could feel his brother’s cock pulsing into him, even as Thor continued with little thrusts through his orgasm rhythm picking back up once he had his bearings again.

Loki moaned at him to stop but Thor was picking up his thrusts again, still hard, how in Hel could he still be hard? Loki had heard rumours about his brother’s endurance in the bedroom but this was ridiculous, surely he at least needed a break?

Thor was still going, laughing now at his brother’s surprised whimpers.

"We want this to work Loki; I'm not taking any chances with your life, even if you would." He thrust even faster than he had before and Loki could only meow and wait for it to stop, his behind was sore, he was sure his entire body would be covered in bruises and bite marks after this, he was hot, sweaty, tired and drooling under his gag, he needed to clean up, needed to compose
himself. This was not how he dealt with things, he was smart, sharp tongued and snippy, not a melted mess, relying on someone else to keep him together, he was not this!

Thor reached round and grabbed Loki’s cock again, now it was just painful, over sensitive. Loki whined long and loud, he sobbed, he screamed, he struggled and drooled even more but Thor somehow ripped out another orgasm from him which was more painful than pleasurable at this point and Loki was done. He sagged completely, refusing to move, breathing roughly through his nose. Everything was just too much, too much friction, too much stimulation; he didn’t want to feel anything.

After how long, he had no idea anymore, he felt Thor stiffen and pulse inside him again. Oh he hoped, prayed that this was it, no more, kill him, please, someone kill him, he couldn’t do more.

He whimpered yet again as he felt Thor pull out, quickly pushing the second plug into place and strapping that one round his thighs to. Loki felt full, he felt full and dirty, sticky, used, wrong! He needed to clean. Come on Thor, he could be clean now; he had done what he wanted, thrice. Just some warm water and sleep was all he wanted now.

Thor pulled off his brother and grabbed his ankles firmly, flipping Loki back over onto his back and pulling him to the corner of the bed, legs either side of the tall bed post. Loki looked up confused. High up the bed post he could see two cuffs that had been connected. His eyes went wide as he realised what Thor was doing. He wriggled, pulling his legs away, kicking and groaning. No...Please...nononononono...please!

Thor wrestled his legs back and dragged him up so that Loki was lying on his upper back, legs and lower half up in the air and Thor chained Loki’s ankles to the bed post, keeping him almost completely upside down.

"This is for your own good Loki. You will become with child from this, you have to, it’s this or death!"

Death, Loki thought desperately...death...death...please...someone, kill him. Make it stop; kill him now he couldn’t do this, not after everything!

Thor leaned down over Loki and kissed his head before leaving and going to the washroom. Loki kicked and screamed and fought against nothing, crying and sweating, still feeling full, much too full. He was covered in fluids, so many fluids, sweat, spit, seed, he was sore, he ached he wanted to rest, this was cruel. How could his brother do this to him?

His brother wanted him to live, so he would breed him. But what afterwards, the child would be born, and then Odin would kill him anyway. Besides no half-breed child would ever become heir to the throne. Odin might even kill the child, he might ignore the rule and have Loki executed, never letting anyone find out he had even been pregnant.

Nothing good could come of this.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Chapter 1 was originally a stand alone piece of work. I have somewhat turned it into an actual story now, I hope you like where it goes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Thor stormed into the throne room, where a worn out looking Odin was resting on his throne.

"You sentenced him to death? Your own son!"

"He is not my son!"

Thor stopped at the bottom of the steps leading to the throne, looking up defiantly at his father. He couldn't understand how Odin could throw away years of parenthood so easily.

"Father...you raised him as your own. He is alive because of your doing; you made him who he is..."

"I didn't raise him to be a monster! That creature down in the dungeons is not who your mother and I put years of our love and care into raising. He is a frost giant, always was, always will be. It was foolish of me to think I could help him when he should have died on that night the war ended!"

Thor looked up to his father, to his King and shook his head. "Surely...surely there is something you can do...another way, imprison him, take away his magic. Make him a slave, something! You can't just kill him..."

"My decision is final Thor, I have given Loki his sentence, and he shall face what he himself, has earned."

"Father...you c..."

"ENOUGH!" Odin stood up, his voice echoing around the hall. "I will speak of this, no more! It is done, and you would do well to remember of whom it is in which you speak to."

Thor just stood for a few minutes, not daring to speak just yet. He was too angry; he did not want to regret his words. He could not let Loki be killed; his brother was still in there he knew it. He could make a case for him, he just needed time.

"Then can I make a request?" The All-father looked down at his son, unsure whether to humour this or not. He flicked his hand dismissively and nodded his head slightly.

"I wish to have Loki brought to my chambers, for the remainder of his time in this life." He kept his voice respectfully low. Odin raised his eyebrows at him.

"What could you possibly want with him in your quarters for longer than a month?"

"If that short amount of time is all I will ever get with my brother, then I will see to it that I leave behind nothing I wish to have said. I need to be able to say goodbye, father, do not deny me..."
that...please!" Thor bowed his head. Odin said nothing for a few minutes, contemplating Thor's words. Thor could be planning to help him escape, but his son knew that if that happened, Loki would be executed on sight. Even Thor would prefer to spend the last bit of time he had, with his brother, rather than risk something as inevitably tragic as that. There would still need to be precautions.

Odin nodded his head once. "Very well...but. He will be bound at the mouth and wrists; you do not let him out of your sight, not even for a minute, lest you leave him with the guards. There will be two guards at every entrance to your quarters. If there is any suspicion that he is up to anything, he will be ended immediately. That is my only offer."

Thor beamed, and then tried to pull his face back into composure. He got down on one knee, placing one fisted arm across his chest and bowed his head.

"I thank you father."

"Loki is known for his ability to lie and trick. You would do well to remember this son. "Now, away with you." Odin turned away and left Thor to go and ready his rooms for his brother.

He knew one way that he could at least buy some time for his brother, which would give Thor a chance to build up his case, plead it to the courts. In the meantime, he would need to gather some things, if this was going to work, he would need to think of everything.

The first thing Thor did was head straight down to the great dining hall. It was empty, save for a few servants running around. Thor asked one of them to fetch him a case of wine and keep them coming. He was going to need this one, Loki wasn't going to like this idea, and he knew that without needing to talk to him. But they didn't have long and the younger god may not like this but Thor figured if Loki wanted to live, he would understand. He would see that Thor was just trying to save him. He somewhat ignored the way that all this already had him unbelievably aroused. He could not think like this with Loki, it was simply about breeding, which was all. He had fantasised about this stuff since he was young. When he first started having sex, women would often tell him to slow down, be gentler, but the way they whined it just made him want to go faster, be rougher. He could feel himself hardening at the thought of doing this to his brother, with him chained up and gagged to, how could he not, the little whimpers he would let out, begging him to stop...no! He needed to work this one out properly, it wasn't about enjoying it, it was about Loki, and it was the only way.

...Thor's head felt like Mjolnir was sitting in top of it. The light sliced into his rooms, making his face scrunch up in pain. He groaned and rolled onto his side, willing himself to go back to sleep but he knew that the pounding in his head was not going to let up any time soon. Damn, how much had he drunk?

He rolled over to his side, pulling at the covers to hide his head from the light, but the covers were weighed down and wouldn't move. He kicked at them but the weight didn't move. He rolled back and sat up, looking to see what they were snagged on and...Oh shit!

He got carried away.

Thor stared in shock at the scene before him. Oh shit, shit, shit, shit! How had he let this happen?! Loki was out cold at the end of his bed, legs cuffed high up onto the bed post, lying very
awkwardly. He looked bruised and sore, looking down his, still naked body and...oh...The plugs were still in!

Thor scrambled off the bed and to Loki's side, taking his face into his hands and tapping his cheek to wake him up. He stopped when he heard a groan and Loki stirred.

"That's it...come on Loki, wake up. Okay, good boy that's it, come on Loki, you're alright. It's going to be okay." Oh Thor, too far...much too far!

Loki's eyes blinked and he looked around, unfocused, confused. He tried to speak but it just came out in a muffled groan since he was still gagged, but Thor couldn't do anything about that.

"Shhhhh, don't try to speak, okay? I'm going to get you cleaned up okay?" Loki was still completely out of it, he looked exhausted. Thor jumped up and undid the cuffs around his feet, but held onto both ankles so that they wouldn't just drop down, since the chances were, he would be pretty cramped up in this position, and he needed to lower his legs gently. So he did, though, Loki still groaned in pain, furrowing his brow and shutting his eyes.

"It's okay, brother, I know, I know, I'm doing my best, it's going to be okay. Oh Loki I'm so sorry, I don't know what I was thinking, I wasn't thinking, I was drunk." He knew that was no excuse, and that apologising at this point would do nothing, but that didn't stop him from repeating it like a mantra to his little brother.

After he had managed to lower the young gods’ legs down to a normal height, he lifted his brother into his arms. Loki tried to protest, squirming feebly, and letting out little weakened whimpers. Thor changed his mind and put him back down. Running into the washroom, he filled the bath up with warm water he had servants fetch for him. In the water he put herbs for pain relief and healing, the he returned to his brother.

Stroking his hair to keep him calm, Thor gently spread his legs and looked at the two plugs. He could not just remove them, taking them out dry would not only be difficult, it would be agony for Loki and Thor didn't want to even think of what damage it could do. So he picked up his brother again, Loki, becoming a little more aware, made slightly more effort to wriggle out of his arms but Thor could still see the fight lost in him.

In the washroom he placed Loki into the warm water. Loki breathed in sharp and groaned out, not expecting the water, but he soon relaxed straight into it. His muscles relaxed more and Thor knew how Loki had always enjoyed bathing and being clean. He always took pride in his appearance. And he would again, Thor thought.

Getting a soft sponge, he dipped it into the water and started to wash over Loki's skin, removing the sweat and various other dried fluids, clinging to his skin. Loki was pretty much lying on his back, he couldn't sit up because of the plugs, but Thor would remove them, once they had gotten wet and smooth enough to pull out. It would still hurt but this way would be easier.

Loki was waking up properly now, looking down at his body, frowning, and then looking up at Thor, who was still cleaning him. His eyes went wide and he struggled brutally, pushing Thor's arms away, the cuffs on his wrists making this difficult, throwing water everywhere, and yelling in panic behind the muzzle.

Thor tried to hush him, tried to tell him it was okay but Loki was not listening to him, he was trying to crawl his way out of the bath, wincing a lot, groaning in pain, feeling the plugs moving awkwardly inside him. He finally stopped struggling and just glared at Thor. He tried to hum at him to get out and Thor knew what he was asking but he was going to have to sort his brother out first.
"Hold on, I will go. I will give you your privacy but you need to let me help you first." Thor's hands moved to Loki's thighs and Loki's eyes widened in horror. No...Not again...Thor no...Please! Loki felt a click when Thor undid the clasps for the straps around his thighs and he froze, breathing harshly, knowing exactly where this was going. Had Thor really not had enough after last night, he needed to degrade him further?

He felt Thor's hands near his sex as he tried to grip the first plug. He pulled it slowly and Loki groaned loudly in pain. He felt like the plug was pulling his inner walls out with it. He grunted the syllables. Thor...stop...please...stop...Thor...nonono...STOP! Loki was almost screaming as Thor kept pulling. He was saying something to him but Loki didn't care, he just needed this to stop, he was already sore but this was just agony, even in the water, it did little to ease the way.

He let out a relieved but pained groan when the plug finally gave and came out completely, glancing down he saw cum and blood tainting the water by his hips and thighs and felt tears burn at his eyes but he would not spill them. Not now.

Thor looked up at Loki, giving him a slight look of sympathy but he knew there was still another one to remove, all he could do now was wait for Thor to pull it out, then he could be left alone, he could bathe, he could compose himself. This was how he dealt with things, by himself, quietly, without onlookers.

Thor gripped the second plug, still currently wedged inside his brothers' backside and pulled. Loki's screaming started anew. Thor tried to stroke his thigh as he pulled, tried to give him some comfort but Loki was gone, he was writhing and screaming, face going red from lack of air. Thor decided to just get on with it, putting a little more force into the pull, the plug finally came out and Loki slumped against the side of the Bath, eyes rolling back into his head, continuously humming out relieved breaths. A lot more cum invaded the water.

Loki laid his head back and turned it away from Thor, breathing painfully, and furiously. He heard Thor sigh and move, then he looked back and his brother had left the wash room, he had even closed the door. Loki lay still for a few moments, listening intently. When he figured Thor wasn't going to come back just yet, he tried to move round, wincing hard at the pain in his lower region.

The burning tears came back but this time he did nothing to stop them. He breathed harshly and brokenly through his nose, trying to keep the sobs down but after trying that for a bit, he completely lost it and splashed around, smashing his cuffs off the side of the tub, kicking at anything that was near enough to knock over or push off the sides, bottled of oils and herbs and scents. When there was nothing left in reach, his attack turned on himself, smacking at his own head and legs, screaming at himself in his anger.

When his violent outburst finally died down and he just broke, and cried, struggling to breath with the gag and how had he was sobbing, his face scrunched up in his pain and his exhaustion. Thor had raped him...his own...no, Thor was not his brother, but that didn't change what he had done.

As he slowly stopped crying he managed to somewhat wash his hair in the fluid stained water, not feeling clean at all but managing to wash some of the grime away. He threw the soft sponge across the room and it hit the wall with a 'splat'. Instead he turned and grabbed the scouring sponge, very rough, actually designed for cleaning armour, he's not even sure why Thor had it in here but he didn't care. He dipped it into the water, covered it in oil and scrubbed himself raw, all along his thighs, his chest, neck stomach, even his quim and backside. Nothing helped him to feel clean and it all just hurt. He finished, covered in scratch marks, his skin red and swollen. He looked like shit, he knew it.
He sat in the bath until the water was cold. He knew Thor was waiting for him on the other side of that door. Even Thor wouldn't be stupid enough to completely leave him alone. A sense of dread filled his chest and stomach. He was going to have to go out there at some point. Some point soon.

...

While Loki had been washing, Thor had removed all covers on the bed, wrapped the two plugs in them and given them to a servant, asking them to dispose of it all. He had cleaned up all the oil, taken the cuffs down from the bed post and fetched Loki some clean clothes for when he finally came out.

During this process, he could hear Loki screaming and crashing around. He had thought about going in to him but decided to let Loki do what he needed to. He would send a servant to clean it after.

He sat in a chair, in the corner of his rooms and waited, hearing Loki's screaming die down until it was all silence. He felt kind of shitty about this. Stoic, defiant Loki was hard to deal with but secret, broken Loki was so much worse. He wanted to hold his brother, help clean him up, stroke his hair, whisper little things to him, and look after him. He also wanted to brutally fuck him again. He tried not to think about it but that had been the best sex he'd ever had and he wanted it again. He knew it wasn't going to happen but it didn't stop him wanting. Shit, he was fucked up.

After what seemed like an eternity, the washroom door opened and a cleaner, slightly more composed Loki, appeared from behind it. At least, he looked better when standing still. As soon as Loki spotted his clothes, he slowly walked towards the bed, doing his best to show no pain, but Thor could see how he limped and walked funny. It was so wrongly arousing.

Thor stood up and made to go towards Loki as Loki grabbed the clean trousers, but the younger god jumped back, sending a warning hum in Thor's direction. Thor froze and Loki continued to put his trousers on, not taking his eyes off of Thor. He struggled to manage his trousers, but there was no way in Hel he was going to get his shirt on.

Thor watched Loki, noticing; only now, just how thin he was, with that thing on his mouth, he can't have been fed since coming back from Midgard. They didn't have to eat quite as Midgardians did. Sure, they were supposed to eat every day, but it took them much longer to die of starvation, than it would for a mortal. That didn't stop them from looking like shit in the process. Loki was beautiful, Thor had always thought so, both innocently, and not quite so innocently, but he looked unhealthy, his hair, flat, eyes dead, skin paler than usual. He looked worn out, not just in the 'get some sleep, you'll be fine' kind of way. He looked broken. Thor hated that, but knowing some of it was because of what he had done, sent a slight shiver down his spine.

Loki gave up trying to get the shirt on and dropped it back onto the bed. Then he walked straight past Thor, towards one of the two doors that lead out of Thor's chambers. Thor turned to follow him.

"Loki, you cannot leave here without me, you must remain with me at all times, this was the All-fathers deal, to keep you out of the dungeons for the remainder of your time before the execution. Loki, listen to me..." He surged forward, taking Loki's arm in his hand to halt his brother. Loki twisted around so fast his long black hair, hit Thor across the face. The expression on Loki's face was so full of anger and hatred, so full of venom, Thor instantly stepped back, letting go of Loki, who just breathed furiously at him.

Loki narrowed his eyes accusingly, shaking his head, before he turned back around and left Thor's rooms, giving Thor no choice but to follow, if he wanted to keep Loki out of the dungeons. Loki stormed through the corridors, now ignoring the pain between his legs. Looking back he
could see that Thor was right behind him, he broke into a run, darting as best he could around the
corners, keeping at enough of a distance, Thor could not quite catch him, but the older god was
not far off and was gaining on him. Loki was becoming out of breath, not made any easier with
the gag round his mouth. He spotted Sif heading just round the corridor ahead of him. He leaned
forward and sprinted the last distance between them, crashing straight into Sif, knocking them
both down. He quickly scrambled on top of a struggling Sif. Forcing her to meet his gaze, his eyes
saying only one thing to her...Help!

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Feedback is much appreciated. I will update tags as I go along.

Thank you guys for all your wonderful feedback...it made me so happy!!

However, not necessarily on this site, some people are complaining about the rape
content, so I shall make this as clear as I can without spoiling anything. This is not a
happy, fluffy fic, it is dark and violent and majorly fucked up on both of their
behalves. I'm not saying it won't have a happy ending, I'm not saying it will. I highly
doubt that Thor and Loki could, realistically 'fall in love' after this, but they could
come to a sort of understanding. I know where I am taking this and it has now
become a lot more plotty than I had intended but, somehow, there will be more porn,
this I promise you guys.

But, thank you to the people who have sent me useful critique and great feedback. If
there is something you're not enjoying, or if I offend anyone or anything at all, feel
free to say, just say it in a way that I can learn from. 'This was shit' does not help me
make it better for you. On top of this lot I have to say...Don't like, don't read, it's all
good :)


Thor, as well as more guards than they would possibly needed caught up with them and dragged Loki off of Sif. Thor yelling at them to be careful with him. Loki winced and grunted at the rough handling. If he fought them enough they would kill him. Yes! Loki quickly head butted the guard holding him from behind and kicked the second guards feet from under him, the other guards were on him in seconds, kicking at his sides, back, stomach, face, anywhere they could reach. Loki screamed out in muffled agony and Thor roared at them to stop, they were killing him. They are killing him!

A single voice called out and everyone stilled, everyone except the quivering, bloody mess that was Loki, curled up on the floor, grunting and groaning in pain. Everyone looked to the end of the corridor, by the entrance to the throne room, where Thor's mother and queen of Asgard had just come from. Her expression was neutral but her eyes were piercing. She walked forwards towards the group, bending down to look at Loki. He looked back up at her weakly, even managing to smile at her with his eyes, still breathing harshly through his nose, stomach heaving slightly from the beating it took.

"What is the meaning of this?" She asked surprisingly calm, as she stood up, turning to the guards. They all started blabbering on, pointing towards Loki, then Thor, then Sif, who was still looking at Loki, with absolutely no clue, what to do. Frigga gave up on the guards and turned to Thor, staring at him expectantly. Thor didn't even know where to begin.

"Someone had better answer." Now Odin had arrived, standing in the doorway of the throne room. He too looked at Thor, everyone looked at Thor. Even Loki managed to look in his general direction. Thor couldn't answer, he knew how it would sound as soon as he opened his mouth.

"Thor. Speak. Why is Loki in the middle of the hall being beaten by the guards?" Odin's voice was booming, deep, demanding, everything a kings voice should be. Thor looked away from all eye contact, he couldn't face it as he spoke.

"He...he tried t-to run...he crashed into Sif." Thor felt horrible as he answered, this was all out of context, he wasn't trying to escape, he didn't actually know what Loki planned to do, where he planned to go.

"And he attacked her, then attacked us sire, see?" One of the guards pointed to his bloody nose from Loki's sharp head butt. Thor felt the panic rise, they would kill Loki for this. He had to do something.

Odin continued to stand tall, seemingly un wavered by the events in front of him. "Guards...take him to the execution room. Prepare the sword."

There were different types of execution by sword in Asgard, the criminal had no right to choose. It was chosen based on his title and based on his crime. An honourable execution was to die by a single sword, straight through the heart, from the front. To die facing the object of your ending was the most respected. To die by sword through the heart from behind was considered cowardly, as was beheading. Beheading was always done from the back of the neck, with the condemned in slave position, which was on the knees, forearms on the floor, almost like hands and knees but not. This was by far the most shameful means of execution and Thor didn't have to question which one Loki was going to get.
Loki laughed from behind his gag, his eyes lighting up deliriously, but Thor could see how the little colour Loki did have in his face, drained along with Thor's, Sif's and Frigga's. Two guards lifted Loki up by his arms and started to drag him away, towards the last room Loki would ever see. Frigga looked to Thor, her eyes begging him to do something.

"WAIT...father, no...you can't execute him..." Thor ran forward to address Odin. The guards dragging Loki halted when the All-father lifted his hand.

"Thor, I had warned you of this before. If Loki showed any sign of betrayal, he would be executed immediately. Do you recall me telling you this?"

"Yes, father, but...you don't understand..."

"Was he, or was he not seemingly attempting to run away, and did he, or did he not, also attack the guards?"

"Technically yes...but, father, you can't..."

"I think you will find I very well can, my son, now enough, it is done, don't make this mess worse." Odin began to follow the two guards as they started dragging Loki off again. Loki looked straight at Thor, still laughing manically. Thor's blood ran cold. Frigga made a noise between a sob and a shriek. Thor was out of time there was no other choice.

"HE IS WITH CHILD!"

Odin froze in his tracks, as did the guards. Loki stopped laughing immediately, wide eyes boring into Thor's and Thor saw true fear in his face, true fear like he had never seen it before. This was something even Loki could not hide.

Odin turned round, angry eyes on Thor. He barged up to Thor and Thor had to fight hard not to back down. He forced himself to stand his ground. Odin was soon standing before him.

"What did you say?" He hissed dangerously.

Thor fought to keep his voice even. "H-he is with child. He cannot be executed while their is life growing within him." Sif, who had moved to Frigga's side to comfort her watched on completely silent, looking deeply confused at Thor.

Odin looked back at Loki, who was looking at Thor in wide eyed horror, before returning his glare to Thor.

"Do you have proof of this?"

Thor knew the whole thing was a long shot anyway but he had to try.

"I...it is too early to prove anything. Take him to the healers, surely they will be able to tell." That was an even longer shot, no one can tell after a day, not even a full day, merely a few hours. Loki smiled again, he knew it was too early to tell, and no one would want to wait for him to show signs.

"When was the supposed child conceived?" This time it was Frigga who spoke up, her voice a little shaky but she stood strong.

Now Thor really was lost for words. "Uhhh..."

"Come now, Thor, I can't help if I don't know." What was she going to do? Loki's face dropped
again and he started grunting and struggling against the guards. Clearly Loki knew something, he didn't.

Come on Thor, now was the time, man up, you knew you would have to face this!

"Uhhh...yes-yesterday..." he cleared his throat. "Yesterday uhh...evening." He saw his mothers eyes as she realised what that meant, saw how her whole face changed from concern to an unbelievable shock. She whispered "...no..." Shaking her head slowly, a hint of question in her face, and when Thor lowered his gaze, he confirmed her unvoiced worry. Her hand went up to her mouth again, tears springing up to her eyes.

Odin seemed to just stand there, mouth slightly ajar in surprise. Did this mean that, that he? He...with...with Loki? What? His face getting slightly more red as he put the pieces together in his head. They were all looking at Thor and then seemed to simultaneously look at Loki, who continued to writhe and scream behind his gag. HES LYING...LIAR...LIAR...FUCKING LIAR!! He tried to say but it all came out in incoherent, smothered yells.

Frigga comprised herself, flattening her clothes down with her hands, just to give her a reason to move and break the silence. She then, slowly walked towards her struggling son, he was pleading with her, they could all hear it in his voice, shaking his head, crying by now. Please...please, mother...no...please!

She stroked his face lightly, brushing his hair back a little with her hands. Her touch so soft, Loki could have easily relaxed, if not for the current situation. He looked directly into her eyes, sobbing and shaking his head. No...no...no...nonono...please...noon...no...NO! Frigga kept making small little hushed sounds, whispering sweet, calming things to her youngest son, telling him it would be okay, everything was going to be okay. After a while, she gently took the hand that wasn't on Loki's face, carefully moving it down to his abdomen, then a little lower and pressed in lightly, closing her eyes. Loki stilled and quietened, watching her with wide eyes, waiting for the telltale sign that she had or hadn't found...

She gasped, her eyes opening, looking directly at Loki. Loki knew she had found it. He started struggling again, face going red as he panicked. No, please, kill me...please...someone...KILL ME!!

She whispered to Loki, something that no one else could hear but Loki calmed down a little, his face returning to its usual shade, breathing roughly through his nose.

Frigga stood up, graceful as she ever was. And turned to no one in particular.

"He is, indeed, with child. Thor is correct, he cannot be executed while another's life lies within him. As such, I would suggest he is taken to a healer at once, which in fact, I shall take him myself, as I do believe the, rather one sided, scuffle I interrupted, had resulted in a few blows to Loki's stomach."

With that she turned back to Loki, putting her arm under one of his, pulling him away from the guards. Loki let her, not having heard much of that bit. He was pregnant. He had kind of known. Although his magic had been bound, it still flowed within him, it detected the small bundle of nerves in the bath earlier that morning but Loki hadn't wanted to believe it himself. To hear it confirmed out loud, in front of others, he could not deny it then, then it became real.

Frigga helped him all the way to the healing rooms. The healers cleared a table and gently helped him lie down, many rumours had spread about the extent of Loki's crimes. It wasn't often the healers in here had to deal with 'convicted criminals' so they were a little cautious of him, but they also remembered his title as former prince and son of Frigga. Plus he was bound and gagged, with
no magic, he wasn't much if a threat for now.

Frigga kept stroking Loki's hand whilst they checked him over, cleaning small cuts, applying herbed salve to his bruises. She talked to him about nothing in particular, keeping him calm with sweet whispers and hushed words of comfort. He was feeling very distressed at this, he looked at his mother, trying to communicate with his eyes. After he had calmed a little bit, she stood up and went to retrieve something before coming back. She gently tilted Loki's head and he could hear a clicking. Straightening his head back up, she slowly pried the muzzle off from his mouth. It was a very tight fitting contraption, and it left deep, deep pressure marks around his mouth, also making it very painful when it pulled away. As well as the mouth cover, there was a rather large piece attached to it, which went inside the wearers mouth. It wasn't wide, but flat, his mouth didn't have to open much to fit it in but it spread out a bit, his tongue trapped underneath, stopping him from being able to move it. His tongue ached when it first moved, not used to such a movement any more.

He spent the next minutes just moving his tongue around his mouth and opening and closing his jaw, getting used to the idea that he could speak again. Though he did struggle for a while, almost like he had forgotten exactly how to physically form words. His tongue felt kind of numb and really weak. He could speak, he was pretty slurred but his mother understood, she hushed him for the time and told him to take it slow. Frigga also took away the bindings on his wrists and he moved them about, feeling the bones crack a little, stiff. She turned round and fetched a cup from off the side, putting a small amount of water in, not nearly enough for how Loki felt.

"I know you're thirsty but you need to do this slowly, so that's why I'm giving you such a small amount." She handed him the child sized cup and he drank the water down in one gulp, savouring the feeling of the cold fresh water inside his stale mouth. The next time she gave him a cup, he swirled a bit around his mouth, spitting it out before quickly swallowing down the rest. She made him wait a few minutes between each cup but smiled as she watched how he enjoyed each drink. After quite some time, Loki was feeling slightly less thirsty, and was forming words a bit better.

"D-do...you...nnn-ot wishhh to c-onnng-raduuuulate m-me on thhhhe wond-wonderful nnnews?" He didn't want to talk to his mother in such a bitter way but he couldn't seem to help it. She looked at him, her expression pained. Looking down he whispered. "I'm sorry." Then he felt her hands on his face again, lifting his head up to meet her gaze.

"It's okay, Loki, you have nothing to prove here, please, speak openly my son." And Loki will never understand the instant effect that she had on him because he managed to hold he gaze for a few seconds, before he could feel the tears building up fast, his mouth going tense and curving against his will, and he cried, pulling his head away slightly. His mother simply put her hands on his shoulders instead and pulled him to her chest and then he just let go, sobbing into her chest, hands clinging onto her robes like it was the last thing he would ever feel.

With one hand, she stroked his hair, she didn't tell him to stop crying or calm down, sometimes people needed to just let everything out and he needed to do this. She wasn't sure there was anyone else he would be completely vulnerable and honest around. She was right. He would never trust anyone like he trusted her. She knew him in ways he didn't even know himself.

After a while, he tried to calm down, but just got worse again every time he thought about what a fuck up this had all been. Everything, from the moment that frost giant had grabbed his arm in Jotunheim, just after Thor's almost coronation, it had all just been one fuck up after another. He hadn't truly thought about any of it properly, he just failed one thing and moved onto the next. He had known it would most likely end with his death, either in combat or by execution. He was quite relieved when he had finally been sentenced to death. It was over, all of it, soon he would be dead, and he would never have to think again.
It seems, life had a different plan for Loki, though. A different plan in the shape of his, once brother, forcing a child within his unwilling body. Now there was no way they would let him die, at least not while the thing was in him. He could still possibly hope for after. Odin still seemed to want him dead, so he would probably just postpone the execution until after the birth.

Loki realised he had stopped crying at some point, he didn't really want to let go of his mother. She was safety, comfort, she was his mother. He did pull back though, slowly, wiping his eyes with his hands, not quite ready to look at Frigga again just yet. He wanted to get a little more composed first. Frigga, was having none of it. She handed him another small cup of water, which he accepted weakly. He felt so truly drained now, mentally, physically and emotionally. He needed to go, he just wanted to get some rest. He wasn't sure where he would go for now but he would find somewhere quiet and just sleep.

"Mudder...I...uh...thaan-nnk you, very much for your hep-helllp, it meannnsommmuch...but I mmmusst go nn-now...I just n-need to..." His feet hit the ground, but as soon as his weight was on them, his head went dizzy, sight going black, unsure of what was up and what was down. When his head finally cleared, he was on the floor, his mother holding his head up and stroking his face, saying things too him, Loki couldn’t quite understand, his eyes felt heavy, head pounding, muscles like dead weights. She helped pull him up a little, so his back rested against the side of the table he had just been on. Leaving him sitting on the floor, she ordered a servant to fetch some simple, light food. She kneeled down next to him. He tried to talk but she hushed him this time.

"You are exhausted, starved and now pregnant, sit there, eat, you will feel better, then you can go back to Thor's rooms and rest. I highly doubt Thor will return there for a while." Loki didn't feel too happy about going to Thor's room but he sat still and said no more.

The servant returned with a basic broth and some bread. Frigga broke up the bread and put it into the broth to make it soggy. Disgusting but easier to eat, especially with Loki's mouth as it was. She prodded at the mixture then lifted a small spoonful towards Loki's mouth. He pulled his head back, lifting his hand to take the spoon and feed himself but she stared him down and damn she was as stubborn as he was. Rolling his eyes he nodded and she pushed the spoon up to his lips, allowing him to tilt his head forward and take it into his mouth. It was warm and Loki nearly moaned at how good it was to actually taste something after so long. He quickly swallowed it down, looking at his mother, waiting for the next spoonful.

Frigga made him wait between each mouthful of the broth. "You are starving, you will wolf it down much too fast and make yourself sick. You would be surprised how little you will want to eat, since your stomach will have shrunk considerably. You need to gradually start eating again." She also made him sip at his water sometimes before eating again. He was actually surprised to find he was full before the broth was finished, gently pushing her hand away, shaking his head.

He smiled in gratitude at her and moved, slowly this time, to get up. He was already feeling a little better. He has no idea how his body had managed to hold him up this time. He hugged his mother after she had handed the bowl to a servant.

"I know you may not be happy about how things are, but please, look after yourself, it's not just your life now, okay?" He sighed a little when she pulled back to look at his face but he nodded his agreement. He pulled away, telling her he would be fine getting back himself, he just wanted to sleep. Thanking her again, he left and head back to Thor's room, praying to Valhalla that Thor was not there.
Thank you for reading. Let me know what you thought. Constructive feedback more than welcome!
Thor watched as Frigga led Loki away.

He could still hear Frigga's voice. "He is indeed with child."

It had worked, after all that and it had actually worked. He didn't feel any sort of triumph though. The guards dispersed and Odin turned and walked into the throne room. He didn't want to but he knew he had to follow him.

"Father...wait!" He hurried in after his father. Odin neither responded to him, or slowed down. He moved up the steps to his throne before turning round to stare at Thor.

"I suppose, congratulations are in order..."

Thor stopped at the bottom of the steps.

"Father..."

"Tell me, do you feel clever, for having outsmarted the king, or was this Loki's idea, another trick of his, which you fell for?"

"You were going to execute him, what was I to do?"

"Not bed him like a common whore!"

Thor stopped himself from replying. Odin was right, though he didn't regret what he did, he just regretted how he did it. Loki had the right to a choice; he had the right to his own body.

Odin sighed and sat down.

"We can't fix it now; we can only do our best to work around it. Don't think for a moment that you have changed Loki's fate. He will still be executed once the child is born and its life is no longer in him."

Thor didn't even have words to speak. He wanted the world to swallow him up and keep him until this mess was over. A thought struck him.

"What of the child?"

"What of it?"

"Well, if you intend to kill its mother, you must have a plan." Though Thor had meant that coldly, he hadn't meant for it to sound quite so cold. Odin glared down at his son. Thor took a subtle step back.

"You speak to me like I am in the wrong here. I did not attempt to breed him like some farm animal, Thor. That was all down to you...Asgard's future king." Odin spat the last part out. Thor knew it would go this way. He wanted Loki dead, out of the way for good, how else could he possibly react? Odin sighed and sat down on the throne, head down for a minute before he spoke, not looking at Thor this time.
"I daren't even begin to dream of what your mother will think of all of this. She is a forgiving woman Thor, but this may have just overstepped the mark. You would do well to try and talk to her; though I believe today might not be a good idea."

There was silence for a few minutes. Thor could see Odin saying so many things through his eyes, so many different emotions crossed the old King's face, and Thor didn't know what to say now. It seemed he didn't need to, since Odin wasn't quite done.

"What even made you think this was a good idea? I don't recall raising you to believe this was any form of acceptable, to anyone, regardless of their crimes. His execution, I'm sure, would be far more forgiving than what you have done to him." Thor actually felt himself getting a little mad again.

"You speak father, like someone who actually cares for Loki, when I think everyone knows by now, that is not true, you..."

"I MAY NO LONGER SEE LOKI AS A SON, I MAY REGRET A LOT OF THINGS THAT INVOLVE HIM AND I MAY HAVE SENTENCED HIM TO DIE BUT I WOULD NOT WISH THE FATE, YOU GAVE HIM, UPON MY WORST ENEMIES!" Odin eyes were ablaze with rage. He was leaning forward, hands gripping the arm of the throne and Gungir tightly. He was looking at Thor now, though Thor kind of wished he wasn't. Odin sat back again, sighing deeply, before he lifted his hand, making a dismissive gesture towards Thor.

"Away with you, I will speak of this with you, no longer, not now. Leave me. I need to see what I can salvage of this mess of which you have created, now go...OUT!"

Thor turned and stomped straight out of the throne room, heading straight for his rooms before deciding against it and going, instead to the palace grounds. Loki had always found comfort in the library or the palace grounds when he needed to think or clear his head. Thor had always preferred just walking around the gardens, listening to the goings on around him and breathing the fresh air.

He was furious. Furious with Loki for running and trying to be taken away, furious with him for letting go on the Bifrost, for lying to him about his father being dead, for trying to enslave earth, for trying to kill him...twice. He was furious at his father, for being so cold to the man who was once his son, for dismissing him like he would a slave, for refusing to see reason in anything. He was furious with himself, for how everything had turned out, for not seeing how it must have been for his brother growing up, feeling different, for not reasoning with him gently, showing him he was still loved, regardless of his true heritage, for acting upon his last idea, without first consulting Loki, drunk or not, it was inexcusable, for thinking any of this could have worked out in the first place, for being so foolish, for being such an idiotic oaf, for...being!

As his walk started to bring him back round towards the palace, he spotted his mother heading out towards the same spot Loki always liked to go to think. Thor decided he needed to speak with her to.

She spotted him as he approached but turned back and carried on looking at the view. Thor went and stood next to her.

"I'll have to bring him out here when he's feeling better, he always loved this view." She said, more out loud than particularly to Thor. He didn't say anything in reply.

"He wasn't a part of this plan was he?" Thor froze. He didn't even know to respond to that.

"No" he finally replied, looking down. She just nodded, still not looking at him.
"Mother..." He started. "I...I know you're mad..."

"I'm not mad" she said simply, now looking towards his direction, still not completely at him. "I'm surprised; I'm...a little disappointed. I understand what you were trying to do. I wanted to save him to. But this...this was not..." She stopped speaking, looking like she was struggling with the right words.

"I couldn't let him die mother. I thought I could convince father to reduce the sentence to imprisonment or something, I just needed time. It was the only way I could think of, that would give father no choice but to put a hold on the execution."

"It wasn't down to you to do anything, my son. As much as we love Loki, he did his crimes, he is being punished. I am glad you have managed to get a stay on his execution, though the circumstance is still not a happy one. It's been a rough couple of years for him, as I'm sure, you understand." Thor looked down. He understood what she meant. There was no way he could explain how he added to that though, not in true detail because in truth, his own fucked up mind simply got carried away and made him harm his once brother.

“Where is he?” Thor asked looking over to his mother. She still didn’t look at him.
“He’s in your rooms, resting. I would recommend that you leave him be for a while, he was very tired.” Thor nodded and looked out at the view, the sun starting to get a little lower in the sky.

As soon as Loki had reached Thor's rooms he had crashed onto the bed, too tired to remove clothes or even climb under covers, he was out like a light in seconds.

The sun was setting when he woke up again. Sitting up, he looked around, Thor hadn't come back yet, leaving Loki feeling a little relieved, and he had no idea how he was going to face him. He wanted to hurt Thor, wanted to make him pay; make him beg Loki for forgiveness, for mercy. Then he got an idea.

When Thor returned, Loki was sitting in a chair, reading a book, seemingly rather interested with its contents. Thor hadn't expected Loki to actually have returned to his rooms, he thought he would sleep in the gardens before he would willingly return here, maybe mother had made him. Thor walked over to the table next to Loki's chair, picking up the jug of water, he pored himself a cup, drinking it quickly before poring another and drinking that while he watched Loki read. His mouth felt dry, his tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth.

"Loki..."

"I do not wish to discuss it Thor."

"Will you just..."

"No Thor...I will not just anything. I am tired, I have slept the majority of the day away, yet I still feel like I haven't slept in weeks, I am a mixture of hungry and sickened and my mouth still feels strange from being gagged all this time. Right now, I wish to distract myself with anything I can find, so please, for my sake...do not speak!" His pronunciation was pretty much back to normal now, his mouth still felt strange, his tongue aching a little but it was nothing he couldn't deal with by now. The indents on his face were still highly noticeable but there was nothing he could do about them. He returned his attention to his book as Thor started pacing round the room, as he did when he was distressed. Good, Loki thought.

Loki didn’t look up from the book until he heard the rhythm of Thor's steps jolt. Looking up, he
could see Thor staring at nothing, a confused frown on his face, blinking hard. Thor swayed on the spot for a moment, increasingly so before turning to Loki.

"I don't...don't feel so good..." Loki raised his is eyebrows at him, smirking slightly and saw as Thor's eyes became more confused. He started looking around a little frantically before his eyes settled on the jug of water next to Loki on the table. His face dropped.

"You...whahhddidyouu...dooo..." Thor collapsed to the floor before he could finish the question. Loki clapped the book shut, very composed, he stood up, now towering above his brother. He stepped towards him, making Thor scramble to get away, not getting very far as his muscles felt heavier by the second, his vision blurring. He was trying to speak but everything just mashed together and he passed out just as he saw Loki lean towards him, a huge grin on his face.

... When Thor finally came to, his head still feeling heavy, he looked around a little bit confused until he remembered where he was. He rushed to sit up but his arms were chained to the bed. He panicked a little, struggling, trying to break the bindings but they shocked him slightly, and he realised they were magic.

Loki had returned to the seat he had been in when Thor had arrived back into his chambers, nose back in his book, like he hadn't noticed that Thor was awake, smiling to himself a little. He looked up, face feigning a slight surprise.

"Oh, good you're awake."

He smiled at Thor before shutting his book and getting up. Thor struggled in the chains again, feeling the slight shock pulsing through them, the more he struggled, the stronger they felt.

"You like them? It seems...my magic is back. I had really missed it, you know. I wasn't even sure if I could remember how to use it." He smirked slowly at Thor; he could see how his anger was rising.

"Loki…Stop this nonsense, release me at once!"

"Oh but I'm not quite finished yet...brother!" He walked around the bed watching Thor as he did. Thor looked down at himself. Loki had taken off any of the metal armour he had been wearing and all he wore now were his underclothes, a pair of fitted black under trousers and an undershirt to match, though this was lined with a little red.

Loki stopped at the end of the bed, in front of Thor.

"So...guess you're going to be a daddy hmm? Do you feel proud? Exited? A wonderful sense of achievement it must be. Want to know how I feel?"

"Loki…I…" He said no more because Loki had suddenly come up next to his and smacked him hard in the face.

"I would tell you but I’m not even sure words could describe it anymore!" He stopped speaking, closed his eyes and breathed to calm down, amused nonchalance returning to his face. He gritted his teeth hard.

"But I suppose I should be...thankful, right? After all you did save. My. Life...who am I to not grovel at your feet when my rape was only in my best interest."

Thor's face said everything. Loki could see that Thor knew he had done wrong, maybe he
somewhat felt guilty about it...he would feel worse before this was over.

"What was I supposed to do, they were going to kill you, there was no other way."

"You didn't have to rape me Thor, would discussing things with me not have been a better idea, giving me a choice?"

"You wouldn't have gone through with it, don't even pretend you would have."

"That didn't mean you could decide for me Thor, that was not your choice!"

Loki was leaning towards him slightly; his eyes piercing the older gods, making Thor feel uncomfortable.

"You know I...uh...I do recall you mentioning one little thing while you were fucking me up the arse, I don't know if you do...what was it now? Something like, 'has no one ever touched you like this before?' Was that it?"

Thor just looked at him, not quite sure where he was going with this. Loki just smiled wider at him, looking a little more delirious as he did.

"You see, you never actually waited for my answer, not that I could with the gag around my mouth...oh wait...can you still see the pressure marks from where that indented?" He leaned close to Thor now and Thor could see them, surely not as deep as before but nowhere near to fading.

"I'm not sure they will ever fade you know, like my skin is used to not being in those little indents now, strange since everything else has healed...physically...anyway...where was I? Ah yes, your question. I think you said 'blushing like a shy virgin, I don't need you to speak to know'...something to that effect. Well...brother...there's a reason why one would be as you say 'blushing like a virgin' when another person is fucking them...can you guess what it is? Or have you already figured that one out?"

Thor looked at him, eyes wide in realisation of what he had meant, he had thought that the chances of Loki having been taken from behind before were pretty high, since this was Loki, Loki who was interested in both sexes, Loki who was both sexes for fucks sake, surely he had experimented at least once in his thousand years of life. Loki was still smiling at him.

"I can see you trying to figure it out, of course, why wouldn't I have found myself a nice well dressed gent and...played around a little right? Well, no, actually I was keeping that for someone I could trust, just never met anyone for that to happen...too late now I suppose."

"Loki..."

"Ahhh...I almost forgot, silly me, yes, more memories, I know how thinking hurts your head. But, Do you recall this morning, when you were pulling out the uncharacteristically large plugs? Yes, I'm sure you do. Well, I don't suppose you remember the blood from the first one do you?"

Thor's eyes went wider still...oh no.

"I mean, I wouldn't expect you to, I'm sure it's normal to bleed sometimes after rough sex, though you pair that with 'blushing like a virgin' and it all starts to look a little peculiar, am I right?"

"No...Loki..."

"Yes Thor...I think you got it, is it such a strange thing, for people my age to have not had sex! Is it really so rare?" Actually, yes it was, but Loki wasn't going to dwell on that for now. It had been
his choice. His celibacy, not for anyone else.

"Actually Thor, think back more, as you were taking my clothes off, when you first looked upon my…dual sex…was there any virgin blushing then? Do you remember…brother of mine?"

Thor stared at his brother in confusion, shaking his head, fumbling for words…surely he couldn't be saying...

"YES, THOR, WELL DONE, YOU’VE GOT IT!” Loki clapped his hands together slowly. "Not only was I still a virgin, no one had so much as touched me where you did…brother. Only mother, and probably Odin but I don't like to think about that, had ever seen me truly…naked.” Thor was even more confused, none of this made sense.

"That can't be...how did people know you were dual sexed, I doubt mother or father spread them rumours"

"It's not that difficult to spread rumours, Thor, I say one thing in passing, next thing you know, it's spreading like a disease. Although the rumours did somewhat earn me a bit of a reputation, which is putting it lightly but I couldn't have everyone knowing about your frigid little brother now could I? I would much rather be known as a whore, but I guess; now I don't have to pretend. Hmmm, yes, maybe I should be thanking you after all."

"Loki...brother..."

Loki was in his face before he could even blink, holding his dagger against his throat. His eyes looked wild, some of his hair falling forwards. He screamed in his face.

"NO THOR, YOU DONT GET TO CALL ME THAT! NOT ANYMORE, DO YOU HEAR ME?" Loki's voice was breaking, not used to yelling, tears flooding his eyes and spilling down his cheeks. Dammit Loki, that was the third time today, get a hold of it! He pulled back, wiping his eyes and brushing his hands over his hair to pull it back into place, forcing his face to show no emotion.

"Loki...Loki please, this isn't going to solve anything. I know what I did but I was desperate, I was drunk...I'm sorry! I wish I could go back and do it differently and believe me I would but I would still have done something, I can't have you die Loki, not yet, it's not right." Loki had turned away, struggling to keep his composure.

"...Loki...Loki...look at me, please."

Loki turned back round, head down and he began undoing the buttons to his shirt. Thor tried to make eye contact with him.

"Loki, I meant what I said, I'm am sorry but I can't change it, I just wanted to save my brother and I know you would have done the same for me before and I would have known that you were only trying to...Loki...what are you doing?"

Loki had pulled off his shirt, still not looking at Thor; he started to undo his trousers.

"Would you Thor, truly, would you have been able to endure what you did to me?" And Thor suddenly realised where this was heading.

"Loki...hold on...Loki..."

Loki stepped out of his trousers, now completely naked. Turning round he walked to the table, looking down at something Thor couldn't see.
"I don't suppose it matters anyway, rape isn't about consent now is it?"

"No...Loki, please...listen to me..."

Loki picked up the items on the table, turning round he came to stand at the end of the bed again. Little bowl of oil in one hand and...No. Thor's eyes widened more, breathing stopped. Loki smiled.

"Oh good, so you do remember this. Honestly, never rely on a servant to dispose of such things; always do that part by yourself." He laughed, shaking the object in his direction, with each of his words. Thor panicked. Loki held up one of the rather large plugs that Thor had used on him.

"Oh come now brother, this will be easy, there's only one of these for you, since there's only one place to stick it, you should feel relieved I even brought oil."

Thor struggled against the restraints. Loki spread some oil onto the plug with his hand before turning back to Thor.

"Loki please...this will not solve anything...no, Loki...stop this at once!"

Loki climbed onto the bed, smiling at Thor, plug in one hand, his dagger in the other. He straddled the older gods' thighs, slipping the blade of the dagger under Thor's shirt, making him still instantly. He quickly pulled his arm up, cutting and tearing the shirt the right through the middle. Thor winced and flinched.

"Loki...no...Please...don't do this, stop...don't...."

"I would think you are feeling pretty sorry now." Loki's smile was disturbing. Thor felt sick. The younger god used the dagger to undo the clasps of Thor's trousers, letting out small, pleased breaths as he did. Thor didn't dare move while he did this, but continued trying to plead with his brother, to reason with him. Loki put the dagger and plug down so he could pull at Thor's trousers, pulling off his underwear with them, his brother struggling again.

Loki climbed back on top of him and Thor bucked, trying to throw him off, Loki just grabbed his dagger again and put it to his throat.

"I would advise you to keep still, it's in your own best interests."

"Loki, what will this solve? It won't change what happened...LOKI..!"

Loki had stopped listening. Loki was spreading his brothers' legs apart. Loki was smiling so wide, he could split his face.

"Don't worry Thor, even you get some preparation, it's only fair since you allowed me such a kindness."

That was true but Loki's preparation hadn't come in the shape of a rather large dildo. The object of which, Loki was picking up ready to press into his brother.

"Now now brother, struggling will only make things more difficult for you, I would know." He pressed the dagger back to Thor's neck, making him stop instantly, breathing roughly. This was it; he should have known Loki would want his revenge, that's how Loki worked. He squeezed his eyes shut as he felt the plug come into contact with the skin by his hole; it didn't push in yet though. Loki was going to drag this out.

"Open your eyes you dim witted oaf."
Thor didn't want to but he knew Loki would want to see him as he got his revenge. Slowly he opened his eyes, instantly frowning in utter confusion as a rather serious looking Loki was standing beside the bed, looking down at his face...fully clothed, while the Loki who had been about to rape him was still sitting on top of him, still holding that crazy smile, plug still pressed against Thor's hole, dagger still against his throat.

"Wha...?" Thor was painfully confused, he couldn't breathe. The Loki standing next to him smirked, then the naked Loki on top of him disappeared, along with the plug and dagger. Thor looked down, he realised he was also fully clothed and his arms weren't bound to the bed. He pulled his arms to himself, staring at Loki questioningly, still feeling a little shaken.

"I'm many things Thor...but I am not a rapist." Loki looked at Thor blankly for a moment then turned to leave. Thor was in too much shock to follow him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading! Feedback is appreciated. Hope you're still enjoying it.

By the way, does anyone know how to put a link on here so that people can click on it, instead of having to copy and paste it?

Thanks
"You made your point."

Thor found Loki in the library a couple of weeks later, a half eaten bowl of broth next to where he sat. Loki had avoided every single attempt at contact Thor had made, he refused to talk to him, and he barely looked at him. He seemed to live in the library at this point. Thor could see a pile of cushions and blankets on the floor where Loki had made a little sleeping area for himself. He knew that Frigga visited here often and that, the only time Odin had been to see him was to let him know that the execution was being postponed, the new date of which was causing a lot of grief, but he refused to say more. Loki had told Odin that he had nothing more to say to him, unless the king was coming here to personally drag him down to his execution, he should leave now.

"I'm glad something can be pushed into that thick head of yours."

"Loki..."

"No, Thor. I thought I had made this clear with you." Loki slammed the book shut and stood up. "I don't want to talk about it, not with you, certainly not now, not ever. You raped me. You stole...no, you ripped away my virginity and have left me impregnated with a child who will only ever serve as a reminder for me of what you did. I could never love such a child, but I get no choice. This hateful thing must develop inside me, it will grow and feed off my own life, it will rip its way out of me and all I will ever see when I look at it is your face as you did what you did to me. I will never forgive you Thor. I wanted a choice; I wanted to be able to say no. I WANTED TO DIE, I still want to die!"

Thor could only look at Loki as he spoke. Loki looked so desperate; he didn't know what to do. Loki's eyes had developed this insane gleam which Thor was starting to see quite a lot recently.

"Actually, you know what? I will forgive you...yes, that is what you want, right? Fine. You will be forgiven; you did what you thought you had to right? You will be forgiven, I hate you now, but you will be forgiven. So, please, please please please PLEASE, if you want my
forgiveness...just leave me alone, don't talk to me, don't acknowledge me if you see me, we are not brothers, we are not friends, we are less than acquaintances. We live in the palace. I will still be executed once this thing is out of me and you will never have to deal with me again, we will get what we want. As for it..." He nodded his head down in the direction of his stomach. "If you want it, you can have it, I don't care, once it is out of me, I refuse to lay eyes upon it again, I want to be dragged, still out of breath, shaking, bloodied and ripped open from the birth, dragged out into the execution hall and ended. This is what I want; this is what it would take, for me to forgive you. Make sure that this happens, and I swear, you will have your forgiveness."

Thor had completely frozen, such venomous words, not the ones aimed at him but at the unborn child. That was an innocent life, regardless of how it got here, to know it would be hated even before it arrived, was horrible. He thought Loki, being who he was, could never do that to a child but it seems Thor was wrong. He didn't know Loki at all.

"Fine, if that's what you want, I will see to it. I will do all of those things...if."

"If...what?"

"If you swear to look after yourself, look after your body, look after your baby, until the time that it arrives, you will do everything necessary to keep it healthy, mentally and physically. This child is not to blame and does not deserve to be mistreated because of this...understand?"

"Fine...stick to your deal, I'll stick to mine. But, and I am serious Thor. If you go back on that once the thing is born, I will personally find it, and I will kill it. Don't doubt me for a second."

Thor's blood ran cold. What choice did he have.

"Fine."

"Good."

...

Thor didn't see Loki over the next couple of weeks; he could only assume Loki was behaving himself, living in the library, refusing to see anyone except Frigga. That was, until the day that Odin summoned them to the throne room to finally reveal Loki's new sentence. Loki was relieved they had finally decided, he was about a month into the pregnancy, the sooner he knew the sooner he could begin the countdown to his end.

In the throne room, Odin sat upon his throne, Frigga standing a few steps down on the left side, Thor of the right, the warriors three and Sif were also there. Loki hadn't seen any of them since he ran into Sif that day, though that wasn't surprising since they had never particularly liked him anyway. He had no idea what they thought of this though, or if they had said anything about it to Thor. They were here, technically, they didn't have to be so maybe they were still on Thor's side, at least enough to stand by him, or maybe they agreed with what Thor did, but probably not since, Loki assumed, they would all probably much rather he be dead than this. The rest of the room contained a few people of the court, as witnesses. Loki walked in and stood at the bottom of the steps in front of Odin, hearing some tutting and muttering at his refusal to bow. Loki just smirked. He thought that he had dealt pretty well with the first month of his pregnancy; he was putting on a little weight, since he was actually eating again. It took him a while but he tried to finish meals as best as he could, his mother would go on about eating for two and being careful, blah blah blah, if he didn't, though, he never really felt hungry, he never really felt anything.

Odin finally stood up to address everyone. He looked tired, Loki thought, he looked like someone who was done with running Asgard. Someone who wanted to step down and let their son take his
place, which he couldn't do while all this was happening. Should just execute him, he thought, would be so much easier.

"We all know why we are here today." Odin began. "Loki's execution was meant to have taken place next week but, in light of recent events, circumstances have changed and this can no longer be the case."

Loki huffed to himself a little; the old King couldn't even say it out loud. Besides, if Loki had it his way, this simply would be the case, why drag out the inevitable? Why bring an unwanted child into the world?

"So, it took some time for courts to agree upon this. Of course he could not be executed while the child was still in him; therefore, the execution will happen after the birth."

Loki frowned slightly, surely such a decision was obvious, and why would it have bothered the courts?

"That being said, there was much disagreement as to how long after the child is born; we should wait before the execution. Ideally a lot voted for, within two weeks of the birth."

Two weeks?! Loki thought, what is the point, really, so he would give birth, rot sorely in a cell for two weeks then die anyway. They really hadn't thought this through at all.

"The rest of the court did not see at as fair that a child, still innocent regardless of circumstance, should be taken from its mother so soon, seeing as care such as breast feeding is something only Loki himself will be able to provide."

Breast feeding? They want him to birth this creature and now they want it to continue to suck the life from him even afterwards? Loki looked down, laughing to himself, of course they did.

"Then there was the matter of the child's general upbringing. The majority of the courts felt that a child should not be taken away from its mother if at all possible. They felt that Loki should be allowed to raise it, under the guidance of the palace, of Frigga, and of Thor."

Wait...no...What was he saying? Keep him alive to raise the child, had he lost his mind? Loki grabbed a quick glance at Thor and his mother, Frigga looking uncomfortable; she knows Loki wouldn't be happy about this. Thor looked about as confused as he. Loki straightened himself up. Come on Loki, hold it together, you are better than this. He could feel how his eyes were wide, mouth a little slack, everyone could see he had not expected this.

"Therefore...after finally coming to an agreement, it is the decision upon the court and, inevitably, of myself, that Loki will be allowed to live until the child is six, from there, his new execution date will be given. And finally, the matter of where Loki will live, since he is still a criminal and still waiting for execution, he cannot be kept in the dungeons because of his pregnancy and that is hardly any place where a child should be raised, he will live in the palace, he will be moved into Thor's chambers, and he will be supervised by someone at all times, until such time. There will be no negotiations on this subject, this has been dragged out long enough." He slammed Gungir onto the ground, the signal of a finalised decision made within a trial. People already started to mutter and shift about as they got up to leave. Odin hadn't even looked at him, he didn't even speak directly to him, not that Loki cared about that.

Frigga walked down the steps to Loki as soon as Odin had taken his leave, wrapping her arms around him tightly. Loki made no move to hug her back; he couldn't make his body cooperate just yet. Thor looked like he was stuck between storming off and trashing a few things first.
"Oh Loki, it's okay my son.” A concerned Frigga looked up at him. "It will be okay." She just
kept repeating this to him, like it would make a difference. Loki couldn't breathe, never mind
speak.

He gently pushed her away, turned and left the hall, ignoring his mothers’ calls. He didn't stop
until he had gotten to the farthest part of the gardens, completely aware of the guard who had
stealthily tried to follow him unnoticed. He stopped and sat down on the grass, still not quite sure
how to react. Six years...six years! What difference would it make; he didn't want the monster that
grew inside him. Did Odin really think him and Thor were going to play happy little families?
Loki would laugh if it wasn't about him. He knew they all thought it wasn't about him at all, not
him, but the welfare of the child. Bullshit. It was as much about him as it was about the child and
Loki felt like Odin might have done this to punish Thor to.

He pressed his hand onto his stomach. Could he raise this...thing, for six years? Absolutely not but
he didn't have much choice it seemed, so could he just grit his teeth and do it? There wasn't many
times in his life where he had been unsure of himself, but this was definitely one of them. He
looked down, feeling nothing but hatred for the creature that lay within him. Six years was
nothing, but it could sure be a pretty slow nothing in the right situation.

He lay back on the grass. He just wanted it to be over, was it so bad? He had already thought
about ending things himself, but there was no greater shame at such a cowardly escape. He didn't
want his mother to remember him for that. And making him live with Thor, which was just adding
salt to the wound, there was no reason for that, which is what lead him to believe that Odin was
also punishing Thor. He must be, but then again, would he punish Thor? Was Odin even bothered
by what his son had done?

When Loki had been on Midgard, he had learned a lot about their laws and differences. On there,
rape was a hugely outrageous thing; it was not tolerated in any way. In some way, Loki wished it
was the same here, but here, it was frowned upon, not a nice thing to do by any means, unless it
was to a slave, they had no rights to their body so no one cared about what the owner did to their
property. Is that how Thor saw him? His property that was being taken from him and he did what
he had to, not to lose it. Was Loki just his trophy after the older god had defeated him on
Midgard?

Thor hadn't done this in Loki's best interest, which he knew for sure, what could he have possibly
 gained from any of this? Loki just couldn't figure out why. What did Thor want from him that
would make him do something so drastic to keep him alive? He had often heard rumours about
Thor being rough in bed. He remembers accidentally walking in on him once and the woman he
was bedding at the time was crying. Loki hadn't quite understood at the time but now he did. He
doesn't think Thor had raped that woman, he didn't even have Thor down as a rapist but there is a
difference between rough and rape, which was clear. But Thor had taken so much pleasure in
what he did to Loki, this couldn't have just been an act of desperate duty, there had to be
something more. Something deep inside Thor that even Loki had never known about. It made
sense. Maybe rape play? He had heard some people were into strange things when it came to sex,
maybe it was like a fantasy or something, a fetish. But what he had done to Loki was not play,
which was not making believe, that was real. So was play not enough to him? He said he would
have gone about it differently if he could go back. So did he get carried away, or realise himself
what it was he actually wanted while he was doing it. It could all have been about power.

Damn, Loki hadn't actually thought about this since it happened, he had pushed all of it away,
refusing to try and justify it or even attempt to clear it up in his own mind, the only way he would
know would be to ask Thor, talk to Thor...that wasn't going to happen. He's not sure if he even
cares any more, it wouldn't change anything. He will live in Thor's room, but he will not live with
him, their relationship as brothers was over; it took a long time for Thor to grasp this, Loki figured
it out when he let go at the Bifrost. It seems Thor had finally got what that actually meant now. He also knew that Thor was not just going to take this, he would try and build some kind of relationship with him again but it wouldn't happen. Loki hated him too much for that now. He still had to find a way to cope with Thor for the time he was going to be stuck with him.

...  

Walking into Thor's room, Loki found that some of the stuff he had gathered up in the library had been brought here, probably his mothers doing. She had also folded up all the blankets he had been sleeping on, setting them up on one side of Thor's bed...no way in Hel!

Walking over to the bed he dragged the blankets onto the floor and set up another little nest like bed space for himself, stealing some of Thor's pillows. Thor walked out of the washroom a few minutes later, hair wet. He stopped when he saw Loki; he must not have heard him walk in. Loki just looked at him before carrying on with making his bed.

"You don't need to do that."

"Yes. I do."

"You take the bed; I'll sleep on the floor."

"I will be fine right here."

"You shouldn't be sleeping on the floor, not when you're..."

"I'm not a woman, Thor. Don't treat me like one."

"Woman or not, you're still carrying a child."

"The child doesn't mind the floor." Loki still hadn't looked at Thor; he knew Thor was staring at him. He felt a little trapped, even if he wasn't, even though, overall, he really was. He knew this was how it was going to be from now on. He wanted to take control of the situation; he needed to be in control of something, even something as small as where he slept. As calmly as he could, he turned to face Thor.

"I am fine, you don't need to treat me different, you don't need to sacrifice anything, you don't need to do...anything. Just leave me alone."

"We can't just ignore each other for the next almost seven years Loki; we are going to have to work something out."

"Yes...well...not now. Not everything needs to happen right now."

Thor put his hands up, backing off a little. "Okay." He said

Loki sighed, maybe six years was going to feel longer after all.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. I know everyone says it but if you could let me know what you thought, even just a couple of words can be great. We thrive off readers comments, good or bad so yes!! Hope you are still enjoying my story and apologies
for the delayed update. I will probably post next chapter tomorrow to make up for it :D
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

This is kind of my 'Sorry for taking a while to post' chapter and thank you to everyone for the really nice and really helpful/respectful comments. It's so lovely of you all :D

Alas...Enjoy a little bit of porn!!

The next couple of months went by pretty much the same. Loki and Thor spoke when it was necessary but otherwise they just went on with their own business. Frigga visited Loki often, asking him how he felt, sometimes not even mentioning his pregnancy. It made him feel like there was at least someone who still saw him as a person and not just a vessel for this thing. He tried to appear a little better around her, make her think he was coping well, even if he wasn't. It kept her a little more cheerful and he liked having a positive person to chat to and listen to, since he wasn't feeling overly optimistic right now. He didn't lie to her though; he never would, not to his mother, so he would sometimes tell her his true feelings, his fears, worries, how angry he was. This was also something his mother scolded him about often. He needed to think more positive for the sake of the baby, they pick up on negativity and all that shit. Loki couldn't bring himself to tell her he simply didn't care. He certainly didn't tell her that he had taken to referring to the child as a parasite.

He had generally managed pretty well with everything until about two months in. That was when the sickness had started, every singly morning at the crack of dawn he would wake up so suddenly, snapping his eyes open. He would be in the washroom throwing his guts up before he was even awake enough to realise he had moved. It was the most awful feeling, being sick. He couldn't breathe, he could only choke and wait for his body to stop convulsing and gasp as best he could in between.

Even with all the throwing up, he had put his weight back on now, and a little extra. His mother kept saying something about glowing but that meant nothing to Loki; he just wanted to be able to eat a decent meal without having to throw it up afterwards. He was already slightly rounded, even though he had only just reached the second trimester, a little over three months in. Normally it was too early to show anything properly, it concerned him a little, what if there was more than one of them? There was no way he could deal with that, he refused, and he didn't even want to deal with the one he already knew about. He would rather stab himself in the stomach than birth these things. The only reason he hadn't right now is because he knew his mother could never forgive him for destroying an 'innocent life.'

"You will start to crave something soon. It might be a strange thing to want to eat but you will eat it and it will just hit the spot so perfectly, you will never want to eat anything else." Frigga had told him, smiling at him gently. He supposed, since she had been through this, she would know, which is why he listened to her.

"Listen to your body" she said. "It will let you know what it needs."

And it did just that, well at least he thinks it did, if the sudden need for boiled eggs and cream were anything to go by. He happily ate bowls of the stuff, enjoying the way Thor's nose wrinkled
at the sight; he made the decision to eat it around him as often as he could.

Thor had found out about his morning sickness though, he had been hoping to hide it until it was over, only his mother knew about it, she gave him some herbal teas that helped calm his stomach but some mornings it was just too strong and he would have to run straight to the washroom. One of the mornings that this had happened, he had rushed to get up, his head immediately going completely dizzy and he tripped over his own feet at the end of Thor's bed, waking him up, while he scrambled to get his bearings enough to get up. He didn't manage to get to his knees before his stomach lurched hard and he emptied the entire contents of his stomach onto the floor, not pausing long enough to let him breathe, so he could only choke as his stomach heaved again and again.

Thor had jumped out of the bed and knelt down next to Loki, pulling his hair back. Loki had tried to push him off but ended up just gripping onto his arms while his stomach lurched again, abdomen muscles aching now. Thor rubbed his back until he stopped heaving, Loki would never let him know it, but it had felt better with that. So now, if Thor ever woke up while Loki was throwing up, he would come and rub his back for him, and Loki just couldn't bring himself to stop him, because it helped.

His mother had also told him that his libido would probably disappear completely, which was a little awkward to discuss, and that he should not worry because that was normal. He wasn't worried anyway since he had never really had much of a libido anyway, he had felt mildly horny before, but wasn't really a fan of masturbation and it had never bothered him. What she hadn't warned him about though, was that when it did come back around about his fourth/fifth month in, it would come back with a vengeance!

So now he's lying on his make shift floor-bed, one hand resting on his slightly swelling belly. He had no idea how big he was going to get, not that he cared the much anyway, and he would heal. Loki keeps shifting about, he knows why, but he refuses to acknowledge it for now. He's not used to this, strange itch of arousal in his lower stomach and he is stuck between desperately wanting it to just go away, or just doing something about it. He's not sure that's a good idea either, so he just lays there, hand tapping on his stomach, the other one by his side, pulling at bits of thread on his clothing.

Thor walks in from fighting outside, covered in sweat and dirt. It, at least, distracts Loki for a moment, so he can sit up and forget about the tingling in his stomach for now. Thor picks up a jug of water, not bothering with a glass and starts gulping straight from it. Then he heads straight for the washroom. Loki decides that lying on the floor isn't going to help him and a walk round the gardens would do him some good, fresh air and all that. He lets Thor know where he's going first, since that was part of Odin's sentence, annoyingly enough and he heads out.

Loki feels a little better once he gets outside, it's a bright day and the light breeze is nice, soothing his, rather irritated skin. He walks around for a bit before heading to the shaded part of the gardens, all kinds of shrubbery surrounds it and it's a very beautiful place to sit, very private to. He doesn't bother pretending he hasn't seen the guard that followed him or the people looking at him. Some curiously, some disgusted, some scared, he really doesn't care for them but the staring is quite irritating.

He relaxes on the grass, leaning up against one of the tree stumps. Leaning his head back, he closes his eyes and sighs out loud, bringing a hand to rest on top of his stomach. He feels a strange fluttering inside him which has been happening more and more recently. He's not sure what it is but he thinks it's something to do with the arousal which has been eating at him for a couple of days. It's not like he's ever alone long enough to even do anything about it, especially living in Thor's rooms. It's slowly driving him mad.

He lifts his head and looks around a little. The guard has turned away, distracted by talking to
another guard, which they're not supposed to do but Loki's not going to call him out on it. Plus he's pretty shaded from view here, maybe he could just...

He lets the hand on his stomach slide lower, halting at the waistline of his trousers, sliding his fingers along the skin there. Slipping his hand, slowly, into his pants, he gently takes his half interested cock into his hand, squeezing lightly to make himself harder. He takes a deep breath and strokes himself a little, adding slightly more pressure at the tip. He breathes out a quiet moan and picks up the pace a bit, his stomach muscles flexing, thighs drawing up slightly and his head going back, exposing his pale neck.

He had never been much into pleasuring himself, not that he had a problem with it, he was just never particularly interested, and he had other things to be doing than that. But right now, he couldn't understand why he had never thought this. This felt great and maybe the pregnancy was making him hornier and more sensitive but he didn't care, he just focused on his hand, stroking himself, changing speed, changing pressure. Sometimes he let his hand venture lower to torment the slit below, but never plunging inside. That was a part of himself he had never really been able to accept. People had treated him differently after finding out about his dual sex, even though he had spread the rumours himself and had been able to prepare for it, it still came as a bit of a surprise. Men would whistle at him in the hallways, come up behind him and whisper vulgar things into his ear, things that always involved the feminine part of his genitalia. Needles to say it had been off putting. Some of them went as far as to try and grope at him. He generally managed to fight them off before they could do more but one, rather muscular guy had managed to get his hand into Loki's clothes and grab at his quim. That time, it had actually been Thor who had stepped in, pulling the guy off Loki and taking Loki to his room to look after him. The irony of it now.

Loki realised he had stopped his movements. He changed his thoughts back to himself and enjoyed the sensations his hand was giving him. He could feel himself slowly building towards a release, so he picked up the pace again, head pushing back further, body tensing more harshly, struggling to hold back his pants and soft moans now...

"Loki..?"

His eyes snapped open, hand stopping instantly and he quickly pulled it from under his clothes. He looked towards the entrance to the shaded area that he was currently pleasuring himself in, to see his mother come walking round into view a few moments later.

"There you are, dear, I have been looking for you for a while now, is everything alright? Thor said you seemed a little distant."

Loki quickly straightened himself up against the tree. He loved his mother dearly, but her timing wasn't always good.

"I'm fine, just felt like some quiet is all."

Frigga came and sat next to him, smiling at him brightly.

"Oh I can imagine. I remember how muddled my head could get when I was pregnant with Thor. Felt like everything was happening at once and I just needed everything to stop." She chuckled at the memory before her eyes brightened up and she put her hands on his arm.

"How is your stomach feeling? Are the herbal teas helping?" She always tried to sound cheery; like she hoped it would rub off on him and make him feel better. It kind of did.

He nodded. "A little, though my stomach generally feels unsettled a lot more recently."
"What do you mean?" Her eyes met his, concern showing in her face.

"It's not unbearable or anything, it's a bit like there's butterfly's flapping around in my stomach."

Frigga's face lit up a bit. "Oh, that sounds like the baby's kicking. Yes, since it wouldn't be formed yet, it moves around and you can feel a strange sensation, kind of like nerves, is that what you can feel?" It was the child moving? That's what that weird fluttering was? Loki felt a little strange about it now.

"Oh...yeah, I think...I think I felt that."

Frigga's smile widened a little bit more. He could see she was holding back a little, secretly slightly excited about the child. She had always been excited about the possibility of having grandchildren one day, though this probably wasn't quite what she had in mind. He felt the fluttering again, now it just unnerved him.

"It's not a prominent thing, it's just sort of there, sometimes." He blushed slightly; he had no idea how to handle this stuff. He had never planned on dealing with this kind of thing. Frigga looked happy enough though, she beamed at him, taking his head in her hands and kissing his forehead.

"And how are you doing, with the pregnancy, with everything? It's not the easiest of things to deal with, especially with everything else you have been through, but you might start to feel more calm about it, more relaxed about the idea of what you will have to do, anything you were feeling anxious about, it is because your body, when pregnant, will help to mentally prepare you for such things. Otherwise, I don't think there would be many people who would be fit to have children, if the nerves and fears could get in the way."

Loki though for a minute, was he okay? He hadn't really thought about it since he couldn't change it, he had sort if resigned himself to what was to come but that didn't mean he had to be okay with it. He did sometimes find himself speaking to the child inside him, though it was mostly just abuse about how it was created as a means of distraction, to keeps its mother from dying. Created through rape, existing through force, it will be raised in hatred. Not that Loki would ever tell his mother the things he said, the things he really felt.

"I'm feeling pretty good, for now, given my situation. I am generally at peace with where this is going. Stressing will get me nowhere, so I simply allow time to go by as it will. Once the child is born, I will raise it until my death and then it is up to you, for I would trust no other with such a task, when I am dead." He saw how she flinched at the word but she would need to come to terms with the fact that he was going to be executed and the time was going to feel very fast for her, because she was dreading it so much.

"Now, if you don't mind mother, I'm going to head back inside, I feel a little tired." And horny as fuck! Sadly, the conversation hadn't killed his arousal. He wasn't mentally turned on, like; he didn't even have any desire for sex. Physically his body just would not leave him alone.

She instantly helped him up, not that it was necessary since he wasn't exactly big, yet, but he accepted her hand anyway, giving her another hug before linking arms and they walked back to the palace together.

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Later that evening Loki was sitting on Thor's bed, having just finished a bowl of eggs and cream, it was the only thing he could hold down and Thor hated him eating it on his bed, but he dealt with it, cause he didn't really have a choice. The older god had left for dinner, a while ago but Loki preferred to eat alone now, partly for the strange choice of food and he hated the stares he
got. Everyone was so interested in his stomach it was like they had forgotten that his eyes were up on his head.

He had appreciated his mother coming to chat with him earlier; she was the only person who could cheer him up. He would have preferred that she turned up at a different time, but at least she didn't see what he was doing moments before. When he had come back to Thor's room, the older god was there, meaning he couldn't do anything about his arousal then either, he had gone into the washroom and tried again but Thor had interrupted him again, telling him that he wanted to wash up for dinner and that his strange food had arrived.

Thor wasn't in here now though, Loki thought. He lay back, and then changed his mind. Thor might be able to put up with his eating habits on his bed but this was something else entirely. He slid off the side of the bed, into the half arranged pile of blankets and cushions that were his bed, pulled off his shirt and made himself comfortable, oh his back, which was still comfortable enough for him for now. His mother had said something about only being able to sleep on her side further down the line of her pregnancy.

He opened his trousers, pulling them down his hips slightly and slid his hands underneath the fabric, his cock already pretty much fully hard since he had only been able to torment himself further throughout the day. He quickly set a rhythm and got straight to it, no messing. He let his mind explore the feelings he was giving himself, pulling his head back and breathing harder, sighing every time he caught a particularly sensitive spot. It wasn't long before he was moaning quietly to himself, bucking and writhing into his own hand.

He pushed his other hand into his trousers, pushing them down more, to give him room. The hand came down to his entrance, feeling it, already wet, pushing his fingers along it but not pushing them in. He could feel himself getting closer, his breathing growing desperate, his body tensing, head thrown back, breathing through his open mouth, his eyes closed, concentrating.

He started fisting his cock with some real effort, breathing turning ragged again, small moans sometimes escaping past his lips. He was so close, he could feel it...right there, just a little more, he pushed his hips up frantically now, breathing desperately. Come on...just a bit...more...

He couldn't get himself over the edge; he didn't know why, he was right there, right on the very edge, it just wouldn't spill. He stopped and breathed harshly for a bit. He couldn't leave himself like this, he would go insane. He returned to stroking his cock, which was leaking, as was his opening. He pressed two of his fingers inside himself a little, ignoring the slight discomfort it gave him to do it, and he would need to get over his problems with it eventually. Moving his fingers around a bit, slicking them up with his own fluids, pressing around his inner walls, feeling little jolts of pleasure starting to form.

He moved his hand faster, thrusting in and out with his fingers roughly. He stopped thinking about what he was doing, his mind focussing more on his cock anyway, his other hand just adding to the pleasure there. He couldn't stop himself from moaning a little louder now, his whole body struggling to drag him over the edge, he needed to come, he had to, and he couldn't not come after all this. He could hear the noises he was making, helpless to stop them, his concentration was on one thing...come!

Making one last effort, he bit down hard on his bottom lip, crying out in pure relief when he finally fell over the edge, clamping down on his fingers, cock pulsing hard; he just stilled and let it happen. His body went limp and he just lay there for a few minutes, waiting for his breathing to return to normal.

His legs were a little wobbly when he finally stood up. He turned when he had regained his balance, about to head for the washroom but instead, he froze when he saw Thor sitting on his
bed. When the Hel had he come in? And since when was he that stealthily quiet? Thor looked like he had tried to look busy by reading a book, as if Thor had ever read books, but he was now looking at Loki, eyes wide, mouth gaping slightly. They looked at each other for a moment, Loki doing everything in his power to keep his face blank. Thor’s eyes trailed down to the cum running down Loki’s abdomen, also noticing the little protruding belly that had started to form. He didn’t dare say anything though, neither did Loki, he just turned and walked to the washroom, trying to look as unbothered by this as he physically could, running himself a bath and sitting back in the warm water.

Shit, he thought.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Hope you enjoyed it. please let me know!!
Chapter 7

Over the next few weeks, Loki ate more and more, his stomach became more obvious and the fluttering definitely became kicking. He found that it seemed to respond to his moods. So if he was in a really bad mood, the parasite would squirm and kick around a lot, even if it was still very small and barely developed, it was pretty uncomfortable for Loki. His mother continued to visit him regularly, generally cheerful, though there was one time she came that Loki could tell that something was up.

She had come to visit him, as she usually did but there was a hesitance in her words, like she was waiting for the opportunity to say something. Loki eventually called her out on it.

"Mother please, you have something to say, just say it. I am fine." She looked at him a little sheepishly before sighing and waving her hand, conjuring up what looked like two bracers, designed to wear round the wrist/forearm over battle clothing. These were much simpler looking though, thinner, more delicate with an intricate pattern carved into the body, not like the bulky ones he wore with his battle armour. He raised his eyebrows at her, in question.

"Bracers?"

She smiled a little reluctantly. "Not just bracers." He thinks he knows where this is going.

"Odin had these made, it took a while to get the correct level of enchantment for them to work and still be wearable. You will be required to wear them." She started opening the clasps on the underside.

"They're going to stub out my Seidr aren't they?" Of course, Loki should have seen this coming, it was obvious enough really.

"Not stub...restrict, and do you blame him really? You haven't exactly given him much reason to trust you." She gestured for him to hold out his arm.

"I have done nothing recently that suggests me a threat." He smiled a little, there was no getting out of this, and it was written plainly on his mothers face. He watched her for a moment before rolling his eyes a little and lifting his arm up. She clasped the first one in place. It was fitted to his wrists, but not too tight, he wouldn't be able to pull it off though. Once she had secured the one she moved onto the other.

"They won't do you any harm, you just won't be able to use your Seidr in the same way but you will not be completely limited." He moved his arms around a bit, they didn't restrict his movement but he was definitely aware of their presence. He would get used to them, this he knew, and he had no other choice.

"He gasped a little at a sudden sensation, as he could feel his magic draining slightly. When he had first learned to use his Seidr, when he had first properly acquired it, he felt how it filled him, a sense of power which had taken some getting used to but now he felt like he couldn't do without it, even if he wasn't using it. He could sense that it was still there, but like he couldn't quite access it or something.

"You are fine; I tried them on myself, to see what the effects would be before I allowed them to be used on you. It's a strange feeling, I understand but that is as bad as it gets, you will get used to it."
She had been right, sometimes he still missed it terribly, just feeling the way his magic flowed through him but he had quickly gotten used to the feeling and the cuffs themselves weren't too uncomfortable, he could feel them when he bent his arm or wrist but they didn't do much else.

...  

He also found that he was horny, all the damn time. He felt like he had rubbed his dick raw by now and it still wasn't enough. He would end up pleasuring himself a few times a day, mostly finishing, unsatisfied. Thor had gotten used to hearing him now, though Loki mostly went to the washroom to do it, he wasn't much good at being that quiet. Some nights Thor would wake up, hearing Loki pleasuring himself on the floor next to his bed, really trying to keep the noise to a minimum.

One of the times this happened, Thor rolled over and looked at Loki from on his bed. Loki's eyes were closed, teeth grit together, face red, clearly getting nowhere with his efforts.

"You know...uh...I could probably help you out, you know, if you needed."

Loki's eyes snapped open, hands stopping, glaring up at his brother. Thor had looked at Loki questioningly when he had first seen the cuffs but just nodded when Loki told him what they were for, asking him if he was alright about it. Of course Loki had just snapped at him about how he would feel being allowed to carry Mjolnir around with him but not being allowed to use it for anything.

"I don't need anything from you" he growled, moving to get up to head to the washroom. "If you don't mind...privacy?"

"You don't have to move you know, you can stay, what difference is there really, with the door between us?"

"Cause normally I'm in another room, and you're not in my face, breathing on me." Thor just smirked at him and sat back up.

"Okay...just saying, if you need some help..."

"I'm fine, Thor." Loki snapped, moving into the washroom and shutting the door.

He knew Thor could probably still hear him, he just didn't care, and he had spent ages trying to finish himself off. Once he finally felt as close as get could get, he bit down hard on his arm, finally spilling over his hand, seed spraying up onto his chest and stomach. He sighed and relaxed down a bit before running himself a bath.

...  

Thor could hear Loki miserably pleasuring himself in the washroom, or quite often on the floor when it was night, Thor had taken to pretending to stay asleep while listening to Loki, who was then nothing but irritable for the rest of the time, snapping at Thor for anything and everything. Thor had woken up again one night. He could, once again, hear Loki failing to please himself on the floor. He had been lying there for ages, seeming to be getting nowhere with himself, Thor wasn't even sure why he was still bothering. He rolled to his side, watching Loki for a bit. It really wasn't doing him any good; he looked tired, fed up.

Thor reached one hand down and placed it over the hand Loki was currently stroking his own cock with. Loki stilled, completely tense, eyes opening wide to look straight at Thor, then quickly slapping his hand away, glaring at him furiously.
"Let me help Loki, apart from the fact that's it's driving me insane listening to you, you are clearly not getting anything from this, I can make it good."

"No, Thor. I do not need you to do anything for me, I'm fine, I'm just bored and this room doesn't exactly inspire when it comes to pleasuring oneself. Leave me alone." He tucked himself back into his trousers, struggling to get up he left for the washroom again. Thor sighed and tried to get back to sleep.

... It was really warm, one night, waking Thor up with the humidity. He kicked off his covers, turning over to get some air to his back. He hated it when it was like this, like the air was thick. Everything felt sticky, it was horrible. He closed his eyes willing himself to go back to sleep.

He was distracted by a, now familiar, noise.

... It was too hot, much, much too hot!

Loki couldn't take it but he couldn't do anything about it either. He was ready to kill someone. He hoped this would end soon. His life was currently defined as either uncomfortably aroused or jerking off. Nothing was working and he couldn't take it anymore. Not in this heat as well.

He heard Thor stir in the bed and willed him to go back to sleep. He had taken to doing this in the washroom now but tonight it was hot, his back hurt, he didn't want to move. He was so clumsy now to; nothing could be done gracefully anymore. He felt like shit most days, he knew he was being a dick to people, but he was pregnant and his life was a mess, he was allowed to.

He was sweating pretty bad, he really didn't care anymore, his eyes were squeezed tight in concentration, he just wanted to finish and be done with it, he knew he wouldn't be able to sleep in this heat anyway, maybe take a cold bath after, cool him down.

He startled when he felt a hand covering his hand again. He kept his eyes closed this time, calming his breathing down as best he could.

"We've been through this Thor, I'm fine."

"Stop." That did actually make Loki pause.

"Stop what?"

"What you're doing." Loki felt his face scrunch up slightly in confusion. Thor climbed down from his bed so he was hovering a little bit above Loki on the floor.

Loki was stuck between making him get off and not. He was kind of curious, but cautious at the same time.

He felt Thor's hands on his sides, gently pushing him and Loki realised, he wanted him to turn over.

"Come on." Thor urged. "This is getting you nowhere, you need to just stop for a bit and take some time, now turn over." He firmly but gently pushed him to roll over, Loki did but he wasn't sure. Thor pushed a couple of thick cushions under his chest to take more pressure off his stomach and lay Loki back down.
"Just hold onto the pillow and relax." Loki felt something cool drip into his back, making him jump a little. Thor shushed him and the next thing Loki felt was Thor's hand pushing through whatever was on his back. He soon realised it to be oil as he felt Thor's hand sliding against his back, spreading it around up to his shoulders, squeezing lightly as he did. Loki just held onto the pillow and waited, not relaxing down, still tense, really not sure what to do at the moment.

It did feel quite nice, Loki thought, the smooth pressure sliding around his back. It felt a little uncomfortable in places where Thor dug his hands in a bit but then sometimes the extra pressure was even nicer. Thor rubbed his hands round, searching for any sensitive areas that would help him relax. Loki finally relaxed a bit more after a while, letting his head fall onto his arms, holding onto the pillow.

Thor squeezed his shoulders a little harder, balling his one hand into a fist and rubbing hard in between his shoulder blades and Loki let out an involuntary sigh, his body going limper in relaxation. He had never had this done before, people rubbing their hands over his body didn't really appeal to him but this felt damn good. Thor's hands moved to his lower back and pressed hard in the centre, moving his hand in circles, pressing hard enough that rather than his hand sliding around, it made Loki's body move with him a bit. Loki let out a hard, surprised moan as a strong sense of arousal flared in his lower stomach spreading all down his groin, making him grind his hips into the floor.

He tried to tense again when he felt Thor pulling at his trousers but his body wouldn't quite respond, he just groaned out what he hoped was a protest. Thor shushed him, telling him that all was well, he was fine. Loki felt him completely remove his trousers followed by more cold dripping onto his thighs. Then Thor's hands were back on his, smoothing along his thighs and down to his calves, squeezing and rubbing the muscles, hands dragging down to his ankles and finally his feet. Loki was pretty ticklish so Thor didn't stay on his feet for long, working his way back up his legs, round his thighs, moving his hands round to the sides as he past his backside so as to not make him tense again, back to his back and up to his shoulders.

Loki was flat out now, sometimes moaning at a particularly nice spot, his eyes closed, feeling heavy and weightless at the same time. He was aware of how unbelievably hard he was but Thor had made no moves towards that area so Loki left it for now, he continued to push his hips into the floor whenever Thor worked his lower back, he didn't know what it was but there was a strong pleasure from that area. Thor stayed around his lower back, sometimes moving to his thighs again but not moving as much as before, just pressing and rubbing in places that made Loki sigh and moan.

He felt Thor's hands rub the underside of his thighs this time, pushing his hands between him and the floor to reach, sometimes moving quite close to his groin but pulling back again before he reached anything, moving up to his lower back again, he did the same here, slipping his hands down by his stomach but pulling back before coming into contact with his cock, moving back to his thighs again and repeating these movements.

Loki felt quite tormented by this, he didn't want Thor to do anything but the next time Thor's hands went down to his stomach, he unconsciously his hips a little, panting out as he had been doing for a while now, Thor pulled back again and Loki felt a bit frustrated, he just needed the pressure, his cock was aching, he wanted to relieve himself desperately now.

Thor's hands pushed down again and Loki lifted his hips but this time Thor didn't pull back. Loki felt Thor's hand slide under his cock, slick fingers wrapping around the length and gripping with firm pressure and Loki felt like all the air had left his lungs at once. He froze for a moment.

The few seconds that Loki hesitated, Thor used to his advantage, twisting his hand a little as he stroked, a slight twinge of pain but also increasing the pleasure fast. Loki's few hesitating seconds
dragging out longer. He wasn't quite sure what was going on in his head but this felt good and he wanted to push Thor off but he also wanted to grab his hand and fuck into it hard.

Loki couldn't deny that Thor had technique and after a while he relaxed a little. Thor put his free hand on the floor next to Loki, so he was leaning more fully over the younger god and kissed his shoulder, nipping a little just after making Loki twitch in pleasure.

The hand on his cock pushed lower, and then Loki felt as Thor slid his finger along his wet entrance before pushing two fingers in, not nearly as slowly as he probably should have. Loki twitched a little, frowning in slight discomfort and he heard Thor let out a breath of arousal. Loki knew he should stop this, now.

Thor thrust his fingers a little roughly, using his own hips to push at Loki's backside, grinding Loki's cock into the floor almost painfully. Soon, Loki was panting, trying to hide it but failing miserably. He knew Thor was watching him closely, not that he could do anything about that. He felt his body jolt as Thor removed his hand and quickly flipped him over onto his back, finally getting some air to his cock, swiftly followed by Thor's mouth engulfing him, taking him down, swirling his tongue around the head, his forehead bumping into the bottom of his rounded stomach as he went down. Loki let out a moan in shock, his breathing picking up quickly, fingers twisting into the sheets he lay on, making a lot of effort not to thrust up into Thor's mouth. Thor pushed his fingers back into Loki, adding a third with it this time.

Loki felt as Thor scraped his teeth against Loki's length as he pulled back, biting a little at the head before swallowing him down again. Loki let out a moan, he hadn't intended to, but the way Thor's teeth dragged roughly along his cock, slight pain mixed with the pleasure of the way he was sucking at the head, his fingers thrusting relentlessly into him, there was no way he couldn't have let out a noise at that. The older god continued this for a few more minutes, thrusting his hand relentlessly into Loki, sucking him roughly before Loki felt Thor push his fingers into him, deeper, pressing upwards and rubbing the same spot hard, at the same time, he took Loki down to the root, biting down on the base of Loki's cock. Loki jolted hard, head flying back, squeezing his eyes shut tight and crying out loudly as his release washed over him.

Thor didn't let go of his cock until he felt it softening slightly, sucking off any last drops of his release and swallowing it, pulling his fingers out and sucking them clean to. Loki was still lying down, breathing raggedly. Thor took the opportunity to really look at his naked body. His face was fuller, healthier looking, he looked tired but not gaunt, and it was like his entire body had filled out with a little weight, not fat, just nicely plump in places, as an expectant mother should.

Thor let his eyes roam down to his brothers’ flat chest, the milk wouldn't come in until the baby was born and by the looks of things, Loki hadn't even bothered changing that part of his body ready for when it did. Thor wasn't sure if Loki would willingly breast feed, since he didn't want the child, but surely Loki wouldn't be able to neglect it just for existing. His eyes wandered lower to Loki’s round stomach. Loki was a bit iffy about people seeing his bare stomach, but it seems he had forgotten in this moment. Loki was about six and a half months into his pregnancy now. The healers had checked him over frequently, saying that he seems to be following the regular nine months, but maturely. He is a little big for how far along he is. At first they thought maybe twins, but after later examinations, they said that most likely wasn't the case. They said not to be surprised if it was a little earlier though.
Loki opened his eyes, still feeling a little hazy. Okay, he still hated Thor but credit where credit was due he was damn good with his mouth. Loki felt...he actually felt sated. It was such a relief he could happily sleep as he was, but it was still stupidly hot and he would regret not bathing, come the morning. Sweat was running down the side of his face and neck, slightly pooling in the indent of his collar bone.

Loki sat up, casting a quick glance at Thor who had leaned back but was still in between his legs, smiling down at him. He wasn't gloating though. As Loki’s head cleared a bit more he realised that he had let him do this, he had let Thor pleasure him. There was no consent issue, he had allowed it, and he couldn't simply throw blame to the older god, because this time, he really had just helped him. Now he felt even stranger. He was frowning to himself, getting increasingly more horrified as he did. He struggled to his feet as fast as he could. Thor held onto his arms to help pull him up, Loki shrugged him off and stumbled away from him, towards to washroom a bit. He could hear Thor speaking to him, calling him, he thinks but he ignored him. He needed to gather himself again, be alone to wash away the evening, confusion and sweat.

...

Loki spent ages washing himself in cool water, relaxing his muscles, though that didn't take much since he was still feeling completely sated, kind of like jelly, glad to be finally relieved of his arousal. Thor had been in at one point, but he simply washed himself down with a basin and cloth, and then left again. Loki was glad Thor hadn't tried to talk to him; he had barely even looked at him.

Loki was struggling to think clearly about what had happened, he was tired, he was hot, now was not really the time to think but he also couldn't stop his mind from wandering back to it. He knew he couldn't trust Thor with this, Thor got too much out of being rough. He would go too far again eventually, but that's what confused Loki. It had hurt a little, Thor wasn't gentle with his fingers by anyone’s standards, but, even through the pain, it was kind of nice to be able to leave his pleasure to someone else, just give over and leave them to bring him to his release. Masturbation really wasn't his thing at all; he couldn't deny it any longer. It had been fine, great even, for a while but it soon became dull, not enough. Thor had not given him chance to be displeased with anything, because anything he didn't like was soon swallowed up by something that felt too good to disturb.

He was really trying to avoid thinking it but he wanted more. He kind of liked the pain, not being forced but maybe pushed a little bit, almost like being used but still having his own pleasure considered, ramming into him, biting him. Oh yes biting him...hard. He had felt himself getting closer to finishing but the way Thor had bitten his cock had pretty much thrown him into his release. He didn't bite gently either, he had gripped into the base of Loki’s cock, Loki wasn't even sure if it was going to block his orgasm, but he didn't, he supposed the biting felt harder on something as sensitive as his cock. He knew he enjoyed biting, he only managed to get himself over the edge by biting himself sometimes, imagining it was someone else, not Thor, he wasn't attracted to Thor, even now, it just wasn't going to happen. He mostly bit his lip but he would sometimes bite his arm if he didn't have both hands in use. He didn't really find it that strange, but he bit hard. He bit so hard he left teeth marks for hours, which also bruised slightly. Hours don’t sound long, but by Asgardian standards, that's as pretty long indeed, sometimes he drew blood. He didn't know what it was but the biting was almost better than the rest of it, especially when he was pleasuring himself. He had no idea how Thor had known about his thing for biting, unless he had just figured it out at the time, slightly coincidental but not impossible.

Maybe he and Thor were both fucked up, though, Thor was by far, more fucked up when it came to this. Loki liked to be bitten; he didn't want to rape anyone. Harmless kink versus major issue. Thor really needed to be careful. Maybe that's why he let himself go more with Loki, he knew
Loki wasn't going to just rat him out, regardless of what it was he had done, that's not how Loki worked. He worked on revenge, he got his own back, and this time he really had, too. Thor's face when he thought Loki was going to revenge rape him, if it hadn't been such a serious thing, Loki would have openly laughed at him. Loki figured Thor was only into rape when he was the one doing it, he definitely did not like to be on the receiving end of that, he didn't become the slightest bit aroused, as Loki had thought he might. That's when Loki had realised that it wasn't about him, Thor wasn't just attracted to Loki, okay maybe he was a little, but that night was supposed to have been about impregnating him. He figured Thor had originally intended to at least ask him first, but as it had come down to it, mixed with a lot of alcohol, the rape fantasy had gotten the better of him and he just couldn't resist. He must regret it, even if just slightly, but Loki didn't doubt for a second that, were he offered the chance again, he wouldn't take it. Thor may have been drunk but Loki was stone cold sober, he remembered how much Thor had loved every second of it, from the moment he entered the room, right up until he had fallen asleep. The more Loki had struggled, the more Thor had enjoyed it.

Loki sighed, he didn't know what he would do about this, he could tell himself, swear to himself that he hadn't enjoyed it, but he didn't believe it for a second. It had been great, he couldn't deny but he was far more controlled than this, he would find a way around this. He knew Thor would offer it again, and regardless of what his mind was currently feeling, his body was screaming that it wanted more, so much more. He could not let this get the better of him. This was Thor, his rapist, the reason he was currently incubating this little parasite with his own body, the reason he was still here when he could be dead and done with everything by now. He hated Thor so much for that and Thor wanted them to build up their trust and eventually, their relationship and he just couldn't, that was never going to happen. He couldn't let this go further; this was disturbing enough as it was. Loki knew he was messed up but fucking Hel he had to get a grip on himself fast!

He knew where Thor would go that would keep him until, sometimes quite late, into the evening. He had figured it out a while ago. Thor was still trying to plead Loki's case, of course he wouldn't have given up yet, and Loki wouldn't have even hoped for that, even though he had already given up himself, he didn't care anymore, he just wanted to end. He understood that Thor wanted to save him, but Thor didn't seem to realise that even if he did succeed, what would become of him anyway? Odin wouldn't just leave him unpunished. No one would ever trust him after this; he would just be some burdening presence, not able to work with any of them again because they would assume him to just betray them again, which they were right to, because he probably would. His death was the easier, better option for everyone. He wouldn't be able to stop Thor from trying though.

He slowly stood up, letting the water drip off him for a few minutes before stepping out of the bath and drying himself off. He just wanted to sleep now, even if it was on that piece of shit thing he had made on the floor, it hurt but it was better than nothing and right now, Loki really didn't care.

When Loki came back into Thor's room, the older god was asleep. Except, he wasn't asleep on his own bed, but on Loki's sorry excuse for one. He's done this on purpose, Loki thought. The great oaf couldn't help himself, but he was going to regret it in the morning, Loki would know. Sighing, he climbed into Thor's bed, secretly enjoying the soft padding against his sore back. He turned onto his side and quickly fell asleep.

...
with for now. He was glad the morning sickness had mostly stopped but he still couldn't hold
down anything other than eggs and cream.

He rolled over and stretched, savouring the feeling of waking up on the soft bed. He heard a groan
as Thor woke up, slowly standing up and stretching out. He looked up and saw Loki was also
awake.

"I know of your stubbornness Loki, but how in Hel you have slept on that for six months, I know
not."

Loki smirked at him. Thor didn't smile back but Loki could see the amusement in his eyes.

"I suppose you slept just fine?"

"Hmmm I did actually, surprising what the difference of a few cushions can change."

"I think it was a little more than just changing a few cushions but I don't disagree. Which is also
why, you are not sleeping on this again, and you will sleep in my bed, even if you make me sleep
on the floor for the next few months, you are not lying on this, and it must be doing awful things
to your back. I ache and I'm not even carrying a child."

Loki sighed. "Honestly Thor, I'm fi..."

"Do not make me go to mother on this one, because believe me...I will."

Loki closed his mouth, he could argue with Thor until he was blue in the face -not even an
intended pun- but if his mother was involved, he would lose, not a chance in Hel.

"Fine, but don't think this changes anything."

Thor stared at him. "What could have possibly changed?" Loki just looked at him.

"Never mind." Loki said, turning away and busying himself with making the bed. Thor stood up
to turn to him properly.

"No, Loki, speak to me, don't ignore it. Last night happened, I'm not going to pretend it didn't, and
I won't let you do that either." He moved forward to take Loki's arm, pulling him round to face
him but Loki roughly shoved him off.

"No Thor! Don't touch me; you think because of last night, anything will have changed? It hasn't
Thor, it was a mistake and it won't be happening again. Back off!"

Loki turned swiftly to walk away but his head spun, vision spotting out and went black.

When his head cleared and vision returned, he was on the floor, a worried looking Thor holding
his shoulders, speaking to him. What he was saying, Loki didn't have a clue. He pushed Thor
away, quickly scrambling, clumsily to his feet and dashing to the washroom to throw up.

Thor followed him and rubbed his back, pulling his hair out of his face, whispering things to him
that Loki wasn't listening to. He tried to push Thor's hands off of him, still trying to lean over the
bowl. So much for no morning sickness, he thought as he tried to spit the bitter taste from his
mouth. He sat down on the floor, catching his breath again. Thor got him some water, which he
rinsed his mouth with before drinking the rest.

"You okay?" Thor asked after, he made no move towards him this time though, which Loki was
glad for. The younger god just glared up at him and didn't say anything; he still looked a bit ill,
eyes not really focusing. He paused for a moment before leaning back up and throwing up the rest of his stomach's contents. Thor winced at how horrible it must be. The Asir didn't really get sick much so this wasn't something either of them was used to.

It was actually his mother who had told Thor to rub Loki's back, Loki was the only thing she really spoke to him about now, how to make him more comfortable, what's better for him and what's not, otherwise she hadn't really spoken to him much recently, which didn't really surprise him. He knew she had held back how she had really felt about what he had done to Loki, she had kept herself reserved and subtle, even now, she still was, but there was definitely a coldness now that wasn't there before. It had taken her a few weeks to talk to him more normally again but when she did, it was often related to Loki. When it came to the morning sickness, she said it always made it easier to deal with. So he did, he rubbed Loki's back, he pulled his hair out of his face, he sometimes got a cold damp cloth and wiped Loki's brow, but he would mostly push him away after he had finished heaving enough to breath.

Loki sat back again and sighed, Thor asked him again if he was okay, this time he croaked out a "yes" and combed his fingers through his own hair. He rinsed his mouth again when Thor fetched him some more water and drank down the rest, like before.

"This is definitely the hardest part so far." He sighed after a few minutes, more to himself than to Thor. He was sweating a little, it was still really hot, but he made no move to do anything about it just yet, just in case.

"I thought the morning sickness had stopped now. Maybe you should see a healer." Thor looked at Loki, a little concerned.

Loki shook his head. "I'm fine." He slowly tried to stand up, Thor moving forward, wanting to help him but Loki put his hand up, signalling that he was okay so he held back. He was pretty big for only six months of pregnancy, not massive but enough to struggle a little to get around. Getting up off the floor was the hardest.

Loki winced a little as he stood up straight, his back always felt stiff in a morning, regardless of how comfortably the bed was, it seemed. Thor noticed his discomfort.

"Come on, let's go walk around the grounds a bit, loosen your joints." Loki gave him a strange look.

"Uhh...no? I'll go take a walk around and you can go do whatever the Hel you want, away from me. I mean it Thor, leave me alone." He didn't want to discuss last night with Thor, definitely not now. He was trying to be close to Loki, as though one strange night could send it all back to how it had been before.

"Loki...please..."

"No...Thor. Say nothing else; I implore you, not a word." He headed back into the bedroom and towards the door.

"The guards will just follow you, you won't really be alone." Loki didn't even stop walking, or look back.

"I'll take that over you." And he left, two guards quick to follow.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading. please let me know what you thought. there will be more plot after this but hoped you enjoyed it anyway!
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Warning: Dark chapter ahead. You have been warned.

It had been a few days since the night that Thor had 'relieved' Loki of his arousal problem. Neither of the Gods had said a word about it since the morning after. Loki thinks he had hurt Thor with the last thing he had said to him.

"I'll take that over you." He didn't care; Thor needed to get over the fact that they weren't ever going to be as they once were. He only really saw Thor in evenings anyway, and even that was pretty late, he didn't know what Thor was planning to do to get Odin to lower his sentence and he didn’t really care.

Loki had gone back to doing it himself, and although he tried to keep generally quiet, he knew that Thor could hear the displeased groans he made in the washroom. One of the evenings after he had left the washroom, unsatisfied and generally pissed off, Thor decided to say something.

"You know, the healers might be able to help, if you would just tell them, you don't have to keep it to yourself, it's nothing to be ashamed of Loki." Loki had just ignored him but he knew that Thor was right. Even if they couldn't help they might have some reasons as to why it was happening anyway. He pulled off his shirt and went to bed. Thor said nothing else.

... He felt Thor's hands on his shoulders, squeezing a little before sliding down and past his sides, stopping to undo the clasps on his trousers. Loki breathed deeply, feeling the anticipation buzzing in his stomach. He heard movement and felt Thor's hair tickle at his chest before wet lips were on his chest, sucking small kisses into his skin. His breathing jumped a little when Thor sucked the areas harder. Bite me, he thought...come on...not hard yet...just little...ahh...come on.

Thor didn't, he pulled back, Loki opened his eyes, seeing Thor smirking down at him. He knew he was teasing Loki a little. Loki just glared at him and closed his eyes again, waiting for what came next.

He felt himself being tugged as Thor pulled at is trousers now; Loki struggled to lift his hips enough but Thor got them off, along with his underwear. Loki could feel the breeze from the open window, the cool air feeling nice against his hot skin, especially his cock. He felt Thor grab his thighs and push his legs further apart, leaning down and biting at the inside of his thigh. Loki jumped, letting out a surprised moan. Oh...yes...more...bite more! Thor sucked and nipped along his thigh, getting closer to Loki's quim. Loki panted roughly through his mouth, his hips tensing; waiting for Thor's mouth to finally reach...just a little more...yes...come on...Loki tried to shift his hips to get himself in contact with Thor's tongue, currently licking at the crease where his thigh became his groin.

He heard Thor chuckle at his efforts, pulling back and moving to the other thigh. Loki let out a frustrated groan, followed by more little breathy moans, going back to panting, hands fisting into the sheets. He let out a long tense breath when he could feel Thor's mouth hovering right above
his sex, his lips barely brushing his warm flesh. Loki knew what was coming, he just didn't know when Thor would finally give in and just do it. After a few seconds Thor, much, much too slowly stuck his tongue out, digging his way into Loki's sex and dragging up a little to torment his clit. Loki sighed out in pleasure, pushing his hips up a little to get more, but it just made Thor pull back a bit.

He could feel Thor as he licked and kissed around Loki's entrance, his tongue dipping lightly towards the inside sometimes but not pushing in, making Loki pant out in need. Loki's cock was hard and twitching just above where Thor was currently playing. Loki jumped in surprised pleasure as Thor's mouth left his entrance and gave him a surprise lick on his cock head, before going back down to his quim, dipping his tongue towards the entrance again and moving his tongue in little circles. This time he pushed in and Loki couldn't stop the moan the escaped. Oh...oh my...how is he getting his tongue that deep? Loki continued to moan as Thor pushed his mouth right up against his sex, plunging his tongue as deep as he could, wriggling his tongue against his inner walls.

He pulled his mouth away again and moved down, tongue now flicking against his, much tighter entrance. Loki had heard of people doing this, though he had never even considered it as a thing he would give or receive but as he lay there, he couldn't even think of a reason why this was ever a horrible idea. He just wanted to grab Thor's head and shamefully grind against his mouth.

He moaned out so loud at what Thor was doing, he could actually feel Thor laugh a little against his hole, which just added to the feeling. His mind flooded with pleas for more. Yes...oh...gods...yes...more...please...do it...put your tongue in...Ohgodsohgodshgods! He froze when he realised he had actually said most of that out loud, then he decided he couldn't give a shit as Thor did as he said, pushing his tongue forward...hard.

Thor pulled his mouth back a little and Loki felt as Thor scissored two fingers around his own tongue to get them wet, then pushed them in as he pulled his tongue away, instantly crooking his fingers around. Loki knew he was searching for the pleasure deep inside him. As Thor hit at just the right angle, Loki's hips bucked violently, his legs hooking round Thor's shoulders in an attempt to bury Thor into him. Thor pushed against the spot repeatedly, making Loki moan incoherently.

Loki felt Thor's tongue return to his quim, dragging straight up to the head of his cock, taking it in his mouth and sliding down around him until Loki felt himself hit the back of Thor's throat. He tried so hard not to buck hard into his mouth but he couldn't help the little humping motions he kept doing. Thor didn't seem to mind, he continued to thrust his fingers against the spot.

When he felt Thor push his thumb into Loki's sex, as well as the other two fingers digging into his ass and his mouth sucking hard at his cock, teeth dragging along the length, Loki lost it. His whole body tensed and shuddered as his cock pulsed down Thor's throat, even as Thor continued to suck him dry. He couldn't understand the noises that came out of his throat, nor could he stop them, his mouth open wide, eyes squeezing so tight, hands gripping and pulling the covers as his heels pushed hard against Thor's shoulders, pulling him as close as he could and holding him in place. Both of his entrances clamped down hard, convulsing around Thor's fingers. Loki could do nothing but let it happen, he couldn't even ride it out, so he just lay still as his entire body completely left his control. His release felt like it would never end but as it did finally die down into the aftershocks, Loki's body shivered and he could only lie there and breathe raggedly.

He felt Thor pull away and Loki made to stand up but Thor grabbed him by the neck, flipping him round and throwing him down so he was on his stomach, he had to put his hands out quickly to stop him from landing on the baby.

"You don't really think I'm finished with you yet do you?" Thor laughed darkly, climbing back on
top of him, pushing his head down and biting into his shoulder, Loki felt himself shudder at that but no, he couldn't, not now, get off, Thor...please, get off get off get off!

He struggled but Thor just turned him back over and slapped his face hard, his own face coming closer, screaming at him. "STOP STRUGGLING!" Over and over again he repeated it, slapping him between each shout. Tears streamed from Loki's eyes but Thor just laughed louder at him.

"Oh no, little brother, you're not going to cry this time, you're not playing that with me again. I know you like this, I proved it last time, and I'm gonna prove it again now..." He moved back down and Loki screamed. He didn't stop screaming, no matter how many times Thor hit him, he struggled with everything he had, kicking, grabbing at Thor's face.

"Loki..." Thor tried to speak but Loki wouldn't let him, he kept hitting, kept screaming.

"Loki...it's okay...stop..." Loki wasn't going to let Thor do this to him again, never again. Thor grabbed his wrists hard, pinning him down, no longer slapping him, but he covered him with his own body, stopping Loki from being able to move. Loki stopped screaming but he continued to cry, he started begging.

"Thor...please...get off...I'm not...I don't...stop...I don't want this..." Thor sat up and Loki tried to move but Thor still held him in place.

"Loki? You're okay, all is well, do you understand? Your fine, everything is fine. I don't know what happened, you fell off my bed on top of me then started screaming. I didn't mean to hit you but I couldn't get you to stop." Loki frowned at Thor, utterly confused. What was he talking about, was he really going to pretend he hadn't just been about to rape him.

"You...you..." He started to stutter. "You...what?" He was sweating terribly and there was an uncomfortable wetness around his lower stomach, when he tried to move.

"Get off!" He spat, making Thor back off and stand up and Loki clambered to his feet before heading straight to the washroom, slamming the door.

What had just happened? Loki paced around the room, trying to calm down, he was too hot, he needed to breathe and think. Had he just been asleep? He looked down inside his pants. He had climaxed at some point. But Thor had swallowed his seed. So it had been a dream. Shit. How much did Thor know? He said he had screamed, what else had Loki said? Questions flooded his mind, too many thoughts, making him feel dizzy.

He stopped and sat down on the cool floor, the parasite was kicking terribly. He just wanted it to keep still, he jabbed himself in the side sharply, before his anger took over and he started hitting himself repeatedly, hitting his stomach, his sides, his thighs, biting his tongue and lips hard not to make too much noise. The thing inside him stopped squirming and he calmed down. Grabbing his hair he pulled on it, just to feel the pain of real life. He could recognise now, the difference between life and the dream but he had been so confused, he never wanted to feel like that again.

And he had released? He had actually come? Oh gods, what was wrong with him? He wasn't a child any more, he was sure he had been beyond coming his pants by now. He rested his head down onto his hands, feeling his own face burning in shame. He wondered if Thor had noticed that he had released. What if he had moaned Thor's name? He knows he did in the dream, he had been begging for more and writhing, moaning, shouting...oh gods! If Thor mentioned any of this he would throttle him! Tears sprung back to his eyes and he tried to keep them in but he could feel his chest swelling with a sob. Why was he losing control so easily? Why couldn't he keep anything together anymore? It was not fair.
He stood up slowly, walking over to the small balcony that could be accessed from both the washroom and Thor's rooms, but Thor hadn't come out, so Loki pushed open the door a little, as quietly as he could and stepped out. He walked forward to the small wall, looking over and down at the rocks far below.

He could jump, he thought, he could jump now and be done with it all. He would be seen as a coward but what did he care, they probably thought worse of him anyway. No one outside of the palace knew about what had really happened, only that Loki was with child and the execution had been pushed back. They all thought Loki was part of it, that he had wanted this, to live. If they really knew, there was no way their precious Thor could ever be king, then there would be no one, it would fall to the courts.

Loki chuckled to himself lightly, Odin would simply refuse to die if that were the case, he would refuse to die until a suitable heir was brought about. Images of an impossibly old Odin, propped up on his throne came to his mind, making him laugh more. Damn he wasn't supposed to be laughing right now, he really couldn't help it, tears were still streaming down his cheeks, but he was laughing more and more, taking short panting breaths between each bout. Then he found he wasn't laughing at anything really, nothing and everything at the same time, how much had changed in this short few years.

He was laughing so much he felt the thing in him start squirming again, he couldn't even bring himself to care, and he just kept laughing. He started climbing up the wall, lifting his leg with a struggle, until it was bent over the wall, hoisting his other leg over so he was now sitting on the wall, his feet just about touching the small chunk of floor that protruded after the wall, before the long drop that would surely kill him, if he were to 'fall'. His swollen stomach was making it harder to keep his balance but it didn't really matter. He was still laughing to himself as he did this, but still crying at the same time. Gods, he had really lost it. This thought just made him laugh harder.

He bent forward, pushing his feet so they weren't supported by anything, balance not particularly stable. Jump, he thought, do it now, you should have done it years ago. You're not even supposed to be here now, you should have died when you let go on the Bifrost. You're living stolen time, breathing stolen air. It would be easier for everyone if you just jumped. You don't even have to jump, just let go, let your body fall. He lifted his arms up, keeping them out, laughing to himself, he leaned forward just a little, that's all it would take anyway. He felt himself starting to slip forward, willing himself not to grab on again. He knew he wouldn't, he wanted this too much.

He jolted hard and fell, landing much faster than he had thought he would, and a lot softer to. It took him a minute to realise he hadn't fallen forward, but backwards, landing on the floor of the balcony and the soft floor beneath him was actually Thor. Once Loki put together what had happened, in his head, he started laughing to himself again. Of course, Thor wasn't going to just let him die, not after everything he had done - and was 'secretly' still doing - to keep Loki alive. The fool, Loki thought, laughing more. He hadn't even bothered to move so Thor could get up, not that he needed to. Thor shifted him off soon enough, so he was sat on the floor. Thor jumped up, turning to Loki, face red with anger.

"Have you gone completely insane?" Loki's laughter turned into uncontrolled giggling. Thor looked so disturbed, so deeply confused by Loki that he couldn't not laugh at him. He lay back onto the floor, trying to control his laughter, if just so he could breathe. Thor lunged forward, yanking Loki up by his shoulders.

"In what way is this even remotely funny Loki? Huh? Because really, I'd love to know," he shoved Loki back roughly then pushed him back through the door and into his rooms. He didn't stop until Loki hit the edge of the bed, falling back onto it, not laughing anymore, but glaring up at Thor. From the look on the older gods face, Loki thought for a moment that Thor might launch at
him again but he didn’t, he stood his ground, breathing furiously.

"What?" Loki said simply. It might not be a good idea to test Thor but he really couldn't care less now. If Thor really thought he was going to be giving Loki a talk about right and wrong, then Loki was going to make it feel as utterly pointless as it was. Thor seemed to be lost for words, his face increasingly red.

"After everything? You want to give up now...after all this?" Thor made solid eye contact with him but Loki refused to look away, he would not feel ashamed by this.

"Oh come on, it's not like I was actually going to let go." He lied. So much for not seeming ashamed.

"I saw you lean forward...if I hadn't grabbed you...I...you really don't care do you?" Loki just stared at him. He had only just figured this out?

Thor's entire stance seemed to sag slightly. He turned and closed the balcony doors before moving towards the washroom. He stopped before shutting the door, turning back to Loki who was still sitting on the bed.

"I will not let you die Loki; I will do everything in my power to keep you alive and healthy, especially while you are carrying a child...my child. Tomorrow, you will go to the healers, you will tell them every problem you are having, every slight discomfort, no matter how minuscule and you will let them check you over, no exceptions." Then he closed the door and Loki was alone, the room suddenly seemed very quiet and still.

"What do you care anyway? You're fighting a battle that was lost a long time ago!" Loki yelled at the closed door, expecting Thor to come barging back out with a speech about how they had once been brothers and how he would fight to bring his brother back to him. He didn't.

After a few minutes, Loki gave up and just settled himself back into bed. Thor seemed to think he owned him, and what, just because he forced a child within him? What did Thor even care for the thing anyway, it was just some stupid plan to keep Loki alive, which failed and now he will be stuck, the palace will now be stuck with an unwanted half-breed creature. It all felt like such a waste of time.

Thor emerged from the washroom some time later, walking over and climbing down onto the blankets on the floor.

"I won't give up on you, Loki. I can't, I just...I love you too much for that."

Loki sighed, still lying down, not looking at the older god. "It's not your decision Thor."

"I know but I can't just leave it at this, not after everything, I won't." Thor replied, voice small, compared to before. Loki didn't want to continue the conversation, now he just wanted to sleep.

"I know."

... 

A rather irritated Loki lay on a table while healers buzzed around him. They had poked and prodded, squeezed and pinched, saying not a single word. Loki hated being picked at like a test subject but he waited as patiently as he could, hands gripping the edge of the table. Thor was standing next to him, he had pretty much dragged Loki to see the healers because he didn’t actually trust Loki to go, with good reason since Loki hadn't actually intended to but Thor made
sure he couldn't get out of it. Besides, if they could help him maybe it would be worth it.

Loki became even more on edge when one of the healers said she needed to examine him inside. She made him sit back, albeit a little hesitantly based on the murderous looks Loki was throwing at her. The healers were often a little edgy around Loki now, though he never actually did anything, he would jolt sometimes, if they did something he didn't like, his head would snap in their direction, the look on his face pretty terrifying. They were very cautious around him, especially with things like this. He knew that they knew of his dual sex, so it was not like they would be receiving any surprises down there. He still wasn't comfortable with being placed on display like that. Eventually, Loki sighed and lay back, letting the healer place a sheet over his stomach and thighs, which he was secretly quite grateful for, even if it did nothing to ease his discomfort. She gently spread his legs and Loki tried to keep his reserve, even as he could hear her rubbing herbal oil on her hands.

He tensed as her hands touched him but he did his best to relax as she inserted a couple of fingers. He looked straight up, frowning uncomfortably at the feel of her prodding about but she soon pulled her fingers out, giving him a chance to relax. That didn't last for long though as her touch returned but this time lower, pressing, much more gently, into his anus, making him jump and let out a surprised noise, which made her pull back slightly. He glared harshly down towards her as she slowly continued. He grew even tenser as she reached his prostate, rubbing against and around it slightly. He kept as still as he could but he could feel the start of a quiet, uncomfortable moan making its way towards the back of his throat, he cleared his throat a bit to cover it and bit his lip to keep quiet after. She looked up at him.

"You mentioned the arousal often feeling low, coming from your lower back, correct?" Was she really talking to him while her fingers were deep up his ass? He grit his teeth and nodded. She nodded to herself and pulled away, turning to wash her hands. He breathed in relief. That was horrible, as was the moment that Thor placed his hand on Loki's shoulder. He threw a glance at Thor. The older god straightened up, removing his hand and placing it more towards the back of the table instead.

The healer turned back to them, addressing Loki directly, whereas most people only addressed Loki through Thor now, he felt a slight warmth towards her for that, she made him feel like he was still his own person.

"Well, there seems to be nothing wrong, your health is fine, the baby is doing just fine, quite a strong kick she has there. You're maybe a little big for how far along you are but big babies is a normal thing anyway, just have to be extra careful, keep and extra eye on you when you're closer to the birth." She smiled at him warmly, then frowned in question at Thor's face. Loki looked up at the older god, realising what he was reacting to.

"She?" He finally asked. The healers face dropped.

"Oh...oh my, I thought you knew. My sincerest apologies your highness, I did not mean to ruin the surprise." She looked slightly terrified that she had given it away. Of course, Loki had known, his magic had allowed him to tell pretty early on, he didn't think Thor would have really cared much, it's not like they were playing happy families.

A smile spread on Thor's face as he seemed to register what that meant.

"A girl" he tested, smiling a bit more as he said it out loud. Loki just raised his eyebrows at him. Thor looked to Loki and Loki just mumbled flatly "congratulations..." Thor's smile dropped and Loki knew he had ruined the moment a little...good. This wasn't Thor's place to be excited about whatever gender the child was. Loki turned to the healer.
"It's okay, you didn't ruin anything, I don't mind him knowing." He said evenly. She seemed to look a little relieved after but she soon returned to her professional role as healer.

"Okay, well, over all, everything seems fine, but as I mentioned before, a little big for six and a half months, nothing to worry about, you might just struggle to walk around a little by the end." Oh yes, nothing big, just no walking, yeah sounds fine, Loki thought bitterly to himself. He let her continue uninterrupted.

"One little concern. The baby's position is a little...strange. It's not abnormal, I have seen this many times before, it is just quite low in the womb. This is nothing to worry about for now, this could cause a couple of small problems at birth when the baby turns ready for delivery but we can deal with that if or when we need to. One thing this does affect now though, which I haven't seen before since all of my other patients have been...well...female." She smiled at him timidly. Loki just raised his eyebrows at her.

"I do believe I have all the correct...shall we say...equipment?..that would be required for the development and delivery of the...child, am I Wrong?"

"No, no, not at all, you have all that will be necessary. It's simply that, as a male, you have parts to your anatomy that women don't, in this case, a prostate." Loki frowned, confused.

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, the baby's low position made me wonder combined with the fact that you haven't needed to leave to urinate once since you came in here. I think the placenta, which is the sack that the baby is in, is not putting much pressure on your bladder, which I'm sure is nice but I think it is putting some pressure onto your prostate, and that is most likely, what's causing the arousal. It won't cause you any harm, but if I am correct, it will most likely get a bit worse as the baby grows, towards the due date." Loki was surprised there was even a possible reason in the first place, not just another pregnancy thing.

"I mean, it is normal for a person's sexual arousal to be increased generally throughout pregnancy anyway. As is the problems with reaching climax during sexual activity, it's far more common than people will often admit, though it's completely normal, nothing to be embarrassed about."

Loki thought for a moment. "So there's nothing that can be done, about the pressure I mean?" She pressed her lips together.

"Not that I know of, like I said, I haven't dealt with this before, if you do find a way to relieve the problem, do let me know, just in case I may ever come across another patient...like yourself. In the mean time, I shall do some research and see what I can find out. I won't use your names of course, confidentiality and all that, no worries." She smiled at them both, backing away towards the door as she did.

"Oh...wait." Thor called out before she could leave. Loki looked at him. What else could he possibly need to know? The young healer stopped looking at Thor questioningly?

"I was just wondering, are sex dreams a normal part of pregnancy, or would that be a separate thing, and nightmares too?" Loki's eyes went wide, had he not been embarrassed enough for today without this to add to it? The healer looked to Loki for a moment, he felt his face flushing deeply, and he looked away.

"Uhh...I get a lot of pregnant women who have increased nightmares yes, often wake up screaming and crying because they are so bad. People don't tend to voice it so much if they are having erotic dreams, but I would imagine it is pretty normal, especially added with the situation
we were discussing moments ago." She was looking at Loki again, even though it had been
Thor's question. Loki was a little too embarrassed to appreciate it at this moment though.

"If it is a problem though, there are some herbal drinks I can provide which women have said help
a lot with the nightmares, I'm not so sure about the other dreams but if you want to try them at any
point, you can just ask." He looked in her direction, somewhat and shook his head subtly. She
turned to Thor and he just nodded at her, showing that she had answered sufficiently.

"I'll let you put your clothes back on, if you have any other concerns between now and our next
meeting, be sure to come in, you're always welcome." Loki nodded at her politely. Once she had
left, Loki turned to slide down off of the bed.

"I don't think that last bit was really necessary." Loki glared at him." Besides, what did I tell you?
Useless. Of course there was no way to help." Thor held him steady as he stepped into his
trousers, hitching them up and pulling his shirt down over his round stomach. He didn't push Thor
away for now; he found that the older god was easier to deal with if he just let him do simple little
things to help. Plus his balance was completely out now because of his round stomach. Thor, who
had been in a continuously good mood since earlier that morning when they'd had a calmer chat
and Loki had finally agreed to let Thor take him to the healers, just smiled down at him.

"Well, you weren't going to mention it and I did say 'everything'." Loki wasn't stupid; he knew
full well that Thor would take his new found sense of tolerance as a starting point for their
'relationship' to build back up. He seemed to think that he was finally getting through to Loki but
Loki had just gotten to the point where he couldn't be bothered to argue with him anymore.
Besides, Thor was within his right to make orders to Loki, which he had been reluctant to do until
last night. Loki didn't want it to get to that though, who knew where that would lead them.

For now he was holding his patience.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. I hope you enjoyed it, though it did get a little dark there. Let
me know what you though!
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

A/N: Okayyyy so (WARNING) another dark chapter ahead. This one gets very strange (and I mean strange) but hopefully the strangeness will make sense. Warning for disturbing dream sequence.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Loki felt huge. He felt humongous, he couldn't believe how big he was now, it was also pretty concerning at only seven and a half months in. There was no way he could go the full nine months like this, he would explode. It was only his stomach that was big; the rest of him was mostly like his usual build, a little more filled out because of the eggs and ice cream. It was a struggle to carry the huge bulge of his stomach around now and he barely left Thor's rooms now. He missed going outside terribly.

As for his arousal, the healer seemed to have been right, except, as the creature had gotten bigger, it moved up slightly, so that it would be able to turn and because it couldn't fit properly where it had been, in the position it was. This was a massive relief to Loki, since he now wasn't walking round with a constant erection. However, this did nothing to stop the strange sex dreams/nightmares.

He was having them quite often now, every few days, sometimes more. It was getting weirder though. Before, all the sex dreams became nightmares after he came; now the nightmare part was starting to mesh with the sex. Except, it wasn't ruining the dream, simply becoming part of it.

..."Whoa...ahh...Thor...slow down a little...getting too rough."

Thor smirked down at him, not slowing down at all.

"That's not what you were saying earlier." He thrust in sharply a couple of times, Loki let out a few pained grunts at Thor's rough jabs into him, trying to pretend he wasn't enjoying it. He wondered how far Thor would go now though. He knew Thor loved this, loved forcing Loki, except now, Loki kind of wanted to be forced.

Thor sped his pace up, leaning his weight onto one arm he brought his hand up and tried to force the two fingers he had been pleasuring Loki with, earlier, into the younger gods mouth. Loki sealed his lips shut, struggling a little but Thor grabbed his jaw with his other fingers and worked his fingers harder into his mouth. Smiling down at Loki, he roughly thrust his fingers in and out of his mouth, pushing deeply into his throat, making Loki gag and choke a bit.

"Come now, Loki, get them nice and wet, it's in your own best interest to do so...hey!..Bite me again, you will regret it." Loki just stared at him in defiance, feeling Thor's grip on his jaw tighten painfully, pushing more towards his neck.

Thor quickly pulled his fingers out of Loki's throat, the younger god gasping a little for air. He moved his arm lower and Loki could feel the wet digits prodding at his, currently unoccupied, entrance. He panicked a little when he realised what Thor was going to do.
"No...Thor...no...not both...yet...just one...aah...please!" Of course Thor didn't listen to that and Loki felt the strong pressure on his entrance, before his body gave in slightly, the pressure turning into a burning as he was stretched. Thor didn't stop until his fingers were as far in as he could get, prodding around to find the spot, inside Loki, that would have him begging for more, even if not in words. When Thor had done this, Loki hadn't been so sure what he had been looking for, he knew men lay with other men, he didn't know that there was actually so much pleasure to get from it...aah!

Loki's whole body shuddered deeply when Thor rubbed at just the right angle. Any pain from the quick breach, instantly forgotten as he continued to rub that spot without stopping. Loki could only lay there, his body taking over his mind, and let it happen. The moans he let out couldn't be controlled, just like the first time, except, this time, it was a welcome feeling. He had not touched himself here before, only Thor had done this to him, he was still not quite sure he understood why it felt as good as it did. He knew what the prostate was, and that was what Thor was hitting, but why it sent little jolts of fire through his lower back and made his cock twitch, he didn't know, or even care to ask right now.

Thor pummelled into both of Loki's entrances, breathing pretty hard himself but Loki knew he was far from done. He thrust his fingers in deep again, rubbing them hard against the really sensitive spot inside him.

"Th-Thor...aahhh...stop...tha-that's...too...much...pull back...too much...Thor!" With the constant pressure on his prostate from the parasite, it had been pretty abused over the last couple of months, and Thor wasn't being gentle.

Thor pushed upwards hard, using the hand inside Loki as leverage, pushing Loki up into a slight sitting position against the cushions, changing the angle of his fingers. So now, his fingers, no matter how much Loki squirmed, were crushing against his prostate, nails slightly scratching at the sensitive area, sending shots of white hot pleasure through Loki, so intense it was almost painful.

Loki squeezed his eyes tight, grinding his teeth hard at the sensation, his legs moving around, trying to get leverage against something. He moaned helplessly and Thor lowered his upper body close to Loki, licking and kissing along his chest and neck. Come on, Loki thought, bite me...please...oh gods it would feel so good...bite me...do it!

"Come on Loki...come on little brother...give it to me, I know you can, I know your loving every second of this." Loki was sweating hard now, as was Thor, just not quite as much.

Thor thrust up hard into Loki, fingers also still pressing hard against the pleasure inside, he lapped up the sweat that had pooled in the dent of Loki's collar bone, before moving his head along the protruding bone and biting down so hard, Loki yelped out loudly in pain, the sound turning straight into a yell of repeating Thor's name over and over in pure pleasure as he came, both holes clamping down so hard on Thor, he bit down harder to keep his own release at bay. Loki's cock pulsed violently across his stomach, without needing to be touched. Everything in Loki's mind turned to white, nothing was anything, and it was all just bliss.

Thor didn't stop his movements even after Loki had come back to awareness and was now squirming hard to get Thor off.

"Thor..." He slurred slightly. "Stop...Thor; it's too sensitive it hurts...Thor...please...stop." Thor chuckled darkly, pulling his hand out of Loki but not stopping his thrusts. Loki could deal with that though, that wasn't painfully sensitive. Thor leaned down again and licked over the deep bite mark on Loki's upper chest.

"What is it about the biting that gets you off so hard?" Loki just looked at him, as blankly as he
could since Thor was still pumping into him roughly.

"I...don't know...ahh...what is it...ah...about rape...that gets you off...so much..?"

Thor didn't reply, he just smiled down sinisterly at Loki and thrust harder, leaning on one arm again and grabbing Loki's flaccid cock, squeezing and rubbing it roughly, trying to coax it back to life. Loki winced at the sensitivity of his spent cock.

"I'm fine Thor...ah fuck!...I came...I'm good...no more...just finish yourself now...please." Thor didn't let go of him, it took a while but he did eventually become hard again and Thor thrust harder again, building Loki's orgasm up again, Loki could feel it, he hoped Thor would at least come this time, he was going to be ridiculously over sensitive after.

He knew Thor was close, the way his thrusts grew erratic, the older god leaned down again, biting over the exact same place as before refusing to let go. The pain was even worse now and Loki yelled out, being sent straight into his second orgasm, his body shivering through it. His cock squirting out more cum, Loki was sure he would be empty now. Thor followed just after, as Loki was still out of his mind on endorphins, pulsing deeply inside Loki.

Loki breathed a loud sigh of relief when Thor pulled out. He let his body relax for a moment before slowly trying to get up and go wash. Thor, once again, had a different idea, grabbing Loki's shoulders and forcing him back down onto the bed, flipping him round so he was on his stomach, and Loki quickly scrambled to his knees, leaning his upper body forward on his elbows. He knew where this was going, just like the first time, he thought.

Thor lined himself up with Loki's other entrance this time. Loki tried to 'fight' him off, though not really, he knew it would be pointless to try and he wanted it this way, he wanted Thor to fuck him hard, brutally, make him bleed, Loki didn't care. Thor fisted one hand into the back of Loki's hair, forcing his face down into the bed. The younger god let out a shout of pain, trying to turn his head so that he could at least breathe. He pressed his backside upwards, asking Thor for it, while wriggling and making desperate grunts.

"How deep should I go?" Thor asked, breathlessly.

Loki moaned hard at his question. "Ahh...deep...deep Thor...so deep! Please!"

Thor pressed in, not as roughly as Loki had expected but he didn't stop, getting deeper and deeper. When Thor's cock did brush up against Loki's prostate, the younger god was pleased to discover that he wasn't as over sensitive as he thought he was going to be. He let out a pleased groan and relaxed his head a little. Thor continued deeper, his cock was making its way up into Loki's stomach now and he still wasn't done. Pain spread along Loki's stomach and he wanted more. He begged Thor to go deeper and deeper, to spear him completely.

And Thor did.

He pushed in more and more and more until his cock was working into the back of Loki's throat. The younger god could taste his arousal and his pre-ejaculate and he was choking but he was also moaning and crying and yelling in agonised pleasure.

Thor leaned forward, licking Loki's back.

"Touch yourself" he ordered, before he started to pull back out and thrust into him. Loki ignored him at first, too busy choking as Thor's cock pushed forward almost into his mouth and moaning loudly as he pulled back, truly impaling him on his length. Thor gave little sharp bites to his back, sending little jolts of pain through him along with the giant cock ramming against his insides. He
finally started touching himself; he was hard as a rock, as if he hadn’t just come twice before this.

Thor thrust harder and faster, Loki struggling to breathe and the noises coming from his mouth were more splutters, spitting out bits of Thor's taste as he did. He knew Thor was close and he stroked himself harder, working his hips round in circles, trying to get Thor's length to rub against his prostate in the process. Thor started coming way before he could, his cock pulsing copious amounts of fluid into Loki's throat, which he could only let flow out of his mouth, sometimes spitting it so he could try and catch his breath. It ran down his chin and along his neck. Thor didn't stop coming, he stayed pushed up against Loki and started laughing, more and more cum flowing into his mouth as Thor rubbed the head of his cock along Loki's tonsils. Loki couldn't help but join in, laughing deeply between his moans and gagging splutters, he felt so high right now.

"Come Loki." Thor demanded. "Here, let me do it." He leaned back down and took Loki's cock in hand once he let go. Stroking extremely hard, pulling hard against the skin of his cock. Loki moaned loudly, begging him for more.

"Yes...harder Thor...ahh yes...pull it...off...ohh gods...do it...rip my cock off!" And Thor laughed but ignored Loki's pleas. Loki came at some point but he couldn't quite focus on it as he was choking on the ridiculously large amounts of Thor's seed. Thor finally pulled back, his cock still pulsing fluid, into various parts of Loki's body as he did, deep into his stomach, all along his intestine and eventually squirting up against his prostate, though a bit too late, Loki thought. Thor pulled out completely and Loki breathed hard, holding still for a minute, just breathing and waiting. Thor sat back, breathing quite raggedly himself.

Loki finally tried to move again, he was in a pretty vulnerable position with Thor sitting right behind him while the younger god’s ass was on display right in front of him. Thor picked up on this and quickly grabbed Loki's hips, making Loki groan in embarrassed disapproval. Thor sat and watched his own seed flooding out of both of Loki's entrances, dribbling down his sex and along his thighs, some dripping off onto the bed.

"Oh, little brother, if you could see this now...I could fuck you again after seeing this." Loki squirmed but Thor held him in place. Loki suddenly felt a tongue, lapping a little along both entrances for a few seconds, making Loki moan out and wriggle in uncomfortable shame, before Thor finally pulled back, chuckling darkly and releasing the younger gods’ hips. Loki stood up and headed straight for the washroom, saying not a word to Thor as he did. He didn't even look at him; he knew his face was red. He heard Thor's low chuckle as he closed the door.

Thor followed, it's not like the door could be locked anyway. He took over, running Loki's bath, adding various oils and herbs he knew Loki liked and helped him in. Loki's limbs still felt like jelly so he let him, relaxing when he sat back in the water. Thor kneeled at the side of the bath, getting a soft sponge and gently washing along Loki's chest, up to his neck. Loki tried to push him off a bit, he could do it himself but Thor just hushed him, continuing to clean him.

He wiped over Loki's face, still shushing him, whispering little things to him about how beautiful Loki is, how gorgeous he looked swelled with Thor's child. Loki felt a little weird, after how Thor had been fucking into him, exposing him just minutes ago; it seemed a bit out of place with how nice he was being now.

He washed down all over Loki's body, over his stomach, thoroughly around his sex, pushing his fingers in and out of both entrances a few times, 'just getting him nice and clean.' He was smiling as Loki's face flushed with embarrassment at that, moving down over his legs, and coming back up to wash his arms and hands. Loki was too tired to move and he doubted Thor would have a problem with holding him down if he tried to get away.
"You were so beautiful tonight, lying out in front of me, legs spread, waiting for me to bring you pleasure." Loki blushed again a little at Thor's words but if he tried to speak Thor hushed him, smiling, everything so gently. Is this what he did to everyone he slept with! Fuck them hard and rough, use them, humiliate them and then look after them? Was this still part of the fantasy for Thor? He already thought Thor had gone easy tonight. There was no way Thor had been as truly rough as he would have liked. Loki could tell. The scary part was that Loki had kind of wanted it rougher at times, often regretting that thought when he finally got it, but still, as Thor fucked him, bit him, used him, it turned Loki on in a way he never thought it would. He would never let Thor know this.

Thor tilted Loki's head back and gently washed his hair. "I knew you would like it, you just had to let go, so pretty when you come. I should get a mirror one day so you can see how sexy you look when I'm impaling you on my cock." Loki held back a shudder at his words. People had talked to him like this before, groping at him in corridors telling him about the things they would like to do to him, mostly after they had heard about his dual sex. Loki had never found that kind of thing attractive, he had been much more into the idea of less speaking during sex, just breathing and moaning as a means of communication, maybe a few words of encouragement or asking for more, that kind of thing was sexy. But there was something in Thor's words, something about the gentle touches he used while talking to him in such a way that just struck a nerve, right deep in his core.

Thor had noticed his breathing change slightly as he held back the shudder, he smiled knowingly at Loki.

"Would you like that? You would wouldn't you, you act like you don't like it, but you wanted me to ram myself into you, wanted it rough, forced. Next time, I'll hold you down and fuck you until you can't even talk, you'll just have to lay and wait until I'm finished with you." Loki couldn't hold back the shudder this time. Thor put his hand up and stroked his face. "I knew you loved it, you tried to deny but I knew, the way you writhed and moaned, you couldn't help but love it." Thor's hand dragged down Loki's chest, nails catching on a nipple making Loki hiss, not stopping until he reached the younger god's cock again, and going past it and back to his quim. Loki tried to trap his hand by closing his legs but Thor forced his way forward, fingers breaching him once again.

"No Thor, please no, not again, that's enough now...Thor!"

"Loki!"

Loki's eyes snapped open. Quickly looking around him. He was on Thor's bed, the older god standing, looking down at him from next to it. Loki groaned, already knowing where this was going.

"You okay?"

"M'fine Thor." Loki slurred as he rolled to the side, ready to get out of bed, his face screwing up in disgust as he felt his own seed run sideways along to his hip from just under his round, bulging stomach. Damn, that one had been vivid and long and what the actual fuck? Usually they were only as long as the sex, which often turned into rape but that's when the dream became a nightmare, he never usually just accepted it and even enjoyed it to an extent and it had never warped quite as strong before. Sure, they sometimes got a bit weird, as dreams do, which all seems perfectly normal at the time, then you wake up and can't help but wonder how your mind could even justify that as normal. That was the strangest dream he ever had, and he did not want that again. He was going to go back to the healer, get some of that herbal drink she mentioned, he couldn't keep that up, it was fucking with his mind.

"You have another one of them dreams?"
"No." Loki lied pointlessly, since Thor's question was just as pointless. He knew it was obvious he had been dreaming again.

"Well, the noises you were making beg to differ." Loki ignored him, continuing to struggle his way out of the bed, feeling his face flush deeply, even after the number of times that he had been in this situation.

"Just drop it; what does it have to do with you anyway?" Loki didn't actually want an answer, so why he bothered asking a question he had no clue. He stood up and started making his way to the washroom. He could hear Thor move round the bed to follow him. Great.

"Apart from the fact that it's waking me up, you're moaning and shouting, when it's my name that is at the end of those noises, I think it has quite a lot to do with me, wouldn't you agree?" Loki's eyes went wide, though he didn't stop moving. Entering the room he started preparing a bath. He knew he had been yelling and moaning, he didn't know he had actually formed words though. Dammit, out of everything he said in his dreams, why did Thor's name have to be the one thing he actually said out loud?

"A dream's a dream Thor, it isn't real."

"No but the orgasms are, aren't they?" Loki froze before quickly twisting round to face Thor. The older god looked far from amused.

"Not another word! What difference does it make anyway? It's not like I'm doing this on purpose. You think I want this? No Thor...I don't and the sooner this damn creature is born, the sooner, I can get a decent night's sleep! Now leave me alone!"

Thor's face had dropped completely, eyes wide, looking directly at Loki, who just looked back rather desperately.

"What?" Loki asked, exasperated.

"Creature?" Loki frowned for a split second in confusion before his face went blank and he rolled his eyes. He hadn't intended to say that out loud. At least he hadn't called it a parasite.

"Is that all you think of your unborn child?" Loki just turned back around, continuing to make his bath.

"You are going to have to look after this child Loki, it...no she...is your baby, your blood, surely you cannot think so little of her..."

"Oh...nooo" Loki interrupted, turning back to Thor. "How could I possibly not love a child, when it was so lovingly forced within my womb? How can I not be squealing with the sheer excitement of the joy and happiness that this child will bring, right? What an awful person I must be to be able to hate such a wonderful gift!"

Thor stepped back slightly, shaking his head as Loki stepped forward.

"No, you don't mean that...you don't hate her, you couldn't." Loki dared to laugh a little.

"Couldn't I...couldn't I? She is why I am still here is she not? The little half-breed offspring that everyone feels too guilty to just kill but no one could possibly ever love once it is born. Tell me, does that sound like a nice way to bring up a child? Does having it grow up being hated and feared sound better than a quick, unknowing death?" He spat, harshly. He did somewhat feel this way but he was adding an extra venom to his words, just to get at Thor.
"Loki..."

"No...Thor. Just, no." He turned back to his bath, refusing to face Thor again, no matter how many times he repeated his name. Eventually Thor just walked out, which Loki was happy for. Thor was only being patient with him because he was with child, Loki didn't doubt for a second that Thor would otherwise be happy to spin him round and shake him up a little.

...

Loki did go to the healers, thankfully without Thor, and the guards he didn't really care about. She smiled politely, and he decided that he liked her. She talked to him like he was a real person who had actual feelings but she didn't seem to pity him, or hate him, there was a calming sense of neutral energy that flowed from her. He knew it's because her duty first and foremost was to the child, not him but it made him feel better all the same.

She gave him the drinks and they weren't the nicest thing he could ingest but they were tolerable. After this the dreams toned down gradually over the next couple of weeks. Nothing that strange happened again and the sex dreams became just about him, the guy fucking him was no longer Thor, it wasn't really anyone, just a random stranger and he wasn't raped, it was the typical sex type dream he would have had in his youth, which he could deal with. He also wasn't pregnant in his dreams, which was a nice feeling. He would rather the dreams stopped completely but the healer mentioned that they probably wouldn't until after he had given birth. The sooner this thing was born, definitely the better!

Chapter End Notes

Thank you, again for reading. I hope this is progressing nicely for you guys and didn't get too freaky for anyone. Next chapter, the plot comes back properly and things will be slightly different. I updated early, because I might not be able to upload any time before Friday. (Art deadline for Thursday) If this stays the same then the next update will definitely Friday, but hopefully sooner.

Please let me know how this going for you, your comments are so helpful and really keeping me going so thank you guys so much!!
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Yayy slightly early update!!

Warning for graphic, tense and kind of disturbing birth because those are the best kind ;)

But yes, seriously, if you're very put off by gore, you will be fine for the first half, but a couple of paragraphs before the end, you may wish to skip. If you do, you can just ask me what happened and I will give you the 12A version haha

otherwise...enjoy!!

Also...Dedicated to the wonderful CandyassGoth for their lovely consistent comments. Such a sweetie!!!

okay...now enjoy!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Loki, please...you need to come out of there, we can't help you like this."

Loki had been wrong, he wasn't ready, not yet, it was too soon!

"Loki...the healers are here, they can help you, but you have to let them."

"GO AWAY!" He yelled through the washroom door. "LEAVE ME!"

Loki had shut himself in the washroom about two hours prior to this. Thor hadn't realised straight away, until he tried to get in and realised that Loki had somehow sealed the door with magic. Very early that morning, Loki had felt the first twinges of his contractions but he had refused to admit to what was happening, covering up the pains that spread from his back as he tried to go about his day normally, especially with Thor around, he didn't want him to start getting suspicious.

After a few hours the pains had started getting closer together and Loki knew what was happening, finding it much harder to hide them. He could keep quiet by breathing deeply but he had to stop once they reached peak, and just subtly lean on something until it eased off. Needless to say, it hadn't taken Thor long to notice from there.

"Loki?" He had asked, sounding a little concerned. "What's up?" Loki had been gripping onto the back of a chair, looking down to hide his slightly scrunched up face, his other hand, low on his tightening stomach. He relaxed once it stopped.

"Nothing, just feeling a little dizzy is all." Thor sat back again.

"You should sit down; you have been pacing for ages, surely that's not helping." Truth be told it was, but not because he was dizzy. Thor said no more about it though, at least, not until Loki accidentally let out a small groan of surprise at how suddenly this contraction had hit. This time Thor stood up to go stand by him.
"Loki...what is it?"

"I'm fine Thor." Loki ground out, wincing as the pain got worse before settling again.

"Don't lie to me Loki; you're clearly not just dizzy." Loki didn't say anything, just continued to pace around the room again. Thor watched him.

"That was a contraction wasn't it?" Thor said plainly, Loki didn't look at him.

"Pregnant people can get stomach aches without it meaning anything Thor. In case you have forgotten, it's a little too early for that. Hasn't even been eight months yet."

"No, I don't like this. I'm going to get a healer."

"No Thor, that's not necessary, I'm not having contractions...Thor!" It didn't work, Thor left anyway and Loki was left alone.

A couple of minutes after Thor had left Loki was hit with another contraction. Loki felt a sudden sense of fear. This couldn't be happening, he wasn't ready. He had said so many times about how he couldn't wait for it to just be over but he was wrong, he had lied to himself. He wasn't ready for this; he couldn't let this thing rip him apart. He had to make it stop.

Once he could move again, he ran into the washroom as fast as a heavily pregnant person could and slammed the door, sealing it with his magic since he still could, Odin obviously hadn't thought that he would need to take that away. He sat down against the door and pulled his legs up, begging his body to stop.

He panicked when he heard Thor come back, calling his name, followed by a bang as Thor tried to open the door, calling his name more.

"Loki what are you doing in there? Let me in, I think the doors stuck."

Then Loki heard the healers, as well as Thor, calling his name, trying to make him come out. He got lost in another contraction and couldn't help the low forced wine that came out of his mouth. Thor quietened and Loki knew he was listening to him.

"Loki? Loki what's happening? Are you okay?" He smacked on the door again.

"I think we're going to have to break the door down." Loki's eyes widened. No!

"Go away, Thor. Leave me alone!" He heard Thor stop.

"Loki, what are you talking about? You are in labour, you need to come out."

"No, I'm not...I'm...not...I'm...fine! Please...go away!"

"Loki." Thor's voice sounded gentler now. "You can't change if your body is ready, you need to give in and let it happen but you don't have to do it alone." Loki didn't respond. He closed his eyes and tried his best to tune out Thor's calls.

...

"GO AWAY!" He yelled through the washroom door. "LEAVE ME!"

"Out of my way, out of my way..." Loki heard slightly muffled through the door.

"Mother..." He heard Thor say.
"What's happening?"

"He shut himself in the washroom; I can't get him to come out. By the sounds he's making, he's having contractions." Ironically, just as he said that, another contraction started from deep in Loki's back and Loki did his best to keep quiet but they were getting pretty strong now. When it did ease, he noticed that there was quiet on the other side, he knew they had listened.

"How far apart are they?" He heard his mother ask quietly.

"I'm not sure, not far I don't think."

Then Loki heard nothing for a moment before Frigga spoke up again.

"Okay, everyone out." The authority in her voice was unmatchable.

"Mother..." Thor started but she soon interrupted.

"I wish to speak to him alone; the healers are no use to him if he is stuck in there. Now out. Everyone!"

Loki could hear the shuffling, and knew that they were retreating from the rooms. He listened intently for the sound of his mother’s voice again.

He felt light electricity against his back where it was leaning against the door and knew that his mother was checking for his own magic. He placed his hand against the door, sending his own back through to her. It made tears well up in his eyes and he was powerless to stop them.

"Loki." His mother said quietly. "You don't have to come out if you don't want to, but could you let me in? It's much easier to talk face to face." He said nothing for a moment before he sighed and released the magic seal on the door. His mother could have done it herself but she was respecting his privacy and Loki was thankful for that.

He started to inch himself away from the door so she could come in but was hit with another, rather powerful contraction, the pressure spreading from his back, round his pelvis and his lower stomach tightening uncomfortably. He could only grip his stomach and groan his way through it, rocking back and forth subconsciously, trying to ease the pain.

Frigga had just about managed to squeeze through the small amount of door space he had given her, as his contraction eased. Tears spilled down his cheeks now and he looked up to her.

"I'm scared..." He choked out. "Mother...I'm so scared." She rushed to his side, taking him into her arms, hugging him and kissing his head.

"I know, Loki. I need you to be strong for me now though, okay? You have survived so much; I know you can do this too." Loki couldn't hold back the sobs as he pressed his face against her shoulders she moved a bit so that she was sitting next to him, one arm around his back, the other entwined in his hands. She let him sit and cry for a bit, let him squeeze her hand and helped him breathe as the next contraction hit, talking him through it gently. He seemed to calm down a little after that.

"How long have you been in labour?" She asked. Loki sniffed a bit before replying.

"I'm not sure, since this morning maybe." He looked up, face flushed with guilt. His mother tilted her head.
"Oh Loki, you didn't need to go through all this on your own." He shook his head slowly.

"It's not that..." Tears started spilling again. "I don't want this, mother; I don't want to do this." He didn't want this creature ripping its way through him into life. "I'm not ready."

"I don't think any new mother ever feels truly ready. It's just something we must get through."

"Most mothers want their child, they care about if it lives or dies." He didn't want to hurt his mother with the hateful words but it's all he could feel right now. His mother said nothing but he knew how she would feel about this. It didn't change anything for him though.

He felt a strong pressure really low in his stomach, making him wince before he felt it suddenly release at once, followed by a sensation that felt a little bit like he was pissing himself copiously, except not from the right place. He cried out in surprise as the fluid gushed out to pool around his legs and backside. He breathed in sharply as his stomach went tight again, letting out a hard frustrated groan, trying to get himself through it. Frigga squeezed his hand and rubbed his back as he did, whispering things he couldn't hear. He slumped a little against Frigga, shivering and breathing hard, trying not to break down again.

"It's okay." Frigga said calmly. "Your water broke, that is all, it's normal."

"I ca...I can't do it...please...make it stop...I don't want it..." Frigga hushed him gently, stroking his hair.

"Right now, Loki, you don't have a choice, alright? I know it's hard and trust me, it's not going to get any easier as the night comes but you need to stop thinking you can't do it. It will get you nowhere. Now you can do it. You can do it because you have to do it." Loki looked at his mother for a moment before he dropped his head down, closing his eyes. He was already sweating. Frigga stood up and fetched him a cup with cold water, making him drink it all before fetching another.

She sat with him, held him, made him breathe with her when his contractions hit. They were becoming increasingly frequent now, no longer hanging around. He found himself getting more panicky as he thought about it and when the next contraction came, merely seconds after the last one, he knew it wasn't going to be long. The pressure was starting to move downwards now, noticeably. He could feel it pushing up against his prostate now, not enough to really affect him yet and he hoped it wouldn't.

Frigga stood up just as his latest contraction eased up.

"Right, I know you want to stay here, but we really need to move, this is no place to give birth." She leaned down to help Loki up; he looked at her pleadingly but didn't fight her. Carefully and slowly they made their way back into Thor's room. She helped him out of his trousers, much to Loki's displeasure and helped sit him down on the bed. She fetched a lot of towels and sheets to place under his pelvis.

"We will change any sheets that need to be, afterwards, for now this is just fine. I have had these towels cleaned and ready for a couple of weeks. Good timing if I do say so myself." He smiled at her, appreciating her attempt to lighten the mood a little. She soon got serious again.

"I'm going to fetch the healers now, okay? They, at the very least, need to be present." She paused. "What about Thor, would you prefer he stayed out or in here? Baring in mind that he might be a useful hand so squeeze soon, as I'm not sure mine will be quite as perceptive." She smiled at him gently. He hesitated, thinking to himself before he sighed, waving his hand nonchalantly. "He can come in, not much point leaving him out there is there?" She nodded at him
before going to fetch Thor and the healers.

Loki was breathing his way through a contraction as they returned. Frigga signaled for them to be quiet, so as not to interrupt him. He breathed hard, relaxing back a bit, seeing that they had now come back in. He didn't return the smile that Thor sent him and the healers were already flapping around him, preparing everything for him to bring the thing forth.

"Now, Thor, you go and sit by Loki's side, or stand, whichever is fine, if he needs to hold your hand, you let him" Frigga was getting a little flustered with her own flapping around, making sure Loki had plenty of water and cold damp cloths for his head. He took her wrist when he was finally able to get her to stop for long enough.

"Mother please, keep still, there is nothing else you could possibly fetch for me, sit down..." He cut off with a sharp cry, instantly pulling his legs up towards his chest and grabbing at the sheets he sat on hard. The contractions were powerful now, the next one hitting hard on the heels of that. The healers placed one of the sheets over Loki's legs before lifting it up, gently spreading his legs. Loki jumped when he felt one of their cold hands at his entrance, fingers pushing in uncomfortably before pulling back out.

"His pelvis is ready." The younger of the healers said. She was the one who had helped him throughout the majority of his pregnancy, his monthly checks and everything in between. "You can push when you're ready." Loki felt his body fill with dread as the pressure of the next contraction came, his whole body seeming to join in, working to help him push. He held back as best he could.

"Loki." Frigga took his hand. "When the contraction starts, you have to push, your body will want to push, don't fight it, help it...now...push!"

Loki could feel the need to push, the pressure so intense but he squeezed his eyes shut and fought it as hard as he could, shouting out with the effort.

"No...I can't...I won't do it...it's trying to rip me apart!"

"It's not going to rip you apart Loki, not if you do as the healers tell you, they will make sure of it. You can't stop it Loki, the baby is coming, you have to push!"

He felt a big hand cover his, making him jerk his head to see Thor gripping his hand. He threw the older god a dirty look, intending to pull his hand away, changing his mind and gripping it with all his worth as the pressure of the next contraction came, his whole body seeming to join in, working to help him push. He held back as best he could.

His mother wiped at his forehead as he relaxed for a moment before the need came back and he was yelling and pushing with everything he had. This time he felt a shift, deep inside his lower stomach, moving slightly forwards. As satisfying as it is, he also feels the pressure on his prostate increase, the feeling reminding him slightly off when Thor had used his fingers to pleasure him, even a little bit like when he had fucked him, but there was a lot of pain involved in this too. His face flushed, unnoticeably since it was already red from pushing, as he let out a long hard shout as he did, not stopping until the contraction eased.

His mother wiped at his forehead as he relaxed for a moment before the need came back and he was yelling and pushing with everything he had. This time he felt a shift, deep inside his lower stomach, moving slightly forwards. As satisfying as it is, he also feels the pressure on his prostate increase, the feeling reminding him slightly off when Thor had used his fingers to pleasure him, even a little bit like when he had fucked him, but there was a lot of pain involved in this too. His face flushed, unnoticeably since it was already red from pushing, as he felt himself starting to harden at the sensation. Luckily the sheet covered him enough that his mother and Thor were clueless, but he knew the healers could see.

When he pushed again, he could feel the abuse to his prostate behind the pain, pushing just made it stronger and he could feel how it made him fully hard. He cried out, trying to ignore it but every time he pushed he could feel it building more. His grip on Thor's hand hadn't ceased since he started pushing, not that he was going to do that much damage, though he had seen Thor wince at
one point. Loki couldn't care less.

"Loki" the young healer addressed him and really, what was the other old lady even there for? "You need to just let go, it's normal, it will help ease the pain a little and relax you more which will help make pushing a little easier, alright?" She looked at him, clearly trying to say what she was referring to through her eyes so as not to embarrass him. Thor looked between them, completely confused and Frigga just squeezed Loki's other hand, smiling reassuringly at him. He realised, she knew what was going on, and that knowledge did nothing to make him feel better. "It's fine, you're alright." She said to him.

Feeling the pressure build again he leaned forward, pushing hard. He felt the pressure move forwards, almost hitting right onto his prostate and he pushed again within the same contraction, feeling it shift right over the sensitive bundle of nerves, the feeling becoming too much. He yelled out in a mixture of immense, confused pain and pleasure as he came, the next contraction starting before the last one had even finished, making him push harder again, once he had regained his bearings a little. He slumped back, face flushed deeply, breathing raggedly, as to be expected. He could feel that the pain had let up a little, the pressure not feeling quite as tight now, he sighed in relief. The healer quickly wiped the seed from his stomach with one of the towels.

His contractions seemed to halt for a moment, enough for him to get a drink and adjust his position slightly. Thor seemed to pick up on what had happened, judging by his slight blush but he said nothing, just left his hand in place for Loki to grab again so wished. Loki only had a few seconds of rest before the next contraction hit, even stronger than the others had been. He was exhausted but his body gave him no choice but to push along with it. His yells became more like loud grunts as his voice became worn.

"Alright, I can see the head, Loki you are doing great, you need to keep going, not too far now." Loki wasn't sure which part of any of this was supposed to make him feel better but he gave another hard shove like she said, not managing to keep it up for as long now though.

"Stop...I can't...I just need to...stop...a minute...please..."

"No Loki." The healer said. "You can't stop yet, come on, push!"

Frigga wiped his head, also telling him to push, as did Thor, all telling him how great he was doing, but he didn't feel any better at their words. He tried to push again when he needed to but he fell back soon after, body going limp, not much able to do anything.

"Thor." Frigga suddenly addressed her oldest son. "Get on the bed, sit behind him and help him push...come on!" Thor quickly scrambled up while Frigga pushed Loki forward so Thor could sit behind him, legs either side of Loki's body. Frigga lay Loki back down against Thor; he was too tired to protest, but the new, position made things feel a little more stable. Frigga moved around them, guiding them into the right position.

"Now...Thor, bring your arms under Loki's armpits and pull your hands up towards your shoulders, yes like that, keep him pulled against you. Excellent! Now Loki...bring your arms forward, so they are still round Thor's and grab hold of your knees. Perfect. It should feel much easier to push against something now." Loki thought that the position was a bit uncomfortable but as his contraction built he pulled on his knees hard, bearing down hard, his chest helping to push on his stomach, feeling the thing shift down a little quicker this time.

He was sweating terribly, breathing ragged in between the forced yells as he pushed. Just wanting it to be over he pushed harder and harder still as he felt the lump reaching his entrance, immediately stopping as he felt a sudden, strong burning sensation. He let go of his legs, wincing harshly.
"Ahh...ahhhh...fuck...ahhhhh!!..What’s happening?" It was getting sharper; he needed it to stop now.

The healer looked up at him briefly, before returning her attention to the head of the baby. "The head is crowning, you must stop pushing now or you will tear, I mean it, do not push!" He knew it! That monster was trying to rip him apart. He fucking knew it! He felt a strong anger rise up his entire body, such hatred for what this thing was doing to him. He started writhing within Thor's grip, face contorting with anger.

"I WANT IT OUT, I WANT IT OUT NOW!!" He screamed before baring down as hard as he possibly could, ignoring his mothers shout of "Loki NO!", followed by Thor's as he pushed, yelling even louder when he felt a strong sharp agonizing pain as he made himself rip open a couple of seconds later, blood spraying up the young healers shirt, making her call out in surprise.

Everything after that was just agony, he could feel the blood running out of him and down onto the bed. He pushed again, without the contraction, desperately needing to get this thing out of him. Thor was doing his best to hold him in place but Loki's body had tensed so violently and he seemed to be struggling with himself, even he was struggling to keep a good hold on him. Frigga had started crying at the sight before her, seeing Loki in this state, losing it as he was, in so much pain. She tried hard to hold it together, standing by him and talking to him but Loki was gone, he was listening to nothing, and he was barely even aware of anything except pain and pushing.

His next contraction had him push so hard, he felt the head come out, not stopping for another second as he gave another forceful shove and the shoulders slipped free along with the rest of the body with a loud squelching sound, followed by a lot of fluid and blood. He briefly saw a flash of blue skin, with shallow indented markings, currently filled with dark red blood before it was wrapped and out of his sight.

"My gosh...she's so cold!" Was all he heard before he fell straight back, his whole body aching, what was left of his entrance, searing. He leaned over and threw up violently before everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. that was tense huh? My first ever birth scene so go easy on me. I do not really know how birth scenes work on women, never mind on an intersex crazy demi god! So, if something is horribly wrong, please let me know.

I read this thing about women being able to orgasm during birth, and I figured that the chances would be more likely since he has a prostate to deal with too.

Hope you all liked it though!

I have finished uni until the first of May now, I still have a project to do but I will also have more time in mornings and evenings so hopefully can get more of a crack on with this and update more often
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Okay, few things to note.

1. I don't know a single thing about breasts or breast feeding so you will get my best guess, feel free to correct all hideous mistakes.

   Hlér - terror
   Sóttarfar - Sickness
   Illr - evil

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When he came round, it took him a good few minutes to realise what was going on. The room was very bright, daylight streaming through the windows, since the drapes had been pulled back as far as they could. There was movement in the room but he was in no state to make any attempt to see what it was.

He lay and blinked for a while, not moving or making any noise until he heard a voice.

"Oh...Loki, dear. You're awake!" Frigga came over to him, stroking his hair back lightly, smiling down at him. Loki looked around, as well as trying to sit up. Frigga held onto his shoulders, making him slow down a bit.

"Careful...careful. I did my best I could to heal you but you are still in the process of healing anyway and you will still feel very rough, try to keep your movements slow and easy." He felt his head spin and hunched over, Frigga quickly realised what was happening and grabbing a nearby bowl which he just about caught in time to empty the small amount that was in his stomach into. She rubbed his back gently and handed him some water when he had finished, telling him to sip it slowly.

"How long was I out?" He asked, voice rough. He sipped at more water.

"It's only been a few hours, you gave birth just before midnight and it's now rather early in the morning." Frigga had moved across the room and was messing with something he didn't even try to see, still feeling a little out of it.

"What...what exactly...happened?" Frigga returned, carrying a small bunch of towels.

"You passed out just after the birth. It must have been unimaginably painful Loki, not your brightest idea to push like that but you got her out pretty quickly after that and then you were out. You did wake up briefly to deliver the afterbirth but you were so out of it I'm not even sure you were really awake. Then you started saying things that no one could understand before passing out again." She smiled a little. "I think you scared Thor judging by the horrified look on his face and the healer too. She's quite new here; you were one of her first patients." She chuckled a little, Loki's face scrunched up distastefully; maybe he was better off not quite remembering.

He had given birth.
He was a mother.

He was aware of this; of course, it just hadn't quite hit him until now. He quickly remembered the flash of blue skin and markings. Had that even been real, or some sick hallucination, dream? He had no clue.

"Loki...Loki..."

He realised that Frigga was talking to him again, he had zoned out. He settled his eyes on her, showing that he was listening.

"Would you like to meet her?"

"Meet who?"

"Your daughter." Frigga laughed lightly. Loki just frowned at her a little, not quite understanding the question. After a few seconds though, Frigga walked up closer to him, pushing the pile of towels towards Loki. He soon realised that it wasn't just a pile of towels; it was the thing, wrapped in them. He turned his head away, not looking at it.

"No...I...I don't wish to see it."

"Not it, Loki...she. Your daughter...look at her." She said, so quietly it was almost a whisper. He heard a small gurgling sound, but he refused to look back. He felt as Frigga leaned down, placing the tiny bundle in his arms, smothered in all the towels. He didn't move for a few seconds, contemplating asking her to take it away. He knew she would be disappointed in him but he couldn't do this, he wouldn't. Frigga made no move to take it back though and after a short while, he looked around, avoiding the thing in his arms and looked up at Frigga, who was watching him calmly, gently but expectantly. He breathed in deep and slowly glanced down, almost too scared to look but he did. He was greeted by pale blue skin, dark hair and bright blue eyes, only slightly tinted red, not like the bright red eyes he knew the Jotnar to have, including himself.

She was a Jotun...or at least half Jotun.

He just looked at her for a few minutes, not changing position, not moving her, nor saying anything, he just looked at her, expression blank. Frigga stood with him patiently, allowing him to get used to the idea that this little thing, was his. His thing.

His slight trance was broken when he heard a soft wail come from her mouth. He pulled a slight face and turned to Frigga, lifting his arms slightly to return it to his mother.

"I think she might be getting hungry." She suggested and Loki knew where she was going with this. Oh no.

"I don't even have milk." He wasn't lying, his breasts were most definitely not full of milk, they were a little swollen sure, but still looked flat and masculine. Not to mention that he didn't want this thing chewing on his breast after what it had done to his body.

"No, and you won't for a couple of days, I would imagine, but you'll know when it comes in, trust me. For now you will make something different, similar to milk but slightly thicker, you will need much less of it, hence why you are not swollen like you would be with milk. It is full of all the nutrition she could possibly need and will be fine with it until the milk does come in." She smiled at him, walking round to stand behind him.

She carefully pulled down the one side of the robe he was wearing to reveal a rather pert nipple.
Loki just looked down and watched as she placed her hand over his hand, currently supporting the thing and pulling it towards him, using her other hand to gently tilt its head and guide its mouth to his nipple.

"This bit can be a little tricky for a while, but she will get the hang of it in time." He waited, feeling its mouth covering his nipple but not doing anything, just pressed against it.

"It's not very small, I was expecting...since I went into labour early and all that, I thought it would be smaller."

"The healer said, based on her size and development, she is full term, so, she was ready to be born. We don't know much about breeding when it comes to a Jotun mother so it could be something to do with that but she's perfectly healthy." Frigga smiled brightly at him, he could tell she had already grown attached to it. Loki refused the urge to roll his eyes. After a few minutes of feeling its mouth rubbing against his nipple he'd had enough.

"Okay...mother...can we do this after..." He breathed in as he suddenly felt the thing latch on to his breast, suckling at him gently but hungrily. He looked back down, his expression turning uncomfortable as he watched it, turning to horrified as the skin of his breast, around where she came into contact with him started to turn blue, spreading along his chest a little bit.

"What...what's it doing?"

Frigga stroked his hair to calm him. "It's okay; she's not doing any harm. Her touch seems to be breaking through your glamour." He wanted to push it away from him, give it back to Frigga, tell her to find some other way to feed the damn thing, he's done his bit. He didn't though, he knew she wouldn't approve. He sat and waited for the thing to stop drinking.

"You have to be careful that she doesn't try to trick you into thinking she's drinking so she can use you as a pacifier. So many babies will do this." She chuckled lightly. He looked up to her but felt his head spin suddenly; he quickly passed the thing up to Frigga before he passed out again.

... He slept a lot over the next couple of weeks, only really waking to drink something or feed the thing. He was slowly managing to stay awake for longer now. No one except Frigga, and occasionally the young healer had seen him since the birth. His mother said that he would have to present the child to Odin eventually but that he needn't worry about that just yet. He found after a couple of days, he woke up feeling a tight pressure in his chest, sitting up he felt a strong ache, making him breath out in discomfort. Pulling his covers back he could see how his chest had swelled more, definitely not drooping like a woman's breasts but still swollen and sore. They felt full.

His mother had noticed his discomfort as soon as he had entered, realising quickly what was happening and instantly brought the thing to him. He tried to push it away, they were so sore and tender but his mother hushed him, promising him that this would help. As soon as the thing latched on and started suckling down his milk he felt the pressure easing, allowing him to relax back a little, and breathing a sigh of relief.

As it turned out, the things Jotun inheritance meant that it was very cold, not as cold as a typical Jotun but cold enough that no one except Loki could touch its skin for long before it started to burn. This also meant that any skin of Loki's that it came into contact with would instantly start reverting back to his Jotun skin, not completely but it made Loki feel horribly uncomfortable when feeding. Then he had to start bathing it too. The healers had done the best they could to do that but since they could not touch it properly, it became difficult.
Loki knew that Frigga could tell he was struggling with dealing with the thing. Apart from the fact that he refused to refer to it as a child or her or anything that would suggest that he was even remotely comfortable around it, he would only come in contact with it to feed and clean it. Once he was done he would wrap it up in the blankets and give it back to his mother since she could only hold the thing when it was swaddled in a lot of materials, which meant she couldn't hold it for long incase of it overheating.

Some days, usually when he was in a better mood and not feeling too rough, he was a bit easier with the thing, not so quick to just clean and feed it, he might stand and just look at the little bundle in his arms. It had a couple of features like Thor, but mostly just looked like he did, according to his mother anyway.

"Have you thought about what you might name her?" Frigga asked him on one of the days that he seemed to be a little more tolerant of it. It was these days that Frigga would talk to him about it more, make him hold the thing for just a bit longer. He was holding it now, sitting in one of the chairs of Thor's rooms as it suckled away at his breast, he hadn't left the room since the birth but he was feeling much better. He didn't know where Thor had been staying, since he hadn't returned to his own rooms, not even for sleep. He didn't really care though; he knew that his mother had shown the thing to Thor, visited him with it a few times. Thor had asked to come visit Loki but Loki had said no; he wasn't in any mood to see Thor just yet. The birth had brought a few of his resentments running straight back and he wasn't quite sure he could handle seeing the older god without launching forward to attack him.

"Can't Thor choose? He's the father after all." He said coldly.

"Yes, but I think that this is something that you need to do. It might help you to bond with her a little bit."

I don't want to bond with it, I want to die, he thought bitterly, looking at his mother, hoping his expression would at least get some of this across. If it did she completely ignored it, he knew his mother, she took no nonsense from anyone and she wasn't going to go easy on him for much longer.

"I wouldn't even know what to choose."

"Look at her. Think about something that is unique to her and start with that." Loki looked down at the little creature, currently gurgling his milk around its mouth lightly. He scrunched his face up.

"Hlér? Sóttarfar? Illr?" Loki offered, trying to sound genuinely contemplative about these names.

Frigga tutted. "That's not even funny, Loki. Really look at...."

"Do we have to do this right now?" He shifted about uncomfortably, feeling himself getting frustrated. It made him want to push the little thing away, like he just couldn't handle being in contact with it.

"Loki, she is over two weeks old, she needs a name. I'm not telling you to choose right now, I asked if you had thought about it. You need to think about it." Her voice was even but Loki could sense the stern edge threatening to make its way to the surface. He decided not to test it.

He looked down at this tiny, squishy thing in his arms, chewing (well as best as one can chew without any teeth of course) at his breast. One of its hands pressed onto his chest near its mouth. What was unique about it? Apart from being half Jotun, it just looked like an ordinary baby.

"What about Kalda or Kaldr?" He questioned. It's a simple enough name and quite suitable really.
His mother turned to him. "Really?" He nodded to her as she walked over, looking down at the thing and smiling lightly. "Hello Kalda." She tested the name a few times. "Kalda, you know, I quite like it."

... 

Frigga had sent away the healers the same day that he had finally named Kalda. She wanted him to deal with her as much as she could make him now. He found himself talking to it sometimes, usually pleading with it to not mess around while nursing or not cry while he was bathing it, but sometimes he would just talk to it as it fell asleep or to hush it when it cried. He tried to stop thinking of her as 'it' and 'thing' but as her and she, and by her name of course. This wasn't as easy but he was trying, if only to please his mother.

He knew he was going to be seeing a lot of...her for the next six years, obviously since it was his offspring. His mother had scolded him a few times but he knew, himself that he would have to find a way to at least be subtle with her, the thing would pick up on his discomfort easily enough.

One thing he couldn't deny was how perceptive she was, she quickly learned her name, as well as Loki's voice, her eyes moving towards the source of sound. Frigga had told him repeatedly about how well she fed and how quickly she seemed to pick things up. People's emotions, especially Loki's, she would soon pick up on and adapted to his mood.

Loki was feeling a little better on one evening. Kalda been feeding just fine all day, and drinking a lot too, really easing the pressure on his chest. He knew she would be due another feed soon but for now he felt quite relaxed and she was not making any fuss, just happy to lie in his arms calmly. The mood soon dropped as Thor walked in.

"Kalda? Is that your idea of a joke?"

Loki didn't move from his seat, Kalda stirred a little at the raised voice but didn't get upset and soon settled back into Loki's arms. The younger god just looked at Thor, clearly not happy to see him.

"Is there a problem with the name?" Thor just stared incredulously back.

"You cannot name our daughter based on her temperature, Loki!"

Loki just smirked. "It suits her, don't you think?"

"This is not a game Loki; she is a person, our daughter, not a means of pissing me off."

"You think I named her, purely with the intention to get at you?"

"It wouldn't surprise me seeing as you hate her so openly."

"I never said I hated her." Loki spat back, though he couldn't deny having almost thought it quite a few times. He never had actually said it though. He wasn't overly keen on it maybe but not hate, which was too strong.

"Change the name Loki."

"No."

Thor stared at Loki furiously for a few seconds before he huffed, turning away and moving to stand by the balcony, of which both doors were wide open. After a few minutes he spoke again.
"Is it really a good idea to have these doors open so wide, there's quite a draft."

"What, Thor? Concerned she's going to get cold?" He bit back but the mocking smirk could be heard clearly in Loki's voice.

"That's not what I..." He trailed off, seeming to decide against his answer. He paused again before speaking.

"Father wishes to meet her."

"Does he now?" Came Loki's flat reply.

"Of course he does, she is his granddaughter after all."

"She's also half Jotun." Loki spat back bitterly.

"That didn't stop him from raising you..."

"Oh yes, but not before he'd hidden me behind a glamour."

"You know he did that, only to protect you Loki."

"He did it to use me, Thor. Don't be so naive."

"I will not argue this with you again, Loki. Father wants to meet her. You knew he would, as did I."

Loki didn't respond. He felt Kalda squirm in his arms and start whining more than crying. He stood up and walked her over to the balcony, letting the cool air wash over her skin. She cooed lightly and calmed down.

Thor watched as he hushed her. "How could you tell she was hot?"

"I don't know. I could just, sort of...feel it. The way she moved, she cries differently for different reasons." He could tell she was getting hungry but didn't particularly want to breast feed in front of Thor. He didn't need Thor seeing how his skin changed.

"Could I hold her?" Thor asked slowly, after a while. Loki passed her over to him, after wrapping her back up in the blankets so he could touch her for longer.

"She's beautiful." Thor said fondly.

"Don't let her get too hot again though." Loki warned. Thor smiled at him knowingly.

"She's growing on you, admit it."

"I'm pretty sure she grew in me actually." Thor's smirk grew, since Loki didn't deny it. Loki looked at him, not smiling but his face had a softer edge. He sighed a little, looking out over the view.

"It's not really like I have much choice. I'm stuck with her for the next six years; I have to find some way to deal with it." Loki kept his voice cold but Thor knew there was starting to become a little more to him than just coping. Thor was happy with this though, happy to hope that maybe one day, Loki could actually feel something for his daughter.

"Not just for the next six years, if I can just get through to our father..."
"He's not my father, he yours and don't even bother. I have accepted my inevitable death Thor, it's about time you did. Where did preventing it get you, really?"

"You're still here, to me that's pretty successful, and hopefully I can make it a permanent situation." Loki didn't respond. Thor wasn't going to be reasoned with here. He wouldn't just give up on something he had risked so much for.

They both stood while Thor held Kalda for a bit but it wasn't too long before she started wailing again. Thor looked to Loki, at a bit of a loss as to how to deal with her. Thor raised his eyebrows, not needing to voice his question.

"She's hungry." Loki stated and Thor continued to stare at him. Rolling his eyes, Loki took Kalda from him, pulling the blanket from smothering her so much. He looked back at Thor, hoping he would take this as a signal to leave but Thor, being the wonderfully perceptive man that he isn't, just stood and continued to watch as Loki dealt with the baby. Knowing he couldn't put it off any longer, he held Kalda in one arm, using his other to pull off his shirt, which Thor quickly helped him with. He looked away from Thor, guiding Kalda to his breast, dreading the moment she touched him properly.

He heard Thor draw in a breath and knew he had noticed the way his skin had changed under Kaldas' mouth and where her hand was currently grasped a little more to the centre of his chest. Loki looked at Thor, a little defensively, not that he'd ever admit it. Thor soon looked away again.

"She feeds alright then?" Thor questioned at length, wandering around the room slowly.

"Alright enough." Was Loki's simple reply, not really feeling much like discussing anything with Thor right now. Thor seemed to get the hint because he stopped speaking for a while. Loki continued to nurse Kalda until she had finished and was now just using him as a dummy. He gently pulled her back and walked over to the bed, placing her down so he could put his shirt on.

... Thor had been right; it hadn't been much longer before Odin had requested to see him and Loki with the baby. Thor had already gone to the throne room, Loki was waiting for a guard to come and escort him, pointlessly he thought.

He was gently rocking Kalda when he heard someone enter. A few moments later he turned round, face flashing with surprise for a brief moment when he saw Sif standing just inside his and Thor's rooms, waiting quietly and patiently.

"I will be escorting you...it seems." Loki nodded to her politely. She walked further into the room, getting closer to where Loki stood with his daughter. She looked down at Kalda for a few moments, watching as she tried to chew and suckle on the end of Loki's finger, Sif huffed out a small laugh.

"How is motherhood faring you?" Loki scowled at her, but there was an amused undertone to his expression. Sif smiled back, cheekily before she grew serious.

"She is gorgeous...I...I know...you didn't want this...of course you didn't but I just mean that...she is so beautiful."

"Thank you." Loki said, somewhat pleased with her words. He had half expected her to flinch when she saw her blue skin, along with the reddish eyes and markings but there was no disgust in Sifs' expression.

"You know, I couldn't talk to Thor for a long time after I found out that he...uh...after what he
did.” Loki knew she was referring to his rape; it hadn't been that difficult to figure out since he had tried to ask her for help the next day.

"I'm...I'm sorry...that I didn't do anything, that day when you ran into me. Everything happened so quickly...I..."

"It's alright.” He cut in. "I don't know what I was expecting you to do anyway, just a moment of desperation, that was all, I hold nothing against you." He hadn't expected her to be so kind to him, even with what she knew, she had hated him after the things he had done.

"The warriors were the same, Fandral was furious at Thor, almost came to blows with him over it, Hogun had to interfere and Volstagg...well...he just ate, but in an angry manner." Loki chuckled at that, feeling glad, now, that Sif had been the one to come to escort him.

"Didn't Thor tell you any of this, since you two share a room, I figured you must speak."

"We haven't actually said that much to each other, not really and definitely nothing of worth, and no, he didn't say anything." He was probably too embarrassed to, he thought to himself.

"I mean, don't get me wrong, we were just as angry with you...you know...for the things you did too...I just...no one deserves that kind of degrading humiliation."

"Uhhh...thank you?” Loki raised his eyebrows, eyes looking towards her a little, getting interrupted when Kalda made a loud gurgling noise, making them both chuckle.

"What did you name her?"

"Shouldn't we be going?” Sif's smile dropped a little.

"Oh...uh...yes, I just...I wanted to see that you were doing alright with this, you know, it's a lot to deal with."

Loki nodded, lips tightening into a line that almost turned up into a slight smile. "I'm fine...I'm coping."

It was Sif's turn to nod as she straightened up and turned, ready to lead him out.

"Then let us go.” She said finally. They started walking.

"Kalda” Loki said quietly to her. Sif turned her head slightly but didn't look back completely, seeming to realise what he was talking about.

"It's beautiful." She breathed in reply. They said no more as they walked but Loki felt a new kind of appreciation for Sif, a little confidence that there had been someone who was at least a little bit on his side.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and for the lovely comments I have received so far. The plot of my story has been designed and pretty much set as far as I am concerned. I am still writing it up in full. If you wish to suggest something you want to happen, go ahead, people have done this already, it is all welcome. If the story doesn't do what you wanted it to, it's not because I dismissed your opinion, it's simply because I felt that
this way would play out better, in my opinion, and since it's my story, I make final decisions.

I do really hope you guys are enjoying this though, please let me know if there is anything you really like, or really hate, your feedback is always helpful.

Oh and just in case anyone didn't get it. Kalda/Kaldr means cold, which is the most suitable Norse name I could think of, plus it is kind of cute. Very glad he didn't choose any of his first ideas!!
Okayyy, first off, my apologies for not being able to upload yesterday, I currently have a shitload of work to do so I had to put it off until today.

I may not be able to post again for a couple of weeks. I have a university deadline to reach. that is the 1st of May and I am struggling to keep on top of that as well as my writing, I am starting to fall behind. I will do what I can to upload as much as possible between now and then, it's only a couple of weeks away anyway, three weeks from this day to be precise. Then I will be free for about five months because I don't start uni again until October.

In which case, I am hoping to be able to update every 1-2 days from there so I'm just letting you guys know that updates may be scarce for the next couple of weeks but we shall see.

I hope you are all still enjoying this.

With that all said...Provehito in Altum (extra points if you know what this is ;))

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Their steps echoed loudly as they entered the throne room, as it was pretty much empty. Odin, Thor, Frigga and the warriors three all looked down in his direction and Loki felt the slight nervous dread return to his stomach. Odin was not sitting up on his throne; he was standing at the bottom, as was everyone else. This was a little more casual than Loki had expected, seeing as Sif herself had escorted him.

He approached them slowly, stopping at a slightly further distance than was really necessary, Sif continuing to join the warriors three, she had pressed a hand against his arm gently, giving him a small smile and a nod before she did.

Frigga was smiling at him reassuringly, nodding at him to walk forward. He did, though he wasn't so sure now, he felt a little vulnerable like this. Them over there and him over here, it was a little unnerving.

Odin stepped forward himself, moving towards Loki. The younger god slowly pushed his arms forward, putting Kalda into Odin's view. He looked at her for a minute before moving to take hold of her, Loki pulled back a little. Frigga stepped forward slightly, Loki looked at her and she nodded, gesturing at him slightly. He paused a little longer before he passed his daughter to Odin. Loki could tell that Odin felt how cold she was, even through the blankets that he always had to put her in before anyone except him could touch her.

Odin looked down at her, eyes roaming over her face, pulling the blanket back to see the markings on her chest.

"Half Jotun." He said so quietly it was more like a breath. Loki's eyes darted up from Kalda to him.
"Her name?" He asked, not looking away from her.

"Kalda" Loki replied. If Odin was unhappy with it, he said nothing about it.

"We will need to glamour her, for her own safety." Loki's eyes widened in disbelief. He stepped forward quickly taking her off of Odin while snapping. "You'll do no such thing!"

"She is not safe looking this way. Do you think the rest of Asgard will stand to see a Jotun child living under our care, they would never accept her. Not to mention that no one can come into any contact with her like this." Loki stepped away, clutching her to him. He could feel tears of anger rising.

"So what, you cover her up, hide her away too? Lie to her, like you did me? Oh yes, and what good came of that huh? Isn't this what you had always wanted anyway? Isn't this why you stole me in the first place, covered me up to hide the monster? So I could be bred and make little half breed children, a means of bringing about an alliance with Jotunheim?"

"I glamoured you to protect you to Loki, bringing a Jotun child back here would not have been acceptable. If I hadn't brought you back, you wouldn't have survived a night."

"Oh because bringing me up here has done me so much good! I suppose the only way you could pretend I was truly your son was by covering me first." He placed his hand on Kaldas' chest, feeling his hand change, but instead of stopping it, he let it flow; let it consume his entire body. He could actually hear the shocked silence throughout the room. Only Odin and Heimdall had seen him in his true form since he had been a baby himself. All eyes were definitely on him now.

"Tell me, was this what you had hoped for in a son? I really don't think it was, you should have left me in Jotunheim. You should have let me die!"

"Loki..." His mother warned. He knew the tears were about to spill, they were blurring his vision.

"No mother...I won't let him do it!" He continued to back away as he spoke, returning his glare back to Odin, his hatred flaring anew. "I won't let you cover up my daughter like you did to me. She will grow up knowing who she is..." His gaze snapped to Thor briefly, then back. "Knowing...why she is...she will know everything, you will not lie to her!..No one will."

"Loki..." Odin boomed. "Loki...come back here, this is not finished." Loki ignored him, he turned his back to them, picking up his pace, he left the giant hall. He heard Odin send a guard to follow him but he didn't care. He didn't stop until he was outside, ignoring the people who gasped loudly at him in horror and quickly moved to get away from him, he went to the farthest part of the gardens he could reach without the guards stopping him.

He paced angrily for a while until he realised Kalda was crying, he didn't know for how long she had been like this. He rocked her gently, shushing her.

He wasn't even sure what had just happened. He had expected Odin to be...well...Odin, but he didn't think he would go as far as wanting to glamour her, after how it had worked out with him, surely he would've realised that was a bad idea. More than that, though, Loki really hadn't expected himself to get quite as defensive as he had.

What was happening to him? Had he gone insane? He couldn't stand his daughter so much as touching him just after he had given birth to her, now here he was, arguing for her, defending her...caring? But it wasn't even completely about her. Somewhere in Odin's words, he had suddenly realised how much her situation was similar to his. Parents who didn't want her, about to be disguised, hidden and lied to for however long and he could see her life playing out just like his
had, never quite understanding why people were uncomfortable around him, always feeling different only to find out that he was the monster that used to terrify him as a child. The nightmares he had when Thor would tell him the dark stories of the Jotnar and the horrific things they would do if they ever caught him. He found himself not wanting her to become like him, quite desperately too. She did not deserve to be treated that way, not like he had been, so unknowingly too. He would not lie to her; he could not lie to her if he wanted to, not about this. Odin was crazy to think that he would have ever agreed to it.

He sat down on the grass, looking down at Kalda, he still hadn't changed from his Jotun form and Kalda seemed to like it. He pulled her covers back looking straight into her face; her eyes darted around for a minute, trying to settle on his but struggling. He made a noise and her eyes moved to him much quicker, she responded positively to his voice often. He smiled at her again, feeling the tears welling up and spilling this time. He didn't know when he had grown to care for this little thing but he knew he wouldn't let anyone touch her.

"No one's going to do to you what they did to me, okay?" He sobbed at her quietly. "I'll die first." He knew that eventually this would be the case but for now he could keep that promise. When she is six, she will be her own person, she will know who she is, and it will be too late to corrupt her.

It wasn't much later, he had been whispering to Kalda as she dosed off, that he heard footsteps approach him. Already recognising the sound of his mother’s steps, he didn't turn round. She paused for a moment, waiting to see if he would tell her to leave but when he didn't, she came and sat next to him.

"She prefers when I'm in this form." He mumbled softly to her after a few minutes. "It calms her."

Frigga nodded, tilting her head slightly to look at Kalda, trying to fight sleep in Loki's arms.

"I imagine it would, she might only be a baby, but she's very perceptive, we must all seem so strange to her, so pale and overbearingly warm." Loki stroked the fine hair on kaldas' head lightly as she finally drifted into slumber. Only then did he allow his glamour to return.

"Oh..." Frigga said. "Don't cover up for my sake, please, my beautiful son."

"I really don't think 'beautiful' is a word that really describes the Jotnar well." Loki mused, darkly.

"No." His mother agreed, making him look sideways at her, slightly confused. She looked at him, face unreadable before continuing. "The Jotnar are a dark race, cruel, violent, barbaric at times, not at all pleasant to be quite honest." He could hear the smile in her voice, still not quite sure what she was getting at by technically insulting him and his daughter, even if he did agree.

"But you, my son...are no Jotun." She spoke over him before he could cut in. "No...You may look like one when you so choose, you may have been born as one but you do not have the Jotnar nature. We didn't raise you that way. You are loving, you are caring. You were hurt, you made your mistakes and they have cost you a lot but even after all of that, you still have good in you Loki, you may not see it, and that does not surprise me at all but I can, even more after that display back there. Where most might have seen anger and hatred, I saw love. I saw a love so deep that you, yourself are helpless against it, a love that you will never be able to undo and a love that you would give your own life for. The love for your daughter."

Loki scoffed and looked away. Frigga did not berate him for that, she would have probably expected as much. It would take a lot more than some loving speech to make Loki accept who he was, but hearing his mothers words gave him a small amount of hope, that maybe one day he
"My daughter." He breathed after a few seconds. Frigga hummed and smiled at him in reply.

"Your father..."

"He's not my father!" Loki quickly snapped. Frigga's smile became a little bitter for a moment.

"No..." She continued. "And nor am I your mother." Loki breathed in deep, closing his eyes. He hadn't expected that as a reply, he always thought she would refuse to be anything except his mother for as long as she could get away with it. Maybe now she felt she couldn't do that anymore. This saddened Loki deeply.

"The All-father had no intention of hurting Kalda, just as he had never intended to hurt you. You must understand this Loki; he wanted to protect you, as he does her." It was only his deep respect for her that kept him sitting there listening to her, anyone else and he would have been gone.

"And I suppose using me to somehow make an alliance was just a coincidence? Did he really think it could work? That I wouldn't be hurt when I found out that I was the one thing that I had been brought up to hate? I couldn't let that happen to Kalda, I cannot lie to her like that, love her or not."

"And I could never expect you to, as it seems, neither would the All-father, since he has decided to drop it."

Loki looked at her, frowning slightly in confusion. Frigga nodded at him, smiling lightly.

"He said that you were right, it would just be making the same mistake again and it would not be fair on Kalda."

Loki scoffed softly. "I wonder how bitter those words tasted coming out of his mouth." He smiled inwardly to himself though, he was secretly thankful that he wouldn't have to fight more on that one.

"He did say though, that she will have the same restrictions as you. She will be limited to the palace grounds unless she is glamoured first." Loki rolled his eyes and snarled a little at his mother's words. She spoke quickly before he could interrupt.

"This is not a punishment, Loki. I know it may feel like it but I do have to agree with him on this one, she would not be safe out there. There's already going to be trouble when the people outside of the palace discover her existence. Within these walls, no one would dare touch her, but outside, we cannot be so sure. Please tell me you understand."

Loki paused, not looking at her. Eventually he sighed hard, closing his eyes and nodding his understanding. He didn't like it, but she was right, he refused to glamour her now but if Kalda, herself, chose to use a glamour so she could leave the palace grounds when she's older, he would not stop her.

He lifted Kalda up carefully; passing her towards his mother, pulling her blanket up a bit more, so Frigga could hold her better. Frigga accepted her granddaughter, smiling brightly and talking to her softly as Kalda stirred and cooed at the movement.

"She has your eyes." Frigga said at length.

"Her eyes are blue." Loki quipped back, making her laugh a little.
"I meant the shape." She continued to look over her small features. "She has your mouth to, and of course, your hair. You know, really, I look at her and I'm back to when Odin first brought you home, I looked down at you and I knew I would do everything in my power to protect you, to love you like a mother should." Loki looked up at his mother, not really sure why she was saying all this, and not really sure if he felt better or worse for it.

"You brought me much joy, as you grew up, but you were also an unmatchable prankster, got yourself in some situations once you got a hang of your magic." She laughed at the memories and Loki couldn't help but to smile with her.

"Do you think you will teach her magic, as I taught you?"

"If she wants to learn it, of course, though it might be left to you. I don't think I will have taught her everything by the time she's six." He huffed in dark amusement. Frigga didn't laugh at that though. He looked at her for a moment and looked away again.

"Come on mother, it's going to happen, ignoring it won't make a difference. The child turns six, I die, it's like one big count down, may as well get used to it."

"I can't just accept your death so easily, I won't."

"You don't have much choice. The All-father decided the sentence as a King, not as my 'father' and not as your husband. This was political and the punishment fits the crime." He hadn't wanted the conversation to become so negative but she would have to face it sooner or later.

"We should probably go in now, it's getting late, she will be getting hungry soon and no doubt Thor will have something to say about everything." Loki stood up, taking Kalda from his mother and helping her up. Slowly they started walking back towards the palace together, as the sun started setting.

...  

Loki had bid his mother a good evening, let her say goodnight to Kalda, who was now awake and cooing quite loudly as he walked through the halls, he tried to shush her to begin with but then quit and figured people could deal with it, it's not like she's screaming or anything.

He returned to Thor's rooms. Thor, who was working out as he walked in, stopped and looked at him.

"Don't say anything; I don't need arguments, not tonight." Thor raised his eyebrows a little.

"Who said anything about arguing, I agree with you." That made Loki stop and look at him.

"You agree?"

"Yes, it is not fathers decision to glamour her, plus it would be unfair to her to do so. There is no reason to hide who she is. She is our daughter, not something to hide away."

Let's not forget how she came to be here, Loki thought bitterly to himself, not saying it out loud for the sake of avoiding argument; he really wasn't in the mood. He walked over to Thor's bed, sitting himself down as Kalda started to whine, quickly latching her onto his breast, he sat back and sighed, glad to be able to stop thinking for a little bit. He heard Kalda sigh contentedly and continue suckling. He smiled a little, she really was quite gorgeous.

"She's pretty hungry, huh?" Thor said, approaching the bed after a while. Loki opened his eyes but didn't lift his head from where it lay back into the pillows.
"She's very thirsty, I'm not sure I'm producing enough to keep this up."

"Is there nothing you can do?"

"I asked the healer, she just said that the more the baby feeds, the more I should make but..." He cut off, not intending to go any further than that.

"But what?" Thor urged.

"But..." Loki started. "...it can help if I...I...uh...'breast feed'...between her feeds as well..." He trailed off again, feeling himself flush as he spoke. Thor just looked confused.

"Between feeds? But if she's already fed, why would she feed again, surely she would be full, no?" Oh gods, he had hoped that Thor wouldn't ask.

"Well, yes, but I don't think the healer meant her anyway." He must have been bright red by now. He glanced up at Thor who clearly still hadn't understood what he was saying. Loki resisted the urge to get up and smack his head, the fool.

"Does it look like I could reach?" He asked though gritted teeth. Thor shook his head. "No, no I could not, so obviously...someone else would have to do it." He actually saw the moment that his words sunk in. Thor's face dropped, looking slightly disgusted. Loki huffed an amused breath at his expression. Thor was quiet for a few minutes before he turned back to Loki, any confidence in his movements, gone.

"If you need...uh..." His face contorted as he tried to find the right words. "If...you want me to...uh...are...are you asking for...me to...to..." Loki cut him off before he could fumble any more words.

"Oh gods, no Thor, I do not require that from you just yet, I think I will manage for now." This conversation was not heading where he would have possibly wanted it to, he would have preferred an argument.

"Oh...yes...of course. I was just...you know...I was just saying...if...if you did...uh...need my...help, I...I would...you know...help...if you...needed..." He trailed off, flushing red himself as he did. Loki’s face scrunched up a little, though he tried to keep his voice as even as he could.

"I'll be sure to keep that in mind..." He responded sounding, and feeling, pretty weirded out.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you once again for reading, please let me know what you thought of this. I know there was a lot of mixed opinions on what should happen about Kalda and whether or not to glamour her. I figured that this was a pretty realistic idea of how Loki would react and obviously, since it's going to be her choice, we shall see what she decides that she wants to do in future chapters ;)

Thank you for sticking this through guys. The Kudos belong to you not me...honestly!!
Okay, so so sorry for the wait, it has been far too long! My work was handed in this morning and now I am done with uni until October. I still have stuff I want to work on but also have a lot more free time. I hope to update every couple of days if I can, otherwise I will just upload whenever each chapter is finished.

I proof read this super fast, so if there is any mistakes, I do apologize, if you could just point them out, I'll go edit them.

Hope you are still enjoying this story.

Kalda had been a nightmare, constantly wanting to feed but messing around as soon as he put her to his chest. She was crying a lot, he could tell she was still hungry and there was nothing he could do.

"I'm empty, I swear. Look, Thor, she's suckling, she's definitely trying but there's just nothing there for her." Loki stressed one evening. Thor came over and sat by them, looking over at a pissed off looking baby, writhing around in frustration.

"Well, are you sure?" Thor asked. "They still look pretty full from here." Loki's breasts were nothing like a woman's, they weren't soft, they didn't droop like water droplets, they still looked like his chest did before, they just looked fuller when he needed to feed her and generally looked normal again when she had finished.

"What else could it be? She's not drinking anything. Look, she's getting nothing!"

Thor placed his hand on Loki's arm. "Calm down, Loki, it's alright. Don't stress."

Loki stood up, moving to place Kalda down. "I can't feed her...I can't feed her!" He couldn't help but to stress, he couldn't feed his own daughter. She would starve without his milk.

Thor stood up too. "Come here, sit down, and calm down a minute alright?" Loki sighed but he did so after a minute. Thor knelted down in front of Loki, placing his hands up by his shoulders, he rubbed his arms a little before he pulled at him gently, guiding his to lean forward towards him. Loki, who had his head down, looked up to make eye contact with Thor.

"What are you doing?" Loki asked, his face just inches away from Thor's now. The older god's hands slid down to Loki's sides.

"I said I would help you if you needed, right? I meant it Loki." Upon hearing his words, Loki started to pull back.

"No Thor, it's fine, you don't need to..."

"Loki, it's alright. I want to help, for Kalda, yes?" Loki just looked at him for a couple of minutes before sighing again, nodding slowly and averting his eyes.
"Alright." Thor whispered but Loki figured it was more to himself than anything. He felt Thor lean forward, his right hand moving along towards Loki's breast. The younger god tensed a bit, this was too bizarre. Thor smoothed his thumb along the small fleshy mound, gently. Loki breathed in slightly sharp; he was still pretty tender there, as to be expected.

Thor paused for a few moments before leaning forward. Loki closed his eyes, feeling uncomfortable. He could tell that Thor was hesitant to, even at the best of times; this would have been pretty awkward. A few seconds later, he heard Thor move, then felt his mouth press onto his breast, around his nipple, not touching it yet but Loki felt the heat of his mouth as it surrounded him.

After a moment, Loki felt a wet tongue drag along the tender bud as Thor relaxed a little. He focused on keeping his breathing even, which became harder to do when he felt as Thor actually sucked gently. This was nothing like when Kalda was feeding, not even slightly, Thor sucked harder, tugged on him slightly, and then sucked a little more, tilting his head around at different angles. Loki gasped suddenly as he felt the movement and Thor quickly pulled back, spraying the milk from his mouth in shock. Loki just looked at him and Thor smiled apologetically.

"Sorry, I was not expecting that." Loki could see his own milk dripping down Thor's lips, his eyes following the drops until Thor, forgetting himself, slid his tongue out and catching the drops. Loki tutted and wiped down his own chest.

"It's cold." Thor mused, sounding quite surprised by this. "Like, really cold...I guess you're not empty after all." He chuckled lightly, trying to take some of the awkward feeling away.

"What did you do?" Loki asked.

"I'm not sure, hang on." Thor said quickly, then he returned his head to Loki's chest, sucking at his nipple again, getting nothing, but when he tilted his head like before, holding the skin around his nipple with his teeth and sucking gently, it was like he turned on a tap, the cold fluid flowing into his mouth. This time he didn't pull back when this happened and Loki felt and heard him swallow, gulping a little from the angle of his neck. Loki moaned hard, against his will and pushed Thor off.

"That was...strange." He had no idea how to describe how he felt about what had just happened, he didn't think there even were words for such a thing.

"I think maybe Kalda just isn't hitting the right angle. Maybe because she's growing or something, she is tilting differently than before. Try not holding her just directly under you, but more to the side, and maybe not so close, pull her away slightly so she has to latch on tighter to keep you in her mouth." Almost as if on cue, Kalda started whimpering from where she had been laid to bed.

Thor got up and fetched her, making soothing noises to her and bringing her over to her 'mother' as Thor put it, earning a glare from the younger god. Thor smiles jokingly and placed Kalda in Loki's arms, turning to sit next to him and placing his hand behind her head. He gently pressed her head towards his breast and Loki let him control the movements for now. As her mouth felt his nipple, it instinctively opened, making a suckling motion before it was even in place. Damn she was hungry, Loki thought.

Before she could latch on properly, Thor pulled her away a little, before pressing her forward again, repeating this a few times. She soon picked up what was going on and after a few more tries, she pressed her gums down a little, so when Thor pulled her away, she pulled on his nipple a bit, still suckling. His skin flared back to its Jotun blue, which didn't bother Loki as much anymore, he had soon gotten used to it. When he was alone, he would sometimes turn into his Jotun form and strip her of her blankets and clothes.
skin to skin. She was always so much happier afterwards and it pretty much always calmed herstraight down when she was upset. Combining this tugging she was now doing, with the slighthead tilt, just as Thor had done, they soon heard the familiar gulping noises, telling them that shewas now drinking his milk. She sighed contentedly and Loki laughed out in relief.

"There we go." Thor said, happily, seemingly glad that he could help, Loki thought. He musthave felt a little useless since it was difficult for him to do much as he couldn't touch her directlyfor too long.

"She really is beautiful." He breathed fondly. Loki didn't respond but Thor picked up the subtlehalf smile, from the corner of his eye.

"You know, I'm...uh...glad to see that you have found peace with Kalda. I know it was difficultfor you in the beginning but..."

"I'm doing what I have to" Loki interrupted. "She's here and that's that. Like I have said before,itis not like I have much of a choice." He could see Thor's knowing smile but he paid him nonotice. Thor said nothing else on the subject.

The rest of the day had generally been a quiet one. The awkwardness of the earlier incident,pretty much forgotten. Thor had been trying hard to help Loki with Kalda as much as he could. Loki lethim, since he proved to be useful enough and Thor seemed to be genuinely happy to help.

Loki knew that Thor was trying to build up an understanding with Loki which he hoped wouldbuild into a mutual respect. Loki didn't stop him from his efforts and frankly, it was much easier todeal with him if they weren't fighting but he wasn't sure he could ever really trust Thor again. Itwasn't just about him now, though. He knew Thor would be there for Kalda, he wanted hismother to take her on as best she could when he was executed, she is a strong woman but she isgetting on a little and Kalda was going to be here for a long time so he knew he would need Thor to be there for her when he couldn't.

Thor was currently walking round the room talking to Kalda while holding her, rocking hergently, even though Loki had told him not to since she would get used to it and he would be theone who had to get up in the middle of the night to rock her to sleep. Alas, he did not listen but hehad taken Kalda so Loki could lie down and get some rest, he was back up to his full health but heoften felt drained and it worried Thor. So Loki had laid down on Thor's bed -or technically 'their'bed since Thor insisted it was a fine enough arrangement- and closed his eyes, but he was far fromtired, his mind was whirling and instead he just got lost in his thoughts, listening to Thorwhispering and sometimes humming to Kalda and the way she cooed back sometimes.

They were interrupted not long after though, by a young servant. They cleared their throat timidly,before speaking.

"The All-father has ordered the presence of Prince Thor and Loki, the order of which to befollowed immediately."

Loki's eyes opened with a roll. What could the old codger want now? Loki hadn't seen him sincehe first introduced Kalda to him, Thor had taken her to see him a couple of times, under thepromise that he would not let Odin glamour her, to which Thor pointed out, Odin had agreed notto anyway.

A servant had also been sent to take Kalda while they were away but Loki refused, he did nottrust anyone with her yet, never mind a servant. He had heard of the whispers about his daughter,
around the palace, people were none too happy about her presence, which didn't surprise Loki though, they were all luck he had not heard such whispers himself, otherwise may have regretted their tongues, since they would not have spent much longer with them intact. For now he kept her close, in his sight or with his mother because he knew he could lays trust her. He was building up more of a trust with Thor, only when it came to Kalda though, but Thor was happy enough that Loki was even talking to him.

So he and Thor, escorted needlessly by two guards made their way to the throne room, Kalda tucked up in Loki's arms. Loki walked just slightly behind Thor, not for any reason, it was just a way that they had always walked, it felt strangely normal. Of course that changed when he looked down at the baby in his arms, the clothes he wore, the magic binding bracers on his wrists. So much had changed; it felt like it had been so much longer than it really had. About nine months ago now, since Kalda was early, he was taken from the dungeons and brutally raped in Thor's rooms, and it was about a year before that, he was placed in the dungeons after his defeat on Midgard. Then it was another year, even before that, he fell from the Bifrost, got captured by Thanos and tortured to within an inch of his life before they convinced him that he was actually capable of subjugating the people of Midgard.

He wasn't brainwashed by anyone's standards, just pushed further than he thought he could. It would be so much easier to say he had been controlled by Thanos and although the sceptre had been part of it, it didn't take over his mind so much as take his true feelings of betrayal and desire for vengeance and control and increase them tenfold. He knows what he did; he was as guilty as Thanos himself. He knew what he was doing the whole time.

They arrived at the throne room, the guards stopping and standing each side of the door entrance for them to pass through. From here, the All-father was a small lump on a rather large chair, a blur of colours, red, gold, with his silvery white hair. Frigga was standing a few steps down from the throne, her usual place. The smile on her face was so wide; it looked like it could split her face. There was no one else in the throne room but the warriors three and Sif; they were always expected at these things, especially if it concerned Thor.

They approached the throne, Thor dropping to his knee, arm across his chest, head bowed. Since Loki was holding his daughter and had no actual intention of bowing, he dipped his head a little, looking up with his eyes. Odin didn't seem bothered by this, people holding children weren't actually expected to bow, unless the child could stand on its own and he doubted Odin could expect as much from a month and a half old baby. He looked over at his beaming mother, then to the warriors. Sif nodded politely in his general direction, which he returned. He had not seen her since she had escorted him here before. They were not exactly friends, but he appreciated her ability to be subtle and somewhat kind to him, since she had always really been on Thor's side.

Fandral shot him a somewhat cocky smirk, Loki knew it was in jest though. They had always had quite a love - hate relationship, they loved to hate each other but inevitably would protect each other when it came down to it. He was the only one of them who was able to call him out on his lies sometimes, apart from his mother of course. Hogun and Volstagg had generally been neutral about him, which is why Loki had been surprised to hear that Volstagg had been angered upon hearing what Thor had done to him.

Odin stood up.

"Stand." he boomed down to Thor and the older god did. Odin moved his way down the stairs towards them. He would often do this when he wanted to appear a little less powerful, like he was talking to them as a father as well as a king. He was doing this for Thor now, of course. He didn't come right up to them, stopping a few steps from their level. He was still in charge here.

"Since the upcoming of the birth of Thor's child." Odin said. "Appeal after appeal has been made
on Loki's behalf. These appeals have become stronger since the birth of said child." Odin's eye landed on the bundle in his arms and Loki's fingers tightened their hold on Kalda, curling into her blanket just slightly.

"Thor, of course, is aware of this." He said with a hint of a smile towards his son. "After my sons' consistent appeals, in which he has made some decent arguments, I have decided to re-evaluate Loki's sentence." Loki twitched his head slightly to the side so he could subtly look at Thor. The older god was smiling but appeared to be trying to contain it. Loki knew he had been pleading his case since the new sentence had been given but he never actually expected that it would get him anywhere.

"Therefore, the trial will commence in a few days, you will be sent word of a precise time. I would advise you to take this seriously, as there will be no more trials after this, my decision will be final." He slammed Gungir on the ground and it echoed throughout the halls with a sense of ending that it always had.

They were dismissed, so they turned to leave. Loki felt that he had held his tongue unbelievably well, saying some of the things he wanted to, may have changed that meeting entirely.

Frigga quickly caught up with them, a bright smile on her face. Both he and Thor stopped and turned to greet her. She leaned up, placing her hands either side of Thor's face.

"I don't know what you said but somehow you did this!" She beamed up at him and Thor beamed back. Loki just raised an eyebrow at them before Frigga looked at him, coming forward she grasped his shoulders and hugged him around Kalda. He accepted her hug but smiles were not gracing his face this evening.

"If you will excuse me, mother." He said, pulling away. "I am quite tired today and want nothing more than to return to my bed. It is also time for Kalda to be settled for the evening." She didn't sleep through the night but she tended to stay asleep until the early hours.

Alright my dear, I bid you both a good evening and we can only hope that things turn out well." She kissed them both on the cheek again, as well as Kalda and then left to her own quarters.

"There was no reason to be so cold, Loki, mother is simply happy that you may have another chance to prove your worth and live." Loki picked up his pace, walking ahead of Thor.

"Oh no, Thor, I'm positively shining with joy, is it not obvious by the extra spring in my step?" He called back sarcastically." And really, what was Thor hoping for, he had voiced nothing but his wish to just end it all since his return. It was Thor who couldn't let go of him; Loki had accepted this a long time ago.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for being patient with me and waiting out on this, it's too nice of you guys!!

The first scene...I couldn't help myself, I just had to write it. If you didn't like it, you can pretty much pretend it just didn't happen, it won't effect the story.

Please let me know what you thought.
I'm sort of working my way through this as I go, hopefully it is coming across the way I want it too and everything fits. I haven't done really anything to give you any thoughts on Odins' side, so hopefully this brings a little insight to his dynamic for this.

When Odin had said tried, he hadn't actually meant trial, which had confused Loki at first, but then it made sense, he had already faced a trial and Odin knew what he had done, it didn't need to be explained again. Thor had explained the new circumstances that might change Loki's case, though he wasn't sure if Thor had made the fact that he had raped him so that he would get pregnant and not be allowed to be executed, clear. He was basically just being re-sentenced; depending on what Odin now decided was an appropriate fitting to his crimes, as well as his own wrong doings.

When a servant came scuttling in, telling them that Odin had asked (or demanded) the presence of Loki, alone, the young god couldn't quite help but to be surprised. He refused to leave Kalda though, he knew Thor would be fine with her but he couldn't. He had heard too many whisperings and rumours recently about people's grievances with having a Jotun, not only on Asgard but living in the palace, not to mention the fact that it was the offspring of a 'psychotic miscreant', as claimed the whisperings. And this was just from the people within the palace themselves, only the gods knew what would happen when the rest of Asgard found out. The one thing he couldn't do, was pinpoint who was saying such things, if he found out, oh Hel would they regret their words.

So for now, he was keeping Kalda in his sight at all times. Thor huffed a little but he understood why Loki would want to keep her with him and didn't fight him on it, though he warned that Odin might not be too happy, since he specifically said alone. The expression on Loki's face when Thor told him this, said everything about his opinion on the All-fathers' feelings.

A guard arrived a few minutes later, to lead Loki to the All-fathers quarters, which also surprised Loki. Odin hadn't dealt with Loki anywhere outside the throne room since he returned to Asgard. The guard gave Loki a wary look when he saw that he was bringing Kalda but he said nothing. Loki threw one last glance at Thor before following the guard out of their chambers.

The walk was quiet apart from Kalda, who had decided that now was the time to start gurgling and trying to grab Loki's hair, which was currently running down over his shoulders. He had fed her recently so he was glad that he would not have to face that dilemma in front of Odin, he couldn't even begin to imagine the sheer embarrassment he would feel at being forced to do such in front of him.

Odin was alone, Loki noticed as he arrived at the old kings chambers. He was not in his battle armour; he was dressed quite simply in loose, hanging clothing. He still looked every bit the king he was but there was a softness to him now that Loki had not seen in a long time. He wasn't sure if it actually put him a little more on edge but he showed no sign of this. Simply standing in the doorway, looking in coldly towards his, once believed to be, father.

"Come in, Loki." Odin requested simply, gesturing him forward. Loki breathed in, keeping his
face masked blank and walking in. Kalda was still playing with whatever part of him she could reach, though he pulled away from any skin contact for now. He might have stripped his Asgardian form to make a point to the All-father but that didn't mean he was comfortable generally being around the man in his true form.

Loki said nothing, he fixed his eyes on a mark on the wall, just past where Odin was standing, and he waited for the other to speak first. He could feel the old man’s eyes on him, making him want to shift around uncomfortably but he didn't, he kept himself as still as he physically could whilst holding a squirming child.

"She's a feisty little thing, isn't she?" Odin said at length. That made Loki's eyes flick straight to the others, his expression remaining the same, his face angled downwards, just slightly, making him look up through his eye lashes, enough to give his face a menacing edge.

"Yes, she tends to fidget a lot when around people that I don't particularly like." He bit.

"Loki..."

"What do you want?" Loki cut in, keeping his voice low. Odin straightened up, visibly.

"I want to talk, properly, face to face, without starting the next war. Do you think that you are capable of such?"

"I suppose that will have to depend on what you wish to talk about." Loki deadpanned. Odin just watched him for a moment before moving across the room and gesturing a couple of seats by a rather grand looking fireplace, which was also currently lit.

"That's not really a good idea." Loki kept his words calm and as respectful as they were going to get for now. Odin wanted to talk, he could do that, he couldn't help the tone of sarcasm that underlined his words though.

The All-father looked down at Loki's daughter and nodded once. "Right."

Loki looked around. At the corner of each room were pillars and there was quite a wide set of steps leading up to them which connected around the edge of the room, almost like the floor they were currently standing on was in a slight dip compared to the steps. Loki sighed to himself and moved to one of the steps to sit down.

"How is she faring?" Odin asked after a few horribly silent moments. Loki looked up at Odin like he couldn't believe that the old king was serious about having a 'chat'. This could not be a good idea.

"She is doing well. I'm sure that you can probably hear her some mornings, even from here. Her wailing can be...rather loud." Loki smiled inwardly, sometimes when she screamed like that, especially if it was very early in a morning, he would allow her to continue for just a couple of minutes longer before he calmed her down. He liked to think that he had ruined the end of a good dream for any of the bastards that hated her.

"Indeed, she has quite a set of lungs. Just as you did." Loki's calm mask slipped for a split second at the surprise that Odin would actually bring that up. Talking about Loki's childhood now seemed almost taboo.

At Loki's lack of response, Odin seems to take it as a sign that he could continue.

"Thor would come running into these very quarters before I or Frigga, herself could even get up to tend to you. He loved to help out with looking after you. A protective big brother from the start."
"Not my brother." Loki reminded, bored of having to say it by now.

"Not by blood." Odin corrected. "If you had seen how he was when you first came home and how he basically raised you himself, you might think differently."

"That was then, things change. He is most definitely not my brother in any form of the word, not anymore. He is the father of Kalda, nothing more to me."

"Understandable." Odin agreed and Loki frowned a little before blanking his face again. Odin wasn't arguing with him. He was almost being...nice. Loki didn't like it, he could do hateful and angry, he couldn't do pleasant conversation. Odin smiled a little and walked over to where Loki sat, and then he actually turned and sat a few feet away from him.

"We did what we could to bring you up as our own. It was not easy to hide you and the glamour was necessary but not because we were shamed, I wouldn't have brought you home if I was."

"Except that you realised I might come in handy in case the threat of a war against Jotunheim ever appeared."

"No, Loki. It did occur to me that you may be able to help bring about an alliance but I never would have forced such from you. I hoped that by the time you were old enough, you would have wanted to help us. My actual plan was to have you both ascend to the throne. You were going to rule as kings together, as equals."

"The coronation that started all of this was for Thor and Thor alone. If what you said were true, we would have both been part of that ceremony."

"I didn't say at the same time. Thor was being crowned first because he was the oldest. At the time I deemed him ready, though, this was a mistake and you were too young to join him yet." Loki shook his head, he had to be lying, it made no sense.

"So you wanted us to rule together, and what? Is this where you intended to have Thor breed me and produce a suitable heir to bring our two worlds together?" Odin leaned back, looking away.

"That would have been your choice. I knew that the Jotnar were of one gender and that, if you so chose, you could together produce a potential heir that could form a final peace with our worlds. The threat of war would end and we would have some very useful allies." Loki said nothing; he was struggling to keep his calm. He pretty much knew all of this himself, it was obvious, but to hear it actually said out loud just made it more real.

"It wasn't my sole intention to just use you for this purpose but it was something I had hoped would be possible."

"So why did you let me grow up, not knowing who I was? Why did you bring me up to hate my own race?" Loki's voice rose slightly towards the end. Kalda squirmed and started whining, he rocked her a bit to hush her but it didn't work so he lifted her up onto his knee and bounced her up and down gently.

"We didn't want you to grow up feeling different; we felt it would have been easier on you. And I never taught you to hate, merely children's horror stories, not of my control are what made you fear them. Thor had always boasted about slaughtering them all because then, that was what he believed was the right thing to do. I thought he would grow up and realise he couldn't solve everything with his fists by the time he was to become king. I was wrong, he was not yet ready but I believe he now sees things differently, if his desperation to save you is anything to go by. Clearly, he sees you as more than a mere monster."
Loki didn’t respond. He didn’t even know how to, of all the things he thought might happen when he came to ‘speak’ to Odin, this was by far the least likely thing he expected. Odin had actually wanted to just talk after all.

Kaldas’ whining had turned into full, blown crying by now. He pushed his hand up against her cheek and stroking her ear with his fingers like he knew she liked, his hand returning to its original form. He tried to tilt it away from the All-father but he knew that he could see him; nothing was said about it though.

"Why did you have me brought here?" Loki asked quietly, a few silent minutes later, well, silent from all but kaldas’ noises, she was calming down though, with Loki’s hand still pressed to her face. He pulled her back down from his knee, into his arms and held his hand with her so she could play with it. She grabbed at his hand and tried to chew on his fingertips. Odin shifted around a bit and really? He was nervous?

"I wished to...apologise to you." Loki froze, quickly trying to mask his response, by returning his attention to his daughter but he really hadn't been prepared at all for that. His face changed expressions subtly as he tried to figure out how to respond.

"Apologise?" Surely he couldn't be serious, after everything, he wanted to apologise?

"It was the wrong decision to hide who you were for so long and have you find out as you did. My intentions were good; I meant only good things for you. But it was messy, rushed and not well planned and for that I am sorry."

Loki didn't look at him, he couldn't, he could barely even think properly and dammit, he prided himself on his ability to mask his feelings.

"Is it not a bit late for that now?"

"Perhaps." Odin said. "I will be calling you to the throne room later for the final sentence. You must understand that I do so as your king and not as a father. Right here and now, I need you to know, that I understand how my mistakes have lead to a lot of your actions. But your crimes were many and your crimes were unforgiving, especially in relation to Midgard. These cannot go unpunished and that is upon what I have made my decision for your sentence."

"What do you really think it matters to me?" He stood up. "I do not need you to justify your decisions to me, as though my approval would make a difference. You did what you did, as did I. The only difference is I'm being punished for my actions. There was no need to summon me here to...explain yourself." Loki spat the words at Odin. "Nor do I need your apologies, so don't waste your breath, Hel knows how much you have left of it." Odin stood up, considerable faster than a man of his age should be able to.

"I merely wished to set a few things straight..."

"Well don't!" Loki cut in. "You will make your decision known to the courts and we will be done with it. You underestimate me if you think you can make amends with me so easily...your apologies." He scoffed at the end.

"Loki!" The usual sternness had returned to his voice, clearly this had not gone how he had intended.

"What were you hoping for? That I would break down and beg for your forgiveness, tell you how all I ever wanted was to feel accepted and loved just like Thor, is that what you want? Because that's not going to happen, you foolish old man!" Loki stormed to the door, ignoring Odin's calls, the guard quickly running after him. Of course, Odin was very much within his power to order...
Loki to come back but he didn't, just like he hadn't the day he first met Kalda.

Loki stormed all the way back to Thor's quarters. Kalda had started crying when he yelled at Odin, she didn't like when Loki was upset, he wasn't quite sure how she could tell, her level of perceptiveness was ridiculous. He bounced his body as he walked in, trying to calm her. Thor jumped up as soon as he saw Loki.

"What happened?"

"I'm going to die, that's what happened!" He was still angry. Thor's eyes went wide, and then he frowned.

"What did he say? Why are you going to die, the new trial was supposed to change your sentence."

Loki wasn't sure whether to answer or not. "He apologised." He said after a few seconds. Thor's mouth dropped, sheer utter shock written all over his face.

"He apologised? You can't be serious, he doesn't apologise, I don't think he has ever apologised to me for anything. Why would that mean you are going to die?"

"Because he is clearly trying to kill off any guilt he may feel about pretty much ensuring that I would become the way I am...I am not saying he is entirely to blame..." He added seeing that Thor was about to cut in. "I know I did some things I shouldn't have but that doesn't change what he said and I have a feeling that his reason for this is because he doesn't think I'm going to like what he has to say later in the throne room, I'm which case, it should be you that he's apologising to, not me." He gave up trying to calm Kalda down with bouncing.

He handed her to Thor before removing his upper body clothing and taking Kalda back into his arms, allowing his natural skin to take over his entire upper half. A deep blue, much deeper than Kaldas' spread along his chest and arms, starting from where Kalda was touching him and moving upwards, up to his neck and continuing across his face, his eyes becoming their vivid red. Thor stared at him, having never seen him fully in his original form this close before. His eyes followed along the younger gods' markings, starting from his chest, going up to his face, seeing the small indents they made in his dark skin. He had the urge to trace them with his fingers but knew it would burn him nastily if he tried.

Loki looked up at him, almost as if daring him to say something. Thor wouldn't be intimidated by this.

"She has your markings." He pointed out as Loki undressed Kalda, leaving her in only her under cloth. As soon as he huddled her against his bare shoulder, her crying ceased. Thor knew that he would never be able to bond as close with her as Loki could. Maybe it was the Jotun thing but Thor wasn't sure. Loki had struggled so much to be able to deal with her and he claimed that he still wasn't overly fond of her, and was only doing what was required of him but Kalda needed him so desperately. He had an effect on her that no one else would ever be able to match and that didn't bother Thor like he thought it might have. He would do anything for his daughter, no doubt but Loki, Loki was her mother; it was as simple as that.

"Does she?" Loki asked, looking down before stopping and humming to himself, seemingly disinterested but Thor smiled at his display. Loki just glared at him and continued cuddling his, now happily cooing, daughter.

...
And here they were, moment of truth, Loki thought bitterly as he entered the throne room. Thor had taken Kalda and moved to stand at the side, where she was trying to pull on his hair and Loki could see Thor hissing a little at her cold hands. She was like cuddling an ice cube for him but Thor seemed to deal fine as he winced then chuckled as she gurgled loudly, succeeding to tug on a tiny fistful of his long hair.

Odin stood up and addressed Loki, any feeling from their earlier 'chat' now shoved away and replaced with a stoic demeanour, all about being professional and neutral.

"Loki Laufeyson." He boomed to him and the rest of the witnesses of the courts. "The time has come to set your final sentence. From here the decision will not be changed." Loki didn't look around him but he could feel the any eyes boring into his back. They already knew his fate; it was they who had to approve the decision beforehand. Loki shifted, just subtly, keeping his reserve strong and unfazed.

"After everything, there are no more chances that I can give to you Loki but maybe you can consider this somewhat close to one. Your execution date will be set after Kalda turns six, as it was intended. However, come this time, you will be sent to a final trial, in front of the courts and placed under Ørgrundr Fróðleikr. You will be asked one, rather simple question. Do you feel remorse for your crimes?" Odin was looking directly at him but Loki kept himself in check.

"Your response will then either condemn your sentence or redeem it. You will only be given one chance to answer and said answer will be the final word to your sentence. Should you answer in the positive, to be able to say that you do, in fact, feel remorse for your actions, the execution aspect of your sentence will be removed. Should you answer in the negative, or are proven to be lying, then your sentence will be carried out shortly after said trial takes place." Loki looked over to see Thor, doing his best to keep Kalda quiet but she was set on making as much noise as physically possible right now, which Loki was actually thankful for. Without her noises the hall would be eerily quiet.

"In the mean time, you will remain bound to the palace grounds, as will your daughter. It's only a matter of time until Jotunheim catch wind of her existence and there is no telling what they will do. Know that should this become a reality, she will be protected as any daughter of the prince would be." Loki frowned slightly for a moment before he understood. Of course, she was Thor's daughter too, it's not like he was referring to Loki himself. Odin stepped forward a bit more, looking Loki directly in the eyes.

"You have a rather long time to be able to think over your life, your crimes, your chance to turn around and redeem yourself and it is quite a big chance indeed. I would suggest that you do not waste it."

... "What did I say?" Loki said, turning round as he strolled, almost cockily, back into Thor's chambers, turning to face the older god, who still had a Jotun baby half hanging off his hair. Thor looked up at his questioningly. "I'm going to die."

"No Loki, were you not listening? That's not what father was saying. Obviously he cannot just let you off without punishment, regardless of circumstances, so this is the closest thing he could do. All you have to do is tell them that you're sorry for what you did and your execution will be cancelled."

"I don't believe it is quite that simple Thor. I will be placed under Ørgrundr Fróðleikr, very old magic, not something that you can trick or lie to."
Thor frowned. "So don't lie, surely you can't still believe what you did was right!"

"I did what I was driven to do, I will not apologise for that!"

"Your stubbornness will cost you your life Loki! Think about this, think about your daughter, she needs a mother..."

"Don't you dare bring her into this!" Loki spat. "I will not be made to feel guilty for this. She wouldn't even exist if you had just let me die in the first place, then there would be no daughter to leave motherless when I am inevitably executed anyway!"

"Are you saying that you wish she didn't exist?" Loki seemed to sag a little upon hearing the context of his question. He looked down, sighing, frustrated.

"You have to agree, it would be easier if she didn't, if only on her. She never needed to be brought up in all of this, family issues and hatred. She's doomed for corruption as it is." Loki walked up to Thor to take Kalda from him. Thor let him and watched as he walked off towards the washroom with her. He could only hope that Loki saw sense over the time he had, to understand what he did was wrong and to feel bad, to regret his actions.

Loki closed the door behind him and Thor knew that he would take his time in there so he decided to just call it a night and go to bed.

Loki stripped both himself and Kalda down once the water was full. It was freezing cold but he knew that she would like it. He shredded down his glamour, stepping into the cold water, feeling the calm wash over him as he sat down. He lay back in the bath, lying Kalda across his chest so that her head rested on his shoulder, her face angled towards his neck.

The water came up to cover her body like a blanket and once he had her in a comfortable position, he relaxed himself, tilting his head so he could look down at her, stroking her ear with the tips of his fingers, smiling at her little sigh as she lay still. Everything was quiet except for the occasional sounds of movement in water when Loki shifted a little. Kalda was soon asleep and Loki stayed, allowing the water to wash away his thoughts and worries for today.

He had about five and a half years before his execution. He didn't know if he would feel remorse by then, though he doubted it. He agrees that he could have done it better, since his original attempt had been messy, not well planned and doomed to fail. He still believed that his actions were right though, or his reasoning at least. Everyone talks about his wrongdoings and how he has to pay but no one points out the fact that he was wronged himself, but he deserved no compensation for that, no one cared about that.

Loki wasn't going to fret about it, though he figured, he might be driven to kill Thor if the man didn't let it drop. He would live; he would raise Kalda, teach her what he could before his time was up and then it would be up to Thor and hopefully his mother to make her into a respectful young woman, protect her, and destroy anything that would attempt to cause her harm, just as Loki would.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Hope you enjoyed it :D
Thor did let it drop, thankfully for Loki. He chose to give the younger god time to get used to his life now and see how it changed his process of thought on the matters of his past.

Once the general public of Asgard discovered the existence of a half breed child, especially when the foreign half was Jotun, it's safe to say that they were none too happy about it. Or, more accurately, it was almost a direct split of opinion. Some people thought it could be a good means of bringing their people together, forming an alliance so that there would be no more threat of potential future wars with Jotunheim, others simply wanted her dead, before the Jotnar could find out about her and start a war.

In the meantime there had been guards placed wherever Loki and Kalda went, or everywhere Kalda went, since Loki was required to have guards with him at all times anyway, for a slightly different reason. But wherever Kalda was anyway, Loki was never far away.

He had finally started to allow Thor to look after her a little more, not quite so protective when he wanted to look after her while he bathed or napped. He wouldn't give him long though before he wanted his daughter back with him. She still drank his milk, but she had also started on soft foods like mashed vegetables or foods that could be melted to make runny or softer.

Loki had soon discovered that she loved honey. He would dip his finger into the sticky nectar, coating it just lightly, placing it to her lips where she would latch on and suckle contentedly. It helped her to sleep, especially when the first signs of teeth started to make themselves known. That was quite a difficult time, she was always crying, her gums red and slightly swollen but he had found that the honey was a good way to calm her down. She would chew on his finger or anything that she could get near her mouth. It was all a means of helping the teeth to come through and her gums must have been quite itchy a lot of the time to.

It hadn't been long before Loki couldn't deny his love for her anymore. He had never even thought it possible to be able to love this tiny thing that he had hated so deeply before he had even had the chance to meet. She had completely taken over his world, giving him a reason to wake up, to make an effort, to keep going because he couldn't just waste away his last years, he had a child to raise.

Of course, Thor helped him. He was always happy to feed her, (solids anyway) change her, bathe her, just generally stay with her and talk to her, play with her gently. Even Loki had to admit, he
was pretty good at it.

As for him and Loki, Thor still liked to think that they could get back to where they were, not matter how long it took, he wasn't giving up. Loki could clearly see this, but I wasn't happening for him. He was tolerating the great oaf but only for kaldas' sake, he didn't want her growing up, not knowing her father, especially since she would be losing her mother very soon into her life.

He and Thor would never be able to go back to what they were, and they certainly would never be anything more. For now, they were on the same side, and Thor wasn't overdoing anything. They fought sometimes, Hel, they fought quite a lot, but they generally managed to deal with each other.

...

"LOKI!"

Loki sat bolt upright in the bath, when he heard Thor's booming voice yell his name. He had left Kalda with him while he went to bathe.

"LOKI...COME QUICK!"

He was out of the water in seconds; robe on as he ran out of the washroom. Kalda was lying on the bed with Thor standing over her. Loki got up to Thor's side.

"What...what...is it! Is she okay...what happened?" Loki stuttered trying to talk to fast and ask too much at once. Looking down at the little blue baby, she seemed fine, cooing and trying to fit her entire fist in her mouth, making her drool.

"She spoke, Loki, she spoke!" Thor beamed. His excitement over this would have been strange before Loki had Kalda but he seems to have become the soppy, mushy dad type, it was quite weird.

"And you called me out for tha..." He cut himself off, going quiet for a moment before speaking again. "What did she say?"

"It sounded like dun." Loki's face fell blank. "Dun?" He deadpanned. "You called me out here in a panic for...dun?" He could help the secret fuzz of pride well up in his stomach and chest though, she was very young to be speaking but she was also very smart for her age too, like she could understand everything, she just didn't have the ability to respond yet.

"Well...she was really trying, would you have wanted to miss it?"

"Grrrrllda...da...dannna...dannn" They both looked at Kalda who was sort of yelling jibberish at them but Thor was right, she was forming something in there.

"Dan? Did she say danna?" Loki frowned.

"I don't know, she's saying something like it but I don't think she's fully getting it yet."

"Dunnn...dunnd! Dunnnnon...donnn...donn! Donn!"

"Don?" Thor said, his face creasing in confusion. Loki sighed.

"Oh this is ridiculous, she's not speaking you oaf!" He said, quite irritated that he had actually felt excited for a moment, now just feeling quite angry at Thor. He knew it was silly but he couldn't help it. He turned to walk back to finish off his bath.
"Oh come on, Loki..." But Loki just lifted his hand up. "Don't, Thor."

"Donn! Donndonndonndonndon...donn!" Kalda yelled happily and Thor's face lit up.

"No...Loki, that's it!" Loki came back through the door. "Oh gods, what Thor?"

"Don't...she's saying don't!" Loki frowned, walking back towards them.

"Why would she say don't, what sense does that make?"

"You say it. You say it a lot." Loki's frown deepened. "No I don...do not."

"You do when we fight. You get sick of talking and just cut off my words with 'don't'" Thor laughed. "She's saying don't." He laughed more.

"Don't?" Loki repeated, and Kalda wriggled around on the bed. "Donn...donndonn...donn!" Her eyes focused on Loki, a huge wide mouthed grin on her face. Loki couldn't help the smile creeping its way onto his face as he looked at her. She looked so proud of herself, kicking her legs about.

He leaned down and picked her up, holding her up in front of his face.

"Are you speaking?" He cooed at her. "Are you telling your daddy off?" He laughed when she set off again with "donn...donndonn...donn!" Thor huffed at Loki, trying to sound offended but his grin still hadn't disappeared.

"Aren't you supposed to be finishing your bath?" Thor muttered, crossing his arms, in jest. Loki passed Kalda to him and moved to go finish his back. He turned, gesturing for Thor to follow. "Come, bring Kalda in, she might say something else.

Thor followed and played with her while Loki finished washing. She didn't say anything else but she refused to stop repeating the one word she had finally learned.

...

"LOKI...LOKI...QUICK, COME SEE!"

Loki sighed, what does he want now? Kalda had already done her first word, she had learned a few more since then, her second word actually being Loki, since Thor said it so damned much and things like mummy and daddy weren't said too often so they weren't generally in the mix. She couldn't put a sentence together, it was far too early for that but she could say bits of phrases or sometimes slightly longer words but they would be missing letters or replaced with different ones altogether.

She called Frigga 'muddy' which was supposed to be mother, which was wrong in every way possible really, not that Loki, or even Frigga minded. Thor was currently nor, since she couldn't say 't' or 'd' properly, never mind 'th' and Loki was ma, which no one really knew how she had associated him with that but he secretly found it quite cute so let her keep doing it. Besides, it wasn't that far off mum anyway.

She had also learned to sit up a little bit, or, at least she tried. As soon as she had figured out how to roll over, Loki couldn't put her down anywhere anymore, places like Thor's bed or even on the floor, were off limits because he would put her down and look away for seconds, he would look back and she would be gone, rolling off along in whatever direction she had chosen. There had nearly been a couple of incidents with their bed because of this but luckily Thor had caught her in time, but literally, just as she fell, he had managed to jump forward and catch her. She had just
giggled and said random words at them happily.

Loki stood up from his bath, wrapped in his robe again and went out to see what was happening.

"What word has she learned now? Has she found a way to roll out the door yet, what?" Loki asked sarcastically, walking through the washroom door into the bedroom.

"No Loki, look...she's standing." Loki followed Thor's finger which was pointing at Kalda, who was currently on two feet, one hand on their bed for support, looking at Thor with her other hand in her mouth. Loki felt his heart jump. She was standing. Kalda was standing.

"By the gods...already? She's still so young!" Loki's eyes went wide as he watched her. She was leaning forward, a small frown on her light blue face, trying to figure out how moving forward worked. She hadn't quite grasped the use of her feet yet but Loki was beaming from ear to ear. Thor looked up at Loki, a smug grin in his face upon seeing Loki's expression of complete pride.

"What?" Loki said, relaxing his face. Thor just smiled bigger.

"She's nearly a year old. Not so much a baby anymore."

"Oh hush up." Loki said. "Yes she is." Kalda looked up at Loki, a giant smile appearing on her face when she saw him, she pushed away from the bed to try and get to him, one step forward and she was on the floor. Loki stepped over to her, lifting up his little teary eyed child and checking she was alright.

"Hush hush, little one, it's alright, you're fine." He murmured to her, stroking her short hair. She soon stopped her wailing and seemed to find entertainment in trying to pull Loki's hair. "Ma!" She said repeatedly. "Mamamamamamamamamamamamamamaaaaa!" Loki gently prodded her in the side, making her giggle so he placed her on the bed, pulling up her tiny shirt so he could blow raspberries on her tummy. She squealed and giggled louder, and Loki laughed with her. Thor was watching them with a stupid grin on his face.

..."NO THOR!" Loki yelled, moving away from the older god.

"WHY DO YOU HAVE TO DO THIS, LOKI! HOW COULD YOU SAY SUCH A THING?" Thor yelled back, turning and punching a balled fist through the post of their bed, watching as pieces splintered off and flew across the room, some of the pieces landing in Kalda's bed. The tiny Jotun heiress started screaming from her crib, making Thor stop instantly. Loki was watching him, wide eyes looking almost fearful, but not for himself of course. Thor was standing between him and the crib and Loki knew he would have to brush past Thor to get to her.

The blond turned round and walked over to his daughter, squawking away in her blanket. He picked her up, rocking her gently and making shushing noises. Loki stepped forward slowly.

"Thor...Thor, give her to me..." He requested cautiously. Thor turned back to him, a suspicious frown clear on his face.

"Why? What do you think I would do?" Kalda was still crying, Thor was holding her too close, as well as being angry and the rampage he had been having for the last few minutes, he would be far too warm for her right now. "Do you think I would purposely hurt her? YOU THINK ME CAPABLE OF THAT?"

"I don't...it doesn't matter...just give her...to me...now." Loki edged forward a bit more but Thor stepped back a little. A small sense of panic started welling up in Loki's chest. He really hadn't
meant what he had said but he had gotten angry and spoke out of turn and now Thor really was mad and in all honesty, that kind of scared Loki.

"THE HEL IT DOESN’T!" Kalda screamed louder, squirming uncomfortably in his arms but Thor wasn't seeing her, his eyes were on Loki alone.

"Thor...please...I beg you...give her to me." Loki could feel the tears stinging his eyes, starting to form ready to fall. Thor's face went blank for a brief second.

"You do, you really do. YOU REALLY THINK I WOULD HURT MY OWN DAUGHTER..."

"THOR, YOU ARE HURTING HER NOW!" Loki shouted out desperately, the tears spilling down his face now. Thor stopped and looked down at the upset baby, his body language changing completely as he stepped forward, quickly pushing the small child into Loki's arms, who took her and pulled right away, putting as much distance between the two of them as he could, holding Kalda to his chest.

Thor stuttered, trying to find something to say. "Loki...Loki...come on...I would never hurt her..."

"And this was how you prove that?" Loki didn't even try to hold back the fact he was crying now. He was still trying to calm his daughter down, but still keep his eyes on Thor, making it difficult. Thor stepped back.

"Loki, I'm sorry...I didn't mean...I'm sorry...sorry!" He stuttered before he left the room, off into the halls and to wherever, and Loki was glad. No matter what Thor had ever done to him, hurt him, betrayed him, he had never truly scared him before. That was because Thor could do what he wanted to Loki, he didn't care much for himself, especially not anymore, but his daughter was a completely different story and Loki had felt helpless just then. He couldn't take Thor on brute strength; they both knew that, so to see Kalda in potential danger and be useless to do anything about it, was something that Loki did not wish to experience again.

"We have to leave..." He muttered in panic, more to himself than anything. He looked around, trying to clear his mind for what he would need to take with him. He couldn't stay here, not with Thor, not like this. He could take Kalda, they could find somewhere safe.

But what if they were caught, they would surely kill him on sight, and if they didn't kill his daughter too, Hel only knows what could happen to her.

They wouldn't get caught; he would do everything in his power to protect her. He could glamour them both, oh, but he was without his Seidr. Maybe he could find a way to break through the bindings on his wrists. It was too risky, if this was just him he would go for it, but he couldn't, not with Kalda.

He walked over to their bed after a few minutes of just huddling with her, placing her down so he could remove his upper body clothing and stripped her down as well, giving into his Jotun form as he picked her back up and held her close, helping to calm her down again. He wiped at the tears on his own face with his free hand.

"Come on." He smiled weakly. "It's alright, we will go take a bath, then get you to bed." He moved into the washroom to do just that. He placed her in her crib, kissing her head. "Many happy returns, little one." He whispered, trying to smile, though it was bitter at best. Of course no one except him would think of such a thing but it wasn't exactly a good day for him, it was still the day of her birth.
So they would stay, when he was gone, Frigga would take her, there is no way his mother would ever let anything happen to her, that he was sure of. For now, he would protect her, what happened tonight would not happen again, there was no telling what could have happened of Thor hadn't calmed down. He would never let it get near that again. He would not stand helpless, he would fight with every breath that left his body and anyone be damned to try and stop him.

Thor didn't return to their rooms that evening, to which Loki was glad. It also meant that he didn't sleep very well, waking up at the slightest noise, expecting to see Thor returning, for whatever reason. He had moved Kalda crib back next to his bed, as close as he could get it, and he dozed off whilst watching her sleeping soundly.

He didn't know what was going to happen next, what Thor would do when he returned, and he would have to return eventually.

"Loki?" He felt a hand on his shoulder, followed by another "Loki..." His eyes opened sleepily, seeing a tall blur and a flash of blond and he was sitting bolt upright in the next second.

"Do not put your hands on me!" He snapped. Thor took a step back, raising his hands, harmlessly.

"Sorry, I couldn't tell if you were awake or not, it's morning."

"...and?"

"It doesn't matter." Thor rubbed the back of his head. "I'm sorry about last night, I shouldn't have lost it like that, I was out of line."

Loki shifted to the edge of the bed, looking down at Kalda, still sleeping soundly. "It's the mark of her birth today, one year." He said quietly.

"I didn't think that you would want to remember such a thing." Thor replied, moving closer, stopping with a quick glare from the other god.

"It wasn't much fun for me, no, but it was still the day of her birth."

"I'm not interrupting anything am I?" Both Thor and Loki's heads turned to see Frigga walking in, a small plate in hand. She moved over to them, revealing the contents of the plate, a small, round cake.

"I made it myself." She beamed sweetly at them.

"You remembered?" Loki asked. There was a strange thing sticking out the cake.

"Of course dear." She noticed his gaze. "Oh, it's a Midgardian tradition, it's called a candle." She waved her hand over it, setting the end on fire. She lowered the cake.

"Don't out the fire by her!" Loki quickly warned. Frigga smiled wider.

"Not her, silly, you, she's a bit too young for blowing out candles." Loki frowned.

"Why do they blow out fire on a stick, on Midgard?" It seemed foolish and pointless.

"It's just a thing they do, I didn't find out why, I just thought it was nice, here, blow." Loki glared at her a little, and then quickly blew out the fire, scrunching his nose up at the strange smell that came off it afterwards.

"It's a honey cake; with extra honey to make it softer for her to have a bit, since she only has a few
teeth."

"Don't we know it." Thor piped up. The first thing Kalda had done with her new found teeth had been to bite Thor's finger, followed by anything that was put in her mouth. Loki hoped that she always kept up that habit.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, I hope it was okay. let me know what you thought :)}
Hello anyone who is still reading this. I can only apologise for how long it has been since I updated. This chapter was a massive struggle for me and even though I knew what was going to happen in it, I have a massive writers block as to what to actually write. I spent days just writing a couple of words, maybe a line before going blank and giving in but I woke up this morning and just smashed it out as I travelled to and from university (I know I said I have finished and I have, the teacher is giving us extra sessions on animation)

Okay so I'm back in it now and hopefully can get a good kick on the next few chapters over the days. I do have some Illustration commissions to be working on though, so I will try and keep building it all up when I can. Really not too sure about this chapter, definitely not my best writing and I do apologise if it seems crappy or disjointed. As you can probably tell by now, I am jumping through different times over the next five years, since writing out the whole thing would make an unnecessarily long story.

Anyhoo, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Loki was sitting in the library, trying to figure out what he was in the mood to read. Nothing was holding his attention, and everything felt uncomfortable, like he just couldn't find a nice way to sit, and he didn't know what he wanted to do, he just felt off. Kalda was holding onto any piece of furniture she could get her hands on, walking round in large circles around the parameter of the room. She would pick up books in one place and go and take them to other places, telling Loki, in her own way, that she was supposed to move things around, like it was her own little mission or something. She would tell him that elves were moving them around and she would try to hide them from them. Of course it was Loki who moved them around, once he had put her to bed.

For her second birthday, Frigga had made another honey cake, since Kalda had taken quite the liking to it, especially with all that extra honey. She had quite the sweet tooth, much like Loki had. He was never one for eating great platefuls of meat and bread like Thor could, he much preferred a smaller meal with something sweet afterwards. He still breastfed Kalda for now, as well as her usual meals, though he was weaning her off gently, since she wasn't a particularly picky eater, this was easier.

She was a very fast learner; it was intriguing to watch her try to figure things out and most of the time it didn't take her long. The problem that came with this is that she was very easily bored with things. Once she had figured something out she was pretty much done with it, a trait, both of which Loki and Thor shared. They were forever trying to keep her entertained and Thor was very good at this, which had surprised Loki, just how good Thor actually was with children. He had never given any reason to believe the opposite but Loki had never expected that he would take to fatherhood as well as he had. Especially since the only reason Kalda was even here was because Thor had been desperately trying to save him, he had thought that Thor wouldn't even want to know Kalda once she was born but he had been wrong.
This was quite a pleasant thing; Loki liked to know that he would take Kalda on when he was executed. Of course, Thor tried to talk about this to Loki quite often, how much remorse he felt, if he was still as bitter about everything as the previous year, he actually found himself becoming a bit more patient with the older god. Mostly because it was easier than repetitive arguments with him which never lead anywhere, at least allowing him to say his piece would lead to some neutral feelings for the rest of the day. It was a much better atmosphere for Kalda to be around too.

And Thor had tried, he really had, after many reminders that he would not be able to mend things between him and Loki completely, he had finally come to somewhat accept it and as long as Loki wasn't purposely trying to argue with him, he was much calmer and gave Loki a lot more space with himself than before.

"Loki..." Thor came barging in through the big wooden library doors, Kalda squealing out "daddy!" As she saw him, before bounding over to him clumsily so he could pick her up. She had finally got people figured out, though Loki was still 'ma' sometimes 'mama' which he was fine with, in fact, it was quite endearing to him. Frigga became 'fig' or 'figgy' and Odin became 'din din' since Frigga would take her to see him sometimes, since he was her grandad by blood and all. Loki had agreed but preferred not to take her himself so she had decided to do it, though sometimes Odin would request that Loki brought her, himself. He and Loki had developed a sort of mutual understanding, Odin understood that Loki hated him and thus, they could continue from there.

"Loki, do not shut yourself in here, it is much too nice outside. Come...spar with me." Thor said, stopping a few feet from the chair Loki was currently curled up in. He was shirtless and there was a light sheen on his skin, telling Loki that he had already been sparing for a while.

"Oh leave me be Thor, I'm in no mood for games. And put her down, you will ruin her new dress." Loki groaned, bringing his attention back to his book which he wasn't reading what so ever. Frigga had made a whole bunch of new clothes for her, as well as going down to the market to buy some too. All kinds of colours and materials, a lot of dresses, which were great for keeping her cool when it got warmer.

"Did mother make it?" Thor asked, placing her down to get a better look, while she tried to run around excitedly. "She looks beautiful in it doesn't she?"

"It is a nice dress." Loki agreed, watching his daughter trying not to fall over the things around the rather cluttered room, Loki really needed to sort some of this out.

"Come on brother...sorry, sorry...but you have been cooped up inside for days, come outside, breath the air. It's not too hot for Kalda and she can sit by the lake and play with the flowers. Please." Thor begged. Loki looked at him for a few moments before sighing and putting his book down. Thor's face lit up as Loki picked up Kalda to follow Thor outside.

...
them, presumably he had been sparring Thor before he had come to get Loki.

Thor turned to Loki, a large hand wrapping around his shoulders and patting him loudly.

"Will you still not spar with me, Loki? It's been a long time." Loki didn't look at Thor, but smiled at Frigga, who was holding Kalda while she wriggled around to go and play. His smile quickly turned to a scowl when Thor added. "I'll let you win."

Loki whipped around; glaring daggers at Thor who removed his arm, smile faltering.

"I do not need you to let me win you great oaf. You have strength but you lack skill and that is why I beat you so many times when we were young."

"Well I do recall many a times when I had you, face down in the dirt, begging me to yield." Thor replied with an arrogant grin of his own. Loki just scoffed at him, making Thor step back. "You think you can beat me now? I am not who I was all those years ago, Loki, I have grown, and not just in strength."

Loki smirked more; he loved how he could rile Thor up, often without even the use of words. "Come." Thor said. "Spar with me and we shall see what we have learned, no?"

Loki didn't respond for a moment before he rolled his eyes and walked towards Thor, pulling off his upper clothing as he did. Sif and Hogun had finished sparing and were looking towards them while they drank and cooled off.

Thor dragged his fingers through his hair, pulling it back off his face, turning to look at Frigga momentarily before turning back to say. "Right, first rule." he never finished his sentence because Loki had caught him straight in the jaw with a sharp right hook, jumping back before Thor could even think to respond.

"Come now, Thor, never turn your back on your opponent, this is taught to children." His grin didn't need to be seen for Thor to know he was, it shone through his voice.

"We hadn't started." Thor defended, changing his stance to one that could keep him moving with balance. Loki was never the kind of fighter who stayed still, he circled his enemies, any means to find a weak spot.

"You don't think your enemies would wait for you to lay out ground rules do you?" Loki mocked, of course Thor knew this but he couldn't help toying with him. Thor didn't reply this time, he jumped forward with an attack move that Loki quickly dodged, not quite realising in time that Thor had chosen that move to trick him into moving, throwing his leg out, he sent the younger god straight to the floor. So he had been practising.

Loki quickly bounced back; he was a bit out of practise with this, especially without his the majority of his magic. He did still have some abilities with it, but not that could cause much harm.

They spared for a while, both winning some and losing some, but neither giving up, though it wasn't so much out of competitiveness than just the amount of fun they were having. Loki couldn't deny that Thor had most definitely refined his strategy, keeping Loki on his toes the whole time. Thor was also the kind of man that would beat his opponent to the floor but once they yielded, would pick them up and help dust them off. Not with Loki though, the younger man would never allow it.

Eventually the sparing on foot turned into floor wrestling, each one using whatever limbs they had available to overthrow the other and pin them down until they surrendered. This was much more Thor's kind of fight, he liked close range strength fighting, Loki preferred to be able to pull back
and premeditate the others moves.

Thor had Loki pressed on his back, pinned by his upper arms, legs spread, stuck in a position where there was no way he could overthrow the bigger man. Thinking quickly he allowed his Jotun skin to flare partially through his arms, cold enough to make Thor hiss and pull back quickly. Loki took the momentary gap to push up, almost managing to flip Thor before he recovered and pulled the same move, flipping Loki onto his stomach before he could get away. He used his own hips to pin the younger man to the floor and Loki could feel Thor's crotch pressing onto his backside, jerking slightly at the sudden pang that shot through his stomach, as one of Thor's huge arms pressed Loki's chest to the floor, the other coming round to cup his jaw, pulling his head back rather uncomfortably.

Thor's head came down next to Loki's, his mouth right next to the struggling man's ear. Loki was breathing hard; he felt Thor's hips lift a fraction of an inch just before he spoke. "Do you yield?" He asked, pressing his hips back down as he spoke and Loki fought hard not to moan. Since they were moving around anyway, seemingly struggling against each other, Thor's small hip thrusts went unnoticed by the others watching them. Any noises that Loki made just sounded like his attempts to throw Thor off him.

After a few moments, Loki relaxed his muscles, closing his eyes and humming his submission, since he couldn't speak from how hard Thor's grip had become, sliding from his jaw to his neck. Thor held his a second longer before releasing him and standing up, offering his hand to help Loki up too. This time, Loki accepted, scowling at a positively beaming Thor. There was an amusement to his features though and Thor's grin was not mocking.

"I thank you for agreeing to spar with me. That was a good fight; you always were my biggest challenge, since you fight so differently to me." Loki tried not to soften his features but he allowed a small smile to push its way through.

"You have learned much since we last fought." Loki agreed, not saying out loud that this was probably because of having to fight Loki for real a couple of times. Thor nodded once, and then turned, gesturing for Loki to follow. They grabbed drinks from the jugs of water that had been brought out and walked down towards the lake where they could see Frigga walking with Kalda, seemingly trying to show her something in the water.

"You boys look like you had fun." Frigga smirked as they approached, dirty and sweaty and rather worn out. Loki didn't reply and Thor just grunted, sitting down on the grass where Kalda jumped on top of him yelling "boo!" And then giggling and squealing as she tried to get away while Thor tickled her.

As they were all sitting and standing there, Loki felt strange. He couldn't quite place the feeling and he couldn't decide if it was a nice one or not. Almost like a sense of some kind of disjointed freedom which then gave way to emptiness and sort of flitted between happy and quite sad. Kalda and Thor were wrestling on the floor, Frigga had moved to walk alongside the lake and Loki was just standing, taking in his surroundings, feeling the wind in his hair cooling down the sun hitting his skin.

The lake was a more public part of the palace grounds, almost like a park. People could visit here and often did with their own children. Classes were taught here when the weather was nice too and Loki wasn't surprised to see some children come running over towards the lake not too long after they had rested there a bit. They were running around and playing, wrestling, water fighting. Loki looked towards Thor where Kalda had stopped playing with him to stare at the other children, her eyes wide and curious.

These children were a bit older than her, seeming to range from about four to seven or something,
Kalda being only a little over two. That didn't seem to faze her though as she climbed over Thor to move towards them. Thor's face looked unsure, he looked to Loki, as if to ask what to do but even Loki didn't know what was about to happen. They could hold her back but he didn't want to stop her from being able to have friends, at the same time, this could go horribly wrong.

She walked forward a little more, a couple of the children spotting her and getting the attention of her friends. They all stopped playing, turning and staring at her, Loki felt like his heart was going to burst out of his stomach, if that were even possible, any second and Thor looked ready to move if necessary.

"She's blue." Loki heard one of the children say, followed by a bunch of muttering and whispers that he could make out. They didn't look scared, but curious and maybe cautious.

"Ahhlooooo." Kalda greeted, slowing down her steps a few feet away from them. They looked at each other and then at one of the younger children and he walked forward to stand in front of her. He looked about five and he looked down at her before lifting his hand in front of him, waiting for Kalda to copy him, when she did, he pressed his own hand to hers, holding there for a few seconds before pulling away with a frown.

"You're cold." He stated. Kalda smiled, she didn't have a clue what he was on about.

"Kald" she said and Loki nearly died on the spot. She thought he had said her name. The boy smiled, then threw his arms in the air, letting out a playful raw, making Kalda squeal and laugh and try to run away, where he chased her, slower than he could have, he understood the age difference. The other children watched them for a couple of minutes before they all started making noise and chasing each other, tapping each other and the tapped person would then give chase until they tapped someone and it would swap again. Loki figured that Kalda just liked to run but she seemed to pick up the tagging thing, except she tagged people even when she wasn't quite supposed to. The other children seemed to have no problem with touching her, or if she tapped them, even with the way she looked.

Thor looked up at Loki again, a smile spreading across his face which Loki couldn't help but to reciprocate. Frigga had joined them at some point but neither of them had noticed while watching Kalda.

"Making friends already I see." She beamed, linking her arm with Loki's and leaning her head on his shoulder. Loki hummed. Honestly, he was surprised, himself. He had not expected them to be as accepting as that, surely their parents had told them the horror stories of the Jotnar and the race of monsters. Then again, that was one of the beautiful things about children, they weren't judgemental, it wasn't about appearances, they were playful and honest and curious and willing to learn and accept. It was actually the parents who turned children into judgmental, opinionated little shits, Loki thought bitterly. Maybe the parents of these children would see how harmless and wonderful she was and accept her too, though Loki didn't get his hopes up.

It wasn't long before Loki got his answer when a couple of the children's parents came walking down from the distance, the children seeing them and running off towards them, Kalda included, keeping up only because one of the other children were holding her by the arms as they ran. Loki heard the parents greet the children.

"Hello, did you all have fun? Oh my, who do we have here then?" They hadn't noticed the difference in her yet, since the sun had been going down, casting more shade and colour onto things, but then Kalda stepped forward, one of the children still helping to hold her up.

"Oh no." Loki said as he heard a shriek. He broke away from his mother as Thor scrambled up to go running towards them.
"Get back, get back, it's one of them!" One mother screeched. The parents had quickly snatched the children away from her, one of the men clapping at Kalda, trying to scare her away, so he could grab the little boy still standing with her.

"It's got him, Vildr, do something, it's got our son!" Kalda just looked at them, completely unbothered by the clapping. She made little noises at them, trying to speak to them but their noise blocked her out. Thor got to them, just as the man who had been clapping got close and seemed to be attempting to shove her away without actually touching her. Thor's hands were pulling him back by the shoulders not even seconds later.

Loki got there just after scooping Kalda up and ushering the boy towards his mother, who was still yelling abuse about Kalda. Loki could feel his own blood starting to boil.

"She won't cause any harm, madam, stop yelling!" He snapped, tilting his body so he was more in the way of her words, almost as if to protect his daughter from them.

"Prince Thor, how can you let this...this thing roam about the palace grounds? Surely it should have been killed on sight. It could have harmed our children." Thor let go of the man, twisting round to the woman, moving in the way to stop Loki from getting to her. He felt like something had snapped in his brain the very second he had heard 'killed on sight' and he couldn't quite understand why Thor was stopping him from snapping this woman's throat, even with Kalda in his arms.

"You will not speak so ill of the daughter of the prince!" Thor warned, making the woman gawk at him.

"Daughter of the pr...Excuse me? That monster is no princess..." She got no further before Loki stepped forward, pushing past Thor.

"She is no monster. Believe me. I can show you monster!" He spat, his voice dark, heavily laced with his threat, his entire demeanour flaring into his deep blue Jotun form as he spoke. He saw the parents recoil in sheer horror, eyes wide in fear; even the children looked scared this time.

"Jotun! On palace grounds, monsters everywhere! What is becoming of this place?" One of the women shrieked. They stepped back, trying to push as many of the children as they could reach, behind them. In this moment, Loki couldn't have cared less. Thor cut in before it could go any further. He pulled Loki back, careful not to actually touch his skin.

"That child is of royal blood and she is no monster. She will do you and your family no harm; she was merely trying to play. If any harm had come to her, or does so in future, then there will be me to deal with. You would do well to remember this, now, take your children and leave." Thor spun back round, quickly pushing his hand against Loki's clothed back to make the seething younger god walk away with him before removing his hand so to not get burned. Loki followed but the glare he gave them was enough for them to say no more as they left. Thor looked back when they were further away, seeing the parents taking the children off the grounds.

Loki let out an angered yell after a few minutes, his usual glamour spreading across his body once again, except for where Kalda was touching him. "She's an infant, what could she possibly do to their precious children?" He ranted, as they approached their previous place by the lake, Frigga came over.

"Calm, Loki. They can do no harm to her here, especially now they know she's part of our family, they wouldn't dare." Thor said. It was obvious he was angry himself but Loki was ready to spit fire.
"She was just playing, the children were fine, she was making friends!"

"Take her inside." Frigga said gently. "It's getting late anyway, we expected a reaction like this and it could have gone much much worse. Remember that people are not used to seeing this, Loki. It will take time for people to become accustomed to her."

"If they ever do." He spat back. He knew she was right but that didn't make it hurt any less. He quickly turned and started walking back to the palace, holding his daughter close as he did. Frigga and Thor followed a little bit behind him, giving him time to calm.

... 

"Did I make the wrong decision?" Loki asked later that evening. He was lying on his and Thor's bed, leaning over, watching Kalda sleeping in her own bed next to theirs.

"About what?" Thor mumbled and Loki could tell he had been starting to fall asleep himself.

"Not glamouring her. This wouldn't have happened today if I had; she would have just played and made friends." Loki felt a hand on his arm as Thor turned over to talk to him properly.

"No, Loki. Like you said, this is who she is and there is no shame in that. This will blow over, people will get used to her, they just need time. The children were fine with her, hopefully they will make the parents see that she is as safe as any of them but today was only the first time they had seen her, give it time." He soothed, rubbing Loki's shoulder. Loki just hummed, laying his head down against his own arm, not even bothering to push Thor's hand off him.

"What if they don't? What if the parents try to keep the children away from her, she would be so ostracised."

"We will deal with that if it comes to it. Unless you decide you want to do it for definite, it's your choice Loki. I'll stand by your decision." Thor said. He had been extra attentive to Loki for a while now, giving him as much space as he could and being very agreeable, which was sometimes more annoying than if he just fought back but Loki somewhat appreciated the extra effort he was going to. He had also become quite a bit more touchy with Loki too, not emotionally, like physically touching him more, not suggestively either, just general, day to day touches, placing his hand on his back or arm and simple things like that, like he needed to prove he could be gentle or something. It didn't particularly bother Loki, so he let him keep doing it.

"You think I haven't already heard the whispers and opinions about her. It's a mere matter of time before the whole of Asgard know about her and even the other realms."

"And what will they do? They are just whisperings, childish rumours; surely such foolishness is not affecting you so greatly? Since when did you take notice of the opinions of others..?"

"Since those opinions stopped being made about me and instead were aimed at my...at our daughter, who has done no harm to anyone since her birth. They have no right to have an opinion about something that they know nothing about."

"The only place I think we need to worry about is Jotunheim, seeing as she is half Jotun, they may take interest, whether that be good news or bad but Loki, I will not let anything happen to her, neither would mother or father, I am certain of it. If they could get past them, I would fight to my dying breath to keep her safe, as I know you would too." Thor rubbed his hand up and down Loki's arm softly, soothing him somewhat.

"We cannot fix this tonight." He continued. "Give it a few days of thought; if you still wish to glamour her, then we will look further into it. Don't make decisions when you are still emotionally
effected by something, it leads to irrational choices and often regrettable ones, this I know from much experience."

Loki knew he was right, and it was very wise of Thor to say. Loki relaxed himself a little, Thor didn't pull away from stroking his arm, though after a while, he stopped the stroking and merely rested his hand on Loki's upper arm. Loki stayed facing kaldas' bed. They fell asleep like this.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Hope you liked it :D
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

Finally the porn has returned. It has a purpose though, hopefully a nice bit of character development and maybe a hint of realisation, we shall see. I don't really have much else to add so...enjoy!

Ohhhh wait, yes...yes there is...tags have been updated, ones that count for this chapter so you might want to read those first if you have any triggers regarding sex and violence.

now enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"...and keep her out of the sun, don't let her get too hot." Loki followed them right to the door and continued shouting down the hallway. "...make sure she drinks plenty and make her rest if she runs around a lot. Thor, are you listening to me?"

"You worry too much Loki." Thor called back, carrying Kalda away down the hall as he went. "I will watch her constantly, she will be fine. Now go back in and do as I said." He sent a wink back towards Loki before picking up his pace and rounding a corner. Loki watched the empty hall for a few seconds more before he sighed and moved back into their rooms.

Thor had decided to take Kalda down to the lake for the day to give Loki some time to himself after he had woken up a few days ago, to the sound and feel of Loki next to him, writhing and moaning in his sleep. He had watched as the younger god had rutted against nothing, back arching into no one, his face scrunching up in imagined pleasure, loving the desperate little noises that came from his mouth. Eventually his body tensed with a gasp and Thor knew he had come himself.

Loki's eyes had opened seconds after; looking groggy and confused until he turned to see Thor watching him, the movement clearly awakening him to the wetness on his stomach and he’d closed his eyes with a dread filled "oh fuck!" Upon realising what had happened. If it hadn't been dark, god was certain he would have seen a deep blush burning the others face for the split second before he had gotten up and as good as ran to the washroom.

Thor had stayed lying on his back when Loki climbed back in to the bed and a rather awkward silence had ensued. Thor turned his head just enough to just about glance at Loki from the side, at which he instantly received a simple "don't." Thor didn't leave it at that though.

"Are you not...you know...giving yourself enough...attention?" Thor tried to ask in the least awkward way he could but Loki still balked and threw him a burning glare.

"I'm not discussing this with you, Thor, drop it!" He snapped before adding. "Besides, does it look like I get the time for such things? If I'm not spending all my time with Kalda then she's asleep and you're here and I'm too tired to bother." He did sometimes get a quick chance to relieve himself but it was more of a chore than for his own pleasure.

"I can take Kalda you know, whenever you want some time to yourself, for whatever reason..."
He quickly added before Loki could cut him off. "I will take her down to the lake to play with the children and you can stay and...Be with yourself, doing whatever you want." Loki had tried to get Thor to drop it over the next days but Thor had been adamant until he had pretty much had to pry Kalda from Loki's grip and order him to stay to get Loki to finally give in.

So Thor had gone, he took Kalda down to the lake and left Loki to have a day to himself, though it wasn't really a day so much as a few hours because Loki had made Thor somewhat compromise with him and Thor had grumbled but agreed eventually.

He knew what Thor had been hinting, it was obvious enough and he was right, Loki hadn't had much time to himself lately, certainly not enough to do the kind of things that the older god was referring to. And Loki had no intention of doing those things until he thought back to the other night and realised he didn't wish to be dealing with that again. He would have to work harder to try and pleasure himself more often, even if it was just quickly.

But now Thor wasn't here, he had taken Kalda out for a few hours and Loki was alone until then. Thor wanted him to use the time to become reacquainted with himself and as off putting as this whole thing seemed to be, he knew Thor's reasons were good and he was kind of right.

Sighing he removed his clothes, hesitantly at first but then thought fuck it and removed everything, climbed onto his bed and lay back, letting his muscles relax into the soft furs and closing his eyes. One of his hands stroked down his bare stomach, fingers skimming the smooth skin on its way.

He decided to pick things up a bit and get on with it, sliding past his mildly interested arousal down to his first entrance, stroking and teasing the area until it became welcoming enough for him to slip a finger into himself. It had taken a while for him to become okay with touching himself here, not really counting when he was pregnant since he had been rather desperate for any kind of release then but afterwards whenever he got to do this, he was far more consciously aware of what exactly he was doing and found himself struggling with the concept all over again. He had decided to work slowly, just touching himself for a little while before moving back up to his cock to finish the job, usually fairly quickly since he had other things to do.

Now though, now he had much more time, and much longer to play, and now that he was a lot more comfortable with himself, he could enjoy the pleasure he gave himself, without feeling uncomfortable about it. It really had been a long time since he had done this and he was now kind of glad that Thor had made him take some time to himself.

He added a second finger, curling them in to push against the more sensitive areas, breathing in harder at the sensations he caused there. After a while he was bucking his hips against himself, trying to keep the noise down, aware that the guards were just outside the door and he wasn't sure how much they could hear. Feeling a bit annoyed about not being able to let go properly because of that, he decided to test some of the boundaries off his magic. Hovering his free hand over his own body, he concentrated and could feel when it worked, not covering his noises but turning them down so they weren't as audible. Feeling much happier with it, he set back to work.

He rolled over onto his stomach, his hand now underneath himself, making him lift his hips to keep up his previous rhythm, but he did get a better angle this way, bucking down onto his own fingers. He was enjoying himself, but something did feel a bit flat, a bit empty. He tried thrusting harder, bringing his free arm up and biting himself hard, he stirred a little more and groaned lightly into the skin trapped between his teeth but even this wasn't quite enough. Pleasuring himself didn't seem to feel enough, or not quite right, like it just wasn't hitting the spot, so to speak. He thought about going out to find a servant to fuck or something but he scrunched his nose up at the idea. That wasn't him at all, no matter how desperate he was.

He remembered an incantation he had read about when he was in his early adolescence, in a book
that was most definitely not designed for his age group, so of course it had been read in secret but the incantation had been a form of glamouring and illusion where the creator could act out a sexual fantasy, almost in secret, since no one else could see this illusion, it was designed only for the maker and it wasn't necessary to communicate with it or change it because it would change itself based on the creators sexual desires. No one ever found out that he had read it, most definitely not Odin, so maybe...

He removed his fingers, staying on his stomach but leaning up slightly, he closed his eyes concentrating again, imagining a basic male figure, since he didn't care so much for appearances. He imagined an average man quite tall, not too skinny, but fairly toned, short dark hair, dark eyes, tanned skin, average size body, average sized cock since he really didn't care for show off type men with monster cocks who didn't really know anything more than the basic in and out motion, believing that the object would do the work for them. He liked technique, grind not bump and all that. He also kept it quite simple since he wasn't exactly sure what he liked, he had only ever actually had sex once, or technically three times with the way it had gone.

He felt hands on his shoulders, soft and confident and he felt his excitement jump at the fact this had worked, of course Odin wouldn't have thought of it but he still felt smug, and aroused.

Getting back to the latter part, he relaxed, letting the figure massage him until he was pliant, working over all areas to relax and arouse him. The hands moved down along his stomach, which he lifted slightly as they moved towards his groin, feeling somewhat disappointed when they continued down to his thighs and moving back up to his back and shoulders. The illusion started planting kisses on his back, licking and nipping gently along Loki's skin. Loki hummed, lifting up onto his hands and knees to push against the solid form of his made up lover.

The illusion, already ahead of Loki, since it was formed from the depth of his mind, pushed forward, pressing its naked crotch against Loki's backside, making him moan and push back against him. It slid a hand down to the real mans entrance, teasing at the wetness until Loki was panting lightly, before pushing two fingers into him, increasing the volume of said pants.

The fake body worked him over gently, getting slightly rougher when it knew Loki wanted and soon Loki was pushing back onto its hand, silently begging for more in his mind. The body leaned over him, pressing against him, fingers thrusting harder and harder, biting harder at his shoulder, which Loki was sure he hadn't asked for but he enjoyed it more, leaning his head down and groaning into his hand. The illusion grabbed a handful of his hair with its free hand, yanking his head back up, eliciting a surprised sound from Loki.

It leaned forward more, its head coming up next to Loki's; it's long blond hair tickl- wait...long blond?

Loki twisted his head as much as the illusions hand would let him and Loki's eyes went wide as they lay onto a complete Doppler ganger of Thor.

"What's the matter brother?" It asked, using Thor's voice. "This is what you wanted, is it not?" It pulled its hand back a little, lining up its thumb with his second entrance and pushing it in the next time it thrust forward with his fingers, fucking both of Loki's entrances on one hand, pinching its thumb and fingers as close together as he could, making Loki hiss and whine.

"Stop...I d-didn't ask for this...ahh!" Loki tried to make his body pull away from the illusion but he couldn't seem to move, like his body had taken over his mind and was doing what it wanted.

"I'm merely here to obey your mind, brother." It said, sounding as smug as Thor could. It really was exactly like Thor, and Loki felt confused, even knowing it was an illusion. He felt the other hand let go of his hair, the arm curling around his stomach and grabbing his hard cock roughly, setting a rhythm that was too fast for Loki but with no intention of slowing down, Loki had to
make himself work with it. He tried to make the illusion disappear, since he had made it after all but he knew his mind was fighting against him with this one and the illusion would stay until he truly honestly didn't want it there anymore.

Soon, too soon for him to even admit, he was thrusting back against the hand helplessly, feeling himself building up fast.

"Come on little brother, come for me, we both know you love this." The illusion worked him even harder, leaning forward to bite him hard on the shoulder and Loki lost it, calling out as his body shook with the effort, squiring his fluids onto the bed beneath him. He went limp, starting to feel uncomfortable as the illusion still pumped its hand inside him. He moaned in relief when he felt the fingers leaving his body, but soon tensed when he felt hands on his ankles, dragging him to the edge of the bed. That was still a bit of a trigger for him, the most horrific memory from that night by far, was the way Thor had chained him up like some animal for the night. Still, he couldn't help the shudder that coursed though his stomach as his illusion manhandled him.

He ended up lying on his back next, the illusion standing before him, cock at the ready, stroking oil into the heavy length, watching Loki as it prepared itself before moving over Loki to line itself up with his first entrance, leaning its face down so that there were millimetres between their lips. It breathed out over him and entered him in one fluid movement, the extra fluid from Loki's earlier orgasm helping to ease the way and Loki whined out loudly, cut off by the fake Thor's hand trapping over his mouth hard and pushing his head back painfully as it started thrusting into him roughly.

Loki struggled, but it was only a half effort because of how much this was turning him on, but it confused him, he wanted to stop and think about things and stop thinking about Thor like this, he was not attracted to Thor, and he certainly hadn't enjoyed his rape. He didn't know what in Hel was happening in this moment but it felt so damn good, and he couldn't bring himself to remove the illusion. Instead he felt it pick up speed, fucking into him, impossibly hard, and pretty much painful at this point but Loki was moaning into its hand, trying to beg it to fuck harder, to hurt him, to use him.

The illusion of Thor suddenly ripped itself out of Loki, dragging the younger god up to push him across the room and slam him into the wall before lining up again and entering his almost unprepared second entrance this time, making Loki yell hard in pain, soon becoming confused with pleasure as it bit into his shoulder hard, then again a few inches away from that, biting him again and again, harder and harder until Loki felt the bites break his skin, making him scream in the most aroused agony.

He didn't even try to keep the noise down at this point, not that he could if he wanted to, he was under no control of himself right now, everything was open and left to fake Thor's taking and Loki was helpless to stop it. He could feel himself getting closer again and angled his hips backward a bit, trying to finish this off a bit sooner but the illusion quickly reached around again, taking his cock in a vice like grip, squeezing painfully at the base. Loki moaned out a small protest, bucking his hips to throw his illusions hand off, and failing of course.

Soon it released the tight grip, and instead set a fast rhythm on his throbbing length, quickly bringing him back to the brink of orgasm, Loki panting out his need, only to groan again when he felt its hand tighten on him for a second time, stifling his orgasm, seemingly intent on driving the real man mad. When Loki stopped tensing against it, it continued stroking him as it thrusted relentlessly, stopping every time he was just on the edge, cutting it so close, there's no way it would have been possible if it wasn't able to see into his mind to manipulate him like this.

After cutting him off a few more times, Loki thought he had been driven insane, he was whining almost constantly, sweat heavily running down his neck, back, chest as he tried to claw at the wall
for support. It took no more than five strokes before he was back on the edge, his whole body tensing in its attempt to send him flying over but his illusion was not having it and Loki was almost sobbing as he wordlessly begged this illusion of Thor to let him come.

It clamped off his orgasm once again and he thought his muscles would burst from the tension in them, his whole body trying so hard to come, he didn't even have to consciously try anymore, it was like he wasn't even there, it was just his body and the illusion doing whatever it wanted and Loki could only wait and take his torture.

The illusion changed its position slightly, its cock seeming to grow inside him, so it pushed directly up against his prostate, not moving, just keeping a constant pressure against him, swiping its hand against his cock again, bringing him up to the brink, not quite as close this time, but close enough. Instead of clamping down again though, this time it let go of his cock completely, bringing its hand up to Loki's face and grabbing Loki's mouth tightly, pulling his head and upper body back against itself and everything seemed to stop. Loki was completely rigid, but seemed unable to move or do anything, his approaching orgasm staying on the brink but not spilling.

This Thor pushed its head as close to Loki as it could get without moving its hips, to whisper into his ear.

"...come." It said, followed by the tiniest of thrusts, almost like it had simply tensed its cock to make it twitch and Loki hummed loudly in pure relief, thrusting himself back onto its cock as best he could in his trapped position, as his body gave over to its orgasm, his fluid shooting up against his chest and the wall, his backside clamping down in what would have been most definitely a painful grip, had this actually been a person inside him.

He felt movement again and scrunched up his face in discomfort as his prostate was abused again, just as rough as before. The illusion of Thor didn't let him go, in fact, it released his mouth for a moment and grabbed his arms, twisting them behind his back before clamping its hand back over his mouth, yanking his head back and using its thumb to press over Loki's nose and cut off his air.

Loki thrashed wildly against this fake Thor but couldn't move nearly enough to throw it off. After about a minute, it released his nose, but not his mouth, making him gasp harshly through the small holes. He hummed, begging it to stop but he just heard it chuckle and pound into him harder. He was completely stuck, trapped between the wall and the illusion that he, himself had conjured up and he could only wait for it to finish with him. Please- he hummed desperately. Please-enough...enough...I can't take any more...I'm done...I'm done!

"Now come on brother, I know your mind. Give me one more and I'll stop." It breathed into his ear and Loki sobbed desperately. I have no more to give...please! He tried to hum out, his eyes going wide as his nose was covered again.

"Come for me, little brother, you love this, you need this. Now, give it to me little one." Loki thrashed harder, his whole body screaming for air. His eyes rolled back into his head and everything started to fade away and he could feel nothing except for the building pressure around his lower stomach and groin, building into a sharp peak and he knew he was coming but it was almost as far away as everything else.

Then the hand on his mouth and nose pulled away just before he finished and his lungs gushed with air before he even realised what was happening, the sudden surge of oxygen pulled his orgasm back up to its highest point, the sensation of it so strong it sent him blind and deaf to everything else. This was by far the most powerful orgasm he had ever experienced, his whole body shuddering with the effort to keep him conscious. His cock had nothing left to give but his walls contracted around the illusions length again and again until it all died out at once and he knew he was still conscious but he may as well have been out cold, everything was dark and quiet.
and numb and he could only sit in this world and hope his body was making itself breath.

It seemed to last forever but the next time he was coherent enough to take in his surroundings; he was on his knees, his body sagging against the wall in an uncomfortable position. He slowly turned his head, just enough to see that his illusion had gone and everything was still and quiet except for his heaving breaths.

After a long while, he clumsily managed to drag himself up into an upright position and then get up to his feet, his body still shaking, everything felt like jelly and he wasn't sure he could make it to the washroom on foot. It took some time but he did get there, waving his hand towards the areas where they had fucked, returning them to their original state. He didn't clean himself up like this though; he wanted to do this himself. He ran a bath and checked over his body for the damage.

He was surprised to find no marks, no bloodied bite marks around his neck, no bruises or grip marks on his hips or face, but he knows he had felt all of these things. If the illusion had even come inside of him, there was nothing there now. Apart from his own sweat and other fluids, there was virtually no sign that this had even happened, which just made things easier for him for when Thor would return with Kalda.

He climbed into the bath, sighing at his sore muscles, he had tensed up so hard, he would certainly ace for days, but this he could hide from Thor. He would rub them with oil for a couple of days and it would be fine. He lay back, letting the warm water calm him for a while before he started scrubbing the sweat and grime from his body.

He didn't want to think about what had happened, or when his illusion had morphed into a carbon copy of Thor. He was more confused now than when he had been enduring the sex dreams throughout his pregnancy. At least then he could blame on something, this was his mind, maybe his subconscious mind, but while it was happening, no matter how shocked he was by the fact that the things his illusion was doing to him were all things from the depths of his own mind, he found himself enjoying it far too much to stop it, and that shocked him even more.

It was like Thor had ruined him for anything other than rough sex. He had tried, simple sex, basic thrusting movements and just pure stimulation but his mind didn't want it, and his body didn't want it. Nothing had felt better than when he was rammed up against a wall being abused, being hurt and being forced and being treated like the worthless piece of shit he was and...Oh gods stop!

"You are one sick little boy, Loki." He mumbled to himself as he finished wiping himself down. Pulling the plug to the bath, he got up, using his magic to quickly dry himself off, not wanting to bother with a towel. He got half dressed and flopped down onto the bed, not even bothering to crawl up to the pillows, and fell asleep in whatever position he landed in.

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He was awoken by a small being landing on top of him and giggling playfully. He looked up to see his daughter as she climbed off him and clumsily started jumping on the bed just behind him. Thor walked in moments after Kalda had, looking sheepishly at Loki.

"Sorry, I told her you might be sleeping but she wanted to see her 'maaaa'' he quoted with his hands. "I'm surprised you didn't hear her coming from down the hall, she made enough noise."

Loki sat up, shaking the remnants of his sleep from his head. Kalda jumped into his lap, laughing as he made an 'oof' sound adrenaline hugging him tightly. "Blue..." She said into his ear and he knew exactly what she was asking for. When she first started saying it, both he and Thor had been a little confused by what she meant but they noticed that she only said it when hugging him and it
soon clicked, what she was asking.

He pulled back to smile at her, before his skin flared into his true form as she hummed happily
before hugging him again, since he was shirtless, there was more skin to skin contact, even if she
was dressed. She liked it this way; she often fell asleep against his chest when they were like this.
He pushed himself back so he was half sitting against the pillows, Kalda laying her face on his
shoulder, almost hugging his neck with one arm. She quickly calmed down and Loki rested his
cheek against her head gently.

Thor smiled and perched himself at the edge of the bed. He couldn't get too close to Loki when he
was in full Jotun form.

"She's been on the go all day, I suspect she's tired now."

"Did she play with the other children?" Loki asked. Some of the children from before had been
sneaking down to the lake to play with her. People really underestimated the coherence of children
but they all understood that Kalda wasn't harmful and she loved to play tag with them. They were
fascinated by her, and they had asked him and Thor why she was blue and cold and they had
explained but it hadn't changed the opinion of the children.

One of the children had even told Loki about how they weren't scared of her because the monsters
in the stories they were told were just that, stories. Loki didn't quite have the heart to tell them that
the stories were mostly true, except for the whole coming out from under their beds and eating
them if they misbehaved part. Loki was happy to see how accepting these children were, and they
still came back, even though they got caught and scolded by their parents a few times, some of the
children had even been banned from going to the palace grounds because of it, which just made
Loki sad, to see that there were people who would rather ostracise their own children than to have
them go near something they didn't understand.

"Some of them, not all of them were there, as usual but the others ran around and played with her.
They're lovely children, it's a shame their parents are so closed minded but I suppose if you're
raised to fear something, that's what's going to happen." Thor replied and Loki could only agree.
He would never allow Kalda to be raised in such a way, he didn't want her growing up to hate
like he did, in fact he didn't want any of her life to be like his had.

"But she played with the others, yes?" He felt better when Thor nodded, to know that some of
these children were accepting her regardless of her biology.

"And you?" Thor spoke after a moment. "Did you take the day to yourself, as was the point of
this? You look quite worn out so I'm thinking that you did."

Loki met Thor's eyes and Thor smirked. "I'll take your blush as your answer." Loki's face dropped
even more and Thor just seemed to smile wider. Loki didn't think he could blush in this form,
unless the skin just became deeper in its shade of blue, but surely that couldn't be noticeable.
Though, he supposed, it obviously was.

"There's no need for embarrassment Loki, today was for you, though, I hope you made it worth
it." Thor smirked again when Loki's blush deepened and he looked away.

"Oh, come on Loki" he laughed as the younger god turned his body a little, trying to dismiss Thor
but unable to move properly due to the dozing child on his chest. "I'm glad you used your
time...well. I did this so that you could. I do hope you cleaned up properly though, there are
children to think about."

"Stop speaking, Thor! Say nothing else!" Loki warned him, wishing he could vanish on the spot.
All he heard was the deep rumble of the older gods’ chuckle and the knowing smirk on his face made Loki want to end him. He knew nothing, if he did, Loki had no doubt that the cocky grin on his face would increase tenfold.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, hope you liked it :)
Loki had tried. He really had.

After what had happened the first time, he had vowed to himself not to use that incantation again, no matter how horny he was. He couldn't trust his own mind not to turn it in to the huge debacle it had become when he hadn't realised what was truly going on in his mind. Ever since that one time, he hadn't been able to get it out of his system and now he couldn't look at Thor like he had before. It was like he saw him wrestling with his friends and he would imagine himself in place of the other person. Thor wrapping his arms around his body like that, pinning his limbs down and fucking him into oblivion. It was slowly driving him insane.

He knew there was a gentle side to Thor, the side he had known before all of this, the side he had known all his life. The way he played with Kalda and the general way he was now trying to be with Loki now, light affectionate touches, trying to win Loki's trust. He knew he could trust him with Kalda, Thor would do anything to protect her and Loki was glad that Thor had grown to love her so openly and honestly. He also somewhat appreciated Thor's efforts with him. Loki knew for sure that he could never love Thor the way that the older god wanted him to but he had to admit that Thor was never one to give up.

But now, Loki found himself caring not for Thor's niceness, the love he was trying to bring back between them. And though he generally liked it, Loki could only think for now, about the rough handling and hard fucking he could be getting from the man and that was very distracting when he was trying to converse with Thor, since he spent most of his time around him. He needed to get his head clear.

And so he had vowed. Vowed to himself not to tamper with that magic again. To fantasise if he so wished but otherwise he was to deal with himself alone.

This lasted about a month.

It pretty much went back to quickly jerking off in his spare time, even if he allowed himself to fantasise, it just didn't cut it. And his mind could take him to dark, dark places when he allowed it to. The things he had Thor doing to him in his own mind were far worse than things he could ever act out with an illusion. He needed to feel it, he wanted the pain, and there were only so many times he could bite himself before Thor said something. He knew that the older god had noticed he wasn't exactly subtle when he stared at things, but he had said nothing upon seeing Loki's glare one of the evenings and so long as Thor didn't see it as becoming an issue, he probably wouldn't bring it up.

After four weeks of crappy, half satisfying masturbation, he had given over, conjuring up illusions to help him out when Thor had taken Kalda to visit Odin. He wasn't surprised when it changed
into Thor again and brutally used him. Used him until he was writhing around begging for mercy and as much as Loki hated it, he fucking loved it so much more.

He found himself becoming slightly addicted to it, to the point where he would tell Thor he was going for a bath and using his magic to turn the volume down like the first time, so he could conjure up another illusion in the bath. It would hold him under water, sometimes for minutes at a time, until he was on the edge of consciousness before it pulled back up, using his mind to know when to let him breathe.

He knew some of these things had to be verging on dangerous, even if the punches and bites he received were only part of the illusion and left no marks, being held underwater was real, and it would only take a few seconds too long for him to pass out and drown himself, his mind going blank and not being able to make the illusion pull him back up. It was a slim chance, but it was still a possibility.

So now he was allowing himself his fantasies, allowing himself to really work through a truly satisfying release and he found himself a lot calmer in general. He was more relaxed around Thor, and although he was often distracted, thinking about Thor abusing him, he hardly fought with his once brother.

Kalda was growing up beautifully. She was so fascinated by everything, always asking questions about things and noticing everything. She was so eager to learn about anything and everything; she loved for Loki to read to her, especially if the book was illustrated. She loved listening to him tell stories in general and Thor would tell her -slightly less brutal- stories of battle and times when he and Loki had to work together to overcome the enemy. Loki had forgotten half the things Thor told, and he quite enjoyed his mind wandering back to their youth.

This also meant that Kalda had started to pick up on the fact that she was the only person like her, except for when Loki took off his glamour of course. She had started asking about it too...

"Ma-" she had said one day while Loki had been reading one of the lesser known tales in Asgardian children's literature. She still called him 'ma', it had just stuck, whereas 'nor' became daddy but Thor had corrected her unlike Loki who had found 'ma' somewhat endearing. She had climbed up into Loki's lap to get his full attention.

"Why am I blue?" She asked, quite to the point and it sort of threw Loki off, really not expecting her to ask it then. He knew she would ask eventually but he didn't quite want to believe that the time had come quite so soon. Still, she looked at him with her wide tinted eyes, waiting for him to explain, she was surprisingly patient too.

"Well-" Loki had said, unsure of where to begin. He didn't know how to do this in a way to keep things positive. "Your father is of the Asir, just like you are, just like I was raised. But I am not from here; your grandmother and grandfather are not really my parents. Do you understand?"

Kalda had nodded quickly, letting him continue. "I am of a race called the Jotnar, which exist in a place called Jotunheim. You are also of this race."

"So I'm both of the people's?" Loki had to chuckle at her choice of words.

"Yes, you are half of both. The Jotnar's skin is blue with these markings." He'd said, running his thumb gently over one of the markings on her head, which she'd followed with her finger. "But because you are only half, your skin is lighter and markings shallower and that is why your father can touch you for a short while. Were you a full Jotun, you would definitely burn him immediately, as I would if I touched him in that form."

"Why are you only blue some of the time?" She asked after a minute of just thinking. Loki sighed quietly; he knew this was coming when she asked the first question.

"I have a special cover, called a glamour, which allows me to cover up my natural form. So this form you see here, isn't really me, the blue form is what I really look like." He had found it more difficult to admit than he had anticipated. He didn't associate his Jotun form as the real him, he had lived in this glamoured skin for so long it had fooled even him and was simply, who he was.

"Will I be able to do that when I'm big?" She had asked, eyes lighting up in excitement.

"I can teach you, yes."

"Will you?" She placed her hand on his face, watching it change back into its natural shade of blue.

"It takes time to learn something like that. You would need to learn other things first." He had said, feeling awful when he saw her face drop a little. "Is there a reason why you want to change how you look? You are beautiful as you are. None of the children have said anything have they?" His tone turned a little threatening. If any of them had said a word to her against her looks, he would personally throttle each of them.

"No, no, they're nice. I want to look like the others too, not all the time, just some of the time, like you can." Loki could understand that, if he could change himself at will, then why couldn't she, right?

"Okay." He'd finally spoken. "I won't be able to teach you just yet, but I can do it for you, you just have to ask when you want to switch, alright?" He had smiled when he saw her face light up again.

"Really? Right now?"

"If that's what you want." She'd nodded eagerly, waiting for him to tell her what to do.

"Okay, just sit still a moment." Loki had placed his hand on her face. Slowly, he let his magic flow through his fingers to her skin. He watched as her pale blue faded more into a tone which was slightly darker than Loki's own, but maybe slightly paler than Thor's. Her red tinted eyes, cleared into the sharp blue which he knew had been hiding underneath and her lips turned a deep but still subtle pink. Her markings smoothed out and disappeared completely.

She smiled at him nervously when he pulled back, looking at her all over.

"Did it work?" She asked, hesitantly. Loki nodded before getting an idea and letting his arm release its glamour and become his real Jotun blue. He placed his hand on her cheek again and watched as her skin around that area formed back into its own true state. Allowing the glamour to cover his hand again, he left it in place and watched as her glamour recovered her cheek.

"Our glamours do not break each other's, my touch won't change you back unless I am in my Jotun form. It worked just fine." He smiled, loving the beautiful sparkle in her eyes.

"Do I look like daddy and grandma now? And all the others?"

"Oh you are far, far more beautiful than the others...but yes, you do look like them now." She jumped up and ran over to a mirror, admiring her new appearance.

"Am I still cold?" She said, turning back to Loki.
"I don't think so, but you will have to ask your father, as it does not affect me anyway."

"Let's go find him!" She ran out the door, leaving like to follow behind her, chuckling.

"Daddy!" She yelled, running over towards Thor who was talking to his mother just outside the palace. Loki noticed the look of surprise on his face as he saw Kalda, which he quickly masked with a big grin as she jumped up at him.

"Well now, what do we have here? This can't be my little Kalda now can it?"

She squealed in the positive but Thor continued his game. "Noooooo, it's not, I don't believe it." He laughed as she tried to convince him it was really her. He threw Loki a questioning glance while Kalda was looking at Frigga, who was talking to her about how beautiful she looked. Loki just shrugged with a small, half explanatory smile and mouthed 'she asked'.

"Daddy's not so warm now!" She exclaimed, hugging closer to Thor, which was sort of the first time she had really gotten to do that for as long as she wanted. They could touch before of course, but not for too long before she became a bit too cold for Thor.

Loki moved over towards Frigga, while Thor played with Kalda.

"She has expressed an interest in learning magic. Of course, I cannot teach her much without showing her, so I will need your help." He said quietly while they watched her.

"Of course." Came his mothers reply. "Whenever you want me to, I will start. Just small simple things first though, like I did with you, yes?" Loki nodded, and then turned a little to look at Frigga, smiling his appreciation to her.

"You wouldn't mind taking her for a bit now would you, not to teach her magic, I could do with speaking to Thor, and it's easier if she's with someone, you know?" Frigga nodded.

"Say no more, I'll take her down to the lake, she can see the fish. She loves to look at them, and now that I can hold her properly, she can look better without the worry of falling in." She smiled widely. "Actually, tell you what, go do what you need to, I'll take her for the evening. I'm sure you two could do with a night off...no, no, it's absolutely fine. There's nothing like spending more time with my beautiful granddaughter, I won't take no for an answer." Loki gave in, knowing she wouldn't relent.

"You did the right thing here, Loki. You let her find her own interest and come to you with her curiosity, and of course she would want to do this eventually, even if just for a little while and then change back. It doesn't bother you does it?"

Loki thought for a minute before answering. "At first, I thought it would be more difficult. She is so beautiful as she is, she is perfect. But then I thought about how it would feel for her and I realised I couldn't say no to her if I wanted to, not on something like this. This is her choice, not mine and I will respect that." Frigga gave him a smile that beamed with pride as she placed her hand on his cheek, like he had done with Kalda earlier, and then she walked over to Thor, asking Kalda if she would like to go and see the fish. Of course Kalda did, and they held hands as they walked off towards the lake.

Thor came to stand beside Loki while they watched them walk off.

"So she asked. Then, huh?" Thor asked, already knowing the answer. Loki just nodded.
"Who was I to tell her no, right?" He replied and Thor hummed his agreement.

"Frigga is taking her for the evening." Thor frowned at that.

"Why?"

"She wanted to give us the night off apparently." Loki mused.

"I see." Thor replied in a tone that Loki couldn't place. They stayed silent for a few minutes before Thor threw a sideways glance to Loki. "Care to spar with me?" He asked with a flick of his eyebrows.

"I suppose." Loki smirked as nonchalantly as he could manage.

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Some time later, they returned to their quarters, drenched in sweat and dirt, laughing and mocking each other in turn.

"Don't make call a rematch in our own rooms, Loki, just so I could prove that I beat you once again." Thor chuckled, clapping Loki on his naked back, slightly harder than necessary, making him stumble forward a bit and turn to glare at the older god.

"You have strength Thor, no one can deny, but I will always have you on your tactics. You have a massive blind spot on your left. I can always sneak my hand round there and you never notice, and that's why I will always be able to-"

Loki didn't get any further with his boast because Thor had taken him by surprise, grabbing his arms and using his leg to knock Loki off his feet, pinning him to the floor with his body. Loki could only make a surprised sound while he tried to figure out what happened.

"What was that you were saying Loki, I didn't quite catch that?" Thor chuckled triumphantly in his ear. His crotch was threateningly close to Loki's rear and the younger god wasn't sure when the dynamic of the moment changed but he was now fighting not to push back into the other man, rather than struggling to throw him off.

"I think this can be considered me making my point, can it not?" Thor said, his body tensing when Loki struggled again, keeping the smaller man pinned beneath him.

"What, because you caught me off guard, that makes you the better fighter?" Loki spat back, trying hard to keep it together. He was fast regretting his decision to spar with Thor at all. What was he thinking with what had been going on in his head recently?

"I'm merely using your own strategies against you, and look how quickly it worked." He shifted about to remind Loki of his position, not that the younger god needed it. He was fully aware of how much close Thor's waist was to pressing against Loki's backside and Loki pushed his hips further against the floor to gain as much distance between them as he could but that was not much at all.

Then there was a strange stillness between them, like they were still shifting, but neither one of them knew what to do next and no one wanted to make the first move. Loki wanted to tell him to get off but his body just would not respond to that. Actually, his body wasn't doing anything useful to him at all, trying to push back against Thor's crotch while simultaneously rubbing his hard cock against the floor, the cock of which should not be so hard from such nothingness.

Thor shifted again. "Do you..." He cut off with a strange sound. When he had shifted, Loki had
forgotten himself and pushed back against Thor's groin with a pathetically desperate sound himself. Thor just freezes above him for a moment, seemingly quite shocked by Loki's display.

"Thor..." Loki growled warningly, not getting to say anymore because the older man pressed his hips forward upon hearing his name and whatever Loki had actually been about to say flew straight out the door, replaced by a groan which Thor reciprocated quietly.

"Loki." Thor sort of stated. He seemed lost for words, as was Loki. In his head was simply a mantra of begging and desperate pleading, not so different to the things he would ask of his illusions. But of course they were fantasies, and they were becoming far too close to realities for his own comfortability, yet at the same time, he couldn't seem to make himself stop this, all of it.

Thor pushed again, hearing Loki's sweet gasp. "You're liking this." He said slowly, pushing forward again a few times. "You're actually enjoying this."

"And you're just loving it." Came Loki's strained reply, followed by another desperate sound when Thor ground his hips into Loki's rear, pushing his aching cock hard against the floor, trapping him.

"Thor...please!" Loki wasn't sure what he was begging for but he could tell he was making Thor slowly lose it. His thrusting became firmer, more decided and he brought his head down to rub against the side of Loki's head and lick at his neck.

Loki couldn't take it, all the memories of his time with the illusions were streaming through his head, all the disturbing things he had allowed to happen, all played back, bit after bit in quick flashes and he was getting so turned on it hurt, his stomach was in knots and he was stuck between trying not to throw up and pushing back harder. Of course, he went for the latter.

"Oh gods...Thor...just do it...Thor please I can't...just...just do it!" Loki still didn't know what he was asking for. He wasn't really asking for anything, he was just giving Thor permission, permission to do anything. Take him, use him, hurt him, fuck him until he cries, he didn't care. He ground his backside up hard against Thor's crotch and heard the older man moan sharply and then everything stopped. The pleasure stopped, the pressure, the friction, the weight, it all disappeared.

Turning to look behind him, Loki realised that Thor had pushed off him and got up, his erection still clear through his clothing but other than that he just looked really quite bothered, like, mildly disturbed.

"No, Loki. You don't want this." What? After everything that had happened between them and now Thor wanted to do the right thing? Now he wanted to take the moral high ground? "You think you do, but you don't."

Thor really did get it, Loki really did. He did want it, so badly he was still lying pathetically on the floor, secretly holding that Thor was just fucking with him and was about to pin him back down any second.

"You're right." Loki said, getting up from the floor quickly, getting angrier as he spoke. "I don't want it, Thor; I never wanted any of this! You did this to me, you fucked me up and made me into this and now, now I don't want it, I don't want it at all but I need it. You broke me and you beat me and now that you don't want to take anymore, I need you to take everything, and now you won't. I need you to finish what you started and you won't!" Thor just watched Loki, eyes wide, taking in his words. Tears were welling in Loki's eyes and his voice started to crack with the effort not to break down.

"You don't get it. I can't breathe, Thor. It is ripping me to shreds, turning me inside out and I can't
stop it. You don't know what I do, the things I dream up Thor, it’s disgusting! It’s sick and wrong and disgusting and I love every second of it and it's your doing!” He moved closer to Thor, jabbing him in the chest with his palm. "You did this to me! You ruined me so that no one else could ever have me and now you reject me! You reject your own mess!” The jabs turned into smacks, his hands balling into fists and trying to hit Thor hard. But not really able to put much into it. It didn't take much for this to get hold of him and try to still him.

Loki didn't relent, he struggled and hit and kicked, anything to try and cause the older god some kind of pain. Eventually he caught Thor in a tender spot, just under his jaw and he retaliated, grabbing Loki's arms and spinning him round to press him, chest first, into the wall, hard.

"I wouldn't be able to control myself Loki! Don't you see? What happened that first time, that wasn't me letting go, I was holding back! You wouldn't want me when I let go." He boomed straight into Loki’s ear, making the younger god wince and try to get free but Thor held him still, much too easily.

"Isn't this what you wanted anyway? You wanted me to give in and let you have me!"

"I want us to be close again, and maybe my feelings for you now are more than brotherly but I can't, not like this. I would break you. You think you know what that would be like but you don't. You don't know the half of it. I would break you until you begged and begged and then I would break you even more. This is not just some role playing sex kink, this is me, Loki!” Thor didn't seem to realise that this wasn't exactly putting Loki off but the younger god said nothing, he waited for Thor to let him go, which he finally did after a few more seconds of listening to their heavy breathing.

"Go and get cleaned up." Thor said before walking out the door and leaving Loki alone in their bedroom. Loki didn't know where he was going but he knew it was probably better that he left for now. Neither of them could have expected that outcome from today, their sparring had been so good.

He sighed and moved into the washroom to run himself a bath. He had forgotten how dirty they had both become from their fighting while they were writhing against each other just now and gods! What in Hel had just happened?

It didn't take him long to get clean, and he did everything in his power to not think about his earlier antics. He had somewhat reach the point where he couldn't question things any more; he just accepted that this was his life and nothing normal or easy was ever going to happen to him. He climbed straight into bed, without eating or anything and he just lay there, not really thinking of anything. His mind simply wandered from here to there, not halting on a subject for long before jumping to the next thing that popped up in his mind.

... 

It was well into the night when Thor returned. Loki had managed to doze off a couple of times, not really enough to make him feel any better but at least it shut his mind off for a little while. It was dark but he had seen Thor's silhouette move through the door and he heard shuffling as Thor stripped his clothes off, then he felt him as he climbed next to him into the bed. He was clean now, and Loki assumed he must have gone for a swim in the lake as he sometimes liked to do.

"You asleep?" He heard whispered by his side.

"Yes.” Loki deadpanned. He felt Thor shift onto his side. Oh gods, this meant talking. He closed his eyes and willed himself to fall asleep again.
"I'm sorry about earlier." Thor continued to whisper, even though there was no one else in the room with them. "I don't want to hurt you again like I did before and you doing things like you did earlier, is not helping me stick to that. I know you didn't mean it and I know that you're confused, as am I and I don't blame you, I really honestly do not blame you, but I don't think I have the control for something like that, not with you actually begging for it. It might be fine but I can't risk it, not after everything..."

"I get it, Thor. It was just because of the sparring and that just happened in that moment, I don't want you like that, we can drop it and forget about it, just stop speaking." Loki half lied, since he did actually want Thor to shut up.

"No, Loki. I will not stop, and neither should you. I won't let you ignore this and bury it before it's sorted."

"I'm not talking about this with you, go to sleep!" Loki tucked himself even more into himself, facing away from Thor. He felt a hand on his shoulder and next thing he knew he had been pulled round to face the older god, he tried to turn back but Thor pinned him with the one hand, still on his shoulder. He was leaning over him now, his own body half on top of him. Loki didn't know why he bothered but he struggled harder, and Thor just held him tighter.

"Loki, stop! Stop fighting me, and talk to me." He shook Loki slightly to emphasise his words. Loki did not stop fighting, if anything, he struggled harder, freeing his arms to try and push the other off him by hitting his, digging his nails into him painfully, anything. Thor trapped his arms down and almost crushed him against the bed with his own effort to keep the younger god still. He could see the sharp edges of Loki's face in the small amount of light in their room, could see the light reflecting his eyes and knew Loki was looking away from him as best he could. He could hear how his breathing had picked up and he was completely tense against him, but making the tiniest movements that Thor couldn't place.

"Loki, what're you do-" he cut off when he realised. He paused for a moment, just listening to the others breathing before he allowed one hand, not pinning him down, to slide up to Loki's neck, cupping round it, more in gesture than to actually do anything but he heard the breathing pick up more, and more again when he applied a slight pressure to the others throat. He felt, more than heard, the grunt that Loki made, pushing his hip upwards a little. He noticed the light flick in his eyes and new the younger man was looking at him. Finally.

"You're liking this; it's actually doing something to you."

"Stop it Thor." Loki almost whimpered, contradicting his words by gyrating his hips, seemingly unconsciously.

"I'm trying to understand Loki, why you would enjoy this after...after everything I did, how could you possibly like it?" He squeezed Loki's neck harder for a couple of seconds and Loki bucked and strained against him.

"Oh come on- " Loki ground out under the pressure of Thor's thumb."Everything else about me is a mess, is this really that much of a shock? Besides, don't mistake any of this for love...because I don't love you, I don't hold any positive feelings towards you. I hate you for doing this to me, for making me into this!"

He bucked up against Thor again, not really trying to throw him off, just illustrating his unhappiness about the entire situation. Thor let go of his neck, but kept him pinned to the bed, stopping him from being able to lash out again, just in case he thought of trying again.

He felt one of Thor's hands snake downwards and he knew just where it was going, his stomach
tensing and his hips pushing up to try and stop the hand from getting any further but of course, it didn’t work. Then Thor was feeling the hardness through the thin material of his night clothes. In this moment, Loki was glad for the darkness, as he did not want Thor to see the flush of sheer embarrassment across his face as he lay there uselessly.

He tried hard not to make a sound but Thor's grip grew tighter until he had to throw his head back and call out his pain.

"Gods Thor! Are you trying to rip it off? Let go!" He bucked hard, instantly regretting it when Thor didn’t let go and it caused him to pull hard on him, painfully. The noise he made was stuck between enjoyment and horror.

"You tell me to stop but you're liking this. That's not even me trying to justify anything; you are actually enjoying me being rough with you, aren't you?" Thor said, picking up a tight, hard rhythm on the younger god’s length, releasing Loki's hands, and Loki fully intended to punch him the first chance he got. Instead he ended up holding onto the other’s shoulders in a death grip as he was jerked roughly, trying to find a rhythm to work against but Thor was having none of that, changing pace and technique every minute or so, making Loki jolt and keeping him as uncomfortable as possible. Loki knew what Thor wanted from him and he was not going to give in for as long as he could help it.

Thor had all the control over Loki, he controlled when Loki started to enjoy it and when he didn’t, and of course he played with that. He let Loki build up to the edge of orgasm before stopping and changing the rhythm or moving to play lower, teasing his entrances but never entering him fully, making Loki sigh in frustration.

Eventually Loki started to struggle. They were under the covers and it was getting far too hot, sweat coating his skin and face.

"Thor-" he whined. "...if you're going to do it...fuck me...whatever you want...please...just do it...just stop torturing me...please!" He heard Thor's dark chuckle and couldn't only whimper in desperation.

"I'm not going to fuck you, Loki. I know I wouldn't be able to help myself, not with the sounds you make and the way you tense up helplessly against me, I wouldn't surely lose myself and do something regrettable."

"Then why...why are you toying with me?" Loki asked, getting angry but still grinding as best he could into Thor's hand to get more friction on his cock. He got no response straight away; he felt a pair of lips kissing his sweaty head softly, as though trying to hush a child.

"It's okay Loki. I'll let you get what you want...what you need. You just have to let me work you through it properly." He picked up his rhythm again and Loki couldn't even move against him, his hips held still, just taking in the feel from Thor's hand.

The grip on his cock suddenly disappeared completely and Thor's body moved down, now completely confident that Loki wasn’t going to try and move away. He felt warmth and wetness surrounding the head of his cock and smoothing down his length, one hand holding the base of him while the other slipped lower, then he felt the intrusion of two fingers pushing into his dripping wet entrance and prodding around his soft walls until he moaned and tightened around the fingers.

Thor lifted off his cock and latched his mouth onto different parts of Loki’s stomach as he pumped his fingers in and out of him, biting and sucking at his skin, hard. Loki cried out, feeling himself building up already, on his fingers alone but wishing Thor would go back to his cock too, pushing
his hips up to encourage the older man to move back. He breathed out in relief when Thor took
him back into his mouth and then there was just hot, wet, friction, the others teeth scraping against
his length as he pulled up before engulfing him again.

He added another finger to the ones working inside him, stretching him, slightly uncomfortably
but after a few more seconds of thrusting, the pain worked back into pleasure, only to turn into
worse pain when Thor tried to push the fourth finger into him.

"No...Thor...please...too much...too much!" Thor didn't even slow down, working his fingers,
wigging them down to get them wetter, easing the way more and sooner than Loki would admit,
he was pushing back against the large intrusion. Thor pushed past his fingers, working half of his
hand into him, stopped only by his thumb, to which he pulled back, tucking his thumb against the
palm of his hand and trying to push back in. He took it slowly, Loki hissing and whining
throughout the whole thing but eventually, his entire hand had slipped inside him and Loki closed
somewhat, around his wrist.

He let the hand there for a couple of minutes, letting Loki stretch to it, listening to the loud,
ragged, helpless breaths forcing their way out of the smaller god. Then he slowly closed his hand
into a fist, leaving his thumb under his fingers, so as not to scratch him and pulled his hand back
until it was almost out, feeling Loki’s passage automatically contracting to try and push him out
but he forced his way back in, knowing it just have been sip quite painful for the other, but
becoming slightly more giving as his hand became wetter and smoother.

It took a while but Loki’s pained whimpers became more pleased moans and then his head was
thrown back, hips moving in small circles as he was fucked onto Thor's hand. He seemed stuck
between bucking up into his mouth and pushing down onto the hand.

Loki was right there, tensing his stomach up ready to let his release blow him out of
consciousness, but of course, he should have expected that Thor was not going to let him have
that just yet. The hand on the base of his cock gripped agonisingly tight and Loki screamed in
unexpected pain.

"Ow-ow-Okay-okay-Thor-I-get-it-stop-please-I'm-not-coming-I'm-not-coming-ow-OW-THOR-
PLEASE!" Thor let to when he screamed and Loki just whimpered and breathed hard, trying not
to sob with the pain. He could feel his eyes burning. He had never felt a grip that tight on his cock
ever and he never wanted to again, even the fist, still stretching him open hadn't been that painful.
He was still impossibly hard though, and fuck if he knew what that meant.

Thor hushed him again and went back to work and Loki built up ready to spill in a matter of
seconds. He didn't dare to let himself get any closer. He was whimpering constantly and writhing
around without control, waiting for Thor to grip him again and kill off his orgasm.

Thor didn’t. Loki felt himself build and build and build, expecting himself to have spilled already
but it built further than he realised it could until he was crying with the sheer overwhelming
pleasure of it and then he came, and he cried some more, contracting hard around Thor's fist and
pulsing violently down his throat as his whole body went completely rigid and his mind blew up
into a world of white dots and a strange, mind numbing buzzing sound.

This was something that no fantasy he could have ever dreamed up would have matched and he
was still crying, the kind of really ugly crying that you would never want anyone to see. He was
leaking every possible fluid he could, sweat, tears, cum, he was pretty sure one of the bite marks
on his stomach was bleeding lightly too, judging by the way it still stung.

Loki lay still for what seemed like hours, stuck completely in his own world of complete and utter
numbness.
At some point, Thor must have pulled his hand out of him, because Loki felt two hands lifting him up from the bed and taking him somewhere, lying him down on something pleasantly cool. A few minutes later he was submerged into water, a hand holding his head up and he just whimpered as Thor washed him. He was starting to become aware of his surroundings again. He was in the washroom, in the bath to be more precise and Thor was cleaning him. He had stopped crying too.

That hadn't just been an orgasm, he wasn't quite sure what to call that but it was like he had gone somewhere, he had left his own body and was almost experiencing it from someone else's perspective, but if he thought back to his actual release, he remembered the feel of it, the strength and power of it washing through him and leaving him empty and numb. It was a beautiful place to be and he kind of wished he could have stayed there but his mind seemed to decide differently.

Sometime later, he was washed and dried and the sheets had been changed, he noticed as he was placed back into their bed. He guessed he must have sweated worse than he thought, this as well as all of the others fluid that probably made it past his own body to stain the materials of his bed. He was still naked too; Thor hadn't re-clothed him after washing him.

"What was-" he tried to ask but Thor cut him off.

"Hush, don't speak, you're completely wrung out, it's okay, just sleep." Loki didn't even know why he obeyed, since his mind fought every word that left Thor's mouth but he was out like a light in seconds in a deep, dreamless, perfect sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Hope you liked it ^___^

I also did this (rather smutty) drawing from the first chapter of this fic if you want to check that out here.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

So sorry for taking a while to upload. This one was quite hard to flesh out but hopefully it works. Also very long chapter again, longer than the last one so hopefully it makes up for it a bit. Very long sex scene too, but I felt that it was quite relevant in terms of character development, that it be quite drawn out, either way I hope you enjoy it anyway!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Since Frigga had starting teaching Kalda how to access and use her Seidr, Thor and Loki were quite often the butt of her harmless little pranks. She had learned how to shoot small bolts of energy but they were far too weak to do any real damage to anyone, she wouldn't be able to get stronger until she was much older. In the meantime Loki would be going about his everyday life, and suddenly, he would hear a sharp 'ow!' And smirk to himself, looking round to see Thor walking over to him, rubbing against whichever part of his body that Kalda had managed to 'zap'.

"Make way-" Loki smirked. "It seems that we now have a Goddess of mischief on our hands."

"There was no way that mother taught her that one, I know that was your doing, Loki." He would say.

"I have no idea what you are talking about Thor." Then he would show the older god his wrists with an all too innocent smirk. "I'm not much use, remember?"

"You have a small amount of magic, Loki. I'm not a fool." To which Loki would scoff and Thor would chuckle.

Sometimes Thor would catch Kalda trying to get him and he would pick her up and tickle her until she squealed and promised not to do it again, though she never kept that promise.

She had stayed true to her words too, not that Loki would have minded if she hadn't. When they took her out to see her friends, she often liked to go in her Asir form, but when she got back to their rooms, she would ask Loki to change her back within a few minutes. She said that it was more comfortable in this form and she felt a little more tired in her glamour, even if she wasn't performing the magic herself. Loki didn't know if that was normal or not since he had lived his entire life in his glamour.

As Kalda had learned some more magic and became better at it, her abilities only became stronger, as of course, they would. She was starting to learn to do her own glamour but as her Seidr wasn't quite strong enough yet, she could only hold it up for a short amount of time. It wouldn't be long before she would be able to though, she was learning so quickly.

She worked really hard at it too, Loki had been surprised by how well she had taken to magic, going to see Frigga at any spare time she had, to show her grandmother what she had learned. Her love for the library almost matched Loki's when he was her age. Loki would take her down there most days for a couple of hours so she could flick through the books, he wasn't sure how much of it she was actually taking in but he was sure he had seen her almost getting the hang of a couple of spells that he didn't think Frigga had taught her, so she must have picked up some of it.
Thor would often take her out into the palace grounds and teach her some basic wrestling moves and small fight strategies, nothing too major, of course, she was only four. She worked hard at anything they showed her and Loki loved to watch her learning and he loved that Thor wanted to teach her so much. It was one of these days that Loki sat under a tree, not far from where Kalda and Thor were play sparring, he had a book but he hadn't looked down at it for some time, too busy watching his daughter.

Loki had never thought that Thor would take to her like this, Hel, he had never thought that he himself would be able to love her like he does but for Thor, she was just here to prolong Loki's death sentence and Loki had figured that that was all she would ever really be to the blond, but he was glad to be wrong on this one. Kalda loved Thor so dearly and she didn't know, of course, but one day, not too far from now, she might only have him as a parent.

Loki was suddenly filled with a deep sadness and fear. It had been some time since this final sentence had been set upon him and his feelings about his past endeavours had changed somewhat. He still believes that his actions, at the time, were justifiable and understandable, though he will admit that his plan had been messy and foolishly rushed. He had been far too desperate to get the higher ground, to take control of something.

He doesn't feel the same about that now though, he no longer wishes to subjugate Midgard and it's strange for him to think, but he really just wishes for a simple life now, something quiet. He wants to watch his daughter grow up and know that he had a part in the beautiful woman that she becomes.

Of course, he will still be placed under Ørgrandr Fróðleikr, and that was not to be messed with, there was no way to fool it, you either were telling the complete truth or you weren't. In his case, he either regretted his actions or he didn't, there was no grey area, and that is what scared him. He's not sure he regrets it enough, since he still believes he was right in a sense. And that is enough for the spell to reject him.

And it's not like he even cared for his own fate, he was not afraid of dying, hadn't been for a while now, he'd even wished for it and welcomed it at times, but he did not wish to leave Kalda without a mother. She had Thor, and Frigga would be there for her as long as she physically could but one day Thor would be king, and would have many other responsibilities and Loki knew of many people within the palace alone, who wished ill upon her, some wanted her dead, some simply believed that she should be banished and Loki knew about this, not that he could do anything, since the rumours always spread from someone else's mouth, he never had any direct link to who was saying what. In the mean time, he would live as much as he could with his daughter and make her as happy as he could.

When Kalda got a bit tired, Thor walked her round, looking at all the strange plants and overgrowth by the walls and by the lake, telling her about them. She would pick things that she liked because she thought that their quarters were not pretty enough, since, as Frigga had pointed out, the two men were not nearly as tasteful in their decorating. They were Thor's rooms, so Loki had never thought to change them, even if he now lived there too. Thor didn't have a problem with her putting the flowers and plants around the place, as long as they weren't in the way, and they did look nice.

...
without some kind of snarky comment. He was surprised to see worry in the other’s eyes.

"Is everything alright?" Loki asked quietly.

"I can't get my mind to rest." He replied, and Loki would have sighed and turned back, ignoring him, if he hadn't felt that there was a lot more behind this on its way.

"Well, maybe you..."

"Do you regret what you did, them years ago?" Thor suddenly burst out. This time Loki did sigh, but not for the same reasons as before.

"I've been thinking about this recently too." He said, running his hands through his hair.

"Look." He continued. "I did what I did when I did; I was in a very different mindset due to the situation. Had I waited or gone about it differently, I probably wouldn't have taken them courses of action, no. Having said that, I still believe that my actions were justified at that time."

"But when you..." Thor cut off for a moment, seeming to struggle a little before continuing. "When you let go of me on the Bifrost, clearly you survived but you were not in your right mind when I saw you down on Midgard. What I mean is what changed between the Bifrost and Midgard that made you so...so...delusional?"

Loki's expression turned defensive and Thor quickly tried to backtrack. "No no, you know what I meant, it was obviously never going to work, but what happened to make you so angry towards a race that had nothing to do with us. I somewhat understood your attempt to destroy Jotunheim, even if it was a messed up idea, but attempting to subjugate Midgard? Why?"

"I was a king." Loki snapped. "A rightful heir to the throne, and I don't just mean of Asgard. I was Laufey's own son, had he not abandoned me, I would most likely have been the king of Jotunheim as we speak, but of course, I was ripped away from that at birth, the unwanted runt. And I was never going to be king here, Odin let us grow up to believe that we could both be, but you were always going to be king." Tears were starting to burn at Loki's eyes but he forced them back, he knew that Thor could hear the wobble in his voice, though.

"Loki..." Thor started.

"It wasn't even about being king! I made it about that, indeed but I just wanted to be acknowledged. I was his son too, even if only in pretend. He could have told me who I was from the beginning and not let me grow up in fear and hatred of a race that I was unknowingly part of!" The tears spilled, and Loki couldn't stop them. He seemed to growl angrily at himself for letting his emotions show so easily. "And I do." He continued, hating the sound of his voice right now. "I do hate them; it's all I've ever known of them. I hate them and I hate that I am one of them; I am disgusted by my real being. I return to that form for Kalda's sake and I love her dearly but damn me to Hel if I don't hate the Jotnar existence!"

"I know father let us grow up hating the Jotnar as a race, which, in the light of everything, was actually not his best decision." Thor hushed, a hand coming up to rest on Loki's shoulder, somewhat surprised to find that Loki didn't shove him away. "We may not agree with their way of living, they don't like us and in turn, we don't like them. We think them cruel, cold, heartless and dark." He looked at Loki who had raised one eyebrow at him, a slightly bemused look on his teary face, seemingly at how easily Thor had agreed with him. He had expected Thor to tell him the opposite, that surely they were a peaceful race, given the chance. Thor smiled, letting out an amused breath. "What I'm trying to say, is that, we are different, they way we live, our ideas, traditions, everything, but that doesn't make either race a bad one. If Asgard and Jotunheim could
just see this and agree to disagree, then an alliance wouldn't seem like such an impossible idea.”

Loki hummed, seemingly in agreement. Thor might not have been the most literary or academic person he knew but he was a good strategist, he knew people. He still hated the Jotnar, even if he was one, like his mother had said; he was not raised like one so he could never truly be like them. He figured, Odin found him all them years ago, he saw an opportunity to possibly bring the two words together in the future, and he took it. He should have found a way to do this without using Loki and he would never understand what Odin had thought would happen. He had accepted that he would never know, a long time ago.

He had never actually spoken of his true heritage to Thor before, not once. Back on the Bifrost after he had just found out himself, he mentioned that he was not Thor's brother but Thor had sort of avoided really mentioning the Jotnar at all since. Loki had thought that maybe there was a slight sense of guilt for all the hate and threats Thor had once put upon them and their name, since finding out Loki was one of the, but he had pushed that idea aside pretty much instantly. Though, now he wasn't so sure again.

"One thing I know for sure though." Thor said. "I will never see you that way; you are not one of them. You may be Jotun by blood but you are not of the Jotnar. I see you in your 'true form' and all I see is you, a man who is hiding in the belief that he is a monster, but he doesn't seem to understand that the people who love him, will love him as he is, however he chooses to be." He paused, and then decided against it. "Though I do hope that you will come to accept yourself, and not need to be told by others that you are loved to understand that."

Loki stayed quiet for a few moments, thinking to himself while Thor leaned against him, his body, a small comfort to him, if just because of the physical pressure of the man keeping him grounded. He knew his mother loved him regardless, as of course, did Kalda, but that went without saying. Thor had always loved him as a brother, even so after finding out that they weren't. Now his love couldn't be brotherly, for Loki was not one bit the brother he had once been to Thor. So much had changed; even Thor couldn't pretend to deny it. Thor's love was of a different sort, a sort that Loki didn't really understand.

"I could never love you in the way you want me to, not after everything and simply not in general. I don't know exactly what your feelings are for me and I don't need to, for I am sure I do not reciprocate them." He expected Thor to sigh and plead with him, tell him that they could be something, if Loki just let him. What he didn't expect was the small huffed chuckle from the other man.

"I am not foolish enough to associate your want for sex with any form of affection towards me, Loki. I know you far too well for that." Loki blushed, just lightly, barely noticeable and Thor smiled at him.

"It's not technically sex since you refuse to let it get to that." Loki quipped at the older man. Thor sighed a little, but not in frustration.

"It's not that I won't, it's just that I'm not sure that I trust myself to do it right just yet. If we were to agree upon sleeping together, then it wouldn't like be any of our previous couplings, it couldn't be. If I were to get lost in the moment...I don't want to hurt you again, not like I did, I couldn't do that to you again." Thor ran his hands through his hair and sighed.

"I want to, I really do. But properly, not to say that rough sex isn't proper but it's not the only way to enjoy it, and it feels like maybe that's not something that you understand yet..."

"And whose fault is that?" Loki accused, glaring at the blond. It was surprising how fast conversations could turn from good natured to poisonous pretty quickly, and this could very well
"I know." Thor sighed. "Gods! Loki I know, it was my fault, and I'm sorry for that. I truly, truly am, I never wanted to hurt you, I just didn't know what else to do and we were running out of time so quickly and I panicked. I know that's not enough, it will never be enough and if I could change it I would, to have found another way to at least prolong the sentence." He looked desperately at Loki and the younger god knew he was telling the truth, not that it changed anything, he had never really apologised for what he did. The words had been said, but Thor had been tied to his bed, thinking he was about to be revenge raped by Loki anyway so his apology hadn't counted as sincere. Now though, he had no reason to have to say it, unless, of course, he meant it.

And it wasn't just that, Loki could see the older god meant it, clearly written on his face. Loki felt his anger die out as fast as it had appeared, but not because of the apology. Something else that Thor had said triggered something deep in him, he couldn't put the feeling into words but it filled him up, leaving room for nothing else.

"You know." Loki started slowly, not sure if he would regret speaking in a few seconds. "It's strange, I hated you so much for what you did, I still do, by no means are you forgiven and you probably never will be, not for that. But I can't say that I regret what you did anymore, I would be almost lying if I did."

Thor frowned but stayed quiet, letting Loki continue. He didn't want to break his train if thought, since he was being so open with him.

"But I look at Kalda now and may the gods forever damn me to Hel for saying it but in a way...I'm sort of...glad it happened...if only because she was the result of it. There was no way I would have ever agreed to sleep with you at that time, so the only chance for her to have ever existed, would have been for you to forcibly impregnate me. Had we waited somehow and become comfortable enough together to consensually have sex, the child wouldn't have been Kalda, it would have been someone else. And I'm sure we would have loved them the same but I can't even begin to imagine it having been anyone else but her. I mean look at her, Thor. She's perfect." They watched their sleeping daughter in her bed, just over from theirs.

"I'm not thanking you, not even anything close to the sort, but I'm just saying...she...that I..." He sighed for the umpteenth time that night. "I'm glad she exists. And however twisted and messed up that makes me, I cannot make myself feel different about that."

Thor rubbed Loki's back softly. "I'm glad she exists too."

... Since Loki had let Thor pleasure him, they had done so again a few more times since, not often, maybe a couple of times a month, but it was strange because they had never really talked about it again until that one night. Thor would just sort of do it, or Loki would somehow hint that he wanted it and it would go from there. And not once, had Thor asked for anything in return, he fulfilled whatever Loki needed and they said no more.

Loki wasn't sure if he was the only one who could feel it, but there was a tension building up with them, being around Thor, the way Thor did these things to him, for him, but asked for nothing back, and Loki didn't offer, mostly because he couldn't decide how Thor would actually respond to it. It seemed that the more they said nothing, the more it worked up in Loki's mind until he was ready to burst, wanting to know where he stood in all of this, what in Hel was going on in that blond oafs mind?
And then Loki decided to Hel with it. He waited until Kalda was with Frigga again, this time it was in the day, not long after lunch and Kalda would be with his mother for the next couple of hours, at least.

"Alright that's it." Loki all but yelled, barging over to Thor who looked at him, with a hint of what appeared to be fear for a moment as the younger god seemed moments away from launching at the other. Loki sat down next to him in the bed, more composed than expected, based on his display just moments ago.

"What's what?" Thor responded dumbly.

"I'm tired of being confused, of waiting for you to give me some sign of where you are going with all of this."

"With all of what? Loki, I don't..."

"Are you going to fuck me or not?" Loki deadpanned. Thor froze, seemingly, he hadn't expected the question, though Loki couldn't really see why, this strange tension had been going on long enough to not notice it.

Thor sighed, leaning forward. "No, Loki. I'm not going to fuck you." It was Loki's turn to be surprised.

"Well...why not?" It was not like Loki hadn't consented enough times at this point. He had expected Thor to have jumped at the chance; this is what he had wanted all along, wasn't it?

"I 'fuck' whores whose job it is to service me. People who mean nothing to me, Loki, I cannot do it like that with you. Like I've said before, if you really want to do this, we do it properly."

"You fucked me the first time round; you didn't seem to mind then." Loki shot back.

"That wasn't fucking, so much as breeding." Thor replied, looking rather shameful at his own words.

"So what, you want to take me gently, like some delicate maiden, scared by her own desire? A blushing virgin?" Loki's words bit into Thor deep, using the words that Thor had used to describe him that first time.

"Loki please, I know you feel not for me in that way but if we are going to do this, then I want to show you that making love can be much more than what you think it is, it doesn't have to be violent." Thor angled his body openly towards Loki; he was taking the tricksters sharp words, as though it might be proving something.

"We are not 'making love' Thor, that will never be us, it just won't." Loki crossed his arms, sitting back with a huff.

"I know that, Loki. Believe me, I know that. But that doesn't mean it has to be the way it's always been."

"I recall you saying that you wouldn't be able to help yourself if we did this, that having me 'writhing and begging beneath you' would simply be too much for you to handle."

"It will be difficult, I will not lie, for my personal enjoyments have mostly come from activities of a rougher sort but that does not mean that I am incapable of being gentle. I can show you" 

"Fine, fine, do what you want, can you just get on with it?"
Thor moved closer to Loki, his movements deliberately slow. "If this is what you want." Thor said hesitantly, looking up into Loki's eyes. The younger god rolled his eyes, and then nodded. "You will see. I will show you." Thor whispered to him. Loki said nothing, he just waited for Thor to make his move, since the older god seemed to be set on doing it his way, Loki wasn't so sure.

Sort or unnecessarily tenderly, Thor placed the palms of his hands on Loki's face and for a moment, Loki thought he might pull him in for a kiss, not quite sure how he would respond to that. Thor didn't though, he simply stroked his cheeks with the pads of his thumbs, pushing his fingers back through the younger mans hair, scratching lightly at his scalp and giving him, what could be described as a head massage.

Loki would never admit it but it did feel pretty good, relaxing.

"Close your eyes." Thor whispered, getting up onto his knees, to get a better angle on Loki's head. The trickster did as Thor asked and soon Thor was massaging along his neck and shoulders, hands pulling his upper clothing off, stroking down his arms and squeezing his hands, slowly making him more pliant. He gently pushed Loki to lie down on his back and massaged along his chest and stomach briefly, then undoing the clasps of his trousers and peeling the tight material from his legs, leaving him lying naked and waiting, before moving to his thighs rubbing out any tense muscles. Loki started to feel more and more relaxed as he succumbed to Thor's movements.

Thor worked down his legs, smoothing out the younger gods calves and digging his thumbs into the bridges of his feet, and Loki let out a soft sigh at the way his body relaxed, almost like it wasn't his body anymore, he felt heavy, like his limbs were too heavy to lift up but at the same time he felt like he was floating. And that made no sense but it was the only similar description he was going to get at this time.

"Tell me what to do, tell me what you want." Thor murmured to him, to Loki, it sounded a bit like he was calling from the distance, his brain content and fuzzy, not recognising the words properly.

"Just...just do what you want, I care not for discussion." He didn't open his eyes, but he knew just from the way Thor breathed that it wasn't going to be that simple.

"No, Loki. Talk to me, please, guide me to pleasure you correctly, it's the only way this will work." Loki felt Thor stop his movements, clearly intent on sorting this before moving any further.

"You said that you wanted to show me, Thor. That is not showing me anything, that is me showing you. There was clearly a point that you wanted to make, so make it. Show me." Loki protested.

There was a pause for a few moments. It was almost like he could hear the cogs going round in Thor's head as he decided what to do next. Then Loki felt the bed dip more towards him, just before the feel of Thor's body, hovering just over his own, followed by a warm mouth, pressing gently on the centre line of his chest. Loki felt the wet tongue drag up to his collar and he leaned his head back, stretching his neck out with a light hum.

Thor continued to rub whatever limbs he could reach as he kissed along the others body, kneading him between his fingers. He moved his head down to a nipple, taking it between his teeth hesitantly before rolling his tongue over the sensitive bead. Loki tensed, his back arching forward, pushing him towards Thor's mouth, but he made no other sounds, continuing to breath strongly through his nose, moving sometimes to his mouth and back again. Thor played there for a while, using his thumb to massage the other nipple and then swapping until he had Loki fidgeting, pushing his chest out, trying to make Thor slide lower.

Thor took his sweet time, kissing and licking his way across Loki's chest, using his fingers to
gently tickle down Loki's sides, making his skin light up, only increasing the fidgeting. Loki had started to sweat a little, his body glistening in the limited light. Thor knew they would only get hotter as they went on but he loved how Loki looked when he was sweating and writhing and looking almost out of his mind on pleasure. He would make sure that Loki reached that point this evening.

Moving down more, Thor dipped his tongue into the younger gods’ navel, making his squirm and moan, seeming to give in on his attempt at being quiet, a sensitive spot, Thor noticed and proceeded to lick and suck at the area until Loki was chuntering lightly. He had started making small humping movements towards the larger man and Thor knew he was hard, as was he but he would make Loki wait. He would make Loki beg for it first.

It was only a few centimetres below the navel that Loki's cock sat proudly, awaiting attention from the blond. Thor kissed right up to it, hearing Loki's breath hitching with the anticipation, only to sigh when Thor moved over to suck on a hip bone instead. He used the back of his finger to stroke delicately along the smooth skin of Loki's cock, barely touching the hard length but the sensitive god pressed his hips forward, trying to get more friction, but Thor only pulled back, using his other hand to hold the younger man's hips down.

"Torturing someone doesn't need to involve violence. Sexual teasing seems to suffice for you from what I can see." Loki could hear the smirk in Thor's voice as he tormented the younger man. Loki moaned in complaint and pushed up again and then louder when Thor dragged his fingers lower, tickling at his thighs, which he spread, more willingly than he would ever admit.

He felt Thor's short prickly beard scratch against the soft flesh of his inner thighs, moving upwards until he was just millimetres from where Loki wanted it. He breathed out against the warm entrance and Loki's breathing picked up, his hands playing with the furs beneath him, trying to keep himself from moving around so much. He just wanted to thrust up against Thor's mouth and rut against him until he came and came again.

Thor placed his hands underneath Loki's thought, urging him to bend his knees, so he could lie comfortable between them and hold onto him better. Then, after what seemed like an eternity to Loki, Thor slowly leaned forward, nudging his slightly parted lips against the tricksters’ soft, flushed entrance, just holding himself against there for a moment, feeling Loki desperately trying not to push against him, knowing full well that Thor would just pull back if he did.

A firm tongue pressed in between the plump flesh and wiggled its way around and against Loki, exploring every contour, every dip and bump and Loki was moaning and sort of trying to hump himself onto the intruding muscle, hoping for Thor to press into him.

Thor licked and prodded and teased Loki until the god was on the verge of begging before, using his hands to spread the man’s legs as far as they would allow, pulling his arms free to part Loki's flesh with his fingers and mould the entire of his lower face against his groin, his tongue pushing into the willing god as deep as it could and fucking in and out quickly.

Loki was left almost breathless as he tried to take as much as he could from the gesture before Thor could pull back, which of course, he did after a couple of minutes. Loki gave in much sooner than expected.

"Thor...please...I can't...just...just do it already...fuck me...please...just fuck me." Loki writhed around in frustration, breathing out his begging words, his eyes still closed, in no way was he able to look at Thor in this moment, and he just hoped that Thor would stay silent, fuck him and let him have it this way.

He felt the movement of Thor climbing up and off the bed, heard the heavy footsteps as he walked
away and approached again, followed by a light clank of glass on the floor next to the bed. He smelled the faint smell of incense and a herb, often used for healing. He knew that Thor had fetched the oil. This was it; Thor was going to do it. It only just seemed to hit Loki, that this was going to be the first and only time that Thor had ever penetrated him, since the first, non-consenting time. This was it.

He felt the bed dip again and Loki breathed hard again, this time it was in fear, rather than need. He wanted this, he really did but he was taking a huge risk here. Thor could do this, he could be as every bit gentle as he made out, or he could be rough but giving, if Loki asked him to pull back, maybe he would. But what if he didn't? What if Loki's sobs of fear, or begging for his retreat only urged him on more, he knew that Thor had always liked it that way. He said it himself, he wouldn't be able to control himself, what made things any different now? He might not stop, he might get worse, he might become even more brutal now that he has Loki's consent, and Loki had already given it, heck, Loki had begged him to do it, Thor was in his rights to do what he wanted now, maybe it was already too late to go back and Thor was simply planning what to do with him first.

"Loki." The younger god startled a little, sent off into his own world of worry while Thor had been doing who knew what. "Loki, open your eyes."

A few seconds of dread and Loki obeyed. Thor was leaning over him, as naked as he was, hands back on his face, stroking his thumbs in small circles on his cheeks.

"I need you to say it." Loki didn't need him to explain it further, though he hadn't quite expected that Thor would directly ask for his consent, since Loki had already pretty much begged him to do it, how much more consenting could you get, really? Although in all fairness, in light of everything that had happened over the past few years, it wasn't exactly a surprising use of extra precaution.

Loki looked at him a little longer, Thor just waited, more patiently than Loki was sure that he had ever been. If he consented, this was it; no going back, the blame could only be his if this went hideously wrong, for he knew just what he was getting himself into by agreeing to this.

Slowly, Loki nodded, making sure to look Thor in the eye, no room for misunderstanding.

"I give you my full consent."

That was it, Loki was completely in Thor's hands, he had given up his control to the older man and now he could only hope that he didn't regret it. Thor smiled lightly, seemingly a little relieved before he leant down, and their lips met. It wasn't a kiss, not really, it was about as intimate as a handshake, an agreement. He was signing a physical contract. He felt himself tremble slightly and knew Thor had felt it too.

The older man pulled back, far more gently than he probably would have normally, stroking his hands down Loki's sides, as more of a comforting gesture than anything else. Loki shifted around, to settle himself comfortably, still eyeing Thor as the older man gently pulled open the others legs again, this time with an entirely different meaning, Loki would not be begging him any time soon. In fact, he had become noticeably stiff since his agreement and would probably stay lightly until he knew Thor's intentions were harmless.

The blond leaned over the side of the bed, and Loki assumed it was go get the oil, he was slightly confused, however, to see Thor pick up a glass, half filled with what looked like water, sitting up and bringing the cup towards Loki.

"You will need to drink this. It won't completely prevent you from getting pregnant but it's better
than nothing at all. Of course! Loki hadn't even thought of it in his own hazed mind. He sat up slightly, recognising the scent of the herb used to make this particular concoction, not that he had ever had to use it in the past, lifting his hands to take the cup from Thor and bringing it to his lips, quickly drinking down the contents and passing the cup back to Thor. The older man leaned back down, placing the cup down on the floor with a clank.

"It will take a few minutes to be sure it takes so in the mean time..." Loki heard the faint noise as Thor dipped his fingers into the oil and brought them back up, casting Loki a reassuring glance while he pressed the slick fingers against Loki's already slightly prepared entrance. He didn't press in straight away, massaging around lightly. There wasn't really much need for the oil, since Loki was plenty wet, thanks to Thor's earlier stimulation, but it calmed him a little to know that Thor was making certain that Loki was being made as comfortable as possible. Loki had been claimed only once before, and Thor wasn't exactly hung like the average man.

Loki lay back down as a finger was pressed into him; he hummed and rotated his hips as Thor rubbed around gently. Of course, Loki wanted more much sooner than Thor seemed to be willing to give it to him but he held out patiently, remembering that this could still go very differently at any given point. A second finger joined the first and he moaned a little louder and Thor pressed deeper, awakening more sensations inside him. He knew Thor was going to go slow with this but he would let him, for rushing either of them would get them nowhere, and may be regretted. Thor was actually going to be participating in the side of this that involved his own pleasure, and for him in particular, quite a bit of self restraint. Loki still wasn't sure if he had made a horrible mistake thinking that this could work out. There was only one way to find out now though.

The third finger made him hiss a little, Thor's eyes jolted up to his, his movements halting, waiting for Loki to signal him to continue. A few seconds later, Loki gave a little nod and Thor rubbed in small circles, stretching the younger god gently. It didn't take too long to have him writhing around again, trying to clamp down and get more from the blond.

Thor leaned down and took the head of the tricksters cock into his mouth, letting his tongue wriggle and tease the sensitive end while he continued to prepare him. Loki was humming and thrusting and gripping at the furs in his effort to keep quiet. There were guards just outside these rooms and he wasn't sure how soundproof the walls were.

"I'm not a child, Thor. Get on with it." He urged sounding less snappy than he had intended and more desperate. He didn't want to push Thor too fast, but he wasn't that delicate.

Thor huffed at him lightly, sitting back up and then Loki felt the fingers tug lightly as they pulled out. He leaned back down and dipped his hand into the oil once again and Loki kept his eyes open this time, watching his movements. The older god brought the slathered hand down to his own, more than ready erection, covering the entire thing with more than enough oil, stroking himself to be sure. He quickly wiped off the most of what was left up against Loki's entrance and finally against his own thigh before he pressed himself forward, Loki's thighs lifted up, making way for his as his hands came up to lie either side of the younger mans shoulders.

"You're ready?" Thor asked, still giving Loki the chance to opt out, should he wish to. Loki nodded, closing his eyes and tilted his head back, and waiting. This was it, the first time he would actually be having proper consensual sex with an actual person. He couldn't bring himself to feel the same kind of virginal humiliation though and when he felt Thor line up, the tip of his cock against Loki, his tensing was purely in anticipation.

"Loki." Thor whispered, pressing forward slowly. He slid in nice and smoothly, with only minimal discomfort on Loki's behalf. They both gasped lightly as he pushed deeper, Loki's muscles almost pulling him in and then he was there, almost to the hilt, though it would take a few thrusts to complete the last inch or so. Thor just froze, his eyes closing, as Loki opened his own to
see Thor's face close to his. Loki watched him breathe deeply a few times before opening his eyes, meeting the younger man's.

They looked at each other for a long minute. Thor testily pulled his hips back, just slightly, sighing at the way Loki's eyes fluttered and then focused back on him. His expression was completely unreadable, like he was just watching Thor to see what would come next. The older god pulled his hips back and thrust in at the same slow pace and Loki pulled his legs up, thighs clamping round Thor's hips pulling him into him.

Thor set his pace, and seemed adamant on sticking to it, thrusting smoothly and hard but not rough, every thrust driving deep. Loki flattened his feet against the bed, leaving his knees up against Thor, and pressed back up to meet the others thrusts. They both moaned.

They stayed like this for a while, moving against each other. At some point, Thor had pulled Loki's hands up to entwine their fingers while they worked each other over. Loki automatically closed his eyes, relaxing back, trying to get a little more into it. This felt good but not like the other times, the rough hand jobs, heck, not even the fisting, which he hadn't even asked for.

"No." Thor breathed. "Look at me...Loki, open your eyes." He thrust a little harder and Loki moaned, his face contorting but he managed to open his eyes. Thor was mere centimetres away from his face and their eyes locked.

"Faster, Thor." Loki dared to risk it, giving into his need over his fear. He didn't feel Thor speed up though. "Come on." He urged, pressing his feet into the others back. Thor shook his head.

"Patience Loki, this is fine. You're not used to it, just let yourself feel it, it will get better."

Loki hummed in slight complaint and thrusted himself back against the blond, trying to change Thor's mind and make him give in to it. Thor moaned, his own eyes squeezing shut momentarily but he held strong.

The older god leaned down onto his elbows rather than his hands, pulling their bodies flush together and started rotating his hips instead of thrusting in and out. He didn't pull back as far, but ground his hips against Loki's insides and Loki's eyes squeezed tight against his will as he cried out at the change in technique. He gripped onto Thor for dear life and gasped and moaned and lost himself in the feeling of Thor inside him, so different to a few moments ago, and the first time, not forceful and painful and scary, but desperate and consensual and pleasurable.

Loki felt Thor entwine their hands again and he opened his eyes, seeing the usually pale blue of his once brother, now looking a deep cerulean, maybe from the light, maybe something else but he almost gasped at the expression, wondering if he too was so openly revealing such emotions through his eyes. He liked to think that he had a bit more reserve than that but he wasn't so sure he was doing too well right now, and he didn't really care so much, not with what was happening right now.

Thor held eye contact with him for ages, looking deep into Loki's eyes, like he was searching for something, Loki didn't know what. Their faces seemed to be getting even closer as they moved and then Thor was leaning down hesitantly and then younger god knew where this was going but made no move to stop Thor as he pressed his lips against his own. Loki didn't reciprocate the kiss, nor did he close his eyes, even though Thor had done just that, he watched the super close proximity of the others face.

Thor didn't appear to be giving up any time soon, his mouth working insistently against Loki's. After a couple of minutes, Loki decided to Hel with it and opened his mouth, allowing Thor to delve in and take what he wanted, feeling the older man's moan but Thor didn't ravish him as he
had expected. Instead he moved his mouth slowly, rhythmically with his thrusts, which he slowed down to be able to focus more on the kiss.

Loki could feel himself building slowly towards an eventual release; the extra time taken to work him up was bringing him right up to a level of orgasmic ecstasy, not quite enough to tip him over the edge, but holding him almost levitating over the fall he so desperately awaited. Thor didn't speed up as he realised that Loki was almost there, he kept the same pace, along with the deep, much too intimate kiss and Loki could only tense and writhe and moan as wave after wave of pleasure increased in its intensity. It was Thor's hand, though, coming down to massage at his more than eager cock that finally pushed him over the edge.

"Come with me, Loki." Thor breathed into his open mouth. "Let go."

Thor continued to kiss him and swallow Loki's cries as he moved at the same pace while Loki came, somehow elongating the orgasm, making it feel at least twice as long and when the bright light behind the younger god's eyes finally died down, he could feel the last of Thor's own pulses against his insides, signalling the blond's own release. Loki slumped back, breathing deep and hard, his skin shimmering with sweat, as was Thor, their various fluids mixing in different places as they lay, almost stuck together.

They stayed like this for a while, Thor's cock had softened a few minutes after his release but he was still inside Loki, neither of them daring to move. Loki hadn't the slightest idea what to say.

He had done it.

He had given in, let Thor do what he wanted. Opened himself up, completely vulnerable to Thor's whims, to fulfil whatever fantasy that the older man could have wanted, and been able to get away with completely because Loki had given him his consent. Thor could have done anything to him and Thor... hadn't taken advantage.

No, he had been gentle and soft and everything Loki had always thought sex would be when he was a young teenager. Of course that dream had been stomped out when he had first visited the harem, and seen all the drunken men, beating and abusing the women there, thrusting into them relentlessly, ignoring their groans of pain with a slap on the ass.

And Loki had seen a lot of it, thought he had never thought that it would happen to him. Of course, he had faced a few of these men in his young years, especially when the rumours about his dual sex had spread, the perverse men wishing to find out for themselves, just what was lying beneath the young prince's robes, but he had batted them away, most often with the help of Thor himself. The old Thor. The Thor who was his brother, who protected Loki's honour and general well being. Loki knew he was alright when the other was around. But then, a few years ago happened and everything truly changed for them.

Slowly, Thor lifted himself up, slipping out of Loki and standing up next to their bed. He turned round and offered Loki his hand.

"Bath." He said simply. Loki let Thor help him up, still feeling a little shaky from what they had done. He walked ahead of Thor into the washroom and started to prepare the bath. Thor joined him and helped, and then they both climbed into the tub, it was big enough for both of them, though it wasn't something they had done often.

Thor started moving Loki around so he could wash him and Loki couldn't bring himself to stop him, even when Thor cleaned him in some slightly more intimate places, which made him flush, he let the man wipe him down and wash away the evidence of their coupling. Thor washed his hair, massaging at his head lightly and Loki's eyes drooped closed, feeling sleepy, even though
there was still hours before nightfall. Thor didn't seem to mind though, stroking the younger man’s head and back for a bit before quickly washing himself and getting them both out.

Once Loki was dry, Thor made him go and lay in their bed.

"Get some sleep; you look like you need it. I'm going to go and rescue mother from our daughter. She's looked after her for long enough." He chuckled lightly but Loki's eyes were already drifting shut as he shifted himself into a more comfortable position. Thor left quietly a couple of minutes later.

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It ended up being a couple of hours before Thor returned with Kalda, leaving Loki to sleep. He was still sleeping soundly when they returned. Kalda ran over and climbed into the bed next to him, waking Loki just enough to realise what was happening before he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into a cuddle, allowing his Jotun form to spread over him, breaking through her glamour and smiling as Kalda sighed contentedly. Thor couldn't join them like this of course but Loki could care less. He hugged Kalda tighter and they fell asleep together, leaving Thor to himself for a bit.

Thor woke them both up again, not much long afterwards, for dinner. He had to prod at Kalda since he couldn't touch Loki, but Kalda woke him up anyway.

"Come on you two, I'll bet your both hungry by now." Thor said, gesturing for them to leave. Loki just brought back his glamour and hummed his agreement, ignoring the small smirk that Thor gave him as they left for the dining room.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Please let me know what you thought :D
As Kalda reached five, Loki found himself seeing the next year as a bit of a countdown. Not really a countdown, but his time was running out and he still wasn't sure how he felt. The idea of that stressed him out more than whatever his opinions and emotions, based on his crimes were anyway. His own inability to feel full remorse for his actions could be the reason that his daughter has to grow up motherless and the guilt was eating away at him. It wasn't even about dying anymore; he could care less about his death. Kalda knew nothing about what would be happening when she turned six, as far as she knew for now, life was going normally.

For now, his inner thoughts were kept to himself; he went about his daily life, showing nothing that would make anyone think that anything could be wrong. Not that anything really was wrong just yet; it was still on his mind a lot lately. Besides, he had enough on his mind without the rest of it. Everything was mixing up and he can only go along with things, like he doesn't quite have the choice to step away and take the time to think things over.

He had sex with Thor, by his own choice. He consented to have the man who he had been through so much with, who had both wrecked him and helped piece him back together. He still couldn't quite grasp onto why he had allowed it either, and they had done it again since then, a few times in fact. Thor seemed to be learning, that he couldn't deny. They had done rough, very rough, they had also done slow and gentle and since then, Thor seemed to realise what it was Loki needed at the time. Sometimes he needed Thor to show him caring and loving, not that he would ever admit it, and sometimes he just needed to forget everything for a while and be fucked to within an inch of his life, and if that was because of what Thor did to him at the start of all this, Loki didn't know or care, because Thor could make him forget, he could make it so that nothing mattered anymore, just for that short amount of time. But Thor controlled it, he told Loki what he needed, he didn't ask and Loki needed that more than he realised.

"Shhhhhh, Loki. You'll wake Kalda." Thor whispered into his ear. That didn't stop him from continuing to rock into Loki, who, for reasons unknown to him on this night, seemed to be struggling to keep quiet. Thor leaned closer to Loki and bit down on the muscle between his neck and shoulder, calming a handover his mouth to muffle the cry he knew the younger man would make at that. He was right too, Loki arched up, straining against him and hummed, his eyes rolling back in his head and Thor felt how tightly he clamped around him.

It was surprisingly rare that Thor took Loki from behind when they did couple, but the younger gods’ responses were so much wilder when they did. Currently, Loki was laying on his back, legs wrapped so tightly around Thor's waist, almost stopping Thor from being able to thrust properly, so he ground in a circular motion instead, another thing he knew that Loki really enjoyed. Thor
was leaning on one elbow, his hand, which had been under Loki's head, now over his mouth, while his other hand was currently pumping two fingers into the entrance which was unoccupied by his cock, pressing and rubbing against all of the sensitive areas he had found and learned the more they had done this. His own face was pressed against the side of the trickster as he kissed and licked his ear and neck and jaw and Loki's hands were gripping into his shoulders, nails sometimes digging into his skin, not that Thor minded at all.

Loki suddenly hummed against Thor's hand and he could hear the warning in the sounds and knew Loki was close to release. Thor slowed down significantly, smiling a little at Loki's protests.

"You can't release yet, Loki, you are far too loud." He received a death glare for that one, removing his hand, he replaced it with his mouth, picking his thrusts back up and Loki kissed back, if only in an attempt to keep Thor preoccupied enough to keep moving. Loki wasn't really fussed about kissing but Thor seemed to like it, and it didn't bother him. By all means, Thor was a good kisser, but a messy one too, he loved using his tongue and kissing so deeply they could feel their teeth clash together sometimes. Loki's jaw would often ache after, for having held it wide open for however long, but he was mostly too preoccupied with the aches left elsewhere to really care.

Loki had built up to his release again and tried not to let Thor know so he wouldn't deny it him again but Thor seemed to have learned the telltale signs that Loki was about to orgasm, even if Loki, himself didn't know what they were. Thor stopped kissing him and slowed right down again as Loki hit the very edge of release, stumping it before it could form and Loki made a frustrated sound, squirming against the blond to show his annoyance. Thor chuckled again, letting go of his mouth to stroke through Loki's sweat soaked hair.

"You think I wouldn't know you were about to come? You are really quite obvious Loki." He leaned forward, pecking different parts of Loki's face and neck with little kisses as he spoke quietly.

"Your eyebrows slant upwards and your eyes twitch a little or simply squeeze shut and that's how I know how powerful your orgasm will be, but mostly I notice the changes in your breathing. It becomes shorter, more desperate until you are just letting out these tiny little puffs through your nose, that's how I know that you're just about to go. Your body starts tensing more as you do that too and you grip me harder and if I see your jaw clench and then your mouth open, I know it's too late to go back because you always do that just as you release, every single time."

"No I don't." Loki flushed; he never knew that Thor had paid quite so much attention to his responses, even if just so he could play with him while they fucked.

"Believe me, yes you do." Thor picked up his movements again and Loki knew he was out to prove a point.

He tried to prove him wrong by breathing through his mouth instead of his nose but he had focused so much on breathing through his mouth that he forgot the way his breathing changed and when he finally paid attention, he heard the small little huffs that Thor had described, just coming from his mouth instead. Thor smirked at him, knowing just what he was playing at and re-angled his thrusts, changing his technique to make Loki forget all about everything. And Loki let him, because even if Thor proved him wrong, Loki still got an orgasm out of it and he was happy enough with that.

Loki grabbed at Thor's shoulders, scratching them a bit as he pushed back against Thor with his hips, his movements becoming jolts and desperate and he moaned loudly, Thor having to tell him to hush a couple more times but Loki ignored him because he was almost there and he had waited long enough.
Thor made an amused humming noise which Loki barely heard. He kissed along the younger man's jaw, grinning as it clenched shut and then opened wide, his mouth forming an almost perfect '0' shape, eyes squeezing tightly shut as Loki came hard, both entrances clamping down on Thor's fingers and cock, his own cock spewing his release from where it was trapped between both of their bodies.

Thor removed his fingers but continued to thrust into him quickly, chasing his own release as Loki lay boneless beneath him enjoying his post orgasmic high, intensified by the small jolts of pleasure that Thor's thrusts gave him. Not long after, Thor's hips bucked clumsily and he released deep into Loki, pressing his face into the younger man's neck, to muffle any noise.

Loki pushed at Thor's chest when his weight became a bit too much and Thor rolled over to the side. There was a time when Thor had tried to pull Loki into some form of embrace but the younger god had quickly put an end to that and he hadn't tried since. He knew Loki would never be with him the way Thor wanted him too but that didn't stop the blond from trying when he thought he could get away with it.

Kalda had stayed asleep. Loki still had the ability to cover them with a small audio glamour, meaning that they could have sex without waking her up, but it only covered up to a certain amount of noise and since it was a small spell, only really useful for things like this, or sometimes for conversations they didn't want her to hear.

Loki sat up, waiting for his head to clear a little from the movement before standing up properly and going to clean up quickly in the washroom, he would bathe in the morning, which was only a few hours away anyway since they were quite deep into the night. He returned to the bed where Thor hadn't moved an inch and slid back in. He made himself comfortable, turning to face away from Thor, instead facing his soundly sleeping daughter. He felt the blond's hand on his still naked waist a couple of minutes later but Thor made no more move to get closer so Loki didn't push him away, and he soon fell asleep.

... 

It wasn't a secret that people in and around the palace grounds were none too happy about Loki and Kalda's being there. Of course Loki was once welcomed as the prince of Asgard everyone, including him believed him to be, but it hadn't taken long for people to hear of Loki's true heritage and therefore Kalda's. They never even tried to hide it with Kalda, since they had chosen for her to live without glamour; people would have had to be both blind and deaf not to know who she was.

And with this came rumours and whisperings, Loki knew this, it had been happening since she was born but since it wasn't too far off Loki's final trial, he found that tongues waggled a little easier and a little less careful of who was listening. Some of these people were the guards themselves, openly sneering at Loki and his daughter when Thor could not see of course, and it wasn't like Loki would go running to Thor to tell him, that would just make things worse.

Loki had been brilliant at ignoring it, since Kalda didn't really understand or even listen to their words, if anyone did bother to mention anything when he was within ear shot. A couple of times Loki had been tempted to retort to some of the 'accidently' overheard comments but he held his tongue, these petty people were not worth the efforts it was starting to wear on him though, it was almost like they were purposely trying to test him to see what would finally push him over the edge and he found his resolve struggling, but he held strong, no one had made a move to harm them and they hadn't threatened him or his daughter either so he built up walls and kept himself stoic.
Of course, as everyone knows, walls that are made to keep things out often end up being broken down eventually and nothing good ever follows. Still most days he held just fine, ignored the sneering and the pathetic words and he continued to wherever he was headed, but then some days he found it a lot more difficult to keep his calm.

It was one of these days, not that anyone but he knew about that, that he was called to bring Kalda to see Odin and Frigga. Usually Thor was the one to do this, especially when Odin was involved but today Loki was taking on the chore and it was probably the start to his rather bad mood. It didn't get any better; in fact it got much, much worse when the guards arrived to escort him and Kalda to the All fathers study.

He walked in front, carrying Kalda in his arms, her head resting on his shoulder, and today she had her glamour on, to make it easier to interact with her grandparents. Two guards were walking behind him, usually silent, but today it seemed that one of them had something he needed to get off of his chest, and he certainly wasn't being reserved about it.

"He thinks that glamouring it hides what it is, but I know based on the parent that covering the true heritage doesn't change what they have below the belt, if you get what I'm saying." The guard clearly knew that Loki could hear, there was no way he couldn't really. Loki scowled and kept his head forward, his free hand balling into a fist in an attempt to stop it from shaking so much.

Loki had dealt with this guard many of times through his years, as he had been a guard in the palace for centuries. Back when Loki was a teenager and only just starting to learn how his own anatomy worked (he could only learn by himself since there was only teachings on pure male or female genitalia) and he had quite some trouble from this particular guard when the older man had caught him trying to masturbate behind a curtain at a celebration, after dancing with a very pretty girl had left a strange sensation in his lower stomach, the guard had tried to force himself on Loki, saying things about his unique mixed gender and the things it made him want to do to the young prince.

Loki had told Thor years ago, back to just after the incident involving his rape, that no one had ever touched him below the belt before, he hadn't been completely honest. The guard had managed to slide his hand into Loki's underclothes and press his fingers a fraction of the way into Loki's slightly wet entrance before he had to back right off as Loki had bit him. The guard had beaten him pretty badly but didn't try to force himself on him again. Of course, Loki, who had learned most of the more important magic, was able to heal himself before anyone noticed but he felt shamed by the entire incident and it never really tried to pleasure himself in that way again.

"It makes you wonder though, since it looks generally female, if that counts for its entire body. Of course, he knows, he's seen it; he's probably had a go on it. There all a bunch of inbreeds, the parents fuck their own offspring and everything, if they don't eat them of course, they're like animals, Half-Whitt beasts, the lot of them."

Loki kept his breathing even and continued walking, holding Kalda a little tighter to his body, her head was resting in the crook of his neck and she seemed to be paying no attention to the guards. He knew the guard was just trying to get a response from him, it didn't make it any easier to hear, and it certainly didn't make him any less furious.

He did well to keep his calm with this guy, knowing it was better to ignore the guards’ jabs than to give him what he wanted. However, it was what he said a few moments later that drove deep into Loki.

And he snapped.

"Of course, when he's gone, I'll be sure to find out myself..."
The guard got no further before a sharp elbow crushed his nose into his face. While the other guard just froze, looking at the mess of his partner's face, Loki quickly put Kalda down, telling her to run back to their rooms, which she did.

He turned back round to see the other guard swinging the blunt end of his spear straight at Loki's face, with the intent to kill or knock Loki out, he wasn't sure but the trickster grabbed the spear and twisted it sharply, making the guard let go before he snapped his arms, which was a mistake either way because as soon as Loki had control of the spear, he flipped it round and sent it straight through the guys chest in a move that no one could survive. The guard fell back into a heap on the floor, coughing and spluttering, blood spraying from his mouth.

While Loki watched the dying guard, he didn't see the foot aiming right into his face, until it was too late. He stumbled back, grabbing his cheek where the edge of the guards boot had caught, knowing he had cut it. Then the guard was on him, knocking him off his feet and he could only curl up on the floor as the guard kicked him again and again in the stomach and chest, wherever he could reach, catching his face a few times and Loki felt his lip split, and making his jaw slam shut on his tongue, his mouth quickly filling with blood.

He screamed out in what the guard mistook at agony, when it was in fact, pure, unadulterated rage. Ignoring the kicks, Loki managed to twist himself over and grab the guards’ leg, pulling it out, making him fall, almost on top of him, on his stomach. Loki took the moment of pause, as he had withered the other man, to climb on top of his back, grabbing his hair roughly and yanking the guards head up.

"WHAT." He slammed the head into the floor, hearing the skin smack against the cold stone painfully, before pulling the head back up. "WAS." Another slam and he heard the man’s nose crunch, pulling him up again. "THAT." Slam and up. "YOU." Slam and up. "SAID." Another slam, though it was more of a squelch now as blood drooled from the guys face, pulling him back for another word. "YOU." Smack and squelch. "INTENDED." Splat and crunch and ohh there went the cheek bones. "TO." Smack. "DO." Splat. "TO." Splat. "MY." Splat. "DAUGHTER?" Splat. Splat. Splat. Splat. Loki let his rage take over, not even seeing anything as he took everything he had had out on the man’s head. Needless to say, there was not much left of its structure when he finally stopped.

The mashed half on the guards brain had started to ooze from the gaps in his smashed skull, his eyes seemed to have burst or something and his tongue now simply hung down from the giant hole in his face, there was teeth lodged into various places now, since his upper and lower jaw were now pretty much gone. The guard had probably died before Loki had even finished his question. What a shame, he thought.

It was just seconds later that Loki was surrounded by more guards, which he would never be able to take on by himself, especially not without his full magic. No one could say he didn't try though and the first few that attacked him didn't get too far, he quickly snapped the neck of the first with a rather feral laugh, which was more like a snarl. It had been a long time since he had truly fought anyone, and honestly he had somewhat missed it. The second guards’ sword caught his back and he hissed but swung his arm round, knocking the weapon from his hand and kicking him in the stomach. He didn't get chance to pick up the sword though, since the others were on him instantly.

He put up a good fight but they were starting to overcome him as more were on him, making it harder to move in general. He felt a sharp pain run through the side of his stomach and looked down just in time to see about half of one of the guards’ swords retracting from his body. It made him angrier and he struggled harder, though he could feel his body starting to work against him, his movements slowing until he fell to his knees, still punching and wriggling to get the men off him.
He stopped fighting entirely though, when he saw that one guard was holding a kicking and screaming Kalda in his tight grip. He must have found her running back to his rooms. His eyes went wide and he stopped trying to fight them, just struggling to get out of their grip instead, screaming at the guard to let go of his daughter and threatening him with the most painful death he could possibly imagine if he didn't. A guard grabbed his arm and twisted it backwards so fast it snapped instantly and Loki recoiled in automatically with a yell. The other guards held him down and beat him until he was spluttering into the stone floor, his split lip now the least of his problems.

He still tried to focus on Kalda, she was struggling with everything she had but the guard had a hand under her chin, holding her by the neck. Loki tried to splutter a plea at him, but he only dribbled blood from his mouth instead. He spat a few times trying to clear his mouth and throat, if only to allow him to breathe properly.

"UNHAND MY DAUGHTER THIS INSTANT!" Loki looked round desperately to see Thor barging over to the guard, who dropped Kalda within the same second. She tried to run at Loki but Thor quickly pulled her back before demanding that the guards relinquish their hold of Loki. Of course, they wouldn't and Loki could see the exact moment on Thor's face, when it finally clicked, just what exactly had happened here.

"No." Thor breathed, more to himself than anything before speaking louder. "No, he wouldn't just do this, please; there must be a mistake..."

"I'm sorry, your highness." One of the guards holding Loki addressed their future king. "We are under strict orders, should the prisoner become a threat to anyone, including guards’ sir. He is to be taken to the dungeons until they can reset the day of his-"

"Don't!" Thor cut off his words before he could finish the sentence. "Not around Kalda." Loki was glad he didn't let Kalda hear it. She might not know what it meant but somehow he was scared that she would just understand.

He felt his body jolt and then scrape against the cold floor as he was starting to be dragged, he knew, towards the dungeons.

"LOKI!" Thor called and he was sure he heard Kalda yell his name too.

"Kalda!" He managed to choke. "KALDA!"

"I've got her, Loki!" Thor called, his voice getting slightly more distant. "It's alright, she's with me, I've got her!" And Loki's world went black before anything else could happen.

...

"Kalda..."

Loki's eyes fluttered open then closed again quickly with a frown, it was really bright, and he squirmed a little, trying to wake up properly, feeling really drowsy.

"Be still my son. She is safe, do not worry." A kind voice answered.

"Mother?" His eyes rolled around, squinting, trying to find the source of the voice. After a few seconds, his eyes settled on the blurry form, he knew was Frigga's.

"Yes, I'm here." She whispered to him soothingly. He couldn't see her properly, not only because of his messed up vision, but because of the unnecessary bright lights behind her, blacking out her
body so she became a silhouette. "Try not to move, you're badly hurt. I'm healing the worst of it but I'm not done yet, so be still."

He did as she said, blacking in and out of consciousness, for how long, he didn't know. When he finally came too properly, he realised he was in the dungeons again, which explained the overly bright lights, a torture method within themselves. People see the dungeons and think that they aren't so bad, well lit, clean, and that's got to be better than dank, dreary, dark old dungeons right? The main problem with the wonderfully lit rooms is that they never turn the lights off, not once. This makes is unbelievably difficult to sleep, leaves whoever's in there with constant headaches in the beginning. Eventually they will lose track of time altogether and slowly drive them insane.

So Loki had no idea how long he had been here, Frigga must have left after she had healed him, assuming that had actually happened. He lifted up his clothes to see a dark scar along his stomach. He lay back as it occurred to him, if he was to be executed, why bother healing him? Why not just let him bleed out and die of his injuries? Of course, Odin would probably never accept such a private way out, with only a few guards to witness, he was a criminal; he would face the courts, just like the rest of them.

Then again, maybe they hadn't decided what to do; maybe they intended to leave him here for a while first. Thor was probably trying to plead his case but Loki remembered what he had done, and no matter what any of them said, it wouldn't be enough this time. He had directly murdered at least four of them guards, and injured most of the others, some possibly fatally.

He sat up slowly, still aching from the fight. His mother could heal the worst of wounds but it took a lot out of her, so she tended to leave the minor things, small cuts, bruises, not that Loki really cared for those. Placing his, now bare feet on the floor, he stood up, looking down to see he was dressed back in the simple clothing he had been giving when he was first brought here. A plain green shirt and black trousers, nothing else.

He paced around cursing himself for allowing his anger to get the better of him, but they threatened his daughter and there was no way in Hel that he was going to stand for that, his life be damned.

This was it; he was back to where he had started when he was brought back here from Midgard. And something told him they were out of options this time.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, hope you enjoyed it!!
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

Slightly shorter chapter this time but I will get the next one out as soon as I can. We aren't too far from the end now and I just wanted to say thank you to the people reading this, for you have stuck with me this far and I never expected that to happen, so thank you so, so much. I really hope you have enjoyed it and continue to do so until the end.

Loki was sitting in his current cell in the dungeons which were otherwise empty for now, making the whole place eerily quiet. He had been there for what felt like ages but had probably only been a few hours and already the light was getting to him. Everything was so bright, it made anything outside of his own cell difficult to see properly, so for now he paced, moving round in endless circles waiting for whatever was next. Waiting to find out where his actions had gotten him. He refused to regret it, at least with that first guard, if he thought he could threaten to rape and abuse his daughter and get away with it, he was sorely mistaken, as he had found out the hard way.

But then maybe that had cost him his life, he could try to plead his reasons and have Heimdall himself as his witness but in the end it was all down to Odin and there was no way the all father could let him live after this, attempting to destroy Jotunheim, attempting to subjugate Midgard and now killing some of his most important guards, his third strike.

He heard a noise, making him twist round quickly, looking towards the entrance to the dungeons, he moved closer to the magic infested walls to try and see better, everything seemed clear. Then he saw a face pop round and when Loki looked harder, he realised that it was Thor. But what in the name of Hel was he doing? He was looking back behind him, trying to sneak between the pillars and hiding behind the cells, then he spotted Loki looking at him and came running over with a big smile that really did not belong on his face.

Loki watched the blond with an incredulous look on his face. "Thor, by the gods what are you doing?" Thor gave him a surprised look which quickly turned sheepish and his posture slumped, making him look like a small child being told off and...Oh.

Loki squinted. "Kalda?" He half whispered. Thor looked at him, his face lighting up and then the glamour dropped and there was his half Jotun daughter. Heimdall himself could only know how she managed to get here. "What are you doing in here? You're going to get yourself in trouble." Loki was happy to see her, he really was, but she shouldn't have come, not here. "And when did you learn to glamour your father?"

"I just thought of daddy and did what I normally do." She had been managing her own glamour pretty steadily for a while now, it made her tired if she was in it too long but she liked to do it herself so Loki had let her. Though it seemed that she had been practising when he wasn't around too. He wondered if Frigga knew about this.

"Where's your father?" Loki sat at the bottom of his cell; she came and kneeled on one of the edges, as close to him as she could get without touching his cell.

"He's in our rooms. He doesn't know I'm here, I sneaked out." She beamed, looking quite proud
of herself. Loki ignored his own pride at her daring and gave her a disapproving look. "You shouldn't have done that Kalda; he will be terrified if he can't find you."

"I asked him to bring me here and he said no, so I came by myself. I wanted to see you. When can you come back?" She stared at him through the cell wall, her eyes wide and pleading. He deflated, lowering his glance. Thor had good reason not to bring her here and Loki hadn't wanted her to see him like this.

"Not yet little one. The all father must make some decisions first."

"For what?" She asked. He didn't want to tell her, but he knew she wouldn't let it lie.

"He...might have to...send me away for a while." He felt like slapping himself, lying to her would get him nowhere but he couldn't very well tell her the truth. I brutally murdered some pretty important guards because they said they wanted to rape you and now I'm probably going to be executed by a sword through my back. Of course, she had been there; she had seen the end results though she didn't know what had really happened.

"Why?" She said. Her eyes seemed to get a little teary and his heart sank.

"Because I...well...I...you see..."

"Is it because of what happened with them men before?" Kalda cut in, she was unbelievably perceptive. Loki just nodded. "Oh...well, how long do you have to go?"

"Just...just for a while. And Thor will still be here to take care of you." He knew that wasn't enough but didn't know what else to say. He was somewhat glad to see the actual Thor come running round into the dungeons a short few seconds later, a wide eyed look on his face, he halted and calmed instantly when he saw that Kalda was with him. He marched over and leaned over Kalda, anger in his eyes but Loki could see the anger was only a light cover of the sheer worry and fear that lay behind it.

"Do not sneak off from me like that again, do you hear me? Anything could have happened." Kalda stood up, crossing her arms defensively. "I said I wanted to see him and you didn't listen, who else was going to take me?"

"Kalda don't yell at your father." She had a point, Loki thought, no one else could have really brought her here but Thor was understandably worried about her, the guards would be mad as Hel at Loki after what had happened and Kalda was the perfect target for revenge right now.

Thor stood up straighter, though there was a slope in his stance, the mighty Thor, right now was simply Thor. Loki knew what he was going to say before he said it.

"The all father wants to see you. The guards who were present have told him what happened, and now he wants to speak to you, I've come to escort you to him." He looked down as he spoke the last part, like he wasn't too happy with the idea of having to escort Loki anywhere.

"You mean he actually wants to hear my side?" Loki sneered quietly. "Can he still not make up his damned mind?"

"Loki..." Thor started. "This time...it's...it's not the same...it's out of his hands now. They deemed his own decision to be unfit as this has gotten too personal." Loki huffed; this had been personal from the beginning. "The decision lies with the courts, father wants to hear your side because he's trying to plead your case...this time I fear..." He cut off.

"They're going to send him away." Kalda suddenly stated and Thor looked at her confused,
before looking up to Loki who sent him a warning glare which Thor seemed to understand.

"Uhhh...not...not if your grandfather can stop it no. Which is why for now, we take Loki to him and we go from there." He moved to the cell, removing the enchanted lock and turning to pick up the chains hanging on the wall. He shot Loki an apologetic look before moving into his cell and attaching the handcuffs. He didn't bother with the neck or feet restraints, there was no need, Loki would follow.

Loki didn't like being seen like this in front of Kalda but at least he wasn't being beaten half to death while she watched this time. As soon as he stepped out of his cell, she jumped at him, trying to embrace him. He knelt down, placing his bound wrists over her head to hug her better. She wrapped her arms round his neck as he stood up, clearly wanting him to carry her. His neck and part of his face flared up in its natural blue tone as she clung to him. Thor, still looking guilty as Hel, gestured to Loki that they should go and together, they walked.

... 

The walk to the throne room was long and tense, but that went without saying. Kalda continued to hold him as tightly as she was before, keeping her head buried in his neck.

Odin and Frigga were the only ones in the room, there were no guards around at all and Loki was thinking that maybe that wasn't a coincidence, since Thor had been the one sent to fetch him. As they entered the room, Odin turned and made a wide gesture with his arms.

"Everyone leave, I wish to speak to Loki alone. Thor wait outside, Frigga will take Kalda to the gardens for a walk." He looked to his wife who smiled, though it was rather grim, her mouth sealing in a thin line and she nodded, moving over to Loki, she hugged him around Kalda, who he was still holding. When they broke apart, Loki turned to Thor, struggling to pass Kalda to him with his hands bound but Thor managed to get her, making eye contact with him and trying to give him a reassuring nod, Loki didn't feel too reassured though, but he nodded back.

Frigga and Thor walked hastily out of the throne room, leaving just Loki and Odin alone, the emptiness of the large room echoing in his ears. Loki was facing away from Odin, not wanting to turn and look at him. He heard the other shuffle, not closer but to the side, then a slightly louder noise before the shuffling stopped and then there was a sigh.

"Dammit Loki." He heard quietly. Loki turned, suddenly angry, his words ready to attack. He stopped instantly when his eyes rested on the king of Asgard. He was sitting on the steps just to the left of him a few feet away, slouching forward slightly, one hand rubbing at his good eye. He looked nothing like a king in this moment; he looked old, tired and sad. Loki's anger seemed to fizzle out at the rather lame sight before him.

Odin nodded once, and then straightened himself up. "I have spoken to the guards involved, the ones still alive anyway, they explained what happened." Loki's heart sank in that moment, it's not like the guards were going to make him sound in any way innocent and the only two guards that had been there when this had started, are dead so all they know was that Loki had gone crazy and started trying to kill them all.

"They did not shed too much light on the situation, so, naturally I went to Heimdall and he made things a little more clear." Loki said nothing, simply watching the old king carefully. Odin wasn't looking at him directly; he seemed to be avoiding his eyes.

"I neither blame you, nor disapprove of your actions, had I been in your situation, no doubt my actions would have been similar and quite frankly, I'm surprised that you kept calm for as long as you did and had the guard survived, he would have been dealt with to a standard that matched the
weight of his crime." Loki's eyes subtly twitched in confusion, Odin was praising him for killing his guards?

"And had you still been a prince of Asgard..." He continued. "This would have been the end of it, as you very well know." Ah, Loki thought, of course there was a catch.

"But you are not, you are a prisoner of the palace, awaiting the final sentence of your crimes and circumstances such as these make things very different." Loki nodded once, leaving his head angled down slightly, he had been expecting this. He smiled grimly to himself. So why did he feel so hurt?

"So that's it then..." Loki said slowly raising his eyes back to the all father. "I defend my daughter and am sent to my death."

"Did they harm her?" Odin asked and Loki frowned.

"Oh no, they only threatened, no, promised to rape her!" Loki snapped, suddenly finding his voice. Odin shook his head.

"That won't stand in the courts, Loki. If they didn't physically try to harm her, your actions will be deemed as extreme. You don't have the rights of a prince, you should have simply ignored them and told someone what had happened, this could have been dealt with..."

"And what? Do you know of the things that cretin said about her? About what he would do to her when I am not there to keep her safe?" Loki's arm twitched involuntarily and he looked towards the door where Thor, his mother and his daughter had left, and he suddenly wanted to know where Kalda was, to have her here where he knew she was safe with him.

"I know, Loki, but you should already know that no harm will come to her while she is here with us, Thor, Frigga, I myself would do anything to protect her, and you know this. Was killing them worth the risk of sabotaging your own trial, thus forefitting your life?"

"Yes it bloody well was!" Loki snapped and in that moment it was. That guard had more than disrespected his daughter, he could say what he wanted about Loki but Kalda had never done anything to deserve such spiteful words. Odin sighed.

"You damned fool." He growled. "What of Kalda? Did you not think of her? Losing her mother will not be easy on her..."

"What?" Loki asked, voice quiet but his body started to shake, his eyes gleaming with madness. "I am sentenced to death anyway, under a spell that I can't trick; I was doomed from the start." His voice grew louder. "Whether she loses me now or in just under a year makes little difference to her and it was you that put me there, you set that sentence, no one else, you!"

"No Loki!" Odin boomed. "I gave you the chance to set it right yourself, under that spell there was no way you could lie that is true. I set you that sentence because I knew that you loved her too much to be able to stay stubborn enough not to regret your actions in the past! I couldn't let you off with nothing so I set you the one thing I thought you could handle, the one thing I knew that could still save you!"

They just looked at each other for a moment, Loki not daring to speak, and fighting would get them nowhere at this point, he may as well save his breath. Odin was seemingly out of words, but then he sighed when he saw that Loki was not going to retaliate.

"I assume Thor has told you that the decision is no longer mine to make?" Loki nodded and he
continued. "I'll help if I can but I'm afraid you may be at a loss on this one."

"Then, I suppose there is nothing left to say." Loki replied, he paused for a moment before turning swiftly to leave but Odin called him to wait. When he turned round, the old king was standing.

"If they deem you to be dangerous, there may still be hope, dangerous does not warrant a death sentence but if they deem you as a threat, and there is a difference, then we are done for. They won't allow a threat to continue within the palace and the best you would be able to hope for is banishment but this, along with your previous crimes, makes that chance unlikely. I will do what I can but you should make your peace and be ready." This time Odin didn't stop Loki when he turned to leave.

He walked out, not stopping to wait for Thor, who, when he noticed him, had to break into a bit of a jog to catch up with him.

"Wait, Loki." He said as he caught up to the raven haired god who continued to storm his own way back to the dungeons. "What happened?"

Loki ignored him, picking up his pace further until Thor grabbed his arm, making him stop and face him.

"It was as uneventful as I had expected, Thor!" He snapped, shrugging out of Thor's grip. "He wants to try and help but if the courts want me dead, then dead I shall be."

Thor shrunk back a little and Loki returned to walking. After a minute, Thor caught up with him again but said nothing. They walked in silence until they reached the dungeons, then Loki just watched Thor expectantly, waiting for him to let him back into his cell and remove the bindings on his wrists. Thor did just that and he went and sat in his usual spot, picking up a book which he had no intention of actually reading as he waited for Thor to leave him alone. He was angry even though he hadn't been surprised by any if the events and he just wished to be left to himself now.

"Father has said that Kalda can visit you whenever she wants, she can go in there with you for a couple of hours a day, I wasn't sure it was a good idea but after earlier...or would you rather I didn't allow her back in here?" Thor asked after a few minutes.

Loki sighed, closing the book. "No, don't stop her, she will just sneak out again and I would rather that if she was going to come down here, it would at least be with someone, she's not safe on her own, not right now." Thor nodded in understanding and then sighed hard and sat at the edge of his cell, where Kalda had sat earlier.

"I feel so helpless, there's nothing to do this time, they either decide for or against you and that's it." He paused, looking like he couldn't decide whether to carry on or not. "You could escape, I could help you, I have access to get you out, Kalda could glamour you..." He started to sound more excited as he spoke but Loki cut him off quickly.

"I will be killed on sight Thor, it wouldn't take them long to find me, don't torment yourself with foolish hopes."

Thor pressed his fingers to his temple and pushed them through his hair with a frustrated groan. "After everything, after everything that has happened...what did those guards’ do, to make you react like you did?"

"It was just one of them, he was fowl mouthing Kalda, promising to do awful things once I wasn't there for her anymore and I just...lost it." He decided not to add anything about his previous problems with that guard; he had never told anyone and never would. They could believe he had
simply overreacted to what he had said about Kalda and it didn't change anything anyway. "Then the other one attacked me and everything after that was pretty much self defence, I only wanted that one guard dead."

Thor shook his head. "If you had just left it, just told me, he would have been dealt with. Loki, you wouldn't be here n..."

"Yes, thank you Thor, I already had this talk from the all father, I am aware of what everyone is thinking!" Loki snapped. He knew they were right, he should have kept his nerve, ignored the guard and his vile words but he hadn't, and having everyone tell him he was foolish and should have done something else wasn't going to change anything.

Thor leant forward; pressing his face into his hands with a deep sigh he breathed "Loki." Not dissimilar to the way Odin had spoken to him earlier.

"Forget about it Thor, there's no point in dwelling on it, their decision is what they choose it to be, we are useless." Loki said, getting up from his place by the wall and moving towards his bed. "Now, if you don't mind, leave, I do not wish to speak of this further just now."

He had turned away and after a minute he heard Thor sigh again and shift, followed by the sound of retreating footsteps and then he was alone.

...

As he had been allowed, Kalda had come down to see him for a couple of hours a day for the next few days. She stayed for as long as she could until Thor had to take her away and Loki was always sad to see her go. Frigga had been to visit him once too. At first he had been a bit on edge, waiting for her to tell him what a fool he was, how he shouldn't have acted the way he did and the usual but she didn't, not once. She would have known that he had already heard it from Thor and the all father and he appreciated her saving him the ear ache.

He also knew that today was most likely the day that the courts decided what they wanted to do with him but he would only receive word from Thor when he brought Kalda down to visit. This time it wasn't a public ordeal as it had been in the beginning, now they just wanted it over with. Of course, should his execution go ahead, there would be many people there, watching him in his last moments before his world ended at the hilt of a blade.

And then he could hear it, the loud thumping footsteps, followed by some much quieter, faster moving footsteps and he looked up from the book he had been reading repeatedly for the last few days, just for something to do. Kalda came running over and waited for Thor to open the cell door before running in and diving on Loki, trying to wrap her entire body around him to hug him. He held her tightly for a moment, and then let his head glance up to Thor, quirking his eyebrows with a look full on just one question. Thor's expression was grim, but it was the small shake of his head that made Loki's heart sink. His lips tightened into a thin line and he pressed the lower half of his face against the crook of his daughter's neck, closing his eyes for a moment.

"When?" He asked simply, not looking at Thor. The older god couldn't seem to look at him properly either and he fidgeted on his feet for a few seconds, as though trying to somehow escape for answering before finally muttering "two days."

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading, hope you enjoyed!
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Okay short chapter but I am updating it again tomorrow so please forgive me.

I hope you enjoy it and don't hate me forever

and with that...on you go...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The two days in that damned cell went by surprisingly fast, though Loki figured the last days of your life would do so. Thor had tried to get a stay on his sentence; it was denied. Thor had tried to get an appeal on his sentence; it was denied. Everything Thor tried was useless and they all knew it. Frigga hadn't even been to visit him since the sentence had been set and Loki could only assume that this time, she simply couldn't hold up the strong cover she usually managed so perfectly. He was sad not to be able to see her, since she was one of the most important people in his life but he hoped that she would be able to face him on the day and say her goodbyes, even if just for her own sake. She would regret it if she didn't.

Thor had told Kalda that Loki was leaving for a while, just adding on to what Loki had already said. He didn't know what the blond intended to do once it was done and there was no chance of Loki coming back but he guessed that Thor wanted to wait until Kalda was a little older to explain to her properly. There wasn't much point in upsetting her just now, everything was already going to seem strange to her.

Loki hadn't slept since he found out about the final date; he couldn't. Partially because of the knowledge that he was going to die in a matter of hours and partially because of the unnecessarily bright lighting in this blasted place. He covered his eyes with the crook of his arm but he knew he wouldn't sleep anyway. He didn't even know what time it was. How long would it be before they came down to lead him to his death? He had no idea, and nothing to go by. He could only guess that Thor had brought Kalda to visit him in the afternoon some time earlier so maybe it was the middle of the night, maybe it had been nearly a full day. But that couldn't be right, his time was almost up, they would have come for him by now.

It was a few more hours before they came; the guards. Thor couldn't be the one to collect him because he had promised Loki he would be there for him when he...when it happened. Loki had told him that it was unnecessary and that he would prefer that Thor stay with Kalda when the time came but he had been adamant that he wanted to be there for Loki. Sif was going to take Kalda and stay with her and Loki hadn't really liked it but he preferred it be her than anyone else who would have been able to.

"Please, Loki. I wish to be there, if only to support you when you..." Thor had glanced at Kalda. "When you go." He'd finally muttered.

A guard came to let Thor know that he needed to finish up with their meeting. It only occurred to Loki then that this was it; the last time he would be speaking to Thor. The next time they would see each other would be in the execution room.

Thor had looked over at the guard like he wished he could turn him into dust with a mere glance.
It didn't happen though and Thor had sagged visibly before standing up and facing Loki, drinking in the sight of the man before him, really seeing the man he had been through so much with, for what he knew was the last time. He'd moved forward, ignoring any protest that Loki could have even considered making and pulled his once brother into a solid hug, almost as if he'd wished to mould Loki into part of himself.

Loki had felt Thor's body shaking before he could get chance to hear the sobs trying to break through. He squeezed tighter, not in comfort, in warning. He had refused to let the older man go until he had composed himself; Kalda had been there and he hadn't wanted her seeing Thor like that. After a few minutes, he'd felt Thor nod and then pat his back to tell him he was alright, he was composed. Only then had Loki let him go.

He kneeled down and took Kalda into an embrace but he knew he would be seeing her again; he had traded his final meal to be able to spend an extra hour with her, just before the execution. This was not normally done but Odin had allowed it, more for Kalda than him, he supposed, but he was simply glad to be able to see his daughter right before the end.

And this is where the guards were taking him now. He was to go back to his rooms for one final hour with his daughter before he was to be taken to the execution room. At least he would get to be alone with her for this, of course, there were guards situated just outside his rooms and the balcony doors had been magically shut; there was no possible escape.

When he arrived outside his rooms, he saw his mother and Sif waiting outside with Kalda. He greeted them with a simple nod as his wrist bindings were loosened slightly so he could move a little easier, but they couldn't be removed completely for obvious reasons. He addressed Sif the same way he always had, with a certain sense of professionalism that had always drawn them away from the final step to them becoming proper friends. He nodded to her. "Look after her, won't you." He said curtly, clearly referring to his daughter.

He didn't expect her to lean forward and embrace him but he somewhat enjoyed the feel of her warm skin against his cheek.

"You know I will." She whispered directly into his ear with a kiss to his cheek and Loki thought he almost heard her voice crack slightly but when she pulled back, she was as calm and poised as he would always remember her. He gave her a small smile in appreciation, which she returned and then stood back as he turned to his mother. She was holding herself very stiffly, managing her mask well but she wasn't holding out as well as Sif, he could see her smile faltering and her eyes sparkling in the saddest smile he would ever see.

"Mother." He greeted and she didn't respond, she mostly just threw herself at him, wrapping him up tightly in her arms.

"Mother." He whispered again, trying desperately to stop his mouth from curving. "Don't go in, please. I...I don't want you to see..." His voice shook a little and he trailed off.

She made a hushing sound, pulling back and stroking his face with her thumbs. He could see that her tears had spilled but her smile was stronger than ever.

"My son." She said, not really addressing him, more just saying it, a statement. He was her son. He is her son. "My son." She said again, her smile growing tighter, more forced. "My boy." The last word croaked as her voice broke and more tears spilled. She leant forward and nuzzled his face, pressing his head against hers and kissing any part of his face that she could reach, almost cradling his head.

He didn't stop her, and she pulled back by herself some time later, though she was clearly reluctant
to do so. She stroked his hair back, neatening it to how she knew he liked it and stepping back to
give him another full look. Sif placed her arm around the all mother, giving Loki a reassuring
smile and nodding, hinting at him to go and take his last hour with his daughter. Loki reached out
and stroked his mothers face gently. "It'll be alright." He said quietly, then pulled away and took
Kalda into his...Thor's rooms.

As soon as the door shut, he heard Frigga let go and break down. He couldn't bare the sound and
he leaned his back against the door, closing his eyes and breathing hard for a moment. He couldn't
lose it now but he could feel the pressure growing up into his throat, emotion trying to force its
way out, to tear some kind of honest noise from him. But he refused. Kalda stood and watched
him, a curious look on her face, mixed with a light confusion.

"Why is grandma sad?" She asked. He didn't answer for while, focussing on steadying his
breathing and controlling his emotions, for the sake of his daughter. He breathed in and opened his
eyes, looking at Kalda before he spoke.

"I suppose, she doesn't wish for me to leave, as is the same with all...trips." He said softly, keeping
his voice as even as he could. "She will miss me...and I..." He cleared his throat, averting his eyes
and moving away from the door, past Kalda. Now that he looked, he noticed that the room had
been cleared of a lot of things, to stop him from being able to take his own life he supposed. Thor
and Kalda had been staying in here though, as usual, he could tell by the way that their beds were
unmade, a similarity they both shared and he smiled a little at the thought.

He walked straight past her and over to the small table where a jug of water and a single glass had
been left for him. He needed something to calm his stomach a little and this was all there was, so it
had to be better than nothing. He pored a glass, a little bit shakily, not made easier by the cuffs,
and drank the whole thing in one, barely breathing between gulps, he then poured another glass
and drank half of that one, placing the glass down he turned back to Kalda, walking over and
gently guiding her to the bed, he sat back on his usual side of the bed and patted his invitation for
his daughter to join him.

He leant forward when she did climb up and removed the whole upper half of his clothing, since
it's not like he would be needing it anyway. When he sat back again, he allowed his Jotun form to
flare across him and Kalda lay against him, one arm draped over his chest. He spoke to her
quietly, telling her little things, talking about memories of things they had done together and things
she had done when she was younger.

The hour was going faster than he wanted and his time was running out. His stomach started
feeling worse and worse as they sat there and at one point he thought he was going to be sick.

He sat forward, bringing Kalda round to sit on his lap and face him.

"You know I love you, don't you?" She nodded and he took in her big blue, slightly red tinted
eyes and her thin lips, much like his own. Her little rounded nose, like her fathers and her long
black hair. Her Jotun patterns matched his own but her shade of blue was much lighter than his,
seeing as she was half Jotun, not full. She was beautiful; he couldn't believe she came from him
and Thor, someone so smart and perceptive and just everything he could be proud of. He felt the
tears burning before he could do anything to stop them and he hugged her. His hands shook and
he balled them into fists to try and stop it, but to no avail.

"Don't cry." She said.

"I'm alright little one." He whispered, pulling back to cup her face in his hands, stroking her hair
and cheeks.
"My little girl." He imitated his mothers’ actions with him just before he had come in here and knew it was a bad idea when trying to keep his resolve but in this moment, he couldn't seem to help himself. He was almost sobbing. "My beautiful little girl...oh gods...I don't want to go!"

He gave in and pulled her to him again, holding her and crying against her. She simply hugged him back, asking him not to cry and telling him to smile, because she didn't like seeing her ma sad which in all honesty was making things far worse but there was no way he could tell her to stop because he didn't want to stop listening to the sound of her voice.

He knew there wasn't long left and he couldn't leave looking like this. These would be his last moments, and he would carry them with pride and dignity.

"I need to clean up a little." He murmured, helping Kalda climb down from the bed before he stood up.

He quickly leaned over though, when a strong wave of dizziness washed through his stomach and up to his head. He tried to step forward, intending to get to the water and try to calm the feeling but his legs gave out and he hit the floor hard. His legs went numb quickly, the awful sensation flowing, almost as if through his own veins, up into his stomach and chest.

His eyes focussed on Kalda, watching him. He lifted an arm, which suddenly felt all too heavy and tried to speak to her, slurring in his attempt.

"Kal...Kalda...g-go...get the g-guards!" His throat went numb and his arm dropped and he couldn't move anything, he could just see Kalda looking at him. Why wasn't she getting the guards? He couldn't move to ask her again. He hoped she wasn't getting too scared. The guards would be coming for him in a few minutes anyway. He could still feel his consciousness; he wasn't fading away, so why in Hel couldn't he move?

Kalda moved, but she didn't go towards the door to get the guards, instead she kneeled down next to Loki, her small hands lifting his deadweight of a Jotun arm and moving it closer to him, almost as if trying to make him comfortable, though he could feel none of it.

"It's alright, ma. I'm going to help you, they won't take you away." If Loki could have frowned in complete and utter confusion, he surely would have right now. What in the name of the gods was she talking about?

She was just smiling at him, like she knew something he didn't know in that way that children always did when they thought you didn't know they were up to something. She stood up.

"I practised, ma. I learned loads of things, look." She said and then closed her eyes, tilting her head down a little and he saw her, of course, he couldn't take his eyes away as he lay there, paralysed. He felt his heart drop, though when he realised that she was glamouring herself just like she could every day, but she wasn't glamouring her usual Asir form...she was glamouring his.

She looked up at him through his eyes, his own face staring back at him. There was no way that excited smile could ever look right on him though.

"They won't take you." She said and he was shocked when he realised that her voice was his voice, she had learned to change her voice. Just how much had Frigga been teaching her?

It took him a couple of minutes but he started to realise what Kalda was doing, and if he could have smiled at the sweet attempt, he would have. Of course, she would glamour herself into him, and when the guards came to fetch him, they wouldn't know which one was him and which one was his daughter so of course, they couldn't take him away, in case they took the wrong one, even
though she didn't know it was to die, she thought they just wouldn't risk taking her away. Damn she was a smart little girl.

Of course they would know which one was him, and her plan wouldn't work, but he had to feel somewhat proud that she had managed to figure this out, even if it still made him sad to think that she would do this because she didn't want him to leave. He could feel sensation starting in his fingertips and feet now, slowly coming back. He recognised the effects now; he had been spiked, his eyes rolling to see the glass of water sitting on the table. One of the plants that can be found around the palace gardens carried the required seed and Thor had used it on him once when they were young, as a prank, trying to get Loki back for his own little tricks.

It was Thor who had taught Kalda about all of the flowers and plants in the palace gardens, so she must have payed very clear attention...unless...but no, Thor wouldn't believe that this could work, not even a chance. And why did he need to be paralysed anyway? Surely it would be obvious which one was him, while he was a mere deadweight on the floor. He still couldn't knock Kalda for trying, but it really wasn't going to work.

The feeling started spreading to his feet a bit, not enough to move them but he was glad to have some form of sensation returning. That was when he heard a rustling and the sound of metal clashing lightly and he knew the door was being opened. His time was up.

"It is ti..." And there it was, they had noticed. The guard cleared his throat. "It is time, say your goodbyes." He finished quietly. What? The guards hadn't even looked at him, they still weren't.

His daughter, still glamoured as him, kneeled down and...No...Embraced his daughter? Another Kalda came running over, from the bed, where he couldn't have seen her and hugged the real Kalda, still pretending to be him. How could this be? She had glamoured herself to look like him and she had glamoured another version of her. Of course, this way it would take up less of her Seidr, since she could do the movements for Loki herself and animating a small version of herself, would be much easier than having to animate his adult body.

That didn't explain why the guards weren't looking at him though, was he invisible? An invisibility glamour is very basic magic, doesn't take up much at all but by the gods, she couldn't be doing this!

The fake Loki stood back up, looking towards the door where Sif entered past the guards, giving him a nod and a smile and mouthing something to him, wishing him well he supposed, but the problem was that she wasn't really talking to him; Loki was down here, stuck on the floor! She was wishing his daughter well and that wasn't right at all. Sif turned to the glamour that she thought was Kalda and lead her away, probably going to take her to the library. Panic started to spread through him as he realised where this was going.

Of course, Kalda thought they were taking him away somewhere else, so she thought that if she glamoured herself to look like him, they would take her instead and she could sneak back once they had or something. He couldn't bring himself to find this plan endearing this time, though because he had lied to Kalda, they weren't taking him away to somewhere else, they were taking him to his death. There would be no sneaking back.

He felt sick with fear; he strained as hard as he could to make himself move, anything, just something to make a noise, please! But nothing moved, not even a twitch.

The guards did the wrist bindings up tighter, so his hands would be strapped together and attached new ones to his ankles, attaching his hands and feet, except they weren't his hands and feet and OH COME ON, MOVE SOMETHING! Surely they could tell it wasn't really him.
Kalda kept his glamoured head down, a grim expression on her...his face, not speaking. The guards would mistake this for sadness or regret; of course they wouldn't speak to him. He struggled harder, his feet shifting slightly but not enough to make a sound. The guards turned and walked through the door and Kalda followed them, keeping the walk slow and steady. That was his daughter they were walking to her death, not him. SOMEONE PLEASE, JUST LOOK CLOSER AT HIM, IT IS OBVIOUS!

They left. His daughter, glamoured as him had left with the guards, thinking that she was going to be taken away to somewhere where she could sneak back, forgetting that she didn't even know her way around outside of the palace grounds. Not that any of that mattered anyway because she wasn't leaving the palace grounds, she was going to the execution room!

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry.

Hope you enjoyed, let me know your thoughts :)
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

PLEASE DO NOT SKIP PAST THIS!!!

Okay I know I apologized for the last chapter but this time I really am so sorry. I am a cruel cruel author, I think we know this by now, but this is some new level shit right here.

As you may have guessed, there is a few more tags that need to be added for this chapter so I have written any necessary warnings in the notes at the bottom. If you think you may have a problem reading this chapter based on the events in the last chapter, I would recommend reading these notes first. Be warned, though, that they will contain spoilers about the chapter, so read at your own will.

Having said that, I do hope you enjoy this, and you may be in for an emotional ride (if I have written it as well as I hope)

The door to Thor's rooms closed and he was left, panicking in complete silence. He shifted his feet around as best he could, getting the blood flow moving in his feet. He needed to get to her, fast. His breathing picked up and he started to properly panic, making these heaving groaning noises against his will, feeling like his airways were closing up but he forced it down, he would be no help to her panicking. He focussed on what needed to happen now. The movement seemed to help to get the feeling in his ankles to come quicker and then it started to spread up his calves. In the mean time, he was moving his arms, flexing the muscles as best he could to move, not waiting for the feeling to come back properly before trying to push himself up. It didn't help though, as his back was still numb, he couldn't hold himself up.

He shouldn't have lied to her; he didn't know what he should have said, maybe just told her the truth but whatever he should have done, this hadn't been it, and now his daughter could die because of him. Surely his mother would see the glamour and know that something was wrong, right? He couldn't allow himself to rely on that because he hadn't a clue as to how he would react once he entered the execution room, knowing this was the place where he would die. They could take her actions as normal and...

No, it couldn't happen, he wouldn't let it! *Come on dammit move!* His legs were almost back, they still felt tingly and horrible but he could crawl like this. He wouldn't be invisible anymore, she wouldn't have been able to hold up all of that magic for longer than she did, not when she was trying to hold her glamour of him and make another one of herself too.

He managed to make it to the door, praying to the Gods' that it hadn't been locked. He sighed in what could almost be called relief when he pulled and the door creaked open. Right, so he was out of his room. The execution chambers were three corridors and a staircase away. Once they had taken the prisoner to the execution rooms, there would be a few minutes while a couple of seemingly important people waffled on about a load of rubbish that Kalda wouldn't understand. The blade would be tested for sharpness and then the execution would take place. If he could speed up, he might just make it.
So for now, he crawled. He crawled and yelled and screamed in panic, but these corridors were empty, everyone was down in the execution rooms, which once the doors were closed, were as good as soundproof. Damn, why was everything working against him right now?

He could picture the chambers now, even as he was screaming his way to them. Rows and rows of seats, going higher towards the back. The back was where the All father and his family sat, a place upon where he himself once sat, witnessing many executions in his time. This time his seat would be empty, for he, or who they thought was he, would be at the front, the star of the show.

The feeling in his back was slowly coming back as he got to the end of the first corridor. He couldn't stand yet but he could crawl somewhat faster. By the end of the second corridor, he could just about stand, hunched over as he was, but he was on his feet when he got to the stairs. His legs couldn't quite seem to coordinate themselves enough to take him down the stairs so he pretty much threw himself down, stumbling his way down until he tripped about halfway down and fell the rest of the steps. It hurt but his half numb body didn't care and nothing seemed to be broken, not that he bothered to check. He hoisted himself to his feet to clumsily run his way to the door of the execution room.

He bounced between the rather narrow corridor walls, praying again that he didn't fall again, he had no idea how long this had taken him but he was almost there...just...a bit...more...there!

He threw his entire body weight into the door, sending it crashing open as he roared "WAIT! WAIT...THAT'S NOT ME IT'S KALDA...STOP!" He tried to shout as much of the explanation as he could at once, he had no idea how clear he was but he yelled as loud as he could, his throat almost tearing with the effort.

The entire room stopped to look at him, complete confusion on their faces. He tried to focus his eyes around the room until his eyes landed on the executioner, a large hand on his daughter, still in the form of him. The other hand held a tight grip on the hilt of the blade, the body of which protruded out in many inches of pure, sharp silver. He could only see half of the blade, and it took him a moment to realise why. And then it hit him. He couldn't see the other half of the blade because said other half was currently imbedded inside the body that everyone thought was him...The body that was really his...No!

He always thought that when horrific things happened, the world seemed to stand still, everything moved in slow motion and sound stopped. It didn't. One second he was standing looking at his own impaled, sagging body about ten feet away from him, the next he was on the floor screaming...next to the body. He had no memory of going to her but there he was, grabbing at what looked like his own dying body, his hands becoming drenched in what looked like his blood. No guards made a move to stop him; even the executioner simply took a step back.

Loki looked down at the copy of his own face, quietening his yells for a moment as he did. Blood was gurgling out of its slightly gaping mouth, unable to speak. It was a very short few seconds before it sagged completely and then went still, the eyes glazed over and unseeing. After all, this style of execution was designed to be a quick death. He just stared at the appearance of his dead body. His daughter was in there, his little Kalda. "Is that...Is that his daughter?" He heard somewhere else.

"How could this happen?"

"Didn't anyone realise?"

And suddenly people were muttering and murmuring and the room filled with a buzzing of questions and confusion.
Guards started ushering the people out of the room, presumably under Odin's orders, but slowly, the sound died down as people left.

Loki felt hands on his shoulders again, pulling gently. He tried to shrug them off but they were more persistent. He looked round to yell at them until he saw a flash of blond and realised that it was Thor. His expressions was horrified and confused, his eyes brimming with tears but he still tried to pull Loki away.

"What happened, Loki?" He asked, voice rough.

"Kalda...s-she..." He struggled to get the words out between the sobs. "She didn't...didn't want me to...g-go." He broke down again and Thor tried to pull him up as the healers arrived to deal with the body but Loki scrambled to get to his daughter again, seemingly pulling his own body into his arms and wept. They managed to pry him away after a few minutes but not without a fight.

"NO...NO...I DONT WANT TO LEAVE HER...PLEASE! DONT MAKE ME LEAVE HER!" He turned to Thor and sagged against him, scratching at his arms with the tight grip. "Please...I can't...I can't be here without her...please! I was supposed to die! THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ME!" He struggled harder, not trying to get away, he just didn't know what else to do, and so he writhed and struggled and screamed and hit Thor, who held him as still as he could. "She must have been so scared!" Loki whined. Thor, who had been struggling hard to keep it together, seemed to lose it at that, the tears finally dripping down from his eyes.

He felt Thor shake, but that wasn't in sadness, it was in anger. That was how Thor worked, grief, shock, confusion, it all looked like anger in the beginning, then only when he had calmed, did the true emotion show. He let go of Loki, and he could see the anger get the better of the blond for a moment as he turned and smashed a clenched fist into the front row wall, just before the chairs. It smashed up under his force. All of the people who were still in the room startled at the sound but no one said anything.

Odin was across the room, murmuring to a couple of guards, Loki didn't even care what about. Frigga came over to them and placed a hand on Loki's shoulder, stilling him momentarily. She was crying but she was doing everything in her power to keep as calm as possible, maybe for Loki's sake, maybe just for her own sanity.

"Loki...I'm so sorry...she didn't say anything...I didn't think for a second that she would..." Loki just shook his head; he didn't want to hear it. He didn't blame her, he didn't know who to blame, he didn't even know what to think. Frigga rearranged her clothing a little, distracting herself, putting herself into authority mode.

"Everyone has been ordered to leave." She said. "Odin is handling the guards, you won't be executed today, nor will you be returned to the dungeons. Thor, take Loki to your rooms, take your time, stay there, I will be down in a few hours with the All father and we will talk then." There was really nothing that she could say that would make anything better right now so she kept it simple; no words of comfort, no gestures of kindness could change a single thing. Thor had managed to pull himself together, another thing that he often did, he held strong, pretended to be alright, only letting himself go when he was alone, similar to Loki himself, but this time, the events were just too much for them to keep that cover. Both of them.

Eventually, Thor placed his hands back on the younger god, pulling round to lead Loki out of the chambers. Loki shrugged out of his grip and walked slightly ahead. He didn't bother to hurry himself with getting back to the rooms, what was the point? He felt dead inside. He had stopped crying and was now just breathing in fluttered, sniffled breaths and shaking quite bad, not much noticeable when he walked but he could feel his body vibrating against his will.
Thor said nothing as they walked and Loki didn't want to hear anything either, he didn't want to feel anything, see anything, touch anything, he wanted to die now more than ever and if they wouldn't execute him here, he would find a way to do it himself. It wasn't even a decision anymore, he couldn't face that kind of guilt, as weak and pathetic as that made him, he wanted the cowards' way out now, he just wanted an end.

They dawdled back to Thor's rooms, opening the door and entering. The room was still the same as it had been during his last hour in there, the jug and half empty glass still on the small table a few feet away. His eyes scanned the room, seeing the flowers and things that Kalda had decorated their rooms with, he felt the tears sting his eyes again. He looked at the other side of the room and there was kaldas' bed, still unmade, just as she had left it.

He walked forward, ignoring Thor's question of what he was doing, and he kneeled down next to her bed, the tears spilling down his cheeks as he did. His breathing turned shaky as he cried quietly now, his voice going from the screaming before. He picked up the messy covers and held them against his face, breathing in the scent of his daughter. He held in the breath for a few seconds and then breathed out shakily, more tears running down his face. He couldn't take it; he just couldn't believe what was happening. He wanted to wake up and still be in his cell and know that all of this had been an awful nightmare; he would accept any execution gladly if that would just become a reality.

He heard Thor move across the room and then a small thunk as he sat down on his own bed and sighed. Then there was a familiar sound that Loki recognised as Thor's hands rubbing against his face, the light rough noise of skin rubbing stubble.

"Do you think it hurt her?" Loki barely managed to whisper "Don't." Thor said. "Don't do that to yourself, not now." And they stopped talking then, just sat in their places.

They stayed like this for some time, the only sounds were Loki's breathing and Thor shifting and sighing occasionally. Loki couldn't even smell Kalda anymore, his nose had grown accustomed to it from breathing it in for so long but he couldn't bring himself to pull the blanket away from him. He tangled his arms into it tighter and pressed it more against his face and neck.

He startled, just a little when the door clicked and creaked slightly as it opened. They must have been sitting there for longer than he realised for Frigga and Odin to be showing up now, but it can't have been a few hours can it? Either way, he didn't wish to speak to anyone just now and he didn't bother to turn to show he had heard them, they would talk soon enough.

"Loki..?" What the raven haired god hadn't expected though, was to hear Sif's voice addressing him from the doorway followed by the sound of Thor jumping up with a sound that he couldn't possibly create again if he wanted to. "What're you..."

Loki turned round just as Sif went to ask him her question but she didn't get any further than the two words once she saw the expression on Loki's face, not that Loki was paying any slight amount of attention to her at all. The small, half Jotun girl in her arms who was currently beaming at him though, now that had his full attention.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so so so so sorry!! Okay so I'm not that sorry but I hope you liked it anyway and let me know what you thought!
WARNINGS FOR CHAPTER: For anyone who needed to read these first, this chapter will contain a somewhat graphic description of child death and major emotional trauma and grief.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Here we go, the second to last chapter, not much more to say, I hope you like it!

Information regarding the Prompt fill work I posted is in the end notes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Loki couldn’t seem to move, he just stared dumbly at Kalda for a while. Even Thor waited to see what Loki would do before moving. At first he thought that this must be the glamour, and just the last part of Kalda waiting to disappear but of course that couldn't be it, that glamour would have gone by now. So did that mean that this was Kalda?

She wiggled and Sif quickly put her down where she ran straight over to Loki, smiling brightly.

"Ma!" She said, standing in front of the kneeling god. He looked at her, eyes like saucers.

"Kal...Kalda." He breathed, his mind trying to process everything but he was far too confused to gain anything from that. All he cared about right now was that Kalda; his daughter was standing in front of him right now and most definitely not dead.

"Is that..." He trailed off, lifting a shaking hand up, a bewildered expression spread across his eyes as he filed a couple of fingers through the top of her hair, messing it up slightly. He quickly pulled his hand back, as if burned and clasped it to his mouth, his eyes quickly filling with tears once again. These weren't tears of grief now though, just sheer and utter relief. "It is you!" He pretty much blubbered after a moment before pulling her to him and pressing his face against hers, his hands holding her body to his bare chest, one pushing back through her hair as he kissed her head and cried against her.

"Ma, why do people keep crying?" She asked, and he almost laughed. Almost.

He pulled back, holding her face in his hands to look at her, to see her and touch her and hear her voice again.

"I thought...we all thought...oh Gods Kalda, what were you thinking?" His voice became stern, rising in volume. "You could have died, I thought you had!"

"You said they were taking you away and I didn't want you to go, I thought if I could trick them into thinking that you had gone, you could magic yourself as someone else and stay with me but you lied! They were going to kill you weren't they?" She stomped a foot and stood her ground, just like Loki would have. She was as stubborn as he was, if not sometimes more.

Loki pulled her to him again, ignoring her slight struggle. "Don't you ever do that to me again, do you hear me? Don't ever, ever scare me like that again." She stopped struggling when she heard that his voice had softened again.

"Are you angry at me?" She asked against his chest.

"He's not angry." Thor answered for him, walking over and kneeling down next to them, running
his hands down his daughter's back like he couldn't quite believe she was really there. "You scared us both so much, Kalda." He didn't try to pull her into his arms, not that Loki would have let go anyway, he had no intention of letting go of her ever again.

"Uhhh...sorry...but what happened?" They had forgotten that Sif was still even in the room. Both Thor and Loki chuckled, but it was mostly humourless before Thor stood up. Loki didn't try to get up just yet, apart from the fact he was still smothering Kalda into his chest, he felt quite dizzy and sick, which was to be expected of course, after everything. There was a strange sort of high he was feeling from the amount of relief he now felt because his daughter was still alive and unharmed.

Thor made a gesture to Loki, suggesting that he wanted to be with Kalda for a moment. Loki reluctantly let go, so Thor could pick her up, before standing up himself. He watched after Thor and Kalda as the blond moved over to his bed, sitting down and cuddling his daughter, speaking to her quietly. Loki didn't want to look away for fear that it was all in his mind and this hadn't actually happened but he made himself look back, addressing Sif.

He quickly explained the basics of what happened, not wanting to go into detail and relive that again, he would be happy to forget the entire thing.

"So Kalda did all that...by herself?" Sif said at the end, the surprised confusion on her face hadn't left since Loki had mentioned the part about the temporary paralytics in the water. "How?"

Loki shook his head, looking back at Kalda. "She thought I was being taken away, so I suppose she thought if a glamoured copy of me was taken instead, they would think I was gone and I could pretend to be someone else, a servant or something." He turned back to Sif.

"Everything else, I think, was an accident. She didn't know about the death sentence, she didn't really know much of what was really happening so, I'm thinking that we are pretty damn lucky that, even if it didn't go however she had planned it, no one is currently dead, especially not her...oh gods...I really thought..."

He trailed off and Sif brought a hand up, rubbing at his shoulders, and he appreciated the gesture. He really wasn't used to any kind of friendly closeness from Sif or any of the warriors three, not like Thor was, they were his friends, Loki had always just been there, the little brother that was dragged along because their mother said so.

"So what happens now?" Sif asked, changing the subject a little, and Loki knew she could see that he was trying not to lose himself again, he had cried more than enough for a lifetime in the past couple of hours and he didn't need to do so again.

"Well." Loki said straightening himself up a little. Oh gods, he was still shirtless from his and Kalda's time together earlier. He grabbed one of his shirts from the closet near his bed and quickly put it on, returning towards Sif but speaking loud enough for Thor to hear to, since he had heard Sif's question and was looking at them now.

"Moth...uh...the All Mother and Father will be here at some point." He said and then realised. "Oh...they still think she's..." He wouldn't finish the sentence but they knew to what he was referring.

"What do you think father will do?" Thor said.

"Well I imagine they will both be happy to find that she's alive, she is their granddaughter after all." Loki retorted, a little more defensively than he had really intended. "Whether Odin will let the courts know so they can proceed the execution or not, I do not know." His voice became quieter.
as he spoke. He had forgotten completely about the fact that this day had originally been about his execution.

"They couldn't possibly still want you... after all of this." Thor, it seemed, still didn't really want to say it around Kalda, even though she understood perfectly well.

"Why not, Thor? My crimes still exist; nothing was erased because of this." He bit back.

"What if you pretend that Kalda hadn't survived, surely you can cover her with a continuous glamour, right?" Sif tried but they all knew that wouldn't be fair on her.

"No...No, we aren't going to do any of that." Loki cut the entire conversation off. "If the courts still want me executed after all of this, I care not anymore..."

"Loki, stop!" Thor quickly said. "Do not speak like that, you do care, and we won't..."

"I would much prefer to die and have it all done with than anything even remotely similar to what we thought had happened today! Either way, it is not our decision is it? If they still want what they want, we can do nothing. All I ask is that they be sure it is in fact me this time." He stared ahead of him, at nothing in particular. He really didn't care about anything else now; his daughter was alive, to Hel with everything else.

...

As Frigga had said, she arrived some time later, but Odin was not present, and she didn't look particularly surprised to see Kalda with them, and still alive too.

"Ohhh Kalda!" She laughed a little, rushing over to Thor, so she could take the young girl into her arms and hug her tightly. Thor and Loki, and even Sif just stared at her in confusion. When she finally straightened up and saw their faces, she smiled brightly, though there were tears in her eyes again.

"Oh yes, Heimdall told Odin and me, but I thought I shouldn't come down straight away and the All father cannot be here at all because he is currently discussing today's events with the courts, letting them know what had happened. Heimdall saw everything, but as you know, he cannot leave the gate unless ordered so he tried to send Huginn and Muninn but by the time they had come to him so he could send them to Odin, it was too late and there're no windows in the execution rooms so they wouldn't have been able to get to him. He apologises sincerely for not being able to help more."

Of course, Loki thought, Heimdall would have seen everything. Once again, in his panic he had forgotten all about everything except Kalda. Heimdall had never really liked Loki, and the feeling was mutual, he was the gatekeeper and that was it, as far as the once prince was concerned but he didn't blame him for not being able to do more. He couldn't really blame anyone for anything since this was mostly accidental. Had he been younger and not had to go through as much as he had in the last few years, his actions and beliefs would have been different, but Loki had changed a lot since then, especially since he'd had Kalda and learned that there really was something that he would die for.

"What are the courts saying?" Thor asked as Loki bent down to pick up Kalda, moving to sit on the edge of the bed with her on his lap so he could cuddle her again.

"Well." Frigga continued. "Odin is trying to even with them for now, after all, they were all there, they saw what happened, an experience that no one should ever have to go through." She said sadly. "I think he's hoping to get them to settle on this and come to some kind of final agreement."
She sat down next to Loki, placing a hand on his shoulder which was nearest to her and leaning against him lightly.

Loki figured that Sif decided to stay in case they were called down to the courts and needed her to take Kalda again, or she simply didn't know what else to do.

They all sat rather quietly for some time, until Frigga stood up and said that she was going to see if she could find out what was happening and then left. Thor told Sif that it was fine for her to leave; they would call her if they needed her to look after Kalda again and thanked her for her time. She smiled at them as reassuringly as she could before leaving.

Loki instantly moved back on the bed, resting up against the pillows like he had during his last hour with Kalda, and allowing his true form to flare, once again. Kalda lay against him and he just looked down at her, stroking her hair and face lightly with his fingers. Thor let out a long sigh and walked into the washroom to splash some water on his face.

"You scared me so much little one. I don't know what I would've done without you, you know that?" Loki whispered, feeling her nod before she lifted her head.

"If they had taken you away you wouldn't have been with me then. If they had killed you, you wouldn't be with me too." She said and he could hear what sounded like disappointment in her voice. She was angry with him.

"I know, and I'm sorry I lied to you Kalda, I really am but what could I say? I didn't want to upset you."

"Why do they want to kill you?" She asked and then added "No lies."

Loki sighed, now that was a question that he wasn't ready to answer yet, and that fact surprised him more than the question itself.

"I...uh...I did some bad things some years ago, before you were born and they sentenced me to death but I was angry, I was confused...things were very different then..."

"Why didn't they kill you sooner?" He really didn't like where this was going but he couldn't lie to her again.

"Because they found out that I was carrying a child." He looked down when he spoke, avoiding her stare.

"Me?" She said and he felt his chest drop, she was starting to figure it out, he knew it. He nodded, still not looking up.

"Did you have me so they wouldn't kill you?" He squeezed his eyes shut tight. How was he supposed to answer that really?

"No...I...it's not as simple as that, Kalda." He looked up, lifting one hand to place on her shoulder but she shrugged him away a bit, moving backwards so that she was kneeling up on Thor's side of the bed.

"So I was just...just here to keep you alive?" She said, and he could see the confusion and hurt building in her expression.

"Kalda no." He quickly said, leaning forward but she climbed down from the bed. "Please, it's not like that...Kalda." He stood up from the bed, moving to walk around it. Kalda ran up to the washroom and banged on the door. Thor opened it and she ran in before he could even ask what
"Shut the door!" She said. Thor walked out, upper half naked and still wet; it seems he decided to wash more than just his face, looking confused as she slammed the door on the two of them.

Thor turned back to Loki, pointing towards the washroom with his thumb. "Uh?"

Loki shook his head and ran his hands through his not so neat hair. After everything that had happened today, he really didn't need this, but then it wasn't really about him, it was about Kalda and this situation felt a lot more familiar than he was comfortable with.

"She asked me why I was to be executed and now she's not talking to me." He said simply. Thor's frown deepened.

"What, because of your crimes?" Loki figured it made sense why Thor would assume such.

"No, she didn't even ask what I did, she thinks we only had her to keep me alive, and she's right Thor! She must feel so used." Thor visibly sagged and turned back to the door, knocking on it gently.

"Go away!" They heard a muffled voice yell.

"Kalda...it's your father, please, can I just come in and talk?" There was silence for an extended moment and then they heard a small click as the door to the washroom opened, revealing a rather upset child.

"Can we talk here?" Thor asked and Kalda quickly glanced at Loki.

"No." She said and turned to walk back into the washroom.

"Kalda, please!" Loki said, standing up and walking towards her. "It's really not what you think, just let me explain." She stopped and stood still for a moment before her shoulders dropped a little and she turned around. She took a couple of steps forward and he dropped to his knees to be on the same level as her.

"I promise you Kalda, having you was the best thing I ever did, and not because it kept me alive. You have to believe me..." He was cut off by a knock on the door before it was opened and Frigga had returned. There were guards with her this time.

"The courts have asked for you Loki, Odin has done what he can, but the last part is up to you." What in Asgard did that mean? Loki just stared at her for a moment before realising that he needed to actually move and stood up, stroking down his clothes, much too casual for the courts but it's not like they would care at this point. He sent a quick glance to Thor who nodded to him, and a sorry glance to Kalda who was watching him before he moved towards his mother to be escorted down to the courts.

"Loki." Frigga spoke to him softly. "Should this not end in your favour, you won't be returning here." She warned with a look that said everything he needed to know. If they decided to go ahead with the execution, there would be no big audience. This would not be a big show now, they were tired of him, and he would be executed there and then, quickly, cleanly, definitely.

He halted and then turned back slowly, walking to Thor and his daughter. Thor placed a hand on the place between his neck and shoulder and gave him a reassuring nod. He kneeled down to Kalda again and she seemed to understand what this could mean and that hating him right now could end up being a huge regret that she would live with for the rest of her life.
She pushed forward into his arms and hugged him tight.

"It's going to be fine." He said with a small smile, just for her. "I love you so, so, so much. Don't you ever forget that, not even for a second." She nodded and let go of him, Thor placed his hand on her shoulder and she stepped back to stand with her father. Loki took one last look at them both before turning to follow Frigga and the guards.

He figured out where this was going, what was about to unravel. Whatever happened now, he hoped this was the end of it, this had all gone on for more than long enough and now it was time, no more last minute distractions, simply the end of this sentence, or the end of his life.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed, Last chapter soon :D

Okay, about the prompt fill work, for those who saw it, or whoever is interested. I posted a work asking for prompt/pairing requests to write one shots for. It was deleted for not having a story in it but I have the first story done and so, if you wish to read the prompts, or send me a prompt of your choice, then just click here

Thank you for reading
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Well, here we are. Twas a long journey but here we have reached the end. I won't bore you with an essay right now, I'll wait until the end to do that.

Go on, go enjoy, find out what happens ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Mother." Loki said as they walked. She slowed down a little to listen to him better.

"What I said before, I still don't want you to go in, I don't wish for you to see." She made a dismissive gesture with her hand. "Don't be silly, that may not even become a necessary request."

She wasn't like she had been just before his execution. Then she had been a wreck, barely holding anything together but now she walked with grace, a confidence in her step that confirmed his suspicions.

"Ørgrandr Fróðleikr?" He asked simply. She cast him a sideways glance and a barely noticeable smile, more like she just pursed her lips tightly. So Odin had managed to bring the original sentence back, albeit some months early but still. He had said that he'd given Loki this sentence because he believed that when the time it came to the test, Loki would be able to pass it. He wondered if the old king still believed that.

"If this doesn't..." He said slowly. "If this doesn't go well...can you be the one to tell them? Especially Kalda, go to them in person before they can hear it from anyone else." He wouldn't want her to hear it from some guard, laughing about it as he walked down the corridor past their rooms or something.

He heard Frigga tut a little, as though to disagree that it would be necessary and she didn't want to have to agree to such things but she sent him a look and then nodded.

They arrived at the doors of the courtroom and Loki stopped, turning to his mother, he took her hands.

"Don't go in, please mother. I don't think this will...I don't think I can...please, do not go in there." Frigga placed her hands on his face.

"Try to think, Loki, before you answer their questions. You will not be able to speak anything but the honest truth but try to give yourself a moment to think about everything that has happened, think about what you have done, what was done to you. Think about Thor, think about Kalda. There is no rush on your answers but you must answer them carefully, for there will be no second chance."

That didn't really answer his request but he knew she wouldn't wait outside. After all, he learned his stubbornness from somewhere. He looked down and she took him into her arms.

"I love you, my son. You can do this, I know you can." He didn't bother trying to explain the only thing going through his mind right now, the fact that he wasn't even sure how he felt about
everything. They would ask him a question, or a few questions and their own wording would be as important as his.

"I'll be right there." She whispered in to his ear. "You are not alone, my boy, you never were." He didn't feel any better but he appreciated her attempted words of comfort. He knew he'd always had her; she loved him no matter what, like she did with Thor, just as a mother would.

He held her tighter for a moment before pulling back and she held his face again, looking deep into his eyes for a long few seconds before she closed her own, lowering her head, she let him go and walked away. She had to enter through a different door to get to her place.

A couple of minutes later, he heard the entrance doors open and the guards' lead him forward. There were not many people in the room this time. Odin was there, standing by a chair that Loki assumed was where he himself, was to sit. Next to that same chair, on the other side, stood the executioner, freshly sharpened blade in his hands. He was a large muscular man, his face hidden by a bulky iron mask, as was tradition. He had seen many executions, but he had never been in these courtrooms, not during a trial anyway, he didn't really know what was about to happen.

Only the necessary people from the courts were present, plus a couple of witnesses, otherwise the huge room was empty. Every footstep of his echoed loudly and all eyes were on him.

He was right about the chair and he was brought up to Odin and told to sit. The chair was rather old and battered but it was also very thick and wooden and held together with metal. Loki wasn't sure why such a shabby chair was being used, maybe as some kind of reminder of his status, he didn't know. Then again, if this was a chair that was only used for trials, then maybe torture was a life that this chair had held a lot of people through in its time. He didn't know the process of Ørgrund Fróðleikr; it was different magic to his. It came from a different source and he had no experience with it.

He was now starting to feel a little vulnerable, but wasn't about to let that show. He sat still as the guards chained him to the old chair, he wasn't simply chained to it though, the guards removed his wrist bracers and he was clasped down flat against the arms of the chair by his wrists and more clasps up by his elbow, his hands turned so his palms and forearms faced upwards. They did the same with his legs, clasping his ankles to the legs and just under his knees too. He thought that would be it but then a final clasp was placed around his neck and he was completely attached to this chair.

He wasn't chained to it for security, he realised, they knew he couldn't be any harm to them, just the bracers that had been on his wrists were enough to stop him being an immediate threat, the excessive binding was to intimidate him, and as much as he hated to admit it, even to himself, it was working. He held his expression strong though, refusing to let a slight hint of his true emotions show.

The room was silent for a few moments until one of the head of the courts men - the magistrate- stood up to address him.

"Loki Laufeyson." Loki very nearly flinched when he heard them refer to him in that way. Was that to intimidate him too? But no because that was his true heritage, he was Laufey's son but it still sent a shiver through him. His entire life he had been Loki Odinson, and he knew he wasn't a true son of Odin, but it had never occurred to him that it would have made any difference to his name but to hear it said so simply had completely thrown him off and so he struggled to keep his resolve while they spoke.

"You have been condemned to death for the crimes listed as follows-" The magistrate spoke, in a rather bored tone. This entire situation had gone on for more than long enough and Loki guessed
he wasn't the only one who simply wished for it to end. "The murder of king Laufey of Jotunheim, Attempting to destroy Jotunheim in its entirety resulting in the destruction of the Bifrost, Attempting to subjugate Midgard and its people resulting in the many deaths of mortal men, women and children." That last one hit hard, he knew that was why he was here mostly but to hear it said like that, he had caused the death of parents, children, families had been broken up because of him and he'd never really thought of it, he hadn't been in the right mind to at the time but even so, he felt his heart drop at the idea of being one of the parents, losing Kalda like that, he couldn't even imagine.

"Do you deny any of these accusations?" They asked and Loki didn't really see why since they knew he had done all of it so what was the point, even so, he still answered. "No."

"Very well, we can proceed." The magistrate said. "You will be placed under Ørgrandr Fróðleikr, a very strong truth spell, and then you will be asked a series of questions. Once under the spell, you shall not be able to lie, any attempt to do so will not be a pleasant experience for you, of that you can be certain." Loki's eyes narrowed a little. What exactly did this spell do?

"Do you have any questions before we begin?" Loki shook his head, whatever was going to happen would happen, knowing about it wouldn't change the fact.

Odin stepped forward lifted his hand up to the courts, getting their attention.

"Before we begin, there are a few things I would like to say that I think, may be of some use towards your decision." The magistrate waved his hand dismissively and nodded his head, it's not like he would refuse the king.

"I believe that the events that went on earlier today should be taken into consideration. Kalda did a very brave and clever, even if foolish and nearly fatal thing and we were all present for the scene that played out in the execution room, a fate that no parent should ever have to witness of their own child. But Loki, he did, he saw what he believed to be his daughter executed in front of all of us and I would like to be sure that this is at the forefront of everyone's minds before we continue."

Wow, Loki thought, he hadn't expected Odin of all people to stand up and speak on his behalf, even if it may not make a difference.

Odin nodded to himself and then approached Loki, lifting up Gungnir and placing the tip towards one of Loki's wrists, the trickster tensed and tried to pull his hand back reflexively, but of course he couldn't because of the bindings. Odin looked at him for a moment.

"Prepare yourself." He muttered quickly and Loki didn't really have chance to do so before the old king connected the end of the sceptre with his wrist, letting the magic of the spell flow through. The Seidr flowed out and attached itself to his skin, like living vines, and they burned, sharp searing pain slashed up his arm and some of the ends of the burning whips smashed against the chair, small chips of wood flying off, and now he knew why the chair was so battered.

The hot magic clawed its way up his arm and seemed to try and pierce into him at his inner elbow, attempting to force its way into his veins. It succeeded and he almost screamed with the pain and he struggled in his restrictive bindings, but no amount of struggling helped with anything, he couldn't move, he was stuck here, unable to stop the tight ropes of fire climbing into his arm and flowing up his veins. It was heading for his chest, he could feel it, his blood boiling and searing. He realised in this moment that the bindings were not to intimidate him, they were to hold him still and then he knew that this wasn't the worst of the pain he would feel, this was dark magic indeed.

It reached his heart and seemed to explode outwards, spreading off in different directions all over his body and he lost himself and screamed. His back arched forwards so much his neck pressed
against the metal trapping him, cutting off his air but he couldn't control the movements of his body as he tensed and shook and choked. The worst of the pain was in his chest and feared his heart was going to give out any second. Then, right as he thought he was going to pass out, the fire seemed to retract into his heart and then die out and everything fell silent. His body sagged, as much as it could in the bindings, and he just breathed hard and trembled.

He became aware of Odin, still next to him and he thought he heard him call his name softly, but Loki made no move to acknowledge him. He felt sick. Then he heard Odin speak his name, clearer this time and he opened his eyes heavily and slowly drew his head up to face the courts. He spotted Frigga leaning forward in her seat some way away, looking like she was about to bolt down to him any second. Her eyes were wide, both hands up by her mouth.

"Loki Laufeyson." The magistrate said. "Speak when you are ready to proceed."

Loki spent a few seconds breathing and clearing his head. He felt strange, he would have answered immediately to get this over and done with but his body wouldn't respond to him and he was a bit worried about trying to force it after what they had said about fighting against the spell. He could feel it coiling in his chest, almost threateningly, daring him to try and fight it.

A couple of minutes later he felt a bit more settled and sat up a little straighter. "I am ready."

"Very well." The magistrate looked down at a scroll, reading carefully before he spoke. "You're name is Loki Laufeyson, correct?"

"Just Loki is fine." Loki replied before he'd even had chance to think. His eyes glanced left and he saw Odin watching him carefully. He looked back down and adjusted himself again, starting to feel much more vulnerable than he would have preferred.

"King Laufey of Jotunheim was your father by blood, was he not?" The magistrate asked, a small smile on his face that Loki wanted to wipe off violently. He grit his teeth for a moment.

"By blood." He confirmed. His mother had said to think before he spoke but it didn't really make much difference, the words as good as blurted out of him before he could try to take a second and he couldn’t change an answer which was the truth, even rewording it seemed on the edge of impossible.

"Right, and knowing that he was related to you as such, you plotted and carried out the assassination of your father, king Laufey, correct?" He already knew all of this, Loki had already said that he didn't deny any of it; did they just wish to watch Loki squirm?

Loki struggled for a second, trying to hold back his answer just for a moment but he felt the magic whirling around his chest, growing more uncomfortable the longer he held. "Correct." He ground out heavily, sighing to himself when he felt the magic settle in his chest.

"And upon your fall from the Bifrost-" Loki's hands slowly curled into fists, his nails pressing into his palms. He knew what was coming, "You fell out of the galaxy it seems; Heimdall himself could not see you. Then some time later, you appeared on Midgard, where you attempted to subjugate earth and make yourself king, correct?"

"Correct."

"So-" He continued, the infuriating smile on his face still hadn't left. "There was quite some time between your fall from the Bifrost and your appearance on Midgard. Where were you?" And there it was, Loki had known it was coming but he did not want to answer. He struggled, the magic in his chest unravelling again flaring up and burning him on the inside. He made a growling
noise as he tried to hold it back but it just got worse, hotter and hotter until he was struggling not to yell, but he knew that if he spoke, it could only be an honest answer. He tried to think, but his head couldn't clear when there was such pain in him.

"Don't fight it, Loki." He heard a voice that sounded like Odin's say. Loki needed to get his head together, he wanted a moment to think and he wasn't getting it because as soon as an answer burst out of his mouth, the next question was being said and his head felt overstuffed and he couldn't breathe properly and then he realised he was actually holding his breath. He forced himself to focus, right, what did the, magistrate ask? It was all in the wording right? He asked him where he was between the Bifrost and Midgard; the question didn't need a huge answer because he hadn't asked for detail...yet.

"I was with Thanos." He let out with a huge breath and almost groaned with the relief of the magic cooling down in his chest, almost seeming to purr at him or something.

"And where was that?"

"I don't know." He let his reply come immediately, he was still breathing heavy and there was no way he could try and hold back again so soon.

"What happened to you while you were with Thanos?" He struggled again but he knew it was no use, they were going to get it out of him and there was nothing he could do.

"At first they...they thought I was a threat...they beat me, tortured me to find out who I was and why I was there and I told them. When they finally believed me, Thanos said...he said he could help me get my way back up, to be the king I was supposed to be." He saw Odin shift in the corner of his eye but didn't move to look at him. "I believed him and he said I could have some of his army to help me take what was mine."

There was muttering between the few courts people, nothing that he could make out, he was hot and sweating now, his breathing not slowing down as much as before. This really was strong magic, he could feel his own Seidr trying to push the intruding power out, which of course was not going to work. This was Odin's own magic; he couldn't best it, even if he wasn't bound and weak.

"So you were controlled by Thanos, yes?" Loki shook his head, as much as he could anyway.

"Thanos influenced me, made me believe that it was possible, and gave me the arrogance to try but he was not controlling me, I was of my own mind." He said.

"You're attempts at making yourself ruler over Midgard were stopped and Thor, the man you once knew to be your brother, brought you back to face your crimes, correct?" Well, Loki thought, he didn't think that Thor realised it would be quite as bad as this, otherwise maybe he wouldn't have brought him back after all. Maybe he thought that Loki might get off a little easier for being a former prince. Loki smiled a little to himself, bitterly.

"Correct." He muttered.

"So-" the magistrate said. "With that information at the forefront of the minds of everyone present, tell us...why shouldn't you be executed?"

Loki nearly lost his face at the question. He had expected what Odin had told him he would get, did he feel remorse? He hadn't expected to have to give them a reason as to why he shouldn't die because truth be told, there wasn't one.

"I never asked not to be executed." He blurted angrily, quickly shutting himself up. The magic in
his chest didn't flare up much just yet, maybe because he wasn't even sure what his honest answer was. He hadn't asked not to be executed, that was Thor's doing, and maybe Frigga's, but he himself never asked for any lenience, he knew what he had done and anyone else would have been executed, as would he, had Thor not done what he did to keep him alive longer.

He looked at Odin for a moment, the old king still watching him, the man he had believed to be his father for so long. He hated him so much for lying to him his entire life, bringing him up in a lie because he might have been of some use to him. And Loki had been so confused that day in Jotunheim, when the Jotun had grabbed his arm and it hadn't burned like he had expected, no, it broke through a glamour he didn't even know he had. In that moment he had figured it out, sure he could have been cursed but he knew, he just didn't want to admit it until Odin did. His breath hitched as a thought suddenly hit him.

"Oh gods...I was her...I was Kalda." He hadn't really intended to say that out loud, since they didn't even know what he was talking about but he was; he was the confused child questioning their existence, wondering why his 'parents' had lied to him and if he only existed to serve a purpose. And he had been so, so angry, he had hated Odin, he still did but he couldn't even begin to imagine Kalda feeling that way towards him. He loved her more than anything and even though she was pretty much forced upon him, he did not regret having her, staying alive so that she could exist. She wasn't an excuse for him to survive, she was a reason why he wanted to live at all, and there was a difference.

"If you execute me, then that is by the choice of the courts and no one will question the decision." He said. "Truthfully I don't deserve to be spared." Loki could feel Frigga's eyes on him, knowing that she was probably internally screaming at him to shut up but his words were the truth, and only the truth could be spoken.

"There have been many people who were executed for much less than me. The only thing I think could even minutely waver your decision is my daughter, Kalda. The measures that she went to..." He forced himself to breathe evenly. "That she went to in an attempt to save my life shows just how much she understands what is happening and that her say in this should be taken into account. I would die a million deaths like this, with a smile on my face every time, to never have to see her like I did today, not ever again."

The magistrate cleared his throat. "And...And under the awareness of your crimes and the consequences of your actions, do you feel remorse for what you have done?" Ahh, there was the question.

Loki huffed a small laugh to himself, and then found himself laughing more and he knew that everyone could see him. It was funny, the way his mind had processed things before, he had been a very different man, but at the same time, had these events not happened, he may just as well been that very same man. The man who so desperately wanted to be seen as equal to Thor, who wanted his father's acceptance, who wanted to at least have been considered as king. It wasn't his desires that put him here though, that made him who he was, it was how his own jealousy had clouded his judgement and now that he looked back at himself, he really could only laugh.

It all seemed so...so...he didn't even know what he thought of it now, so much had changed, he had grown accustomed to this new life, this new way of thinking and he felt now, like he would miss it. Apart from this, his life had grown quite simple and he now found that he liked it this way. There was a peace and almost tranquillity in his life now, at least there had been before the recent events and he didn't really desire to take the thrown now. He still wished to be recognised as the prince he once was and to have had some form of ruling. He was a prince, even by blood he was still a prince, not that he wanted to rule Jotunheim in any way shape or form. He really was rightfully king there too, not only was he Laufeys son, but he personally defeated the frost king.
himself, making him the rightful heir to the throne. But this wasn't simply about having power, it
never really had been. He felt so used now, like all his life had just been building up to one
moment where they could use him as their backup plan for keeping the peace and it was like he
had never truly owned any of his life, and he just wanted to feel like he did.

But he went about it wrong, he hadn't thought any better at the time and still felt like his actions
were justified at the time, but now he looked back and had he been in the state of mind he was in
now, he wouldn't have acted as he did, that was simply it.

"It took a long time for me to be able to get the point where I could answer that question truthfully,
to myself before anyone else." He started. "I was so unsure for so long and I thought I had
reached the answer after I found out I wasn't of the Asir, not the answer I wanted, but I thought
that was it, that I was done for and I wasn't ready to sit down and accept that, and I'm still not. I
refuse to accept that my life was all for nothing, just some fluke possibility that I could become
some form of an alliance between Asgard and Jotunheim.

"As for my emotions, how angry I felt, and betrayed, I do not regret them. My feelings were
understandable in my situation even if my actions were irrational, which brings me to the point of
all of this. I couldn't understand why I still felt that my actions were right, but I realised that it
wasn't the actions themselves but my means of dealing with the emotions I harboured. It was not
my intention to break apart families, to end the lives of many mortals, I wanted recognition, I
wanted someone to hear what I was saying, and not just the words. My actions were wrong, that
much is clear but in my mind at the time, I felt clear, I felt like what I was doing was a good idea
and I am not remorseful for believing that. My sense of remorse goes to the people I hurt, to the
lives I destroyed, they were not a part of it and my anger shouldn't have affected them."

There was nothing but silence for a few seconds and Loki was beginning to think that maybe he
had said too much. That was quite the speech, and his words had surprised even him. He assumed
it was the spell but he felt strange, like he had just sat back as his thoughts were displayed in front
of the courts. He had never been quite sure about where he stood with his opinion of himself and
what he had done but he guessed that this was it, he felt the magic coiling around, not threatening
him now, he had said his bit.

"Very well, anything you wish to add?" Loki just shook his head the small amount he could. They
turned amongst themselves, muttering and making their decision. There was a long, tense wait
before they finally turned back to face him. Loki sat very still, keeping his resolve. No matter what
happened, he would not lose face. They turned back, the magistrate still looking bored and more
than finished with this trial.

"Right, we seem to have come to some form of unanimous decision. We believe you do show a
sense of remorse, whether it is enough, maybe not but of course you cannot simply go unpunished
and therefore you are to remain bound to the palace grounds, under no circumstances are you to
leave until it has been decided that you have earned back your trust and proven your worth." Loki
heard a sharp intake of relieved breath from his mother; he could only stare towards the magistrate
in a sort of numb surprise. He had thought that they would probably execute him regardless of his
answers.

"Do not think that this is done, Loki Laufeyson, should you show one single hint of returning to
your old ways, you will be dragged to the execution room faster than you could even begin to feel
remorse. Do not waste this generosity." It wasn't even a threat now, it was a promise. There would
be no more trials, no more chances, one wrong move and he was dead, at least until he had proven
himself to be trustworthy again.

The magistrate dismissed everyone and Odin approached Loki again, playing the sceptre against
his wrist and freed him of the spell. Frigga quickly came down to him as the guards released him
from the strong restraints of the chair. He felt cold and realised he was shivering after Odin had taken the magic spell away. Cold was something he had never really felt, and he had never questioned it until he became aware of his true heritage but now he felt an icy itch running through his bloodstream. Frigga rubbed her hands up his arms a bit, not that it helped in the slightest.

"It's alright, you will feel normal again in a few minutes, just give it a chance to wear off."

"Not the most pleasant of spells." He remarked, his teeth chattering a bit and Frigga hugged him close to her.

Odin moved to him again, his bracers in hand. Loki simply lifted his wrists and allowed the old king to put them back on, he knew he would have to wear them again, not that it bothered him anymore. Once they were secure, Odin moved to pull his hands away but Loki grabbed one of his wrists without thinking. He quickly let go, his gaze jumping up to meet that of the old king, who wore a slight frown.

"Uh...I...I thank you." Loki said slowly. "For your help and what you have done...I...probably would not be alive now if you hadn't and I...thank you." This time it was Odin who took his wrist in hand and squeezed it warmly, something akin to a smile moulded across his lips and then he pulled away and Loki returned to embracing his mother.

"Is it over now?" He asked, still feeling dazed and not quite sure if what had happened was true or not. Frigga held him tighter.

"Indeed it is, my son."

... The moment Thor saw Loki walk through the doors to their rooms, he stood up and then he was there, embracing him. The hands on Loki's face didn't faze him, a move his mother often made towards him, the strong lips on his own however, he hadn't really expected since he and Thor were not really the type to act in that way towards each other. But there they were, Thor's thumbs stroking his cheeks and fingers scratching the back of his head a little as their lips melded hard together. Then the blond pulled back and pulled him to him, wrapping his huge arms around Loki's shoulders, the younger man's face squishing into the strong chest.

"I knew you could do it, Loki. I knew it!" Loki wasn't sure he had heard Thor sound this excited since they were youths and he had just made a huge kill when they went hunting but Loki figured that after everything that had happened, everything that Thor had done and risked to try and save Loki, he was bound to be more than relieved to find that Loki would survive after all.

"Thor-" Loki wheezed. "Thor...I can't breathe." Thor quickly pulled back with an apologetic sound and smiled sheepishly.

"Ma gets to stay?" Kalda asked coming over to them both. Loki lifted her up, hugging her close.

"Yes." He said quietly to her. "Ma gets to stay."

... Frigga had food sent up to them, since none of them really felt much like going down to the royal dining hall and socialising. It had taken the food arriving for Loki to realise that he hadn't even eaten since the small meal he had barely touched in his cell before going to see his daughter for what he believed to be the final time.

So much had happened in this day; he was still half convinced that he was going to wake up any
second by a guard coming to tell him it was time for the execution. He felt somewhat disconnected from everything, like he was sitting outside of the window, looking in at them sitting together and eating.

It was rather late anyway and they decided to call it a night not long after. Kalda asked if she could lay with them in their bed for a while, which of course they were happy to do. Loki really wanted to explain to her that he hadn't had her to use her without explaining what really happened. She wouldn't understand the concepts of non-consensual sex yet but she would learn what it is eventually and he didn't want her to hate her father for what he had done. Thor had made his mistake yes, but it was to Loki and Kalda did not need to be part of that bit.

"You know we love you." Loki muttered, laying in bed and stroking Kalda’s hair. He hadn't transformed into his Jotun self because Thor was laying next to him with Kalda in between them. She was still in her true form but Thor was fine because he wasn't touching her much, or if he was it wasn't for too long and he could bare to be near her without feeling too cold. "More than anything, we really do."

"I know." She nodded sleepily, her eyes closed. She wasn't pushing him away and she hadn't acted differently towards either of them since he had returned so he figured that she wasn't too angry with him, certainly not like he had been with Odin but he still felt a strong need to explain to her, tell her that it didn't change anything, he was so glad that she was here and she was his little girl.

"I know it's confusing for you at the moment, and hopefully one day you will be able to understand but I need you to know that you are so much more to us than an escape from execution, truly."

He leaned forward and kissed the top of her head and she brought a hand up to hold one of his own, lifting her head up, she placed his hand against the pillow and lay her face against his palm. "I love you too." She whispered before settling, her breathing becoming slightly deeper. She was done with conversation for the night, she was done with the entire day, as they all were and he let her fall asleep on his hand, moving his fingers against her skin every now and then, smiling to himself when he felt her grip on his wrist tighten.

...

Gradually, Loki settled back into the life that had developed during the six years of Kalda growing up, except now, there was no waiting to be executed, only waiting for the day when he would finally be free to exist and move around at his own will. For now though, he could care less, he simply wished to focus his time on raising his daughter and helping to earn back his trust.

He and Thor continued as they were, allowing themselves to explore the physical pleasures with each other but Loki still made it clear that he and Thor would never truly be, though it almost felt like they already were sometimes. When Thor had asked for Loki to put that into words, he had simply said that he would never marry him and they would never declare their love for each other. Thor often did so to Loki anyway.

Odin had decided to relieve all guards that had been with them for more than fifty years, which was most of them, and set Loki himself, the task of training the new ones. He disciplined them and taught the ones who didn't know how to fight from an attack and defence perspective. Most of them knew attack, as was expected since a lot of them had army backgrounds and training but not many of them had ever paid that much attention to defence and resistance. He found that he quite enjoyed it, having never really expected to have the patience for teaching, but he was good at it, and they respected him as their teacher and superior, regardless of his current status as prisoner.
The training, it turned out, may have become very necessary when one of Odin's messengers came running into the royal dining hall one evening whilst they were all eating, out of breath and slightly panicked.

"Master, master!" The boy had shouted, nearly tripping over himself as he ran over to the king, quickly kneeling down before him, one arm crossed against his chest. "Master, we have received word that Jotunheim knows of the existence of the daughter of Prince Thor, the child they call 'the half-breed princess'. They send warning of their departure to Asgard but they said not of their intentions." Loki's head had shot up the moment he heard the word Jotunheim, now he was standing, moving himself automatically next to Kalda's chair protectively.

He watched Odin, waiting for his word on how to proceed.

"When did their word arrive?" The king asked the young messenger.

"Just now your majesty, I came here right away."

"They would've had to have sent it this morning for it to arrive now, they could arrive anytime. Right, Loki take Kalda to your quarters, Thor go with them. You will be sent for when we know what they want." Loki didn't wait to see what Odin planned to do, he quickly ushered a confused Kalda out of her seat and picked her up to take back to their quarters.

"What do you suppose they want?" He asked Thor as they walked back into their rooms. Frigga had stayed with Odin to greet the Jotnar that would arrive and guards had been called up and some of them sent with Thor and Loki, just in case they should be needed.

"They seem to have an interest in Kalda, whether they feel positively about her existence or not, I do not know. Maybe they are interested in some form of an alliance, having someone like Kalda ruling over both realms would be much more of a negotiation than choosing from either side. Honestly, it's amazing we kept her a secret for this long, I always thought they would discover her much sooner." Thor suggested, trying to keep things more positive sounding, Loki could tell he wouldn't want him to get too worried, but Loki had a bad feeling about this. If they saw her as a threat to them for whatever reason, they wouldn't be too happy about her being around and the prince's daughter no less.

"Is she even a real heir to the throne?" Odin had never said whether she would be in line to the throne or not and Loki just assumed she wouldn't, but she was currently the only child of the prince and the only next potential heir after Thor.

"I would expect so, what reason would he have to turn her away? Plus he wanted this didn't he, us to rule together, produce an heir who was a mix of the two races and that's exactly who she is." Loki nodded subtly in agreement. He just hoped that whatever they wanted, it wasn't going to end in bloodshed, on their behalf of course, there was no way they would get their hands on his daughter without one Hel of a fight!

They sat in quiet anticipation for a while before they heard footsteps heading towards their door. Loki was on his feet, Kalda pushed behind him in the next second. He relaxed only slightly upon seeing that it was guards who entered.

"The Jotnar say that they mean no threat, they wish to meet Kalda." The head guard said almost timidly.

"And what business is it of theirs?" Loki snapped, knowing it wasn't the guards fault but he didn't care.
"I was ordered by the All father to bring you to them. He said to assure you that it is safe and no harm will come to you or the child." Loki threw an unconvincing look to Thor who sighed and stepped forward, he picked up Mjolnir before gesturing to Loki to follow.

"Nothing will happen to her, I promise." He tried to comfort the dark haired god. Loki looked down at Kalda who was watching them all, clearly very confused and then he realised, she had never seen a full sized pure Jotun before.

Loki sighed and picked Kalda up to follow Thor and the guards.

There wasn't as many of them as he had expected. There was maybe seven or eight of them all together, most of which were in either wearing battle amour, guards Loki thought, or they were wearing some very dank and drab slave clothing. Two of them though, they were dressed very differently, adorning partial amour, clearly of much more worth than that of the guards, along with much more decorative and cultural clothing. These were the leaders, it was clear in the way that they dressed, they way they held themselves, and everything else.

It was only the two more extravagant looking Jotnar that turned their heads upon hearing Thor, Loki and Kalda enter the throne room, their eyes trailing over the blond prince, then lingering on Loki for a moment before their attention was on their daughter.

Loki heard a small gasp come from Kalda and knew she had realised what they were. He held her closer to him as they walked past the Jotnar to go and stand near the all father and mother by the throne.

There was silence for a few seconds once they had stood in front of their guests before one Jotun, who looked a little older, stepped forward to them. Loki put Kalda down, and ushered her slightly behind him warily.

"Thor, Loki..." Odin stood up and walked almost to the bottom of the steps from the throne, leaving himself still slightly above everyone else. "Meet the two kings of Jotunheim, Helblindi and Býleistr Laufeyson." He quickly cast Loki a sideways glance as he spoke their surname.

"Prince Thor." The elder Jotun -assumably Helblindi- greeted him politely with a half bow. Thor did not return the gesture, nor did he acknowledge them, for he was too busy looking between them and Loki with a frown. Loki's eyes were wide as he stared at them. He stepped forward a little.

"Laufeys' sons?" He repeated knowing exactly what that meant. Helblindi turned his attention to Loki, approaching him but stopped quickly when he saw Loki take a step back, making his daughter step back behind him.

"You are Loki, mother of the young princess?" Loki nodded cautiously. "Then you are Laufeyson also and we are brothers." He said with another small bow. Loki could only to continue to stare incredulously at him.

Odin made a small uncomfortable sound and Loki's glance shifted to him for a moment but quickly jumped back to Helblindi when Kalda shifted out of his grip to walk towards the Jotun king. "Kalda." Loki warned, desperately wishing she would come back.

"And this-" Helblindi added, looking down, his red eyes on the approaching child who was staring at him with an expression much more full of curiosity and wonder than Loki's. "Must be the half Jotun princess of course. Tell me; what is your name, little one?"

"Kalda." She answered quietly and then she lifted one hand up a bit. "Are you like me?" She
asked.

Helblindi kneeled down to her height, raising his own hand and offering it to her. "Indeed I am." He answered as she pressed her tiny hand against his very large one and then played with his fingers, watching him with wide eyes. "You're big." She said and he chuckled. Thor threw a quick glance at Loki who looked about ready to bolt to her any second. He kept himself in check though, and Kalda seemed to be doing just fine.

"And you are beautiful." The other Jotun, Býleistr said also approaching to look at her better. "Her skin is lighter than ours, her markings more shallow." He noted to his brother.

"And look." Kalda said, closing her eyes and allowing her glamour to take over to her Asgardian form. She smiled up at them but their smiles faded and they looked up at Loki.

"You would hide who she is?" Loki quickly shook his head.

"We are teaching her to use her Seidr, this is simply part of what she learned, it is all her choice." So that was mostly the truth, he decided to leave out the part about doing the glamour for her before, since they didn't seem too keen on the idea. Their eyes narrowed slightly but they appeared to accept the answer and returned their attention to Kalda, who transformed back and continued to ask them questions about why they were so big and why they dressed different. They answered her patiently and laughed at her openness. Loki looked at Frigga, completely confused as to why this was going well, but she simply smiled warmly at him before Loki's attention was snatched back by Helblindi picking up his daughter.

"Alright-" Loki warned. "Tha-that's enough, Kalda come here." The older king looked at Loki for a moment before nodding his head once and placing Kalda on the floor who came running over to Loki, a big smile on her face. "They're like us ma, just like us!" She said excitedly. "They're much bigger though." And even Loki had to smile at her, just like pretty much everyone else in the room. He was completely baffled by her reaction to them, her confidence, half expecting her to have been shy and wary of the giant kings but he couldn't have been more wrong.

Helblindi stood up and addressed both Loki and Thor. "We thank you for allowing us to meet your daughter, she is most charming. As for you, all father-" he turned to the old king. "Assuming you intend for her to become heir to the throne after her father, there may be discussions to be had at a later date. Now, we thank you for your hospitality and bid you farewell...for now." They bowed again before Býleistr turned back to Loki.

"It was nice to meet you...brother." He said with a small smile, Loki couldn't decide if it was mocking or genuine and it made him feel more than uncomfortable and a little angry but he didn't dare speak after things had gone as well as they had so he simply nodded to him and watched as the Jotun guards turned and escorted the kings back out, some of Odin's own guards going along to ensure they did as they said.

There was complete silence after they had left, not a single one of them knew what to say.

"Well-" Odin said slowly after a few drawn out moments. "That could have ended a lot differently. You are one brave little girl Kalda."

They hadn't spoken much of what had happened for the rest of the day, and then Loki had put Kalda to bed, she had still asked him a few questions about them which he answered as best he could. He had let her sit with them on their bed and stroked her head until she had drifted off to sleep and then Thor had carried her to her own bed. Then he and Loki were left to themselves, it
was late anyway and they decided to call it a night, washing up for bed and getting comfortable. 

Loki turned to Thor after a while, he couldn't get to sleep and by the blonde's deep breathing, he was the only one, still, he couldn't get the thoughts from his mind.

"Do you think they really mean well or were putting on a front to earn our trust?" He asked and Thor shifted a little, not sitting up to answer him though.

"I don't know." He muttered sleepily. "When they spoke to father, they said something about if he intended for her to become heir to the throne. Maybe they wanted to be sure that she was going to be considered and not shunned for her Jotun heritage. Maybe they do wish to form an alliance."

Loki hummed, his mind still whirling with the possibilities. If what Thor said was true, that they had been expecting her to become heir to the throne, then finding out that she wasn't could have likely ended in a much less 'pleasant' conversation. So he could only assume that Odin would have told them exactly how it was.

And it wasn't really Odin's decision, it was Thor's, she was his daughter, he would be king next, he would decide and of course he would want her as the next heir. With how smart and brave she was, they couldn't really turn her down.

"You're worrying." Thor mumbled, dragging one arm over to stroke at Loki's shoulder in a weak attempt to comfort him.

"I know but I can't help it, if they had been displeased with her position or anything at all, they could easily declare war, not that they would want the mess but we don't know them, Odin doesn't know them like he knew Laufey, those two went back years, who knows what they would do?" Thor turned round to face Loki, bringing a hand up to stroke his hair, he knew the younger man had always liked it when Frigga had done it for him as a child but Loki quickly slapped his hand away.

"They're my brothers." He murmured. "I barely know anything about them yet they're my blood."

"They might be blood." Thor said. "But they will never be more a family to you than we are, we know you better than you know yourself, they know nothing." Loki was only slightly pleased with how riled up Thor seemed to get at his words.

"What if Laufey had never abandoned me, what could my life have been like? How different would it have been?" They were rhetorical questions; he didn't actually expect Thor to have the answer but the blond spoke anyway.

"Your life would have been completely different, as would've ours, but that didn't happen, Laufey did abandon you, my father found you and you are one of us, always have been and always will be." He answered determinedly and Loki figured that it was best to stop thinking of what ifs and possibilities that never were or could be. This was his life and it sure as Hel was not perfect, and it sure as Hel was never going to be perfect, there was a lot to come, he knew but somehow, he also knew that they would survive, as they had always done. They would be alright.

.............
"Loki?" Thor blinked his eyes slowly, waking himself up. He had heard a strange noise and only just cracked his eyes open in time to see Loki running away from their bed and out of sight. He sat up, scratching at his head, quickly looking at Kalda who was sleeping soundly in her own bed. Loki hadn't been feeling too well for a few days, Thor was always going on at him about going to the healers but Loki insisted it was just a common stomach bug and would shift soon enough.

Thor stood up, he was only wearing the lower half of his sleeping gowns but he figured that it didn't really matter. He realised that Loki had disappeared in to the washroom, where he heard a small crash of things hitting the floor. Quickly entering the washroom, his eyes fell upon an also half naked Loki, his head halfway into the toilet bowl as he emptied the contents of his stomach. There was general washroom items scattered around him that he must've knocked off on his speedy way in.

Thor moved over and rubbed the younger gods back soothingly, trying to pull his hair out the way as best he could. After a minute Loki was just breathing harshly and spitting every now and then, and Thor fetched him some water to rinse his mouth.

"You alright?" He asked gently as Loki made low noises that sounded like he might go back to the toilet bowl any second.

"I think...ugh gods...I think I'm alright." He rinsed his mouth again and sighed. "What did we eat last night?"

"It was roasted turkey, but we all had it and I know I ate much more of it than you did, I feel just fine." Loki closed his eyes and dropped his head tiredly.

"Come on." Thor said. "Get you back to bed, bring the water with you." Loki nodded sluggishly and followed Thor back into their rooms.

Thor drifted off into a light sleep; he wasn't sure how long for before he heard Loki run off to the washroom again, followed by the sounds of him being violently sick again. He sighed and forced himself up to go and tend to the ill man.

"Th-Th-" Loki tried to say but was cut off by another bout of puking, his body convulsing as he dry heaved, his stomach now empty. He took more sips of fresh water that Thor fetched for him.

"Thor...you don't think..." Loki closed his eyes and held his stomach for a moment, a small frown on his face, as though he was trying to look for something...

Loki's face shot back up with a gasp, his eyes going wide as he stared at Thor in shock.

"What?" Thor asked dumbly but Loki's reaction hit him as he said it and then his own expression changed as his jaw dropped open wide in his own surprise.

"Really?" He asked, not sure whether to smile or not since the other man still looked completely horrified.

"I never even thought..." Loki started and then just stared at Thor, not knowing what to do. Thor's open mouth slowly spread into a grin as the realisation hit him like a collapsing building. "What?" Loki asked but then his stomach heaved again and he quickly twisted back to the toilet. Thor continued to rub his back, a silly grin on his face.
And there we have it.

Thank you so so SO bloody much for sticking this one out with me, I never even considered that it could do this well as a story so I can only thank you again and again and again. *wipes eyes* Goddammit, I told myself I wouldn’t cry!

Okay yes, anyhoo, I am aware that I have left a couple of things open and a cute little cliff hanger there at the end. There will most likely not be a sequel since I don't really have much of a plot for it, not enough for it to be interesting anyway.

Okay, that is all, please let me know what you thought. I am working on a few things now, mostly Loki related, Thorki/Frostiron so I hope to see from you again in the future. I am particularly focusing on a series of one shots under any pairing based on prompts that users on here have given me, so if any of you would like to read that, or send me a prompt to be filled out, please go here.

Once again, Thank you so much!

End Notes

Thank you for reading.

Based on an anonymous message found Here

and the link to my tumblr is phandom-doodles.tumblr.com

Hope you Enjoyed it.

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