

## [OLD] God or Goddess (Lady Loki Fanfic)

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# [OLD] God or Goddess (Lady Loki Fanfic)

by [Royalr5 \(orphan\\_account\)](#)

## Summary

**This book is no longer being updated and is only here for archiving purposes.**

(Loki has joined the Avengers AU and Genderfluid!Loki)

Loki is normally seen as male. That's how they usually present themselves. But, once in a blue moon, they'll feel like presenting as something else. And when you're a shapeshifter, you might as well take full advantage of those powers.

How will the rest of the Avengers react when they find a goddess on their couch instead of their old mischievous friend?

Here's just a few stories during that time period of the shenanigans the Avengers get into with Loki Friggadottir. Mainly oneshots part of one big story.

Also, language warning. It's Avengers, what did you expect?

# Introduction

## Introduction

Hi! This is God or Goddess, a Lady Loki fanfiction. Just clearing up a few things.

This book is essentially a composition of ideas and oneshots. Most taking place in the same universe, others on their own.

This fanfic began before Infinity War was released, and before my knowledge of the MCU was as big as it is now.

Because of this, at the moment, my writing in the beginning is not as good as my more current writing. Even then, I am still an teen amateur writer who has school and doesn't even plan on becoming a book writer.

Also, due to this, any continuity changes, 'mistakes,' or differences (such as the appearance of an arc reactor, use of deleted scenes, and chapters taking place during/after Infinity War or Endgame) should be considered part of an alternate universe.

Some other things:

- ~ All authors notes have their titles like this: ~title~
- ~ Trigger Warnings will be located at the beginning of the chapters
- ~ My update schedule is complete crap, just a warning
- ~ My discord server is also at the bottom of this chapter, which I am not very active on, FYI

So, I hope you enjoy this book, and please comment your thoughts, I love to read them,  
This is Royal, signing out

## DISCORD

<https://discordapp.com/invite/b6ZKr2G>

# Introduction

**First posted 9/16/18 Re-written 6/9/19**

**Did you read the introductory chapter? You'd better have! Anyways, yes, this is short, it's the prologue. The characters present are Tony, Steve, Thor, Bruce, Natasha, Clint and Peter. Characters are added later. Now, let the shenanigans begin!**

It was an average Thursday morning in the Avengers Compound. At least that's what most thought. No there wasn't a supervillain on the rise, no there wasn't a new magical being coming to Earth, and no Clint was not going to try some 'new recipe' that would poison them all. At the very least it wasn't dangerous. The change Tony woke up to was rather odd.

He made his way to the nearest coffee machine, that being in the living room. Granted, he had coffee machines in nearly every room, the living room was just the most convenient for his slug-like body.

As he entered, a new face sat on the couch. Her legs, drenched in forest green pants, sat up on the cushion next to her. A lighter green tunic-like material covered the arms and torso holding a copy of Shakespeare's Hamlet. Her curled raven locks held itself in a ponytail, and her emerald eyes pierced the page, consuming every word.

Tony was greatly confused. It could be the hangover of last night's shenanigans, or perhaps some vivid dream that he would awake from moments later to find everything normal.

"Morning, Stark," the woman said, her voice heavy with a British-but-not-quite accent. She became aware of his presence and stares. Her eyes met his: they were cold, with a spark behind them, something Tony had become very aware of in their first encounter.

"Is that you, Reindeer Games?" He said, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. It was a futile attempt to clear his vision of what he first thought was a hallucination.

"Yes," the woman answered, her voice clearly showing her annoyance with the nickname.

Tony's eyes drank in Loki's new appearance as the coffee prepared itself behind him. "What's with the new look?" Loki always went full out with his looks, and with this one, he- she?- they went full out. There is a reason they call Tony a playboy...

"Felt like I needed a change. Do you like it?" they added in a flirtatious tone, clearly aware of the stares they received.

*Okay, this is getting weird, Tony thought. Where the Hell is Thor? He's the only one who knows about his sibling's shit.*

**What did you guys think of this premise, huh? Since I found out that it was announced that Loki was canonically Genderfluid Pan/Bisexual in the new comic coming out in 2019, I've been on the lookout of Genderfluid!Loki stories. When I couldn't find what I was looking for, I decided to make my own. Feel free to correct my mistakes, if I make any. Feel free to leave requests too!**

# I Do What I Want

## Chapter Summary

The avengers see their friend's 'new look' ;)

"JARVIS?" Tony asked the ceiling. "Where's Thor?"

After searching for about two minutes, and after finding out that Thor wasn't in his room, he had lazily given up his not-so-thorough search. Instead, asking his artificial friend for assistance.

"He's just made his way to the kitchen, sir." JARVIS answered. "Rogers, Romanoff, Barton, Banner, and Thor are already in the kitchen as well. Peter is already at school"

Well, it looked like Tony needed to get with the program.

"JARVIS, what time is it?"

"11:56, sir. AM."

"Well, shit. Where have I been?"

"You were sleeping, sir." JARVIS answered, casually.

Tony rolled his eyes and made his way to the eating area where, indeed, all of his friends were waiting and/or eating.

"Well, good morning, Sleeping Beauty," Clint commented.

"Yeah, yeah, haha, whatever," Tony sarcastically pushed aside his friend's remark. "Have you guys seen Loki this morning?"

It seemed as though no one had, as they all shook their heads and mumbled things like "No," and "I haven't".

Thor's boisterous voice covered all the others, "I haven't seen him. Although, I do need his help with this human machine called a microwave. I was hoping to have a few Pop-tarts this morning."

"Thor, that's a toaster," Natasha comments.

Surprisingly, Loki had well acquainted himself with human technology. Faster than Thor, even.

"Oh, correct. Anyways, what did you need of my brother, Man of Iron?"

"Oh, nothing. I just thought you guys would want to check out Loki's new look. She's in the living room."

"She?"

"New look?"

"What did he do this time?"

"Go and see for yourself," Tony motioned to the hallway that lead to the living room.

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As promised, she was still sitting on the couch, still reading. Everyone just sort of stood there with confused looks on their faces. All except Thor, of course.

"So, it's 'Lady' Loki today, is it?" Thor questioned.

The woman sighed, "Goodbye silence, it was nice knowing you."

"Ain't that the truth," Clint mumbled.

"I must say it's good to see you again!" Thor walked towards the couch.

He chuckled lightheartedly, putting his hand on her shoulder. She flinched at the touch.

"Can nobody leave me to read in peace!?" She flung her hands, as well as the book, up in defeat.

"Oh we will," Tony exclaimed, "As soon as you tell us what the hell happened to you?!"

"Nothing 'happened'" Loki retorted, making quoting motion with her hands. "I did this to myself." She stood up, carrying her empty coffee mug. She knew she would need more if she was going to go through this interrogation.

"Uh, why, might I ask?" Bruce asked, cleaning his glasses.

"I woke up, and I felt like Lady Loki today. Long story short, I do what I want." She smirked as she poured a new mug.

"Well you are the God of Mischief. We can't expect you to make sense all the time," Natasha commented.

Loki looked slightly confused. "JARVIS told me about a similar concept, so you must have this on Midgard."

"Gender Fluidity. It is the concept of a person who changes their gender identity depending on how they feel. Someone who doesn't identify with having a fixed gender, no matter what their sex is." JARVIS explained.

"Y'know, I find your talking wall quite handy." Loki sipped her newly poured coffee.

"So," Steve asked, turning to Thor, "You're okay with this? This is normal?"

"Of course! She did this much on Asgard, and I see no reason in which it should be different here." Thor answered.

"Well, if Thor's okay with it, so am I," Steve said simply. With that, the team agreed.

**A/N: Okay, I didn't know how to end this chapter and have it not sound forced/cliché so, this is it :P**

**I know, I am bad writer**

# Loki is best Trans Friend

## Chapter Summary

Beware the adorable fluff balls that are Peter and Loki talking about trans problems

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was no secret that Peter was obsessed with science and technology. When Loki showed up with her magic, Peter was like a kid in a candy store. You'd think that when you have a job like Peter's, you'd be used to seeing that type of stuff. But, to Loki's surprise, Peter was drawn to her for that very reason.

At first she had found it quite annoying, being bombarded with questions on how her abilities worked, and opted to ignore the ball of energy and wonder. Even if it did stroke her ego a tad. She could never understand how this child could be interested in the very thing the others condemned her for. Speaking of which, when it was revealed that she was genderfluid, it's as if Peter's wonder had skyrocketed.

It started off normal. Normal being Peter asking a million questions.

"So, is your female form just an illusion? How do you keep it up?"

Loki rolled her eyes. "It's not an illusion. It's shapeshifting. Keeping an illusion up constantly would be a waste," she said, as if it was the most obvious thing ever.

Peter didn't seem to pay attention to the hints, though. "If it's not an illusion, how do you shapeshift?"

Loki sat on a couch, with Peter following suit. "I am not using any magic at the moment. The only magic used is in the moment when I shapeshift. I turn my body into pure energy and shape it as I choose. My body can be exactly as I want it, and it comes in handy for a few good pranks." Using her 'I'm Better Than You Mortals' Voice™ in that last bit.

"I wish I could do that," he said. "It'd make things so much easier." Peter silenced himself as his smile slowly faded, all the wonder disappearing and being replaced with frustration. Loki felt a little pang in her chest, like a mini dagger right through her heart. But why? This spiderling was one of the most annoying beings in the nine realms, apart from Thor.

Loki tried to hide the slight concern on her face by raising her eyebrow, asking what he meant.

"I'm," Peter hesitated for a moment. "I'm transgender. I was born a girl. Only Mr. Stark and a few of my friends know. I'm scared to tell anyone else."

Loki then physically tensed, not being able to hide it anymore



*"Please Thor, father can't find out! You have to promise not to tell him!"*

He was scared. Scared of rejection. Scared of his idols looking down on him for being himself.

*"First sorcery, now this?! No son of mine will wear gowns and go by that hideous name! You are a future prince of Asgard. You shall act like it!"*

"Tell me about it," Loki said. Peter was visibly shocked by the sudden change in tone from the goddess, but knew it would feel good to talk it all out. Lori hardly had anyone to talk to back then.

"There's this... guy at my school," he began. Loki had a good idea to where this was going, and she didn't like it. "His name is Flash. When he found out, all his teasing just became worse."

*"I knew you acted like a woman, brother, but I never knew you'd dress like one!" Thor's friends laughed along.*

Another metaphorical knife hit.

"You know, Spiderling," Loki commented. "I know the others wouldn't mind."

"But, the way they reacted to you-"

"That was because I'm me. It was odd, as that was the first time they had seen me like this. It came out of the blue, as you say." Loki put a hand on Peter's shoulder.

"I know asking you to trust me is unexpected, but I do know what you're going through. How do you think I felt before I learned the shapeshifting you constantly bombard me with questions about?" Peter smiled a little, earning Loki a small flutter. "If you ever want someone to talk to, I'm sure I can help. Just go easy on the questions next time."

She brushed a hand through Peter hair, like Frigga always used to do with her. Peter quietly mumbled about her 'messing it up', earning him a small chuckle.

"Also, who names their child 'Flash'?"

**A/N, just so my readers are aware, this book will contain a LOT of Peter and Lori being adorable trans buddies. BEWARE THE FLUFF**

## Chapter End Notes

So chapters won't come out as fast as they did recently. I had these chapters already posted on Wattpad, so I just copied them here.

# Loki is a morning person

## Chapter Summary

The beginning of a day for Loki

**A/N: Don't worry, the Halloween chapter will come soon. I just wanted to get something out to you guys :3**

A day in the life of Loki Friggadottir usually starts with a wake up time of sunrise. Typically spanning from five to seven in the morning.

She's never really questioned why that was, but it was a nice bookmark for her daily routine.

She's never been a huge fan of coffee. It tastes too bitter in her opinion, and it baffles her how Tony basically lives off the stuff. She will drink it if she needs some quick caffeine, but would never say she likes it. Tea is more up her alley, with far more variations to satisfy her quest for the new tastes found on Midgard, a realm she previously hasn't had the chance to properly visit.

Anyways, she makes and finishes a cup of tea (or sometimes coffee if she's really desperate for a kick), puts on a light sweater, and takes a walk around New York.

It's not so much sightseeing, Peter took care of that, but more of a morning walk. She enjoys them in autumn the most, as there's a slight chill in the air and a fresh, crisp smell that she finds enjoyable.

She passes a building with a specific window that has butterflies painted on it, an old woman with a small dog, and a certain tree that has a robin's nest in it. Each are on a mental checklist.

On the weekdays, she usually stops by a pastry shop, always getting a blueberry muffin. Sometimes two for a particular spider-child.

On the weekends, believe it or not, she has a job at a bookstore as an organizer/stocker. If you were to ask, she'd say that she'd like to have proper control over her own money. Although she'd never admit it, she doesn't feel the right to take advantage of the money Stark or Shield has, not to mention asking one of them for money for pastries everyday would not be an option for her.

When she gets back to the tower, she sits down with her pastry and a new cup of tea. Opening one of the tens of books she's reading at the time, awaiting to start the social part of her day.

And seeing everyone's morning hair is a great way to start in her opinion.

**A/N: I know this was quite short, but I think it was a cute little chapter. Can someone make the smell of a cold morning into a candle or incense please? I would totally buy it.**

# Loki can make any costume look good (Halloween)

## Chapter Summary

Late Halloween special!

**A/N: Yes, this is the halloween chapter you've been waiting for. I'm so sorry it took so long, and that it's basically late. FYI It also includes Bucky and Sam.**

Tony always had weird ideas for what he called "Team Bonding". This year, he had the idea for a Halloween party. As well as the insistence that everyone wear a costume of some kind.

It was quite funny, actually. Seeing everyone with their "creative" ideas. Although some were quite creative.

Natasha wore a suit, similar to the one she wears in battle, but with the legs of a spider attached to the back.

Tony was the Tin Man from the Wizard of Oz, which everyone had a good laugh at. Steve had a hard time remembering where it was from, yet kept insisting that he got the reference, as if he had something to prove.

Speaking of, Steve was an old fashioned army soldier. Not much more of an explanation needed. Thor was a Viking, not surprisingly.

Clint was Robin Hood, Bucky was a robot, Bruce was Frankenstein's monster, and Sam was an olympics runner. And you'd better believe Steve was making "On your left" jokes all night long.

There was spooky music and old Halloween classics playing, there were snacks remade to look like body parts, Tony went all out. Now only if everyone had the dignity to show up.

"Where's underoos," Tony asks. "I've been looking forward to seeing his iron man costume." "Pretty bold of you to assume he'd dress up as you," Clint commented.

"Yeah Mr. Stark! I mean, you're cool and all, but SpiderMan's cooler." Peter hung from the ceiling upside down in his SpiderMan suit.

"Okay Pete. That's cheating! You can't dress up a yourself," Tony said, a little butthurt at the fact that he wasn't Peter's costume.

“Who said I was Peter?” The mask was pulled off to reveal emerald eyes and a curly, black ponytail.

“You were right Lo, that was pretty funny,” Peter commented, walking in as a mad scientist. Lightning bolt hair and all.

Tony had a look of betrayal on his face. He put a hand to his chest in mock offense. “Uh! I thought you were gonna be Iron Man for Halloween! Also, how come she gets to be ‘Lo’, but I’m stuck with Mr. Stark?”

Peter scratches behind his head. “Dr. Banner said he was gonna be Frankenstein so that gave me an idea.” Tony gave Bruce a mock glare, to which Bruce just shrugged and sipped his punch. “Besides, I’ve been Iron Man for the past few years. Time to mix it up a little. Except for your name, just because I know it others you. You should know I’m too awkward to call you anything else.”

Loki flipped around and landed on her feet, her face red from all the blood flow going to her head. “I thought we were going to do a switch, but to each their own I guess.”

“How did you even get Peter’s suit to fit,” Steve asked.

“Oh, I made my own.”

“WHAT?!”

“Mother taught me how to sew when I was younger,” Loki explained. “You really think Odin would have allowed me to get dresses any other way? Anyways, I figured I’d find the outfit useful sometime. If Peter ever needed to conceal his identity further. Perhaps a diversion...” She trailed off, thinking not of the practical ways the suit copy could be used, but rather the practical jokes.

Speaking of practical jokes, you can bet that Loki and Peter had set up tons of them around the party.

Her favourite was when Tony went to restock the punch. He had a container in the fridge, but when he opened it, there was a bloody, chopped off hand attached to the handle. The scream was priceless.

Eyeballs in the punch, spiders in the snack bowls, random jump scares around every corner. The two teens had gone all out with the Halloween themed pranks. Loki thought she could do better, but it made Peter happy so she let him have it.

There were also scary stories. Now, being the Goddess of Lies, as well as stories themselves, needless to say she was pretty good at it.

The lights were shut off and she went to retrieve a candle to set the mood. Bruce and Natasha immediately ‘noped’ the heck outta there, going down the same hall. Bruce because scary things weren’t really his forte, and Natasha because she believed she had heard all the scary

stories ever made, none of which could make her flinch. A minute later, Loki came back with a candle and lit a green flame with her magic.

“Tonight, I’ll tell you the story of a holiday we celebrated back in Asgard. The night of the Sombra,” she began.

Thor shrugged, “I’ve heard this story many times, sister. Mother told it to us, did she not?”

“Not this way.” A devilish smile crept across her face.

“You may think you know where this holiday came from.

To hide from monster’s prying eyes.

But I can tell you, as their goddess,

that tale is full of lies...”

With all their experiences, you’d figure by now that the Avengers were psychologically invincible. Know one really know how they turned from an eye-rolling circle on the floor to a shaking ball of innocence and fear. Maybe the Goddess of stories was just that good. Or maybe the author wanted to add comedy to the story but was too lazy to write out an actual scary story themselves.

“So whenever it comes around,

This cursed holiday

Beware the white moon

At the end of the day.

“The infamous gorde carvings

Adorned with candle light,

The moaning and darkness

That gives you all a fright.

“Drawn in by the dark magic,

And screams always booming,” she paused, gazing across everyone’s suspense filled faces.

“I warn you, keep the lights on...

The nightmares are looming.” The candle in her hand grew and turned purple.

Peter shifted in Tony’s lap, “I-i-is that true?”

“Of course it is. Every word.”

“Have you ever seen one before?” Bucky was shaking in Steve’s arms. “Could they ever come to Earth?”

“I have seen one before. They are quite large, purple, as I said before.” She explained, seeming unaware of two eyes right above her head. They were black on the outside, fading inward to the purple. Just like the eyes of a Sombra.

“L-L-Loki...” Peter warned, his voice almost a whisper.

“I am unaware if they can come to Midgard or not. I suppose it’s possib-MMF!” Two purple hands grabbed her, cutting her off in the process. With a muffled scream, she was dragged into the darkness, the light had gone out.

High-pitched screams echoed through the Avengers Tower. That is, until the lights flickered back on, revealing Loi save and sound, as well as Bruce wearing big purple glow-in-the-dark glasses and Natasha wearing long fingered gloves painted purple.

Tony was the first to realize what was going on, and made the most sour face he could. Next was Bucky and Steve, who both awkwardly released each other from their arms. Thor and Peter began laughing and the rest were just catching their breath from the screams they just unleashed.

Tony was so going to get her back for this.

**A/N: I'm so sorry if it was a crappy ending, I just wanted to get this out to you for Halloween. It's probably late, but at least I did it. Yay I guess. I was a ventriloquist dummy for Halloween, I even did the mouth with makeup. That was great to take off. I'M NOT TOO YOUNG FOR TRICK OR TREATING YET DAMMIT!**

# Loki knows what vines are

## Chapter Summary

Read the title

**A/N: AKA the chapter where Shuri, Peter, and Loki are all gay meme lord buddies. I guess the other Avengers are here, but i won't really mention them. I know I'm taking huge liberties with canon. Just roll with it.**

Loki is a wallflower, and she often abuses this fact.

You see, being a wallflower, she has the ability to stand against a wall and basically become one with everyone's conversation.

Wonder why she's such a good liar? She spends her days watching people. Listening. Observing. You learn a lot that way.

While a certain royal family visited from Wakanda, she observed many odd sayings that the two youngest of the group would use on a daily basis. Most of which included:

"AAH! Stahp, I coulda dropped my croissant!"

"Hi, welcome to Chili's!"

"This b empty....YEET!"

"Is that a police?! I'm calling the weed!" To which the other would reply, "420, whatcha smokin'?"

"Two bros, chillin' in a hot tub, five feet apart 'cause they're not gay!"

That last one would be frequently said whenever Steve and Bucky were in the same room together. She caught on quite quickly to that one.

She still, however, had no idea where these saying came from. A few google searches later, with the help of FRIDAY, she was well versed in the culture of "Vines".

So the next morning, when the Avengers were having breakfast together, she couldn't really stop herself.

Shuri noted that there was construction going on outside. Obviously, Peter wouldn't miss the chance.

"Road work ahead?"

"I sure hope it does," Loki quietly said before she could stop herself. She looked up to see half of the members staring at her, including Shuri and Peter. Her amused smile dropped as she realized it wasn't a quiet as she meant it to be.



“Did-did you just make a vine reference,” Peter asked, wondering if this was all an amazing dream.

“What are you talking about?” Just play it cool.

“No no no. You made the reference!” Shuri pointed an accusing finger.

Loki took a sip of her tea. “Well with the two of you saying these phrases constantly you should know I was bound to pick up on them.”

“So you admit it,” Shuri had a smile across her face.

She looked to the agony that was Tony at the constant references. “We’ll just have to see.”

So, with that, Loki always made an effort to either complete or acknowledge the references being made. Sometimes, if she knew Tony was present, she'd go so far as to yell down a hallway.

To which Tony would reply by smacking his forehead onto any solid surface nearby.

# Loki gets another best bud

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

**A/N: This one's a long one. Lots of dialogue and banter.**

It was dark. She didn't know if her eyes were open or closed. She felt like she was falling, yet frozen. She could breathe if she wanted, but it felt suffocating no matter what she did.

*"I could have done it father. For you! For all of us..."*

*"No, Loki"*

The cold had never bothered her much before, but here it felt like she had experienced the worst of winters. No wind, just pure cold. If she had been drowning in the coldest seas.

*"He's coming to live here?"*

*"Are you kidding me?!" "I'm not living with a brainwashing freak!"*

The voices echoed around her. All of them she knew were true.

*"Peter, I'm warning you. Don't go near him. He could be dangerous."*

Even after she had gained a little trust, they sometimes said things.

*"Who knows what she could be doing out there?!"*

Of course they didn't believe her. Who would believe the Goddess of Lies?

As much as she wanted to lie, to shift the blame off to someone else. To Thor. To Odin.

She found she couldn't blame anyone but herself.

*"Monster."*

No.

*"Don't deny it, liar. You know you'll never redeem yourself. They'll never believe you."*

Peter believes in me.

*"Does he?"*

Shut up...

*You'll never become better. You're nothing more than a liar! The trickster! A monster!"*

Shut up!

*"You're walls are falling. They see you as weak!"*

SHUT UP!

Her body jolted upward, moving herself into a sitting position on her bed. She took in a huge gasp, as if she had been on the brink of drowning. She hadn't, but it sure felt like it.

The room around her was cold, and the bed she sat on was covered in a light layer of frost. She looked at her hand, which slowly faded from blue, back to her pale complexion.

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Despite how much he likes to be cooped up in his lab, working on whatever one project of the thousand he had in the works, Tony does like to relax every once in a while.

Living in New York, there were many great views to gaze upon. These were the causes for this room he had. He used it for mostly a storage/library. However, there was a large sliding door that lead to an open balcony that looked over New York.

When she was finally trusted enough to be alone, Loki stumbled upon this room. As well established, Loki and libraries go hand in hand.

Also, the idea of grabbing a cup of tea and a good book with the wind in her hair certainly seemed her style.

Whenever those pesky Avengers got on her last nerve, resurfacing memories became too much, or she went through some other things she wouldn't like to admit to anyone, she'd do just that.

Grab her favourite tea, usually chamomile, a book, one typically of Shakespeare's work, and sit atop the city.

~~~~~

It was around one in the morning. She couldn't bother to grab a book or tea like she usually does. She just needed to clear her head from the leftover thoughts.

She put a black hoodie over her green and black striped tank top, and slipped on some reindeer slippers. (Joke gift from you-know-who.)

She stood on the balcony, leaning on the rail with her arms crossed on top of it. She gazed at the city that never sleeps, her eyes jumping from light to light. The city was covered in a gentle frost, and a few people were crazy enough to start putting up lights right after Halloween.

Her hair flowing through the cool night winds that blew her thoughts away. She took a large inhale of winter winds, causing a little cloud to form when exhaling. She nearly forgot all about the night terrors that just plagued her.

*Forget all about it for now. Forget about it and you won't have to deal with it,* she thought.

*"A prince does not show weakness. A stoic face is more honorable than one of fear."* Odin's words echoed in her head.

"Didn't expect to see you out here Reindeer Games," a familiar voice said behind her. Loki spun around, startled. She summoned a dagger, the tip meeting the blue glow of Tony's arc reactor shining through his shirt.

Loki exhaled in relief, retracting the dagger and causing it to disappear in green light.

"Likewise, Stark." She rested her arms back onto the balcony, looking down on the cars driving by. "You should take it as a compliment that you were able to sneak up on me. Not many are able to do that."

"Is that a challenge?" A smirk crossed his face. "Pranking the prankster, that'd be a great bet with Legolas."

“Watch it,” Loki said in fake warning, a smile teasing to appear on her face, but refusing to. “I’m not getting caught in one of those ‘prank wars’. Peter has told me a lot about those, and I’d say ‘war’ is the perfect name for it.”

Tony chuckled. “So, M’lady,” he received a glare, but took a sip of his coffee and continued. “Why’re you out here on this fine night?”

“I’m afraid I couldn’t sleep,” she answered. Tony’s smirk dropped into a soft smile. “Yeah me neither.” He took another sip and looked at her. She was observing the buildings in the distance, lost in thoughts.

A closer look revealed tired, baggy, and (surprisingly) sad emerald eyes. “Nightmares?”

*Shit. He’s onto me.* “How is that any of your business,” she snapped.

“Hey! No offense, Snowflake!” Tony put his hands up in surrender. “But I’m an expert in traumatic experiences.”

“And you’re still as vexing and egotistical as ever.”

Tony appeared to take it as a compliment. “Further proof I know what I’m talking about,” he exclaimed. “How ‘bout this? I’ll tell you mine, you tell me yours.”

“Frankly I have not much interest in your problems. I have heard the stories.”

“Fine, fine,” Tony said. “I don’t have to talk. You know, I can listen.” Loki gave him The Eyebrow of Disbelieving™

“Now I know that’s hard to believe...” Tony admitted. “But it’s true! If you need someone to talk to, I’m all ears!”

“And all mouth...,” Loki mumbled. She paused for a moment. Thinking.

“Or, y’know, we could drown our sorrows in alcohol. If that’s more your style,” he offered.

“You know I never really did get that drink,” Loki let a ghost of a smile appear. “Does that offer still stand?”

Tony motioned his arms towards the door. “Right this way, Frosty. How well can you handle your drinks? Just asking, because you of all people should know how Thor is.”

Loki put a finger to her chin. “Let’s go with the second strongest drink you have and to from there.”

## Chapter End Notes

**Well that was a long one... Hoped you liked it!**



## Loki has best mom instinct

Tony had no idea why he agreed to babysit for a friend.

To say that he wasn't good with kids was an understatement. A massive understatement.

Like earlier today when Thor walked into the lab where Tony was working. Commenting, "I didn't know that on Midgard you kept children in boxes of card-like board."

Needless to say that Bruce and Steve had to take the day off, as the only responsible Avengers currently present. Meanwhile Peter was out showing Loki around New York and Natasha was out on a mission. Not that she'd be mother material anyway.

The one thing no one could handle, however, is the poor child's crying at three in the morning.

"Tony, she's your problem! You agreed to babysit!"

"I've tried everything, Steve. Help me out here!" The arguing continued, with the child crying in a nearby crib.

"None of us will get any sleep unless you can get this thing to stop crying," Clint complained, Nat, Bruce, and Thor nodding. "What's even wrong with it?!"

~~~~~

Loki was dangerously close to murdering everyone in that room. Their infernal quarreling was more annoying than the child, not that it was helping matters. She would have to take Peter up on that offer of his extremely effective earplugs.

Using her magic, she managed to block out the sounds one by one. The last being the child's sobbing.

Where do these metaphorical knives to the heart keep coming from?

Not just that, either. It was a pulling, an urge. This poor child needed her help. She couldn't just leave the child there to suffer while surrounded by idiots, despite wishing deep down that she could ignore it all.

She teleported into the next room, where the baby sat in her crib. It seemed as though she had gone unnoticed by the group, as they were too wrapped up in their petty squabble.

She picked up the squirming baby and teleported to the living room couch down the hall, still unnoticed by the heros.

Loki put a thumb to the child's forehead and sifted through her memories. There weren't many, at least that she could properly make out. She did keep hearing one thing though.

*Ellie*. That was her name. Loki chuckled to herself, as she remembered that that same name belonged to an old women. A women who was one of the few people to beat Thor in an arm wrestling contest. The look on his face was priceless.

A recent memory she came upon, was the feeling of fear. It ended up jossling a memory of her own as a child.

*“Mommy? I had a nightmare. Could you sing me that song I like?”*

~~~~~

It took awhile to realize that Elli was missing, and it was the oh-so brilliant assassin Clint who noticed it at all.

“Guys!” Everyone in the room turned to him. “Where's the baby?”

Everyone simultaneously looked to the empty crib, and immediately went into panic. They all ran out of the room in search of the child.

They got to the living room (after searching nearly every room on that floor) to find the child in Lokis arms sound asleep, with a soft tune emanating from her lips.

The heavy breathing from the avengers’ search notified her of their presence.

“Well it took you long enough,” she exclaimed, her voice very quiet but still in the ‘I’m Surrounded by Idiots’ Voice™ she was well known for.

She stood up and gently handed Elli to Tony, whose mouth was still gaping slightly, as was everyone else’s. “Now if you're done acting like children, could you take the actual child back to her room? Then I can finally get some sleep.”

She walked through the worlds mightiest heroes to her bed room, while they were gawking on how a precious villain with venom constantly dropping from her voice was able to soothe a 1 year old.

Who knew she had a soft spot for kids?

## Loki finds something better than tea☕

IT'S DECEMBER <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3J7ShFp-Jmw>

It was a December night, and Loki, Peter, and a handful of the Avengers were having a movie night. There were snacks strewn across the coffee table, which also included a few mugs of coffee. Glad to see it's living up to its name.

But Peter had a cup of something that *wasn't* coffee. And Loki noticed this, as she was sitting next to him as they shared a green and red polka-dot blanket. Peter's coffee was always a light brown, containing half a spoon of sugar and two splashes of cream (don't ask how she knows that). All coffee had a very strong and bitter smell, like the taste. The liquid in the mug was a slightly different brown, and had a far sweeter smell with a hint of peppermint. Then again, that could be her own peppermint tea.

"What do you have there?" She whispered. "It doesn't seem like coffee..."

"It's hot chocolate," he exclaimed.

She knew what melted chocolate looked like, and this definitely wasn't it. "May I..." she hesitated for a moment, "try this refreshment?"

"Sure! I might as well refill." Peter smiled and got up from the couch, with Loki following close behind.

He grabbed a package of candy-canes, chocolate, and a carton of milk, placing it all next to the stove. *So that's where the peppermint smell came from*, she thought. "So, what exactly is this?"

Peter rinsed out the small pot he used before, filled it with milk, and began to heat it up. "A hot drink like milk and chocolate, plus candy-canes for Christmas, of course! It's one of the most winter-y drinks you can get." When the milk was hot enough, he added chopped up bits of chocolate and candy-canes, and continued to mix. "Aunt May used to make it all the time for me. She made it so much that she eventually taught me how to make it myself."

The liquid in the pot was looking more and more like the brown previously in the mug. "When I'm too lazy, Mr. Stark has a few packets of powder you can add to hot water. It's not nearly as good as the freshly made type, but it's okay."

He turned off the stove and reached into the cupboard, pulling out two mugs. One was a reindeer with a large red dot in the middle (for some reason Loki didn't know) and a snowman mug.

Her eyebrow rose as Peter gave her a shit-eating grin. He knew Lo could never really be mad at him. She took the snowman mug, as the nickname was less obvious and used the least.

Peter poured the cups and topped them with whipped cream and leftover candy-cane bits. He finally placed a whole candy-cane in the drink, mimicking a straw.



“Voila! The Parker recipe for the world’s best hot chocolate!”

Loki took the mug and sat back down to continue the movie. She blew gently on the liquid, then took a sip.

As expected, it was sweet, but a nostalgic sweet. Like how store bought pastries were never as good as the ones made from scratch (or the ones made at her favourite cafe, those were always good.)

Her tea was always hot, and made her feel warm. This was experiencing a completely new warm feeling, like sitting in front of a fire surrounded by loved ones, something she seldom felt for decades.

There was a hint of mint, as observed before. A tiny hint of cold that made the warmth that much better. Like when you stick your foot out to the cold room, then bring it back under the warm blanket.

And it was just a drink. She felt foolish to have this much meaning behind something Peter has had for so long.

But he shared it with her, nonetheless. That was something she could appreciate.

“It's good,” she said. Peter said nothing and just snuggles closer underneath the blanket. Loki did not object.

## Loki finds Christmas traditions weird

**A/N: Warning: a hint of Frostiron in this chapter. I ship it if you can't tell.**

Tony never forgot that Halloween prank. Or any of Loki's pranks. Believe me when I say that Tony was one of Loki's favourite victims, aside from her brother and Peter.

He was determined to place one of the weirdest or hilarious pranks for her. How do you prank the prankster?

Since Christmas was coming up, he decided to use that as a starting point. What is something Christmas themed?

Mistletoe.

Oh it was perfect! He could prank two people at once! But how to ensure that Loki was the one to be its victim? Put it above her doorway.

Loki wasn't one for socializing. So she would most likely stay inside her room for the Christmas party. Tony would ask someone to get her, and boom. Perfect.

He even asked FRIDAY to record it so he could relish in the look on their faces.

~~~~~

The night soon came, when the tower filled with decorations and many of the Avengers wearing some form of decoration themselves. Santa hats and antler headbands galore. Plenty of champagne.

A lot of champagne.

Like, a lot.

And, Tony being Tony, was drunk off his rocks.

Peter, on the other hand, made his famous hot chocolate due to being underage. He also knew better than to make it and not notify his pranking buddy.

Despite how sneaky Tony believed he was, a lot of people noticed the mistletoe above Loki's doorway. Peter included. They also had a good idea of what he was intending.

So when Peter suggested Tony should retrieve Loki for the party, and Tony agreeing due to the alcohol, most of the attention was on him.

**(You all can tell where this is going (ಠ\_ಠ)). Last chance to back out)**

The few unaware were coaxed into following the group to the screen, where they asked FRIDAY to play the footage. Peter, on the other hand, followed Tony down the hallway.

"Come out, Rudolph," Tony exclaimed once at her door. "Santa needs you for his sleigh!"

Silence. Probably Loki rolling her eyes.

“Also the kid made Hot Choc’late. Thought you'd like t’know!” He added, his words slurring slightly. There was a disturbance in her room, probably her getting up to come to the door.

“Hey Mr. Stark? Aren't you forgetting something?” Peter pointed up just as Loki opened the door. The two adults looked up simultaneously, Tony having an ‘Oh Shit’ type look and Loki having a ‘WTF am I Looking At’ type look.

“What is that?”

“Oh it's nothing,” Tony attempted to dodge his own prank, hoping that Loki's ignorance would be his savior.

“It's mistletoooooooooo!” Peter exclaimed with a sing-song voice and shit-eating grin. Ten bucks for who he learned it from. “Couples always kiss under the mistletoe!”

Tony's ‘Oh Shit’ look turned into a ‘I am Betrayed’ look. Mixed with a ‘How could you do this to me’ look.

Loki's quick mind instantly put it together and a similar shit-eating grin appeared on her face as well. “You know if you wanted to kiss me you could have just said so. This is surprisingly subtle for your tastes.”

She looked back to Peter, who was still smiling. “Can they see?” Peter nodded. “Good,” she said.

A yank of the shirt and it was done. Tony just sort of stood there, as if Loki was Medusa and turned him to stone. That would explain all the green. “Next time,” she said, “get me drunk first.”

Loki turned to Peter, who was desperately trying, and failing, to hold his laughs caused by his mentors facial expression. “So, hot chocolate,” she asked, as if nothing happened at all.

“S-S-sure,” Peter attempted to say, constantly interrupted but his giggles.

They made there way down the hall, leaving a bewildered Tony in their wake, to retrieve the holiday drink. When they were met with several laughing avengers sprayed out on the couch, Loki wasn't surprised.

# Lady Loki is not weak

**I have a feeling that these titles are getting cringy... TOO LATE TO BACK OUT NOW!**

*Please, you're writing is always cringy...*

**Oh hi Zilli... it's been a while. Haven't missed you**

*The feeling is mutual*

**Riiiiight.... What are you doing here? You're my negative feelings and impulses... You only appear when- Wait! NO no no no.**

*Oh yes yes yes yes*

**No! I refuse to do bad stuff to my precious green mischievous bean.**

*Really? "Green mischievous bean?"*

**Anyways, you know angsty/whumpy stories do well.**

**And you get to watch your audience suffer...**

**No Infinity War tho, right?**

*Oh GOD no. I'm not that heartless...*

**Good. Well, I suppose a little angst couldn't hurt...**

*Excellent*

**Just, don't go overboard...**

*Oh don't worry about it. Let the games begin*

Why couldn't they have just left when they were supposed to? Loki risks her life for these idiots, but they can't do the bare minimum? Not that they'd care. She was barely more than an Avengers charity case to them. That one person who killed so many people and was being 'reformed' by the avengers.

Speaking of risking her life, a few moments ago she was surrounded by said idiots nearly being crushed by 800 pounds of rubble for a good 20 minutes. Not to mention the green, glowing shield she made was draining her energy.

Children being hugged by their parents, holding on for dear life to their mothers or fathers, not trusting one bit that the person going through all this would actually save them. Not because she couldn't, but because she didn't want to. She remembered vividly one child with blue eyes, blond pigtails, and a shirt with a green monster truck on it. The little girl stared at her with fear of hurt. Her mother bringing her close and saying "It's alright Emily."

They were thankfully able to find a way out, but not before Loki herself was trapped under more rubble. Not that they cared. "One less killer" was probably their thought process

Being in this situation is as pleasant as it sounds. Probably even worse.

She was all alone, in the dark. All sounds beyond her breathing and increasingly rapid heartbeat were muffled, as if she were underwater.

As if she were back in the void. Space. Drifting.

She attempted to push the thought away, trying instead to focus on the shield that was slowly shrinking and glitching.

Would one of them care enough to retrieve someone? They probably never would. They would never. The rubble further weighed her down as her heartbeat and laboured breaths quickened.

Alone in the dark. Alone in the void. Dying and no one caring. No one believing she truly wished to help.

The dam behind her eyes threatened to release, which sent a new, louder thoughts and memories in her head.

Lectures and speeches on how to be a ruler. Strong . Confident. Be strong. Be confident. Don't be weak.

Weak. Alone. Like she was.

It hurt to breathe and there was a dull ringing in her ears. Focus barely on the shield as it slowly came down and crushed her bit by bit. It was all too much. *Too much.*

Her floodgates crumbled. Her rational thinking fled with her tears. She sobbed. She screamed. She cried. The voices only getting louder in her head every time she resisted the rivers on her cheeks.

She couldn't focus. She couldn't hear, she couldn't see. But she could feel. It felt like Hell. She felt like she was dying. *Just make it stop.*

Something snapped. It stopped. She let go. Let go of resistance. Let go of the shield. She collapsed. She surrendered.

The weight was barely felt, as was the pain. The tears were all that she noticed, the thing she feared and had kept in for so long. Her sobs had quieted at that point, scarcely a hiccup. Above all else, she noticed a sense of peace.

To cry, to scream, to sob, it felt amazing. Was this another of Odin's punishments? To deprive her of this for so long? For the first time in many moons, she no longer cared.

As she let the darkness fall over her like a warm blanket, she was at peace.

**What? That can't be it!**

***You let me write a chapter, this is what you get!***

**No one wants this! This is what I get for giving you power....**

***I suppose this could continue... IF you let me help!***

**I don't know what this will create...but let's do it!**

***Perfect***

**(part 2 coming soon)**

## Lady Loki's is not weak Pt. 2

***MWUAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA***

***Zil, you're scaring everyone!***

***That's what I'm here to do, Roo-Roo***

***Don't call me that... Let's just get this over with  
Excellent! Let's begin...***

First it was black, then it was white.

First she could feel everything, then she felt nothing.

Like she was floating.

But instead of being dropped by the dark abyss, she was cradled by a light warmth.

She opened her eyes to find nothing. The tears were gone. The pain was gone. Practically everything around her was gone.

A small breeze pulled her hair past her face, and the place got warmer. Slowly she turned her head to see a figure standing close.

“...Mother?”

Both women lurched forward, wrapping each other in their arms. While they weren't sad, tears still ran down their faces. Only this time, Loki wasn't afraid of them.

Frigga whispered sweet nothings into her daughter's ears. “It's alright. It's okay. I'm here now. Everything's okay...”

They weren't aware of how long they stayed like that. Time had no meaning where they were.

“I missed you so much. I'm so sorry,” were the only words her daughter could muster. Frigga hushed her, running her fingers through the younger ones black mane.

Loki pulled back, meeting her mother's eyes. “So...I suppose I'm dead then....”

“Not quite,” her mother replied, earning her a raised eyebrow. “I wished to see you again when I got the chance. You've cheated death so many times, yet I haven't gotten to speak with you.” A small chuckle escaped from the younger ones mouth. “But you can't be dead for real yet. You have so much more to do.”

Frigga put her hands lovingly on the sides of her daughters face, cradling her and wiping her tears as if she were a child once again. "I've waited so long to see you again," she began again. "But not long enough. They need you. Thor needs you. Peter needs you."

Loki once again met her eyes, in some confusion as she mentioned her friend's name. "Promise me," Frigga commanded. "Promise me you'll look after them. Promise me you'll take care of them."

"Only if you promise you'll be here when we arrive," she replied. "Promise me you'll be here when Peter comes. When Anthony comes. When Thor comes. When they all come. Promise me you'll be here to greet them. Promise you'll be here for us... Promise you'll be here... for me."

Frigga placed a fond kiss on her forehead. "I'll wait to the end of time if it means I will see you again."

"We don't have much time left." The reuniting family hugged one more time. "Make sure to hug Thor for me," Frigga requested. Loki rolled her eyes as they faded away.

~~~~~

Beep

Everything was dark again. But the slight warmth still was there, just not as encompassing.

Beep

All her senses were as if they were dialed down. Slightly muffled, but slowly returning.

Beep

She was so tired.

Beep

By Odin's eyepatch, what was that infernal beeping?

Beep

It was beyond annoying. She was trying to rest here!

Beep

She opened her eyes to find a bright light, which she quickly covered with her left arm.

Beep

"Could someone stop that infernal sound. It's driving me crazy!" Her voice was slightly slurred from lack of use.

"Lo!" Said the eager voice as the boy it belonged to ran to the place she laid. "You're awake!"

“And you're loud,” she said harshly, making Peter blush slightly in shame. “Could you be a dear and turn off the lights,” she asked, the harsh tone not fading.

“Sure, sorry,” he whispered. “JARVIS, turn lights to 20%.”

The AI obeyed, allowing Loki to remove her arm and sit up a little. “How long have I been out?”

“A few days. Three, I think,” the young boy replied. Her right hand was heavier than usual. She looked at it, only to be met with what she believed was called a cast. It was green, and a certain someone drew a spider on it.

“How cute,” she commented, with a hint of sarcasm but no meaning behind it. Peter giggled in response, scratching the back of his head.

The door to the room suddenly burst open, with Thor, followed by a few of the team, behind it. “Sister! The talking wall has alerted us that you have awoken!”

Loki took a deep inhale, trying to steady the pain in her forehead. “Thor. I'm going to ask this if you once. Either shut your mouth, or do your very best to keep it as quiet as you can. My head feels like it's been given a massage by Mjolnir...”

Thor gave a hearty chuckle until it was silenced by Loki's glare, signifying that she was 100% serious.

“So what caused this,” Bruce asked as he checked over the machines and her wrist.

“These idiots couldn't see falling stone if their life depended on it, so I created a shield. I became stuck with it, and I believe the exhaustion came from the large amount of magic used from holding the shield too long. My magic often works like that,” she explained, casually forgetting to mention the mental breakdown. They already saw her afterwards. No need to make it worse.

“Your magic seemed to have healed most of your wounds,” Bruce explained, as he removed her IV, (Which hurts like a bitch I can tell you that), “and you can walk around sometime today if you feel like it, but the wrist still needs another two weeks.”

She nodded slightly in understanding, she'd have to deal with this hand prison for the next two weeks, which would be inconvenient.

“So, uhh, want anything for breakfast,” Peter asked. “Toast? Light brown with butter and strawberry jam, crust cut off?”

Loki chuckled quietly, “You know how I like it. Apparently.”

***What? That was hardly angsty! I am disappointed.***

***Well, Disappoint, I wanted to make a cute heartfelt chapter to make up for the last one. . They've waited long enough!***

***You can't get rid of me that easily. You gave me power. I'm here now, and there's nothing***



*you can do to change that.*  
*I'll be back.*

*Just you wait.*

## Lady Loki is not weak pt. 3 (Bonus Shortie)

**I realized I completely forgot about a certain detail I wanted to put into the last chapter. Since I'm dry for ideas I thought I'd write a little short including that idea. Very short but cute :3**

Thankfully for Loki, Bruce either believed that that boisterous brother of hers shouldn't be around after she had just woken up, or he realized how much she wanted him to leave.

Either way, Bruce informed the large group to give her some time to rest, performed some tests, and left her to be. That is, aside from Peter who brought her her toast and left.

Loki was discarding the plate and few crumbs left behind onto the table beside her when something caught her eye.

It was a small folded piece of coloured paper, green, with something in a darker green crayon scribbled on it. She took the paper, filling its place on the desk with the plate, and read it.

It was difficult to make out what it said, so a child must have done it, but it said, "To the Magikal Green Prinsess! From Emily."

She opened the folded paper to see a drawing in crayon. Truly from a child. From what she could make of it, it was a picture of her when she was holding up the rubble, judging by the figure in green with big yellow spikes coming up from her head and the green circle below a bunch of grey scribbles. The only difference was she had a smile on her face.

Next to her was a small smiling figure with yellow pigtails (she assumes) and a black shirt with a green blob on it.

*She remembered vividly one child with blue eyes, blond pigtails, and a shirt with a green monster truck on it... Her mother bringing her close and saying "It's alright Emily."*

Emily.

She let out a mixture of a chuckle and a sigh and the paper fell on her lap and her head onto the bed.

She looked at the paper once more to find a scribbled "The stronest prinsess of all!" at the bottom.

Oh children, their ignorance spawned the purest kindness you could ever receive.

## **AUTHORS NOTE - WATTPAD**

Hi everyone! Royal Riley here.

I'm posting this chapter to basically tell everyone to go read this story on Wattpad instead.

I'm not unpublishing this or anything. Don't worry. I just wanted to let you know the Wattpad version is so much better.

There, I post pictures, authors notes, and I even posted a face reveal for my 2k reads special. I generally put more effort into that book.

In general, if you just want the chapters for the book, stay here. If you want the special feature version, go onto Wattpad. My account is the same and the book title is the same.

That's all!

This is Royal Riley signing out.  
Stay weird :9

# Incorrect Lady Loki Quotes

**Because I'm lazy. All these came from somewhere on tumblr.**

Loki: When you've experienced everything I have, you've learned to develop thick skin.

Thor: I don't really think silver eyeshadow fits you, sister.

Loki: silver briNGS OUT MY EYES YOU QUIM

~ ~ ~

Peter: You have ten guests and seven chairs. What do you do?

Steve: Have everyone stand

Tony: Being in three more chairs

Thor: The most important people can sit!

Loki: Kill them

Everyone: loKI-

~ ~ ~

Tony: When you said you'd do 'magic in bed', this isn't what I was expecting.

Loki: \*holds up 8 of diamonds\* Is this your card?

Tony: Holy shit...

~ ~ ~

Peter: Why did the chicken cross the road?

Loki: Why?

Peter: To get to the idiot's house. Knock knock!

Loki: Who's there?

Peter: The chicken.

Loki:

Peter:

Loki: I won't stab you under one condition

Peter: ...yeah?

Loki: go tell that joke to Thor

~ ~ ~

Steve: You're smiling. Did something happen?

Loki: Can't I just smile because I feel like it?

Peter: Thor tripped over Mjolnir this morning

**So, there you go! Hopefully this can satisfy you until I get my inspiration back**

## Loki knows how to make people feel better

**Also, Peter has teenage hormones. RANDOM BURST OF INSPIRATION! Don't expect it to last...**

Today was a bad day. For Peter at least.

He didn't know why. It appeared to be just little or repetitive things adding up. Shaking and shaking the pop can (soda, for you Americans) before it exploded. Maybe Flash was especially annoying, maybe his work was slightly more boring than normal, maybe Ned's absence made that one transphobic substitute appear even more rude than they normally are.

Regardless, Peter just wanted to go home and shut himself out from everything. He made his way up to the facility, rode the elevator, and dropped his bag the moment he arrived on the floor.

There were a few stray Avengers here and there, but Peter wasn't in the mood to greet them as he normally did. Tony didn't appear to get the mood, as he casually greeted Peter anyway.

"Hey Mshter Strk," was Peter's mumbled reply, as his face was mashed onto the counter.

*He's In a bad mood. Maybe Satan's Waterfall™? Abort mission. ABORT MISSION!*

"Well, I'll be in the lab." With that, he turn on his heel and sped walked down the hall, nearly running into Loki in the process.

Confused by the rush, she walked into the room and was hit with a wave of 'Someone is upset' aura. The 'something's wrong with the force' type feeling.

She looked over to find Peter looking down at his phone mindlessly, his mood was a mix of 'don't talk to me or I'll kill you' and 'but not really because I'm too emotionally exhausted. Someone give me a hug.'

Loki knew Peter long and intimately enough to recognize this. She had made a promise long ago that if Flash or that asshole teacher gave him any trouble she would gladly give them a visit from Spike and Sir Stabington II™. (Names coined by Peter himself.)

However, at the moment it was clear that his anger and frustration wasn't quite strong enough for that. The kid needed to relax. He deserved it, but don't tell anyone that. She will murder you. Loki hasn't gone soft, what are you talking about? Who's Loki?

Anyways, Peter scrolled through tumblr, his mind hardly registering what was on the screen, when two cold arms wrapped around his torso. He tensed at first, but recognized the black and gold nail polish on thin, pale hands and relaxed ever so slightly.

"Hmm, it doesn't appear to be working," the women said, Peter feeling her throat move and chest vibrate. Why was his face so hot all of a sudden?

Little did Peter know, his face was doing it's best impression of a tomato. And boy was it good. "Umm, w-wh-what?" Darn teenage hormones.

"I have read recently that comforting contact, such as hugs, could help when one is upset or stressed," she explained.

Peter turned around slightly, "Uh...yeah, no. This-this is nice." Her slim fingers made their way into his hair, finding each knot and untangling it slowly.

While her hands were cold, she was warmer than he expected. Her green sundress was smooth and soft, so was the leather vest despite its material. She smelt like a mixture of books, wood and leather.

The truth was, Loki hadn't read it anywhere. This was something her mother used to do when she had a rough day. Maybe Thor's friends were too rough that day, or she failed time and time again with a spell she was learning. She would never tell you, but even she enjoys contact now and again.

Those who walked in and saw this were met with a glare unseen by Peter, that basically said "You ruin this moment, or say anything about it later, and I will end you."

**So. I just had an idea. This idea. I think I have another idea. Depends on whether or not I'll have the motivation to write it or not. Is this the end of the hiatus? No idea. I might post other stuff, but if it is the end of the hiatus, posts will be further separated. Not weekly.**

**Well, until next time! (whenever that will be)**

# Incorrect Lady Loki Quotes

## **DOUBLE POST You guys know the drill**

Anybody: How do Thor and Loki find their way out of these messes?

Avengers: They don't. They make a bigger mess that cancels out the first one.

~ ~ ~

Thor: Go on! Wear the hat! It's your birthday!

Loki: I'm not wearing that hat, Thor

Peter: Hey Ms. Loki! I got you something for your birthday!

*An hour later....*

Loki: \*wearing a party hat, streamers braided into her hair, and a large pink pin with "birthday girl" written on it\* Not. A. Word.

~ ~ ~

Peter: Quick! \*hands Loki phone\* You have to pretend to be my mom

Loki: Hello, this is Mom Parker. Yes, the children are playing swords. Sorry, playing with swords. They are bleeding. Oh no, they are dead. Don't call again.

\*hangs up\*

Loki: Sorry, I panicked.

~ ~ ~

Loki: Shut up.

Literally Anyone: I didn't say anyth-

Loki: You were thinking. It's annoying

~ ~ ~

## **THIS ONE IS KINDA FROSTIRON**

Loki: You don't think I can fight because I'm a girl.

Rhodey: I don't think you can fight because you're wearing a wedding dress. For what it's worth, I don't think Tony could fight in that dress either.



Tony: Perhaps not, but I would make a radiant bride!

## ~Possibilities~

So I mentioned that idea of a chapter full of ideas and prompts to show you guys. Well since I'm dry for ideas and inspiration, I figured I'd put them here.

I think of ideas often in chunks, usually inspired by scenes or characters from other shows/films. This leads to cool scenes that are just random branches without a 'tree' (AKA chapter) to be attached to.

Considering Loki is one who can perform magic, and little boundaries have been set up for such a thing, you can pretty much do whatever you want with it. For those of you who know Steven Universe, or even DBZ, you are probably aware of the concept of 'fusions'.

I want this book to be a sort of redemption story for Loki told in parts, and fusing with other characters could be a great way to start/grow a bond between characters. I'm working on two at the moment, but I won't spoil anything. ;3

Speaking of characters, I do want to bring in more. I just watched GOTG Vol. 2 and I just had one of my favourite AU ideas ever.

What if... Loki was left behind on Sakkar during Thor: Ragnarok, and was later picked up by the Guardians? Possible chapter idea...?

I don't know, I just had this awesome scene idea when listening to the Into the Spiderverse soundtrack of Loki being totally BAMF with the Guardians and shit.

Good idea? I think so.

Well, I care you going to tell them for me of your other ideas?

Zilli, not now

Aw come on. Admit it. Infinity war has been on your mind recently, hasn't it?

It's been on everyone's mind, Zil. Endgame is coming up.

You know that's not what I meant. I'm gonna be in control.

I'm going to stop listening to you now.

You can silence me, but you can't silence the truth. ---Connection Lost---

She's planning some big comeback or something. It's funny, she's acting as if I don't know about it. Anyways, I do have plans for this book, you'll just have to be patient with me.

This is Royal, signing out.

Stay Weird!



# Betrayal

## Chapter Summary

Poor Tony Stark

**Endgame destroyed me so here's a cute and funny chapter based off of a BNHA comic called Todoroki's Cruelty. No spoilers in the comments for the lucky souls who haven't seen it yet. NOTE: BRING TISSUES TO ENDGAME! Anyways: here's the chapter.**

It was a regular day, for the Avengers at least, and they were coming home from a mission. While boarding the quinjet, Tony heard his name being called. "Anthony!"

Tony turned around reluctantly, due to the use of his real name. Loki, who was behind everyone else, made direct eye contact with Tony,

and dabbed.

Tony's jaw dropped. Loki, walked past him to the jet, patting him on the shoulder and whispering, "No one will ever believe you."

~~~

A day or two later, the team was mingling around the compound. A few, including Tony, were in the kitchen. Natasha and Steve were having on conversation while sitting on the counter.

Loki went behind them, grabbed a tea bag, cup, and began to boil the kettle. While waiting, she made eye contact with Tony across the room. Never breaking eye contact, she flossed.

No, not the teeth kind. The fortnite dance kind. Tony just stared in disbelief. This was going on right behind two people and neither of the noticed.

When the kettle boiled, she stopped, filled her cup, and left the room. Tony's eyes never left her. "Why is it always me?"

~~~

The morning after, Tony made his way out of bed and into the kitchen. When he turned on the lights, what he found made him yell in surprise and horror.

Loki was just standing there, behind the counter, t-posing.

"L-Loki?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Stark," said a very tired looking, blanket burrito Peter as he squeezed past his mentor and through the doorway.

"Good morning Peter," Loki said simply, not daring to break eye contact.

"G'morning Lo," the young boy replied, pouring a cup of milk.

There were many thing going through Tony's head. How could Peter react so normally? Speaking of Peter, he looked awful. Probably didn't get much sleep last night due to studying. He'd have to talk to him about that.

But right now, there was only one thing that mattered,

"He saw."

~~~~

"Tony, seriously, you really need to quit this bit," Steve said later that day.

"It's getting a little old," Natasha added, Bruce nodding with her.

Tony paced behind the couch they sat on. "It's not a bit! The kid saw it too!"

"Peter saw?" the three asked in unison.

"I saw what?" The four turned to see Peter and Loki walking through the doorway.

"Peter," Tony exclaimed. "You saw Loki t-posing this morning!"

Peter gave him an odd look, eyes switching between him and Loki. "I'm sorry Mr. Stark, I don't know what you're talking about."

Tony's face fell.

"Come on Tony, it's kind of low of you to bring Peter into this," Steve said.

Tony turned back to face them, only to find...

Loki and Peter dabbing simultaneously.

Loki and Peter keeping eye contact with the poor engineer, daring to smirk in his face.

## Chapter Summary

### Loki and Pride

## Chapter Notes

IM NOT LATE WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT.

YAY PRIDE MONTH! YAY CANADA DAY! YAY FOURTH OF JULY! All that stuff.

Loki held up the piece of fabric, gazing at its many colours, "what is this?"

"It's a flag! For you," Peter answered enthusiastically.

Loki rose an eyebrow. Pink, white, purple, black, blue, a stripe of each. "I can see that, but what is it for?"

"Did Mr. Stark not say? We're making an appearance at the pride parade tomorrow," he explained enthusiastically. "We designed new coloured suits and everything. Each flag represents someone in the community."

Ah, yes, the two of them have had several conversations about Midgard's ridiculous amount of needless and specific labels for everything. No wonder they were always fighting each other over everything. Anyways, she assumed that this range of colours related to her ever changing gender.

Peters voice snapped her out of her thoughts. "It'll be a huge parade! People everywhere of every kind. I wanted Spider-Man to make an appearance and Mr. Stark thought he should too! Y'know, to show that we are allies and even members."

He snapped out of a thought of his own, brining his growing excited tone back down, "I know crowds aren't really your thing but, think you'll come? We'll have to set up some sort of transport for you though..."

It was obvious that someone like Loki didn't fair well in public appearances; she usually left that up to Stark. She looked down at the multi-coloured fabric, smoothing it between her fingers.

This crowd would be different. This would be a crowd of drastically different people, all coming together to acknowledge their past, and look to the future. A crowd like her.

"I think I've got a spell for that."

~ ~ ~

The streets of New York had never been more colourful through the rest of the year. Like a pack of crayons had melted and the wax had been sprinkled everywhere, with glitter on the side. Nothing is gayer than glitter.

The party was in full swing. Floats moved down the streets in a powerful march, dancers and music littered the tops. The only area not so colourful was the one corner inhabited by homophobic protesters. Not that they were given much attention

Suddenly, something zoomed past the crowd trailing red yellow and blue. Then another pink, purple, and blue figure flew by. And another, leaving a glowing trail in all those colours and more. The sound and sight however, was common to those living in New York. The trademark of their heros.

Tony flew loops around each float. His lights, though usually light blue, now also contained pink and yellow. This created a Pansexual trail throughout the sky.

Next was Peter, or Spider-Man in this case, swinging from building to building giving high fives and fist bumps in his new bisexual flag coloured suit. The red parts were traded in for its lighter counterpart, and the black spider and webs were now purple.

Last, but not least, was Loki herself, trying out a new spell that features a translucent disk she stood upon and used to levitate upon the crowd. The disk itself left a trail of rainbow light that dissipated after a few seconds.

She wore a vaguely regular green outfit with a leather vest, black pants, and heeled boots. There was a flowing cape attached to her vest, the flag Peter gave her, representing genderfluidity. Her left half had her signature forest green and gold makeup on, and her hair was curled and bouncy. The other side was barren, and her hair was straight and gelled. Her body essentially divided right down the middle, representing the two genders she most likely identified as.

The trio, as extra as they were, flew around giving high fives, salutes, and even mini flags with the Avengers' signatures on them.

Despite her lack of extroversion, Loki was having a great time. Disappointing looks in the crowd were nowhere to be seen, apart from the Crazy Christian Fun Police™. They received an exaggerated blown kiss, plus a wink for good measure.

And, no one really knows how, but a handful of them went home that day to a new rainbow hairstyle. Loki had refused involvement, not that she really would have gotten punished for it. It'll wear off in a few... weeks.

In the aftermath of the party, as always, there were people both celebrating and denouncing the heroes' involvement in the parade. Some people even used the ex-villain's inclusion against the community.

But, for once in a long time, she didn't care anymore.



## ~ Question ~

So, it has come to my attention that we are almost at 12 thousand hits.

It awesome that so many people have even decided to look at my work. So, I wanted to ask you all what you wanted for a thank you.

I had an idea for a wholesome Lady Loki x Reader chapter, if that's what you all want. But it is your decision!

Feel free to leave requests in the comments!

# 12k Special - Lady!Loki x Reader

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

You were lonely. It was dark, and the empty bed was colder than usual. Not in the physical sense, but it held a quiet emptiness you didn't like.

It was late, very late at night, and yet you couldn't seem to keep your eyes closed. Your gaze was fixed on the small clock that sat on the nightstand. Its red numbers displayed 1:27AM.

You shifted your gaze towards the blank ceiling, took a large breath, and closed your eyes. Let's try this again.

Your attempt, however, was interrupted by the gentle yet distinct sound of a vehicle, someone entering through the front door, and placing their motorbike keys on the counter. Then, the click-clack of heeled leather boots on the wooden floor and stairs. Loki was home, finally.

The door to your bedroom opened gently. It was far too dark to see her face, but her tall, slim, curly haired silhouette was distinct. She made her way quickly and quietly to the closet, clearly unaware of your consciousness, and came back out with her lacy pyjamas.

The light from the closet illuminated your tired yet awake face and crumpled sheets.

"You're still up?" Her voice was in a quite mix of worry and slight anger. Not at you, but at the consequences that she knew would follow. "Why, in the Nine Realms, are you awake at this hour?"

"I... just got up," was your excuse, muffled by the pillow and blanket wrapped tightly around you. Loki, however, could smell the bullshit from a mile away, and the sheepish look in your eyes made it clear you were aware of that fact regardless.

Loki's quirked eyebrow reflected this sense of BS, then went back to worry, then a small smirk. The closet light was turned off, and she made her way to the bed and under the covers.

"Why?" She asked, meeting your gaze in the dark. "Do you wish for a fancy new pillow? Perhaps a lullaby?" Her tone was slightly teasing, yet she placed a sincere kiss on your forehead. "Anything you want, my darling." Her manicured finger brushed your nose lovingly.

You snuggled closer in response, closing the empty space between the two of you. "You're enough for now. But I might take you up on that lullaby offer some other time."

Loki chuckled, wrapping an arm around you, "Of course, darling."

## Chapter End Notes

Top me. Top me. Top me. Top me.

Anyways, thank you all for 12 thousand reads. A lot of you liked this idea, and I loved writing it!

Here's to 50k someday!

## **~Update and Possible Hiatus~**

There's a good chance that I might have something serious going on that will require surgery. So there's a good chance I will not be able to update like I planned for a while. I'll keep you guys updated if you want.

Edit: I'm going into surgery today and might need to stay in recovery for a few days. Rip me

7/29 Edit: Thanks you for all the positive vibes sent my way. I'm in a bit of pain but am recovering fine. There's a chance I may be able to update

# You Need to Tell Him

## Chapter Notes

So, I wrote this when it was late at night with a random burst of inspiration. I don't really like it but whatever. Deleted half of it by accident. Rewrote it just now. Apologies for any mistakes, feel free to mark them for me in the comments.  
Also from a story standpoint, this is taking place before Civil War.

"You need to tell Anthony it was him!"

The yell echoed through the abandoned area. Two figures were present. The Star Spangled man himself, and the one lady cunning enough to figure him out.

Hi! You're probably wondering how I got into this situation and- okay this is supposed to be serious.

Loki had been suspicious of Steve's actions from the very beginning. And Steve knew he couldn't lie to The Goddess of Lies. Everything was right there, so he had to come clean. The moment he did though, Loki insisted on telling Stark the truth about his parents. And Bucky.

"You don't know what he'll do to Bucky! We need to keep him safe!" Steve had retorted.

Loki pinches the bridge of her nose. "You shouldn't underestimate him Rogers. What happens when Stark finds out?! Because he will-"

"No he won't! Not if we're careful." Steve cut her off. "No offence, but I don't think you're the one who can talk about telling the truth."

Loki had heard those words a thousand times in a thousand different ways. It didn't make it hurt any less, but it made hiding that hurt a lot easier. Despite this, Steve had realized the boundary he had overstepped.

"Look, you have to understand," he explained. "If he finds out, Bucky will be in far more danger than he already is, for something that isn't his fault."

Loki's expression softened. She knew. She knew all too well. Her gaze left his and centred on a nearby discarded pile of supplies. Steve took her brief hesitance to keep going.

He took a few steps forward causing the goddess to flinch. "There are people who don't understand. It's complicated, but I just want to get him out of danger. Please Loki. You can't tell anyone about this. Please."

Now he dares to play kind.

Her glare returned its path to his face, now causing him to flinch.

“I do not know if Thor has told you, but I of all people should know that lies like this are bound to end with chaos. The one thing about being a liar is being aware of the time and place to lie, and the consequences of doing so.”

With grave finality, she spoke. “He needs to know.”

Fear and disappointment filled Steve's eyes. “-but I am not the one to tell him.”

The captain let out a sigh of relief that was quickly cut off by Loki's glare. She stepped towards him, leaving little distance. Her words were quiet but stern. “When he finds out, you will reap the consequences you sow, and no one is required to be here and hold your hand through it. I will not be brought down with your senseless ideas. I am clear in my words, am I not?!”

The captain reapplied a stern face to match her words. “Crystal.”

Loki did not speak. The nails of her first two fingers, along with her eyes, glowed a bright green. She brought them across her lips in a sealing motion, the magic of her hands leaving a thread that sewed her lips together. Once reaching the corner of her lips, she twisted her fingers and sealed the magic in place. Her closed fist dropped to her side, and the magic faded away as if it were not there to begin with.

“I was never here.” Her words held venom and promise; a promise to vengeance if they were broken.

She turned to leave, the clicking of her heeled boots the only thing that echoed in the building. She paused however, and tossed back whatever was contained in her closed fist, which Steve caught with an unsure hand.

“A parting gift,” the lady said, her next words surprisingly in a sadder tone. “Being this careless with the trust of a person like Anthony is a dangerous mistake, but also a great loss. It is a shame you do not see that.”

With her parting words, she left in a string of green mist out the nearest window.

Steve looked down at the object; a key with a green gem that mocked his shield's star. A reminder. He let out a sigh that echoed disappointment.

It seemed she would always be for herself.

# Loki is Best Trans Friend 2: Emotional Boogaloo

## Chapter Notes

**Trigger Warning: If you're uncomfortable without feelings associated with dysphoria, and mild anxiety attacks, this may not be the chapter for you.**

**Also, tooth-rotting fluff and motherly sweetness. You have been warned.**

It was a simple domestic morning for the Avengers. JARVIS had called everyone down for breakfast, but Peter had failed to make an appearance.

Loki made her way to Peter's room, via Tony's request, knocking quietly on the door. This time, however, he wasn't there to greet her with a sleepy smile, inquiring on what was for breakfast that morning. She was instead met with silence.

She gently opened the door to find the boy in front of his mirror. He furiously tugged at the helm of his shirt and hair. His movements were full of frustration and panic.

Loki slowly stepped into the room, clicking the door shut as quietly as possible, but Peter caught it anyway. He spun around, his wide, chocolate eyes much like those of a deer in headlights. He crossed his arms and stuttered, "L-Lo, what are you doing here?"

"Breakfast is almost ready," she answered simply. A small gasp exited Peter's lips as his eyes darted to the clock on his desk.

"S-sorry. Um, I-I'll just be a few minutes." He placed himself on the bed, his movements ridged with emotion, his gaze was low. Neither were changed or affected by Loki's new weight next to him. His hands were on his knees, bunching up his pyjama pants in his fists.

"What's wrong?"

Peter's fists tightened and shook, his knuckles turning white. Even as the tear welled up in his eyes, he insisted, "I-It's nothing."

Her sense went off, if it wasn't obvious enough. "I can tell when you're lying, Peter."

"J-just.... one of th-those days," his voice barley escaped his closed throat, as if he would burst if he spoke any louder. Loki let out a sigh. But it was not one of anger or disappointment, more exhaustion and understanding.

Peter rubbed at his chest with one hand, as if there were bugs crawling on him, or much like the aftermath of walking through a spiderweb. Tears poured freely from his eyes, landing on the white knuckles of the remaining hand. He shook violently with heavy breaths.

While Loki was not really much for contact, she knew it could be what he needed. Very slowly and gently, she placed a hand on his knee. She knew full well what was going on, it was a memory ingrained in her brain, it was the thing that brought them so close together in the first place. But, unlike she got to, she knew it would be better if he got to speak about it. "Tell me."

Peter let out a sob as he rested his head on Loki's chest. His tears begin to leave little dark stains on the fabric. "I just... f-feel like a fake," he sniffed.

"Why do you feel that way?"

"I'm just... I'm-I'm not-" another sob and a hiccup interrupted him. Peter took a deep, yet shaky, breath. "I'm not like you guys. L-Like Mr. S-Stark and... I just- I wanna be normal. Wh-When they look at me.." The end of his sentence was broken by another sob. "I can't help but feel like- like.. like they're a-all-" he broke into sobs once again.

It was easy to fill in the blank. Disgusted. Revolted. Disappointed. Despite her own thoughts, beliefs, insecurities, it almost tore Loki apart to see the similarities in this boy and her own self. Worst off all is that he didn't deserve any of it.

Peter was her peak into the lives she had affected. He was the bridge into giving others a chance, whether she realized it or not. Regardless, she was fully aware of the trap she had fallen into; this boy meant much to her and there was nothing she could do about it.

She allowed Peter to let all of his emotions out, before quietly saying, "Proud of you?" You could sense the wave of confusion, even through Peter's tears.

It was scary to admit such a thing but... "Peter Benjamin Parker, you are incredible. You never asked for this life, yet you've taken it and made it yours. You are someone who will run to help others with no expected rewards. You're willing to reach out to others, and learn from your mistakes. You wake up every morning and hate the body you were born in. Most of all, you are able to do this while living the life of a Midgardian teenager, which from you incessant complaining is no doubt difficult."

A very small, choked up chuckle escaped Peters lips. "Knowing all of this, it is a fact that Anthony is proud of you. The others are proud of you, even if they are unaware..."

She took a small pause, meeting Peter's wide, chocolate eyes. "I am proud of you. And if anyone says otherwise, or the others give you a hard time.. I'll give them a visit from Sir Stabbington II."

Peter let out a few more chuckles, sniffing loudly and wiping his eyes, "Sh-shut up!" He playfully hit Loki in the chest with fake resistance.

Loki put a hand to Peters red, swelled up cheek, and a smooth feeling passed over it. Her magic, cleaning up his face temporarily for the upcoming social interaction. "Thanks," Peter said.



Slowly, she placed a short kiss on the boys forehead, then ruffled Peter's already messy hair. The bed shifted greatly when she stood, then moved to open the door. "By the way, breakfast is ready."

With that, the door closed, and Loki made her way back to breakfast, her worldview crumbling like Peter's awaiting blueberry muffin.

# Work Out

## Chapter Notes

(o5o) (-5-)

Warning, there will be some.... suggestive implications (~5°)

It could be inferred that after their infamous talk on the balcony in the middle of the night (and subsequent drunk conversation afterwards) that Loki had newfound respect for Tony. Her relationship with Peter also grew that respect, as the boy constantly talked about how 'Mr. Stark made me this new thing for my suit!' Or 'Mr. Stark said he would help Aunt May and I buy T to help save us money' or 'Mr. Stark almost bought me the entire franchise of McDonalds because I wanted them to make a Spider-Man Happy Meal toy.'

In fact, Stark had surprisingly been the most lenient and easy going when it came to Loki's induction into the Avengers. Granted, he was against the idea, but his jokes and nicknames never stopped. One of the first things he had directly said to Loki in the aftermath was "Okay Reindeer Games, don't throw me, or anyone, out a window and we'll be fine."

As more trust was given, and it was clear that Loki wasn't going to kill them all, Tony invited Loki into his lair- I mean lab. Okay, it wasn't so much of 'Feel free to check it out.' It was more along the lines of 'Oh my God! Please let me do experiments on you! I wanna improve my tech! I wanna Asgard it up! Thor won't work, I'm afraid he might break something. Please show me your magic. Oh for the love of science tell me how it works! Pleeeeeeease!'

To which Loki usually ignored him as much as possible.

It was another day to which Tony tried his best to convince the Goddess. "I'm quite literally filthy rich. I can get you anything, just for some tests. What do you want?" He asked, leaning on the bar while Loki sat nearby.

"Are you honestly trying to bribe me?" Loki nearly laughed at the absurdity of it all.

"No, I'm serious!" He said. "You want exotic teas? You got it. New wardrobe? Only if you take me with you. You want a body pillow with someone's face on it? I wouldn't have thought you were into that sort of thing but I won't judge."

"Oh for the love of- Fine!" Loki exclaimed, a traitorous smile threatening to appear on her face. "We'll do your damn experiments. For the Norns sake..."

Tony let out a not-so-subtle 'yessss' before extending an arm out. "Just follow me, m'lady. We'll be testing your strength first. Got any workout clothes, preferably ones showing as

much skin as possible." Loki just rolled her eyes and hid a small smirk, passing his extended arm.

"I'll be expecting your most comfortable pillow by the end of the week. It had better be blank."

~ ~ ~

*"Think we could go a little further?"*

That is what Clint heard passing the workout rooms later that day. It was clearly Tony's voice. He wouldn't have payed it any mind, had it not been for what came after.

*"Hang on, nnn-this position isn't the most comfortable you know."*

That was Loki's voice. She sounded winded.

*"I could help with that~"* Came another teasing response, followed by a tsk and a huff.

Wait a minute.

"Clint, is everything alright?" Steve caught up behind him, followed by Natasha. He didn't reply, just pointing to the door.

They pressed their ears against the door. Some words and phrases were muffled, but he could make out some.

*"Please, you gods are denser than us puny mortals. Think I could make it up top?"*

Steve's face went red. Clint and Nat shared a look. They weren't....

*"Please- huff- I'd like to see you try my position."*

*"Maybe you could show me later~"* Tony's teasing tone returned. Loki replied with presumably and eye roll and another huff.

No. Fucking. Way. Steve's face was beat red at this point, the red flush spreading to the other two as well. They were all thinking the same thing.

"Okay, this isn't acceptable," Steve stated. They burst through the door, "Alright you two, that's..."

The scenes they were met with was nothing like they were expecting, thankfully.

"Afternoon Captain," Loki said, slightly out of breath due to the comically large dumbbell she was holding. On top of which Tony was sitting, dangling his legs like a preschooler on a swing set. "Are you alright? Huff- you look red."

"Umm, no we- I mean... Uh we just-" he stuttered. Natasha started giggling to herself and Clint gave a knowing shake of the head.

"You can have the room. We were about to take a break anyways, eh Frosty?"

"I will drop you," Loki warned.

Tony smirked. "Aww don't be like that Princess-AAH!" He was cut off by his own scream as Loki quickly shifted her stance, nearly causing Tony to fall.

"Don't call me Princess," Loki said, her voice deep and dead serious.

"Yes Ma'am!" Tony saluted in a joking manor, muddled a little by his uneven breath. Loki grinned in satisfaction as she lowered herself, allowing Tony to get off safely. The thousand-pound dumbbell was dropped soon after with a loud thunk.

Loki tossed a towel she used around her shoulder. "You all have fun, but not too much fun." She winked with a smirk and exited the gym.

The day after, she entered her room to find a body pillow wrapped in plastic on her bed. Don't worry, it was blank.

She'll never let anyone know how comfortable it was.

# Good morning

## Chapter Notes

This chapter contains the lyrics to a song called La Vie en Rose  
This cover, I believe, fits this chapter perfectly.

<https://youtu.be/606iMEJXyEo>

(Aka La Vie en Rose cover by annapansu)

The Avengers team had a system in place. Each had a chore to do, and the jobs would rotate each week.

It took a while, but eventually Loki was placed into this as well. It took even longer for the team to trust her with breakfast, or any meal for that matter. After all, JARVIS could keep an eye on her, but couldn't prevent everything. Still, even though some members were wary, her breakfasts were some of the best.

Loki stepped out of the elevator, her morning muffins in hand. Her coat and boots were magicked away for a more comfy ensemble of a lacy, off the shoulder green shirt and black yoga pants. The outfit completed itself with grey fluffy slippers and a blank apron that tied itself up at the back.

No one was awake or present yet, as it appeared. "JARVIS, could you play my relaxing music list please?" She took a bite of her muffin as a guitar began to play.

The Goddess hummed along as she gathered ingredients and tools for pancakes and bacon. As the pans began to heat up, her voice echoed through the empty kitchen, matching the guitar.

"Hold me close and hold me fast  
This magic spell you cast  
This is la vie en rose"

The ingredients of the batter were mixed to an invisible beat.

"When you kiss me, Heaven sighs  
And though I close my eyes  
I see la vie en rose."

The bacon sizzled as it was placed on the larger pans. More than one pan was needed when cooking for a team that consisted of Gods and a superhuman.

“When you pressed me to your heart  
I'm in a world apart  
A world where roses bloom”

A steady stream of green light carried the cutlery and toppings to their proper places on the table.

“And when you speak  
Angels sing from above  
Everyday words  
Seem to turn into love songs”

Layer and layer of pancakes were placed on a pile, same with the bacon strips.

“Give your heart and soul to me  
And life will always be  
La vie en rose.”

The second muffin Loki had obtained earlier appeared in Peter's usual spot. Finished with the batch of food, Loki carried the plates to the centre of the table

“And when you speak  
angels sing from above  
Everyday words  
Seem to turn into love songs.”

For a final touch, she sifted powdered sugar onto the pancake pile.

“Give your heart and soul to me  
And life will always be la vie en rose.”

The music ended. Loki wiped her hands with a towel, the apron magic-ing itself away. She began placing the dishes in the sink for Natasha to clean later. “JARVIS, could you notify everyone that breakfast is ready?”

*“That won't be necessary, Ms. Loki,”* the AI replied. Her eyebrow quirked in mild confusion and she turned to notify the team herself...

...only to find them all standing there in the hallway, eyes meeting hers. Peter gave a sheepish wave as Loki's regularly pale face turned a bright red.

The same thought went through everyone's heads: they'd been caught.

“Umm, you do sound very nice, sister.” Thor added, not helping the situation.

Loki let out a frustrated sigh, “Just eat your damn breakfast.”

While the others made their way to the table, Loki refused to join them.

“Not eating with us, Laura Marano?” Tony teased. Loki didn't know who that was, but assumed a reference to some midgardian singer.

She rolled her eyes and refused to respond, grabbing the rest of her muffin. She made her way down the hallway, the red on her cheeks still present.

*“For the record Ms. Loki,” JARVIS said. “You do sound very nice.”*

“Whatever,” she replied, a small smile threatening to cross her face.

## ~Headcanons~

A few ideas that are too short or not detailed enough to make chapters.

You guys ready to cry? I found this somewhere but idk where so imma just put it here. What if Loki wasn't abandoned as a baby? What if his parents put him there to protect him? What if his mother ran out of the temple to protect him only to be murdered by Odin because hey thought she was hostile? Or, even worse, what if she left to fight only to return and see her baby gone?

Yikes that was depressing. Here, have some light hearted headcanons.

In regards to the last chapter, I imagine Loki would be much more careful during their morning performances. But it didn't really matter because she would be caught a few more times.

The team already knows how good her voice sounded and wanted to hear it at every opportunity. Though Tony and Peter were the only ones to actually ask.

Eventually she learned to enjoy the attention and, though a bit reluctant, enjoyed showing off her singing skills.

On the topic of music, Loki probably enjoys musicals. Both the movie and Broadway kind. While Peter would be more than happy to introduce her to Hamilton and Dear Evan Hansen, she preferred more of the classical side. Phantom of the Opera, Jekyll and Hyde, even Wicked.

In fact, she'd especially enjoy Wicked for obvious reasons.

When the holidays came around, movies such as Sound of Music would pop up and, even though some found it boring, Loki would probably enjoy it. As well as being caught humming along to "Favourite Things" in her alone time.

Further on the topic of holidays, ugly Christmas sweaters for everyone! You can probably imagine the reindeer themed sweater Tony would order.



Speaking of holidays, I am planning on writing a Christmas chapter (or chapters) this year. I had one last year that I didn't get to finish, 5 + 1 themed chapter(s) for Christmas. I'm hoping on one/two per week leading up to Christmas, but you all know what my schedule is like. There isn't one. Anyways, enjoy.

# **(Christmas) 4 Times Loki gave something and 1 time she got something**

## Chapter Summary

Part 1 of a 5 part Christmas series. Updated once each week leading up until Christmas

### 1

Despite the undeniable fact that Tony was a social butterfly, he would often shut himself in when dealing with problems. Hide away and build up walls. This was something Loki did as well, so she spotted it easily.

Even when she wishes to be alone, a little company can go a long way. The both of them often found this in Peter, but she was aware that he wouldn't always be there for either of them. While she could escape in her books or meditation, Tony was more of a workaholic, which isn't healthy for anyone.

Taking these facts into account, she decided to get Tony something that could keep him company. A Guldsuil. Translated from the language of the realm it comes from, it means "Golden Soul." It's a small spirit similar to a flame. It is known to be loyal and friendly.

It does not need to be cared for, as it will be off on its own most of the time, but it will most likely appear when it feels negative emotions from its 'master'. A little companion for lonely or sad times.

She wrapped a small, empty box in a plain red wrapping paper, and topped it with a complicated bow laced with the summoning magic for the flame-like creatures. Technically speaking, the gift was in the bow.

When Christmas came and Tony pulled on the lace to undo said bow, the box around it erupted into flames. There was a spike of panic throughout the room before the flames quickly simmered down, leaving a pile of ash behind.

On top was a small flame. Only this flame had eyes, and a body.

"Uh... Hey little guy," Tony said, hesitantly. The creature met his eyes and launched itself towards him. It embraced his cheek, snuggling up to him. Tony flinched, but it didn't burn. Instead it was a comforting warm feeling, like a blanket you just got out of the dryer. The creature eventually let go, then flew around him, landing in his open palms.

“A little someone to keep you company when you’re working,” Loki explained. “You need not care for it, and it will appear when you want it to.”

“Thanks, Frosty.” Tony brought the creature closer to his face to look at it closer. The flame gazed up at him with wonder and kind eyes.

## **(Pt. 2) 4 Times Loki gave something and the one time she got something**

### Chapter Summary

Part 2 of the Christmas Special! I'm keeping up schedule so far! Yay!

## **2**

Loki and Clint, for the most part, didn't interact much. This didn't affect their work, thankfully, but beyond missions there was nothing beyond a mandatory work acquaintanceship.

Regardless, Loki still wanted to give the agent something for Christmas. As a sort of peace offering, to make it clear that there were no hard feelings or continued hatred on her side (at the very least). Unfortunately, due to the lack of interaction, she didn't have much to go by other than bows, Mario Kart, and a love for crawling through the vents.

Seeing as though she had gotten Tony something from another realm, she decided to do the same. Asgard was known for weapons, sure, but Alfheim was known for its archery.

Long ago, when her, Thor, their mother, and Odin had taken them to Alfheim, she obtained her own bow. She still had it, and though she seldom used it, she still wished to keep hers. However, it was a good starting point to model her gift after.

A good 15 minutes of convincing Heimdall later, and she was off to the previously mentioned realm. Don't worry, she had permission. From Thor, at least.

She placed the longbow into a wooden case, along with a few enchantments improving the bow's abilities, making it easier for mortals to use. He may not even use it, considering he may prefer the technology on Midgard, but it's the thought that counts.

"Woah," was Clint's first expression as he opened the wooden case and saw the bow.

"It's from Alfheim, a realm known for its fine archers," she explained. Clint took the bow in his hands, running his fingers over the carvings and patterns.

"As an added bonus, the arrows you shoot shall always return to you," Loki explained.

"...Woah," was all Clint said, giving the others a laugh. Loki, however, took this as a sign of indifference.

“You need not to use it,” she added, gaining Clint’s attention. “I just assumed it would be a gift of some meaning to you. Bows and arrows and those things...”

“How does it work,” he asked, somewhat surprising her. “I mean, I don't see any arrows.”

“Just pull the string back, and an arrow should appear,” she answered, recovering quickly.

Clint had a small appreciative smile. “Thanks, Morticia.”

Loki rolled her eyes playfully, “Please leave the nicknames to Stark. It’s barely even tolerable when he does it.”

# **(Pt. 3) 4 Times Loki have something and the one time she got something**

## Chapter Summary

Part 3. Bruce's turn!

## Chapter Notes

Note: no my spelling of magick is not incorrect. That is how witches often spell it when referring to it.

### 3

Bruce was another person Loki didn't interact with very much. He sometimes was present during experiments and testing, but they didn't cross paths very often. Bruce's involvement during the Halloween incident was really for Bruce to get back at Tony for a previous prank.

When they did cross paths, however, it was usually to clean up Thor's messes, as Thor and Bruce hung out quite a lot. If there was one thing Loki understood, it was how draining he was to deal with.

Loki had observed Bruce much like she had the other Avengers. She noticed they had similarities in a lot of things. That is to say, they both preferred quiet spaces, alone time, etcetera. The difference was Bruce was far more opposed to violence than Loki was, for obvious reasons. Loki was also opposed to Bruce being involved in violence, for obvious reasons.

Another thing Loki had observed about Bruce, another trait they shared, was his love of tea. Midgardian tea wasn't that bad, but Loki did know of far more elite teas across the realms. She was already in Alfheim for archery reasons, might as well make it a round trip.

The elves, aside from archery, were famous for their witchcraft. Some of *witch*(pun intended) were skilled in herbal magick, also known in the form of teas.

Tea on Midgard was more artificial than in other places, so getting Bruce a range of pure teas from across the realms seemed like a good idea.

“So, mine’s not going to burst into flames or anything, is it?”

Loki and a few others let out a chuckle. “No no, it's not as dramatic as that.”

“Fat chance,” Tony exclaimed, his little flame buddy resting on his shoulder. “You got Legolas a bow from Elf-Land, which honestly makes my nickname work that much more so I applaud that.”

Both Bruce, Loki and Clint rolled their eyes, and Bruce began tearing off the patterned paper. Underneath was a slim, wooden box with a clip keeping it shut. Bruce reached for the clip slowly.

“Go on then,” Loki said, taking a sip of her cocoa. “It's not going to bite you.”

Bruce flipped the lid open revealing a rainbow of packaged tea bags. Bruce took out one to examine it. “Tea?” He stated, having the word sound more like a question.

“Boring!” Tony shouted, earning him another eye roll and a giggle-like sound from his flame-friend.

Loki sighed. “Well if you must be entertained, I got them in *Alfheim* as well,” she explained, emphasizing the name for Tony to remember. “Most of the types you will be familiar with, some you won't, and they may have stronger effects, but I can assure you that none of them are dangerous to mortals.” Loki took another sip of her cocoa.

Bruce ruffled through a few more bags. “Thanks. I'll be sure to try some.”

Loki nodded, raising her cup in a sort-of toast. “I recommend the moonflower tea. It's a bit of a ‘pick me up’ sort of drink.”

## **(Pt. 4) 4 Times Loki gave something and the one time she got something**

### Chapter Summary

Here's Peter's present!

### Chapter Notes

Note: to clarify the timeline of events, the Avengers had opened up true presents during a Christmas party that Peter didn't attend. This chapter takes place on Christmas Day instead, therefore after the party

## **4**

It was no secret Peter was basically Loki's best friend. However, she thought it was a childish thing, so she'd never say it directly.

Still, there was no doubt she cared for the boy, and she wanted to give him something. But what?

The kid lived with a billionaire, not to mention that billionaire and many other people who probably know him better would be getting him something.

It had to be unique, it had to be special, like him. A curious mind like his had everything and, simultaneously, nothing.

Thinking back to Tony's gift, perhaps a companion? No, that would seem lazy. He required no weapons, nor wished for any delicacies beyond Midgard.

She stood in her room, sitting in front of her vanity desk. Her eyes met each other in the mirror. She took a breath and scanned her face's reflection in an attempt to relax her mind. Her mother had told her many times before, a simple thought can be better than overthinking.

Ah, her mother. Despite the fact they weren't related by any blood, Loki did look like her mother in many ways. This could be attributed to her go-to female form being designed by herself, and her wish to keep some part of her mother alive.



Frigga was unorthodox at times, but that is part of the reason why Loki loved her so much. Her oddities allowed her great empathy and an understanding in Loki's eccentricities. Before Loki could shapeshift, Frigga had sewn Loki her first dress. She remembers it like it was yesterday.

Specifically the blasted corset. All of those kiddy things could die in a hole cold and alone, thank you very much. The only ones that were remotely comfortable were the ones she made herself. She insisted that Frigga taught her to sew them, along with being able to sew her own dresses.

There it was. What she was going to get, or rather make, for Peter. Granted, not exactly a corset, but close enough in terms of uncomfortability and harm done to the body.

It could be said that Peter not being able to make the party was a good thing after all. He still wasn't quite "out" to the entirety of the team, and Loki not giving him a present at all wouldn't look very good for her image, so giving him his gift in private was the best scenario.

While Loki and the others spent Christmas morning at Stark Tower, Peter, and Clint, decided to spend Christmas with their families at home.

For some people, Christmas got less exciting as you grew up. Peter, however, was as excited as ever when waking up Christmas morning. He ran downstairs, followed by Aunt May to an array of presents set up the night before.

The only difference was a pile slightly off to the side that hadn't been there. "Where did those come from?" His aunt asked. Peter looked at the tags.

"From Thor" one not-so-well wrapped gift read on scratchy letters. "From You Know Who I Am + Bruce" said another. "From Auntie Spider and Uncle Birdman" was another. Even one that was signed "Loki" in fancy green letters.

This one stood out due to the fact it wasn't wrapped in paper. Or maybe what some other world considered to be wrapping paper, but certainly not by earth's standards.

With a cup of Parker-style World's Best Hot Chocolate, Peter opened the presents from May and his friends first, promptly moving onto the Avengers afterwards.

Bruce and Tony had designed him a Spiderman hoodie (complete with hidden web-shooters for emergencies), Nat and Clint had bought him a new lego set, etcetera etcetera.

Peter came to Loki's present and was rather curious. Aside from the odd wrapping, Peter was told stories from Tony about the weird presents Loki had gotten them. He hoped she didn't go through too much trouble for whatever it was.

(She did spend a few nights designing, traveling to get the proper materials and sewing it, but that's besides the point.)

When he opened whatever it was, the 'wrapping' revealed a type of skin tone cloth and a note.

*Believe it or not, I know how dangerous and uncomfortable those things you call 'binders' are. One would think humans would be more accommodating. So I decided to share a trick from when i was young that should be far safer.*

*Merry Christmas.*

L 

After reading the note out loud, Peter unfolded the cloth in his lap. It was his skin tone, and was similar to a strapless crop top. He put it up to his chest, seeing that it would fit him well. "I think I got a magical space binder."

"Well," Aunt May said. "Go and try it on!"

Peter ran up the stairs, taking off his shirt. Pulling the new fabric over his head and fitting it around his chest, it felt nice. The typical laboured breathing that came from putting on a binder wasn't there to the extent it previously was.

That material was soft and fit nearly perfect with his skin. There were no straps to show either, so he could pretty much wear whatever he wanted with it.

The biggest change, however, was the near invisibility of his breasts. He almost wanted to check to see that they were still there, which they were. It was perfect to the point where he almost cried.

He ran downstairs, tears in his eyes and a new shirt on, eager to show his aunt.

# **(Final) 4 Times Loki gave something and the one time she got a something**

## Chapter Summary

STRAP IN PEOPLE! IT'S GONNA BE A LONG EMOTIONAL RIDE

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

There were very few times Loki ever had to herself. While she had ‘alone time’ in the sense that no one was physically presently interacting with her, Loki was always under constant surveillance and monitoring by others.

During her first trips to the café, she was always followed. Granted, she was quite aware of their presence, but it didn't affect her much so she really didn't care.

There were things she cared deeply for, though. Things she didn't want to admit, even if you put a gun to her head.

Others’ eyes were always a deterrent for things she really wanted. She had grown up learning that her thoughts and needs were second to others. Her needs and thoughts were also often different from the ideals of those she hung around.

In short, all her life she was different. Shocking, I know.

After a long contemplation about the gift she was going to give to Peter, Loki made her way through the tower in an attempt to find her br- to find Thor. She was in need of a certain fabric not available on Midgard and needed his permission (and by extent Heimdall’s) to go. Even then, she was under direct supervision from Heimdall at all times. Anything fishy was immediately reported.

Loki explained her need for another trip once Thor was found. While he attempted to ask what the off-world items were for, Loki always gave him as little detail as possible. Partially because she didn't want him spoiling the gifts. Also because she didn't really want them to know she cared. She didn't care. Idiot!

“So, what is it you wish for Yule? Or Christmas, I suppose,” Thor had asked. Previously, she had not wanted anything at all.

Despite their many failings as a family, the holidays were always fine for Loki. A time everyone got together despite differences. No judgment.

In truth, that was all she wanted. Something she believed she could never have again.

So, the one thing she asked Thor for was an hour alone. No escort, no Heimdall, no security. (And, no, before you make dirty jokes. Not THAT kind of escort)

Of course, Thor was not in any position to make that big of a decision. In the days leading up to the Christmas party, (funnily enough taking place on Yule, the winter solstice), Thor had talked about it with the other Avengers, meanwhile SHIELD was left blissfully unaware, as no doubt they would never agree to such a thing.

Aside from Peter, Tony was the one Loki hung out with the most, and the most likely person Loki would open up to.

“So, got any plans for Christmas?” Tony slowly monitored the speed on the treadmill Loki currently ran on, looking to measure her top speeds and comparing them to humans. “Pointbreak mentioned you wanted to take a little Christmas with the Kranks style vacation. What’s that about?”

The treadmill shut down, leaving Loki the ability to speak properly. “Just a quick night on my own. No offence to you and your...” she paused, trying to find the right word, “eccentricities, but it does get suffocating in here.”

Tony mingled with the data on the screen he held, “And why without Asagrd’s Eye in the Sky? He probably won’t be up in your business. Any plans to destroy the world a second time? Throw someone else out a window for once?”

Loki Rolled Her Eyes™ and undid her ponytail. “For the record, I never sought to destroy the world, that’s just plain stupid. Secondly, this something... personal and none of your, nor Heimdall’s, business.” With that, she shut the gymnasium doors and returned to her room.

“Sooo, what do you want for Christmas?” Peter asked, following a Christmas vine compilation they had just finished while sitting on his bed. Loki let out a sigh.

“This is about my request, isn’t it?”

Peter made a ‘pssst’ sound. “Whaaat? No.”

In came the Eyebrow of Disbelief™, and Peter crumbled. “Ugh, okay! Yeah! Kinda...” The look in Loki eyes pressed him to explain further.

“It’s just- I mean... no offence or anything, like, really I mean it but... You can’t really expect Mr. Stark or anyone else to let you go without an explanation,” he explained. “I mean, I know you’ve changed and all that but... you can’t really blame them for it.”

While Peter expected frustration or any semblance of anger, Loki’s face remained still and emotionless. Her eyes however, while directed onto the floor, held an emotion akin to defeat.

“I understand,” she replied. “And, don’t worry, no offence taken.” A small smirk made to hide her feelings was on her face as she watched some of Peter’s stress fade.

Some did remain however, and Loki's smirk faded in response. That's damn face. That damn adorable, innocent, precious face. That gave that wants the best for everyone. That face that cared far too much for someone like her. Far too much for someone who doesn't deserve it.

Loki sighed. "I just want to visit my mother's grave marker." Despite her best efforts, her voice reeked with grief and guilt.

"Oh," was all Peter said. After a few beats of silence, he exclaimed, "Well why didn't you just say that?"

"Because-" Loki started, but cut herself off once she realized she didn't really have a reason. At least, she didn't have one that didn't sound stupid or like an insult to her mother. "I just..." she trailed off, no words coming to fill the space.

She sighed, "You really think they'd let me go? Alone?"

"I mean, yeah." Peter shifted himself on the bed. Loki broke eye contact, silent for a few moments, before clicking on another vine compilation.

Then came the party a few days later. Despite being forced to wear a Rudolph sweater (she lost a bet, don't ask) Loki had a pretty good time. It was funny to watch Tony check his surroundings before violently dodging any mistletoe that had been placed.

Anyways, the party was reaching its end, and a few teammates had retired for the night. Loki was about to do the same, after using a bit of magic to sober up and avoid the hangover.

She stopped when Thor gave a side hug, his arm draped across her shoulders. "Get your coat, sister," he exclaimed. "You'll remember it's quite cold in Asgard this time of year as well."

Loki froze, unsure if she had gotten all the alcohol out of her system. She met Thor's eyes, her own showing surprise and caution.

Tony bent backwards on the couch to face her, his words slurred "Jus' make sure not t' bring back an alien army thisss time, 'kay?"

Tony had built a small area on the roof specifically for the bifrost, where Loki now stood in a dark green, long sleeved dress with white, fluffy trimming. A matching white and fluffy muff kept her hands hidden and warm. Her hair was hidden by the hood, apart from the braid draped across her shoulder.

As the bifrost was summoned, some say that fateful Christmas Eve that the Goddess of Mischief offered a smile to her once-brother, but that is just a legend.

Regardless of what really happened, only a small nod was given to the gatekeeper of Asgard. With that, she was unseen for the rest of the night, as promised, even by said gatekeeper. Alone and quiet, as the Goddess entered a hedge garden, was left to her thoughts.

*"No mother! You can't sing that lullaby anymore!"*

*Her mother chuckled, "Why not?"*

*A far younger Loki stood on her bed as if to emphasize her point. "That song is about princes. I'm not a prince anymore. I'm a princess!"*

*"Oh, you're right!" Frigga replied. "Hmm, I think I've got one! My mother taught me this one."*

Loki let her hood fall as she approached a large, stone statue upon a pedestal. The Allmother.

*"Little baby, hear my voice. I'm beside you, O maiden fair.  
Our young lady, grow and see. Your land, your own faithful land."*

She knelt in front of it. Using her seidr, she summoned a candle. A brief flick, and it was lit with a green flame.

*"Sun and moon guide us  
to the hour of our glory and honour."*

A circle of stones held the candle in place.

*"Little baby, our young lady  
Noble maiden fair."*

Her voice was the only thing filling up the silent space of the garden. Wind threatened to blow her braid undone, but the flame remained.

*"I bid you take your place in the halls of Valhalla, where the brave shall live forever. Nor shall we mourn but rejoice for those that have died the glorious death."*

Despite the cold snow around her, and the cold secret beneath her skin, the tears she shed refused to freeze, and the flame still refused to go out.

It was not planned, but Loki did have a candle to spare. It weighed in her conscious, before it was summoned and placed next to hers. As she left the garden behind, a red flame partnered her own.

## Chapter End Notes

Omg I'm sorry that was sad. Yikes. Anyways, I hope everyone has/had a Blessed Yule, Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays!

The song used in this chapter can be found here: <https://youtu.be/ycuzL5iGBiQ>

# Please, Don't Do This

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The tension in the room was high. Peter's pleading eyes met with Loki's cold emerald ones.

So it had come to this.

Loki was a selfish being. This was obvious. It was in her very nature to be on top, and there was little she wouldn't do to get there.

"Please, Lo," Peter pleaded. "You don't have to do this."

Loki rolled her eyes in response. "Don't I?" A dangerous smirk appeared across her face.

"I will fight back if I have to!" Peter exclaimed, trying to sound tougher than he was. It was a sad attempt in Loki's opinion.

"Please, you're in no position to do so, Spiderling." Everyone was out for themselves in this game. A game Loki intended to win, whether she had to step on her "team" or not.

"Please Loki, we were friends, weren't we? You just need to give me chance!"

Loki gave a look of fake consideration, her mind was already made up. "Key word is 'were'. We aren't friends, Peter. Perhaps we *were*, but this is *war*."

She hit the table with a loud thud. This was it.

The forbidden card, a +4 color change card was revealed under her hand. "Uno."

Peter let out a cry of frustration. "Dang it!" he yelled as he picked up the cards reluctantly. The rest of the team chuckled.

Uno. The game That can tear friendships apart.

## Chapter End Notes

Scared you guys, didn't I?

I had a lot of fun with this chapter

# The Letter

## Chapter Summary

~~GET YOUR TISSUES AND BLANKETS AND SHREDDERS TO PUT YOUR  
HEARTS INTO BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THOSE ANYMORE  
ONCE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!  
MWUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA~~

## Chapter Notes

Thank you very much to MetaphoricallyQueer (Wattpad) for helping me with this chapter during a 1am brainstorming session. Also also, this is an alternate Endgame. No past-Thanos, no fake Nebula, and Peter survived Infinity War because fuck you)

"If you told me just ten measly years ago that I would be making this message, I probably would have gone so far as to threaten to kill you. Stubbornness, I know, but one shouldn't be that surprised. I grew up with Thor after all."

### Vormir, 2014

Thor and Loki exited the ship onto a windy barren landscape. Just ahead of them was a mountain, with the stone supposedly on top.

"Be on the lookout," Loki advised, summoning a dagger in her hand. "This will likely not be as easy as it appears." A green translucent disk appeared on the dirt with enough room for the both of them. It carried the pair up the mountain. Green and blue eyes alike scanned the scenery for danger.

The disk faded as they reached the top, the mountain clear of danger as far as they could see. Once the two set foot, however, they tensed.

"Thor, son of Odin. Loki, child of Laufey."

"Who goes there?" Thor asked, gripping his weapon slightly tighter. Loki's the same. Their attention shifted to the dark figure ahead of them.



"It is my job to guide others to a treasure I cannot possess," he explained. "I can show you the way to soul stone."

"Then show it to us. It is a matter of great importance," Thor demanded.

"I, nor the stone, cares for what it is needed," the figure replied coldly. "Come," he beckoned.

The siblings gave each other a glance before following the 'guide' cautiously. He guided them past two stone columns to a large opening to the rest of the mountain side.

"What lies ahead is what you desire most, as does what you fear." There was a huge drop, most certainly fatal to anyone who was unlucky enough to slip.

"An exchange of the highest price. A soul for a soul." It was plain to anyone, even someone as optimistic and oblivious as Thor. One of them had to die here.

The siblings were momentarily stunned into silence. Thor has an expression of shock, Loki had one of disappointment and frustration. "I should have known," she mumbled, almost intelligible.

That seemed to have snapped Thor out of his shock. "Alright," he said, handing Stormbreaker over into Loki's unwilling arms. "You tell the others that-"

"No," Loki stated, shoving the axe back onto Thor's chest. "Whatever you're asking, you're going to go and tell them yourself."

Thor's laughter was a mixture of sadness and amusement, as if he was humoring a small child. "No no no, you...you don't understand! I can make everything right again!"

"This will accomplish nothing apart from needlessly throwing yourself into an irreversible mistake," Loki countered.

"Like the one that led us here in the first place?" Thor yelled. "You have no idea what it feels like!"

"I know exactly what it feels like!" Loki yelled back, both of their tempers running out. Her magic flared around her hands in a burst of rage.

"You think you have blood on your ledger?" She shook her head, "Not even you know how many people I've hurt, how many lives I've ruined. I did it all on purpose. You, however, are not responsible for their deaths!"

Thor attempted to refute, but was cut off. "You can make everything right. Return with the stone, and live the rest of your life like you deserve! Go back to the family and home that loves you!"

"Let me be selfish one more time." Loki's magic died down, as did her temper and voice. "Let me do this."

Thor's resistance began to fall apart. "Sister..." his tone was sad, almost defeated.

He placed his hand on her shoulder, only to have it fall through, leaving a green glow in its wake.

The illusion chuckled sadly. "S-s-s-" was cut off as the magic shattered.

The prince backed away in horror. He begged the Norns as he ran to the edge, passing a horned helmet and other pieces of armor previously tossed aside and hidden.

Tears fell upon the body at the bottom of the casem, and it did not falter. It was no illusion. A red puddle steadily growing beneath it was the last thing the prince saw before being whisked away into darkness.

Thor opened his eyes, momentarily dazed and confused. He sat up, feeling a new weight in his palm. The orange stone sending the memories to hit him like a brick to the head.

He didn't know how long he stayed there, weeping. Maybe minutes, maybe hours, maybe even days he spent there. But he had a job to do, he would make it worthwhile.

"Did we get 'em all?" Tony asked as his suit disappeared around him. Each team member returned with hopeful expressions.

"Are you telling me this actually worked?" A grin spread across Rhodeys face. Each of them exited the platform holding their respective stones.

Peter let out a sigh, "We did it!" He spun in excitement, abruptly stopping when he caught Thor's somber expression.

"Mister Thor?" He said, also catching the other team emember's attention. "Where's Lo?" You would think Thor would be done crying, but the look on the young boys face sent another round of tears.

Emotional whiplash hit the room. Peter's tears mirrored Thor's as he nearly caved in on himself. The rest of the room was silent.

The silence continued as they sat in the living area. Tony finally broke it, his voice horse, "She's done this before, hasn't she? How do we know this isn't another one of her tricks?" Peter sat as close as possible to Tony, tears still going as he clutched subconsciously at his chest.

"No." Nebula stated simply. "The stone wouldn't be obtained if the sacrifice wasn't real." Silence again crept in. This time, a familiar AI broke it.

"Pointbreak, there's something you'll wish to see in your living quarters," FRIDAY announced. "It appears to be a letter."

As promised, there was a neat envelope on Thor's bed, sealed with golden wax. When it opened, however, a flicker of magic, previously ingrained in the envelope was activated.

The magic faltered for only a moment before settling on a green, translucent image of Loki sitting on the bed.

"If you told me just ten measly years ago that I would be making this message, I probably would have gone so far as to threaten to kill you." The illusion said. "Stubbornness, I know, but one shouldn't be that surprised. I grew up with Thor after all."

"Actually, it's probably going to be Thor who is listening to this message in the first place. For the first time in decades, I want to say, sorry. But I suppose that's somewhat odd, as I'm fairly sure I just saved a lot of people, so I'm not really sorry for that part. But I feel as though my actions require an apology.

"So, I am sorry. For everything. For all I've put you through, and for all the lies. Keeping things hidden was, in a way, what I was born to do. I am the god of mischief." She sighed, rubbing the bridge of her nose with her hand.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but, you were right brother." Thor heart clenched in his chest. It had been a long time since Loki had called him that. "I could be more than just a trickster. You helped me see that; they all did, despite my pride wishing to get in the way. Everything we do has a price, but you've shown me that sometimes, that price is worth paying."

She stood, brushing the bedside table with her manicured fingertips. "Ha, I guess I haven't changed that much at all. Willing to put it all on the line for my selfish wishes, except my own life has never been a factor. My tricks have gotten me through nearly everything.

"But, I might not be able to trick my way out this time. So, since I may not make it out alive, I thought I'd throw this message together."

The illusion once again paused, taking a breath.

"I have a confession. I was fairly sure that one of us was going to die in order to retrieve the stone." Her recorded voice stumbled a little, as if she was attempting to hold back the tears that the statement caused. "I didn't know for sure, but... I wasn't going to let anyone else take that risk.

"Earth needs the Avengers more than it needs me. Perhaps with this I can finally lift my burden off this world, off this team..." she paused just for a second, "off of this family." Her emotional resistance seemed to get weaker, she leaned on the bed post as her voice became more hoarse and her breath more erratic.

"Smart, powerful, and ambitious people who have a lot more to live for than I do." The illusion laughed, then took a large breath, steadying herself. She cleared her throat and continued, clearer this time. "So go. Live your life. Be open again. Let the sun shine. Be the king our people deserve."

She sat on the bed once more. "As for the rest of the team, it was an honor, albeit an unexpected one, to fight alongside you.

"Just don't die too quickly." She gazed at her nails in fake passive-aggression. "My big sacrifice will mean nothing of you do. Especially Peter. In fact you tell them that if any one of them dies within the next twenty years I will find a way to receive them so I may kill them myself."

The illusion looked up as the spell unintentionally caught past-FRIDAY's speech as well. "Ms. Loki, Boss asks that you, quote, 'Hurry up with the makeup. You don't need to look that good when saving the world.'"

Loki rolled her eyes, "For the record I'm not putting on any makeup."  
Past-FRIDAY continued. "Boss enquiries about the lipstick you always seem to be wearing."

Loki activated her suit, double checking some things. "Because it looks good." She made a 'tch' sound, a smirk crossing her lips. "What a hypocrite."

She picked up a pen the illusion now made appear. "Well, this is it. Goodbye." With that, she signed the paper in the envelope, deactivating the spell.

The paper itself contained her will, along with a list of songs she supposedly pre-recorded within the spell of the letter.

In her will, she specified that her belongings were to be donated to whoever needed them. When it came to her books and magical items, she decided that Peter and Tony would get first pick to experiment on if they so choose, the remainder would be taken to New Asgard to train a new generation of magic users. Anyone interested in reading them should be able to, she had noted.

Thor could take anything to keep for himself. She also noted that if the letter were to be copied, the message and songs would be as well.

The letter ended with a signature in green ink, marking the end.

~~You know, that was a pretty shitty ending~~

Shut up! I've been working on this for way too long!

~~Still turned out shitty though~~

# Warm

## Chapter Notes

~~You know-~~

No, Zilli. No. I just posted an awfully angsty chapter.. No need to damage their hearts any more.

~~There's always a good time for angst! Oh and also, I don't want to be Zilli / anymore. Doesn't really fit the brand~~

Umm okay?

~~How about Rival? Has a good ring to it I think~~

Okay, in that case. No, Rival. No angst.

~~I mean, no one has to die! We can just hurt them a little!~~

No! No whump either!

~~Come on! You can make it!!! igh!!!-cute if you want~~

I suppose a little couldn't hurt...

**Warning: description of fainting.**

What is with Earth getting attacked by aliens?

What's so special about it? You would think that the planet with an entire team dedicated to protecting it, who have succeeded in every attempt so far, would be a red flag for any random alien race or crazed killer to stay away. But no.

They try. They fail. It was just a little invasion. Nothing special about it. It was easy-peasy to take care of. At least it should have been.

Not that it was hard, no. Loki was more than capable of taking care of herself. It was Thor who ran into the trouble. Using her seidr, Loki was able to save Thor at the last minute from a blast. She clutched her side, clearly wounded. "I'm fine," she said. "Don't depend on me for any more favours," she rolled her eyes and continued to fight.

As stated previously, it was an easy fight. The only reason the Avengers were called in was because, one, they were aliens and, two, it was just too much for the police to handle. No deaths, minimal injuries. For citizens at least.

The team began returning to the ship. When walking up the ramp, a misplaced step created a hiss of pain from Loki.

“Are you alright sister?” Thor asked, reaching for her shoulder. Loki smacked his hand away, “I said I’m fine! This wouldn’t have even happened if you stayed out of trouble.” The action caused another jolt of pain, lessening the impact of her words. She continued her way up the ramp regardless.

“JARVIS says you're lying. Off with the magic show Elphaba.” Tony made a waving motion with his hand as his suit began to disassemble. She really hated that talking wall/suit sometimes.

Loki rolled her eyes, yet complying anyways. “For the last time I'm fine. It's nothing I can't handle on my own.”

The others seemed to give up, finally leaving Loki’s issues to herself.

Loki was fine. Thor was being overbearing. It was his fault anyway. She just happened to be closer than anyone else. He should have been paying attention. She wasn’t even in that much pain. Her sight has always been this blurry... hadn’t it?

At first it was dizzy and numb. Then it hit all at once. Then it was numb again as the world turned on its axis, finally being stopped by something. Something warm and firm, yet feeling familiar. Like home.

Someone said something. The accent means it was probably Thor. How did he get so close? Why was his voice so far away and weird sounding? Why were the others looking at her like that? Why was it so hard to breathe?

The world tilted again and the warmth was gone, replaced by a cold and hard feeling on her back. More warmth was removed from her front side. She missed the warmth. She missed her brother’s warmth.

The hand on the side of her face felt numb, but warm. The voices were farther away now, but also louder and more insistent. Figures moved around quickly and purposefully, though Loki could care less. She began to feel sleepy despite her brother’s protests. She was just going to take a nap.

Dammit. There was the beeping again.

The cloud over her lifted slowly. The familiar scent of alcoholic cleanliness hit her.

“Heyyy you’re up!” Tony’s still fuzzy voice exclaimed. “Bruce and Cho are our at the moment so it’s just me for now. How lucky are you?”

Once her mind further cleared, she took in her surroundings. Familiar place, although the layout was different. She felt less pain than she expected, though that was explained by the fact that her wound was largely closed.

“Cho managed to fix you up. Turns out you were *not fine*.” Tony said in a mocking tone, typing on a nearby computer. “On the bright side we got to understand your blood more, so that’s good I guess.”

Loki sat up. “Did you find the secret to eternal life?” she joked with a smirk.

“Mmm, we’re getting there,” he replied, combatting with his own smirk. He competed whatever it was he was doing, then made his way to the door.

“Y’know, next time you heroically save your brother, try not to make such a mess. SHIELD will kill us if we get blood on their stuff.”

Loki’s smirk dropped. “Excuse me?” But, Tony was already out the door.

She rolled her eyes, scoffing. Her fingertips traced where the previous wound was.

Thor. Always getting himself into trouble

# Insurance

## Chapter Notes

You're welcome in advance ;3

It was chaos at Avengers Tower. The mind stone and an extremely powerful body were just beyond their reach, and grasped firmly in Ultron's.

Despite one of her titles being the goddess of chaos, this was not ideal in Loki's opinion. This whole situation in fact was not ideal. Not ideal perhaps being a massive understatement.

As expected, Loki decided for herself that she was going to do something about it. Without permission, of course.

Now that JARVIS was gone (rest in peace talking ceiling) Loki had an optimal opportunity to do whatever she wanted, and that she did.

Energy like the mind stone was easy to track if you're aware of it. Loki was very aware of its power, as well as a powerful sorceress.

As far as she could tell, the area was clear. Ultron was off with Dr Cho on another floor entirely. Focusing her seidr instead on the diluted red energy, teleportation was easy once she focused enough.

"What do you want?" Wanda's accented voice asked, her red energy visible in an attempt to be threatening. Loki made sure to make herself known before her arrival so she wouldn't be blasted into the nearest wall, but that doesn't mean she still wasn't a threat at all.

The goddess appeared on a nearby table, sitting with her leg crossed over the other. Her hands were up in a mock surrender pose. "I come in peace," she said.

"Oh do you?" The other twin, Pietro. "And we're supposed to believe you?"  
"How do we know that no one else is with you?" Wanda took a slow step forward, another intimidation tactic. *Hmm. Smart kids.*

Loki shrugged her shoulders. "Simple. You would have begun attacking if there were. I know of your abilities. You aren't exactly... subtle." A sneer appeared on her face. Images of the visions Wanda has cursed her with ran across her thoughts. "Now, don't be mistaken, I would love to rip you to shreds for what you did," she stood, causing the twins to tense further, "but



this isn't about that."

Loki faked a gasp and spoke in an overly sweet, enthusiastic voice, "In fact, you can make up for that by doing the teensy favour I'm going to ask you!"

"We don't have to make up anything," Wanda sneered. "This is war."

Loki sat on a different table, examining some random tool she found on it. "That is part of the point. You see, I want to make a deal." The twins have each other a look.

"Again," said Pietro, "why should we believe you? Aren't you the God of Lies?"

"Ahh, I see my reputation precedes me," she put the tool down, "but this is not about the avengers. I come alone and in secrecy. I won't bother with pleasantries. I'm here to just talk. Advanced being to advanced being."

Though the red mist faded, the twins remained cautious. "What kind of deal?"

"Simple. You have something I want." She filed her nails with a nearby tool. "The scepter. Specifically, the gem inside it. If you can get me this, I will offer you protection against both the Avengers and Ultron."

"And why should we believe that you aren't just going to give the scepter to Stark? What would you even want with it that doesn't involve them?" Loki would find Pietro's caution and intelligence satisfying, if it wasn't making her life more difficult.

"Insurance," she answered. "Stark's fear is what drives him. I know you're very aware of that." She gestured her hand towards the brunette twin with a slight sneer. "Disasters like this are just begging to happen again and again, each one making the next worse.

"I'm only on Earth due to imprisonment. I'm under *near constant* surveillance. The gem in question will give me an easy out if I ever need to escape my imprisonment or this planet. Such as if Ultron succeeds in destroying it."

The faces of the twins shifted. *Destroy the planet?* "Oh please, don't tell me you didn't see this coming! You honestly believed this genocidal hunk of metal wasn't going to cast you away if you got in the way of his protocol?"

Loki hands lit up with green energy. She extended her hand toward the twins, "Listen. Regardless of if you believe me, you'll need my protection from the others. If you obtain the gem for me, I can grant it to you through a magical contract."

The twins broke off for a moment, speaking of whispers and small gestures. "This is a one time offer, you two!" Loki warned. "I won't be coming again!"

After a few moments, the twins broke away. Pietro extended his hand to hers. "Alright, your Highness. We'll take your deal." Their hands intertwined, the magic rushing through their arms. A green sigil appeared on each of their upper arms. The mark of their deal.

"I'll be in touch," the goddess said as she let go. She wiggled her fingers in a mock wave, disappearing in a show of green light.

~ ~ ~

Well that went down like a lead balloon.

So, turns out getting a pair of teenagers to get an extremely powerful and guarded relic is difficult. Who knew?

The twins, specifically Wanda, wanted to confirm if Loki's threats about Ultron were true, which they were. Unfortunately the Avengers managed to attack before it was possible to get the stone. This, of course, led to the train fiasco, as well as the twins kind of joining the avengers but not really.

This more than enough proof to Loki that she wasn't getting the stone. As if she could trust Wanda even less, as it was partially her fault the stone was now completely out of Loki's grasp now as well.

Perhaps if she hadn't made that stupid deal, maybe she wouldn't be thousands of meters in the sky fighting off a horde of robots.

They were close to winning though, if that counts for anything. Nearly everyone was out of the city, from what Loki last heard. Stark was working fast on disarming the tech that was blasting them into space. Wanda was protecting the key. Everything seemed to be turning out okay. Until it wasn't.

Loki began to make her way to a nearby pod, as she was ordered to do. Before stepping on, however, there was... a feeling. It was an annoying feeling, one that increased in intensity every second, now at its peak. The sigil on her arm gently glowed. One of the twins was in danger.

Why should it matter? They didn't fulfil their part of the deal, and they never would thanks to Vision. Even Loki didn't know why, but she sent out a shield. Wherever it landed, it would do its job.

With that, she sat on the nearest empty seat in order to tend to her wounds.

It was a blur of dust, bullets, and blood. Ultron wasn't giving up easily. If he could destroy even one Avenger, he'd do it. With a ship carrying several weapons, it should have been easy.

When the dust cleared, Clint and Pietro met eyes. "You didn't see that coming." He said with a wink and a smirk. Clint rolled his eyes, limping with the child he saved back to the pod. A gleaming green disk fading from existence, satisfied with a job well done, before he could see it. Pietro, however, wasn't so oblivious.

~ ~ ~

Loki sat in the new living quarters of the compound.

Steve was out training the new recruits. Tony had returned to his tower. Thor had left Earth in search of the answer to his visions, leaving Loki behind. The team now looked little like what had started it.

If this was a good thing or not was yet to be seen. But for now, Loki was content with sitting down with her copy of the Iliad and a cup of tea. Her pleasant silence was interrupted by the sound of a certain silver-haired boy zipping into the room. “Ah, there it is,” he exclaimed as he grabbed a nearby jacket.

“Afternoon, your highness,” Pietro greeted, grabbing an apple from the coffee table in front of her. “So, planning on going off on a quest or sticking around here?”

Loki turned a page. “‘Sticking around’,” she answered in a slight mocking tone. “I still have a debt to repay, I’m sure you know.”

“Right, right.” He took a bite of the apple. “Thanks,” he said after a moment of silence. “For that... thing you did. The magic green thing. I am assuming that was you.” Loki nodded, part of her hoping she wouldn’t have this conversation.

“You’re- uh, are you still expecting us to...hold up our end of the deal?” Pietro asked.

Ahh, yes. The deal. It was still in effect after all; the sigil remained on their arms. Loki finally met Pietro’s eyes. With a snap of her fingers and a small flash of light, they were gone. Pietro rolled up his sleeve and gave a small smile, “Thanks. Again.”

With that, he zipped out of the room.

If this was a good thing or not was yet to be seen, indeed.

# Coronation Party

## Chapter Notes

**Obligatory Frozen AU. Some things have changed, obviously. This is basically the coronation party scene though. I'm pretty sure I flat out copy pasted some parts lmao. If you need clarification on the AU just ask and I'll answer.**

**Now you can stop making Elsa references**

For the first time in years, Asgard finally had a proper monarch. Due to Prince Thor's refusal of the crown, today was the day of Queen Loki's coronation.

The after party was in full swing. Guests mingled and danced, while Loki remained at the front of the room. She stayed silent in thought, rubbing at her golden bracelets; one on each wrist. They gave her safety and protection, as well as an Asgardian-shaped mask to wear upon her skin, hiding the cold blue underneath.

Her contemplative silence was interrupted when her brother came bursting through the crowd. "Loki!" He yelled, his blonde and white streak a clear trademark of his. In tow, was a lady dressed in armor and dark hair.

"I mean- your majesty," Thor corrects himself with a smile, probably only doing so to impress the lady he brought with him. Speaking of which...

"May I present, Lady Sif, a fierce warrior!" The woman bowed, as she had no skirt to curtsy.

"It's lovely to meet you." Loki gave a bow of the head. "Your reputation precedes you. I have heard the tales."

"Thank you, my queen," Sif replied. She wasn't doing anything wrong, per se, but there was something about her Loki didn't like. A hint of passive aggression, a lack of interest perhaps.

"I'm glad to hear it!" Thor's boisterous voice interrupted her thought once again.

"We would like-" they said in unison. The chuckled and smiled at one another before continuing.

"-you're blessing-" another laugh. "-of-"

"our marriage!" they finished together.

Loki didn't know what she was expecting, but it certainly wasn't that. "I'm sorry... Marriage?!"

"Well of course we'll need time to plan things out first. We'll have a feast and-"

"Oh! Could the Warriors Three come to visit?"

"Of course! Why don't they stay?"

“Woah woah woah-“ Loki interrupted the two’s chatter- “slow down a moment. No one is getting married.”

“I’m sorry...” Sif began, drifting off.

“Apologies, Lady Sif. Brother, if I may have a word-” Loki placed a hand on Thor’s arm, turning to lead him away.

He ripped his arm out of her grip, returning to Sif’s side. “No you may not! Please, explain to *us* your reasoning!”

Loki sighed at her brother’s stubbornness, her calm yet firm voice cracked a bit. “You just met this woman today! You can’t honestly think you’re in love with her.”

Thor became angrier. “And how exactly would you know? You claimed to have loved mother, and yet you rarely ever came out of your solitary confinement to even see her!”

Loki’s strict and formal mask finally slipped, as did Thor’s anger once he realized what he said. “Sister I didn’t-” he attempted to backpedal.

Loki dodged his attempt to reach out to her. “No,” she stated. With a breath, her face returned to the formal expression, albeit a fragile one. “You asked for my blessing. My answer is no. Now if you’ll excuse me...”

Thor reaches out to her again, attempting to grab Loki’s wrist, but breaking off one of her bracelets instead. The emptiness caused her to panic, twisting back around and grabbing for it. “Give that back,” she yelled. The room was becoming silent as it’s attention was drawn to the siblings’ quarrel.

Thor held onto the gold circlet, keeping it out of her reach. “Loki please! You can’t shut yourself away like this!”

“I can and I will, should I wish!” She kept her bare wrist hidden, her fingers already a blue hue. “If you refuse to follow the rules I put down, you are free to leave,” she finished, her voice shaking. With that, she quickly made her way to the doors, commanding a nearby servant to end the party. She needed to get out, now.

Thor didn’t give up so easily, though. Especially when he was angry. “What did we ever do to you? What did *I* ever do to you?”

“Enough, brother...” All eyes were on them now.

“No! Why?” He continued, “Why do you shut the world out? Why do you insist on hiding? Why are you so afraid!?”

“I said enough!” Against her better judgment, Loki let her temper override her. As her foot hit the ground, shards and spikes of ice shot up from the floor. The crowd gasped and backed away. By now it was too late. Almost the entirety of her left side was blue, her eye a ruby red.

“A frost giant,” people in the crowd whispered.

The siblings made eye contact. The look on Thor's face was too much. All their faces.

Frost gathered on the door and floors and the Queen ran, leaving the room in silence.

# That's What Big Sisters Are For

## Chapter Summary

**Because Big Sister!Hela AU is underrated. Also inspired by verca\_novona on Instagram**

Hela was, for now at least, the goth and emo sister of the Odin family. Despite most people thinking that the “iTs nOT a PHasE mOm” archetype is a modern Earth thing, Hela is proof that it's existed for thousands for years. It's not to say she doesn't care for her family and brothers. She's just being the angsty teen she was.

You can't exactly blame her. Being the Goddess of Death doesn't come with much praise. Even less than the supposed God of Lies and Tricks.

Speaking of whom, one day Hela's door was assaulted with quick and frantic knocks. She stood from her vanity and opened the door, revealing a very upset Loki in a tattered dress. Her presence seemed to have snapped them out of their frantic actions. Loki straightened themselves out, the tears and dirty state of them weakening the effect.

“May I come in?” Loki sniffed. Somewhere deep within Hela's black soul there was still a heart that beat. This was her brother- or rather sister at the moment. With a sigh she moved aside, letting the youngest sibling in.

He (or she- this is kind of weird) made their way to Hela's bedside, sitting down on it. Or, perhaps sitting up on it, as the youngest was still quite short despite her age. The dress didn't help much either

“Alright,” Hela said in a somewhat annoyed tone, “what is it? Who do you need me to fight?”

“What? No,” Loki countered. Was that a smile? Well it doesn't matter much, as it disappeared as quickly as it came. “I just...” she trailed off, eyes scanning the floor. After a moment of contemplation a new, determined look fell over her face. “I want you to teach me how to do my hair!” She declared in a burst of confidence. “Your hair is always really pretty and I want it like that... please,” she added, mumbling.

This caught Hela a bit off guard. Frigga had told her in private one day that Loki sometimes likes to be a girl and sometimes likes to be a boy. She at first found it weird. But when she saw Loki's courage and hope in their eyes as they asked her, her cold black heart couldn't help but shine a little.

Part of her, though she'd never admit it in a million years, was thinking ‘how is this child so fucking adorable and how can I keep the safe in my arms forever and ever.’ Another part was

thinking ‘how pissed off will Odin will be at this and how can I make it even worse.’

Besides, Hela had never been one to fit into Asgard’s standards for gender either, despite Odin's requests. If it made her little brother- or sister happy, then making Odin mad about it was a huge bonus.

A smirk crossed Hela’s face. She moved to her vanity, grabbing the chair and twisting it to face Loki. She gestured to it with a flourishing hand, “Have a seat little sis.”

Another crack in her black hole of a soul appeared as Loki’s face lit up. She quickly ran to sit, barely keeping still out of excitement.

When Loki appeared at dinner that night with a curly bob cut and full makeup, Odin was certainly not amused. But the proud look Hela got from her mother made it worth it.



# Group Chat - F is for Friends

## Chapter Notes

**So.... here's some bs group chat thing because I wanted to and they're fucking hilarious to read. Inspired by (and sometimes copied jokes from) "genz avengers + others" on AO3 by medixnoche.**

**Also, slight mention of Non Binary!Loki because they deserve more attention.**

**(That Bitch™ is MJ, just to clarify)**

### **F Is For Friends**

***February 28, 2013***

**B**eter has entered the chat Guy in the Chair has entered the chat That Bitch™ has entered the chat

**B**eter: so that was fun I guess

Guy in the Chair: Are you kidding me? We visited the fucking avengers!

**B**eter: yeah but I work with them a lot sooo the cool factor has lowered

That Bitch™: Well aren't you just a special little snowflake

Guy in the Chair: Also wtf happened with Loki? I figured she'd be you know less motherly

**B**eter: Fr tho she's really chill once you get past the stabby stabby part

That Bitch™: Pics or it didn't happen

**B**eter: MJ you were there wtf

**B**eter: Actually I could add her.

**B**eter: She has a phone

Guy in the Chair: \*IE gASp\*

Guy in the Chair: Wait really?

That Bitch™: Do it. No balls

**B**eter: Ouch

**B**eter has added (718-xxx-xxxx) to the chat

(718-xxx-xxxx): Parker what did you do?

Guy in the Chair: Oh my god.

(718-xxx-xxxx): Well thank you. I've never been referred to that before

**B**eter: I now officially declare Loki as a gen z member

(718-xxx-xxxx): I'm honored?????????

Guy in the Chair: this is so cool Jesus fuckimg Christ

(718-xxx-xxxx): Jesus? I only know Idina Menzel

That Bitch™: what a queen

(718-xxx-xxxx): thank you

That Bitch™: yeah you too I guess

(718-xxx-xxxx): wow ok

(718-xxx-xxxx): Peter if you change my name to Elphaba or Elsa I will destroy you

**B**eter: well fuck there goes my weekend plans

**(718-xxx-xxxx)'s name has been changed to Queen**

**B**eter: wait what if she isn't a queen

**Queen's name has been changed to Royalty**

Royalty: eww what no not that Bitch

**B**eter: who?

Royalr\_5: me bitch

Rival: ~~breaking the fourth wall now, are we?~~

Guy in the Chair: w h a t

Royalty: nothing

**Royalty's name has been changed to Goth of Mischief**

Goth of Mischief: ...I can work with this.

~ ~ ~

Goth of Mischief: it's they/them day bitches

**B**eter: \*heelys past the doorway\* PROUD

That Bitch™: Give me your power plz I want this energy

Goth of Mischief: Shut up you supportive hoes

**B**eter: This just in: I'm a hoe

Guy in the Chair: We been knew

That Bitch™: We been knew

**B**eter: stfu I stg smh

That Bitch™: maybe the real hoes were the friends we made along the way

Guy in the Chair: Wtf

Goth of Mischief: Thor just asked me what WTF means. I told him "wow that's fantastic"

That Bitch™: You better screenshot bitch

**B**eter: everyone assumes Loki is extremely destructive but honestly this is actually the kind of mischief they pull

Goth of Mischief: don't you fucking expose me like this

**B**eter: this just in: Loki is soft. Send tweet

Goth of Mischief: nO

Guy in the Chair: sister snapped

**B**eter: Jesus Christ

Goth of Mischief: \*Idina Menzel

**B**eter: shit you right

# Lullaby

## Chapter Notes

Day 1 of corona virus school break

Inspired by verca\_novona on Instagram. Seriously I love their work, they do so much. I get so many ideas from them! Please check them out!

The team had congregated, as they always did, for breakfast one morning. They sat in their previously claimed chairs, though two remained empty.

“Hey Jarv, what’s Pointbreak and Elphaba up to?” Tony asked through a mouthful of bacon.

“They’re in their respective rooms, Sir,” JARVIS answered dutifully. “Today happens to be the day that they came to stay on Earth, so I would suggest leaving them alone.”

“What? Why,” he asked, a little disappointed. “I wanna celebrate their Earth-iversary!”

“Well, sir,” JARVIS said in a slightly lower tone, “today also marks the day when their mother was killed.”

When Thor was eventually seen later that day, he was dressed in a black robe. He attempted to keep his personality as light as it always had been, but there was always a cloud over him preventing it from being truthful. He thanked the team for their condolences but told them that he really didn’t want to talk about it. Not with them at least.

Loki, on the other hand, wasn’t seen at all. No one knows when she got out of bed, but it was known that she at least got up to make tea. She also wore all black; a long sleeved dress and a thin veil. She didn’t bother with makeup. It’s not like anyone would be seeing her anyways. Not them at least.

The living room was empty as far as Loki could tell. There was a book lying on the couch-side table she wished to finish. Very sad ancient Greek romance type thing. Peter had recommended it.

When she was about to pick it up, she froze, noticing Thor’s still frame sitting on the couch. It was honestly the stillest Loki had seen him in a while. He was always up and about doing something, but now we just still. Quiet. Eyes closed, yet not sleeping.

She sat down next to him, the book remaining on the table. If you asked her why, she couldn't tell you. She just did.

Thor opened an eye, acknowledging her presence. He gave a ghost of a smile and scooted closer, placing his head on her shoulder. Loki tensed for a moment but leaned her head on top of his.

It felt weird, but not unwelcome. It was only then she realized how long it had been since she really felt affection, or any touch at all. The two sat in a comfortable silence. No one came or gone. It was nice. Just a brother and sister.

"Isn't it a shame that the only moments we come together are when something awful happens?" She didn't mean to make Thor laugh, but wasn't upset when he did.

"Yes," he replied simply. The silence returned for a few moments.

*It doesn't need to be that way,* Thor thought. But he knew better than to say it. Since New York, this was the closest the siblings had been to each other. Loki was right; they only ever came together in times of distress. He desperately clung onto this moment like a stranded man finding an oasis in the desert.

"Can you sing mother's song?" he asked quietly. The silence continued, and Thor wasn't going to bother asking again.

"Which one?" Loki asked.

Thor's light smile returned. "It doesn't matter. I imagine you remember them all."

Loki let out a single chuckle. "Yes," she said. Her voice was quiet, so was the melody. It was a simple moment; the happiest either of them was that day.

A memory both of them treasured, whether they admitted it or not.

# A Party Favour

## Chapter Notes

I am really proud of that title when I probably shouldn't be.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

With Peter and Ned's reputation as the school's punching bags, it was a miracle, albeit a bit suspicious, when they were invited to parties. You'd think they'd give up on being the cool ones, especially since Peter knew MJ didn't give a fuck about said parties. No need to try and impress her there.

But, Ned insisted they try anyway. After a day of ranting to his aunt, and any Avenger who would listen, he reluctantly stepped out of the car with Ned by his side and made his way inside the thundering house.

The lights and music blared around the pair. Once again Peter had his suit hidden underneath, just in case.

He had the intention to use it, if only he could be alone for five minutes. Even Ned couldn't keep everyone away for long enough. The constant berating from Flash on the mic wasn't doing anything to help the situation.

Eventually, the crowd began to form around something other than him. A perfect time to get away, until Ned insisted he look at it too. He didn't understand what Ned was on about, until he spotted Spider-Man hanging nearby just outside of the balcony talking with partygoers.

Yeah, what?

"Hey Penis Parker, look!" Flash exclaimed as he hit Peter on the shoulder. "It's your best friend Spider-Man!"

Lots of things we're going through his head, none of them good. Doppelgänger? Imposter? Someone pretending to be him just to ruin his reputation?

"Wait, Parker?" the figure said, causing Peter to snap his attention toward them. *They even sounded like him. This can't be good.* They met eyes.

"Oh wow, it really is you," the imposter said, moving to hang upside down closer to the balcony. "S'up Peter. You got those new designs done yet for Mister Stark?"

Okay this just kept getting weirder and weirder. Who was this person?

Well, that was made evidently clear when a small flash of green was visible behind the white eyes of the suit. *Oh my god, they didn't. Did they?*

“Uh, yeah, yeah! I’m- I’m almost done.”

“Cool. Make sure to stop by the compound! Mister Stark has another assignment.” ‘Spider-Man’s’ suit flashed red, causing them to roll their eyes.

“Sorry guys,” they said, flipping and landing on the edge of the railing. “Duty calls!” They gave a small salute before swinging off into the dark.\*

Peter has a lot to explain to Ned and his classmates. The look on Flash’s face was totally worth it.

*\*In reality, Loki just landed in some nearby bushes, quick to teleport back to the tower unseen.*

~ ~ ~

A trail of green mist entered through a Stark Tower window, landing on a seat at the bar next to a certain genius billionaire playboy philanthropist.

With a stretch, and a clothing change, the fake vigilante turned back into the trickster deity.

“Thanks,” Tony said simply, offering a drink, which Loki gladly took. With a click of the glass, they both took a sip.

No one fucks with Tony’s intern under their watch.

## Chapter End Notes

Did I make Loki enby in this chapter or just have Peter be respectful because he didn’t currently know their pronouns? YOU’LL NEVER KNOW



# Code Slytherin

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for not existing for a month. Whoops.  
Just hit a lot of writers block. Hopefully it won't stick.

I'm also planning on making an animatic instead of writing one of the chapters (the content remains hidden for now) ;)

'There's a giant fucking purple lizard stomping through the downtown area' is not a sentence you think you'd hear everyday. In most cases you wouldn't. But here the Avengers were, stuck in that exact situation.

"Why am I even surprised," was Clint's reaction to the news.

So far, so terrible. This thing, a Locuaa according to Loki and Thor, was not cooperating. Some weird blue goop was flying everywhere, Tony got an arm of his suit ripped off, and the Locuaa seemed insistent that the appendage was it's new chew toy.

Loki, meanwhile, was sitting in the compound with a bowl of popcorn, watching her teammates being absolute idiots on the television.

There was a system- much like the Hulk's- where, if Loki was needed, there would be a code word. Upon Tony's insistence, and Loki's dismay, it was titled "Code Slytherin."

For now, however, the code remained unsaid, and Loki remained eating her popcorn and shaking her head.

"Thor what do you know about this thing?" Steve asked, dodging another blast of goop.

"I'm afraid I know very little, nothing you aren't already aware of." Thor blocked it's path with a blast of lightning, only seeming to agitate it more.

"Perhaps you should have paid more attention during our lessons," Loki snarked from over the comms.

"Well then perhaps you should come down here and teach us," Thor countered.

Clint dodged the creature's tail, firing another arrow. "Can't we just get the Hulk?"

“No can do, Legolas,” Tony said. “It’s in the middle of the city. We can’t risk it. No offense Brucie.”

“None taken,” Bruce replied, grabbing a few pieces of popcorn from Loki’s bowl. He nearly dropped them as Loki shouted.

“Oh for the Norns’ sake!” She pinched the bridge of her nose. “What are you- Thor- ugh!”

“You know, you could just give us instructions on what to do,” Natasha said in a ‘duh’ sort of tone.

“I’m afraid it wouldn’t work, Agent Romanoff,” Loki replied. “You’ve all become its target. It is far too annoyed with the lot of you and I find myself agreeing with it.”

The creature had lost most of its interest in the slob-covered Iron Man arm and was now interested in the rest of the suit. Loki felt some of her annoyance dissipate as she watched Tony being chased around with glee.

“For God's sake, Code Slytherin! Code Slytherin,” he yelled, desperately trying to avoid the lizard’s mouth with only three blasters.

“Finally!” She stood and immediately disappeared, leaving Bruce to fumble with the nearly-spilt popcorn bowl.

She appeared in front of the Locuaa, standing on a translucent disk floating in its line of sight. It skid to a stop, ripping a few chunks of the concrete.

“Easy,” she said, careful but commanding. The creature made a gurgling/growling sound at her, attempting to move.

Loki sent a small yet bright wave of seidr, blowing the creature back. “Easy!” she commanded again. “Easy...” She floated just close enough to reach its nose. As she placed a hand on it, the growling stopped, replaced with a lighter gurgling (purring?).

“That’s it.” Her hand stroked its nose, then backed up pointing to the ground. “Now drop it.” The lizard made an unhappy sound. “I said, drop it!”

The arm of Tony’s suit hit the ground, covered in goop.

“You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me...” Clint commented.

Loki returned to scratching the creature's snout. “That’s a good girl!” she praised. “You’re lost, aren’t you? New place, new people, you’re just scared of these meanies aren’t you?”

“Excuse me?!” Tony shouted, but was ignored.

“But you’re a good girl on the inside, aren’t you?” The lizard dared to snuggle against her, making more happy sounds. It covered Loki in blue goop as it licked her, nearly knocking her

over. A few of the others chuckled despite Loki's glares.

She rolled her eyes and made her way down down the Locuaa's neck. Hitting some sort of pressure point, the lizard began to shrink down, eventually matching the size of a lion.

Far less dangerous, and far less angry, the lizard was given the stem of some large thick plant to chew on as Loki magicked away the goop.

Suffice it to say, despite her cold exterior, Loki was very much an animal person. It's also fair to say that the lizard did not want to return home without her.

(If Loki had it her way, it never would have left.)

## ~Official Hiatus/Cancel Announcement~

Hey everyone

Firstly I'd like to thank you for 90k reads on Wattpad, and over 23k visits on AO3!

Secondly, before you ask:

No I'm not canceling God or Goddess

But I'm not quite going on hiatus either

It's come to my attention how much I've improved

Or rather, it's come to my attention how embarrassing other people's attention on my old, not so good work is

That might sound confusing

The point is: my old chapters suck. Really badly. And I don't want new readers to find this book and judge it based on them.

However, I don't want to get rid of it all together. And I'm certainly not stopping yet.

So, I'm currently working on a revised God or Goddess. Rewriting new ideas/concepts along with new ones.

This book will remain published, but no longer updated nor interacted with.

All of my attention will be on this new book/series of books (if you read on AO3 that is).

I know this kind of sucks as a 90k/23k reads celebration, but it's the direction I wish to take my work.

It will be a while before anything of it appears, but I will post updates on my discord and Wattpad, so follow those. (The discord link can be found in the introduction)

That's all for now.

This is Royal, signing out for now.

Stay weird.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!