

Is This Love?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/23181682) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/23181682>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Loki laufeyson - Fandom
Relationship:	Loki (Marvel)/Reader
Character:	Loki (Marvel)
Additional Tags:	References to Depression , Depression , Isolation , Fighting , Reader is in love with Loki , Loki is in love with reader , They have no idea , Dumbasses , They'll figure it out , Don't worry , I can't write a sad ending , Angst , Loki isn't fucking the skanks at the club , He just wants her to think he is
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-03-17 Completed: 2020-03-20 Words: 4,402 Chapters: 2/2

Is This Love?

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Summary

Loki is your best friend. You're in love but neither of you has any idea.

Part I

Is This Love?

Loki x Reader

Part I

You didn't know how long you'd been at the bar or how many drinks you'd had that night. You *really* didn't know what had possessed you to go out in the first place. If you were honest with yourself, the bottle of Yellowtail Shiraz in your cabinet at home had been far more appealing than the five... No, *seven* shots of tequila you thought you'd consumed. Thinking back as far as you could in your drunken state, you tried to remember why you'd agreed to actually get dressed. Then you saw him. Strutting toward you in his tight black jeans and green button down with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows as if he needed to look any more attractive. *Loki*. He was your best friend, but he was *such* a little shit.

"You're a shlittle spit!" You yelled at him over the grinding beat of the club music. Your hand fell feebly against his iron chest even though you'd meant to slap the shit out of him.

He chuckled darkly and took your hand, massaging it gently between his own.

"And you're in need of something to soak up all of that tequila, my dear."

"Hey I'm not--" You stammered, sliding off of the stool toward him. "Oh fuck."

Whatever you were about to say was lost the moment your body began moving forward. Your stomach lurched, but not because of the liquor. You'd suddenly remembered why you both were there. You had been closed up in your apartment for weeks. Not because of physical illness or the weather, but because for whatever reason you just couldn't bring yourself to go anywhere. Connecting with other people was difficult for you on a normal basis, but lately it had been downright impossible and that made you want to hide. The only person you let inside your little self-imposed prison was Loki. He always seemed to understand. But that night was different. That night, he practically dragged you out.

"You're a young, healthy woman! There's no reason to lie around moping about. Look at you! You're a disaster. I haven't seen you in clothing that fits in at least a month."

You had to admit he was right, but his words had stung. And the way he'd looked at you... His eyes full of something akin to disgust...

A single tear dropped down your cheek as you braced yourself against his body for balance. Quickly looking down so he didn't notice, you righted yourself and pretended to wipe your nose, swiping the tear away as well.

“C'mon little disaster. Let's get you home and get you some food. You'll thank me tomorrow,” Loki ordered, completely oblivious to your current emotional status.

The club was only a few blocks from your place, and since you hadn't been out in a while, you both had decided to walk there. That hadn't been the best plan. Unfortunately, you weren't walking well after consuming so much alcohol, and you were trying your best not to let Loki see how inebriated you really were.

When you reached the stairs leading to your apartment, you decided the jig was up. There was no way you were going to make it without falling and breaking your damn neck. Without warning, you turned and plopped down on the bottom step.

“Jus leave me. Not gon make it,” you muttered, your words slurring together. Once again, Loki laughed softly.

“I'm not leaving you, darling. You'll get mugged. Or worse,” he said, looking around as if some unseen evil was lurking at that very moment. You'd never really understood his need to protect you, but you always appreciated it. You chalked it up to his upbringing as a prince.

“Yeahyeah her high nass... Hey--that has ass in it!”

You realized how stupid you sounded but you just couldn't seem to stop yourself from being a world-class fool.

Before you knew what was happening, Loki scooped you up and was carrying you up the stairs. He chuckled at your weak protests and smiled strangely when you tangled your hands in his long raven hair.

“Sooo pretty...” You whispered just before passing out in his arms.

The next morning, you woke up with the worst headache of your life, and unfortunately you remembered far too much of the previous night's shenanigans. As you stumbled into your small kitchenette, you hoped Loki had gotten home alright, but startled when you heard his voice.

“How bad do you feel?”

You closed your eyes and turned around to face him knowing you must look like death walking.

“Awful. But I deserve it. Oh god, Loki... I'm so sorry. Why did you *stay*?”

You wiped under your eyes hoping you didn't have black eyeliner smudged all over your face. You were shocked when your fingers came away clean.

“Because you asked me to, love. Don't you remember?”

You did remember. Vividly. You just didn't know why he had actually agreed.

“I hope you don't mind. I knew you would wake up feeling miserable, so I-- well, I washed your face while you slept. Mascara is rough on the eyes if you sleep in it.”

For a moment, you didn't speak. You simply stood there with a handful of painkillers and a glass of water, trying not to show him just how much his actions touched you. Blinking a few times didn't stop the sudden onslaught of tears or the very unladylike sobbing snort. You didn't have the energy to run back to your room, so you just stood there with your hands over your face. Sobbing. And snorting. As if your self-esteem could get any lower.

“I'm going to take a risk and assume that you're not *that* upset because I washed your face,” Loki whispered.

A few seconds later, you felt his arms around you, and you shook your head. Immediately regretting that movement, you pulled your hands away from your face and looked up at him. His eyes were filled with something you couldn't identify. It wasn't pity, and it wasn't sadness. It was understanding. Something you hadn't felt from anyone in a long time.

“I'm sorry. You're just... So thoughtful. I don't know why I'm crying.”

Loki held you for a moment before answering. Then he lifted your chin with his index finger and looked into your swollen eyes.

“I do. You've been depressed for weeks, Y/N. It's the reason I dragged you out last night. Clearly I should have been more empathetic. I had no idea it was this bad.”

He was right, of course. You *were* depressed. But the infuriating part was you didn't really know *why*. You had a good job, a decent apartment, girlfriends you could trust, and a big lazy spotted cat named Goliath. You had a wonderful life. Why didn't you feel like living it?

“What-- This *bad*?” You said, immediately defensive, even though you knew he was right. “I'm doing fine. I haven't missed work. My apartment is clean. I cook for myself...” You listed all of the things you did every day that you had begun to hate.

“But you're not *enjoying* anything, are you?” Loki asked, his voice beginning to show an edge of annoyance.

You wiggled away from him even though your balance was questionable and your head felt like Mount Vesuvius just before the big eruption.

“You definitely *enjoyed* yourself last night, Romeo! Rubbing your dick all over any floozy that looked at you twice! You took me with you, got me *wasted out of my mind* and left me sitting on a bar stool while you *enjoyed* every woman in the club!”

You pressed your hands to the sides of your head as if you could hold it together that way as fresh tears fell down your cheeks. You had no idea where that rant had come from and from the expression on Loki's face, he was confused as well.

The confusion only lasted for a moment though. Loki didn't appreciate being accused of something if he hadn't done it with *purpose*. He narrowed his eyes at you and crossed his arms defensively.

“Are you implying that I *abandoned you*? That *I'm* the one who poured all that liquor down your gullet while simultaneously forcing you to show that greasy bartender your breasts?”

You tried to interject; to stop him and apologize before things became much worse, but it appeared you'd pushed him past the point of no return.

“It's perfectly fine for *you* to throw yourself at every half-wit who walks by, but when *I* want to have a bit of fun--”

You didn't let him finish. You were pissed that he would try to claim you were sober enough to flirt with anyone.

“Loki Laufeyson, you are *such a fucking hypocrite!* You claim you are too good for mortal women; that you'd never date one seriously, but then you *fuck* every stupid bimbo that shows you a little skin. They crawl all over you! I guess it must be nice to not have to worry about STDs! I wonder how many half-mortal children you have *strutting around* this miserable planet!”

You never yelled. You just weren't the kind of person who raised your voice, so you'd managed to silence the notorious silver tongue, but only for a moment.

“What the hel is STD?” He asked, tilting his head to one side. He was obviously still pissed, but he couldn't stand to be in the dark about anything.

You sighed and closed your eyes, pinching the bridge of your nose.

“Sexually Transmitted Diseases. You know. Random oozing bumps on your cock...itchy rashes... that sort of thing.”

“*Fuck*. How you survive on this trash planet as long as you do is beyond me...”

“And I don't have children with any of those women. Besides, there are not nearly as many as you think there are. For fuck's sake, Y/N, how- how could you even spend time with me if you hold that kind of opinion of me?”

The expression on his face had softened, and his eyes had grown sad. You reached out to touch his arm as a sudden wave of guilt rushed over you, but he pulled away.

“I think it's time for me to go. You should rest and-- drink some water.”

He wouldn't even look at you as he started toward the door. Your heart plummeted to your feet.

“Loki---”

You didn't get any rest. You spent the afternoon crying, which only made your head hurt worse, and *that* made you sick. It couldn't have been the half-gallon of tequila. All you could think about was that look on Loki's face. He'd been so *hurt*. Why had you said those things in the first place? Why were you suddenly so jealous of him flirting with women? You knew he was only doing it for attention. That was just his way.

You picked up the phone to call him more than once, but lost your nerve. You knew he didn't want to talk to you. He was probably laying naked with one of those brainless twats from the club. Why did that thought make your stomach churn?

He had spent so much time with you over the last few months, especially when you had refused to leave your apartment. You felt silly being so stubborn, but you were almost afraid of people after everything you'd been through. First, a friend had betrayed you at work. Then you'd lost your job; one you really liked. And to make matters worse, that same friend had spread rumors that you were sleeping with your boss. It was enough to make a person feel like they'd been ejected from society.

But you hadn't expressed all of that to Loki. He only really knew the facts, but he had still been so empathetic. You thought of all the evenings he sat with you on the couch watching the same movie over and over again just because it made you smile. You closed your eyes, remembering the night he thought you'd fallen asleep on the couch, and he carried you to your bed- and you'd let him even though you were awake.

"Oh fuck."

Chapter 2

“No. No way...”

You tried to tell yourself that the thought you'd just had was alcohol induced. Or that you were just experiencing extreme guilt for acting the way you had with your *best friend*. But no matter how you looked at the evidence, it was all stacked against you.

You then did something you had never allowed yourself to do. You imagined what it would have been like if Loki had been your boyfriend the night he'd carried you to your room.

You remembered how he'd gently laid you on your bed and tucked your hair behind your ear. At the time, you wondered why he had done something so tender, but you had to hold your breath to keep from smiling. You allowed yourself to imagine- just for a moment- his lips brushing your cheek. Then softly, so as not to wake you, your lips. What would he feel like? How would he taste? You imagined what his body would feel like wrapped around yours. So safe and secure.

And then your mind wandered even further. You'd seen him without his shirt. He was-- there were no words to describe his beauty. He was long and lithe but muscular, and there was a softness to his pale skin that made you want to touch him. It was as if he was *specifically designed* to make you want him. You suddenly squirmed as you thought of how much more irresistible the rest of him would be. Then you chastised yourself for thinking about your best friend's cock. His long, hard...

Your phone rang and you jumped. Your heart raced until you saw who it was. Amy. The bitch who had stabbed you in the back. Calling *again*. Tossing your phone onto your bedside table, you sighed and tried to decide what to do.

Two hours later, you finally decided to call Loki and actually let the phone ring. And ring. And *ring*. He always answered you, but this time you got his voicemail. He was officially ignoring you, and you were surprised at how much it *hurt*. As the tears threatened to spill down your cheeks once more, you wondered why his absence was so painful. You certainly hadn't felt this way when you'd stopped talking to Amy. Of course, she'd been the one who had betrayed you, so that situation had been much different. Still, you hadn't spoken to the rest of your girlfriends in over a week and you really weren't bothered. Why did his absence feel so much like a giant hole in your chest?

“Is this...love?” You asked your empty bedroom. The question was heavy; loaded with so many more questions. Loki wasn't human. You weren't sure who else knew that about him, but you knew there weren't a lot of people who did. You also knew that your lifespan was significantly shorter than his, and for that reason, he was very hesitant to get seriously involved with mortals.

You spent the next few hours mulling things over before attempting to call Loki again, to no avail. This time, he'd sent your call straight to voicemail. He *really* didn't want to talk to you. Even if you did love him, it was probably too late. Loki wasn't exactly trusting *or* forgiving very often, and you really couldn't blame him. He'd seen more betrayal in his childhood than you'd seen in your entire life. Even if his childhood spanned several hundred years, that was too much.

The next day at work was hell. You were still trying to learn how to do your new job, and all you could think about was Loki. The face he'd made just before he told you he was leaving. The way he'd pulled away from you when you had tried to touch his arm. The fact that you'd tried to call him no less than five times before crying yourself to sleep. You were desperate.

As you left for the day, you checked your phone and found four missed calls, but they were all from Amy. You sighed and decided it was time to bury the hatchet.

When your ex friend answered your call, she didn't sound surprised, and that pissed you off a little. Did she think she was forgiven? As if she could sweep the entire incident under the rug and you'd both go back to sharing secrets?

"What do you want, Amy?" You asked, making certain she knew you were not calling for small talk.

There was a few seconds of silence before she spoke and you knew this was going to be rough.

"You know your friend Loki?"

You drew in a sharp breath.

"Yes."

"Well... He sorta came to my house yesterday," she admitted.

Amy never sounded timid, but at the moment, you could tell that she was either frightened of you or him. You'd bet it was the latter.

"Oh, I didn't realize you two knew each other," you replied icily. They didn't, but you didn't want to show her any sympathy. She didn't deserve it.

"Well the thing is, we don't. He-- seemed kinda mad. He said I was the cause of, of your--"

You rolled your eyes.

"For God's sake Amy, just say it," you sighed. You were tired and upset, and her voice was too much for you.

"He said I'd caused you to change. To hide away. And he said I should apologize and make things right, or..."

Oh shit. You knew what came after Loki's *or* .

You giggled. You couldn't help yourself.

“Did you *send* him over here to threaten me?” She shrieked, clearly losing her grip on her victim persona.

“Amy, *no one* tells Loki what to do. Just as they don't tell him what *not* to do. He did this on his own. And I hate to tell you this, but there's no way you're getting off this easy. You lied to everyone. You told everyone I fucked our boss and *that's why I lost my job!* So I guess you'll just have to live in fear. And stop fucking calling me!”

You hung up the phone feeling angrier- but more resolute- than you had in months. Not only had you refused to buy Amy's little act, but apparently Loki had taken the time to locate her address and give her a piece of his mind. You smiled knowing that he wasn't done with you after all.

You thought about trying to call him again, but you knew he wouldn't answer. He never really liked talking on the phone anyway. Instead, you drove to your apartment to change clothes and freshen up before nervously walking to his place. He didn't live too far away, and you hoped you could convince him to come home with you- just for a little while.

When you arrived at Loki's place, you weren't shocked to find him there, but you were surprised to find him in a rather disheveled state. He answered the door as if he was expecting someone else, and he was dressed in nothing but green plaid pajama pants. His hair was mussed, and his eyes were bleary. He looked downright edible. But he wasn't excited to see you.

“What in the name of Odin's musty nuts are you doing here?” He grumbled; his hand immediately reaching to tidy his ruffled curls.

“I---” You couldn't speak at first. You'd only ever seen him dressed and ready for company. You could hardly believe your eyes, but *this* Loki was even more deadly attractive than the one you always hung around.

“Come on, woman. I'm waiting for food delivery and I'd really prefer to enjoy it,” he sighed, implying that he wanted you gone before it arrived.

“Loki. I'm sorry. I never should have talked to you that way. I was feeling defensive and hurt and--- jealous.”

You whispered the last word hoping it would go unnoticed, but he was the most vigilant person you'd ever met.

“Jealous? Of what?”

“Can I maybe come in?” You asked, knowing he really didn't want company, but also knowing you couldn't go home without resolving your fight.

He sighed dramatically.

“I suppose.”

There was something strange about his eyes and the way he was looking at you. He still had that melancholy expression he'd had when he left your apartment, and you hoped he wasn't still hurt by your *stupid* words.

You sat down in your favorite chair. It was a large plush green chair that seemed to swallow you whole. You had spent hours in that chair. Reading, watching television, napping, listening to Loki rant. Your heart raced as you thought of what you were about to say.

“I was jealous because... I see you dancing and flirting and...”

“And you think I'm fucking every girl in the club. Y/N, I *told* you I'm not, and even if I was, what business is it of yours?”

You frowned and took a breath.

“The thing is, I don't believe that. Not really. I said that because I wanted to be that girl. You know, the one you were dancing with. The one you were smiling *that smile* at. And I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said those things.”

You looked down at your hands, twisted and practically blue in your lap. You couldn't look at him. You knew he didn't feel the same way. He was very vocal when he found someone attractive, so you were certain he would have said.

“You don't want to be those girls, Y/N. They mean nothing to me.”

Loki's expression had turned soft once again, and as he closed the door and walked toward you, your heart hammered in your throat. Sitting down on the arm of the chair, he gazed at you for a moment.

You couldn't handle the silence or the way his eyes roamed across your face.

“But you look like you're having so much fun with them. And you're always talking about how *sexy* they are...”

You sounded like you were pouting, and you chastised yourself for being *that girl* but you didn't know how to explain yourself any other way. You had to admit how you felt, even if you had to tell him the truth- that you were in love with him.

His hand slowly came up to cup your cheek, and you closed your eyes for just a moment. You had no idea how the next few seconds would pan out so you wanted to enjoy every second you had with him.

“I couldn't very well sit here and blather on about how sexy *you* are, could I? Would that not have been awkward?”

Your eyes flew open as you processed what he'd just said.

“And I couldn’t stop myself from trying to get your attention whenever I had the chance. It’s not an easy task, you know. You’re intelligent, beautiful, and *so damn stubborn*,” he winked. “How else could I lure you to me, my dear?”

His words weren’t making sense; not with the self-deprecating ideas you had in your own mind.

“Loki I--- I’m sorry, I don’t understand. Does this mean you forgive me?”

He chuckled lightly, brushing his thumb across your lips. The contact made you shiver.

“Can I show you something?” Loki asked, inching closer to you and slipping down into the chair beside you. Your bodies were pressed together now and you were painfully aware of how *shirtless* he was.

“Uhhh yeah,” you squeaked.

Loki smiled knowingly and looked into your eyes, slowly moving his hand up to your forehead.

“I want to show you a few things you may have missed. About us,” he said, sounding almost anxious for the first time.

Seconds later, you could see your own bedroom as if it was right in front of you. You saw yourself lying on the bed. You remembered this! This was the night he'd carried you to bed.

“Loki, what--?”

“You were asleep, and I couldn’t bear to leave you. You looked so beautiful and peaceful with your hair strewn across the pillows and your lips parted so sweetly. So I stayed. But only until I felt you begin to stir. I couldn’t give away my secret. Not yet.”

You gasped sharply as you realized what he was trying to tell you, but he moved on.

“This. This is one of my favorite moments,” he whispered.

You were standing beside him laughing, and when your hand brushed his by accident, you remembered linking you pinky with his. It had been an innocent gesture, but watching it unfold made you feel warm all over.

Loki pulled his hand away and stared deeply into your eyes.

“Y/N, I’ve been in love with you for years. You never need to be jealous of anyone. My heart belongs to you.”

Your eyes quickly filled with tears as you reached out to take his hands.

“Why didn’t you tell me? I thought you just saw me as a friend. I thought I wasn’t enough for you.”

Loki squeezed your hands lightly.

“You don't see yourself the way I see you. I was feeling the same way.”

You scoffed and rolled your eyes, earning you a glare from him.

“Loki, you're a *god* . How could you *possibly* feel insecure in that way?”

He laughed. “Being a god has nothing to do with it. You may be mortal, but you're the most incredible woman I've ever met. In any realm. Why would you want me?”

You'd grown tired of the argument you were having, and were convinced you were dreaming. So the only thing left to do was prove this wasn't a dream.

“Because I *do*. I love you, Loki,” you whispered, leaning closer to kiss him passionately before you could wake up.

You heard him groan against your lips; felt his hands roam down your back to your hips, and when you broke the kiss, you looked around.

“Why'd you stop?” Loki panted.

“I wanted to be sure... This wasn't one of my dreams.”

Your favorite green chair was used for far more than reading or sleeping or watching television that night. And every other night thereafter.

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