

Thor x Reader x Loki - Learn to Love You

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/5987644) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/5987644>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	F/M , Gen , Multi , Other
Fandoms:	The Avengers (Marvel Movies) , The Avengers (Marvel) - All Media Types , Avengers (Comics) , Thor (Movies) , Thor - All Media Types , Thor (Comics) , Marvel Cinematic Universe , Marvel
Relationships:	Jane Foster/Thor , Thor/Reader , Jane Foster/Thor/Reader , Thor & Reader , Loki/Reader , Loki/Thor/Original Character(s) (Marvel) , Loki/Thor/Reader (Marvel) , Thor/Reader/Loki , Loki/Reader/Thor
Characters:	Thor (Marvel) , Jane Foster (Marvel) , Nick Fury , Natasha Romanov , Natasha Romanova , Steve Rogers , Reader , Loki (Marvel)
Additional Tags:	Pregnancy , Surrogacy , Adoption , Unrequited Love , Friendship/Love , Love , Love Triangles , Angst , Fluff and Angst , Hurt/Comfort , Emotional Hurt/Comfort , Hurt , Reader-Insert , Reader-Interactive , Sexual Content , Sex , Explicit Sexual Content , Implied Sexual Content , Sexual Fantasy , Prostitution , Strippers & Strip Clubs , Numbness , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , learn to love , forgot how to love , blocked off , detached , Children , Childbirth , Loki-centric , Loki Feels , Warning: Loki , Loki's Kids , Thor Feels , Thor Angst , Thor (2011) - Freeform , Loki Redemption , Loki Month , Loki - Freeform , Don't Like Don't Read , Original Character(s) , POV Original Character , Original Female Character(s) - Freeform
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2016-02-13 Updated: 2016-02-24 Words: 13,410 Chapters: 3/?

Thor x Reader x Loki - Learn to Love You

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Summary

(FORMALLY 'Thor x Reader - Love')

You've been friends with Thor for years, and you've loved him for nearly as long. You love him so much he could ask you to do pretty much anything for him and you would... and you do. But does ensuring his happiness with Jane mean more than your feelings? Than your happiness? Than your sanity? Does he mean that much to you...? Short answer... Yes...

However after completely losing yourself in a hastily made decision, you are left broken and detached from your emotions. Can you learn to love again...?

Give Your All, Get Nothing in Return

Chapter Notes

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

Thor x Reader – Love

You'd always loved Thor. Since the moment you first saw his stupidly perfect face. Since the moment you began your friendship with him. Since the beginning... But you had to put yourself last in the whole situation. Thor was married to Jane. They loved each other, and while he may have considered you one of his closest friends, you weren't his Beloved... and you were okay with that... You'd been there for him, he was happy, that was all that mattered to you. His happiness - - which in the past few years had been a difficult to make happen.

Thor and Jane tried to start a family nearly two years ago, around the same time she had been diagnosed. The battle with the cancer had been physically and emotionally hard on everyone involved, Thor would often come to you for advice on things or just to vent. You didn't mind, the fact he felt comfortable enough to air his grievances with you was enough for you. After the battle finished and Jane's cancer was completely eradicated, she was left infertile and unable to even produce eggs. Not that it would have mattered, Thor didn't like the idea of IVF, claiming it to be unnatural - - you know, a completely understandable fear for a God of Thunder who had lived for nearly one thousand years... You thought it was due to his misunderstanding of the whole thing, considering he tended to be completely technologically illiterate, but you didn't fight his decision at all. It was a sad thought, but maybe they just weren't meant to have children. They had each other, so maybe that was enough. The fight had brought them so close together and they seemed completely content without children... Well, that was what you thought until Thor and Jane turned up one day at your door, completely unexpected and with a proposition you couldn't quite believe.

Your mouth fell open. What? What did they just ask you to do?

"I completely understand if you say no... but it seems you were the only person we could agree on..." Jane said.

"I..." your eyebrows furrowed. "I thought you said you didn't want to do IVF..." you said to Thor.

"I don't. In an ideal world... We would..." he cleared his throat nervously. "We would conceive *naturally*..." He said with a slight blush.

"You mean sex?" you said, unable to comprehend it yourself.

"Only if you are okay with it..." Jane said.

"I... I just need a minute..." you mumbled, standing up and quickly heading off to the enclosed kitchen. You needed to get away from them for a moment. Jane couldn't have children, but they both wanted them. So what do they do? They ask Thor's closest human friend to be the surrogate mother - - but you wouldn't even be a surrogate. You would be the actual mother. You would have a child with Thor, only to give it away... They wanted you to have sex and get pregnant. How could you do that? Well... incredibly easily. You loved him and he was outstandingly attractive. Sex would be the easiest thing in the world if it were with him, but the rest of it?!

“(Name)...” Thor said, entering the kitchen. Your head whipped up, and you stumbled around for words. “I know this is a lot to ask of you... but of all the people in my life, I would only feel comfortable doing this with you.” Why did that make your heart flutter? “Why not just...” you trailed off, unsure of the phrase to use, “jack it into a cup and then use a turkey baster?” you asked, though it was an exaggerated idea. “Jane did suggest that... and it could work... But Asgardian’s are extremely hard to interbreed with other species in a normal situation. The atmosphere of Earth does not agree with our reproductive capabilities.” “Is that why you couldn’t conceive with Jane?” He nodded, “By the time we tried, the illness had already taken control of her body, but even before then there was no sign of pregnancy after sex.” You sighed softly. “We couldn’t just go to Asgard and try the turkey baster?” you suggested feebly. “Human reproductive capabilities are slowed on Asgard.” He replied. Of course they were. “You couldn’t conceive with Jane, what makes me any different?” “You are younger than she was when we first started trying, and hopefully more fertile...” you sighed again. “You are also stronger physically, all SHIELD agents have to be.” “I’m a computer tech mainly.” You said dully. “Please (Name)... I wouldn’t want anyone else, except for Jane, to carry my child. I trust you, (Name), which is a hard thing to come by in a universe looking to get one over on The God of Thunder...” he said. You sighed, *again*. “Fine... I’ll do it,” you said. You could feel your heart swelling with anticipation with those words. You were nervous... but looking forward to it... You were looking forward to Thor having sex with you...

4 Days later

Jane was ecstatic when you told her you were willing to do it. You told her you just needed some time to take it all in, and of course waiting to sync up the days you were ovulating was an important factor, as well as time to go over the whole situation... When the baby was born, you would sign away your parental rights, and Jane would legally adopt. They would pay for any and all medical bills, including paying off the mortgage on your apartment - - something you told them was unnecessary; but they insisted. It was an awful lot of information to take in all at once, but you thought it would be best to just get it over and done with. There was no need to make you worry any more than necessary, there was no need to give you time to reconsider. You just wanted to do it... The prospect of also getting to have sex with Thor was a definite upside to the whole situation and was probably egging you on as well... But as the hours drew closer, your mind began to race with worry and questions... Thor was due to return tonight to do the deed... Were you actually ready for this? You were pacing back and forth so much that you hadn’t even realised you had missed breakfast and lunch. You were light headed, but you couldn’t find the strength to eat anything. Your whole body was unbearably hot and made the prospect of eating seem completely out of the question... You needed to cool down... Straight away you turned and started for the bathroom.

The cool air of the bathroom soothed you a little, but not as much as you needed. You rested all of your weight on the sink, your body becoming weak. That was when you saw it... Out of the corner of your eye you saw the discarded birth control pills. A few months ago SHIELD sent you on a mission. It was normal protocol for female agents to start birth control

before and continue it through the mission, just in case something happened, whether it be form a consented encounter or a forced one. You threw it out as soon as you returned home... or so you thought. You bent down and picked up the packet, glancing down at the labelled pills. You could always just do that... Get the morning after pill, then continue on your birth control and have sex with him... Did that make you a bad person? Did wanting the man you loved to love you back make you a monster? What else could you do? Were you really willing to rent your body to them? To create a child just to give it to them...? Or you could just tell them you changed your mind... But then he would never have a child... You took a breath before placing the pills, untouched, back into the bin. You turned the faucet on, and splashed water in your face, calming you down a little.

By the time you finally came out of the bathroom, Thor was already in your apartment – it wasn't a surprise really, he would often land on the balcony and enter through the French doors.

"Hey." You said, forcing a small smile. Of course his smile was as wide and flawless as usual.

"How are you this evening?" he asked. You nodded,

"I'm good. How about you?"

"I am well." This felt weird. You never talked to each other like this... It felt too formal and forced... You were sure even he could feel the awkwardness in the air. You took a deep breath.

"Look, Thor, let's just do this... I can tell you feel like an awkward turtle..."

"I have never heard of that species of turtle before. Are they a particularly uneasy turtle?"

You laughed softly,

"Yes... something like that." He grinned, thinking it had finally understood a reference to something he didn't previously know. He moved and sat down on the couch, and outstretched his hand to you, silently asking you to sit beside him. And so it begins...

You took his hand and sat next to him. Silence... You were friends, sure you loved him, but that didn't mean he was as comfortable with it as you were. He cleared his throat slightly and sat up straight. He was still wearing his armour, his hair a perfect mess. Jeez, even after a full day of training he still looked amazing...

"To keep this as stress and embarrassment to a minimum, shall we both agree to imagine whoever it is we wish?" he asked. You would only think of him... and it saddened you to hear he wouldn't be doing the same...

"That's fine. You can imagine whoever you want." He smiled and nodded, clearly missing the hint at the fact you wouldn't be thinking of anyone else... Thor shifted slightly to face you a little more, his hand running down your side. His touch was like electricity – no pun intended. He leaned closer and breathed in before proceeding to gingerly trail his lips over your neck. This wasn't how you had daydreamt of your first time with Thor - - and you had daydreamt, *a lot*. On a beach, on a bedroom floor, in full view of the public... but never to conceive a child for him and his wife... Did you even have any self-respect at all...?

He gently kissed your neck at first, which became rougher and deeper over time; a soft moan built in and left your throat, causing a deep blush to rush over your face.

"Th-Thor." You moaned. It had been years since you had been with a man, mainly because of Thor. You didn't want another relationship; you didn't want to have sex with strangers... The platonic relationship and your own imagination was enough. Until now that is. Now you

craved the touch, the feeling of him, release... Your hand ran up his chest, coming to rest on his neck, the tips of your fingers tangling in his golden locks. His hand found your thigh, caressing the tense muscle into submission. God he made your entire body feel like jelly. You made the first really brash move in shifting to straddle him. He seemed a little surprised, but he didn't miss a beat, capturing your lips quickly before he flipped your positions around, pinning you against your couch. "Fuck me." You moaned, feeling his body between your legs. He wasn't even remotely hard... but you were so damn wet and unable to control yourself. His free hand moved to his manhood, stroking it to attention. He made quick work of the clothes separating your bodies, heat surging between you. You couldn't stop your hips from rolling against his. A breathless and low groan left his lips. He was... big. His muscular body should have been enough to warn you of his size... but now, having his bare body pressed to yours and his erect member pressing against your lower lips, you were almost frightened.

His large, calloused hands gently began stroking your already prepared and eager lower lips. When his fingers sunk into you, you couldn't stop the moan. Thor's teeth began teasing your hardened nipple as his fingers pumped into you harder and harder.

"Thor!" you gasped when his thumb began teasing your clit. Your back arched towards him and you bucked up against his hips, the tip of his manhood very nearly entering you. He groaned softly before pulling his fingers free of you, smearing the wetness he had gathered from you onto his member. His head tilted back slightly and a pleasant breath left his lips. You sat up slightly and pressed your lips to his, your legs wrapping around his waist. "Fuck me." You repeated. Suddenly and without much warning, he thrust forwards, completely filling you with just one movement. You both moaned loudly, muscles tensing and fingers digging into flesh.

He lowered himself onto you, forcing you back against the couch while also allowing him better access to you, which he took complete advantage of, moving slow to begin with, but gaining speed, confidence and depth rather quickly. You could have sworn you heard thunder and saw lightning flash out the window. It was the middle of summer during a heatwave... Was this his doing...? When he moaned loudly, another clap sounded from the window. Yes... It was him...

"H-Harder." You urged while using your legs to help guide him all the way inside.

"You like it?" he whispered huskily.

"God yes." You replied, probably a little too quickly. He bit into the flesh of your neck, sucking on the tender spot almost hungrily. He didn't slow down. Usually guys would have barely enough stamina to continue at a fast pace for more than a few minutes... But Thor... God he could probably last all night if he tried hard enough... "Thor." You moaned, the muscles in your stomach and womanhood constricting. He groaned. You could feel his member throbbing within you. You desperately wanted to feel him release within you, beyond the simple fact that you knew it was necessary for pregnancy, you wanted to know your body could get him off. You wanted to know that you could offer him something so primal as a sexual release. Suddenly the idea of an animalistic Thor ravaging you sprung to mind - - something you had imagined before. He would moan and groan your name without hesitation, and would - - oh God... Your ability to hold onto your release completely left you, giving you nothing to hold onto but Thor's body as you were completely consumed by the orgasm running through the core of your being. You were sure you screamed his name and

bucked up against him uncontrollably. He held you tightly as he released within you, ensuring he was completely sheathed within you.

You were both breathing heavy and in a sort of daze. Thor however had enough cognitive functions and strength remaining to hold your hips upwards; probably to ensure his seed stayed within you. He pulled one of the pillows from the couch and settled it underneath your hips, ensuring they remained elevated.

“You have to stay like this for half an hour.” He said.

“What if I have to pee?” you asked with a smirk. He chuckled softly,

“I think I can allow an exception.” You rolled your eyes.

“How *gracious* of you.” He smiled wider as he pulled his pants on before sitting down on the couch once more.

“Do you think you’ll be able to handle another few rounds?” he asked.

“Are you afraid I won’t be able to keep up?”

“You could barely manage it just then. Don’t be embarrassed, Asgardian’s are known to be *excellent* lovers,” You snorted.

“Just like their known to be *excellent* strategists.” You said, remembering how Fury had criticised Thor’s block headedness when it came to swinging madly at enemies without much thinking.

“That is an unfounded attribution.” He said. You laughed softly and nudged him with your foot.

“*Sure.*”

Thor was right to be a little worried about your stamina. By the time you had finished the third round you were exhausted. Thor had to put you to bed because you fell asleep before he even had a chance to pull out. When you woke up the next morning, he was happily snoring on the couch, half dressed and sexy as all hell. It was nice to wake up with Thor in your house after a night of sex... It would have been nicer to wake up with him in your bed though...

Two weeks after you first had sex Thor came knocking, bringing with him a pregnancy test. He seemed nervous as you took it from him, as if the box was going to scream out ‘positive’ just by your touch. You smiled, trying to calm him a little, before heading off to the bathroom. It was a basic test, which you think wouldn’t have been the type of test an Avenger would have you use... You honestly thought SHIELD would have some kind of machine that could tell you positive or negative the day after sex... Oh well, the good old fashioned way never hurt anyone...

You were so consumed by your own weird thoughts that you hadn’t even realised the results were showing. It was positive... Oh no... Wait... that was good, wasn’t it? It meant Thor and Jane could have a child... But it also meant Thor would no longer hold you in the way you longed for so many years... It meant you would become their incubator for a child you made with him, only to give it away in nine months... You placed your hand on your stomach. You wanted him again... The way he made you feel... it was unforgettable, and completely unmatched by any other sensation in your life. But what could you do? He wouldn’t screw you again once he found out you were pregnant... You took a breath and left the room.

Thor was pacing, his hands curled into fists and his mind clearly racing. The moment he saw you he stopped.

“So?” You were about to become a horrible person...

“It’s neither positive or negative...” You lied. His brows furrowed,

“What does that mean?”

“That it might be positive and it might be negative, or it could just be the test is faulty... If it’s the former, it means its too early to tell at the moment, and that we’d have to wait to see the results...” you said.

“So it might not have worked?” he asked. You nodded.

“If you want... we could try again.” You suggested. You felt horrible. You were playing with his feelings and life just to temporarily feel good about yourself. He paused to think for a moment.

“Okay...” he said. “But we cannot tell Jane about the inconclusive test. I’m afraid she will want to change her mind.” Your ears perked up for a moment. Maybe it was just wishful thinking, maybe it was just your heart taking control of your head... but you, just for a moment, hoped he was afraid of her changing her mind because he wanted to continue having sex with you without worrying about backlash from Jane. Maybe he did! It was completely plausible, after all why would he agree to continue and keep it from her?

“Why are you afraid of her changing her mind...?”

“Because...” Please... Dear God please... “Because I love her... we both want a family, and I don’t want her to become discouraged because of a possibly faulty test...” Your heart fell. No... No it did worse than just that. It fell from the edge of the cliff on which you had placed yourself and shattered into so many pieces even a vacuum wouldn’t be able to pick up all the small pieces. He was so nice and sweet... He just wanted to protect his wife...

“Well...” you said, taking a deep breath. “We’d best not disappoint her.” You said through gritted teeth with a forced smile.

2 Months Pregnant

After the second time with Thor, you decided not to push your luck and tell them you were pregnant, blaming the mixed up result on a faulty test. Jane and Thor were happy with the news, and actually suggested something that caught you by surprise - - which was something you didn’t think possible after the whole ‘fuck my husband and get pregnant so we can have a kid’ thing... They wanted to safeguard not only the baby, but you as well by moving you to a remodelled farmhouse on a remote island. It was a house Thor had pretty much rebuilt himself, and a place they intended to use once the baby arrived. No one except for Jane and Thor, and a medical team, would know where you were. It was a completely self-sufficient house, using solar and wind to generate power, and gardens and farms for food. Thor would come, with or without Jane, a few times a week to check up on you and talk to the doctors about any supplies they needed. Of course there was a panic button, just in case something happened, but there wouldn’t be a need to use it... hopefully.

Well... that was how they sold it you by Jane... You didn’t like the idea of moving away, but short of living with Thor and Jane, it was the only way to ensure your safety. You were sure there were more than a few enemies who would love to torment Thor by kidnapping and torturing the woman carrying his child... So... albeit nervously, you took leave from SHIELD and moved to an island with no way to contact anyone... Even with the doctors and nurses around, they didn’t talk to you much at all... You were all alone...

4 Months Pregnant

You had been dragged into the lounge room from your comfortable bed to get an ultrasound. Thor, Jane and your team of nurses and doctors were there as well. You were placed on the couch and a cold jell-like substance spread over your growing stomach. You did glance at the screen occasionally... but you didn't really want to... You didn't want to see your baby... Jane however had a completely opposing view on the matter, constantly talking about how much the baby looked like the two of you, even joking that she could see some of herself in it. Every time she spoke up, every time she cried and clung onto Thor's arms... it made you hate her a little bit more. She was so damn insensitive. You may have agreed to carry a child for them, but the fact of the matter is that it was still *your* child. She was acting like it was already hers.

"Would you like to know-,"

"The sex?" you finished, "No." You resigned to the fact that you wouldn't keep the baby, so you kept yourself detached, only even really touching your stomach when it was sore or when the baby didn't want to settle. You didn't need to know. You didn't want to know. "No, I don't-,"

"Please (Name)." Jane suddenly said. "Please..."

"I don't want to know-,"

"... Could we just know then?" You wanted to smash her head in. You glanced to Thor, who was happily smiling down at Jane. It was like everything... He would pay attention to you until Jane wanted something... then your emotions and feelings became nothing. Numbness suddenly washed over you.

"Whatever..." you said coldly, not looking at the screen any more. You couldn't care less any more... The sooner she could get out of here, the better. You heard Jane squeal softly and Thor chuckle, but you didn't hear what they had been told. You didn't care... You didn't want to know...

6 Months Pregnant

Jane visited less, needing to focus on work apparently before she took leave to look after the baby. You were happy, however, that Thor still came to see you. You glanced to the clock. Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at two o'clock. That was when he visited... The clock read 2:01pm. He was late. Suddenly the baby began shifting and kicking. You rubbed your swollen stomach. Everything hurt every time you moved. Your ankles were swollen, your feet sore, your back so put out of wack that you could barely stand up for longer than a few minutes. The only other thing that irritated you as much as that was the on and off horniness you felt at all hours of the day. It only started around the third month, once the morning sickness had disappeared and you stopped feeling disgusting. Luckily you had been able to handle it yourself, not resorting to begging or banging strange men or - - even your doctors. But the longer you went without actual human contact the more and more you craved it.

The familiar sound of Thor's ungraceful landing reached your ears. You glanced out the window of your bedroom and smiled. You turned the television off – not that it had any decent channels – and struggled to stand up. You were nearly breathless as you finally made it to a vertical position, your hands on your hips to support your upper body. By the time you made it to your bedroom door and opened it, Thor had already crossed the field, entered the

house and arrived at your door. He was smiling wide,
“You had a good day then?” you asked. He nodded, offering you his hand, which you took.

He helped you to the lounge room and helped you sit down before sitting across from you.
“How are you feeling?” Thor asked, his large hand gently rubbing your stomach. Damn it... That was enough to dampen your womanhood and harden your already swelling breasts. You could feel a flush cover your cheeks and had to shift your hips to lessen the sudden pressure you felt.

“F-Fine...” you mumbled, clearing your throat, trying to force your needs back down. His brows furrowed,

“You do not look fine.” He said. “Tell me.” You sighed softly,

“It’s nothing you can help with...” you said,

“There are many things I am capable of!” he said triumphantly with a goofy smile. You shrunk back into the couch a little, but you couldn’t help the smile on your face.

“I’m horny...” you hesitantly glanced up to Thor, his eyes were wide. “*All the time...*” you said, unable to stop the soft whimper that came out with them.

“That... is not what I had expected...” He said. You smiled apologetically.

“Sorry... It’s stupid... I’m fine.”

“Is it what you need...?” he asked.

“What?” He took a deep breath.

“When this whole situation began, I made a promise to you.” Your brows furrowed. No he didn’t. “Well I made it to myself and agreed to it on your behalf.” You chuckled softly and shook your head. “I promised that I would try to make the pregnancy as much of a normal experience for you as I could. That I would try to be like a partner to you through this...” You didn’t quite want, nor were you going to tell him it didn’t feel that way to you... That if felt like he was only in it with Jane and you were along for the ride... “So, if sex is what you need, and something that a normal partner would do for the woman carrying their child, then I will do it.” Were you going to take advantage of the situation again? Were you going to use his kindness to fulfil your own desires? Short answer. Yes...

Thor sent the doctors away to their wing of the house to ensure your privacy before the two of you started. You were almost certain positioning for sex would be something you found awkward and straining, but apparently Thor, and probably Jane, had talked about the likeliness of sex during pregnancy, so he was extremely well equipped and knew the positions that took the stress off of your back and stomach.

Just like the times in the past, Thor ensured you were completely sated before allowing himself to do the same. He was so sweet... so caring... and you in comparison were nothing short of monstrous... You agreed to this whole thing, fully knowing how you would probably come to feel at time passed. You willingly took their kindness, but cursed them when you didn’t like something... You were a horrible person... Thor began running his lips over your stomach.

“I know that look. Whatever you’re thinking about yourself, it’s not true. You’re beautiful.” He was taking a stab in the dark; probably considering physical appearance was a normal self-esteem issue pregnant women faced...

“Please, its not tha-,” you moaned softly, his finger entering you slowly as his tongue

continued over your bulging stomach. Screw it... Why push your burden onto him...? You should just agree with what he thinks is wrong... "It's gross. I've never been so fa-ah fat..." you mumbled. Thor chuckled softly.

"Then you do not know the arousal a man feels when he sees a woman's stomach filled with his child." You couldn't stop the gasp from your throat. You knew he probably wasn't imagining you carrying his child. He was thinking of Jane. Even though you knew it was completely understandable, it still hurt... So far you had made little to no decisions for yourself; hell even your diet was decided by Jane and the Doctors. You told them multiple times you couldn't stand many of the foods they forced down your throat. Did it matter? No. You sighed softly. Did having Thor with you for these short times make up for everything else...?

Probably sensing you unease, Thor asked if you wanted to go again. Once again you took advantage of him and said yes. It made you feel better a little. You honestly didn't expect pregnant sex to be so hot... You thought it would be awkward, slow, and take forever to get you off... but it definitely didn't...

"I will not be able to make trips here every day (Name), but when I do, and you need it, I will try my best to fill your needs." He said, his hand on your stomach.

"Thank you..." you mumbled.

Labour

The pains started late one night, and you stayed awake just hoping they would go away... However when your water broke early that morning, you knew you were in labour... You screamed out to Thor the moment the clear, thickish liquid gushed out of you. Jane and Thor had chosen to move you out of the farmhouse and into a secret SHIELD facility, allowing you access to higher tech pregnancy equipment and monitors as the due date drew closer. Just another decision you were pretty much forced into... Thor burst into the room, looking terrified. He probably thought you had fallen, which *had* happened at one stage.

"What? What is it?" He hurriedly asked.

"Labour." You just managed to choke out as a contraction forced all the air from your lungs. He still looked terrified unsure what to do with himself. When you tried and failed at sitting up however Thor received the message, and immediately picked you up.

You were carried to the hospital portion of the facility, doctors doing their best to ease your pain. They were doing a very good job... until they let Jane enter the room. She was like a fucking fly buzzing around your face. She wouldn't stop moving, she wouldn't stop talking. The pain already made you irritable, but having her there just made it so much worse.

"D-Do you think it could just be Thor who stays in here with me...?" you asked. Jane looked disappointed, and a pang of guilt did hit you... but you just didn't want her there...

"(Name)-," Thor started.

"Please..." you mumbled. "I just don't want any more people than necessary staring at my vagina."

"And you think I want to?" You could tell he was trying to be funny, but you were not in a laughing mood at all. You rolled your eyes,

"Fine then, *don't*," you snapped, more pain filling your body. You cringed and whimpered softly. You heard Jane say something to Thor before kissing his cheek and leaving the room. You could be a cold-hearted bitch when you tried hard enough... but until this damn child

was out of you, and the adoption papers signed, you should get to make at least *one* fucking decision. One decision. That was all you wanted. Who was in the room with you.

“That was mean (Name)...” Thor said softly.

“What was mean was locking me away on an island for nine months. What was mean was removing all ability to communicate with the outside world. What was mean was deciding my diet for me.” You glanced up to him, tears of both sadness and pain in your eyes. “Asking for one thing to happen for a few hours should not be considered mean.”

“It’s her child-,”

“It’s *our* child Thor.” You snapped. “I’m just giving it to her.”

“(Name), please... This means a lot to her... everything you’ve done for us...” Now the tears were that of sadness.

“You just don’t get it... do you...?”

“Get what?” You sighed and shook your head. You were still waiting. Waiting for him to realise he loved you more than her. Waiting for the day that he would sweep you off your feet and love you in the same way you love him. You shook your head.

“Bring her back if you want.” You said; and he did. He brought her back... and he sat with her, as you lay there in pain – both physically and mentally. There were times he would sit next to you, but he wouldn’t stay with you... He would never stay with you...

Birth, 16 hours later.

Usually when a baby was born, it was passed to the birth mother... not this time... This time it went to the adoptive mother first... You could see its little hands reaching up and hear it crying. Why? Why did she get *everything*?! When the tears began sliding down your cheeks, you could see the nurse recognise her mistake. She turned back to the happy family, but hesitated before making the decision to not interrupt... What did you expect? You were you... She was the strong wife of Thor who had been through hell before getting her reprieve. But so had you... You had been through hell all your life... so where was your reprieve? Where was your knight willing to throw everything away to ensure your happiness? Where was he? You saw Thor take the tiny baby in his arms, and heard Jane thank you repeatedly. Honestly, you had barely even had time to breath, let alone sign over your rights, and yet again she was assuming the baby was hers. Thor made his way over to you and tried to pass the bundle to you, but you turned away.

“I don’t want it...” you whimpered.

“Him.”

“I don’t want it...” you said again, somehow mustering enough strength to keep from looking at your baby. The baby you and Thor made... “Please... This is already hard, don’t make it any worse than she already has.” You were crying again. Damn it. Thor must have passed the boy over to Jane, because the next thing you knew he was hugging you.

“You did so well...” He said softly. This... this was what you wanted. You wanted him to take you into his arms... “I don’t think I will ever be able to thank you enough.” You wrapped your arms around his strong body and leaned against him with all your weight. Your strength was almost completely gone... You’d been on missions before... but nothing drained you as much as hours of childbirth.

“Have names been thought of?” You could tell the doctor filling out the birth certificate didn’t quite know where to look. Jane began her selfish rambling, Thor admiring his wife and child... Yes... Yes you had thought of names, even though you probably shouldn’t had... Ofelia or Johanna for a girl... and Aidan or Dean for a boy... but it wouldn’t matter what you

had picked. Thor gently shook your shoulder.

“Are you okay with that?” he asked.

“With what?”

“The name.” he said, smiling wide. He was so handsome...

“Yeah...” you replied, even though you hadn’t heard what name had been said... The doctor nodded and signed off on the birth certificate before handing it to Thor. “I’m... tired...” you mumbled. “Do you think I could have some time to rest...?” you asked. Thor nodded, leading Jane and his son out of the room. They didn’t come back the whole time you were recovering. Why would they? They had what they wanted from you... You were worthless to them now... You were worthless...

3 Weeks after Birth

You were released from the hospital and returned to your apartment two days after you gave birth. An apartment you hadn’t stepped foot in in just under nine months. Is this what they expected? To uproot your life for nearly a year, and then thrown you back in and expected you to be okay... Thor hadn’t come to check up on you... he hadn’t rang... No one had... The first week you spent your time numbed and not feeling anything... The second week you sobbed. You sobbed in a way you didn’t think was possible... and the third... By the third, you were over it. Your calls to them went straight to voicemail, and when anyone else finally decided to call, whether it be Steve, Nat, even Fury... you wouldn’t answer... You couldn’t continue like this, you knew that after the week filled with crying... but what could you do? You were a part of SHIELD... they had your face, your details, your *everything*. Could you actually get away? Dr Banner was a whole hell of a lot smarter than you were and he couldn’t even get away from them... And even if you could, where would you go? What would you do? What would you do if you stayed here? Die in an apartment? Go back to work and pretend the past nine months hadn’t happened? No. The unknown seemed so much better than the same old shit. You had made your decision...

You loved Thor... and you always would... but you couldn’t stand to be around anything that reminded you of him more. You couldn’t stand it... So you left... You left your job, your friends and family... Everything... You sat your SHIELD ID on the mantle in your dusty apartment before taking one of the secret passports and any leftover money you had before you left the country, leaving behind only a note, should Thor actually make an effort to check on you in the future... What did it say?

*‘I did **it** for you... not her...*

*But I did **this** because of you both...*

I love you... I always have... and I always will...

Goodbye’

Teardrops littered the page it was written on. You wanted to say so much, but if you had, you wouldn’t be certain you could walk away knowing if he had read it or not... This way you can leave without the expectation he would ever see it, and least of all that he would come after you. It said enough. It said the necessary. Nothing more. It said you loved him... and it would always be true...

Chapter End Notes

Now... would you guys be interested in me continuing this as a series/sequel? I do have an idea how to continue it and have already started playing with scenes, but it's all up to you guys as to whether it will be more than one chapter. It won't be a Thor x Reader as much as it will be a mess between Thor x Reader x Loki. So, if that sounds good, let me know.

Also, sorry for the bad edit. I wrote this in a few hours and edited the first half while still half asleep before finishing the second half of the edit today.

(I've added Jane's cancer into this because I'm pretty sure it was a part of the actual comics at once stage. I may be wrong though)

Please tell me if you want me to continue. If everyone wants me to continue, this will change from a 1/1 to a 1/? story and the summary will change a little (along with the title)

6 Years Later...

Chapter Notes

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

Thor x Reader x Loki – Love Ch2

Over the next six years you moved time and time again; Guadeloupe, Laos, Brazil, New Zealand, and just recently The Netherlands. You changed your hair – multiple times – changed your eyes with contacts, brought a dog, lost said dog, found it again, and even had a boob job for no reason other than to amuse yourself - - and because after the birth your breasts deflated and sagged considerably. As the years passed, you began running out of money, mostly because your bank accounts were continuously drained of money. You were almost certain SHIELD had found you, or maybe they couldn't pinpoint your location, so reduced themselves to locking down the bank accounts they could find. No matter though, you could make money. You took random jobs in IT, but after a few weeks SHIELD would scare you away by raiding the jobsite. Damn them. They wouldn't let you have a normal job? A normal life? Fine. You'd go for a more off the grid kind of job; after all, what was the Netherlands notorious for?

You were on your hands and knees, crawling towards the pudgy man with one hand on his crotch and the other throwing bills at you. When you reached the edge of the stage, you raised up to kneel, your hips thrusting forwards slowly, sensually. More men sitting around the edges of the stage were stuffing bills in your scant underwear and bra. Their fingers lingered just long enough to touch your skin, but retracted quickly enough to make it unnecessary to call security. You swung your legs around to rest on the man's legs, spreading yourself for him. He leaned as far forwards as he could and ran his money filled hands up your thighs, sticking the dollar bills into your G-string. It disgusted you... feeling their hands all over you... One man shoved a twenty into your bra. Time to move on to him... Always pay attention to the men offering more money because they would buy more drinks. That was a rule the owner had... You swung your legs over the little man before you moved onto the new one.

You didn't look at faces, as long as they continued giving you bills, you didn't care who they were or what they looked like. You swayed your hips as you walked over to him and ran your hands over his chest as you circled him. Running your fingers through his black, slicked back hair, you untied your bra, the nearly non-existent material falling to the ground and exposing your breasts. You flicked your hair as you straddled his lap, moving your hips and body to the music. Generally you were meant to stay on the stage, but there were exceptions, one of which being the need to take care of VIP's, signified by the gold pin on their shirts. Of course this man had one, and so he was your next target. The man chuckled softly and gingerly ran his lips over your cosmetically enlarged breasts as you continued your tease. You pressed yourself against him. Almost instantly you could feel his hard member press into your abdomen. His hands found your thighs, pulling you even tighter against him.

“No touching sweetie...” you tried to lace your words with honey, but you weren’t sure if your disgust shone through. You licked up his neck softly before pulling away and scooting back onto the stage and returning to your dance.

The men seemed more interested in you now that you had lost the bra, which was nothing new really... If you had removed your panties as well, you would have had even more attention... but that was a line you didn’t want to cross... You would show off and pretend to tease yourself through the material, but never once had you left the stage completely naked...

You were an exotic dancer... a stripper... a whore... Yes... this was your life... This is where a SHIELD agent on the run ended up... Dancing for the dirtiest men in a strip club for dollar bills... There was nothing else for you... Maybe if you were an actual field agent you could become a mercenary... but you weren’t. No one was looking for a computer nerd to deal with assassinations... and you didn’t even want to stand against SHIELD... You just wanted to be left alone; where you were when that alone time finally came didn’t matter. Honestly you could say you didn’t care all that much about anything... You chose not to feel, so you didn’t. Not feeling had its repercussions though. You were numbed to everything; most men didn’t want private dances from you because you didn’t over sexualise your facial expressions... It also meant you didn’t have anyone close to you... You were still alone... But it didn’t matter... You left the stage, blowing a kiss as you did. Most of the bodies had moved on to other girls... all except for one... The VIP was still sitting there, staring at you... Something in your stomach told you to be careful when you walked home today...

The next few girls strutted onto the pink-lit stage; some choosing the poles, other moving to charm the patrons. The club itself – The Gold Pin – was a large establishment at least three floors - - one of which was underground. It offered private rooms for girls to dance behind glass for the customers, the main bar with lounge and dance floor, private sections for lap dances, and the ‘hotel’ rooms. In reality they were for customers looking to screw the girls. The money paid for the room legally only covered the room, but everyone knew it also covered their girl of choice for the night... It was a way to offer prostitution with complete anonymity. You’d never been in the third floor rooms before, but you knew well enough not to go poking around or begging to be let in there... The girls who came back after a night in those rooms were sometimes left bloody and bruised...

After your dance you moved onto waitressing. It didn’t offer nearly the same amount of tips as dancing did and often came with more touching from the men, but it was *something* at least... some more dimes in your pockets... You were only able to serve two drinks – receiving three pinches on your backside and a caress of your thigh in the process – before your shift ended. You very nearly skipped to the back room to gather your belongings. You didn’t own much. Basic clothes, a few accessories and of course a laptop and some other gadgets. You threw your clothes on and the rest of your belongings, and earnings for the day, into your rucksack before turning to leave. You barely took a step towards the door before you heard your name being called. Damn it... Just keep moving... A few of the girls – some of which you had a sneaking suspicion weren’t of age – looked in your direction, their gaze silently asking why you weren’t responding. You just had to pretend you didn’t hear the voice of The Madame, or notice the girl’s stares. You were so close... Just had to get passed the security and through the back door...

“(Name).” The same annoyingly shrill voice said, its owner catching your arm just before

you could pass through the doors. The Madame was a middle-aged French woman, her hair slowly greying and face a little too plastic looking.

“Oh, Madame, what is it?” you asked, pretending to be surprised.

“You’ve got a client.” She said, happiness in her tone. “Someone took a liking to you and requested a private dance.” Her slowly balding eyebrows wriggled and she grinned widely.

“Ah, but my shift ended.” The Madame held up a large wad of cash – there was probably three or four thousand dollars – and pulled less than a third out of it and slipped that small portion into your bag.

“He is *very* wealthy.” She said. You sighed,

“Okay...” you tried not to grumble.

The Madame had offered you an even skimpier outfit than you had already been wearing for the private dance. The material was so thin you thought your bare skin would be enough to break it. Though it was nicer than most of your other clothes. It sparkled and shimmered in the dancing lights. The Madame must have wanted to impress this man a lot... You drew the thick curtains back and entered the private room. The floor walls and ceiling were all a deep shade of red, which were brightened by the low hanging chandelier that spread bright golden light over the room. There was a plush couch along one wall, black in colour, and another seat in the middle, currently filled by your customer.

The man looked familiar... His dark raven hair and bright green eyes - - that looked blue in some light - - it was all so familiar... you just couldn’t place it... Oh well, he was just another man with a familiar looking face.

“No touching...” you said as you confidently crossed the room.

“I wouldn’t dare.” He teased with a smirk. He seemed different... and, almost interesting...

Far more attractive than the old, desperate men who usually walked into the club... You made your way over to him, which was when you noticed the gold pin on his shirt. It was the same as the man you had danced for earlier in the night... The VIP... You were surprised he liked you that much... Scabby bastard only offered you a twenty when you were on the floor...

You gently ran your hands over his shoulders, ensuring you were bent over enough to show off your cleavage. Then he did something you didn’t expect. He leaned forwards and gently licked up one breast and continuing to your collarbone.

“Uh-uh, sweetie.” You said, running your finger over his lips. “No touching.” You whispered again, running your hands through his slicked back black hair. He hummed softly as you climbed atop him, your hips hotly rubbing against his body. You flicked your hair and arched your back so your breasts were once again on show. The man so desperately wanted to touch you, his hands barely an inch from your body as they moved around you. You sat up straight, hips and body rolling against him,

“I’ve heard that some girls offer *extra* services.” He said.

“Oh?” you said, feigning surprise. Of course they did. The higher rated girls were required to screw the wealthier patrons, which is why you had never moved up in the ranks.

“Don’t play coy with me...” he said, running a hand through your hair gently. Usually they would have had their hand slapped away, but this man was different. You almost wanted him to touch you...

“You don’t like games?” you asked innocently, though your words were laced with sexual innuendo. “I do.” You gingerly pressed your lips against his before pulling back a little, leaving him wanting. You then also ran your hands over his crotch, noting how hard his member was... or *still* was. He hadn’t had enough time to relieve himself before the dance... did he? He groaned softly at your touch. You pumped him softly – something you usually wouldn’t do – and even teased him by placing the fabric covered tip against your entrance. “I like games, but only when I am the one in control.” He said. You smiled sweetly, “Well sorry darling... I don’t play those kinds of games...” you said, pulling away. “Your time is up.” You laced your arms around his shoulders and offered him one last peck on the lips before you stood and turned, ready to go back to the front and leave for the night. “You *have* played those kinds of games. I know for certain you have, otherwise my brother would not have a child. *Your* child.” You froze dead. What? Brother? Oh fuck. “So you will play my game. Otherwise I will tell Thor and all of SHIELD where you are.” You turned back to him, daggers in your eyes. He had already started walking towards you; his long, slender arm wrapped around your middle and pulled you to him. “Play my game, and I will give you enough money so you will never have to worry about SHIELD finding you. You will live in luxury without fear of being found...” His free hand slipped to your womanhood, teasing the sensitive bundle of nerves between your legs. You bit your tongue. What else could you do...? There was no other option... “Fine...” You mumbled.

“Good girl.” He said, kissing your neck. A shudder ran through your body, forcing a muffled moan from your throat. Loki chuckled and breathed in deeply, probably smelling your hair. “The fact that such a simple thing could make you moan is intriguing...” You could sense the smile on his face. Again he pressed his member against your body, causing him to groan in need again. Why did the idea of pleasing him make you happy...? Thor had told you stories of his younger brother; how he probably shouldn’t be trusted, how he manipulates and bends people to his will... So why? Why did the prospect of Loki enthuse you so much? Usually when a man touched you, you felt dirty... But now, even with Loki’s hand down your pants and sucking on your neck, you felt... clean... normal... You felt like you could actually deal with the idea of having sex with him... You wanted him...

From his movements, his painfully slow movements, you could tell he was only teasing you; warming you up for the main event. Even though you knew that, it didn’t stop your body from wanting to release.

“L-Loki...” you stuttered, rocking your hips forwards into his hand. He hummed softly and squeezed your breast. You were so close... He hadn’t even put anything inside of you yet, he was just teasing you clit, and you could barely control yourself... Suddenly he pulled away and backed off, taking a seat on the plush red lounge. You felt cold, the building tension slowly dissipating.

“Touch yourself.” He ordered. You bent over and rested one arm on the chair, using the other to enter your flimsy panties and begin touching yourself. You hadn’t realised how wet you were until your fingers found your womanhood. You turned your face to him, wanting to see what, if anything, your actions were doing to him. Did you turn him on? Was he amused? Or was he just taking the piss out of you and laughing at how desperately you wanted to be fucked...? Your eyes widened when you caught sight of him. His eyes were locked firmly on you, filled with lust and desire as he thrust slightly into the air, probably using the pressure of his pants to stimulate himself, while using one hand to tease and rub the tip. You slipped one finger inside of yourself, timing it with his movements. God... again you were starting to

lose it... You whimpered and moaned, your eyes never once leaving Loki. It wasn't right... Your finger was too slender in comparison to his member... You needed him... For the first time in six years you *needed* to be fucked.

"Strip tease for me." He said, resorting to stroking his manhood through the material of his pants with both hands. You stifled a sigh and reluctantly removed your fingers. He was such a difficult customer! Why make either of you wait this long when you both so desperately wanted it?! You went straight to work slowly removing the few articles of clothes you were wearing, not wanting to take any longer than necessary. You swayed your hips to the motion of the music filtering through from the main room, taking steps forwards with the beat. First your breasts were exposed, twirling the bra in your hand for a moment before dropping it onto the floor. When you reached Loki, you squatted down, bouncing slightly, and ran your hands from his hips to his ankles. You turned around and slowly stood back up, his hands squeezing your backside tightly, his thumbs pressing into your lower lips through the thin fabric that remained. You pulled the ties on your hips, causing the panties to fall away. Your body was still swaying and curving to the music, but you were stopped when Loki's hands found your waist and pulled you to sit on his lap.

You hadn't realised Loki had lowered his pants until you felt his sizable manhood pass your lower lips and enter you. Unable to hold back the screaming moan, you let it out. Yes... Yes that was what you wanted... Loki moaned loudly, and your entire body almost went limp when he began forcing your hips to move along his length. It was pure ecstasy... Over the years your womanhood had remained untouched, you had almost completely forgotten the feeling of a man within you. You spread your legs a little wider and rose onto the balls of your feet so you could move up and down faster on him. You could vaguely hear him moaning your name, which turned you on even more.

"Loki!" you groaned softly as he began to buck up against you. Without warning, Loki lifted you up - - something you had not expected from him considering his slender appearance - - before gently placing you onto the lounge. Your head, shoulders and hands were planted deeply into the cushion, your hips high in the air with one knee on the couch and the other leg outstretched to help support your body. This allowed Loki to re-enter you and pound into you with more ferocity than before. Moans erupted from your mouth and you clung tightly to the faux leather. "D-Don't cum in me." You begged, barely able to speak. You were close, and from the swelling of his manhood, you could tell he was as well.

"Are you sure?" he asked, running his hand down your back to gather a handful of hair to pull your head back towards him. God it felt good... "You don't want me to cum in you?" he whispered into your ear.

"I-I..." you whimpered. You did... You so did... "I do. Please..."

"Please what?"

"Please cum in me..." his nails dug into your hips as he tried to hold onto his remaining composure. You however were reduced to little more than a panting, moaning dog that couldn't hold on once she reached her peak. Your head rolled back and mouth fell open, a loud moan resonating from your chest. Loki slammed into you one last time, his member throbbing in your constricting womanhood.

Breathing, louder than the music outside, filled the room. He had *literally* fucked you senseless. You couldn't hear or feel anything other than the straining groans of Loki as he filled you, and the pleasure that came with it... However the feeling of being filled - - with both his manhood and seed - - soon disappeared. Something was odd... it was almost as if...

You glanced back as he pulled out of you; sliding a filled condom off of his manhood soon after. When did he put that on?!

“When did you-,”

“You are a fertile human. The fact it only took a few tries with Thor means that once with me would be more than enough to get you pregnant. I have no interest in more children.”

“Then why didn’t you tell me?” you growled, feeling embarrassed from the way you had acted.

“Please, a woman begging for a man to fill her with his seed? There is little that could surmount that pleasurable thought.” He was right... Just the idea of him releasing inside of you drove you crazy... He threw the used condom in a bin before pulling his clothes back on. By that time your body had completely given in and you had collapsed into a mound on the lounge, your own arousal dripping down your leg. Loki was the first man in over six years to fuck you... You were still a disgusting monster... You were a despicable person... You were... suddenly really tired... The last thing you heard before passing out was Loki soft chuckle, and the gentle feel of his hand running through your hair.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I asked you all, and you told me what you wanted. Here is the continuation of the story~! There will be more to come!!!

Please tell me what you thought about this all though. I do promise that this will get much better very quickly, but as the title suggests, Reader-chan has to learn to trust and learn to give herself to another person again XD

New Surroundings, Old Friends

Chapter Notes

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

Thor x Reader x Loki – Love Ch3

You woke up in a large, warm bed, the sheets wrapped tightly around your body. Bright light blinded you, and the smell of the ocean roused you little by little. That wasn't right... You didn't live on the ocean... Usually you were woken to a symphony of car horns and the bustle of people walking through the city. Where were you...? You opened your eyes. The room was large, French doors leading to a balcony, the view covered by white sheer curtains. The room was probably even larger than your entire apartment and felt sterile... Not in the way a hospital is, but in the way a padded room is; empty and cold... The room you were in wasn't completely empty though; there was a chest of drawers, the canopy bed you were in, and a coffee table and chairs... but nothing else. No personality, no items collected over years... Nothing. You sat up slowly and threw back the thick blankets. The last thing you remembered was... dancing... You were on stage, and dancing for a VIP... then you went home - - no. No you didn't. The Madame made you do a private dance... Then... A cold shudder ran up your back. You had sex... and it wasn't just with anyone... Any stranger on the street would have been easy; you wouldn't feel guilty in the slightest... But you had sex with Loki... *Loki* of all people... You held your head in your hands, unable to stand, unable to think. All you could do was linger on his name. Loki. Loki. *Loki*! How could you have done such a thing?!

"Miss..." a young lady called from... *somewhere*... Your head whipped up and glanced around. A young woman with vibrantly crimson-pink hair was standing in the doorway. The clothes she was dressed in were similar to that of a normal maid, but far more sexualised, and you could have sworn you saw a gun hanging under the skirt of the short dress. "Breakfast has been served." She said before turning and leaving. She didn't sound kind or even formal. Her voice had a twang of an accent you couldn't quite place, which made her sound a little cold and harsh... You stood up and started for the door, the feeling of something brushing against your thighs catching you off guard. You very nearly jumped into the air before you realised it was the dress you were in. Wait... What were you wearing?! You fell asleep naked - - or at least partially naked - - and now you were wearing a light and airy nightie. The material felt like silk, the dress trimmed with lace and clung to your figure. Your hands moved to your hips and then your breast. You had underwear and a bra on as well. Someone had completely dressed you. The idea of someone's hands all over you while you were asleep made you uneasy. You sighed and shook your head before continuing to move, stopping momentarily to wrap a dressing gown around your body.

The house surrounding your room was just as large and impressive as you thought it would be. Soaring white walls and ceilings, black wrought iron guardrails along the stairs leading down from the hallway your room was on, some gold accents in the light fixtures, plants in pots and even artwork along the walls. It was like a multi-million dollar mansion, though it didn't have the modern appeal most homes held. It was old fashioned, and held an air of sophistication you hadn't expected with the bareness of the room you had just come from.

The hall continued around the border of the lower level, looking down through the large void – almost like an indoor balcony from all angles, a staircase leading up to yet another level was opposite to where you were, and a wall was missing along the left walkway, allowing you to see through the to what looked like a giant library. It felt too big. You felt like an ant in the vast, open space. Your eyes moved down from the second level, the large entrance to the library was the first thing you saw before your eyes skimmed over the room. It was like a usual lounge room, chair, tables, and television, only more expensive than usual... Then you saw him. Loki. He was sitting in a chair, reading what looked like a newspaper while sipping tea. Anger boiled in your stomach and you moved quickly down the stairs.

“Where the hell am I?” you growled as you came to stop in front of him. Loki glanced up from his newspaper and placed his tea down.

“In my house.” You snorted.

“Bullshit.” Loki quirked a brow,

“You have been away from SHIELD for years, but I did not think that during that time you would be living under a rock as well.” He said. “I was brought here to help neutralise an enemy. After a short probation period, I was allowed to roam free between the realms. I chose to settle here.” SHIELD knew he was here. SHIELD let him stay here... that would mean they knew where he was, and where you were... You had to get out of there. Quickly you turned on your heels and turned to leave through the sliding doors leading to an open balcony, however just as you reached them, they slammed shut.

“Let me leave.” You snarled while turning to Loki. He had returned to his newspaper and shook his head, not even bothering to look at you.

“You think SHIELD will ever stop pursuing you?” he asked. “Not only are you capable of hacking into their databases, but you are also a direct line to Thor and his child.” He said.

“They will never let you live a normal life, even if you willingly return to them.” You wrapped your arms around your stomach. “Do you actually want to keep dancing on old men’s laps for dimes?” he asked. “Stay here. My house is not under surveillance, and there will always be enough time to hide should SHIELD agents come to visit.” He had finally looked up from his newspaper. “What do you think?”

“What about your staff...?” you asked.

“Former enemies of SHIELD. Even if they were bribed with double or triple the already good pay they receive from me, they would not snitch to SHIELD.” You eyed him for a moment,

“Why would you do this for me?” you asked.

“Because your story is intriguing. Because it takes an uncommon type of person to completely give themselves to another person who so obviously doesn’t want them...” Your mouth fell open slightly. “And it takes an even rarer type of person to create a child with and *for* someone who doesn’t want them.” You clenched your jaw, not even realising how badly you were trembling.

“I want my dog.” You said. “He won’t have been fed in however long it took you to get me here.” His eyes locked with yours, intrigued and assessing you,

“Deflecting-”

“I want my dog.” You insisted, your arms crossing over your body.

“I-”

“I. Want my dog.” Loki pursed his lips.

“The mongrel and all of your other belongings are already on their way here and should arrive by the afternoon.” Your brows furrowed. “Don’t look so surprised. I knew I would be more than capable of convincing you to stay.” He pointed in the direction of a dining room.

“Breakfast is in there.” He said coldly, a maid walking over to Loki to refill his teacup. “You

can do as you please, as long as you don't leave the grounds of the house." He said. You suppressed a sigh and slipped into the dining room without a word.

Platters of food were laid out over a large, heavy oak table, and you picked out a few items without really thinking. You could hear pots and dishes clanking, as well as hushed murmurs. Numerous eyes were on you even if you couldn't see them. The fact that the murmurs dropped down in volume as you came closer to the adjoining kitchen made you feel uneasy. They were talking about you; or at the very least saying something they didn't want you to hear. Biting your inner lip harshly, you finished gathering the morsels of food and retreated back up the stairs. You didn't want to be around Loki. You didn't want to be around *anyone*. In one night you went from being a prisoner whose cell was as large as the world, to a prisoner whose cell shrank to the size of one house, even if it were a large house, it was still smaller than the whole world. How could anyone actually expect you to acclimatise to the whole thing after one explanation, or at all really...? A soft sigh passed your lips as you made your way through the French doors of your room to a balcony.

The balcony, just as everything in the house, was huge. It was probably large enough to become another bedroom, and faced the ocean. This was the first time you realised the house was so close to the ocean. You heard and smelled it before, but you didn't expect to be able to jump from the balcony into the water. Had there not been several hundred feet to fall down a cliff face, you probably would have just to get away. You took a deep breath and closed your eyes, swaying slightly. The shade was cool, almost like the water, which told you that you were probably facing west, the house blocking out the sun. You turned back towards the house. From where you were standing you could see the sun through the third level of the monster of a house. It was almost completely glass, you see into the room - - which appeared to be a bedroom. A deep blush settled over your cheeks when you saw Loki stride up the stairs through the glass walls. *That* was Loki's room? Of course it was... Of course it was his room... It was wildly extravagant and ridiculous, poised atop everything else to hide his insecurities about his own inferiority. The heat on your cheeks deepened when Loki began undressing. You turned away and quickly retreated to one of the sun chairs in the far corner. You were almost sure you could feel Loki's gaze on you, but you truly hoped it wasn't... Hesitantly you turned to glance back at the room. Loki wasn't just getting undressed... he was *completely* naked. Why couldn't you turn your eyes away...? You had to look away... If he saw you looking at him, you would never hear the end of it... Somehow, by the grace of some entity, you were able to pull your gaze away. You kept your eyes locked on the ocean, entranced by sound and motion of the waves.

You honestly didn't know how long you stayed in the sun chair. You had managed to eat all of the food you'd acquired, and you had to pull out the retractable awning to protect yourself from the sun. You hadn't expected to be so drawn in by the ocean. Your sense of time was off, but you certainly could take in the things going on around you, the sun moving, the birds squawking, the tide coming in. The same maid that came to get you in the morning came to the room to retrieve you for dinner. You didn't move. You didn't want to move. You didn't want to have to put up with Loki, or the staff again. One of the other things you did notice was that no one arrived or left the house - - which meant your belongings probably hadn't arrived yet - - and neither had your dog... You retracted the awning once your surroundings turned from the sun and waves to the moon and stars. Sleep somehow managed to find you a while after midnight. The moon was high enough for you to see without looking in the

direction of Loki's room - - though it didn't stop you from seeing him in the process of screwing one of the maids. Luckily he activated something to black the windows out so you didn't have to see Loki having sex out of the corner of your eyes. The moon... the stars... constellations... You took it all in little by little until you found yourself dreaming of those same, shimmering and slowly moving stars...

The sound of a car door slamming reached your ears, waking you up with a shock. It took a moment to remember where you were. This was Loki's house, on a patio, in an uncomfortable sun chair. A soft huff left your lips as you sat up, your back muscles straining slightly. From the fact that the shadows around you were virtually non-existent, the sun must have been directly above you, you guessed it had to be *at least* lunchtime. The only reason you weren't afraid of getting burnt or skin cancer from the hours spent in the sun was because the awning was, for whatever reason, drawn forwards again. Had someone come into your room and covered you? For that matter why was there a blanket on you? Was it even right for you to be calling it *your* room? That last one wasn't something you needed to worry about right now. A child's laughter brought you away from the mystery of the awning and blanket and you looked over the guardrail of the balcony. What you saw surprised you, though it really shouldn't have...

It was Thor... He was trotting up the stone stairs and passed the gardens leading to the entranceway. Tears began to well in your eyes, something that had not happened for a *very* long time. You suddenly forgot all too quickly how to breathe. A young boy with golden blond hair ran after The God of Thunder, Jane trailing along after them both. Was that him? Was that your son...? Your hands began trembling. Oh God... they were here... They were literally one floor below you... Why were they here? Had Loki called them? Is that why they were there? You quickly moved to the entrance to the room and opened the door just enough to hear what was being said.

"Brother!" Thor boomed. You could have sworn you *heard* Loki roll his eyes. Then there was a sound you didn't expect. A dog bark. It must have been Samson.

"Uncle Loki got a dog!" a little boy exclaimed. *Your* little boy.

"Why would you get a dog? I thought you hated animals." Jane said.

"Oh, it was just one of the strays I picked up." Loki replied. The amused tone to his voice made the corner of your mouth quirk downwards slightly. Something told you he knew you were listening, and chose to phrase it like that as a jab at you for being a stray. "Why don't you go play with him while your Uncle and I talk?" Thor said. The boy began laughing, the sound coming louder and louder. Oh no... you had to hide... You quickly ducked behind the door, closing it a little more, though you still looked through the crack.

Samson bounded after the boy, his long, thick fur bouncing up and down, as they ran up the stairs; both stopping once they reached the top. Your son... he had Thor's wispy golden hair, but your skin tone and eye colour. You couldn't help but smile. He was adorable... He had Thor's smile... The boy trotted off down the hallway, starting to run around the doughnut shaped upper level. Samson stayed put and began sniffing the air before cautiously stepping forwards. The boy slowed down and turned watched him closely. Samson began sniffing at your door. Damn he found you... Of the three rooms on this side of the house, of course yours had to be the one right at the top of the stairs... The dog stopped for a moment, before

he almost seemed to smile and nudged the door open. You could have held it shut... but there was no point to it really. Samson was a Bernese mountain dog, and far stronger than you when he wanted to be. Immediately the large hairball jumped on you, licking your face and nuzzling into you. You couldn't help but giggle as you struggled to get the dog off of you.

"Is he your dog?" the boy asked. Oh shit. You'd completely forgotten he was there...

"I-uh... yes." You said, pushing the boofhead away softly so he was no longer breathing in your face. The boy smiled widely,

"What's his name?!" he yelled happily.

"Samson," the young boy stepped into the room and knelt down to stroke his fur.

"Why are you in Uncle Loki's house? You don't look like a maid." He said. Ah, observant... something Thor surely wasn't.

"I'm just staying here for a little while. Your uncle and I are friends."

"Uncle Loki has lots of lady friends. So many I forget their names..." he trailed off. "Will you be here next time we come to visit? I like Samson." He said.

"Probably... Why are you here to visit now?" His large eyes locked with yours.

"You're sad." He said innocently. You had to force a smile on your face.

"No, I'm just happy to see Samson, we've been apart for quite a while..." No... you hadn't seen *him* for years... Since the day you gave birth to him...

"My son! Come, we are leaving!" You heard Thor call from downstairs. You could hear his footsteps start up the stairs.

"You'd better go." You said, standing up before helping the boy up. He nodded and trotted out of the room happily. You closed the door almost all of the way, keeping it open just enough to peek out of.

"There's a lady in uncle Loki's house!" the boy insisted as his father reached the top of the stairs. Thor sighed,

"Really? Another one?" the older brother asked Loki as he quickly stepped up the stairs as well. From the crack in the door, you could see Loki glance in the direction of your door worry in his eyes, but upon realising Thor hadn't seen you he shrugged and subtly moved to stand in front of your door. "Yes, remember, your uncle has many lovely ladies who help him maintain the house." Thor said, clearly trying to come up with a semi-convincing lie.

"But she isn't a maid. She was wearing a nightie like mommy." Thor deadpanned at his brother.

"She was tired. So I let her sleep a little." Loki said as Thor took his son's hand and started moving down the stairs.

"Remember what I have told you." Thor said to Loki. This time you could see his eyes roll. The little boy turned back to you and smiled, waving as his father guided him away. You smiled slightly and waved from the crack in the door. Thor looked back in your direction, trying to see what his son was looking at. You darted behind the door. Hopefully you'd been quick enough to hide yourself before Thor saw you... The fact that Thor bid Loki farewell told you he hadn't seen you, *thankfully*. You sighed heavily, out of relief or sadness, you didn't know... however the half-suppressed sob made you think it was sadness.

"That is the most emotion I've seen from you since I've known you." Loki said, coming to rest his back against the edge of the entranceway, still watching Thor leave.

"I don't know what you're talking about..." you mumbled into the door.

"His name is Magnus." Your heart clenched. Magnus... Loki stood straight and headed off.

"Dinner will be at six o'clock today. I expect you'll actually show up this time." He disappeared down the stairs. You could feel your lower lip trembling, and sadness wash over you. You began to cry, tears falling uncontrollably, so much so that your ribs began to hurt

and your eyes were unable to dry out. You were crying... You thought it was physically impossible for you to ever cry like this again... but you were crying...

Chapter End Notes

Ehb deb flah... I don't know if I like this chapter... There isn't much Loki in it, I know, but I wanted to set the stage for everything, and that kind of required everything to be like this. I'm not sure if reader-chan's emotions are a little too haywire, and I'm afraid they might be... but eeeh... I don't know if I can change it really.

Please tell me what you think~! This is possibly another long series to take over from Give Me Love (but far more romantic-a-ful and fluffy ((but at the same time still angsty and feels-ie))).) as long as you all still like it. There will be lemons as well, don't worry about that. Just a little later on. Because honestly the title gives a lot away as to what kind of a story this is.

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