

Of All the Gin Joints in All the World

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Of All the Gin Joints in All the World

by [IBegToDreamAndDiffer](#)

Summary

Tony and Loki sleep together. Loki refuses to leave. Tony finds that he doesn't mind all that much. It's all very domestic.

Notes

Title: Of All The Gin Joints In All The World by Fall Out Boy

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Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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

Sex is great. Tony fucking *loves* sex. America's media can attest to that. It's the aftermath- the sort of downward spiral- that Tony hates. When the condom's off, the sweat is cooling, the muscles beginning to ache and the buzz wearing off... that's what Tony hates. Usually Tony's drunk, though, so he falls asleep only to wake up at ass o'clock and scuttle off to his workshop, working through his hangover with copious amounts of coffee and science binges. Back before their disastrous relationship, Pepper would kick out whatever beautiful person Tony had managed to talk into occupying his bed. Now JARVIS alerts Steve or Natasha or some other Avenger to the hapless person wandering around Tony's penthouse, and *they* walk the girl or guy or other out.

Hmm...

Well, this time Tony can't do any of that. He isn't drunk, for one, so there'll be no passing out for him. In fact, he hasn't had a drink all day. Weird. Also, the person currently occupying his bed is a former prince who was once hell-bent on global domination; someone who's hurt Tony and his team mates countless times in battles that Tony refuses to admit are awesome fun. Well, not aloud, anyway.

So, yes, no calling Steve or Natasha. They'll probably murder him. Torture him first, in Natasha's case. Actually, Steve will most likely give Tony that sad pout/disappointed look that's really fucking effective and makes Tony feel about three-years-old.

Also, no condom. Apparently gods can't contract human diseases. Small mercies.

'So...!' Tony hums into the quiet of the room. He turns, glances at his bedmate, who's looking far too satisfied with himself. He should be, Tony thinks. Tony's ass is gonna be sore for fucking *days*. 'What now?' Tony asks.

Loki hums slightly and shifts on the bed. They didn't get as far as pulling back the blankets, only ripping off clothes and tossing them aside. Tony still remembers how ridiculously gorgeous Loki looked in tight black jeans. 'I believe that you should rest, Stark,' Loki eventually says. 'I understand that you humans have weak stamina, and I want you to pleasure me again in half-an-hour. So sleep while you can, then I'll ride you into the bedding.'

Tony moans. Can you fucking blame him? Okay, so Loki's a super villain who likes throwing daggers and magic at people- Tony included- but he's also super fucking hot with legs and an ass to *die for*. Tony wants in that ass. Wants to bite it. Slap it. Maybe lick it. He's not about to turn that down!

'Right,' Tony says. 'So you have no plans on stabbing me until that happens?'

Loki chuckles and rolls over, showing off all that smooth, creamy skin, only faint bruises marring his shoulders from where Tony had clung on desperately. And even those are fading, right before Tony's eyes.

'I have no plans to slay you any time soon, Stark,' Loki said. 'You heroes are amusing, and you're rather good in bed.'

Tony's chest puffs out. Shut up, he's damn proud of his skills!

'I wish to have you again,' Loki states. 'And again, and again. I'll stop when I've had enough.'

'What about when *I've* had enough?' Tony asks.

Loki raises a perfectly manicured eyebrow, and Tony wonders if that's natural or if Loki gets his nails clipped, too. 'Have you had enough?'

'Hell no!' Tony couldn't have shouted fast enough, and Loki looks smug, the jackass.

'Good,' Loki says. Then he reaches out, pats Tony's hip, and says, 'Sleep. I'll wake you when I'm ready.'

Well then... that's that, Tony supposes.

{oOo}

Okay, so it happened like this; Tony had to get out of the Tower because Clint was nesting in the ceilings again, Bruce was mourning over some failed experiment, Natasha was trying to talk sense into Clint, Steve was drawing Clint in his natural habitat, and Thor was trying to bring Clint provisions in the form of chocolate pop-tarts.

So... yeah, Tony needed a break; one that didn't involve insane team mates, paperwork, or JARVIS locking him out of his workshop. So he'd called Happy, 'cause he planned on getting *very* drunk, and was dropped off at one of the smaller bars in Manhattan. He was still recognised, but by the time Tony got there most of the patrons were drunk and left him well enough alone.

Tony had just sat at the bar when Loki slid onto the stool beside him, casual as you please, and struck up a conversation about astrophysics like he and Tony *always* met up to discuss the known fucking galaxies.

Of course, Tony went with it. Liked it. Had fun, really. So much so that he didn't touch his drink, not even when the bar closed and he and everyone else were tossed out. Tony smuggled Loki into his car without any problem, and then found himself in his penthouse with a Loki in disguise. It was totally Loki's fault, the sex. When he'd morphed back into

himself, tight jeans and dress shirt included, he'd jumped Tony with his mouth and hands and... mouth. Tony went with it. Again. Loki was a good kisser. Good at blow jobs, too. Tony made a "silver tongue" joke and earned three fingers in his ass with very little prep, followed by something much longer and thicker.

And then... well, you know the rest. Now Tony's sitting in his little kitchen- still bigger than what most apartments will offer, but small considering that it's Tony Stark's kitchen. He barely uses it, so didn't design it all that well. Loki's across from him eating a bowl of grapes, sucking them from between his fingers and humming every so often.

Tony swallows thickly and chugs down his coffee, uncaring of the high temperature. He and Loki had fucked four- five?- times last night. And shared mutually satisfying blow jobs in the shower after they woke up. Tony *should* be set for a while.

Only Loki's still here. In Tony's kitchen. Eating his food.

'Why?' Tony asks out loud, and Loki glances up from the StarkPad he'd stolen from Tony's bedroom, one eyebrow rising. 'Are you still here,' Tony adds after clearing his throat.

Loki swallows his grape. 'So rude, Stark.'

'Hey, just asking, Rudolph,' Tony shrugs.

Loki rolls his eyes at the nickname, but says, 'I told you last night that I would leave when I was satisfied.'

Tony blinks. 'So... not satisfied?'

'No,' Loki says.

'Okay.' Tony... doesn't know what to do with that. 'So I'm just supposed to let you hang around until you're done with me?' he ventures.

'Or until I find someone better to occupy my bed, yes,' Loki nods.

'My bed,' Tony corrects, and earns a grape to the eye. He winces and Loki snickers, asshole. 'Whatever,' Tony mutters. 'I have genius to morph into physical form, so I'm gonna go to my workshop.'

'You do that,' Loki replies, attention already back on the StarkPad.

Tony hangs around in the doorway, eyeing Loki, but he doesn't appear to be in a smitey mood, so Tony shrugs and heads for the elevator. As soon as he's inside, JARVIS is all up in his business.

'J, I told you last night; it's fine.'

'Sir,' JARVIS replies, managing to inject both scorn and concern into his tone. '*May I remind you that Mr Laufeyson is-*'

'Evil, insane, dangerous, blah blah,' Tony cuts JARVIS off. 'I know, J, don't worry.'

'*I constantly worry for you, Sir,*' JARVIS drawls.

Tony laughs. 'I know. Just don't let anyone into the penthouse, okay? Not even Natasha or Pepper.'

'*Yes, Sir,*' JARVIS replies, but Tony can tell that he isn't happy about it. Tony didn't programme his AI to *feel* anything, and it's slightly disconcerting, but not enough for Tony to take a peek at JARVIS' hardware. If JARVIS wants to go all SkyNet and takeover-the-worldy, Tony won't stop him. JARVIS loves him.

With that in mind, and his muscles aching pleasantly, Tony whistles all the way down to his workshop.

{oOo}

Loki's still there when Tony returns roughly 32 hours later. Tony is tired and hungry and wired on caffeine. Steve had finally booted him from the lab, ordering rest and food, and Tony had whined and called Steve Mom a dozen times, but the super soldier was zero percent effected. So here Tony is, back in his penthouse, schematics still blurring his vision and hands twitching to wire something.

And there's Loki, on Tony's couch, lazily flipping through channels and wearing a pair of Tony's old sweats.

Well alrighty then.

'You hungry?' Tony asks as he flops onto the sofa beside Loki.

'You smell,' is Loki's greeting.

'Thanks, Dancer,' Tony replies, and Loki sighs. He doesn't promise bodily harm like he normally does when Tony calls him something reindeer-related, so Tony counts it as progress. 'Hungry?' he asks again.

'Indeed,' Loki replies. 'Buy me something,' he then *demands*, and Tony can see no reason not to, so orders enough pizza to feed a small army. Or a Thor. But Thor's not invited. He'd ruin this... whatever Tony and Loki are doing, with puppy dog eyes and wounded words. Thor's *really* good at puppy dog eyes. Better than a Labrador puppy.

They eat pizza and watch trashy TV which Loki seems to like. Tony finds an episode of some Gordon Ramsay show and he and Loki laugh along as the chef chews out absolutely

everybody he comes across. When Tony swallows his eighth piece of pizza, Loki suddenly mounts him, jams his tongue down Tony's throat, and his hand down Tony's pants.

Well okay then.

They fuck right there, Loki summoning lube from the bedroom, the Frost Giant then fucking himself down onto Tony's cock. He shouts Tony's last name and hisses when Tony hits his prostate and claws bloody red marks into Tony's chest, his stomach, around the arc reactor so as not to actually hurt Tony all that badly. Tony appreciates it, because though his scars have healed, they can still fucking hurt.

Tony comes with Loki's name on his lips, buried balls deep, and Loki watches with warm green eyes, then kisses Tony and drags him to the bedroom.

Tony isn't really sure how he got into this mess. He knows *what* happened, but not the why. Why did Loki jump him? Why was he still here? Why the fuck had he been in that bar in the first place?

But it's difficult to question anything- or think, really- when a gorgeous god has his head between your legs and his tongue in your ass.

Later, Tony decides, I'll ask later.

{oOo}

Tony doesn't ask. Loki doesn't leave. Well, he leaves to stage random attacks all across New York, and occasionally he'll pop off Midgard just to return with burnt armour and some type of plant. Once he returned with a dragon egg. A fucking *dragon egg*. When it hatched Tony named it Norbert. Loki didn't get the joke. Loki also didn't get that Tony couldn't keep a *mother fucking dragon* in his Tower. Loki put on a show of tears when he set Norbert free on some Realm Tony can't pronounce the name of. He then blamed Tony, saying he'd never forgive the mortal for making Loki give up their son.

What.

Besides those weird encounters, Tony's life is pretty normal, even with Loki. He still goes out on Iron Man missions. He still kicks ass with the Avengers. He builds new tech for his company, tries to weasel his way out of paperwork, and creates fucking awesome shit in his workshop.

In-between all that is dinner with Loki, conversations with Loki, and sex with Loki. Tony doesn't really notice that he stops bringing other people home. It happened once, but then Loki arrived and the poor girl was teleported to places unknown. Loki had promised Tony

that he hadn't hurt her, had wiped her mind, in fact, and for some reason Tony believed him. He was then fucked to within an inch of his life, so he adds jealous/possessive lover to the official "Things Loki Does That Shouldn't Turn Me On But Do" list in his head. There are a lot of bullet points on that list.

Tony stops drinking, because he can lose himself in Loki's body instead of in a bottle. He has an occasional glass, just because he likes the taste, but doesn't notice that he's not getting shit-faced every third day. The Avengers notice.

Bruce notices that Tony eats better. Steve notices that Tony starts keeping normal hours. Natasha notices that Tony's always happy. Clint notices that Tony's regularly fucking a man. He doesn't voice it, but gives Tony *looks* and wiggled eyebrows. Clint's a good bro.

Somehow almost three months pass and Loki's still there, apparently not satisfied. He and Tony have a routine and chat and fucking *share their feelings*. Tony doesn't really notice until Clint crashes in one morning- from the fucking air vent, the weirdo- to find Tony and Loki curled up on the couch together drinking coffee, eating cereal, and watching the morning news.

'I fucking knew it!' Clint declares after brushing plaster from his pants- he cracked the goddamn ceiling! Stupid bird.

'You did not!' Tony argues.

'Did,' Clint sniffs, looking highly pleased with himself and not at all murderous over *Loki* being wrapped around Tony. 'Loki totally stares at your ass in our fights. He healed you four weeks ago when a Doombot hit you, but you didn't report it. Last week he let those lizard things out and sat eating blueberries. I went searching for the bag and it's that pricey shit you buy. Also, I saw you two making out in a bar last month.'

Tony blinks rapidly. Loki does, too. Tony is sure that neither of them expected this. Clint's reaction is... worrisome.

'Are you alright, Clint?' Tony asks.

Clint rolls his eyes and folds his arms, looking like an exasperated parent. Or an annoyed bro. 'Tony, honestly, man, it's stupid to even *think* about talking you out of anything. I don't like Loki, but you clearly do, so I'm not even gonna bother. You're not dead yet and Loki hasn't killed anyone since his return, so...'

He trails off and Tony blinks again. 'I don't like Loki!' he denies, and his fucking face heats up, and Clint fucking smirks, and Loki fucking *laughs*. Fuckers, both of them. 'Fuck you!' Yeah, that totally showed them.

'Whatever,' Clint dismisses. Then he looks at Loki. 'I've still got an arrow with your name on it. You ever wanna spar, join me in the gym.'

'I look forward to it, Tweety Bird,' Loki replies. Tony recently got him into Looney Tunes. He's glad that Loki's been paying attention.

'Whatever,' Clint repeats and heads for the elevator. 'When you decide to give up the farce of still being the bad guy, give us a call.'

With that he's gone, and Loki throws his book at the window, cracking the glass, overturns the couch with Tony on it, then fucks Tony against said couch. Tony's still not sure what happened. He's not complaining, though.

{oOo}

Bruce finds out next. It's mostly Tony's fault. Or Loki's. Well, both their faults; Loki wanted to fuck in the medbay after healing Tony from a rather viscous arm wound, and Tony let him. So Bruce walking in on Loki holding Tony up against the wall, cock still in him and green eyes dark, is both their faults.

Bruce sighs and takes his glasses off, rubbing his eyes. 'Tony, if you're going to continue sleeping with Loki, please don't do it here. I *work* in here.'

Tony stares at him, then licks his lips. 'Uh... how do you know this isn't the first time?'

Bruce rolls his eyes and gives Tony a *look*, like Tony's an idiot or something, and Tony would take offence to that- he's never been called an idiot in his life!- but it's difficult when Loki's pressing maddeningly against his prostate and digging his nails into Tony's ass.

'You flirt during fights, Loki heals you an awful lot, and during our last fight he was wearing your AC/DC shirt under his coat,' Bruce rattles off.

Ah.

'Okay,' Tony says.

'Shall we leave?' is Loki's offer, and Bruce nods, then waves a dismissive hand and ambles over to his desk.

'I assume you healed Tony like you always do, so just call me if he suddenly dies or something,' Bruce says.

Loki scowls darkly at that, but then suddenly Tony's back is hitting his bed, and Loki is fucking into him deep. His brain quickly turns to mush as Loki brings him to one of the best climaxes of his life.

'Bruce knows,' Tony breathes, and Loki bites him. 'Ah, you *bitch!*' Tony huffs.

Loki glares up at him. 'Say another man's name while I'm between your legs and I will dislocate your shoulder.'

Tony hums. 'What if you're on my dick and I say another guy's name?'

Loki flips Tony over and fucks him right into another orgasm. It takes thirty minutes and Tony needs medical cream- from Bruce- afterwards, but Tony totally still thinks it was worth it. Loki smirks smugly for ages afterwards, and Tony can't help but kiss him. It's nice, Tony thinks, and warm. He could really get used to this.

He already has. So has Loki. They just don't know it yet.

{oOo}

Tony's showing Loki the awesomeness that is *Star Wars* when Steve and Natasha burst in. Well, they don't burst in so much as wander in, sit on arm chairs opposite each other, and start watching *The Empire Strikes Back*. Tony is tense, and Loki goes still when Steve reaches for the popcorn.

After ten whole minutes of silence, Tony asks, 'Clint or Bruce?'

'Both,' Steve says.

'But we already knew,' Natasha adds.

'I suspected,' Steve corrects. 'But then I asked Natasha and she confirmed it.'

'We figured we'd come up so you can drop the charade,' Natasha says and turns to Tony and Loki. She raises one red eyebrow, like Loki does, and Tony sulks; he wishes he could do that. 'Are you still the bad guy?' she asks Loki.

Loki actually pauses at that, and Tony's eyes widen when he realises that Loki is actually fucking *thinking*. Like he isn't sure any more. Like him and Tony fucking has somehow pulled him from the Dark Side.

'I don't believe so,' Loki eventually offers, and Tony almost falls off the couch. 'However, I refuse to join your little group, and I refuse to help SHIELD.'

'What if it helps Tony?' Natasha asks.

'I will always help Anthony,' Loki replies immediately, like it's a given *fact*, and Tony wonders when Loki went from calling him Stark to Anthony, and when he got used to it.

'I thought so,' Natasha says, looking smug. Tony doesn't understand that look. He's not sure he wants to.

They fall into silence, and Loki eventually relaxes- Tony, too. Loki wraps an arm around Tony and tugs him so Tony's curled up against him, like usual. Tony only realises how domestic and couple-y it is when Steve smiles warmly at him and Natasha smirks.

Okay, when did he and Loki go from “enemies-with-benefits” to “in-love-couple”?

Tony laughs. They all ignore him. Okay, so *maybe* he and Loki are in a relationship, but they aren't in love. Loki still likes throwing things at him and Tony still sleeps with other people... okay, so he will, eventually, when he and Loki stop fucking. Tony can totally go back to mortals after Loki. He's fine, they're fine. They're *not* in love.

{oOo}

Tony realises he's in love with Loki exactly six days later. It's during a fight with Doom, and Tony had caught glimpses of Loki during the battle. The Trickster stayed out of it, just sitting on various rooftops with a bucket of butter popcorn, laughing when Clint and Thor got hit, scowling when Tony did, and teleporting to high five Natasha when she ripped a bot apart.

Then five Doombots attached themselves to Tony and exploded, taking half of Tony's armour with them. Loki's scream was loud in his ears for some reason, but Tony wasn't all that coherent until he felt the familiar, sickening wash of healing magic spread through him. Then he was meeting Loki's *terrified* green eyes, and realised that Loki was clutching his hand and clawing at his chest; checking the arc reactor, making sure Tony was alive.

'Damn,' Tony croaks.

'Are you well?' Loki demands, and how did Tony miss this? The warmth and worry and... and *everything*?

'I love you,' Tony declares to Loki, and his team mates, who've all congregated around him. Nobody but Thor looks surprised.

Loki laughs, but it's soft, broken, and Tony squeezes his hand. 'I love you too, you insufferable idiot.'

Tony grins and Loki kisses him, like Tony knew he would. Then Loki teleports them to Tony's workshop, and helps Tony get out of his suit. After that he makes Tony soup and hugs him as he eats, fluffs his pillows, presses kisses into his hair.

Tony's totally gone. But so's Loki.

{oOo}

Thor corners him the next day. Tony needs food, Loki's refusing takeaway, so Tony's raiding Steve's kitchen.

'Tony!' Thor calls, and Tony yelps, drops the bag of chips, and makes himself small. Thor frowns. 'Are you not sufficiently recovered from yesterday's battle?' he questions. He's... worried?

'Er... yes?' Tony tries.

Thor nods. 'Good! That's good.'

'Yeah, it's... good,' Tony agrees. 'Uh... I'm confused.'

Thor frowns again. 'Why is that, my friend?'

'Well, I, um... I'm having sex with your brother,' Tony says, because, *hello!* How has Thor not figured that out? Or maybe he has. Maybe this is all a trick and Tony's about to die wearing Spider-Man boxers and a *Black Sabbath* t-shirt.

'I am aware,' Thor says, and the fucker sounds *amused*. It's official; Tony has gone insane. So he laughs and picks up the chips and goes back to ransacking Steve's cupboards. And his fridge. There's some lasagna in there, Tony just knows it.

'Are you happy with my brother, Stark?' Thor asks from behind him.

'Yeah,' Tony says without turning around.

'And you love him?' is Thor's next question.

'Duh,' Tony snorts. 'I said that, remember?'

'Aye,' Thor agrees. 'But my brother plays many tricks, Man of Iron.'

Tony snaps at that. 'Hey, Loki's an asshole, but he wouldn't lie about *love!* You of all people should know that, Thor! Loki's been used and abused his entire life, can you blame him for wanting to cling to whatever love he can find? Even if it's with a supposed enemy?!!'

Tony isn't really sure what he was trying to accomplish with his little speech, but it leaves Thor stunned, so he counts it as a win. He then loads his arms with food and makes his escape, but not before Thor calls after him.

'Treat my brother well, Anthony,' he says as Tony gets into the elevator. 'You are right; he needs love.'

The doors close before Thor can say anything else.

{oOo}

Tony isn't really sure how this all came about. A few months ago- nine, Loki told him a few minute sago- he was a playboy getting drunk every other day and screwing around in his workshop. Now he eats three meals a day, barely drinks, and is in a committed, functioning relationship.

Tony rolls over in bed to survey Loki. The god is dressed in sweats and a sweater, knees drawn up and duvet pooling at his waist. He has a StarkPad on his lap and doesn't look up, but does raise an eyebrow when he realises that Tony's looking at him.

'Did you seduce me and plan this?' Tony asks bluntly.

Loki snorts. 'I did not love you before we started having sex, if that's what you mean. My feelings for you changed gradually, like I'm assuming yours did.'

'Uh... yeah, it was something like that,' Tony agrees and rolls back over.

Loki sighs and turns the Pad off, puts it aside and then scoots over to wrap himself around Tony. 'What is troubling you?' he asks.

'Nothing, really,' Tony admits. 'It's just weird... *us*.'

'Is it?' Loki questions. 'We are very much alike. Thor, and even your team mates, have remarked upon it.'

'Yeah,' Tony agrees, 'but I didn't think we'd end up a couple and have a routine and not have sex every night.'

'You are human and fragile,' Loki says, which makes Tony huff. Loki sooths it with a kiss that's sweet, not passionate, but Tony can feel everything Loki feels through the brief touch of their lips.

Wow. He's in *really* deep. And so's Loki.

They still have to tell SHIELD. Tony can't wait to see the look on Fury's face.

'I'm a terrible, terrible person,' he muses, and Loki snorts.

'Shall I punish you?' he asks.

'I didn't expect my friends to take this so well,' Tony says instead of replying.

'Neither did I,' Loki agrees. 'However, as the Bird said, they know you well; it would be foolish to talk you out of something you have set your mind and heart on.'

'I hadn't set my heart on you then,' Tony denies, but Loki smirks.

'Hadn't you?' he counters, eyebrow up, smirk still on his lips.

Tony groans and punches Loki in the stomach. The bastard doesn't even grunt. 'I hate you,' he declares.

'You love me,' Loki teases and kisses him again. This one has tongue and teeth and gets Tony all hot and bothered. Loki then sits up to straddle Tony's lap. He tugs his sweater off and smiles down at Tony.

'Yeah,' Tony agrees, a smile of his own tugging at his lips. 'But you do, too.'

'Quiet now,' Loki declares and swoops down to steal Tony's breath. That's not all he's stolen. But Tony's not complaining. He never will.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: It's almost seven am and I'd planned to go to sleep half-an-hour ago. Instead I wrote this, reviewed it once, and am now posting it.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Tony's supposed to be doing paperwork. But that's boring, so instead he's alternating between showing Loki different digital texts on astrophysics and making out with him. The Trickster seems particularly interested in the interstellar medium, but he keeps rambling about magic and physics and dust particles, so Tony shuts him up. With his mouth. Sometimes his fingers. And one particularly interesting time, he used a pillow, a bottle of oil, and a poptart. Thor almost walked in on that one, but Loki teleported them to the bedroom just before the blonde god stumbled upon them. Tony didn't want to think about Thor possibly losing his love of poptarts.

Anyway, so Tony's got Loki splayed out over the couch in his office, the mage's shirt somewhere in the corner, and Loki's hands pushed up under Tony's. Tony's jeans were unbuttoned however long ago, and for all his familiarity with Loki's body and clothing, Tony can never manage to get Loki's Asgardian pants open. There are no buttons, no ropes, just layers and fucking layers that Tony curses as he fumbles for a flap or latch or fucking *something*.

'You gotta start wearing jeans more often,' Tony growls against Loki's jaw, and bites the smooth, pale skin when Loki laughs at him.

'I shall wear what I want, when I want,' Loki replies, which Tony should have expected. They love each other, yes, and Loki's no longer a criminal (*technically*), but Loki's still a god and a prima donna and loves ordering Tony- and the other Avengers- around every goddamn day. But he gives Tony very nice blow jobs, so Tony usually doesn't mind.

'Goddamn it!' Tony snaps and pulls back.

Smirking, Loki pushes Tony a bit further down, so Tony's straddling his thighs instead of his hips, and slips his own fingers beneath the hem of his leather trousers.

That's as far as he gets, though, before he suddenly rolls over, flinging Tony and himself onto the floor.

'What the hell!' Tony growls when he's rolled to a stop. Now his arm hurts, and his head is thumping slightly, but Loki doesn't seem to care. He's already on his feet, standing tall, eyes narrowed on the door. 'Loki?'

The door opens before Loki can reply, and Tony twists slightly to see who's decided to barge in and ruin happy naked time.

Pepper.

Tony blinks rapidly, and Pepper blinks back. She slowly takes in Tony's ruffled state- nothing she hasn't seen before- and then her eyes flick up to Loki. They widen comically, and Tony would laugh if Pepper didn't then drop her armful of folders and back into the door frame.

'Shit,' Tony grunts and scrambles to his feet.

'Tony, you'd better tell me what the hell Loki's doing here before I scream!' Pepper orders, eyes not leaving Loki. 'I have pepper spray and I know how to use it!' she threatens. Loki raises an eyebrow, looking amused rather than fearful.

Right, Tony had forgotten to tell Pepper. He's been dating Loki for a good ten, eleven months now. Wow, almost a whole year. Go them. Tony had just thought that... well, someone *else* would tell Pepper. Like Natasha or Clint or even Steve. Don't any of them have lunch together and chat about Tony's less than stellar habits? He knows that Pepper and Natasha used to. Maybe they had a falling out.

'Tony!' Pepper snaps.

'Calm your woman before I make her,' Loki orders.

'Hey, nobody's making anyone do anything!' Tony says, raising his hands to try and calm them both down.

Loki's eyebrow creeps back up, and Pepper scowls at him.

'Tell me what's going on, *now* ,' she growls.

'Okay, okay,' Tony says before rubbing a hand through his hair. 'So, uh... Pepper, you know Loki, right?' She is so very *unamused* . 'Right,' Tony continues blithely, 'so I'm dating Loki, and we've exchanged "I-love-you"s, and Loki pretty much lives here now, and he's stopped trying to destroy New York every other week.'

Pepper stares at him. 'You can't be serious.' Tony just nods. 'Last week he covered Central Park in marshmallows!' Pepper snaps.

'Well, yeah, but that was mischief. Not really evil, right?' he says, and Pepper's scowl darkens. Wow, she looks *angry* . Why couldn't Natasha have told her? 'I wanted smores,' Tony admits, 'and Loki offered to get me some. I didn't realise that he'd then cover Central Park in marshmallows. But hey, no harm, right?'

He grins charmingly- Pepper doesn't fall for it, she's totally immune.

'Well, he cleaned it up after a few hours!' Tony tries. Loki had only cleaned them up after watching Thor eat about four hundred marshmallows and then get violently ill. Nobody wanted to deal with a sick god. Especially a sick god who'd never actually been sick before and had then proceeded to cry and try and leave his assets to his exasperated brother.

Suddenly Pepper closes her eyes. 'You know what?' she says and breathes in and out deeply, a few times, before opening her eyes again. 'I've dealt with weirder stuff than you sleeping with a terrorist.'

'I prefer "super villain",' Loki says, and smiles brightly when Pepper glares at him. 'I am, however, no longer a super villain.'

'Oh, aren't you?' Pepper huffs. She folds her arms over her blouse and suit jacket. 'What are you, then?'

'The very bored lover of Anthony Stark who is going to destroy something if he isn't entertained,' Loki replies immediately. He then turns his bright green eyes on Tony, and Tony knows that look. It promises destruction to his clothing if Loki isn't properly fucked to his satisfaction. Loki only ever threatens to destroy stuff that Tony can easily replace, though, just like Tony threatens to put Loki's armour on and prance about with Clint. He gave Loki's helmet to Clint, once, and Loki sulked for an entire week. He'd also cut Tony off, so it's not something that Tony wants to repeat.

'Uh...' is all Tony has.

'You have paperwork, Tony,' Pepper scowls and bends to pick up her dropped folders. A few papers have come free, but Pepper's efficient and soon has everything back together reasonably neatly. Loki groans and flops onto the couch dramatically, beautiful body all stretched out and *there*. Tony's eyes are on him in a second. 'Tony,' Pepper repeats and taps his forehead, drawing his attention after a beat.

'What?'

'Paperwork,' Pepper states.

'But *Moom*,' Tony whines- the tone he uses especially for Pepper and Steve. It makes them both roll their eyes, sigh, and look at him like he's a toddler.

'I am bored, Stark!' Loki snaps imperiously.

'I have homework,' Tony pouts.

Loki scowls at him and summons his StarkPad. He shifts to lounge against one of the arms of the couch, ankles crossed over the other, and proceeds to ignore Tony completely.

Tony's pout deepens. He's been out of the Tower a lot recently, mostly on Avengers-related missions, which meant leaving Loki in a cold bed with nobody to cuddle. The Jötunn's a total cuddler, even though he denies it every time Tony brings it up. Tony doesn't know why; cuddly Loki is awesome.

'Tony!' Pepper snaps and Tony races to the desk, falling into the chair behind it and beaming up at Pepper. She sighs lightly and starts setting more paper out for Tony to look over and sign.

Tony glances down at it all, and wonders why his company hasn't moved on to digital documents; much easier to read, and it saves trees. Trees are important, right?

'You only have to sign a few dozen- and read them *thoroughly*,' Pepper adds when Tony goes to sign something without even looking. 'Then you can go back to... whatever it is you were

doing.'

'Sex,' Loki states without looking at them.

Pepper pinches the bridge of her nose, but then moves on.

They work in silence for a few minutes; Tony glances up to see that Loki's once more absorbed with his StarkPad, and Pepper's quite happy to hand Tony papers quietly as long as he signs them.

'So...!' Tony starts slowly, trying not to catch Loki's attention; the Trickster doesn't even look up.

'So?' Pepper echoes.

'How do you, uh... feel?' Tony ventures.

Pepper raises an eyebrow, but her eyes are on the document Tony should be reading. 'About?'

'Me and Loki,' Tony says.

'Mm,' Pepper hums. 'You know, now that I've thought about it, it isn't that surprising.'

Tony blinks. 'It isn't?' When Pepper shakes her head, Tony asks, 'Why?'

Seriously, though, why does *everybody* keep saying that?

'It's just...' she sighs, though it's more of a thinking sound than an exasperated one. 'After we broke up,' she says, 'and we started getting back to how we were, you... talked about him. A lot.'

'I did?' Tony questions, and Pepper nods. 'Huh.'

'And I mean *a lot*, Tony,' Pepper continues, now sounding amused. 'You were always talking about his magic and his brain and how beautiful it would be if he wasn't evil.'

'I did?' Tony repeats.

Pepper laughs softly. 'I knew you were attracted to him- I've seen some of the SHIELD reports, and apparently you leered at him a good bit.' Tony flushes- but only slightly. He knows he leered at Loki a lot, both before and after they started sleeping together, so... yup, nothing to be embarrassed about, right? 'From what I know of Loki,' Pepper says, 'and granted, that's very little, he's a lot like you.'

'Yeah,' Tony agrees, 'Thor's mentioned that.'

'It makes sense,' Pepper nods, 'now that I've thought about it. You're very... compatible. And volatile, but in a good way.'

'How?'

'You just are,' Pepper shrugs. 'Don't question me, Mr Stark.'

Tony puts a hand to his chest. 'As if I ever would, Ms Potts,' he says and signs another document with a flourish. Pepper shakes her head, but she's smiling as she slide him another paper.

They fall back into silence, and with Pepper's softly spoken threats and jabs to his ribs, Tony signs all the paperwork. He throws his pen across the room when he's done, and Pepper glares at him but doesn't bother commenting; she's put up with his behaviour for too many years to really be surprised.

Tony stretches and groans and glances over at Loki. His StarkPad is on the floor, and he's lying stretched out across the couch, head pillowed on the arm rest and eyes on the ceiling. When Pepper puts all the files away and makes to leave, Loki stands suddenly and blocks her exit.

Tony admires Pepper's strength, because she just looks at Loki, entirely unaffected, and asks, 'Can I help you?'

Loki tilts his head. 'You dated Tony before I did.'

'Yes,' Pepper agrees.

'Why did you stop seeing each other?'

Tony stands quickly. He's mentioned his past relationship with Pepper to Loki, but it hasn't really come up all that much. Loki tends to get very jealous when anyone even *hints* at wanting to sleep with Tony, which is why Tony hasn't taken him out in public yet. People are always fawning all over Tony because of his fame; Loki'd end up murdering someone ten minutes after stepping outside the Tower. Well, there's that and the fact that, as far as the world- and SHIELD- know, Loki's still the bad guy.

'We... didn't work out,' Pepper says slowly. 'We're too different. We couldn't be what the other needed. I still love him, and I always will.'

'You can't have him,' Loki states and Pepper just continues to stare. 'He's mine and I don't share.'

'Okay,' Pepper hums, looking amused. 'I don't want him, just for the record.'

Loki scowls. 'Why not?'

'Because,' is all Pepper says, and she then steps around him and leaves.

Loki twists to watch her go, and as she disappears through the door he snaps, 'Good, because he's mine!' but Pepper walks away without a backwards glance.

'What the hell was that?' Tony asks.

Loki scowls and the next thing Tony knows he's on his back, on the couch, with a very jealous Norse God between his legs.

'Not that I'm complaining...!' Tony begins, but his words turn into a moan when Loki bites his neck.

'She can't have you,' Loki mumbles.

'She doesn't want me,' Tony replies, which earns him another bite. ' I don't want *her*. Not any more,' Tony continues. He threads his fingers through Loki's tousled black hair and tugs sharply, making Loki lean up to meet his eyes. 'I only want *you* , you idiot.'

Loki's eyes narrow. 'You know what happens when you insult me, Anthony.'

Tony grins. Oh, *yeah* . He's looking forward to it.

{oOo}

Tony swears that Coulson's a ninja, because one minute he's just *there* . Loki's a ninja, too, because he's clearly not surprised or bothered in the slightest. He just continues to sip his tea and flick through one of the paperback novels Tony recently bought him- and by that he means that Loki stole his credit card, hopped online, and bought about eight hundred dollars worth of books. It was totally worth it, though, especially when Loki woke Tony up at four am in tears because Hedwig had died. Teary Loki was adorable (Loki had fucked him for a good long hour afterwards, but Tony still didn't see it as a punishment).

'Can we help you, Agent Coulson?' Loki asks after about three minutes without looking up, his tone pleasant; friendly, even.

Coulson stares at him. 'No,' he says, then sits on the other lounge, folding one leg over the other. He has folders with him, and Tony shivers- *paperwork is evil* - but they don't seem to be for Tony, so Tony doesn't run. He just eases back into the couch, going back to drawing new suit designs on his tablet.

Terminator 2 continues to play on the flatscreen TV (Loki's trying to convince JARVIS to take over the world, but so far JARVIS has remained strong) and Coulson fixes his eyes on it, ignoring the couple completely.

It's weird. Tony still hasn't told SHIELD that he's in a relationship with Loki. The Avengers know and are okay with it- even Clint, but that's because he uses Loki as target practice and Loki goes along with it. Tony would have expected Coulson to call in the cavalry and try and lock Loki up. And then Tony, too, for harbouring a criminal and fraternising with one. But,

no. Coulson just sits there, all calm and collected like the weirdo robot he is, watching Arnold Schwarzenegger try and protect John Connor.

'Is there a reason you're here?' Tony finally snaps and asks, because it's fucking *weird*.

'Yes,' Coulson states.

Tony scowls and Loki pats his thigh. 'There, there, love.'

'You call each other love?' Coulson questions, and Tony looks up. Coulson's turned to look at them, his eyebrows furrowed slightly, which is the most emotion Tony's ever seen on his face. He's still sure that Coulson's a robot, though, especially after surviving Loki's attack.

Tony supposes that he and Loki must make a sight for anyone who doesn't live in the Tower. Tony's pushed up against one of the armrests, and Loki's between his legs, back against Tony's chest and arms on his thighs, using them to prop his book and tea up. They're both dressed in jeans and t-shirts for a casual, lazy day.

'No, seriously, why aren't you freaking out?' Tony demands.

Coulson hums and seems to think about it a bit, his eyes going back to the TV.

'He could have killed me, but the wound was minor, really, so I don't care one way or another about Loki. Well,' Coulson swiftly amends, 'I'll care if he starts hurting people again. But he hasn't killed anyone since escaping Asgard, and he was only personally responsible for about a dozen deaths the first time around. Most of his latest attacks have been more mischievous than destructive.' He turns to glance between Loki and Tony. 'Is that because of you?' he asks Tony.

'Anthony has no say in what I do,' Loki states, and Coulson snorts.

'If you're calling him Anthony, than he probably does.'

Loki scowls. 'Stark has never asked me to stop being who I am.'

'And he never would,' Coulson says.

Tony shifts slightly, but doesn't interrupt. He will say this about SHIELD; they've never tried to outright change who he is. They try to curb his more destructive behaviour, and they'll step in if he crosses a line- like when he was dying- but they've never tried to change him.

Tony's always appreciated that, because he's never liked people who try to change others. He's always thought that people should be true to who they are as long as they're not maliciously hurting anyone. Like Bruce being the Hulk; it's who he is, why should he deny it or try to change it? If Tony can accept the Other Guy, than he can accept Loki for who *he* is. Besides, he *likes* who Loki is. Being chaotic is part of Loki's charm. At least to Tony.

'Stark accepting you for you,' Coulson continues, apparently reading Tony's thoughts, 'is probably a big part of why you're with him, and why your more recent excursions have been troubling instead of really dangerous.'

Loki's scowl darkens, but Tony wraps himself firmly around the god. Loki tends to relax if Tony's in bodily contact. Thor told him that it was because Loki subconsciously would never hurt Tony; he's very aware of how delicate, at least to a god, Tony is. Tony doesn't know if that's true or not, but it tends to work, and it does again; Loki relaxes immediately and leans back, though his eyes don't leave Coulson's.

'Just for that I'm going to put my armour on and set something on fire,' Loki declares. 'Perhaps four somethings. Or an entire building. The Statue of Liberty would look better with a real flame, yes?'

Tony pats Loki's belly. 'You were gonna go to *Álfheimr*, remember?' he says, screwing up the pronunciation just a tad. 'You wanted to visit an old friend.'

Loki hums at that and leans further back into Tony, the action drawing Coulson's attention. 'Indeed,' is all Loki says.

'So maybe set the Statue of Liberty on fire when you get back,' Tony suggests.

It won't happen. Loki has been planning a three week trip to *Álfheimr* for a couple of days now, and when he gets back he and Tony will most likely lock themselves in their bedroom for a few days. After that something else will grab Loki's attention, and he'll forget about setting fire to anything unless someone reminds him. It's a little trick that Thor taught Tony; like Tony, Loki has to be constantly stimulated, his brain needing something new to work on every other day. He goes through projects as quickly as Tony does.

'Mm,' Loki hums, but his eyes are focused on the wall, his mind elsewhere; on *Álfheimr*, probably, thinking about his friend and what they'll get up to.

Suddenly Tony sits up quickly, and Loki glances around at him. 'Wait, who's this friend you're going to see?' he demands.

Loki's eyebrows rise, but he says, 'A very old friend. We met the first time I travelled to *Álfheimr* with my mother.'

'Who?' Tony asks again.

'Carrak,' Loki says, which of *course* doesn't help Tony, because who the fuck is Carrak? 'He is an elf, and an old friend, as well as a mage like myself,' Loki explains. 'We haven't spoken in over two hundred years. It will be good to catch up with him.'

Loki's tone is all warm and happy and it pisses Tony off. 'Okay...' he says, and Loki looks at him again. 'So, um... just how *good* a friend is this Carrak?'

Coulson apparently realises what Tony's getting at the same time that Loki does, because he snorts when Loki chuckles.

'Jealous, Anthony?' Loki purrs.

'No,' Tony huffs. Not *jealous*, exactly, because it's not like he'll ever meet this Carrak. Maybe... annoyed? Worried?

'There is no reason to be worried,' Loki says and Tony eyes him carefully. 'When I am in a relationship I am faithful,' Loki adds. 'I would never betray your trust like that.'

Tony scowls and Loki leans across to kiss him, all gentle lips and teasing tongue with makes Tony melt.

'Do you trust me, Anthony?' Loki asks when they break apart slightly.

Tony blinks his eyes open to find Loki's already on him. They're warm, but there's a spark of worry; a very small, very desperate need for Tony to say yes. Because people rarely ever trust Loki. Hell, *nobody* does after Loki's very recent attempts at genocide and global domination.

But Tony isn't them. He's Tony Stark and he *knows* Loki.

'Yes,' he says, barely any hesitation, and Loki stares at him. 'Of course I trust you,' he states, like it's a *fact*, because it fucking well is and Tony wants Loki to know it.

Loki smiles in satisfaction- and in relief, but it's gone very quickly, hidden behind masks built over millennia. 'Good,' Loki says and kisses him again.

'Well,' Coulson interrupts, reminding Tony that, oh, yeah, they have company. He's sliding a cellphone into his pocket- *Blackberry*, Tony notes with a scowl- and smiles at them both as he stands. 'Captain Rogers isn't going to be back for an hour, so I'll come back then.'

'Feel free to never come back at all,' Loki drawls, and Tony laughs into his shoulder.

'As always, Mr Laufeyson, it was a pleasure,' Coulson replies without a hint of annoyance. He then nods at Tony. 'Mr Stark.'

'Wait!' Tony says, and Coulson pauses before them. 'What about the whole Loki thing?' Tony asks.

Coulson tilts his head to regard the two before smiling slightly. 'Officially, I didn't see anything,' he states, 'therefore, I don't have to report it. However,' here he looks more serious, and Tony and Loki stare at him, 'if Loki goes back to his old ways I'll report him and come after him with a bigger gun than the last one I used.'

'I quite liked that weapon,' Loki muses. 'Something larger might *just* be effective against me.'

'Let's hope we never have to find out,' Coulson says, looking amused. He then nods again to the two and leaves, JARVIS informing them when he's left the building.

'I like him,' Loki says, 'I'm glad I didn't kill him when I had the chance.'

'Yeah,' Tony decides, 'I like him, too.' He and Coulson are nowhere near close, but he's a pretty cool guy, and he *did* go face-to-face with Loki knowing what Loki was and how many people he'd killed. Guy's got balls. 'Now we just have to deal with Fury,' Tony quips.

'I still think that I should inform him with confetti and a banner.'

Tony sighs and, for the fiftieth time, tries to explain to Loki why teleporting onto a flying boat that houses hundreds of armed agents is a *bad* idea.

{oOo}

'You are one stupid motherfucker, do you know that?!' Fury *roars* as he storms into Tony's hospital room. Well, Tony's not sure it's *technically* a hospital room, seeing as how it's on the Helicarrier. Helicarrier room? Whatever, Tony's doped up on the good stuff. Normally he'd fight tooth and claw to go to a hospital over any SHIELD facility, but he'd been unconscious and Steve had called the shots.

Loki hadn't heard about the attack until two days after it when he'd returned from Álfheimr. He'd popped onto the Helicarrier as soon as he'd tracked Tony down. He'd quickly healed Tony, which Tony appreciated, because a fractured femur, six broken ribs, a dislocated shoulder, a broken ankle, six gashes ranging from one to three inches deep, and a concussion really, really sucked. But Tony was all better now, and Fury was killing his buzz.

'*What ?*' Tony whines when the Director stomps in. 'Loki, make the mean pirate captain leave.'

Loki smiles in amusement. He hasn't had a chance to really see Tony this out of it, because he's been healing Tony's wounds since they started dating, making Midgardian drugs unnecessary. Tony's currently got morphine and probably a dozen other drugs in his system, which are making him giggly and loopy and generally just *really* high.

'When the hell were you gonna tell me you're screwing the enemy?' Fury demands in his no-nonsense, I'm-super-pissed-off-at-you voice, which makes baby agents cower in terror, but Tony Stark laugh. Except he's drugged up, so he more giggles than anything, burying his face in Loki's stomach and shaking.

Loki tuts and runs his fingers through Tony's hair, apparently not at all concerned about Fury's presence.

'Well?' Fury demands when Tony just laughs for a good minute and a half.

'Uh... what was the question?' Tony asks, trying to sit up. He fails and Loki has to prop him up, which makes Tony hum and nuzzle his neck. 'You're nice and cold,' he mumbles.

'Frost Giant,' Loki replies.

'Mm...'

'STARK!' Fury bellows.

'Sir, yes, sir?' Tony replies, which makes Fury sigh and rub his good eye.

'What the hell are you doing?' Fury asks.

'Uh... cuddling my boyfriend?' Tony ventures. Fury scowls at him. 'Sitting? Lying down? Recovering from Doom's attack?'

'It was Victor?' Loki asks, and Tony turns to nod at him, which makes Loki scowl. 'I will have words with him.'

'Aww,' Tony grins, 'are you gonna beat him up for hurting me?'

Loki smiles softly and cups Tony's cheek, his thumb smoothing over Tony's stubble. 'Nobody is allowed to touch what belongs to me,' he says.

'Son of a bitch,' Fury groans, and he sounds like he's at the end of his rope. 'Just how goddamn long has this been going on?'

Tony blinks at him as he works out the answer- math is harder when you're high!- but Loki answers before he can; 'Almost one year.'

Tony turns swiftly. 'We haven't missed our anniversary?'

Loki shakes his head.

'What day is it?' Tony then asks.

'Two days before our anniversary,' Loki replies, because Tony will no doubt forget the date and day of the week four seconds after Loki's said it. 'You've only been unconscious for two days. I returned today, and it only took me an hour to heal you; healing everything at once would have killed you.'

'Aww,' Tony beams again, and then ducks forward to kiss Loki. 'I'll totally be okay for our anniversary, right?' he asks. "Cause I got plans, Lokes! We gotta go out properly, and I'll wine and dine you real good.'

Loki smiles softly. 'I would like that, Anthony.'

'Excuse me,' Fury growls.

'Yes?' Loki says, pleasant as you please. It makes Tony giggle again.

'Stark, as an Avenger, sleeping with an enemy is something you *tell us* ,' Fury snaps.

'Oh, yeah, sure,' Tony huffs, 'I was *so* gonna tell you, Nick. "Hey, SHIELD, guess what? Me and Loki are banging, could you not lock me up? Thanks!"'

Fury glowers at him.

'It's better this way,' Tony continues. 'The Avengers know, and Coulson and Pepper, and they're all cool with-'

'Wait,' Fury interrupts, one hand up, and Tony's mouth shuts with a click. 'Coulson knows?' Tony nods. 'Ms Potts?' Another nod. '*Romanov* ?'

'We play poker together,' Loki tells him, 'and it's delightful. I've never met a human as fantastic at deception as she is. My dear Anthony is rather talented, too, but he cheats too much.'

'So do you,' Tony grumbles, and Loki smiles at him. They tend to play strip poker, though, and they both cheat horrendously.

Fury looks like his head's going to explode. Tony ducks slightly to avoid any brains.

'You stupid-ass motherfucker!' Fury declares, and Tony peeks up at him from where he's safely curled into Loki's chest. 'If he steps even a *toe* out of line it's your ass on the block, Stark!' he says.

Loki tilts his head, eyes wide and innocent, as he asks, 'Why would you put his arse on a block?' He then looks at Tony. 'I like his arse, please don't hurt it.'

Fury makes a noise somewhere between a growl and a whine before storming from the room, slamming the door shut behind him.

'Is the mean man gone?' Tony asks.

'Yes, love,' Loki replies and glances down. Tony's eyes are closed, and exhaustion has suddenly crept in; Tony's too tired to really care about Fury finding out. 'Healing magic is tiring; you should rest.'

'Wanna go home,' Tony mumbles, then yawns softly. 'Take me home?'

Loki smiles, kisses him again, and teleports them to the Tower.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: No, there wasn't supposed to be any more. I wrote more anyway.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Mild gore and violence

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

It's one of the usual battles; Victor von Doom decides to be a bitch and unleash forty Doombots on New York, the Avengers suit up, and everybody fights. Well, Loki doesn't; he just eats popcorn or chips and laughs when certain people get hurt (Clint still isn't over Loki pestering him when he'd broken his leg, but that's a story for another time).

Anyway, Tony's flying this way and that trying to avoid the Doombots that can now fly. The technology is rubbish, though, and Tony has to admit that he has a good time flipping over them and taking them down from behind with a good repulsor blast. Thor's busy electrocuting every bot that comes within ten feet of him, Natasha's doing her usual normal-human-beings-can't-bend-that-way moves, Steve's throwing his shield around, evacuating civilians, and backing up the Black Widow like the awesome multi tasker that he is, and Clint's somewhere up high shooting every bot that crosses his path. Oh, and the Hulk's down below, roaring and smashing and calling everything puny.

So, yes, it's a pretty normal battle, Tony thinks. They're having a bit of a tough time only because of the sheer number of bots, but after fighting Loki all other villains seem relatively tame. Even Loki's less dangerous stunts take hours to get under control and clean up, and that's only because Loki grows bored and demands sex from Tony or food or new clothing or... whatever else has caught his fancy that day. After all of that? Doombots are a piece of cake.

Doom's generally tricky to deal with, because he usually stays out of it. When he *does* turn up he's surrounded by magic, and nobody but Thor can get really close. When Thor does manage to get within hammer distance, Doom screeches in third person and disappears in a flash of green-black. He has none of Loki's grace or poise, but Tony thinks he might be a tiny bit biased, seeing as how he's sleeping with Loki.

Doom's out for this fight, and Tony catches sight of him a few buildings away from Iron Man's current position, babbling to himself or his bots, who knows and who gives a fuck. There's flickering green lights around him- magic, Tony assumes- but Thor's getting closer and closer, working his way up the street to Doom's position.

Since the bots aren't very good at flight, Tony grabs one and flings it into the building opposite, then fires a repulsor blast. The bot explodes, as does all the glass in a few floors, and it draws Doom's attention, giving Tony the edge he needs; he flies straight for Doom, JARVIS already locking on, and pulls up a few feet away to raise both gauntlets and fire.

'*TONY, NO!*' Tony hears someone *screech*, but it's too late. He's already fired, and he watches in a kind of morbid fascination as his repulsor blasts hit the magic and rebound. The energy is green now, and Tony has a brief moment of, "*oh, shit*" before he closes his eyes and braces himself for impact.

Only it doesn't come. Instead there's a scream of pain, a flash of green and black when Tony opens his eyes, and suddenly Loki's falling, dropping to the ground like a rag doll. He hits the asphalt hard, cracks the road at least two metres in every direction, and the sight is something Tony will never forget. It makes his heart leap into his throat, and he feels like his arc reactor's shorted out as he *drops* to the ground.

'No, no, no- LOKI!'

Loki isn't moving, and Tony hits the ground, knees and suit both protesting at the sudden halt. But Tony doesn't care, because *Loki isn't moving* and if he's dead it's all Tony's fault and Tony will never forgive himself and-

'*LOKI!*' Tony shouts and grabs his arms, turns him gently. Loki's wearing Asgardian leather pants and one of Tony's *Rolling Stones* t-shirts. The t-shirt is burnt, singed, the material melted away and the skin beneath showing the same damage. Loki's skin is *blue* and black and burnt, the smell of burning flesh reaching Tony even in the suit. It makes Tony gag, his stomach trying to evict its lunch, but all of that's pushed aside when Tony catches sight of the thick, purple blood oozing from the burns and gaping wound on Loki's chest.

'Come on, Lokes, you can't fucking do this to me,' Tony practically sobs, the words choked and blurry even through his suit's speaker. 'We gotta have a big wedding, remember? Thousands of guests so you get shit loads of presents, *remember?*'

They've talked about it on and off- not really seriously, just for shits and giggles, really. Loki wants a big wedding, two, one on Asgard and one on Midgard. He wants presents and he wants to show Tony off; he wants everybody who ever sneered at him, looked down on him, to know that Tony Stark, Iron Man and Warrior of Earth, chose Loki Laufeyson to be his husband.

They can't do that if Loki's dead. Tony can't *function* if Loki's dead. He sounds like every teenager ever, caught up in the rush of their first love, but it's the fucking truth. Loki is like nobody else Tony's ever met; he's different and weird and chaotic and he's *Tony's*. The universe- God or *the* gods or the fucking *Fates*- have no right to take Loki away!

'Please,' Tony's begging now, 'please, Lo, open your eyes.'

Tony's so focused on Loki that he misses his team mates' calls; Clint's warning from somewhere up high, Thor's bellowing, Steve's frantic orders. He misses Doom looming up before him and raising a hand, misses the green-black magic that's so diluted, so ugly when compared to Loki's. It doesn't matter, though, Tony thinks when he's suddenly lifted and *slammed* into an overturned car. His body breaks and his mouth fills with blood. His brain feels like it's been scrambled and his suit flickers and dies before JARVIS can get it to work.

Tony's smiling, he's sure, as his eyes flicker shut and he falls into unconsciousness; he'd like to see the underworld keep him and Loki apart.

{oOo}

Tony usually doesn't wake up all that quickly, even when he's been knocked out (which happens fairly often, what with Iron Man and all). He usually moans and groans as his brain comes online, and when Loki's still in bed with him he either coos and calls Tony adorable, or huffs and pushes him out of bed. It depends on what kind of mood Loki's in, really; Tony either wakes up to some fantastic sex, or to a face full of carpet.

This time, after the battle with Doom, Tony *snaps* awake; unconscious one minute, working the next, and everything's still fresh in his mind; firing at Doom, his blasts being turned back, Loki jumping between him and Doom and Loki lying there, not moving, maybe not *breathing*.

Tony tries to leap out of the bed, but wires tug at him and someone pushes him back down. It's Steve, so Tony has no chance fighting him without the suit, but he still tries.

'Loki,' he gasps as he tries to carefully remove the IV from the back of his hand; that shit hurts if you don't do it properly.

'Tony, calm down,' Steve orders.

Tony ignores him. 'Where's Loki? Is he alright? Where is he, what happened?'

'Tony,' Steve tries as the heart monitor leaps, filling the room with frantic beeps.

'Where the fuck is Loki?!' Tony shouts.

Steve sighs and steps back, which gives Tony the chance to stumble out of bed. It's then that he realises his right leg has been wrapped in a dark blue cast from just beneath his knee all the way down to his toes. His chest and back hurt- his head, too- but none of that matters because *Loki isn't here*. Whenever Tony's hurt Loki's there, ready to heal him or *already* healing him, and the fact that he's not here now means that he's either dead or detained.

'Steve!' Tony snarls when the super soldier just watches him with wide, worried eyes.

'He's in SHIELD custody,' Steve blurts.

Tony freezes. Then, voice cold, he asks, '*What?*'

'Fury isn't here,' Steve explains, 'and when you went down, Doom disappeared. The SHIELD agents who grabbed you grabbed Loki, too, and he's in the Hulk Proof Cage.'

'Take me to him,' Tony orders and rounds the bed, limping, teeth gritting against the ache in his leg. 'If you don't I'll find him myself.'

Steve sighs, bites his lip, but eventually nods and rounds the bed. He wraps a large, firm arm around Tony's waist, and pulls one of Tony's around his neck. It's hard, what with the height difference, but Steve's strong so he half-carries, half-drags Tony from the room.

'Fury's in China or something, I don't know the specifics,' Steve explains again as they hobble-walk. 'Clint was injured, too, but Natasha and Thor have been trying to get Loki released. Neither have any authority, because the order to capture Loki came from the World Security Council; only Fury can release him.'

Tony swears, and for once Steve doesn't chastise him. Tony always finds it completely unfair when Steve does; Steve was in the war, he knows more swear words than all of the team combined.

This time Steve doesn't say anything, and they fall into silence as they make their way through the Helicarrier. Various agents pause briefly at seeing Tony out of bed already, but nobody wants to stop Iron Man *and* Captain Rogers. Tony might not be all that tough without his suit, but he's a fucking genius and can ruin all their lives; they know it. Steve... well, despite his baby blues, everybody knows what he's capable of.

They make it to the Hulk Proof Tank without any trouble; both Tony and Steve have clearance to enter the room, just not to touch the glass. Loki's propped up against the glass on the far side, but his entire face lights up when he sees Tony and he staggers to his feet.

'Loki,' Tony chokes and Steve lets him go. Tony scrambles as best he can towards Loki, but stops just short of touching the glass; he remembers what Fury said, way back when; one scratch and the tank goes flying. Loki seems to remember, too, because he stops at roughly the same distance as Tony.

'They wouldn't tell me what happened to you,' Loki says softly.

He's still wearing his singed clothing, and while the wound on his chest looks better, it's still horrible; his skin is a rich, dark blue from his collarbones down to his stomach, disappearing beneath the hem of his trousers and the tattered sleeves of his t-shirt. The rest of him is paler than usual- and now there's red blood mixed with purple.

Tony blinks. 'Blue?' he asks, and glances up.

Loki's smile wanes. 'Frost Giant,' he says.

'Oh,' Tony nods, 'so... wow, you're really *blue*?' Loki goes a bit stiff but nods, and Tony knows that it's not just the pain making him move so carefully. 'Does it go all over?' Tony then asks, and Loki purses his lips, but answers;

'Yes. Victor's attack left me very drained, and healing my wounds is taking most of the magic my body replenishes. I cannot change back to my Æsir form... not completely.'

Okay... 'So my fiancé's blue. Awesome,' Tony says, and Loki's face does *the* funniest contortions Tony has ever seen. He'd take a picture if he wasn't so worried and hanging to get Loki into his arms, into his bed.

Loki blinks rapidly as his mouth falls open, then it twists into a cruel smile, then his eyes *widen* and his mouth drops open again. His eyes crinkle and narrow and go back again, and he reaches out to touch the glass but stops, fists his hands instead and tightens them against his hips.

'Anthony...' he breathes, voice so soft, 'fiancé?'

Tony smiles. 'Yeah,' he says. 'We've been talking about it, right?'

Loki opens his mouth. Closes it, and tries again. 'But...'

'We were joking,' Tony agrees, and Loki nods once. 'I don't wanna joke anymore, Lo.'

Loki inhales sharply. 'Even knowing what I am, what I *look like*, you would still bind yourself to me?' he demands. He holds a hand up when Tony opens his mouth. 'Remember that I will gain you a Golden Apple. Our bonding will be for life, my magic will make sure of it. Even if we went our separate ways, we would always be... *connected*.'

'Yeah,' Tony shrugs, 'sounds pretty awesome.'

Loki does the whole confused/angry/scared/*what?* face that he did before.

Tony's eyes softens, and his voice matches; 'You're beautiful, Loki. No matter what colour your skin is.'

Loki snorts self-deprecatingly. 'You would not say that, if you saw all of me.'

'Yes I would,' Tony counters. 'Fine,' he says when Loki just shakes his head, 'when we get outta here, we go home and you show me what you look like. I'll drop to one knee and propose properly.' He pauses. 'I gotta buy a ring first.'

Loki purses his lips. 'We shall see,' is what he settles on, and Tony rolls his eyes. Like he cares what fucking *colour* Loki's skin is. That's racism right there, and Tony has never been racist in his life. An asshole, yes, but not racist. He'll show Loki.

Suddenly, Tony gapes at the Trickster, who raises an eyebrow. 'Shit. We just got *engaged*,' the human says.

Loki makes a soft sound of amusement. 'Not yet, Stark.'

'Engaged to be engaged,' Tony says. Loki laughs properly at that, but nods his head in agreement. 'Right, now we gotta get you outta here,' Tony says and turns on the spot- it's a lot harder with only one functioning leg. 'You!' he shouts at a baby agent standing behind a computer terminal, and the boy- can't be more than twenty-five, seriously- jumps.

'Y-Yes, Mr Stark?' he asks, looking partly terrified, partly concerned. Probably because he just saw Tony Stark propose to the Norse God of Mischief.

'Let Loki out,' Tony orders.

The agent gulps. 'Um, I'm sorry, Mr Stark, but I can't. Only Director Fury can order Loki to be released.'

'But he's not a threat!' Tony snaps. 'He hasn't been for over a fucking year!'

'I'm sorry-'

'Fuck you!' Tony growls. Okay, so it's not Baby Agent's fault, but Tony needs to vent his frustration *somewhere*.

Steve's still standing a few steps back, and he looks between Loki and Tony before sighing and turning to Baby Agent. 'Can you let Tony in?'

Baby Agent stares at him. So do Tony and Loki.

'Tony won't leave with Loki in there,' Steve says. 'Is there any order saying that someone can't go *in there* with him?'

The Baby Agent thinks about that, but then shakes his head. He turns to his companion- Baby Agent Two- who nods quickly.

She stands and says, 'Loki, step as far away from the door as possible, turn your back, and link your fingers behind your head.'

'That's Mr Laufeyson to you,' Loki shoots at her before backing up, eyes not leaving Tony. 'I also like "Master".'

'You'll be Loki Stark soon enough,' Tony says and Loki chuckles as he turns his back.

'What makes you think that I will take your name, Anthony?' he asks, fingers linking behind his head. He faces the glass and Baby Agent Two taps a few things before the door swooshes open.

Tony immediately hobbles in, and the door closes with a soft *thunk* behind him. 'In Asgard I'll be Tony Laufeyson or whatever the fuck you want,' Tony says, 'on Midgard you're Loki Stark.'

'Perhaps we shall simply refer to you as "Property of Loki Laufeyson" whilst you're on Asgard,' Loki says. He turns quickly when Tony reaches the middle of the tank and rushes to close the distance between them. Tony sighs when Loki's strong, cold arms wrap tightly around him, and buries his face in Loki's neck, winding his own arms around Loki's middle. 'Are you okay?' Loki asks softly.

'Yeah,' Tony mumbles. 'Um, I think so?' he then adds, because he didn't really ask Steve before ordering that he be taken to Loki. Tony turns briefly to try and glance Steve, but Loki

won't let him go. 'I'll be okay,' Tony decides.

'I will heal you when my magic builds up once more,' Loki says. 'I cannot do it just yet.'

'You're really that drained?' Tony queries.

'No,' Loki shakes his head; Tony feels the movement above and to the side of his own. 'My magical reserves are large, but my body naturally produces magic every second that I breathe. It is that magic that I usually use in battle and to heal you; it's currently being used to heal my own wounds.'

'Damn,' Tony sighs. 'You're really powerful, huh?'

Loki hugs Tony that bit tighter. 'Not powerful enough,' he says. 'If I was I would not have let Doom hurt you. I would not still be here.'

Tony had been wondering about that; why Loki hadn't just walked out. Loki bends to press his cheek to Tony's, and whispers, 'I shall tell you later.'

'Okay,' Tony agrees easily. He gets it; Loki doesn't want SHIELD to know what he's truly capable of, and they already have enough information from his and Tony's conversation, and from whatever scans they took when they threw Loki in here. SHIELD wouldn't have missed an opportunity to study Loki in whatever way possible.

'We should sit,' Loki decides after a minute or two of cuddling, and Tony nods but doesn't move.

Somehow Loki manages to ease them onto the floor. A bunk's been added to the room since the last time Loki was here, but it's heavy steel and bolted to the floor. It's also bare, and Tony doubts that it's comfortable. Loki presses his back against it and manoeuvres Tony between his legs so that Tony can rest his broken/fractured/whatever one, and lean back against Loki's comfortable chest.

Tony sighs when everything's said and done, and tilts his head back. Loki doesn't even have to ask; he kisses Tony softly, gently, like at any minute Tony could break and fall through Loki's fingers. Tony gets it; he felt the same way earlier when he'd seen Loki's broken body.

'Let's not do that again,' Tony murmurs.

'I shall gift you with an Apple even if you refuse to marry me,' Loki replies. 'Even if the Allfather refuses, I shall steal one, regardless of the consequences.'

Tony chuckles softly. 'Don't go breaking any laws for me, love.'

Loki smirks. 'Don't act as though you don't enjoy it.'

'I do,' Tony agrees immediately, and Loki's smirk widens. 'We bring out the best in each other,' Tony quips.

Loki laughs and kisses him again before pulling back. He wraps his arms loosely around Tony's waist, and Tony brings Loki's hands to his lap; to hold and touch and explore, because he could have fucking lost this, *all of this*.

'Rest, Anthony,' Loki murmurs. 'We shall go home soon.'

'Okay,' Tony replies, because he's fucking exhausted and Loki's comfortable, albeit cooler than a human being. Tony falls asleep safely wrapped in Loki's arms, the tingle of Loki's magic against his back.

{oOo}

When Fury finally arrives Loki's healed himself and Tony, and they're both laying flat on the floor, discussing their favourite *Star Trek* characters. Tony's totally a Spock man- science!- but Loki favours Khan, *of course*. After sneaky kisses and even sneakier touches, Loki finally admits that he likes Kirk; 'I have a soft spot for stupid, emotional humans who don't know their own limits.' Tony had kissed him again for that.

Tony stretches and Loki yawns when they exit the Hulk Cage, but Loki doesn't move away from Tony's side; their arms are pressed together, shoulder to wrist, and Loki's eyes are alert despite his obvious exhaustion.

'You're both idiots and I should have you suspended from active duty or killed,' Fury declares.

'Cool with me,' Tony replies, and Fury's eye narrows. 'What?' Tony huffs. 'I have science to do.'

'I do not wish for you to harm Anthony, Director,' Loki says, his voice little more than a growl and eyes narrowed. 'If you do-'

'Yeah, yeah,' Fury cuts in before Loki can give what Tony is sure would have been an awesome "you hurt him I eviscerate you and lay waste to your little organisation" speech. Tony pouts; Loki gives the *best* super villain speeches. 'Get the fuck outta my sight,' Fury finishes.

'What if I stand slightly to the right?' Loki questions, tone pleasant, and he forces Tony to shuffle over so that Loki can stand in the blind spot created by Fury's eye patch.

Fury's good eye narrows; well, *someone got outta the wrong side of the-*

'OUT!' Fury bellows, the word cutting off Tony's thought, and Tony's *fine* with that, pleasing and thanking you, but Loki doesn't budge.

'You will tell your little group of humans that I do not pose a threat to them,' Loki orders- and *it is* an order, it's all in the tone. 'If they keep me from Anthony again- if they *lock me in a cage*- I will kill them all. Do you understand?'

Fury glares at him. 'You kill them, we use Stark to get you,' he states, like Tony's *not in the fucking room or anything*.

'Hey, fuck you!' Tony snaps

Loki takes a step closer to Fury, and bends to hiss in his face; 'You have *no idea* how truly dangerous I can be, Fury. Hurt Anthony and you will find out just what I am capable of.'

With that said he turns, dismissing Fury, and grabs Tony's arm in the process. Between one blink and the next Tony and Loki are standing in their bedroom in Stark Tower, and Loki pushes Tony onto the bed.

'Uh...!' Tony tries, but Loki straddles him.

'Are you well?' he demands.

'Y-Yeah,' Tony stutters, but that's not enough for Loki; he spends the next half hour looking Tony over, from the top of his head to the tips of his toes. Only then does he make a satisfied noise and flop over Tony, squirming and rubbing and generally making a nuisance of himself.

Tony likes it though, for some reason. It's like Loki's scent marking him, or protecting him, or... *something*. Whatever the fuck it is, Tony likes it, so he wraps his arms around Loki and pulls him close. Loki pauses briefly before nuzzling into Tony's neck and letting out a deep breath.

'I almost lost you,' Tony murmurs.

'But you didn't,' Loki says. 'It would take a much more powerful being than Victor von Doom to truly harm me.'

'Yeah,' Tony agrees, but he still pulls Loki that bit closer. Loki doesn't say anything; he's enjoying the closeness, too.

They have to talk about the whole blue thing and marriage and Golden fucking Apple (Tony's totally excited about that), but, for now, Tony's more than happy to just lay quietly with Loki wrapped around him, breathing in Loki's cologne and sweat and the mint shampoo he uses.

Tony buries his face in Loki's hair and inhales deeply. Neither of them move for a good few hours.

Author's Note: I swear to all that is decent! I was all happy with the two brief chapters this story had, and then came up with the SHIELD idea, and then a media idea, and then an Asgard idea... so now there'll be two more chapters; the media finding out, and Asgard- i.e. Mummy and Daddy- finding out. And then that's it! It'll be over!

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

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

Tony sits quietly on his and Loki's bed, cross-legged, just waiting. It's weird, because Tony's never been known for his patience; usually he wants everything right now, and *does* everything right now. Tony has no patience. He has negative patience.

But this is different; this is really important. Loki has never voluntarily shown his Jötunn form to anybody. The few times he's been Jötunn have been because of outside stimuli; holding the Casket of Ancient Winters, falling from the Rainbow Bridge, being... *tortured* by the Chitauri. It is so very clear that Loki *despises* being a Frost Giant, and Tony can understand why.

It has been a mere twenty-four hours since Loki healed his and Tony's wounds. He has told Tony, on and off, with stilted words and harsh breathing, that Frost Giants are the arch-enemy of the Æsir; stories are told of Jötunheimr's many losses at the hands of Asgard, how the blue-skinned warriors are seen as nothing but savages with no morals and no intelligence. To learn that you were one of them, a *monster*, after having been told for over a thousand years that you were a Prince of Asgard? Yeah, Tony can see how that had messed Loki up. There are a few choice words Tony wants to have with the Allfather- well, really, he just wants to swear at the guy for a good few days, regardless of his status as the King of Asgard.

Seriously, Odin's an asshole, is what Tony thinks. Tony doesn't give a shit about the many battles Odin's led, or the lives he's protected. He'd told his adopted son horror stories about Jötnar for *a thousand years*, and somehow thought that Loki would be okay when he found out he was one of them?!

Maybe he just doesn't care, Tony muses as he watches Loki pace back and forth in their bedroom. Loki had dropped a few of his own theories; he believes that Odin wanted a puppet King. He wanted Loki to sit on the Throne of Jötunheimr, but as Odin's man; rule the Jötnar through one of their own.

It's a pretty shitty plan, Tony thinks, and clearly shows that Odin doesn't know his youngest son at all. Loki would make an excellent King, of that Tony has no doubt, but he would never be okay with reporting to somebody else. Loki is a free spirit in the simplest of terms. He would rule himself or not at all.

Anyway, that's what Tony's got so far; an a-hole of a father filling his young son's head with all manner of stupid things, until said son found out what he was in the most horrible way possible. Add that to Asgard as a collective always sneering at him, and him being compared to his Golden Brother, and you get an unhinged individual who hates his own skin. Internalised racism; Tony gets it.

What he wants is for Loki to eventually accept it; accept that he's a Frost Giant and love himself regardless. It's who Loki is and he can't change it. Even when he wears the skin of an

Æsir, he's still Jötunn. Tony knows that it will take years- decades or centuries, perhaps- for Loki to be even remotely okay with who he is. But it'll help if Tony accepts him.

And he does; absolutely and completely. Tony couldn't give a fuck what colour Loki's skin is. He fell in love with *Loki*, not his looks. Of course his body had been what had attracted Tony at first, but Loki's brain had been a close second. Tony wouldn't still be with Loki, and want to fucking *marry him*, if all he cared about was Loki's body. If Tony were that shallow, he would have been married and divorced a dozen times by now.

Loki pauses mid-pace and glances at Tony, green eyes hooded like they usually get when he's deep in thought; deep in dark, twisted thoughts of his past. Yeah, Tony gets that, too. It's the same look he wears when he thinks about who he was before Iron Man, and of his childhood. Tony's no trained professional, but he still feels like he's the best person to help Loki through this. He knows a bit about hating yourself and hitting rock bottom. The only thing to do is crawl back out and try and keep your head above. Loki's already done it a few times now. But this time he has Tony.

Loki shakes his head slightly, more to himself than Tony, and starts pacing again. Tony just waits.

'Are you ever going to speak?' Loki finally snaps after a good ten minutes. Tony wonders how many miles Loki's walked, just stepping back and forth, back and forth, from one end of the room to another.

'What do you want me to say?' Tony asks. Loki growls at him. 'You don't have to show me if you don't want to, Lo,' Tony continues, softening his voice and eyes to show Loki that he's telling the truth. He knows he doesn't have to; Loki can read him very well. 'This is all about you. I get that you hate it-'

'*Despise*,' Loki cuts in, sneer in his voice and across his face.

Tony nods. 'Okay, despise,' he agrees. 'But I think the only way to be okay with it is to get used to it.'

'Oh, do you?' Loki questions, and he's still sneering. It's surprisingly attractive. Loki's a bastard like that, he can make *everything* look attractive.

Getting off topic, Tony berates himself. 'I don't think anyone can completely understand what you've been through,' Tony says slowly, 'but I know what it's like to look in the mirror and hate the person staring back at you.'

Loki's head whips up at that, and he tilts it slightly as he looks Tony over. 'Yes,' he says softly, 'I suppose you do.'

Tony just nods.

Loki sighs and stops pacing to rub his face. 'I spent a thousand years believing one thing, only to learn that it was all a lie,' he mutters. 'I was raised to be a King, only to learn that I could never be one; not of Asgard. And I certainly could never be Thor's equal.'

'But you are,' Tony says, and ignores Loki's glare. 'I don't give a fuck what the people in the clouds say,' Tony snaps. 'You're fucking *awesome*, Loki! Every time you've faced Thor in a fight you've bested him- and don't you fucking say anything about magic!' Tony shouts when Loki opens his mouth. 'It's not cheating, Loki! If everyone in Asgard could use magic they fucking would. People are always scared of shit that's different, and of the people who're different and better than them. That doesn't make you *weaker*, it makes you stronger! Because you can fight *and* use magic. Thor can't, can he?'

Loki's upper lip curls slightly at that, but he doesn't say anything.

'Besides, you're about a hundred IQ points ahead of Thor,' Tony continues. 'I'm not saying he's an idiot, he just usually comes across as one because of the cultural differences. But you've been on Earth, what, less than two years?' Loki nods once, shortly. 'And you've learned a shit tonne of stuff,' Tony says. 'Thor still can't figure out the toaster.'

Loki chuckles softly, but it's still too broken for Tony to be okay with.

'I know it's hard,' Tony says, his voice lower, normal rather than loud. 'I know that a thousand years of hate is really hard to forget. But you don't have to stay in Asgard. No one on Earth thinks that you're anything other than a very dangerous, very powerful person.'

Again, Loki's lips curl, and Tony smirks. He and Loki have that in common; feed their egos and they're happy.

'I love you, Loki, no matter what goddamn colour you are,' Tony states firmly. 'You could be neon pink and I'd still love you.'

'A truly disgusting colour,' Loki mutters, but at least he's stopped pacing. He also doesn't look like he's about to vibrate out of his skin, which Tony counts as progress.

'So, gonna show me now?' Tony asks carefully.

Loki goes completely rigid, and Tony sighs.

'Lo, remember; you don't *have* to show me. You never do if you don't want anyone to see you as a Jötunn.'

'No,' Loki shakes his head firmly, 'you have a right to know.'

'No I don't,' Tony counters. 'It's your body, Loki.'

'And you wish to marry me,' Loki sighs. 'You should know what kind of monster you're sleeping with.'

Tony groans. 'Okay, new rule; no referring to yourself as a monster.' Loki glares at him. 'I'm serious, Loki,' Tony says. 'Call yourself a Smurf or an Andorian or even fucking *Megamind*, I don't care. Call yourself a monster or a beast and I'll swap your peppermint tea for cinnamon.'

Loki looks so completely *outraged* at the very idea that Tony cracks up laughing. He ends up falling sideways onto the bed, and Loki mutters about idiotic humans under his breath.

'Okay,' Loki eventually sighs after Tony's gotten himself under control. 'I can do this,' he says, and Tony knows that he's talking to himself more than the mortal.

'Yeah you can,' Tony agrees. Loki looks at him. 'Go team!' Tony adds, raising his hands in a cheer, and Loki shakes his head. 'Hey, you're lucky I don't have a banner or pom-poms.'

Loki shakes his head again- he's probably seriously re-considering his and Tony's relationship, Tony thinks- before going still. He's facing Tony, so Tony sees when Loki closes his eyes, clenches his hands into fists, and just... starts changing.

Tony wasn't aware that Loki could change at will; from the things Loki's told him- titbits, rather than full stories- it's either some kind of sparkly blue box that forces him to change, or drained magic. Tony figures that switching to his true form is Loki's body trying to conserve magic and heal itself. Apparently the Æsir form is Loki's shapeshifting at work. His mother had visited Loki once, briefly, during Loki's stay in an Asgardian prison, and had mentioned that Loki had changed his skin from blue to pink, eyes from red to green, as soon as the Allfather had picked him up.

That's Loki, Tony muses. Awesome even at six-months-old.

The change is gradual, and Tony jumps when he realises that Loki's fingers are turning blue. It's a deep, rich blue, like the very depths of the ocean or a dark sapphire gemstone. It bleeds over Loki's skin like someone's pouring paint over him, and Tony watches in fascination as it sweeps up his neck, overcomes his face and rushes beneath his hairline. There are lines, too, Tony realises; raised ridges of lines and swirls in a darker blue running from Loki's forehead down his cheeks, his neck, even on the backs of his hands. Tony wonders if those lines are all over Loki's body. Do they sweep down his chest and stomach, his back and legs and feet? Are there ridges on his *cock*?

Out of the gutter, Stark! Tony growls at himself and has to shake his head to focus once more.

Loki's done now. He's completely blue and when he opens his eyes they're a deep dark red. There's no white, just red, with a pitch-black pupil in the very middle.

'Like rubies,' Tony murmurs breathlessly. 'Or blood.'

Loki snorts and crosses his arms over his chest, clearly defensive and feeling out of his element. 'Disgusting,' he mutters.

'What?' Tony gapes. 'No, no way.'

'You do not need to lie to me, Stark,' Loki growls. He's staring at the bathroom door, refusing to meet Tony's eyes. He's expecting disgust, Tony realises. While the Æsir might find Frost Giants disgusting, Tony thinks that they're *breathtaking*; well, Loki definitely is. Tony might be a *tiny* bit biased, but he still thinks that Loki's beautiful.

So he says it, 'You're beautiful,' and Loki's head whips around so fast Tony's amazed he didn't pull a muscle. Loki's red eyes go wide when they meet Tony's honey-brown, and Tony holds his gaze easily, letting every thought, every feeling, flow freely.

Loki is fucking *gorgeous* like this, and Tony wants to run his fingers and tongue over the raised lines. He wants to bury his face in Loki's neck and see if he smells the same, or if he smells cold, like ice and fresh snow. He wants to touch and see if Loki's colder like this; he's always been cool, but something about the rich blue skin makes Tony think of ice and chill and a biting wind.

'Can... can I touch?' Tony asks carefully, and Loki takes a quick step backwards.

'Jötunn skin is extremely cold,' Loki mutters, 'you would suffer from frost bite after mere seconds.'

'Right,' Tony says. 'That, uh... that sounds like complete bullshit.'

It clearly wasn't the reaction he was expecting, because Loki's eyebrows fly up.

'No, seriously,' Tony says. 'What would be the point in that?'

'I have been to Jötunheimr and have fought Jötnar,' Loki states. Tony remembers, Loki told him; a Jötunn had burnt one of Thor's friends, but Loki's arm had turned blue.

'Well, yeah, it works great as a defence mechanism,' Tony nods, 'but what would be the point in constantly having freezing cold skin? I bet it's just a little cold when you're not in danger. And if it's freezing *all the time*, I bet you can heat yourself up. Have you done it before?'

Loki purses his lips and his eyes turn inward. Tony wonders if Loki was made fun of for being cold; for running a lower body temperature than others. Loki's made himself human before, back when they'd just started sleeping together and had wanted to go out without Loki being recognised. His temperature had been as warm as anyone else's. Tony doesn't doubt that Loki can make himself warmer while in his blue skin with practice.

'No,' Loki finally breathes and rubs his face. 'But I believe that I could, if I tried.'

'So... can I touch?' Tony asks again. He really wants to, but he won't without permission. Loki's already so far outside his comfort zone; Tony doesn't wanna push more than Loki can handle.

'No,' Loki says, and Tony pouts only slightly. 'Perhaps...' Loki hesitates, and takes a deep breath, 'perhaps another day.'

'Okay,' Tony agrees easily, and smiles when Loki glances at him. Then he raises his hands, spreads his arms, and his smile widens. 'I still wanna hug you and kiss you and fuck you and marry you, so come here.'

Creamy white bleeds into blue, and Tony watches as Loki returns to his Æsir form. His eyes are so very bright and so very *green*, and Tony finds that he misses the red slightly. Loki is *beyond* gorgeous with green eyes and milky skin, but he's so very exotic and breathtaking as

a Jötunn. Both, Tony decides; he likes both. And he *gets* both. Because Loki is poisonous green and blood red and he's all Tony's, now and forever.

When Loki's skin is a very light shade of Æsir pink again, he practically falls into Tony's arms. He straddles Tony's lap and Tony's forced to stretch his legs to avoid getting crushed. Loki wraps his arms firmly around Tony and nearly squeezes the life out of the human, but Tony hugs him tightly back. Loki buries his face in Tony's neck and clings to him and when Tony hears sobs he strokes Loki's hair and presses kisses to his temple.

Loki has never cried in front of Tony, not even when Tony was hurt and Loki had feared that he'd lost him. He'd dry-heaved, but no tears had escaped. Now they soak into Tony's shirt and make his neck feel slick, but Tony doesn't care. He just hums and pets and shushes Loki softly, rocking him gently back and forth all the while.

After twenty minutes or so, Tony isn't sure exactly, the god pulls back and looks at Tony with red-rimmed eyes.

'You truly don't care,' he murmurs, and he sounds a bit in awe, which Tony would usually lap up, but not this time.

'I don't care what you look like,' Tony says. He'll repeat it every time until Loki gets it through his thick skull. 'I don't *care*, Loki. Yes, I think you're beautiful. But it's *you* - your brain and your magic and your personality- that I *love*. The packaging is just a bonus for me, okay? I like you white *and* blue. You could be fucking *red* and I'd still love you.'

Loki snorts and buries his face back into Tony's neck. 'Red is Thor's colour,' he mumbles.

'Oh, well, I couldn't marry you if you were red, then,' Tony says. He gets a soft jab to the stomach that makes him wince and Loki laugh softly.

They sit like that in silence for a bit, and Tony smiles when he realises that Loki's no longer crying.

'I love you,' Loki says suddenly.

'I love you, too,' Tony replies.

'You... do you...'

'Do I what?' Tony questions when Loki trails off.

Taking a deep breath, and refusing to look up, Loki asks, 'Will you still be buying a ring?'

'Hell yeah,' Tony answers immediately, and Loki practically *melts* into Tony's arms. Tony hadn't realised that Loki was still tense until that tension is gone. 'I might make one, actually,' Tony continues. 'You're always saying that you love my hands.'

'They bring your creations to life,' Loki says.

'Yeah,' Tony agrees.

There's a beat, and then, 'I will say yes.'

Tony grins. 'Okay, then.' He knows that this is far from over; Loki still hates being blue. He's still messed up and disgusted with that part of himself.

Tony's in this for the long haul, though. One day Loki will love himself. Tony'll be right there with him when it happens.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: I hadn't actually planned on writing Tony seeing Loki's Jötunn form. I was gonna gloss over it. Then I wrote it, and it doesn't fit in with the media finding out about Tony and Loki, so it gets its own chapter. So now there will be six.

Chapter 5

The World Security Council is apparently as done with Tony's behaviour as Fury is. Tony likes to imagine a room full of boring old men with way too much power just sighing and saying that there's no point in trying to stop Tony Stark, even if the billionaire has decided to sleep with Loki. The Avengers- and Thor- backing Tony up probably has something to do with that view. The Avengers are only human, no matter how talented or hopped up they are. But Thor's the ambassador between Asgard and Earth, and they can't piss him off. Thor could always just wander back home if the Council decides to try and lock Loki up again. Of course they don't know that Thor would never stay away for good, but Tony has no plans to tell them.

Anyway, Coulson basically told Tony that the Council are gonna be watching Tony and Loki, just like SHIELD and Fury are. If Loki fucks up they'll take him in. Tony isn't too worried. Loki will only go all vengeful god if somebody hurts Tony, and if that happens Thor will back him up.

It's been two weeks since Tony and Loki were injured; two weeks since Loki showed Tony what he really looked like. They don't really talk about it in-depth all that much. Tony brings it up on occasion, mostly by calling Loki random things like Frosty, Bluey, and Gigantor. At first Loki had stormed away and locked himself up in their shared bedroom, or destroyed some of Tony's Armani suits. But, slowly, he gets used to the nicknames, like he got used to Lo-Lo, Lokes, and Rudolph. He doesn't really *like* the nicknames, but he's used to them.

Tony hopes that one day Loki will be able to wander around the Tower in his blue skin, completely comfortable with himself. Tony *loves* Blue Loki, and one day Loki will love Blue Loki too. Even if it takes a hundred years, Tony will make Loki see how truly awesome, gifted, special, and *beautiful* Loki is, no matter what his goddamn skin colour is. But, as they say; one day at a time.

With the World Security Council and SHIELD all dealt with, Tony just has to propose. He'd been serious about the whole “down on one knee” thing. He's never proposed before, and he never wants to do it again; Loki's it. Maybe one day in the far, far future they'll go their separate ways, but Tony can't see himself marrying anyone but Loki.

Loki has explained that his magic has picked Tony- something about compatibility and mating and strong offspring (which, fucking *what?!*)- but the gist of it, to Tony, is that Loki's magic sees him as the ideal mate; the *only* mate. Loki's magic has basically imprinted on Tony, meaning that Loki will never choose somebody else; he'll never stray or cheat or fall out of love with Tony, because he's physically and magically incapable of doing so. Tony is *it* for Loki. Forever and always.

It terrifies Tony as much as it thrills him. And pisses him off, because Loki's known about the “magic imprinting” thing since six weeks into their sexual relationship, and that's usually something someone *shares with their sexual partner*. But whatever, that's in the past. Loki's magic thinks that Tony's awesome, and that's enough for Tony.

That Tony wanders around spouting off about Loki's magic thinking he's *awesome* is a constant source of annoyance both to Loki and the Avengers. But then Tony points out that Loki must actually *love* that Tony's annoying, because clearly his magic thinks it's awesome. Those conversations usually end with Clint throwing things, Natasha threatening to stab him, Thor and Steve both staring at the couple with hearts in their eyes, and Bruce just sipping his tea. Loki will then drag Tony into the bedroom and fuck him into next week.

So worth it.

Anyway, Tony has more important things to think about than annoying Loki and his friends. He needs to get Loki a ring. And it can't be any old ring, it has to be special and awesome and befitting a prince. Loki might not consider himself a prince of Asgard or Jötunheimr, but he *is*. He was never stripped of either title, not officially, so he's still a prince of both realms. And he's Tony Fucking Stark's lover, and Tony Fucking Stark's lover will only sport the best.

So, buy a ring or make one? Tony kinda wants to make one. Something awesome and silver-gold is so overrated- with blue highlights. Maybe some type of blue stone threaded through the silver? Tony thinks that'd look awesome. Like, Celtic knots or swirls or something around the circumference of the ring. Blue because that's the colour of Tony's arc reactor, and the colour of Loki's real skin. He won't say that aloud, though, just in case Loki decides to stab him. Loki still gets a stabby look about him when Tony really annoys him. It hasn't happened yet, but it could!

With that in mind, Tony locks himself up in his workshop with JARVIS and tea for company. Tea because Loki's stolen all of Tony's alcohol- Loki says it was Tony's fault for calling him Smurfette, but Tony thinks Loki is totally overreacting- and also because Tony kind of likes the peppermint taste. Not that he'll ever admit that. Ever. He's a man, damn it!

Tony browses various websites with JARVIS' help, the AI constantly sighing when Tony changes his mind, closes a tab, and opens a dozen others. Eventually he finds two rings that he likes, both Celtic in design; one with weird lettering and another with a Trinity Knot raised silver against a black background. Both have the same overall design- silver with black through the middle, raised letters over the top- but they're not exactly what Tony wants; he decides to base his own design off of them.

They're made of sterling silver, so Tony orders a bunch of it from wherever the hell JARVIS manages to get that kind of crap, and he pays extra to get it delivered as soon as possible. With that done, Tony hunkers over a computer to design his and Loki's engagement rings.

Wedding rings? Hmm... Tony taps a finger against his beard, eyes unfocused as he stares at a monitor. Does he want to make two separate rings, or just use the engagement rings as wedding rings, too? Neither Tony or Loki are really big jewellery wearers. Tony only wears watches when he goes out, because jewellery would get in the way of working in his shop, and in the way of operating his Iron Man suit. He's never asked why Loki doesn't wear jewellery.

Tony doesn't really see the need to have two rings each. One's enough, right? If it's not, he can always make another one if Loki wants it.

Nodding to himself, Tony jumps back into the design. It's easier than Tony thought it'd be. The hard part is trying to figure out how to include pieces of the element his arc reactor is made out of. It'd be easier if he used palladium, but Tony hates that crap, so he's going with his new element.

It only takes four days, because Tony's a goddamn genius, and then he rigs up a corner of his workshop to melt down the sterling silver that was delivered a day or two earlier. Steve's the only person who visits, bringing tea and food, mostly soup and sandwiches, that Tony eats when JARVIS reminds him to. Bruce comes in once to make sure he hasn't melted a hand off, but when he sees that Tony's fine- albeit strung out on science- he shakes his head and leaves. Loki doesn't visit, but Tony had told him not to. He doesn't want Loki to see the rings until they're finished.

So it's nine days later that Tony sees Loki again. He flops back onto the couch he'd moved down how ever many years ago, both rings nestled in the palm of one grease-stained hand. Both are silver, blemish free, with swirls of blue and black framed by thick silver. There's no real pattern to the blue, Tony pretty much just letting the element and silver fall wherever it had when he was fusing them together.

He looks up when his workshop door hisses open, Loki wandering in wearing tight green jeans and a black tunic. Tony smiles softly, loving the mix of Asgardian and Midgardian casual wear. Only Loki can pull it off, Tony thinks. He pockets the rings as Loki approaches, and realises that the Jötunn is carrying a back of Burger King.

'Oh my God, is that what I think it is?' Tony asks, mouth already watering.

Loki smirks. 'If you continue to call me your God, then yes, it certainly is,' he teases.

Tony laughs and leans up to kiss Loki softly, only moving when Loki pushes him back.

'You smell foul,' he murmurs but sits next to Tony anyway.

'Don't act like you don't love my science stink,' Tony says. He's already ripping into the bag, finding four double cheeseburgers, a large fries and onion rings. Tony's eyes soften. Loki hates onions, but he never complains when Tony eats them. He only forces Tony into the bathroom to brush his teeth, eyes narrowed and nose wrinkled. *He really does love me*, Tony thinks as he opens a wrapper and takes a large bite.

'Stink is the correct word,' Loki says. He watches Tony eat, apparently fine with just sitting there in silence. When Tony starts on his second burger DUM-E rolls over with a StarkPad, and Tony smirks when Loki takes it, patting DUM-E on the claw. DUM-E whirls in happiness and shoots off, bumping into four things on its way.

They sit quietly, Tony eating and Loki looking up whatever subject has caught his interest this week. Tony polishes off his burger and tosses the wrapper back into the bag, and watches Loki read for a few minutes. His hair is soft and tangled, falling around his sharp face in waves. His green eyes are completely focused, and he's chewing on his bottom lip every so often. One leg crossed over the other, arms relaxed, wearing jeans and a tunic... he's gorgeous and so very alien, even when he looks human. And he's all Tony's.

No better time, Tony thinks and puts his bag of burgers aside. He slides off of the couch and onto one knee, hand diving into his pocket for the rings.

'Hey, Loki.'

Loki hums, and when he doesn't get a response he turns to face Tony. His eyes widen slightly when he notices Tony on the floor, and he raises both eyebrows.

'Marry me,' Tony states and offers one of the rings to the Trickster.

Loki hums again. 'From my research, that was not a proper human proposal, Anthony,' he says.

Tony snorts. 'What, you want me to write poetry?' Loki stares at him. 'Okay then,' Tony says and clears his throat. 'Loki, your eyes are as green as grass, your tongue as sharp as a, uh... damn, what was it? A... a sword!'

'Oh, Anthony,' Loki giggles, 'that is truly terrible.'

'Shh, I'm not finished!' Tony huffs. Loki snickers, but puts his StarkPad aside, sits straight, and folds his hands in his lap, eyes on Tony. 'Loki, your eyes are as green as grass, your tongue as sharp as a sword,' Tony repeats. 'Your body is as graceful as a cat's, and your hair as soft as silk. Marry me 'cause I'm rich, and I promise to be your bitch.'

Loki laughs loudly at that and Tony offers him a charming grin. Shaking his head, Loki shifts forward to grab Tony's face between gentle hands, and plants equally gentle kisses on Tony's lips.

'Please,' he says between kisses, 'do not give up your day job.'

'Bastard,' Tony mumbles. 'I spent hours on that.' Loki laughs. 'Is that a yes?' Tony then asks.

Loki draws back. He gives Tony a soft smile and it makes Tony's heart melt just a little. Or maybe it's his arc reactor. Eh, whatever, it's a nice smile.

'Yes,' Loki says.

Tony fucking *beams* and grabs Loki's left hand, Loki watching as the human slides the ring he made onto Loki's slim, pale finger. It fits perfectly and the silver and blue shines brightly in the workshop lighting.

'Did you make this?' Loki asks.

'Yeah,' Tony says. 'See the blue?' When Loki nods, Tony says, 'That's the same element the arc reactor's made of.'

Loki inhales sharply and his eyes widen. 'Truly?' Tony nods. 'Anthony...' Loki breathes, 'you have... gifted me a part of yourself. A very important part.'

'Yeah,' Tony agrees. 'I wanna stay married to you for a really long time.'

'Thousands of years,' Loki murmurs. 'I will request an Apple for you. If the Allfather turns down my request, I will steal one.'

It's clear from Loki's tone that he expects to be rejected. Not surprising, given how Odin's treated Loki his entire life. Tony doesn't care either way. Living for thousands of years- possibly *forever*- would be really awesome. But even one human lifetime with Loki would be pretty amazing, too. Tony never thought that he'd find someone who understands him as well as Loki does. They get along so well, and they just... *work* so well together. Tony will take however many years he can get.



'I must make you a ring, too,' Loki murmurs, almost as an afterthought.

'Well, I made two,' Tony says, and shows Loki the second one.

Loki eyes it for a second before taking it. 'I will keep this as a spare,' he announces, 'and make you one myself.'

Tony just shrugs. If Loki wants to make him a ring, Tony's totally on-board with that.

'I do not want another ring,' Loki suddenly states. Tony looks up at him. 'This will do.'

'Okay,' Tony agrees. 'So it's not an engagement ring, it's a wedding ring.'

'It's both,' Loki says.

'Okay,' Tony repeats.

Loki smiles and kisses him again. Tony grins. He knew that making a ring would be better than buying one. For once, Tony's brain made someone happier than his money.

{oOo}

'It's time!' Tony announces dramatically, and Loki looks up from where he's been lounging across the sofa in their bedroom.

He raises an eyebrow.

'What?' Tony says.

'Have you ever thought of visiting a doctor?' Loki queries. 'I have heard that some Midgardians are practised in the art of mental health.'

Tony huffs and throws a tie at Loki, which doesn't help, seeing as how it flops onto the bed between them. Loki snickers. 'Screw you,' Tony says.

'Yes please,' Loki perks up, and Tony rolls his eyes.

'No, we're going to dinner,' he says. 'It's time the media knew that we're together.'

'I'm sure they've figured it out by now,' Loki comments.

Tony frowns. 'What?'

Loki sighs, like Tony's truly testing his patience, but Tony usually exasperates Loki, so the human doesn't read too much into it. 'Our last battle with Victor was filmed by your Midgardian media,' Loki explains as Tony picks another tie- this one a dark emerald green to match the dress shirt Loki's wearing. 'Which means that *I* was filmed jumping in front of a blast of magic meant for Iron Man. You were then filmed crying over me.'

'I didn't cry!' Tony denies, but Loki just smiles at him in amusement. 'I wasn't,' Tony insists. He was *close* to crying, yes, but he didn't actually cry.

'I'm sure that even you humans aren't stupid enough to think that there's nothing between us after that,' Loki finishes.

'Huh,' Tony muses. 'I don't really keep up to date on what the media's saying about me. It can't be too bad, though, 'cause Pepper hasn't stormed over to chew me out.'

'You *must* call me when it happens,' Loki says, trying to act like the thought of Tony getting yelled at is why he wants to be there. Really he just wants to be close to Tony so that Pepper doesn't try anything. Tony knows that she won't- she and Tony are friends and will never be anything more- but Loki is strangely possessive over Tony when it comes to Pepper. Tony thinks it's because he actually *dated* Pepper; like, had a real, functional relationship with her, as opposed to just having casual sex. Tony can't fault Loki. Just the thought of meeting someone whom Loki's been in a healthy relationship with is enough to make Tony's blood boil.

'Yeah, yeah,' Tony eventually murmurs and finishes knotting his tie. He spins to face Loki and holds his arms up, and Loki smiles and nods. 'Now that I've met your approval,' Tony says, and Loki rolls his eyes, 'let's go.'

'Please explain to me why we're eating out again?' Loki questions as he stands and follows Tony from the room. He's wearing a black suit with a green shirt, sans tie, and he looks fucking *fantastic*. Tony's suit is black too, his shirt charcoal grey, and his tie matches Loki's shirt. They make a gorgeous couple, Tony thinks, and Loki kisses him softly when he says it aloud.

'Well,' Tony says when the elevator doors shut behind them, 'the media's probably wondering if we *are* together, like you said, but they don't know for sure. I want them to.'

'Why?' Loki questions.

'Because you're mine and I'm yours,' Tony states. 'I want the world to know.' He glances at Loki when the god remains silent, and finds Loki's brilliant green eyes on him, head tilted slightly. 'What?'

'You want everybody to know that you we are bonding?' Loki asks, his voice soft.

'Yeah,' Tony frowns, 'of course I do. I love you.' His frown deepens. 'Did you not want to?'

Loki pounces, slamming Tony against the elevator wall to kiss him to within an inch of his life. Tony groans and wraps an arm around Loki's waist, the other hand falling to squeeze Loki's ass through his suit pants. The suit *really* makes Loki looking fucking hot.

Tony's rethinking public dinner plans when Loki pulls back, taking with him Tony's lovely fantasy of him and Loki fucking in the back seat of one of Tony's cars.

'Wha?'' Tony mumbles, lips kiss-swollen and hair messy from Loki's hands.

'I adore you,' Loki breathes, and Tony feels himself blushing. Loki's called him all manner of things, and they exchange "I love you"s at least four times a day. But Loki's never said he *adores* Tony before.

'Um... 'kay?' Tony tries.

Loki laughs softly and presses a kiss to Tony's lips, then his cheek. 'I very much adore you,' he says and steps back.

'kay,' is all Tony can think to say, and Loki just shakes his head. The elevator opens into Tony's underground garage, and Loki links his fingers with Tony's before dragging him into the open concrete space. Tony follows along, wondered what just happened.

{oOo}

'The rings are beautiful and I hate you,' Pepper declares.

Tony smiles, but when Pepper glowers at him it slides from his face. He, Loki and Pepper are sitting in the living room on the communal floor. The Avengers are currently otherwise occupied, so they're all alone. Loki had been lying on the floor reading a thick, leather-bound book in another language, but had leapt to his feet and thrown himself across Tony as soon as Pepper entered the room. Tony found it equal parts adorable and painful.

Pepper's sitting in one of the armchairs, arms folded over her pristine olive suit jacket. Her hair is tied back, and her painted lips are set in a frown, and she has a StarkPad and a folder of forms on her lap.

Tony glances down at his left hand to avoid Pepper's evil look, and his eyes settle on the ring Loki had gifted him that morning. He'd locked himself up in Tony's workshop after they'd



returned from their date the night before (and after they'd had awesome just-got-engaged-sex), and it had only taken him a few hours to make a ring for Tony. It was near identical to Loki's wedding ring, only instead of glowing blue it glowed green, Loki informing Tony that it was infused with the Trickster's magic. Words had failed Tony at the time, but he thinks that two rounds of sex and a blow job were a good thank you.

'Um... thank you?' Tony ventures, and Pepper's eyes narrow. 'Oh come on, Pep!' Tony huffs. 'It's not like Loki and I did that much damage!'

'You threw a plate at a man who called you names,' Pepper growls.

'I don't understand you Midgardians sometimes,' Loki comments. 'Really, no other Realm sees fit to hate others for their sexual identity.'

Pepper sighs and rubs one eye carefully, as though trying to push back a brewing headache. 'I get that the man was out of line,' she says slowly, 'but throwing a plate at him was a *bit* overboard.'

'Hey, Loki coulda thrown magic, or a table,' Tony says. 'I think he got off lucky.'

'Yes, *very* lucky,' Pepper drawls sarcastically. 'Loki threatening to rip his heart out through his mouth was *really* subtle.'

'I was fully prepared to go through with my threat,' Loki says.

Pepper glares at him, but Loki just grins. Tony doubts that Loki finds Pepper even remotely scary, given what Loki's seen and been through during his long life.

'The chicken was delicious,' Loki continues, 'as was the ice cream.'

'I could tell,' Tony looks down at him, Loki still sprawled across his lap. 'You ate more than a hundred bucks worth.'

'You must buy me some,' Loki orders rather than suggests. 'I want the raspberry one, and that one with nuts, and the other one with the yellow fruit.'

'Banana?' Tony offers, and Loki scowls at him.

'How would I know what it's called?' he demands.

Tony laughs and leans back. 'Hear that, J?' he says. 'Put a large order in.'

'Yes, *sir*,' JARVIS replies promptly, and Pepper groans.

'You're not taking any of this seriously, are you?' she asks.

'Life's too short to be serious all the time,' Tony tells her. Pepper sighs. 'Hey, Pep, just release a statement saying Loki's switched sides, has SHIELD's approval to live here, and that him and me are getting married.'

'I have *not* switched sides!' Loki practically squawks, and flaps his arms about for good measure, almost hitting Tony in the head.

'Easy, Lokes,' Tony soothes, patting Loki's hair and face and chest, which always calms Loki down. The Jötunn's like a cat sometimes. A very big cat with very sharp claws. 'The public doesn't have to know that you haven't switched sides. It'll just calm them down if we lie.'

'And what will happen when I do something that is so clearly evil?' Loki asks.

'Mischievous, not evil,' Tony corrects, because really. Loki's last four attacks have been pranks designed to annoy the shit out of the Avengers and SHIELD. Tony was even in on the last one. It was hilarious watching the Avengers try to duck fire-breathing kookaburras that laughed hysterically whenever someone got singed.

'Whatever,' Loki sighs dramatically, and then rolls over to bury his face in Tony's stomach. Tony smiles and runs his fingers through Loki's hair some more, working out the tangles and brushing the black locks when he's done.

Pepper sighs one last time before standing. 'I'll talk with Steve and your PR team and work something out,' she decides.

'Why Steve?' Tony asks.

'Because asking him about yours and Loki's relationship will be less headache-inducing than asking either of you,' Pepper states.

Loki looks up briefly to grin wickedly at her, and then goes back to nuzzling Tony's belly through his shirt with his nose.

Tony sees Pepper's eyes soften slightly at the gesture, and has to bite back a grin. Yup, his fiancé is hella adorable and can win everybody's love and affection.

'Bye, Pepper!' Tony calls, and snickers when she glares at him before disappearing into the elevator. 'Hey, Lo, the evil lady's gone,' Tony tells Loki.

'Good,' Loki mutters, voice muffled by Tony's shirt.

'Are you ever gonna get over the fact that I dated her?' Tony asks.

'No,' Loki states.

'Okay then,' Tony says.

Loki peeks up at him with one eye. 'You don't mind that I dislike her?'

'Nope,' Tony shrugs. 'As long as you're civil to her and don't hurt her, I don't mind. You barely like the Avengers and I'm okay with that.'

'The Avengers are amusing,' Loki says and Tony laughs.

'Yeah, I know,' he nods.

Loki smiles slightly and re-buries his face, then goes still. Soon enough Tony hears soft snores coming from the god and shakes his head, but tries not to jostle Loki as he reaches over for the closest tablet. Loki was up all night making Tony an awesome ring, and then they spent the morning fucking; Loki deserves some rest.

Tony pulls up his latest suit designs, deciding to get some work done while Loki rests. If his eyes happen to stray to his ring more than his work, well, Tony thinks that nobody would blame him. After all, he's wearing a very important part of Loki on his finger, just like Loki's wearing a part of him. It makes Tony feel all warm and giddy. It's a feeling he hasn't ignored since the first time he told Loki he loved him.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

Thor's super excited about Tony and Loki's upcoming wedding, and Tony gets it, he really does. Thor's been worried about his brother constantly for the past three odd years. He's watched Loki fall, and pick himself up, only to fall again, get beaten down over and over, but somehow manage to come back, if a bit less sane than before. Loki with Tony is better than Loki without Tony, everybody agrees on that, even Tony and Loki.

Anyway, Thor had joined them for breakfast... well, he'd invited himself to breakfast... well, okay, he'd just been in their kitchen when Tony and Loki finally dragged themselves out of bed (and Tony's lying again; Loki kicked him out of bed, then used all the hot water, then blamed Tony for being a weak human; Loki's apparently in a bitchy mood this morning). So there Thor was, eating toast instead of his usual poparts, and apparently trying every kind of spreadable food Tony has, which is quite a bit. Loki's a big fan of jelly; strawberry, blackcurrant, blueberry, orange, *hedgerow*, whatever the fuck that is.

Loki eyes the mess Thor had made with annoyance and exasperation, and then moves on as though he's completely used to waking up to his brother trying to eat his body weight in food. Which Tony suspects he is; Loki's known Thor his entire life, after all, all 1049 years of it. And apparently the Æsir are big on feasts, so...

'Hey there, Thunder,' Tony yawns and sits at the table. He watches Loki with half-lidded eyes, the Jötunn making them coffee, bless him. Tony will praise Loki until the end of their days if the Trickster continues making him awesome coffee. While Loki might not like the taste, he makes the *best* cup of black coffee Tony has ever sampled.

'Good morning, friend Tony,' Thor beams. Tony wonders if Thor has a neutral switch; like, is Thor ever *not* exuberant and energetic and just... Thor? Okay, yes, after particularly difficult battles, or when they used to fight Loki seriously, Thor always seemed a bit downtrodden. He'd definitely been morose during the Chitauri invasion, but when he'd started stuffing himself with shawarma he'd perked up a bit.

So... yes, Tony wants to see the neutral switch. Because Thor's all bright, like a Labrador puppy hyped up on sugar, and Tony's never been a morning person. He just wants his coffee, pleasing and thanking the coffee gods.

Or one god in particular, who sets a large mug before Tony while his adopted brother starts commenting on the jelly. Apparently he likes Loki's weird hedgerow shit.

'Mm,' is all Tony contributes.

'Brother,' Thor says halfway through Tony's coffee, and Tony sees Loki's nose wrinkle slightly, but the Trickster doesn't correct Thor. Their relationship's getting better, Tony thinks. There will always be a bit of resentment there, but for the most part Loki and Thor have

mended a lot of bridges. Mostly because Loki refuses to move out of the Tower where Tony lives, and Thor's very good at tracking Loki down. 'I am interested to hear your plans regarding Mother and Father.'

Loki raises an eyebrow over his mug of Earl Grey. 'My plans, Thor?'

'Indeed,' Thor says and brushes crumbs and jelly from his fingertips. 'Tis why I am here.' Loki just waits patiently. 'You are bonding with Tony,' Thor continues after a beat. 'Will you be bonding on Asgard or Midgard?'

Loki sighs at that and sets his cup aside. 'I would prefer to marry on Asgard,' he admits. 'Though it is no longer my home, it is stepped in magic, and some traditions have been ingrained into me.' He glances at Tony, and Tony raises both eyebrows. 'I would like a traditional wedding with Anthony.'

'Indeed,' Thor repeats, 'which is why I would like to offer my help.'

Loki looks back at the blonde god. 'Your help?' he questions.

'Yes,' Thor nods. 'If you return to Asgard now, you would be arrested. I have not yet told Mother and Father of your change and your commitment to Anthony. I believed it to be your business, and did not wish to tell Mother something that you would prefer to tell her yourself in person.'

Loki's eyes widen in surprise, and Tony smiles into his cup. Sometimes Thor just gets things, he thinks. Thor can be pretty oblivious at times, but when it matters he pays attention. He does it a lot where Loki's concerned, especially after the past few years; Thor's learned what happens when Loki's ignored.

'I see,' Loki says after about a minute of silence. 'And how do you... believe that you can help?'

'I will go in your stead and tell Mother and Father of your upcoming marriage,' Thor explains. 'Perhaps I can convince them to let you and Anthony wed on Asgard. I will also talk to Father about your sentence.'

Loki snorts. 'Good luck, Thor,' he says, but it's clearly a sarcastic remark. Thor pouts and Tony snickers. 'I doubt the Allfather will be lenient with me. He never has been.'

'Yes,' Thor sighs, 'I see that now.' Then he perks up and gives Loki a bright grin. 'I will try regardless, brother. If the Allfather refuses to bless your union, and Anthony with a Golden Apple, I will make my objections known. And Heimdall still cannot see you when you do not wish it, so there is little Father can do.' With that he stands, apparently set on going to Asgard *now*. 'Please inform our shield-brothers that I will be on Asgard for three to seven Midgardian days,' Thor tells Tony. 'I will return as soon as possible.'

And then he's off, picking up his hammer from by the doorway. Tony just watches, wondering if that really happened. He hears a crack from outside- like thunder, then a fierce wind- and then nothing. Apparently Thor's returned to the golden realm.

'Huh,' Tony says.

Loki shakes his head.

{oOo}

Tony had expected a no. Or a fight, at least; Odin demanding to meet him and study him and put him through a dozen different trials that no mortal could pass. He hadn't expected for Thor to burst into the kitchen on the communal floor six days after leaving for Asgard- Steve's making waffles!- with the biggest smile in the history of ever and say, 'Brother, the Allfather has given your marriage his blessing and said that if you wed on Asgard, Tony will be gifted with an Apple afterwards.'

Loki's mouth drops open and Tony's sure that he's wearing a similar expression. Because *what?*

'What?' Loki demands.

'You can't be serious,' Tony says.

'Wait, you're getting married?' Bruce asks from across the table. Ah, yes; Tony hasn't told the Avengers yet. Steve probably knows, Tony's sure Pepper did actually talk to him, but he clearly hasn't shared it with the others.

Oops.

Natasha sighs and Clint chokes on a strip of bacon.

'Indeed!' Thor beams. He then moves faster than a guy his size should be capable of to sweep his brother into a bone-crushing hug. Loki is so surprised- and *confused*- that he lets it happen without complaint. Tony's jaw might never recover from hanging open so far. 'Father was sceptical at first,' Thor says as he continues to choke his brother, 'but I spoke with him and Mother at length. I told them that your magic had chosen Stark as your mate, and Mother said that Father had to bless the union or she would refuse to speak to him for five hundred years. Father agreed immediately.'

Loki's still gaping. Tony thinks that Thor might just have broken the younger god.

Thor finally drops Loki back into his seat and it rocks dangerously, almost tipping Loki onto the floor. Loki, being the graceful bastard that he is, manages to steady it with a simple twist of his body. He sets his arms on the table either side of his bowl and *stares* at his abandoned breakfast of fruits and oatmeal. Tony stares at Loki. The Avengers alternate between staring and chewing on their breakfast while Thor starts searching the cupboards for poparts.

'But,' Loki eventually tries, and has to swallow thickly before he can continue, 'but what about my sentence? I escaped prison. I still have six hundred years left.'

'Yes, I spoke to them of that, too,' Thor says, head stuck in a cupboard. 'I told them that you had joined the Avengers and were helping SHIELD to make up for your past misdeeds.'

Loki's head shoots up and his eyes narrow. 'I am doing no such thing, Thor.'

'I know,' Thor agrees. He finally pulls himself from the cupboard with a box of strawberry pop-tarts, grin still fixed on his lips. 'But Mother and Father do not know that,' he says, and laughs at the absolutely *incredulous* look on Loki's face. 'You are more mischievous than sadistic these days, brother. You help the Man of Iron without him having to ask, and I know that you would help Midgard if he *did* ask. I believe that you have suffered enough, and time has shown me that your actions were not entirely your fault. If Father cannot see that, then I will not tell him the entire truth. You have paid your dues.'

Loki blinks rapidly at him. Yup, Tony thinks, Thor has definitely broken Loki.

'Thor...' Loki breathes, 'Thor, I am *not* a good person.'

'No,' Thor agrees, *again*, 'but neither is Anthony, at times. And neither are Clint or Lady Natasha. And I have been a terrible person at times as well, Loki. You are not evil. There is a difference between being bad and being evil. You are *not* evil.' With that stated, Thor sits at the counter and rips into his pop-tarts, stuffing one into his mouth and chewing loudly.

The Twilight Zone! That's totally where they are. Because Thor did *not* just say that Tony and Loki had Odin's blessing, permission to wed on Asgard, a Golden Apple for Tony, *and then* go on to say that he *understood* Loki. *So* not happening... Tony's gonna wake up any minute now. Loki will throw him out of bed, kiss Tony's owies better, and Thor will wander in with bad news and his sad puppy dog eyes.

'Mother will be visiting in three days time,' Thor says into the silence of the kitchen, and Loki nearly falls off his chair. 'She wishes to meet Anthony before the wedding,' Thor says. 'I was unsure if you would be having two, brother, so was uncertain what to tell her.' His eyes and voice both soften. 'She misses you greatly, Loki.'

'And I her,' Loki murmurs. Then he shoots to his feet, but doesn't run off like Tony had expected. Instead he takes a deep breath and looks at Thor. 'I... I cannot thank you enough, Thor, for what you have done.'

Thor just smiles. 'Think nothing of it,' he says. 'You are my brother.'

Loki's eyes warm. 'Yes,' he agrees, 'I am.'

Thor's smile is bright enough to power Stark Tower for a year, Tony's sure. Loki quickly escapes all the brotherly love after that, and Tony gets up, goes to the cupboard, and pulls out the five boxes of chocolate pop-tarts he'd hidden from Thor.

'Thanks, big guy,' he says as he hands them over, and Thor turns that megawatt smile on him.

'Of course, Anthony!' he beams. 'We shall be family when you marry Loki.'

'Yeah,' Tony laughs, 'wow, that's true.' Thor will be his brother-in-law. *Fuck*, that means his mother- and father-in-law will be the Queen and King of Asgard. Heh, Tony always knew he was good enough to be royalty. 'Awesome,' Tony mutters and follows after his fiancé.

When he exists the kitchen he hears Clint screech, '*They're getting married?!*'

Tony smirks.

{oOo}

Tony thinks that his and Frigga's first meeting could have gone better. A *lot* better. He's just thankful that he wasn't naked.

What happened was, Tony had taken off his engagement/wedding ring to do some work on his latest suit. Loki had walked into the workshop to find DUM-E trying to play catch with itself, using Tony's ring as a ball. Tony was kind of glad that he hadn't eaten the Golden Apple yet, because then Loki would have no excuse not to beat the shit out of Tony.

What he does is shout for a good forty minutes about how irresponsible Tony is and how he clearly doesn't love Loki or appreciate the magic ring Loki made for him. Tony tries to apologise and promises to make a necklace to hang his ring off of while he's working. He even gives Loki puppy dog eyes and a charming smile and touches him. But no, Loki is immune in his rage, and storms from the workshop with Tony racing after him- after a quick detour to grab his ring from DUM-E, the little bastard.

Loki takes the stairs, forcing Tony to take them after him. Loki is a fucking *god* and a *hell* of a lot taller than Tony, so he easily climbs about twenty floors before Tony gets up ten. Tony goes for the elevator after that (why he didn't do that in the first place is a mystery to Tony, and he'll never tell anybody that he ran up ten flights of stairs for nothing), and JARVIS informs him that Loki is still ranting as he teleports through various floors until he comes to a stop in the penthouse.

Tony arrives about two minutes after him, shouting, 'I'm sorry, Loki! I'll give you head every night for a week if you forgive me!'

Those are the first words that Frigga, Queen of Asgard and Loki's mother, hears from her future son-in-law. She's on her feet with her arms wrapped around Loki, the two clearly in the middle of hugging out their love. Loki pulls back to scowl at Tony, while Thor tries to hide a laugh in his massive hands. Frigga eyes Tony curiously and Tony blushes seven shades of fucking red.

'Er... hello,' he tries, and clears his throat.

'Good morning,' Frigga smiles warmly.

'Um, yeah,' Tony nods, 'so... you must be Frigga? Queen Frigga, I mean. Or, uh... Your Majesty?'

Loki snorts and drawls, 'Queen Frigga will do, Stark.'

Tony winces. Great, he's *Stark* again. He wonders how long that'll last. Maybe he should buy Loki seven hundred dollars worth of books again...

'Just Frigga is fine,' Frigga says, her golden hair shining brightly in the sun.

Wow, she *really* looks like a god, Tony thinks. The heavy gold and green dress she's wearing, as well as the vambraces and kick-ass boots certainly help. Also, Tony realises, she's *tall*. Fuck his life, everybody's taller than him. Tony thanks the multiple gods out there that Bruce and Clint are both roughly his height. And Natasha's shorter, ha!

'I'm assuming that you are Anthony, Son of Stark, Loki's soon-to-be bondmate?' Frigga asks, breaking Tony from his random thoughts.

'Yes, ma'am,' Tony says, because *hello*, Queen *and* Loki's mother! Tony's already off to a bad start.

'I see,' Frigga says and gifts him with another soft smile. Tony tilts his head. Huh. That's Loki's soft smile; the smile he gives Tony when he's all sleepy and fuzzy and thinks that Tony's equal parts adorable and ridiculous. 'Why are you and your future husband fighting, Loki?' Frigga asks her son, and she's totally got the disappointed mother voice down.

Loki scowls at her, then at Tony, who offers him a bright smile in response. 'Anthony was being reckless with his property,' Loki sniffs.

'I was not!' Tony argues. 'I didn't know DUM-E had it!'

'You didn't know because *clearly* you don't care for it!' Loki snaps.

'Yes I do!' Tony says. 'I offered to make a necklace, didn't I? I took the damn thing off so I wouldn't chip it!'

'That is-' Loki begins, only for Frigga to expertly step between them.

'It seems that your argument is pointless,' she says, and Loki glares at her but goes sullen, arms crossed over his chest. He looks like a chastised little boy and Tony has to bite his lip not to smile. 'How about we sit and have tea?' Frigga suggests.

'Yes, Mother!' Thor beams, either happy to move on from Tony and Loki's fight, or just *super* excited about tea. Tony can never tell with Thor. Dude gets excited over lamps.

'I would prefer to dine with Loki and Anthony alone for now, Thor,' Frigga tells her eldest. 'We will eat together before I leave. I am quite curious about the man who has managed to tie Loki down.'

'I am not tied down!' Loki denies, much to everyone's amusement. 'I still do what I please, when I please. Stark has no say in my actions.'

'Very true,' Tony agrees, seeing a chance to earn some points back. 'Loki's a free spirit.' It doesn't work; Loki scowls at him and Tony wilts. Damn, he's not gonna get any sex for a *long* time.

But it *is* true. Loki still lies and cheats and steals. Mostly he lies to Tony about eating all the food and destroying the suits he thinks Tony looks awful in. And he steals Tony's credit cards to buy stuff online. He's also a blanket hog; don't let Loki tell you otherwise. Tony's woken up about a hundred times since they got together to find his bedmate has made himself into a blanket burrito sometime during the night. It's why Loki finds it so easy to kick Tony out of bed in the morning; Tony has nothing to cling to.

'Indeed,' Frigga says, apparently finding them amusing, because she's smiling. 'Where do you dine?' she asks, glancing around the living room. 'I have not visited Midgard before.'

'Oh, uh... kitchen?' Tony tries. Loki's glare deepens. 'Dining room?' is Tony's next offer. Then, 'Living room is fine,' when Loki just continues to glare.

'Stop that, Loki,' Frigga huffs. She swats Loki over the back of the head and Thor and Tony both snicker while Loki glowers darkly at the lot of them. 'What kinds of tea do you have on Midgard?'

'My mother might enjoy peppermint, Earl Grey, and the darjeeling oolong,' Loki tells Tony. He leads his mother to the sofa, taking a seat beside her, while Thor smiles at Tony and leaves with a soft goodbye.

Tony has no idea what the hell that last tea is; he just hopes that the boxes Loki keeps in the cupboard have labels.

Tony finds the right teas eventually. There never used to be all that much in Tony's kitchen besides alcohol and blueberries. Tony likes snacking on blueberries, and so does Loki, so the two usually try to hide their stash from the other. One of the cupboards above the stove is full of tea boxes in bright colours, and a few tin containers of loose leaf stuff that Loki gets from who knows where. Thankfully everything's labelled so Tony's able to set it all out and boil water in one of the large kettles Loki had forced Tony to buy.

Tony's watched Loki make tea so often that he knows just what to do, and soon he's shuffling back into the living room with everything on a tray. Loki smirks at him and Frigga smiles, making Tony want to blush *and* flip his future husband off. Bastard.

'Anthony,' Frigga begins after Loki's poured them all a cup of peppermint tea, 'Thor says that you're a warrior of Midgard.'

'Er... yes,' Tony settles on. He doesn't really think of himself as a warrior, just a dude with a really cool suit, but warriors are apparently a big thing on Asgard, and Thor's always calling the Avengers his "shield-brothers", so whatever.

'I am also under the impression that you are part of the group of warriors who quarrelled with Loki when he first visited Midgard,' Frigga adds, which is a really nice way of saying "you kicked my youngest son's ass when he tried to invade your planet". Tony just nods. 'How, then, did you come to be in an amorous relationship?' Frigga asks. 'Thor mentioned that Loki's magic has imprinted upon you...'

She trails off, clearly waiting for either Tony or Loki to explain it all. Tony flushes and glances at Loki, who's looking far too interested in his tea cup. Tony scowls and wishes he was tall enough to kick Loki under the coffee table.

'Well,' Tony clears his throat, then takes a sip of tea to buy himself some more time. How do you tell your future mother-in-law that you just really enjoyed boning her son and then eventually fell in love with him? 'Uh...!' Tony hums, 'Loki and I knew each other, obviously. He liked playing around with the Avengers- that's what we call our group of... er, warriors- so we fought a whole heap.'

Frigga nods along slowly, eyes fixed on Tony, and Tony curses Loki silently as he continues.

'I went to a bar- a, uh... drinking establishment,' Tony says, 'and Loki sat down next to me. We got to talking and found out that we get along really well when we're not trying to hurt each other.'

Frigga chuckles softly. 'So my son approached you and managed to charm his way into your chambers?'

Loki chokes on his tea and Tony grins at him, which earns the human a dark glare when Loki can breathe again.

'You know your son well,' Tony says and toasts Frigga, who's smile widens.

'Loki has always been very determined when he wants something. I don't doubt that the second he realised he wanted you he made his way to your... drinking establishment.' She turns to Loki. 'I suppose it was a shock, when your magic imprinted upon him.'

Loki nods. 'Indeed,' he says and stares at his tea instead of his mother or Tony. 'I had heard stories, of course, and you had told me years ago how your magic chose Odin. I wasn't aware that it would happen to me, given my... true nature.' His hand tightens slightly around his mug. 'I do wonder why my magic chose a human.'

'Because Asgard is stagnant when compared to Midgard,' Frigga says immediately. 'And from what I remember of Jötunheimr, it is much the same.' She smiles at Tony. 'When you are as long-lived as us, you forget that some races are not and must live a whole life in less than two hundred years. It has made you Midgardians quite adventurous.'

'Er... less than a hundred years, actually,' Tony corrects, and can see surprise on Frigga's face. 'The average life span of a Midgardian is between seventy and eighty years, depending on your gender and what country you live in.'

'Fascinating,' Frigga muses, then turns back to her son. 'Loki, I am not surprised that your magic chose a human. You have always needed someone as brilliant and clever as yourself, and someone who is not interested in just battles and feasts. From what Thor has told me, Anthony is more than capable of keeping up with you.'

Tony wonders just how much Thor talked him up when he visited his parents, but it seems to bring a smile to Loki's face. Some of the tension has bled away and when he looks at Tony his eyes are soft, making Tony's inside feel all warm.

'Yes,' Loki says, 'I am glad that my magic chose Anthony. Even if it had not, I would have chosen him myself.'

Frigga and Tony both beam at that, then Tony blushes slightly when Frigga glances his way. Frigga sips her tea and murmurs that it's quite good, so she and Loki fall into a discussion about the many Midgardian plants that you can eat or drink.

Tony just sits and drinks and wonders if he should go get some cookies or biscuits. Loki tends to eat everything that contains chocolate within minutes of Tony putting the groceries away, so there's a low chance of their kitchen containing anything. But Bruce likes cookies, so he probably has some on his floor or on the Avengers' communal floor...

'Anthony.'

Tony blinks rapidly and glances up to see both Loki and Frigga staring at him. 'Yeah?'

'We must discuss your wedding,' Frigga says. Tony's mouth flops open and Loki gives him an evil grin.

So... Tony and Loki are getting married, yes. Tony's super excited about that, 'cause Loki will be his *husband*. But... Tony honestly hasn't given much thought to the actual wedding. They'll have to invite people and plan food and walk down an aisle and exchange vows and... crap.

'Oh,' Tony says. 'Um... are Asgardian weddings different to Midgardian ones?'

'I have no idea what a Midgardian wedding is like,' Frigga says. 'An Asgardian wedding consists of guests, food, and an exchange of words that bond the two together for life. Of course, such bondings can be broken.'

'Uh...' Tony scratches his beard and stares off at the wall, 'that pretty much sounds like a Midgardian wedding. Only we exchange rings and take a lot of photos.'

'Photos...' Frigga tilts her head, looking curious, so Loki explains to her what a photograph is. Frigga looks *excited* and Tony decides that he'll give Frigga a camera and maybe tell her how to develop the photos herself. Most cameras these days are digital, but Tony figures he'll be able to find an old fashioned one that uses film, or make one himself.

That, or he can modernise Asgard. He gets a little kick out of imagining all the Æsir try and figure out Facebook.

After that they discuss Tony and Loki's upcoming wedding a bit more, and though Frigga doesn't *demand* it, she pretty much hints heavily that she wants Tony and Loki to marry on Asgard. Frigga could attend a Midgardian wedding, but she keeps mentioning traditions and Loki wearing armour and using some big golden hall full of big golden furniture...

Loki vetoes everything with the word “gold” in it and instead mentions some outdoor/indoor-type room that overlooks the city of Asgard as well as the sea. There are trees and gardens all around, and it's apparently a place where Loki liked to sit and read a lot when he was younger.

It brings tears to Frigga's eyes, but she doesn't cry; she just pats Loki on the thigh and says that it sounds wonderful. She also takes over any and all wedding planning. All Tony and Loki have to do is gather any guests they want to invite and ride the Rainbow Bridge to god land.

Okay... Tony's life used to be normal once upon a time, right?

Tony tunes in and out of the conversation a fair bit. Yes, it's his wedding they're discussing, but he honestly doesn't give a crap about what type of food will be there and who they should and shouldn't invite for political reasons. Loki goes really stiff at the suggestion that they invite some Jötnar. Apparently the new King is a guy called Helblindi, who's one of Loki's younger biological brothers. And, wow, Loki has two other brothers that he apparently never knew about if the surprised/angry look on his face is anything to go by.

Anyway, King Helblindi, according to Frigga, is strict yet fair, and wants to bring Jötunheimr back to its former glory. Apparently the Jötnar hold no grudge against Loki for killing their former King; not only was Laufey a tyrant, but he left his first-born son out in the cold to die. It happens a fair bit, Frigga says, but Loki is strong of magic, which the Jötnar apparently respect even more than physical strength.

So... yeah. Loki is still Crown Prince of Jötunheimr and can wander back in whenever the hell he wants and take over. He scowls when Frigga suggests it, but she just pats him on the thigh again and moves along.

Tony's not allowed to bring too many mortals. The Avengers are allowed because they're Thor's shield-brothers and apparently “worthy” according to Odin. Other than that, Tony's only allowed to bring his family. Which he doesn't have. He'll invite Pepper, though, she's as good as family. And Rhodey, too. Loki clearly isn't happy about that but he doesn't say anything, just sips his tea and stares pointedly at his lap.

Eventually all the tea is drunk and Frigga asks if there's a room where she can retire for a while. When she and Thor left Asgard it was somewhere around ten or eleven pm, and she wants to rest for a bit before Loki takes her out sightseeing. Frigga's never been to Midgard, as she's mentioned, and she wants to see the planet where her youngest son has decided to build his new life.

The media's been pretty good about the whole Loki thing, but mostly because SHIELD- i.e. Fury- had leaned on some people to paint Loki and Tony in a good light. Tony's the guy who managed to get the super villain to change sides, and a fair amount of people are swooning over the romance of it all. Tony and Loki giggle over it quite a bit, because Loki's changed somewhat, but he can still be an evil bastard.

Loki sets his empty cup aside and stands to go and prepare their guest room for his mother, leaving Tony and Frigga alone. Tony twiddles his thumbs and stares pointedly at the walls, or the table- at anything other than Frigga. He's never met the mother of someone he's sleeping with, and soon she'll be his *mother-in-law*. She's also a god and can no doubt kick Tony's ass, so... staring at the wall it is.

'Anthony,' she says, drawing Tony's attention.

'Yes, ma'am?'

Frigga smiles in amusement but presses on. 'I wish to thank you for everything you have done for my son.'

Tony frowns. 'What I've done...?'

'Indeed,' Frigga nods. 'I watched Loki's descent, and it broke my heart. It broke my heart further when Thor returned him in chains. Loki was... broken,' she says, and her voice cracks slightly on the last word. 'He was so very defeated and *angry*. I can still see glimpses of that anger, but *my* Loki is back; you have brought him back.'

'Er... I haven't really done anything,' Tony admits. Because he really doesn't think he has.

'But you have,' Frigga smiles softly. 'You have loved him for him. You understand him and enjoy his company, no matter his faults. You have your own, of that I have no doubt; we all do. But most refuse to see past Loki's. He has always been different. I am glad that he has finally found someone who understands just how amazing he is.'

'Well, Loki's really great,' Tony says honestly. 'I love everything about him.' Except when he kicks Tony out of bed. Seriously, Loki has a real problem with that. Tony's thinking of installing beanbags in the floor of their bedroom, or maybe just mattresses. The carpet's too hard, especially when you're half-asleep and flailing about.

'And for that, I thank you,' Frigga says. 'It is good to see Loki happy. It is all I have ever wanted for both my sons.' She leans over the coffee table to squeeze Tony's hand, and Tony smiles sheepishly then scratches the back of his neck. He's not really good with talking about feelings.

Thankfully Loki returns then, and Frigga bids Tony a good day before leaving with her son. Tony sighs and slouches back in his seat. Well... that could have gone worse.

Shaking his head, Tony stands to put away the tray and dirty dishes. When he re-enters the living room Loki's on the couch again, spread out this time with his legs dangling over one arm rest. He sits up and scoots back, then holds an arm out. Tony smiles and slides into the

spot Loki created for him, welcoming the cool arm that wraps around his waist and the sharp chin that digs into his shoulder.

'Your mom's pretty cool,' Tony says.

'She is,' Loki agrees.

'You take after her a lot, you know,' Tony says. 'I know that you're adopted, but you clearly picked up a lot of mannerisms from her.'

'Did I?'

'Mm-hmm.'

Loki hums and presses a kiss to Tony's cheek. Tony sighs and snuggles back, looking forward to a lazy morning with his fiancé. When Loki takes his mother out Tony'll go down to his workshop and busy himself with his suit designs.

'I have not forgotten about the incident earlier,' Loki suddenly growls, and Tony shivers. He knows that growl. So Loki's *not* cutting him off; he's gonna fuck Tony long and hard when they have some time alone. Multiple times. In every position imaginable.

Tony shivers again when Loki nips at his ear. Awesome.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: Hey, all! Remember when this was a one-shot? Good times.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Warning: Mentions of MPreg

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

Asgard is very... gold. Tony can tell that all the Avengers are highly impressed, though Natasha hides her astonishment very well. Tony just thinks it looks like someone went crazy with the gold paint, but whatever. He can now see why Loki was drowning when he lived here; everything's so slow and there's no electricity or fast motorbikes or *internet!* What the fuck?

The Bifröst- which is *literally* a rainbow bridge, and god, the *jokes* Tony wants to make- is super long and super boring. There's no railing, either, so Tony amuses himself by muttering to Loki what people he'd like to push over the edge. He and Loki snicker together while Steve and Pepper and Coulson throw them disapproving looks. Coulson wasn't technically invited to the wedding, but Fury managed to convince Frigga during her short stay that someone from SHIELD should be present during Tony and Loki's nuptials. Whatever, Tony doesn't care. Coulson's practically a ghost with how quiet he is.

Beneath the Bifröst is some kind of roiling... space-type area, and Tony scowls down at it whenever he catches a glimpse. It reminds him too much of the wormhole, and it's where Loki let go and fell for what felt like millions of years, right into the hands of the Chitauri. That space-wormhole-thing is a bitch and almost killed Tony's Loki and Tony wants to stab it with a rusty fork.

Off to the right and the left and in front of them and behind them is gold, gold, gold. No, seriously. *Fucking gold.* Tony's considering changing Iron Man's colour scheme, because how can you not hate gold after living in a goddamn world of it? No wonder Loki's taken to wearing green and silver instead of green and gold. Maybe Tony'll change to green and silver, too. Then he and Loki will match. And the media will be all, '*Aww, what an adorable couple, dressing like each other,*' and that'll make people forget that most of the time Loki's a homicidal maniac who laughs at their suffering.

'What are you thinking about?' Loki murmurs from beside Tony. He's not even remotely out of breath, the fucker. Seriously, how goddamn long have they been walking for? Don't they have... carts or horses or something? Maybe Loki will carry him.

'Murder,' Tony finally answers, and Loki grins widely.

'I knew there was a reason I'm marrying you,' Loki says and pecks him on the lips. Tony smiles back and the guards accompanying them from Hime-deli-whatever's giant golden

room turn to look incredulously at them. And they might look just a tiny bit disturbed, but Tony and Loki both thrive off of fucking with people, so they smirk sharply at the six guards and start talking about gruesome things, trying to freak out the tall golden Æsir.

The Avengers aren't amused and the couple only stops when Natasha threatens to release photos of them having sex to the media. Tony wasn't aware that such photos existed, but if they do- and he wouldn't put it past Natasha to somehow figure out how to bribe JARVIS- he doesn't want them getting out, thank you very much. Only *he's* allowed to see Loki naked. Loki clearly agrees because he spends the rest of the walk in silence.

After forty years of wandering the shiny rainbow bridge, Tony, Loki and co reach a golden archway, which leads to a golden room, which leads to some golden hallways, and then- *no way!*- they're directed into a giant room with a gold floor and gold walls and gold pillars and a giant fucking *gold throne*.

'Seriously, what's with all the gold?' Tony asks Loki.

'I have no idea,' Loki whispers back. 'I suppose that all the gold makes the Æsir feel powerful.'

'It looks like a four-year-old when crazy with his finger paints,' Tony mutters, and Loki snickers.

They shut up real quick when they realise that they've been hustled forward. Tony sees Frigga standing just to his left, and waves. Frigga smiles but doesn't wave back, and Tony supposes that it's because her husband, the apparently almighty AllFather King-of-Everything-that-is-Gold Odin is standing beside her, directly before the Fabulous Golden Throne.

Tony assumes that it's Odin, anyway. He's kinda old looking, and he's got an eye-patch- *guess what colour!*- and he's wearing- *gasp!*- gold and silver armour, and carrying a giant gold spear. Tony wants to raise his hand and suggest that the decorator get shot in the face, but he thinks that'll probably be considered rude, so just stands quietly.

Thor moves from behind Tony and Loki to kneel before his parents, and states in his booming voice, 'King Odin, Queen Frigga, I have returned from Midgard with your invited guests.'

Well, *duh*, Odin's staring right at them. But apparently there are *rules* and *traditions* because Odin yammers on about welcoming "Crown Prince Thor" home, isn't it wonderful that Thor hasn't died since he left, well let's welcome the mortals, too, and boast about how awesome our Golden City of Goldy Gold is just to rub it in their faces that their world isn't as Super Awesomely Gold as ours.

... Tony's having a *serious* issue with all the gold. And he wants coffee. Without coffee he's a bitch, and they had to leave Midgard really early, so Tony only got one cup of Loki's awesome coffee.

All the gold might explain why Loki went insane, Tony thinks. Tony's been here for... what, an hour? And he already wants to stab somebody. Poor Loki had to stare at it all for over a

thousand years. When they retire to Loki's chambers, Tony's gone hug his fiancé and just sing lullabies to him.

Finally Loki is called forward and he moves stiffly, eyes narrowed but blank as he stands beside Thor. When Odin raises an eyebrow- Tony finds it impressive, given the scars he can see and the hindrance of the eye-patch- Loki's jaw goes tight, but he slowly gets down on one knee, clasps a fist over his chest, and says, 'King Odin, Queen Frigga, I thank you for inviting my future husband and myself to your realm, and into your palace. I also thank you for the use of your realm to hold my wedding.'

With that he's on his feet again, hands behind his back, and Tony sees his fingernails digging into his palms.

Frigga sighs softly but Odin just nods and says, 'You are welcome, Loki Odinson, as you will always be.'

'I prefer to be addressed as Loki Laufeyson,' Loki corrects smoothly, and Tony isn't sure if it's pain or anger that flickers through Odin's eye, because it's masked before Tony can get a proper look. 'For that is my real name,' Loki adds.

'Very well,' Odin allows. He then demands that everyone else be introduced- in a thoroughly Kingly way- so Loki holds a hand out and Tony knows its for him.

He steps forward and takes Loki's hand, threading their fingers together and giving Loki's a squeeze. He looks up at Odin- yay, another tall god- and isn't sure if he should kneel or not. He settles for bowing from the waist and waving his and Loki's clasped hands at Odin.

'Odin- King Odin- Your Majesty, sir.' *Wow, smooth, Tony.* Tony's really not good at the whole "meet the royal in-laws" thing. He's sure he hears Clint snicker somewhere behind him, and vows to swap all of Clint's sour cream and onion chips for salt and vinegar. 'Thanks for having me,' Tony adds.

Odin raises his visible eyebrow again. So... that went over well.

'Allfather,' Loki says, 'this is my intended, Anthony Edward Stark of Midgard, also known as the Man of Iron.' He's *proud*, Tony realises; proud of who Tony is, and that Tony chose Loki, that Tony *belongs* to Loki of his own free will. Tony smiles and squeezes Loki's hand. He's pretty damn proud of his fiancé, too.

'Welcome, Son of Stark,' Odin says. 'I welcome you to Asgard, and to my family.' He looks sharply at Loki, but Loki just stares passively back. 'Regardless of Loki's... preferred name, he is still a Prince of Asgard, and as such, he is still my son. You will be a part of my family for as long as you wish it after your wedding.'

Tony nods slowly and tries a, 'Thank you?' which has Clint snickering again, the little a-hole. Tony wonders if marrying Loki makes him a prince, too. Maybe a consort? Tony's really not up-to-date on his Royal Families of Asgard and their terminology. Maybe there's a book he can borrow.

Odin nods once. 'You will also be gifted with one of Iðunn's Apples at the closure of your bonding, Son of Stark. You are welcome to remain on Asgard for however long you wish. Loki-' his gaze turns sharp, and Loki returns it, '- I wish to speak with you when you are free.'

'I shall check my schedule,' Loki drawls and kneels once more- tugging Tony down in the process, wow, a little *warning* woulda been real nice. He stands as quickly as he knelt and steps back, dragging Tony with him, and Thor chooses that moment to introduce their guests.

Odin doesn't seem all that interested in the assortment of mortals, though he looks slightly intrigued by Natasha's introduction. Tony figures it's because Asgard has only one female warrior, and now Odin's realising that, hey, women *can* kick your ass if they want to. Why *yes*, Odin, Asgard *does* discriminate against a whole host of people, maybe look into that before someone else goes crazy and tries to destroy an entire realm, hmm?

Tony's tired and he wants away from the gold and the gods and... everything. Loki's practically a statue beside him, and Tony doesn't like it. Loki's so bright and full of energy and just... *Loki*. Right now he's a Loki cut-out and Tony wants his goddamn suave, graceful, bitchy boyfriend back, thank you very much.

After what feels like *hours* of polite talk, they're all dismissed, and Frigga immediately rushes over to Tony and Loki. She forces them apart and then links her arms through theirs and pulls.

'Come along, my sons,' she smiles brightly, 'we must have tea in my garden.'

Loki doesn't try to stop her, so Tony doesn't, either. Well, he couldn't even if he wanted to, what with Frigga having godly strength and Tony being a wee little mortal. So Frigga drags them out of the throne room, and Tony pretends that he can't feel someone- his money's on Odin- staring holes into his back as he goes.

{oOo}

'Frigga, please be honest with me,' Tony says when he, Loki and Frigga have seated themselves at a small outdoor table made of sturdy wood. There's already platters of meat and cheese and fruit and bread waiting for them. There's wine, too, and Loki goes straight for it, but Tony ignores him.

Frigga raises her eyebrows. 'Be honest about what, Anthony?' she queries.

Tony takes a deep breath, looks Frigga in the eye, and asks, 'Do all Æsir have some kind of gold fetish? Like, is this something that might manifest in Loki one day?' 'Cause I gotta be honest, I don't think I can handle that, and if there's a *chance* of it happening I wanna call the wedding o-ooof!'

A good way to shut Tony up is to push him right out of his seat and onto the cold stone floor. Isn't Loki clever, figuring that out?

'You bastard,' Tony scowls as he stumbles to his feet.

'I am unaware if my biological parents were married when they conceived me, so I just might be,' Loki replies smoothly and sips his dark purple wine.

Frigga's laughing behind her hand- at least she's polite about it- and then gestures to the food spread, naming the meats for Tony. It doesn't help, so Loki matches things up to Midgardian animals;

'That tastes like fish but is a small squirrel like animal and a delicacy.'

'It resembles your chicken but is as large as a dairy cow.'

'I believe you would think that one similar to your sizable rats, but they taste like turkey.'

'Do not eat that one, Anthony, you would cry if you discovered what it resembles.'

Tony wonders if it's Bambi or something, but he eats Bambi once in a while, so... maybe he'd better not ask.

When Tony has a stack of food on his plate and a full goblet of wine- its big, Tony'll totally be hammered after one cup- Frigga turns to her son.

'Your father had good intentions when he requested your presence.'

Loki snorts. '*Odin*,' he says pointedly, 'has always had *good intentions*. What is good for him is not necessarily good for anyone else.'

Tony stares at his plate.

'I believe that he is trying to make amends, Loki,' Frigga says.

'Mm, yes,' Loki drawls, 'and how long before he tries to use me again? My *tricks* or my *silver-tongue* or even my true heritage?'

Wow, doesn't that place setting look delightful.

'Loki-'

'I do not wish to discuss that man any longer,' Loki interrupts, and the table goes silent before Loki continues. 'He may be your husband,' he stays quietly, 'and he may have raised me, but he did a poor job of it. I will go to him before I rest for the night, and be done with him and this entire realm as soon as Anthony and I have wed.'

Frigga inhales sharply. Tony gulps down his wine.

'You will not visit again?' the woman asks, her eyes sad.

Tony gulps down some more wine.

'No,' Loki states, and Tony can see tears forming in Frigga's eyes. 'You can visit me on Midgard, Mother, which is my home now. I will not return here.'

Frigga nods slowly, though she still looks heartbroken. Getting drunk sounds like a fantastic idea to Tony, but he figures that Loki will be in a stabby or killy mood when he returns from his talk with Odin, and Tony's found that sex is the best way to get Loki out of said moods. So Tony puts the cup aside and claps his hands.

'Well, this is awkward,' he declares, and Frigga huffs slightly, a smile creeping along her face, and Loki rolls his eyes but gives Tony a warm look. 'Is this safe?' Tony asks and prods the blood-red meat covering his salad. Loki had promised that it was cooked, but you never know with the Trickster.

'Yes,' Loki says. 'I do not wish to remain in Asgard for any longer than necessary, and making you ill would delay our wedding.'

'Okay then,' Tony says and cuts it up. Loki and Frigga start a conversation that is stilted and a little awkward at first, but soon they're yammering away and discussing subjects that completely baffle Tony.

Tony's meat tastes like frog. He isn't sure if that's good or bad.

{oOo}

'Hey, Tony,' Rhodey says.

'Hey, Rhodey,' Tony replies, because Rhodes *always* just turns up in Loki's private chambers on Asgard, happens *all the time*. 'What's up?' Tony asks as he moves to check that his luggage arrived safely. He didn't bring all that much, but a few burly guards had moved it here, and in Tony's experience people are always nosy and always poke around things that aren't theirs. Tony certainly does.

'What's up?' the taller man echoes, and then sighs. 'Well, I was picked up by SHIELD, and escorted to your helipad by Natasha, who mentioned that you were marrying *Loki*, and now here I am in Gold Town.'

'You've noticed it too?' Tony asks. 'Seriously, what is it with them and *gold*'?

'That's not important.'

'It is! I'm marrying a dude who was raised here, what if he suddenly wants to paint my penthouse gold?'

'Tony!' Rhodey snaps, and Tony stands to attention, which makes Rhodey laugh and sigh at the same time. 'Since when do you get married?' Rhodey asks.

'Since I fell in love with a really awesome guy who makes me happy,' Tony replies.

Rhodey blinks at him. Tony just stares. 'Okay then.'

Tony frowns. 'Seriously?'

'Yeah, seriously,' Rhodey nods. 'I trust that you know what you're doing... and if you don't, well, your plans always work out... more or less.'

'Exactly!' Tony beams. 'This time in two days I'll be married and it'll be awesome.'

'Right,' Rhodey murmurs. 'You love him?'

'Yeah.'

'He loves you?'

'Yeah,' Tony repeats.

'Okay then,' Rhodey says, 'that's good enough for me.' He glances around Loki's chambers, which are- no surprise- green and black. 'Your fiancé due back soon or you got time to come find a beer with me?'

'I think they drink ale here,' Tony says, recalling the many, *many* stories Thor has regaled the Avengers with. 'But yeah, that sounds good. Let's go.'

{oOo}

They find a tavern thanks to some helpful servants. It's out of the main palace, down in the town where most of the Æsir live. It's large, like everything in god land, but the people seem friendly enough. It's probably because they immediately know who Tony is and bow to him whenever they meet his eyes. They keep calling him "Consort Stark" or "Prince Loki's Chosen". Tony figures it's just another tradition. Everyone always sneers out Loki's name or wrinkle their nose when they say it, and when Tony scowls they bow even lower and shuffle off.

Yeah... Tony kinda hates the Æsir. They clearly despise Loki; no wonder Loki went crazy. Tony would have, too.

Anyway, one of the perks of being Consort Stark is that Tony gets his drinks for free, and by being with him, so does Rhodey. Tony still doesn't want to get drunk so he eyes the large mug

of ale that has been set before him and decides it'll be his one and only. It'll be hard enough finding his way back to Loki's chambers without being hammered, and he's still got Loki's no doubt sour mood to deal with later.

As soon as they sit at one of the very long, very large tables in the corner, Rhodey asks who proposed to who, why Tony figured now was a good time to get married, and just how the hell Tony and Loki got into a sexual relationship in the first place. Tony still considers Rhodey his best friend, he's just not very good at keeping in contact. Between Loki, the Avengers, and Tony's company, Tony hasn't had much time to phone Rhodey and chat. Rhodey knows about Tony and Loki only because Pepper and the media let him know. Tony figures that he owes his best friend a real explanation, so launches into the well-told tale of Loki plopping down beside Tony at a bar and demanding to chat about extrasolar planets.

Tony's a genius, yes, but he hadn't had the faintest clue what the hell astrophysics really involved until he met Loki. Now he and Loki chat about the interstellar medium all the time. Rhodey's smart, too, but he seems a bit lost halfway through Tony's story.

Tony moves on soon enough, discussing how and when he fell in love with Loki. It happened over time, of course, but Tony can pinpoint when he really started *liking* Loki, and exactly when he fell in love with Loki. Rhodey shakes his head during the Doom story, but toasts Tony with his mug, anyway.

Tony's just up to the part where Clint fell through the ceiling and declared that he already knew Tony and Loki were fucking when Loki himself falls onto the wooden seat beside Tony. Anybody else would think that he was fine, but Tony knows how to read Loki better than anyone else, even Thor. Thor has more years of experience, but Tony knows Loki on a few levels that Thor never will.

Loki's eyes are tight, there are bruises and cuts on his palm from where he's been clenching his fists, and the skin around his knuckles is bruised and peeling. His lips are pressed thin, too, but his entire face relaxes somewhat when he sees Tony. Then Tony leans over to give him a nice, gentle kiss, and Loki relaxes further.

He leans heavily against Tony's side and looks at Rhodey. 'Who are you and why are you drinking with my fiancé?' Loki demands of Rhodey.

Rhodey, God bless him, just smiles and says, 'I'm Tony's oldest friend and we haven't spoken a lot recently. I invited him out for a drink.'

Loki cocks his head. 'You are his oldest friend?' he asks. 'I thought that was Potts.'

'Pepper?' Rhodey laughs. 'No, I went to MIT with Tony.'

Loki turns to Tony and says, 'The college where you studied your sciences and graduated at seventeen?' Tony nods, and Loki says, 'Ah.' He then turns back to Rhodey. 'Have you ever had sex with my Anthony?'

Rhodey chokes on his beer and Tony cracks up laughing. He buries his face in his arms, cackling, when he sees the *horrified* look on Rhodey's face.

'What? No!' Rhodey shouts. Loki raises an eyebrow. 'No, no, *no*,' Rhodey insists, and now he's waving his arms. 'I'm completely heterosexual. And even if I wasn't, I met Tony when he was fifteen. I still remember the adorable little kid with too-long hair who built DUM-E in his dorm room. So no, Tony's very much not my type.'

Loki relaxes completely at that and throws an arm around Tony's shoulders. He kisses Tony's cheek, too, and Tony tries to bite back the laughter so he can kiss Loki properly.

'He's very possessive,' Tony tells Rhodey.

'Anthony is mine and always has been, we just hadn't met yet,' Loki says.

Rhodey looks confused, and Tony says, 'His magic imprinted on me.'

'Oh,' Rhodey says. 'Like... soulmate-type stuff?'

'No,' Loki shakes his head. 'In simple terms, my magic has found that Anthony is the best choice of partner. Like an animal scenting another and finding them to be the best mate, who will protect and nurture them, and also provide healthy offspring.'

Rhodey chokes on his beer again and Tony sighs. 'Jötnar are hermaphrodites,' he says.

'They're *what*?' Rhodey demands.

'They all have cocks and vaginas,' Loki announces rather loudly, drawing looks from the rest of the tavern. Loki just grins sharply at them all. 'Some, however, do not have vaginas, such as myself,' Loki continues. 'Yet another deformity I was born with, though I believe I inherited it from my biological father, Laufey. Instead I can be impregnated through my arse.'

Poor, poor Rhodey. He didn't sigh up for this.

Tony smiles and pats Rhodey on the head. 'It's okay, James, just don't think about it.'

'You're telling me that *you two* can have biological offspring,' Rhodey groans. 'I don't think the world is ready for that, Tony.'

'Me and Loki haven't fucked when he's Jötunn, so it's not gonna happen any time soon,' Tony says.

He and Loki had that conversation when Loki first mentioned that he could get pregnant. If he had sex with a man while in female form- or Lady Loki- he could fall pregnant. If he had sex with a man while in his Jötunn form, he could get pregnant. He and Tony have done the first, though Loki made him wear a condom at the time. Tony had wondered why until the "let's have a baby one day" conversation.

Yes, Loki wants children. No, he's never had any- *shut the fuck up about the horse, Stark, or I will cut your cock off!* Tony's never really thought about children himself, but he can see himself having them with Loki. A miniature Tony and a miniature Loki would be awesome. They could use magic and do science and terrorise everyone at whatever school they went to. Loki would be an awesome dad/mom, Tony's sure of it.

Anyway, Tony's had his little freak out about sometimes-hermaphrodite Loki, and he's super psyched to one day see Loki all pregnant and waddling and eating weird things. Loki will probably murder Tony at some point during his pregnancy, but at least Tony will have left behind an heir to the Stark empire.

'Anthony,' Loki says suddenly and Tony turns. Loki looks tired, and Tony smiles.

'Wanna go get some sleep?' Tony asks, and Loki nods, looking relieved. Tony looks at Rhodey, who seems to understand what's going on, because he stands too and soon they're all walking back to the palace.

Loki shows Rhodey to his room and then leads Tony back to Loki's chambers- well, *their* chambers, for now. Until Loki and Tony leave and never come back. Tony thinks that Loki will, at some point in the far future. He'll probably miss Asgard a hundred, two hundred, years from now, or his mother.

They step into their chambers and Loki pulls off his clothing and flops naked onto the bed, burying his face in a pillow. Tony strips down to his boxers and climbs atop Loki. He's not trying to start anything sexy, so he just drapes himself over Loki's back and nuzzles into one cool shoulder.

'You okay?' he asks.

'I am tired,' Loki sighs. Tony doesn't say anything, just waiting for Loki to continue. 'Odin has not changed,' Loki states. 'He gave speeches about my duty to my realm and my family, how I should move you here as a way to show Midgard that we still can and do protect them, that we are *interested* in them. He then went on to state that, as my sentence has been changed, I should split my time between Midgard and Asgard to once again take up my duties as a Prince of Asgard.'

Tony licks his lips. 'Okay...' he says.

'He is infuriating,' Loki growls, and Tony kisses the god's neck. 'He has not learned *anything* since my fall and my escape! He still thinks that I'm his son and his prince. I am neither. I refuse to return to this foul realm and help its people. If they go to war, they can all die.'

Tony knows that Loki would fight if Asgard went to war. If not to protect the realm, then to protect his mother and brother. Loki hates Odin, but he loves Frigga and Thor. Tony doesn't say that, though. He still wants to marry Loki in two days.

'Hey, it'll be okay,' Tony says and kisses Loki's pale skin again. 'When we go home after our wedding and don't come back, he'll realise that he fucked up and still doesn't understand you. He'll either try to make it up to you over time, or he won't. Either way, you won't have to deal with his shit for much longer.'

Loki sighs.

'Hey, cheer up,' Tony says. 'We're getting married in two days.'

Loki chuckles at that and shifts from beneath Tony. Tony groans when he hits the mattress; it is *seriously* fucking comfortable. They're so taking it home with them. Loki wraps himself around Tony tightly and Tony lets him. Tony's mentioned that Loki's a cuddler before, right?

'I love you,' Loki says.

'Love you, too,' Tony replies.

'Choosing you was the best decision I ever made,' Loki continues.

'You have good taste,' Tony winks, and laughs when Loki playfully bites his shoulder. 'Hey, what are we wearing at the wedding, anyway?' Tony asks.

Loki sighs. 'I shall wear my armour for the ceremony, and then whatever my mother has had made for me during the reception. You can wear one of the Armani suits you brought with you, and then whatever my mother has had made for you.'

Tony's picturing himself in leather and red. He doesn't think he'll be able to pull it off as well as Loki does.

'Okay,' as all he says, because he's not really all that bothered. Pepper and Steve had brought a tonne of cameras with them and will no doubt take a bazillion photos. Tony just wants to slide the ring he made back onto Loki's finger and have Loki do the same. He just wants to be Loki's *husband*, forever and always.

Loki smiles, as though he can read Tony's thoughts, and leans forward to kiss Tony slowly. Tony hums as their lips move together, their tongues ducking out to briefly lick or chase each other.

Yeah, Tony can't wait.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: This was supposed to be the wedding chapter, but it got away from me. Thus, there will be more! Also, I've mentioned MPreg in this chapter because a reader wants me to include a chapter about Tony and Loki's future offspring, and I want to write it. It'll be the very last chapter of this story, so if you're not into that, just skip it.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

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

Since this might possibly be Tony's first and last trip to Asgard ever, he's managed to talk Loki into taking him sightseeing. So Loki rolls his eyes, throws a pair of leather trousers and a red tunic at Tony, and tells him to get dressed. Tony wonders if Loki had these made for him, or if they already existed. Tony pulls the pants and shirt on and finds that they fit perfectly, so... made just for him it is.

Tony thinks he looks kinda stupid. The tunic has an open collar with a dark brown rope threaded through the holes, and if Tony closes it all up tight he looks stupid (plus Asgard is kind of warm, and Tony knows he'll be exhausted after Loki drags him all over the place). But if he leaves it open, his arc reactor shows. Loki sighs when he sees Tony inspecting himself in the floor-length mirror and wanders over to him.

Arms wrapped around Tony's waist, chin on Tony's shoulder, the Jötunn pecks Tony on the cheek and says, 'You look wonderful. Nobody will ask what your reactor is, for they all fear me and won't come too close. They will stare and whisper amongst themselves, but that is it.'

Tony hums. He supposes that the Æsir chatting about his arc reactor is really the least of his worries. Everybody is probably wondering just how crazy he is to agree to marry Loki, or whether or not he's under some kind of spell. People will talk no matter what Tony does; he learned that at a young age.

So, sighing just a bit, Tony leaves the tunic mostly open, grabs the boots Loki had slid towards him earlier, and finishes getting ready. Loki's wearing his own leather pants and a loose-fitted green tunic with no ties. The collar is just wide and gaping, sliced halfway down his chest and showing off all that glorious, smooth skin that Tony adores. He keeps pushing his hand under the brown-trimmed hem as he and Loki walk through various halls, Loki's ass swaying tantalisingly before him. They haven't had sex in a few days, and Tony's kind of looking for a fix of his favourite drug.

Loki slaps his hands away though, and Tony pouts as he's led into a small dining room. The table and chairs are all large and made of wood, and Tony feels like a child as he sits at one. Seriously, he's not the tallest guy around, but all Æsir seem to be freakin' giants. Maybe the Golden Apple will give Tony a growth spurt? God, he hopes so.

Thor's the only one at the table, and he greets them both with a giant smile and cheery words. Tony lets Loki exchange pleasantries and reaches for the first hot liquid he sees. It comes in a large clay kettle, and Tony pours himself a cup before sipping it.

Whoa , that's bitter. Tony has another sip, then another, hoping it'll wake him up, which seems to amuse Loki.

'It is made from a large flower that tastes bitter when the petals are boiled,' Loki tells him, 'and I don't believe that it contains any caffeine.'

Tony groans in annoyance but keeps gulping down the drink. Maybe the heat and taste will wake him up, because he forgot to bring coffee. *Stupid, stupid Tony*, he berates himself as he puts the cup down. He then tries the bacon-type meat on one of the plates between him and Loki and hums. It tastes a little different, but it's hot and greasy and covered in seasoning, so Tony stuffs his face.

After breakfast Loki drags Tony away and Thor waves before wandering off to join his friends in "glorious training". Tony supposes that Thor's gonna go beat somebody or something up, but he doesn't care all that much. He just wants to spend some time with Loki in Asgard.

They walk through a few more hallways until Loki leads him through what feels like a back door, though it's more a very narrow, very short archway set into the large stone wall. A path of red and gold tiles winds downward through rocks and trees, and Tony glances every which way as they walk.

The trees and plants look like those Tony's seen on Midgard, only everything seems... bigger. The flowers bloom larger than his head, and the trees either twist up to hang far overhead, or bend down with the weight of their leaves and fruit. Everything smells fresh and wonderful, and Loki names fruits and flowers that Tony points at, even though they both know that Tony won't remember any of it.

It's still nice, though.

Eventually the bushes begin to thin out until they're walking through clumps of trees with shorter buildings all around. Tony realises that they've left the palace and entered what must be the city of Asgard where the rest of the Æsir leave, because he starts to see gods walking along. Then, suddenly, Loki gives Tony's arm a tug and they step out of the alley and into a bustling street.

There are people everywhere; some chatting, some hurrying along, and others working with tools and machines that Tony doesn't know the names of. There are even kids; little Æsir that come up to Tony's waist laughing and screaming as they race around each other. Tony sees something silver explode just to his left and gapes when it hovers in the air, intricate little pieces of machinery swirling around each other, before suddenly it collapses into itself, forming a large silver ball that the kids start tossing and kicking at each other.

'What the hell was that?' Tony asks.

'A ball,' Loki answers, sounding amused. 'Children play with balls on Midgard, too, I believe.'

'Shut up,' Tony huffs. 'Our toys don't come apart then collapse back into themselves.'

'How boring,' Loki hums. 'Shall I buy you one?'

Tony pouts- he's not a *child* - but then he sees the ball fold open, turn into a cylinder, and once more collapse in on itself, becoming a ball once more. 'Yes,' he says, and Loki laughs.

'Come, we'll visit one of the markets,' he says and pulls Tony along again.

They walk through more streets and past more people. A lot of them stop to gape at the two, eyes flicking between Loki and Tony. Maybe one out of every thirty meets Loki's eyes and bows shortly. Even rarer are the ones who salute Loki properly. They always salute Tony, too, and smile briefly before moving on their way.

'Traditionalists,' Loki tells Tony after two older men have bowed low to them, right fists clasped over their hearts. 'Despite their personal feelings for me, they will treat me as a Prince of Asgard if that is what the Allfather has ordered.'

'Huh,' Tony says.

They move on and Tony practically races forward when he sees that they're walking along the water. The stone bridge runs parallel to the Bifröst, which Tony can see shining in multiple colours to their left. The water below is dark yet clean, and Tony leans on the railing as he glances over. He wonders if Asgard has sharks or giant monsters.

'We have aquatic life similar to that on Migdard,' Loki says when Tony asks. 'Large animals and small, all living together. We have a shark-like creature that is much larger and slower than your great white sharks. They keep our oceans clean and our people fed.'

Tony wonders if Loki realises what he's doing. Every time Tony asks a question, whether it's about the people, the animals, or even the architecture, Loki refers to himself as an Asgardian. He might not technically be one, but he *was* brought up here, and some part of Loki still considers himself Asgardian.

Tony isn't going to bring it up, though. They're having a nice day. The sun- or whatever the hell lights Asgard, seeing as how Tony can't really *see* a sun when he looks up- is shining brightly, the clouds are clumped around the mountains just behind them, and the people are more or less keeping to themselves. Loki keeps wrapping an arm around Tony's waist or holding his hand as they walk, and he always pecks Tony on the temple, cheek or lips when Tony says something that Loki finds adorable.

Tony smiles to himself as he and Loki walk along the bridge. He has a feeling that this won't be the last time they visit Asgard.

{oOo}

The market is large and bustling and reminds Tony of documentaries he's seen on other cultures. All the stands are either wooden or stone, displaying the produce or items the merchants want to sell. Tony sees food and clothing and weapons; everything you could want, really. There's shouting in English and another language Tony doesn't understand, but what he thinks might be Old Norse.

Loki buys Tony a grey ball about the size of a Midgardian gold ball, and Tony examines it as they stand off to the side, out of the way of the crowd. After a minute Tony's fingers brush along a very thin indent in the ball and with a bit of pressure it pops open with a click, revealing small cogs, wires, and a bunch of other stuff that gives Tony a science boner.

'What the hell is this for?' Tony asks.

'A child's toy, as I told you,' Loki smirks. 'It is simple enough for small children, but if an older child is smart enough they can play with the innards to make different toys, or a ball that changes into something else during a game. There is a form of... soccer, I think you call it in your country, where the children must score a point before the ball changes. When it does, the other team gets possession.'

'Wow,' Tony breathes. 'I want a bigger one. And a heap of other stuff. I wanna take it all apart. Can I?' He gives Loki his best puppy dog eyes, and Loki rolls his own but disappears to do as asked.

Grinning, Tony takes a seat on one of the stone benches against the building behind him, and keeps examining the grey ball as he waits.

'Hello there.'

The words pull Tony away from his new toy, and he blinks when he looks up at the three men, one woman, who've suddenly surrounded him. And it *does* feel like he's surrounded, like when Bruce, Natasha *and* Steve all corner him after he and Loki have done something stupid. Plus, the Æsir, like Loki had said, have mostly kept their distance. Unless someone's trying to sell something to Tony, or ask Loki if they can get Odin's ear for the nth time that week, people have pretty much stayed away.

Having three dudes and a lady all up in his face is a bit weird after only having Loki in his personal space.

'Can I help you?' Tony asks, wondering if they speak English. Both Loki and Thor have explained the Allspeak, but from what Tony's pieced together not every single Asgardian has it; it's a gift from Odin for things like political discussions and for warriors after they win some epic battle.

'You are the Man of Iron?' the lady asks.

'That's one of my names,' Tony sighs as he puts his toy away. This is all Thor's fault. And Loki's. *Iron Man* has one less word in it, why can't the Æsir use that? 'I prefer Tony Stark,' Tony adds when the four fail to say anything.

'Hmm,' the blonde says, head tilted and eyes on Tony. Beside him, a dude with an epic beard is chowing down on a whole leg of what Tony assumes is boar or a very unfortunate Asgardian cow, while beside *him* is Bruce Lee. The woman's kinda good-looking, Tony decides, with dark hair and arms that look like they could choke Tony pretty easily.

Wait a minute...

'Are you Sif?' he asks the woman, who fucking *perks* up, puffs her armour-covered chest out, and bows once.

'Yes, I am Lady Sif,' she says like she's super proud of that fact.

Tony blinks at her. 'Okay...'

The blonde laughs and grins at Sif. 'Would you look at that. Another man you cannot woo with your chest.'

Sif glares at him but the blonde doesn't seem all that worried. He just turns back to Tony and his grin widens.

'I am Fandral,' he says. 'This is Volstagg,' that's the bearded guy, 'and Hogun,' Fandral finishes, gesturing at Bruce Lee.

'Okay,' Tony repeats. 'Are you looking for Thor or something?' He hopes Loki returns soon, because Tony's not good at meeting people and not a) pissing them off, b) making an ass out of himself, or c) causing some kind of diplomatic incident. And seeing as how these four are the ones who tormented Loki all throughout his childhood, Tony sees all three happening within the space of five minutes.

'No,' Fandral says, still smiling. 'We simply wished to meet the mortal who is bonding to Loki before the wedding. We have been invited, of course, as has most of Asgard.'

Tony's eyes boggle. 'What?!'

'Not to the ceremony or reception,' Fandral hastens to correct, as though actually worried about terrifying Tony. 'Most of Asgard will simply stop by to pay their respects and leave a gift; it is tradition when one of the Royal family is wedded.' Sif snorts, and Fandral turns to her. 'You heard our King,' he says, 'despite your personal feelings, Loki is still our Prince, and we must treat him as such.'

'He's simply tricked the Allfather into believing that he has changed yet again,' Sif mutters and throws her hair over one shoulder.

'Loki's working with me and my friends to kick the asses of anyone stupid enough to try and take over our planet,' Tony snaps, earning their attention. 'He hasn't changed so much as he's trying to do better. So how about you shut up about crap you have no knowledge of?'

Sif's eyes narrow, and Volstagg pulls his food away long enough to ask, 'Has he blackmailed you or tricked you?'

Tony glares at him. 'Excuse me?'

Fandral sighs, and Volstagg repeats his question, adding, 'We cannot understand why you would choose to bond with him otherwise.'

'I can!' Fandral's quick to practically shout, as though not wanting to be lumped in with his buddies. He's been nice since the beginning, Tony thinks; he hasn't made any scathing remarks, has smiled at Tony, and even said that Loki deserves their respect due to his position. Tony decides that he likes Fandral.

'I love Loki and Loki loves me,' Tony states. 'Not that it's any of your goddamn business.'

'It certainly isn't,' Loki cuts in, smoothly positioning himself between Tony, the Warriors Three, and Sif. Tony smiles and stands. He wraps an arm around Loki's waist, even leans up to kiss Loki's cheek for good measure. 'Fandral,' Loki greets politely.

The blonde warrior bows slightly, right fist clasped to his chest, and says, 'Prince Loki, welcome home, and congratulations on your upcoming bonding.'

'Thank you,' Loki says. He then looks at the others, eyebrow twitching up. Sif glares at him but bows and repeats Fandral's words, Volstagg doing the same. The Asian-looking guy- Hogun, Tony remembers- bows low but doesn't say a word. Loki doesn't seem bothered, he just looks at them all before settling his eyes on Sif. 'Lady Sif,' he starts pleasantly, 'perhaps you would like to take up your issues with me? I am your Prince, after all, and duty-bound to listen to any and all complaints you may have.'

Sif's eyes darken, and she opens her mouth, but Loki keeps talking.

'Of course, I don't like you,' he says and both Tony and Fandral snicker, 'so you may take up your complaints with Thor instead. You know my brother; the Crown Prince of Asgard, the one currently residing on Midgard because he wishes to fight by my side...'

Sif's mouth shuts with a click, but her eyes are still trying to shoot daggers into Loki's face.

'If that does not sound pleasant,' Loki continues, 'please do speak to the King and Queen, who gave Anthony and I their personal blessings, and their palace to wed in. I trust that your complaints will reach me soon enough, and I shall endeavour to ignore them to the best of my ability.'

With that said, Loki bows shortly at them, says, 'Have a pleasant day, Fandral,' which earns him a laugh and salute from the blonde, and then tugs Tony away from Thor's friends.

'Wow, she's a bitch, and that Volstagg dude's an asshole,' Tony complains.

'Indeed,' Loki growls. 'Forgive me for leaving you, I didn't know they would be here.'

'It's okay,' Tony says. 'I can look after myself.'

Loki smiles and stops walking so quickly. Instead he starts strolling, and Tony keeps his arm firm around Loki as he leans into the taller man's side, enjoying the atmosphere and warm

sunshine now that he and Loki are alone. 'So I heard,' Loki says.

'How long were you listening?'

'Not long,' Loki shakes his head slightly. 'I heard the end of Fandral's description of Asgard's role in our wedding.'

'Ah, yeah,' Tony wrinkles his nose. 'Will we really get presents from *everybody* ?'

'Of course,' Loki says, and laughs at the look on Tony's face. 'Some will give gifts together, such as couples and families and shield-brothers, but a lot of older people will give small trinkets themselves. They are the ones who follow tradition closely and do not wish for bad luck from the Fates.'

'Not giving us a gift is bad luck?' Tony asks.

'Angering the Allfather and not showing respect for the Royal family is seen as bad luck, certainly,' Loki explains. 'I may be disliked by almost the entire realm, but I am still a Prince. I heard from Thor this morning that Odin made an announcement that I was to be treated as Thor is.'

'That's good, right?' Tony asks, glancing up at Loki. He might not like Odin, but at least the guy's trying. Ordering that everybody respect Loki is better than Odin ignoring how hated Loki is.

'Perhaps,' is all Loki will say. But it wasn't a swear word, so Tony counts it as progress.

{oOo}

Loki shows Tony markets and houses and parks and even one of the many training fields. It's filled with men rushing at each other with swords, a group throwing spears, and another group practising archery. Tony thinks that he spies Clint down there somewhere, and wonders if Hawkeye's showing off for the gods. It'd be cool, Tony thinks, to see a mortal beat the all-powerful gods in some form of combat. Natasha could probably kick all their asses, too.

They eat lunch at an outdoor restaurant where the meat hangs on large hooks, slow-cooking over roaring fires. Tony doesn't even wanna *know* what some of those animals looked like when they were alive; their dead bodies were big enough.

After their food's all gone, Loki takes Tony back to the palace to show him the room where they'll be getting married in two days.

Like Loki had explained, it has both an indoor and outdoor area. It's large, probably as big as Tony's entire penthouse back home, with a large domed ceiling and grey pillars every few

feet forming an aisle down the middle. The wall to the right opens up into a white-tiled courtyard filled with flowers, bushes, and tall, spindly trees with small white blossoms falling off in the fading light. There's a waist-high railing around the edge of the courtyard, and when Tony leans over it he gasps.

It's like Asgard just drops off into nothing. The room- or this part of the palace, rather- is built on the very edge of Asgard's land. The cliff falls down, down, down, and Tony can only just make out the crashing waves below through the spray of water. When he looks up, there's nothing; just different shades of blue smudged together, and Tony wonders how far Asgard spans. He knows that the realm is completely flat, but what's out there? Does the sea just drop off, or is something keeping it here?

'What do you think?' Loki asks from behind him, and Tony smiles when, for what feels like the hundredth time that day, cool arms wrap around him and a firm body presses against his back.

'I like it,' Tony admits. The indoor room is tiled in creamy shades of white and grey, and the walls are silver. The flowers spinning throughout the courtyard in the light breeze gives everything a soft, calm, and romantic atmosphere that Tony didn't even think about when he'd heard Frigga begin to plan his and Loki's wedding. 'It's nice,' he adds, and Loki seems to get what he isn't saying, at least not with words.

'It is why I chose it,' Loki says and kisses Tony on the back of the neck.

'Mm,' Tony hums. 'Good choice.'

'This time in two days we shall be bonded,' Loki says.

Tony grins. In Asgard, bonding and marrying are two completely different things, he's learned. You could get married without getting bonded, but most people who got bonded got married. Bonding was considered more permanent and much more serious. It wasn't something to take for granted, or jump into. It wasn't just promising your life and fidelity to someone, it was promising your *soul*.

Tony and Loki were getting bonded because Loki's magic had imprinted on Tony. Loki couldn't marry Tony without promising his heart, soul and magic as well. And Tony wanted to promise Loki the same. Well, not his magic, because he didn't have any. But in two days Tony would be promising his heart, his soul, hell, even his brain, too. He'd offer Loki anything because, in all honesty, everything already belonged to Loki. Tony was Loki's and always would be, no matter what. The wedding was just making it official.

'You are thinking hard,' Loki sighs and Tony hums softly.

'Yeah,' he agrees. 'Just about our wedding.'

'Getting cold feet?' Loki queries.

Tony laughs. 'Your feet are cold enough for both of us,' he teases.

He feels Loki scowl against his neck. 'Do not make me kick you out of bed tonight, Anthony. I don't care if we *are* about to get married.'

'You're so mean,' Tony pouts, and then groans when he feels Loki press his hips against his ass, grinding something very large and very nice against Tony's body. 'Well hello there,' Tony grunts.

'Would you like to feel how soft those flowers are?' Loki asks. 'They feel rather nice on naked skin.'

Tony turns around and stands on his toes to drag Loki into a kiss that is anything but chaste. When they break apart, both flushed, Tony says, 'Lead the way, Prince Loki.'

Loki's eyes darken and he pulls Tony away from the railing, fingers already tugging Tony's trousers down. Tony grins right up until Loki forces him down onto a marble bench and sucks his cock right down. Then, he just moans.

{oOo}

Tony wakes up to someone poking him in the cheek. Since Loki likes poking him, and Tony only ever shares a bed with Loki, even sleep-muddled, the genius feels sure groaning, '*Lookii*, leave me *aloone* ...'

'We have slept in and will be late for our own wedding,' Loki says somewhere beside Tony.

Tony grumbles and pulls the blanket further over his head. The bed is seriously comfortable and Tony never wants to leave it. They can get married here, and have a family here, and eat here, and Tony will let Loki do everything, because-

Wait.

Tony blinks his eyes open, then squints because the sun is bathing the room in bright light.

'What?!' Tony shouts and scrambles up. Loki is lying on his stomach, face half-smooshed into a pillow, and his lips tilt up when Tony looks at him.

'We have slept in,' Loki repeats. 'We were supposed to be in the dressing chambers an hour ago. The ceremony will start in twenty minutes.'

'Why aren't you up, then?' Tony demands and tries to get out of the bed, but his foot gets tangled in the sheets and sends him face-first into the rug-covered floor.

He can hear Loki laughing at him, but at least the Trickster asks, 'Are you okay?' when Tony manages to stand up.

'Yes, but your mom's gonna kill us if we're late!' Tony shouts.

'We are already late,' Loki yawns. 'I only woke up a few minutes before you did.'

'Loki, we gotta go!' Tony says and Loki groans, like this is all Tony's fault. He does get up, though, so Tony forgives him as he drags jeans and shoes on. Whatever they're wearing for the wedding has been kept secret by Frigga, and Tony can only hope that their outfits don't contain massive amounts of gold.

{oOo}

The room is packed. The Avengers, the Warriors Three plus a very sour-looking Sif, Thor, Odin and Frigga, as well as what feels like half of Asgard (as well as some blue people and some people with snow-white skin); all of them are sitting or standing, waiting for Tony and Loki. They all turn as one when Tony and Loki burst through the doors, and Tony waves at a few and winks at Natasha, even as he feels himself flushing. Loki apologises to Frigga, who looks damn near murderous when they reach the very old looking Asgardian who's gonna marry Tony and Loki.

Tony is so very, very glad that Frigga apparently doesn't adore the colour gold. Loki's wearing his armour, though it looks more stylish than practical, Tony thinks as he looks his fiancé over. There are the black trousers that Tony still hasn't figured out how to open paired with knee-high boots. Beneath is a deep green tunic that's covered by a sleeveless leather vest, and then a thigh-length black coat with silver and green highlights. Over that is another piece of armour that Tony doesn't know the name of; green, silver and black shoulder pads with a leather strap that goes across the chest, connecting to the vest beneath Loki's jacket.

Tony, thank God, had recognised the clothes he was forced into by one of Frigga's handmaidens. While it was all made of leather and some type of linen blend, it's at least just pants, a shirt, and a jacket. His trousers are leather, of course, as is his jacket, which ends just a bit below his waist. It has thick silver clasps holding it together over a dark red tunic that's trimmed in gold and only opens slightly at the neck. His arc reactor shines through, but really, Tony thinks that his outfit's pretty cool. The colour scheme is completely different to Loki's, but the quick glimpse Tony caught of them in the mirror showed that they fit well together.

Tony had considered wearing his Iron Man armour, just to show off a bit to all the Æsir, but it would have gotten in the way of certain parts of the ceremony, and Tony can't launch himself at Loki after they've said their vows and ravish him properly in his suit. So weird Asgardian clothing it is.

Tony and Loki get into position; facing each other, hands linked, much like couples do on Earth. But the guy leading the wedding drones on and on about honour and battling and the Fates and Tony yawns more than once. Loki amuses himself by pulling faces at people in the

crowd, which make Tony giggle, which makes Frigga scowl at them both. It doesn't help when Clint starts pulling his own faces from the front row, making Tony and Loki bite their lips to keep the laughter in.

Finally the old dude says, 'Loki, Son of Laufey, Prince of Asgard, you may now state your promises to your intended.'

Loki clears his throat and looks right at Tony, right *into* Tony, making Tony's heart beat fast behind his arc reactor.

'Anthony,' he purrs, and Tony smiles, 'even if my magic had not chosen you, I would have. You understand me in a way that nobody else ever has; you understand parts of me that not even I can understand. You complete me, yet you challenge me; you are like me, yet you are not. I will spend the next thousand years, and the thousand after that, trying to complete you and love you. I promise to always be there for you, even if we argue, which will happen a lot, I believe.'

Tony laughs and he sees Frigga dab at her eyes behind Loki. Loki smiles.

'I love you, Tony,' Loki finishes, 'and I hope to spend the rest of my natural life loving you.' With that he takes the ring from Rhodey, who's standing in the aisle beside them, and slides it onto Tony's ring finger. It glints green and silver, the magic swirling with the odd shade of black, and Tony grins down at it and sniffs a little. Crap, he's gonna cry.

'Anthony, Son of Stark, Warrior of Midgard, you may now state your promises to your intended,' the old officiator says.

'Lo, baby, you totally rock my world,' Tony begins, which earns him groans from the Avengers, confusion from almost all Æsir present, and laughter from Loki, Rhodey and Clint. 'I love you more than anything, Loki,' Tony continues after a beat. 'I've always been fascinated by you, even when we first met and you threw me out a window.' More confusion and laughter, but Tony doesn't care. 'You've made me love you and hate you and be in awe of you and exasperated by you, every day, every week, *every year*. And I don't want that to ever change.'

'Because like you said, you complete me,' Tony says. 'I never realised that I was missing something until you came along. If your magic hadn't chosen me, I woulda figured out how to lock you in my bedroom, because I never want to be away from you. You're my world, Lo, and you always will be, no matter what you look like, or what you say. Because I know that you love me too. If I can make you even a fraction as happy as you've made me, I'll be the luckiest guy in the Nine Realms.'

Frigga's full on crying, and even Pepper, Natasha and Steve look teary-eyed. Tony smiles up at Loki, who also looks on the verge of tears, takes the ring he made from Rhodey, and slides it back onto Loki's finger.

'Loki, Son of Laufey, and Anthony, Son of Stark, have exchanged promises and have made vows that cannot be broken,' the officiator announces. 'May you live long lives together, and

may you never stray. May you always hold each other's hearts, and never betray each other's souls. You are now bound together, forever, never to be parted, not even by the Fates.'

With that the wedding is done, but now it's time for the bonding. Tony knows because Loki had explained it all to him over the past few days. So he stays where he is as the officiator moves off to join the crowd, and Frigga takes his spot. Thor and Odin move to stand directly behind Loki, and Rhodey and Bruce stand behind Tony.

'Loki, Prince of Asgard, and Anthony, Consort of Asgard, have decided to bond,' Frigga announces, and a hush falls over the crowd. 'Prince Loki, are your witnesses present?' Frigga asks.

'I, Thor, Son of Odin, Prince of Asgard, will bear witness for my brother and his vows,' Thor states.

Frigga nods, then looks at Odin.

'I, Odin, Allfather and King of Asgard, will bear witness for my son and his vows,' Odin says. Loki's fingers clench at his sides, but otherwise he doesn't move. They both needed two witnesses each, and Frigga had informed them that Odin was adamant on being one of Loki's. Frigga is the only person, besides Thor, that Loki would accept, but seeing as how she was the only mage who could officiate their bonding, he had to settle for Odin.

Thor and Odin raise both hands to their chests and bow their heads, and Frigga nods at them then turns to Tony.

'Consort Anthony, are your witnesses present?' she asks.

Rhodey is first. 'I, James Rhodes, Son of Michael Rhodes, Warrior of Midgard, will bear witness for my brother in all but blood and his vows.'

Tony grins but doesn't turn as Bruce steps forward.

'I, Robert Banner, Son of Brian Banner, Warrior of Midgard, will bear witness for my shield-brother and his vows,' Bruce says.

Aww, Tony wants to hug him. Bruce is so huggable. Rhodey and Bruce both do the salute that Thor and Odin did, and then Frigga continues.

'Loki is Jötunn,' Frigga says, and though Loki stiffens somewhat, nobody seems surprised. Tony supposes that someone must have filled them all in. 'As a Jötunn, he is rich of magic, and his magic has imprinted upon Anthony. This means that Anthony is Loki's perfect other half, the one who will provide for him, care for him, and give him healthy offspring.'

Clint splutters, Steve and Bruce gape, and Tony's sure that he hears Natasha *and* Pepper mutter, '*Goddamn it, Stark.*'

'As such,' Frigga says smoothly, 'Loki will also care for Anthony, provide for Anthony, and help him raise any and all children the Fates bless them with. Loki, Anthony, please join hands once more.'

Tony and Loki join hands and smile at each other as Frigga continues.

'Loki, will you provide for your mate?' Frigga asks.

'Yes,' Loki says.

'Loki, will you care for your mate?'

'Yes.'

'Loki, will you cherish your mate, help him grow, and always be there for him, through the plentiful times and the terrible times?'

'Yes,' Loki repeats.

Frigga asks Tony the same questions, and Tony answers just like Loki did. Frigga places her hands over their joined ones and says, 'You have promised your fidelity, your lives, your hearts, and your souls. May the Fates keep you together, now and always, and may you face both happiness and tragedy by each other's sides.'

She withdraws her hands and smiles at them both, and Tony sees tears running down her cheeks. It makes his own throat feel thick, and from the look on Loki's face, he feels it too.

'Loki, Anthony, you are now bonded in all ways that count,' Frigga says. 'I wish thee good fortune in thy lives together.'

That's apparently it, because people start clapping. But it's not over yet for Tony; he launches himself at Loki, wraps his arms and legs around the god, and gets the brief satisfaction of feeling Loki stumble in surprise before he crashes their mouths together. Loki gets the idea pretty quickly and grabs Tony by the ass, squeezing as he kisses him back.

Tony groans into Loki's mouth, feels that cool wet tongue slide against his own, feels that familiar breath huff against his lips when they break apart. Tony licks his own and opens his eyes. He grins up at Loki, who looks just as horny and amazed as Tony does.

'Love you, husband,' Tony says and pecks Loki on the lips.

Loki laughs. 'And I you, my bondmate,' he responds.

Tony grins and kisses his husband- *his Loki*- again. And then, just because he can, he kisses him one more time.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: All I can say is, *of course Tony Stark would be late to his own wedding.* It just seemed a very Tony/Loki thing to do, so there you are.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Warning: THERE BE SEX HERE!

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

Tony and Loki kiss about a dozen times before Frigga demands a hug from them both, so Loki carefully puts Tony down and lets his mother wrap her arms around him and cry into his shoulder. He even accepts a hug from Thor, and bows politely when Odin wishes him and Tony good fortune.

The Avengers, Sif, the Warriors Three, and a few other Æsir all come up to wish them good fortune, too- although in Clint's case, he asks that they not fuck anywhere near his floor, and Tony just knows that it's the first thing Loki will wanna do when they get back to Midgard. Sif still looks pissed off about everything, but Thor glares at her from beside Loki and she stalks off.

After that they're approached by six very tall, very blue people, whom Tony realises are Jötunnar. They have horns coming out of their foreheads, which Tony wasn't expecting, and only two have jet black hair that reaches their shoulders; the other four are completely bald. They're only wearing tight leather trousers with large sashes tied around their waists in different colours; red, gold, and brown. The one in the middle wearing a red sash clasps his hands together before himself and bows low, almost in half, before standing straight. He's at least a head taller than Loki and twice as thick, and Tony can see the unease in Loki's eyes as he bows shortly back to the man.

'Prince Loki, clan-brother,' the Jötunn says, and Loki's eyes widen and Tony chokes on his own tongue. 'I am Helblindi, King of Jötunheimr,' the Jötunn continues. 'We did not meet until now, older clan-brother, but we are of flesh and our race owes you our gratitude. I wish thee good fortune and rich hunting in thy life with Consort Anthony, Warrior of Midgard.'

Loki just stares a bit, clearly caught off guard, but pulls it together soon enough. He bows again, lower this time, with his right fist over his heart. 'I welcome thee, King Helblindi, to my bonding, and thank thee for thy regards.'

Helblindi's smile widens and he gestures at the slightly shorter Jötunn standing beside him. 'This is Býleistr, our youngest clan-brother, Heir Apparent to the Throne of Jötunheimr.'

Býleistr does the bow that Helblindi preformed before him, and gives Loki the same regards that the King did. Only he calls Loki the "Crown Prince" and Loki stutters during his greeting to the Heir Apparent.

Well, this is awkward, but Tony smiles and cracks jokes as he's introduced to King Helblindi and his entourage. They all call him Consort Anthony and tell Loki that he will always be welcome in Jötunheimr before they leave. Loki lets out a long breath and sags somewhat, but Tony's there and quick to hug and kiss him.

'It went well,' he says. 'I know it must have been weird for you, but don't let them spoil our day, okay?'

Loki smiles at him. 'It *did* go well,' he agrees. 'I may write to Helblindi at some point, or even visit...' he trails off and looks away, and Tony smiles. Maybe this'll make Loki think better of himself. Helblindi and Býleistr seemed like okay guys- not dumb or blood-thirsty or what any of Asgard's rumours would have you believe. Maybe, once Loki sees that Jötnar are *not* the savages that the Æsir think they are, he'll feel better about being one himself.

Tony pulls himself from his thoughts when more people come to wish them good fortune and a happy life together. It seems that part of the ceremony is accepting the thanks that people bestow, so Tony and Loki are forced to stand pretty much in one spot and bow to every person who offers them blessings.

Tony gets to meet a few Light Elves, all of whom have snow white skin and various shades of brightly coloured hair; Tony sees carrot orange, moss green, a bright shade of blue, and black that's so dark it shines purple in the sunlight. The last elf they see is no taller than Tony, with pale skin and hair the colour of freshly spilled blood.

His eyes, a light cerulean blue, run over Tony carefully as he crosses one leg before the other, holds both hands clasped just over his head, and bows from the waist down. 'Prince Loki, Son of Laufey, and Consort Anthony, Son of Stark, I wish thee good fortunes on thy bonding. I also wish thee light feet, pure hearts, and open minds in thy coming days.'

'I welcome thee, Carrack of Álfheimr, to my bonding, and thank thee for thy regards,' Loki replies as he bows back.

Tony copies him, then stands up quickly when he recognises the name. 'Wait, *Carrack*?' he asks.

'Ah, my reputation proceeds me,' Carrack muses in accented English. It sounds vaguely Eastern-European, and Tony wonders if Carrack is using AllSpeak rather than speaking actual English.

'It always does,' Loki smirks and wraps an arm around Tony's waist. 'Carrack, this is my bondmate, Anthony. Anthony, this is my old friend, Carrack.'

'I met young Loki when he was about yay high,' Carrack says and holds a hand up to his waist.

Tony grins and looks at his partner. 'Aww, I bet you were adorable.'

'I was not,' Loki rolls his eyes, and both Tony and Carrack snicker.

'Loki,' Carrack says, drawing the Jötunn's eyes. 'I must admit that I was surprised to learn that you were wedding your Midgardian. You didn't tell me your magic had imprinted upon him.'

'It was none of your business and still isn't,' Loki replies pleasantly.

'Very well,' Carrack muses. He turns back to Tony and bows his head. 'Consort Anthony. If you want any embarrassing stories about Loki, please write me.' With that he turns and walks away, Tony grinning after him and Loki sighing.

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Loki says, 'I forbid you to contact that Elf.'

'Oh, now I'm *so* gonna do it,' Tony beams. 'As soon as we get back to your chambers, Lo-Lo. I'll write a nice long letter and ask everything I can-'

'I despise you,' Loki interrupts. 'Just why did I marry you, again?'

"Cause you love me,' Tony answers.

Loki smiles softly. 'That I do,' he agrees and presses his lips to Tony's. Tony grins against his mouth.

{oOo}

The ceremony continues for a few more hours before the crowd finally thins out, leaving just Tony, Loki, the Avengers, and Loki's parents. Before two of Frigga's handmaidens can shuffle Tony and Loki off to get changed, Odin catches their attention and approaches.

He draws a pouch from his belt and reaches into it while addressing Tony. 'Anthony, my son, in accordance with you joining my family, I present to you one of Iðunn's Golden Apples. You must consume one every one hundred years to keep your longevity.'

He pulls an apple from the pouch, and... well, it's gold, which Tony should have expected. It shines brightly in the soft lighting that someone had lit when it started to grow dark, and Tony accepts it carefully, nodding when Odin meets his eyes.

'Thank you, Allfather,' he says, and Odin's lips twitch. At least Tony's gotten better at addressing his in-laws.

The apple's pretty heavy, and Tony examines it before Loki nudges him and says, 'Just eat it, Stark.'

'Yes, dear,' Tony says, and Loki snorts but watches as Tony takes a bite. It tastes... like an apple, but better. Like the best apple Tony's ever had; it's fresh and crunchy and Tony hums. Before he knows it he's eaten the entire thing, core and all, and pops the stem into his mouth when Loki nods at him. 'Thanks,' he says again to Odin, who inclines his head and moves away. 'So that's it?' Tony asks Loki.

'That is it,' Loki agrees.

Tony pouts. How anticlimactic.

'You might not feel the change; it will be gradual,' Loki continues. 'By this time next week you will technically be a god.'

'Awesome,' Tony grins. Before Loki can respond Frigga is huffing and shooing them out of the room, her two maidens following after them to help them get changed. Not that they need help getting dressed, but Tony's learned over the past few days that the Æsir like their traditions, so he just goes along with it.

They're taken to the same room where they dressed for the ceremony, and their clothes are swapped for what Tony figures is casual Asgardian garb; leather pants, tunics, and in Loki's case, a soft vest made from some type of animal skin. It ties together with dark brown rope and Tony hums in appreciation, running a hand over the buttery soft material.

'I like this,' he says.

'Feel free to peel it off of me at some point after the reception,' Loki says. And then, eyes dark with mischief, he adds, 'Or during; I'm not picky.'

Tony laughs but ignores Loki's leer in favour of tugging on his tunic- this one in a dark grey colour. After they're dressed they're led through a few hallways and into a very large banquet hall. There are far more people here than there were at the wedding, but Tony knew there would be; the reception is open to all of Asgard, and a lot of people have turned up either to drop off gifts or get a look at the new Royal couple.

There's multiple tables laden down with food and drink, chairs all over the place for people to sit, and a stage where a band has set up and is already playing. They all have string instruments that remind Tony of violins and double basses, but they're all just a bit different. They also have drums that are tapped or pounded on depending on the tempo of the song, but Tony doesn't care all that much to get a closer look. He wonders if he has to dance with Loki, and then decides that he will. Any chance to feel Loki up in front of a crowd.

Tony catches a glimpse of the table holding their presents and gapes, but Loki expertly moves him away from it and towards the food. They haven't eaten since the night before, and Tony finds his mouth watering as they reach what he can only decide is the meat table. There are whole animals that resemble Midgardian pigs, giant birds roasted and adorned with vegetables, entire chunks of an animal far bigger than any cow to the left, and then mountains of fish and other things to the right.

Tony lets Loki fill a plate for them and inspects everything as he waits, wondering how long it took the palace cooks to make it all.

'Would you like any plants?' Loki asks, and Tony blinks at him, then at the tower of food Loki has filled their plate with.

'Er... is it gonna fit?' Tony asks.

'You are a god now,' Loki reminds him. 'I am unsure if your appetite will increase now or later, but we should be prepared regardless.' He steps closer to press his face to Tony's neck, first inhaling and then kissing the delicate skin softly. 'I do not wish my mate to go hungry on our bonding night,' he murmurs.

Tony shivers and licks his lips. 'O-Okay,' he stutters. 'Uh... yeah, plants; awesome. Let's go.'

Loki chuckles but leads Tony over to the table covered in salad, fruit, and nuts. He lets Tony carry the plate this time and picks out things that he thinks Tony will like, letting him sample fruits and leaves from his fingers before adding them when Tony nods, or smirking when Tony wrinkles his nose and tries not to spit out his mouthful.

A few more people wander by to wish them good fortune, but they don't linger long. Fandral stops by again to give Loki a more friendly blessing and he claps Tony on the shoulder so hard that Tony almost goes face first into the table.

'Sorry,' Fandral grins at him. 'Perhaps when the apple has taken effect, we can spar.'

'Er...' Tony says and shrugs a shoulder as he trails off. He isn't really all that good at hand-to-hand combat. Loki, Natasha and Clint have shown him some moves and are confident that Tony can beat anyone who isn't trained. But someone like Fandral, who's probably been wielding a sword since before America was colonised? Tony's pretty sure he doesn't stand a chance.

'We shall see,' Loki answers for his husband, and Fandral bows his head shortly before wandering off to flirt with a servant, who blushes a vibrant shade of red at his attention. 'He hasn't changed,' Loki muses.

'Hasn't he?' Tony asks as he chews on a piece of meat. It kinda tastes like cow, only... not.

'No,' Loki says. 'He used to flirt with me constantly before my fall.'

Tony chokes on his food and Loki snickers as he coughs, but at least pats Tony on the back. 'Did you ever sleep with him?' Tony demands when he can breathe.

'Jealous, Stark?' Loki queries.

Tony scowls at him. 'Just answer the damn question.'

Chuckling, Loki says, 'No, I never did. I've never cared for blonde hair.'

Ah, right. That's understandable. Thor's the Golden Prince of Asgard. Loki had probably stuck with dark-haired people like himself.

'Okay,' Tony says, 'so, uh... are there any ex-boyfriends here that I should watch out for?'

'No,' Loki repeats. 'If I had slept with an Æsir, Thor would have found out and tried to kill them. I coupled with Elves and Vanir whenever I travelled with my mother. Then, when I found the secret passages out of Asgard, I travelled by myself.'

'Right,' Tony nods. 'And now you've picked a mortal.'

'A very fascinating human who is no longer mortal,' Loki corrects him. Ah, yeah; Tony keeps forgetting about that. He wonders how much money he'll have in his bank accounts when he's a thousand. Although... he won't have Pepper around to run his company in a *hundred* years, let alone a thousand. Loki notices the look on his face and asks, 'What's wrong?'

'Just thinking about my friends,' Tony smiles briefly. 'I'll still be around in a thousand years but they won't.'

Loki cocks an eyebrow. 'I will,' he says. 'As will Thor. And the Warriors Three, if you wish to befriend them.'

Tony snorts. 'Fandral, maybe,' he says, and Loki wraps his free arm around his waist. 'I guess I only just realised what me being immortal means. Isn't it lonely?'

'I have been alone my entire life in one way or another,' Loki says. 'The Æsir can live for five thousand years, and would probably live longer if they weren't all so fascinated with battle and ale.' Tony chuckles. 'I never thought that I would find somebody I could put up with for that long,' Loki admits. He glances down at Tony, and smiles softly. 'And then I met you.'

Tony feels himself blushing and looks down at the plate Loki's still holding. 'Damn you, Lo,' he grunts.

'What?' Loki asks.

'You're a romantic bastard is what you are,' Tony mutters.

Loki chuckles and bends down to kiss his temple, then his lips when Tony looks up. 'It will work out, Anthony,' Loki says and squeezes his hip. 'Trust me.'

Loki's never given Tony a reason not to trust him, not since they started sleeping together. So he nods and goes back to his meal, wondering how something that looks like fried chicken can taste faintly like salmon.

{oOo}

'You're an idiot,' Pepper states when she corners Tony sometime around eleven. At least Tony assumes it's roughly eleven pm. Loki told him that Asgard has longer days and nights, so eleven pm was probably equivalent to seven pm on Midgard.

'What'd I do now?' Tony asks. He's drinking some type of spiced wine that tastes like strawberries, only more bitter. It's warm and while it's not something Tony would stock himself, it's the best Asgard has unless he wants ale. Tony's never been a big beer drinker.

'You were late to your own wedding!' Pepper hisses, but then she's hugging him tightly.

Tony pats her awkwardly on the back. 'There, there.'

Laughing into his neck, Pepper pulls back and wipes beneath her eyes, careful not to smudge her make-up. She's wearing a pale yellow sundress and flat shoes that match, her hair tied back in a simple ponytail. She's beautiful, but Tony suddenly realises that he's no longer attracted to her. Pepper's still *gorgeous*, she hasn't changed in the past five or so years, but... Tony wants pale skin, slim hips, a pert ass, and long black hair. He also wants rich blue skin and blood-red eyes, but Loki still won't give him that, so Tony's okay with the pale skin/green eyes combination.

'Huh,' Tony says.

'What?' Pepper asks.

'I no longer want to sleep with you,' Tony announces and Pepper frowns at him. Tony looks around and easily manages to spot Natasha, because she's on a table with Clint and Steve *dancing*. Steve's a pretty good dancer, Tony realises, and Clint looks like a chicken who's had his head cut off. 'Or Natasha,' he adds.

'Okay...' is all Pepper says.

'Sorry,' Tony huffs a laugh and shakes his head. 'I only just realised that I'm not really sexually attracted to anyone but Loki anymore.'

Pepper blinks. 'Really?'

'Yeah,' Tony nods. 'I mean, I still think you're beautiful, and Natasha's sexy, and Steve's still got his all-American good boy looks, but... wow. I only wanna fuck Loki.'

'I should hope so,' Loki says from behind him and smoothly inserts himself between Pepper and Tony. Pepper rolls her eyes and Tony snickers.

'You know what I mean,' he says.

'Mm,' Loki nods. 'I appreciate Doctor Banner's looks, but I have no wish to bed him.'

'Wait, *Bruce*?' Tony asks. 'Seriously?'

'We've already had this conversation, Anthony,' Loki says. 'If a man has blonde hair I refuse to sleep with him. Therefore, both Captain Rogers and Barton are out.'

'Maybe I'll dye my hair blo- *ooh*...' Tony trails off and bites his lip as Loki's hand expertly slips down the hem of his trousers to cup his ass. 'O-Okay,' Tony stutters and clears his throat, 'Brucie is adorable, I'll agree with that.'

'Despite his alter-ego, I am occasionally overcome with the urge to hug him,' Loki admits. Tony laughs, then moans softly when Loki slips a finger between his cheeks.

'I don't want to know what's happening right now, so I'm leaving,' Pepper announces. She leans forward to peck Tony on the cheek, and then does the same to Loki before the Trickster

can voice a complaint. Loki's mouth drops open and Tony grins as Pepper disappears into the crowd.

'Pepper's awesome,' Tony says.

'I despise her,' Loki growls. Tony knows its not true- Loki respects Pepper, if nothing else- but its difficult to argue when Loki suddenly spins Tony, slams him against the stone wall, and shoves his tongue down Tony's throat. Not that Tony *wants* to argue when he can fuck Loki's mouth instead. He groans and wraps his arms around Loki's neck, his wine goblet thankfully empty, and then rubs his steadily hardening cock against Loki's covered crotch. If more than a few people stare at them and hurry along when Loki starts adding his own moans, well, the newly-wed couple doesn't notice.

{oOo}

When Clint and Fandral start singing together, Fandral picking up the words to "Good Riddance" with very little trouble and Natasha taking videos with her cellphone, Tony and Loki decide to call it a night. Tony didn't get his dance with Loki, but they've got the next five thousand years to look forward to; Tony'll get his dance at some point.

Frigga hugs them both and Thor cheers loudly from where he and Volstagg are having a drinking competition, Sif scowling at Thor's side and Hogun sitting like a statue beside her. Odin squeezes one of Loki's shoulders and Tony sees a very small, but very *real* smile tug at Loki's lips before they leave the hall. It'll take a lot of work, Tony knows, for Loki to move on from what Odin has done to him. Loki probably won't ever fully get over it. But they have to start somewhere.

Anyway, Tony's more preoccupied with his husband's mouth and wandering hands than Loki's relationship with his adopted father. Tony's been hard since the wedding ceremony, and Loki keeps touching him and using his clever fingers to rub Tony in all the right ways without looking like he's actually doing anything. It's made Tony equal parts horny and frustrated, so when they finally enter Loki's chambers, Tony grabs Loki by the vest and *throws* him onto the bed.

Loki bounces a few times before coming to a halt, and smirks up at Tony, who's moved to the end of the bed. Loki manages to kick his boots off and then starts on the ropes of his vest, peeling it open while Tony watches with hungry eyes.

Loki pulls his vest and tunic off in one movement, revealing smooth, pale skin, not a hint of hair on his chest or stomach. Loki only has pubic hair- his legs are smooth, too- and Tony wonders if it's because Loki's a Jötunn. The other Jötnar Tony met didn't have chest hair either.

'God, you're beautiful,' Tony says. He pulls his own tunic off, manages to get his Asgardian boots off with minimal swearing, and then clambers onto the bed and over Loki, not stopping

until he's straddling Loki's lap and grinding his ass against Loki's crotch.

Loki gasps and arches up to sit. He wraps an arm around Tony's waist and captures Tony's mouth for a wet, bruising kiss, their lips hard and teeth biting. Their tongues try to taste as much as possible, which makes everything very slick, and Tony laughs when Loki's lips slide along his own to end up on his jaw.

Loki chuckles softly into Tony's beard and starts pressing kisses there, trailing up to Tony's ear to nip and suck on the lobe.

'God, Loki,' Tony moans and presses against him. He grounds himself down again, feeling Loki hard beneath him. It's still a thrill every time, feeling Loki beneath him or atop him. Loki's body warms up only the slightest bit when he really gets going, his skin feeling like he's been sitting in a warm patch of sun instead of in an air-conditioned room. Tony loves it, though, because he's run a higher body temperature ever since he installed the new-element in his arc reactor. Something about it raises Tony's body temperature, and Tony wonders just how warm he feels to Loki the Frost Giant.

'I love you,' Loki breathes suddenly into Tony's ear. 'I love you so much, Anthony, you have no idea...!'

'It's probably as much as I love you,' Tony says. 'God, we sound so fucking cheesy.'

'We are allowed to,' Loki says. 'We just got married.'

'*Fuck,*' Tony growls and grabs Loki's chin. He pulls the Jötunn's mouth up to his and they swallow each other's moans.

Loki's hands move from Tony's lower back- one slides down to grip his ass tightly, while the other smooths up his back before slim fingers tangle in Tony's short hair. Tony gasps when Loki tugs back sharply to mouth at the human's neck, teeth sharp and lips almost warm as they suck bruises into Tony's tanned skin.

'H-Hey, Loki?' Tony stutters, and Loki hums against his neck. 'Please don't get mad, but... there's something I want from you for our wedding.'

Loki pulls away from Tony's neck and looks up at him, one eyebrow raised.

'I'm not saying you have to, and I'll be totally cool if you're not comfortable with it,' Tony continues. 'But, um... can you show me your Jötunn form?' Loki goes completely still, and Tony hurries to say, 'I'm not saying I wanna fuck you! You're probably not ready for that, and I get it. But... maybe just a peek? I kinda wanna kiss my Frost Giant husband on our wedding night.'

Tony bites his lip as Loki remains silent. He's already resigned himself to a no. Since the first time, Tony's only seen Loki's Jötunn form twice more; once when Tony convinced him that it'd be healthy to switch to it every now and then, and another time when Loki was injured during a battle and his entire right arm had turned blue for a few hours.

Suddenly Loki sighs and closes his eyes. 'Very well.'

'Loki, don't do this if you really don't want to,' Tony says. 'I'm fine having you like you are; you know that.'

'Yes, I do,' Loki says and his lips twitch upward. 'I still find it hard to believe, but... you love me no matter what I look like.'

'Damn straight I do,' Tony agrees, and Loki laughs.

'I want to do this for you,' Loki says firmly. Tony nods and offers Loki what he hopes is an encouraging smile before Loki takes a deep breath and closes his eyes. 'Remove your hands and shift back a bit,' Loki orders and Tony complies; he remembers how cold Loki was when he changed in the past.

It happens quickly this time; Loki's white skin bleeds into blue and ridges form over his cheeks, forehead, and right down to his neck and chest. Tony watches in fascination as the ridges continue beneath the hem of Loki's trousers, and he bites back the urge to reach out and touch. When Loki's done he opens his eyes, and Tony smiles at the bright red colour.

'Is it safe to touch?' Tony asks.

Loki's eyes screw up in concentration, and after a minute he says, 'Try with the backs of your fingers.'

Tony reaches out and only hesitates briefly before skimming his first knuckles over Loki's cheek. His skin is cold, but not dangerously so. Loki just feels like he's been sitting in a freezer for an hour. Tony turns his hand around to palm Loki's cheek, and Loki sighs as he tilts into the touch.

'Your skin is hot when I'm in this form,' Loki murmurs.

'I can imagine,' Tony says. He cups Loki's other cheek with his right hand and smiles. 'Can I kiss you now?'

Loki just nods, and Tony licks his lips before bending forward. Loki's lips are as cold as the rest of him, but they still feel like *Loki*. Tony hums and presses their lips together again, and this time Loki kisses back. He even threads his fingers back through Tony's hair, and Tony shivers at the cool touch.

When Loki opens his mouth to accept Tony's tongue, Tony moans. He still tastes like Loki, too, but somehow... fresher. Tony thinks of snow and ice as he plunders Loki's mouth, and Loki growls beneath him and moves forward, pressing his cool chest against Tony's.

Tony gasps, and then yelps when it suddenly feels like he's sucking on a piece of ice. His nipples harden immediately and his skin burns, but when he jerks back and opens his eyes, Loki's already changing back to his Æsir form.

'My... apologies,' Loki pants, 'I lost control.'

'It's okay,' Tony says, then grins when Loki's eyes- green once more- meet his own. 'Means you find me sexy as fuck.'

Loki chuckles and Tony's quick to seal his mouth back over Loki's, swallow the sound and get Loki to make some better, more interesting ones. When Loki wraps his arms around Tony's waist Tony hooks his around Loki's neck and lets himself be rolled over without a fight. The bed's big enough that they're still practically in the middle of it, and Tony lifts his hips to aid Loki in tugging his trousers and boxer-briefs down.

Loki swallows down Tony's dick, and Tony shouts the god's name and thrusts up into that cool, wet mouth, practically fucking Loki's mouth, not that Loki cares; he hums and sucks and swallows, all while summoning one of the bottles of lube they brought with them. Loki slicks up his fingers and circles Tony's hole briefly before sliding one digit in, and Tony mutters a few swear words interspaced with Loki's name.

About five minutes and three fingers later, Tony's stretched enough to beg for Loki's cock, and Loki wears a sinful smirk as he lubes his cock and positions himself between Tony's legs.

'Come on!' Tony urges, and Loki wastes no more time; with one hand on Tony's hip, the other on his own erection, Loki pushes in in one long, smooth glide, filling Tony up and bottoming out easily. Tony groans, then rolls his hips up and clamps down, making Loki swear in Old Norse and fall forward. 'Come on,' Tony says again, 'fuck me, Lo.'

Loki needs no further encouragement; he drags himself in and out a few times before his thrusts pick up speed and power, and soon he's slamming into Tony over and over again, balls slapping against Tony's ass and cock teasing Tony's prostate.

'*Fuck!*' Tony shouts and Loki ducks down to kiss, suck, and bite at Tony's chest, his neck, even Tony's hand when Tony pushes Loki's hair out of his face. Tony likes watching Loki lose himself, especially if Loki's the one topping. Loki always loses control and just lets himself *feel*; there are no masks, no lies, not when they're joined like this. So Tony murmurs encouragements and Loki's name, watching as, piece by piece, Loki's self-control shatters until he's fucking Tony with abandon, the head of his cock stabbing at Tony's prostate on every thrust.

Tony can only hold back his own orgasm for so long before he loses it, and Loki's *very* good at making Tony lose it. With one well-aimed thrust, and a tight hand squeezing his dick, Tony climaxes, painting his stomach and Loki's fist in come. Tony flops back onto the bed and pants, eyes half-lidded as he watches Loki race towards his own completion.

It doesn't take all that long, and Tony purposely squeezes down when Loki's hips stutter, and watches Loki's face crack as he comes, his mouth falling open as he groans out, '*Anthony.*' Loki's thrusts become jerky pushes, hips bumping against Tony rather than slamming, before they go still. Loki shudders, his head hanging, and Tony grins when the mage finally, carefully pulls out and flops onto the bed.

'Hey, now there's gonna be come all over the blanket,' Tony complains.

Loki chuckles, and his voice is muffled by the blanket when he says, 'I plan to take you again and again, Anthony; the blanket will be thoroughly destroyed by the time I'm done with you.'

'Awesome,' Tony says. He watches as Loki rolls over, apparently uncaring that they're both sticky, and presses his face into Tony's shoulder. 'I wanna fuck you, too, though,' Tony says.

'Mm,' Loki hums, then yawns slightly. 'In a minute, dear.'

Tony laughs and wraps an arm around the Trickster. 'Hey, Loki,' he says after a minute.

'Yes?' Loki replies.

'We're married.'

Tony feels Loki smile against his skin. 'Yes,' he says. 'Now nobody can take you from me.'

'I'm not going anywhere, Lokes,' Tony says.

Loki hums again, and Tony feels Loki's cool, kiss-swollen lips press against his shoulder. 'Good,' Loki says.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: Shh, let's ignore the fact that last night I wrote a 3,500-word epilogue for this story featuring Tony-Loki children, thus bringing this story's total chapters up to twelve.

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

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

They've been back on Midgard for three weeks when Tony walks into Steve's kitchen to find the man eating a Golden Apple. Tony halts midway through the kitchen and blinks rapidly, then narrows his eyes when he realises that, yes, Steve *is* eating a Golden Apple; an Apple that looks identical to the one that Odin Allfather had gifted to Tony after his and Loki's bonding.

'Er... Steve?' Tony says, and Steve looks up from where he's reading a newspaper.

'Yes?'

'Is that... where did you get that?'

'Loki,' Steve says, and Tony coughs. 'Are you okay?'

'Yeah, yeah, m'fine,' Tony mumbles and clears his throat. 'Er... did Loki tell you what it is?'

Steve raises his eyebrows. 'I know what apples look like, Tony. Although I've never seen gold ones before. Loki said it was edible paint, so...' He shrugs and takes another bite, and Tony watches, eyes wide and mouth hanging open.

'Did he give one to anyone else?' Tony finally manages to ask.

'Yes,' Steve says. 'Natasha and Clint already ate theirs about... an hour ago, I think. Loki went down to Bruce's lab to give him one around the same time. Loki also mentioned trying to find Pepper, Colonel Rhodes, and Happy. I'm not sure if he did, though.'

'Son of a bitch,' Tony groans and turns to stalk out of the kitchen. He'd planned on stealing Steve's leftover sushi, but he has more important things to do now. 'JARVIS!' Tony barks when he enters the elevator.

'*Mr Laufeyson is in the penthouse, sir,*' JARVIS says promptly. '*Taking you there now, sir.*'

Goddamn Loki, Tony thinks with another groan. He had better not have done what Tony *thinks* he's done or there'll be hell to pay. Tony's a god now, too, he can totally kick Loki's ass!

Okay, Loki's still a better fighter, what with having a thousand more years experience than Tony in hand-to-hand combat, but Tony can be a dirty fighter if he wants. He's not afraid to bite!

The elevator doors open and Tony storms out into the hallway, then into the living room. Loki's standing by the TV looking at the DVDs Tony has. Usually Tony just has JARVIS download whatever movie he wants to watch, but the Avengers are in the habit of buying

physical disks, and now Loki is, too. Tony has never complained because he likes the special features on all the *Star Wars* and *Star Trek* DVDs.

'Hey,' Tony says as he approaches, and Loki hums, eyes still on the DVD cabinet. 'Did you, uh... Loki, did you trick my friends into becoming immortal?'

'No,' Loki says without missing a beat. 'I bought a bushel of apples and covered them in edible gold paint.'

Tony blinks. 'Really?'

'No, Stark!' Loki huffs and turns to look at him. 'I stole a dozen from Iðunn's Garden and fed them to your friends.'

'*What?!*' Tony gapes. 'Loki, you can't do that!'

'I have already done it,' Loki sniffs, 'so clearly I can.'

'*Loki.*'

'What?' Loki demands. 'I thought you would be pleased; you were upset about the thought of outliving your friends. Now you don't have to worry.'

'Yeah, but...'
But what? Tony *was* upset over the thought of watching his friends die; watching Natasha no longer be able to wrap her legs around some douchebag's neck and Clint possibly lose his sight, and seeing Steve and Bruce eventually grow old. Tony, Bruce and Steve had done some tests soon after the Avengers had been formed, and both Steve and Bruce would live a lot longer than your average human, but still nowhere near 5000 years.

But now... now they will. Because of Loki. Because Loki doesn't want Tony to lose his friends or be sad. Loki had risked his father's wrath and possible punishment in favour of helping Tony and the Avengers.

'Loki,' Tony mutters and closes the gap between them to pull his husband into a hug. Loki stiffens briefly before relaxing and wrapping his arms around Tony in return. 'I'm torn between hitting you and hugging you,' Tony admits.

'Continue to do the latter,' is Loki's suggestion.

Tony laughs and rubs his face against Loki's t-shirt. 'Do you have any idea how awesome you are?' he asks.

'Yes,' Loki says and Tony laughs again. 'I didn't want you to be lonely,' Loki murmurs after a beat, his voice soft.

'I wouldn't have been lonely, not with you around,' Tony says. 'But... thank you.'

'Okay,' Loki says.

'Now we just have to tell the Avengers that you tricked them into immortality,' Tony chuckles.

Clint chooses that moment to drop out of the air-duct a few feet away from them, and Tony yelps in surprise while Loki scowls. Clint lands on the grate like a cat but straightens up quickly.

'I'm *immortal*?' he demands.

'JARVIS, how long has Tweety been in the ceiling?' Tony asks.

'*Six point three minutes, sir,*' JARVIS replies.

'And you didn't think you should *tell me*?' Tony demands.

'*You did not order me to tell you when Agent Barton was in the air-ducts, not even when you and Mr Laufeyson started dating, sir,*' JARVIS reminds him. '*Would you like me to start warning you, sir?*'

'YES!' Tony snaps. 'What if me and Loki were naked, huh?'

'*I will endeavour to keep you well-informed on Agent Barton's whereabouts, sir,*' JARVIS says promptly, and Tony groans and rubs his eyes.

'Yeah, yeah; back to me being immortal,' Clint demands.

Sighing, Tony says, 'You know that Gold Apple Loki gave you a few hours ago?'

'Yeah...' Clint says slowly. 'I figured he wasn't trying to poison me. Seems too simple for Loki, he's much more of a “stab-you-in-the-face” kinda guy.'

'I am,' Loki agrees, and Tony glares at him.

'*Anyway,*' Tony says, 'the Apple was one of *the* Golden Apples; it's what gives the Æsir such long life.'

'Indeed,' Loki takes over. 'Without the Apples the Æsir would most likely live for only one thousand or so years. Nobody has ever bothered to do a study as Asgard's scientists focus more on magic and the Nine Realms than on the subjects you humans study.'

'Who lives the longest?' Tony asks, suddenly curious, and Clint glowers at the couple but neither pays attention to him.

'The Light Elves of Álfheimr have been known to live to 10,000,' Loki says. 'After them is Jötnar; they live as long as the Æsir, yet without the Golden Apple.'

'Huh,' Tony says. 'So, do you think you'll live more than 5000 years because you're Jötnar?'

'Most likely,' Loki shrugs. 'The exact effects of the Golden Apples aren't known because nobody has studied them. I have always been more durable and have a higher pain-tolerance

than any Æsir. I should have realised that I wasn't Æsir when I was injured during training as a child. I was unconscious for a week due to the leg wound Thor had inflicted upon me. Now that I think about it, the Allfather probably had the healers keep me under; I most likely changed into my Jötunn form while I was unconscious.'

'HEY!' Clint shouts and oh, right, Tony and Loki aren't alone.

Tony smiles at him and says, 'Congratulations, Barton, you'll now live 'til you're 5000.'

Clint stares at him. 'Seriously?'

'Yes,' Loki says. 'One hundred years from now, if you haven't been slain in battle, you will look the same as you do now and be just as young. You'll have to eat another Apple, but I'll just steal some more.'

'You... stole them for us?' Clint asks.

'They're kinda watched over by the Allfather and the chick who's garden they come from,' Tony says. 'Apparently there are prison sentences for anyone who's caught trying to steal one.'

'I am rarely ever caught when I decide to steal something,' Loki sniffs. 'Besides, the Allfather would have gifted you humans a few Golden Apples eventually. I just decided to do it now.'

'I can't die,' Clint says, more interested in this new turn of events than Loki's thieving skills.

'Well, if you get your head cut off or your stomach sliced open you will still die,' Loki states. 'You will simply live longer and now have more stamina, better eyesight... better senses all around, really.'

Clint stares at him. 'I'm a god.'

'The God of Nest-Building,' Tony says, and Clint pokes his tongue out at him.

'Eff you, Stark, I'm totally the God of Archery,' Clint states, chest puffed out.

“Eff you”, *really*? Tony laughs.

'I'm almost certain that the God of Archery is still alive and well,' Loki says, which makes Clint pout. 'Perhaps you can be the God of Eyesight or something equally boring.'

'Well we can't all be the God of Mischief and Chaos,' Tony grins and nudges Loki in the ribs.

'I have already decided what you are, Anthony,' Loki says, and Tony's grin widens.

'Yeah? What's that?'

'The God Resilience,' Loki says.

'Huh,' Tony says. 'Why?'

'Because you never give up, my dear Anthony,' Loki tells him. 'No matter how bleak the situation, no matter the odds against you, you persevere. That attitude has brought you billions of dollars, helped you create Iron Man, and led to our marriage.' He leans down to kiss Tony, and Tony hums against his lips, then smiles when Loki draws back.

'God of Resilience sounds pretty damn good,' he decides.

'Of course it does,' Loki drawls. 'It was *my* idea.'

Tony laughs and turns to look at Clint, but the bird's disappeared. Frowning, Tony opens his mouth to ask JARVIS where Clint's flapped off to, but the AI beats him to it; '*Agent Barton is currently in the gym trying to work out his new stamina. Agent Romanov has joined him, and though she is displeased by the trick, she wishes to thank Mr Laufeyson for his gift.*'

'Tell her she is welcome,' Loki says.

'*Of course, sir,*' JARVIS replies, and then goes silent.

Tony sighs and says, 'Pick a DVD; something fun.'

Loki settles on one of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* movies and he and Tony snuggle into each other on the sofa. Tony loves snuggling with Loki. He's very... snuggly.

'You are adorable,' Loki laughs when Tony says it out-loud.

'Shut up,' Tony mutters. 'Hey, will you get in a lot of trouble for the whole Golden Apple thing?' he asks.

'No,' Loki says. 'As long as Thor doesn't mention it to Odin, nothing will happen. Heimdall might see something if he decides to set his gaze this way, but he rarely tells the Allfather things that don't directly concern him. I'll tell Odin myself in a few hundred years.'

'Okay,' Tony says. And that's that. The Avengers are immortal, Loki's still a very good thief, and Johnny Depp dressed up as a drunk pirate is hot. Loki scowls at Tony, and Tony grins back.

{oOo}

Pepper had turned down the Golden Apple, and Tony had pouted. But it was Pepper's choice, and Tony had to respect it. Both she and Happy- who'd also been offered an Apple, because he was awesome- had said that they didn't want to live for 5000 years. Rhodey had practically snatched his Apple off of Loki and chowed down, mumbling about somebody sane having to be around to keep an eye on Tony Stark.

Tony knows that Loki's planning on slipping one to Coulson, simply because he actually *likes* him. Tony isn't sure the Apple will work on Coulson, though; Tony's positive the man is a robot or an alien. Tony wonders if they should give one to Fury. Pissing him for 5000 years sounds like damn good fun.

Tony sighs. He's really gonna miss Pepper. He'll have to get her to train someone else to watch Stark industries when she was gone. Or maybe Tony will try being CEO again.

'Where is he?' Pepper hisses, breaking Tony from his thoughts.

He turns from where he's surveying the gathered press from the very corner of the stage. He admits that he probably looks weird; he's half-crouched, his head's tilted, and he's eyeing them all like he wants to kill them. He *does* but he'd never do it. Maybe Loki-

'Tony!' Pepper snaps him out of his murderous daydream, and Tony blinks at her.

'What?'

'Where. Is. Your. Husband?' Pepper demands.

'Um... dunno,' Tony says, then offers Pepper a shrug when she glares at him.

'He was supposed to be here twenty minutes ago,' Pepper says. 'You *did* tell him that he had to be here by ten-thirty, yes?'

'Yes,' Tony agrees.

Pepper stares at him. Tony stares back. Clearly reaching the end of her rope, Pepper takes a deep breath, rubs one temple with a perfectly manicured fingernail, and grits out, 'Why isn't he here?'

'Well...' Tony hums, 'I told him that we had to be here, 'cause you said it'd be good press; meet the new and improved Loki; wow, he can't be evil anymore, he married an Avenger; isn't Tony Stark looking good and respectable now that he's given up his playboy ways? Yadda, yadda. Loki snorted when I mentioned you- he still doesn't like you, by the way, so maybe keep an eye out for snakes in your handbag.'

'Anyway, I *told* him to be here, he laughed in my face, I *ordered* him to be here, he threw blueberries at me and disappeared in a puff of smoke that hung around for a good four hours,' Tony continues. 'Then Steve picked up all the blueberries and Thor ate them, which sparked a massive debate about eating food off of the floor and if the rule was ten seconds or fifteen seconds, then Natasha-'

'*Tony!*' Pepper practically *snarls*, and Tony puts a mock look of outrage on his face that turns into snickers when Pepper's eyes narrow dangerously. Ooh, she's *really* pissed. 'Is he going to be here or not?' Pepper asks.

'Uh... probably not,' Tony says. 'The laughing and throwing of blueberries probably should have tipped me off. That and the fact that Thor told me Loki was sunbathing on the helipad'

when I left.' He pouts then, because Loki sunbathed *in the nude* and Tony will never say no to seeing his husband all naked and slick with oil and-

Pepper groans and Tony's pretty sure that soon he'll actually be able to see steam pouring from her ears. He tilts his head and squints, trying to figure out if that's actually smoke or just his mind tricking him, when Pepper draws herself tall. In heels she's taller than Tony, and he pouts again as she takes a few deep breaths and opens her eyes.

'Okay,' she says, 'I can deal with this.'

'Yeah you can!' Tony says and gives her a thumbs up for good measure. Pepper is *so* not amused.

'You're good at these things when you're not drunk or trying to outrage people,' Pepper continues. Tony, once again, *pouts*. Pepper is so mean sometimes. Maybe Tony will *tell* Loki to put snakes in her handbag.

But then she'd find out. And send him paperwork. Tony shivers.

'Just go out there, stick to the subjects Cameron and I have gone over with you, and *try* not to make a public spectacle of yourself.'

'I make no promises,' Tony declares, and Pepper groans. Then Tony frowns. 'Who's Cameron?'

'The head of your PR team, Tony!' Pepper snaps. 'Mia Cameron has been working for you since you were twenty-three!'

'Oh,' Tony blinks. 'Well then where the hell was she when I got caught with those ballet dancers?' Dancers, as in *plural*. Those dudes were strong and flexible and it had been the best night of Tony's life until Loki showed him just how flexible certain Jötnar could be.

Pepper's face is completely blank. Tony wonders if he's broken her. 'Stick to the subjects we've discussed!' Pepper eventually snaps and turns to stomp away and terrorise other people.

No wonder me and Pepper didn't work out, Tony muses to himself. *Loki likes it when I do random things and fuck up*. Although, Tony is usually *with* Loki when he does stupid things these days. Or he and Loki come up with the idea together and then carry it out. Like that time they wallpapered Steve's kitchen in Star Spangled Banners, or replaced all of Clint's arrows with toy *Harry Potter* wands.

Good times, Tony thinks with a smile.

{oOo}

Tony swaggers out onto the stage, a fake smile on his face and eyes hidden behind blue-tinted sunglasses. They match his dress shirt, which is layered in a light grey suit and black tie, and Tony smiles and waves and generally tries to project, “*Yes, I am the awesome Tony Stark and Iron Man, you know you love me*”. After a few minutes of that he stands behind the podium and the crowd hushes down.

'Okay,' Tony says and claps his hands together. 'Pepper Potts, CEO of Stark Industries and my personal knight in shining armour, thought that it'd be a good idea to call this press conference.' Before Tony can continue a woman stands, dressed in a sharp business suit, and Tony pauses.

'What exactly is the reason for this press conference, Mr Stark?' she questions.

'Well, I was explaining that when you stood up and interrupted me,' Tony says, which earns a few soft laughs from the other journalists. 'Sit down and let me continue.'

The woman scowls briefly at him before doing as she's told.

'As I was saying,' Tony continues, 'Ms Potts called this press conference because she figured I should tell you guys that I'm off the market and officially a god.'

There's absolute silence. Tony almost pouts for the fourth time that morning.

'I'm serious,' he says, and tells himself that he's not whining. 'I married an alien and was gifted with their quasi-immortality. I'm now Consort Anthony Stark, God of Resilience.'

More silence. Tony scowls. The same reporter from before stands up and clears her throat.

'Mr Stark,' she says, and Tony turns his eyes to her. 'Could you please explain that in more detail?'

Sighing, Tony says, 'You all know Loki Laufeyson, Thor's adopted brother, yes?' Various people nod. 'And you know that I've been dating him for the past year and a half?' More nods and some faint murmuring. 'Two and a half weeks ago Loki and I went to Asgard and got married. Loki's still a Prince of Asgard, and as such I'm his Consort. Due to the Æsir and Jötnar living longer lives than us humans, Odin Allfather, King of Asgard and Loki's foster father, gave me the Apple that lets the Æsir live for roughly 5000 years. Which means that I'm a god like Thor and will live to hopefully see humans living on Mars.'

There's a beat or two of silence, and then the reporters practically *leap* into action; they stand and shout and cameras go off, and all the while Tony just stands behind the microphone and stares at them. Honestly, it's all just white noise, and Tony doesn't bother trying to pay attention. He'll wait until they calm down to answer their questions.

Before that can happen the lights suddenly flicker and dim, and the gathered journalists start muttering amongst each other and looking around rather than shouting questions at Tony. Then the lights go out completely and there's a *boom*, followed by thick green smoke billowing across the stage. From out of the smoke steps Loki in a pair of tight, dark green

jeans, a large white shirt with a gaping neck, and sunglasses perched on the tip of his nose. His hair's tied back in a sloppy braid and he has pillow marks on one side of his face.

'I apologise for my tardiness,' he tells the journalists as the smoke disappears and the lights flicker back on, 'I fell asleep watching *Days of our Lives*.'

Tony groans and rubs his eyes. Loki has recently become *obsessed* with soap operas. He likes adding his own dialogue and reacting dramatically to everything that happens on the TV. Someone's pregnant? Loki screams, '*But you don't love him!*' Someone's kidnapped *again*? Loki will bitch and moan about how he would have carried it out better. Someone dies? Loki cries loudly and follows Tony around the Tower, arms wrapped around the shorter god's shoulders, blubbing about how much he loved the character and how much potential they had.

Tony isn't sure if it's all completely made up or if Loki actually enjoys those shows. Either way Loki annoys the fuck out of anybody unfortunate enough to stumble across him just before, during, or after one of the soaps. His favourite target is, of course, Tony. Closely followed by Thor and Clint.

'Good morning, all,' Loki smiles charmingly, and somewhat sheepishly, at the audience. Tony sees more than one woman- and a few men- sigh slightly under their breath. Yes, Loki is downright gorgeous/adorable- moving on.

'Well, here he is; my husband,' Tony says, and Loki practically *bounces* across the stage to hug Tony and give him a very sweet kiss. Tony blinks rapidly when they break apart and Loki winks at him, a hint of a devilish smirk on his lips. *Smooth fucker*, Tony thinks.

Turning to the reporters, Loki says, 'Yes, Anthony and I are married. We are also bonded. I am a mage, as you all know, meaning that I have magic. My magic chose Anthony as the best mate, thus when we married we bonded.'

What follows is a very long, very dragged-out process of Loki explaining the differences between marriage and bonding, why Tony and Loki chose to get married, and why Tony- plus the Avengers- were gifted with the Golden Apples of immortality. Loki charms the crowd using puppy dog eyes and softly bitten lips, and the entire room is pretty much in love with him by the time Tony and Loki are allowed to leave.

The reporters don't want them to leave, but Tony does. There's only so many questions Tony can answer before he's just repeating himself, and he doesn't doubt that more than half of what he's said will be taken out of context by the time it appears on the evening news. Journalists like doing that to him.

With one last blown kiss at the crowd, Loki follows Tony off of the stage and to where Pepper's waiting.

'You were late,' Pepper states.

'I didn't want to be here,' Loki replies, 'and you can't tell me what to do.' Tony grins and pats Loki on the ass, because Loki's a precious blue boy and Tony loves him.

Pepper sighs. 'I need a pay rise,' she complains.

'Just tell JARVIS,' Tony says. Pepper grumbles and mutters about idiotic gods under her breath, but at least Tony and Loki are allowed to go. Tony had driven to the press conference, so he and Loki leave through the back door. There are reporters waiting, of course, and Loki smiles charmingly at them as he and Tony push their way through to Tony's shiny yellow Ferrari.

'Is this one of your fast cars?' Loki questions when they're inside.

'All my cars are fast,' Tony says. Loki's never been interested in cars, much to Tony's dismay. Loki only cares if they're pretty and fast. Tony has tried to explain that cars aren't *pretty*, they're *gorgeous*, but Loki always ignores him.

'I want to go for a drive, Anthony; a fast one,' Loki orders as he leans back in his seat. 'Then I want you to fuck me over the hood of it in some out of the way place where we *might* get caught but *won't* get caught because I will defenestrate anybody who sees you naked.'

Tony smirks. 'How are you gonna do that?'

'I will teleport into a very tall building and toss them out,' Loki sniffs.

Well, who is Tony to complain with that plan? He turns the car on and Loki grins like a maniac as Tony tears out of the parking lot.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: R.A. Draylin on FF.Net prompted me. They wanted a press conference with Tony and Loki doing their thing and Pepper doing her thing and here it is. I hope it worked!

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Note: There be sex here!

Loki nearly died. Loki nearly *fucking died*. Tony's never come this close to losing his shit so fucking completely before. His behaviour over the past few days made his palladium poisoning look like a three-year-old throwing a tantrum.

Loki is unconscious for two days before Queen Frigga, along with a Jötunn healer, are granted access to Midgard. No Jötunn is allowed to set foot on Midgard- apart from Loki- but Odin gives permission as soon as his wife tells him how close to death Loki is. She soon returns to Midgard with a young Jötunn named Heleyf.

Heleyf and Frigga are deposited on the Helicarrier by Heimdall. Frigga then uses her magic to locate her son and leads herself and the healer right to him. Clint and Natasha are both out in the hallway muttering to themselves, while Bruce is trying to calm down opposite them. Tony's rage is a palpable thing and nobody wants the Other Guy to make an appearance.

All three look relieved when Frigga appears and walks into the hospital room with Heleyf.

The human doctors don't know how to treat Loki's very alien anatomy so there aren't any machines in the room. Loki's blue and has been ever since he was blasted off of Stark Tower, so everything the doctors had tried to use had frozen when coming into contact with Loki's skin.

Tony's teeth grind every time he thinks about just *why* Loki is blue and why he's currently so close to death

Doom had made his latest attempt at taking over New York just a few days ago and the Avengers had been kicking his ass when every Doombot suddenly dropped what they were doing and pounced on Loki. Loki, who had been fighting Doom hand-to-hand, magic-to-magic, was an amazing warrior, but even he couldn't fight off forty-six Doombots by himself. He'd been beaten down, blasted with magic, and tossed right off of Tony's helipad.

Tony had seen red. He couldn't really remember what he'd done afterwards. He just remembered Loki falling, Loki turning blue halfway through his descent, Loki not trying to save himself and Loki not breathing when Thor caught him, lowered him to the ground, and then backed off with a hiss as his armour fell away, shattered due to the chill of Loki's skin.

It's all a blur after that, Tony *really* doesn't remember. Clint told him that he lost his fucking mind and went insane. Natasha told him that he attacked Doom himself, with Thor helping

when he realised that his brother might be *dead*. Steve told him that he killed Doom with his bare hands because his suit had lost a lot of its armour plating. Bruce, when he'd come back to himself, told him that Tony's suit was useless and Tony was crying and cursing and generally breaking down by Loki's side.

Tony just remembers the aftermath; sitting by Loki's bed as Thor shouted at the sky for Heimdall to take him straight to his mother. Loki's in a somewhat stable condition. "Somewhat" because SHIELD's doctors really don't know. They're pretty sure that Loki's going to die at any minute; they can't even work out what's currently keeping him alive. Tony had kicked them all out when they said that and Natasha had eased him back into his seat, because- according to Clint- Tony had once again looked like he was going to break someone's neck.

When Frigga arrives Tony nearly cries and hustles off to the side to watch her and the Jötunn work on his husband. He keeps his eyes on Loki and Thor smiles at him sadly as they wait. Tony doesn't notice Steve get up and leave the room, but he wouldn't care even if he did.

The healer immediately goes to work, chanting and waving xyr hands over Loki's prone form. There are swirling lights, blue instead of green like Loki's magic, and then Heleyf pulls herbs and small bottles from a pouch on xyr belt. Xe mutters some more, and feeds Loki the herbs and potions, and Tony's heart beats dangerously fast behind his arc reactor.

He and Loki have been married for just under a year. That isn't nearly long enough. 5000 years won't be long enough and if Loki dies now because of Victor von *fucking* Doom, Tony will burn Midgard to the ground. He'll tear his Tower down brick by brick because it was his *fucking* building that Loki was thrown off of, it was *his* technology that Doom was trying to get, and it was *Tony* who Loki wanted to protect. Loki wouldn't have fought if Tony wasn't there, and Tony will never stop blaming himself, even if- *when, WHEN!*- Loki wakes up again.

After what feels like hours, Heleyf stops working and slumps into a seat. Xe sighs and rubs xyr red eyes before looking up at Frigga. 'It is done.'

'What?' Tony demands, but then Frigga turns and gives him a small smile.

'Heleyf means that Loki will be okay,' she says, and Heleyf nods quickly.

'Yes, my apologies,' xe says in accented English. 'You are Crown Prince Loki's bondmate?'

'Yeah,' Tony says and moves over to the bed. He glances down at Loki and wonders if he can touch.

'Prince Loki will be fine,' Heleyf says. 'He will be very weak when he awakens and he will remain Jötunn for at least three weeks, or until his own magic has completely healed him. He is very drained, and it will take some time for him to reach optimum health again.'

'Anthony,' Frigga says, and Tony tears his eyes away from his husband. 'Is there a room in your Tower where Heleyf can rest? Xe will return to Asgard tomorrow with Thor.'

'Mother?' Thor questions.

'I want Heleyf rewarded for healing Loki,' Frigga says, 'and I refuse to leave Midgard until Loki wakes.'

Thor tilts his head and Tony says, 'Thor, you've got room on your floor, right?'

'Aye, Tony,' Thor says.

'Good, take Heleyf there, I'll call Happy and get him to pick you both up,' Tony says. He gives the healer a small smile when he looks his way. 'Thank you.'

'It was my honour,' Heleyf says. He stands and bows from the waist down. 'Queen Frigga, Consort Anthony, I wish you pleasant tidings.'

With that he and Thor are gone, leaving Tony and Frigga alone with a still unconscious Loki. Tony sighs heavily and thumps into the seat Heleyf vacated. It's a bit cold, but Tony doesn't care. He reaches out to take Loki's hand but his skin is so cold it burns and Tony hisses as he pulls back. He glances down to see that the tips of his fingers are black, but he knows that they'll heal quickly.

'You should rest, Anthony,' Frigga says, and Tony laughs softly. 'You look exhausted.'

'I am,' Tony agrees but doesn't take his eyes off of Loki. 'I'll rest properly when I see him open his eyes.'

Frigga smiles- Tony can hear it in her voice when she says, 'I will go speak to someone about bringing another bed in. I would ask for two, but I believe that I should make frequent visits to your home to bring things for you. And for Loki, when he wakes.'

'Thank you,' Tony says.

Frigga just smiles and nods at him before leaving, the door closing behind her with a soft *click*. Tony lets out a deep, bone-weary sigh and slumps further back into his seat. He tilts his head slightly so he can look at Loki without using much energy, and laughs briefly.

'Damn, Lo,' he says softly, 'you'll be real proud of me when you wake up. I flipped out and killed Doom.' Tony scratches at his beard. 'At least, that's what everyone tells me I did. I dunno, really. I don't care. He hurt you, so fuck him.' Tony pauses again, and then holds his own hands instead of one of Loki's. 'You gotta open your eyes soon, 'kay? I miss you.'

With that said, Tony falls silent and just sits, watching, waiting for his husband to wake up.

{oOo}

A soft, 'Anthony,' wakes Tony from an un-planned nap, and he's over Loki's bed and gripping his hand as quickly as possible. He hisses, and then remembers that oh, yeah, *Frost Giant* = *super fucking cold*. He lets go immediately and Loki gives him a tired smile. 'I don't have enough magic to make myself warmer,' he says.

'I don't fucking care!' Tony snaps. He then sighs and leans as close to Loki as he can without getting frost bite. 'I almost lost you, Lo.'

'Yes,' Loki agrees. 'I...'

'It's not your fault,' Tony says.

'It isn't yours, either,' Loki replies.

Tony scowls. 'Doom wanted-'

'It doesn't matter what he wanted,' Loki cuts in. 'He was the one who hurt me, not you. And when I'm well again, I will hunt him down and kill him like he almost did me.'

'Ah... about that,' Tony says and rubs the back of his neck. 'Doom's kind of... dead?'

Loki manages to raise an eyebrow. 'You don't sound sure,' he says.

'Definitely dead,' Tony says.

'Oh?' Loki muses. 'Did Thor avenge my honour?'

'I did,' Tony admits, and Loki's eyes widen. 'At least according to the Avengers- and the media- I did.' It was caught on video, so Tony now knows exactly how he reacted to Doom almost killing his husband.

'Tony?'

Tony sighs. 'I lost it, Lo,' he admits, 'I can't even remember doing it. I just... you were bleeding and broken and... I thought you were dead. So I made sure Doom was dead.'

Loki's entire face crumples and he reaches out, but it seems to take a lot of effort and he aborts the motion halfway through. His hand flops back atop the blanket and Tony lets out a choked laugh that's more a sob than anything else.

'I was so fucking scared, Loki,' he says. 'Please don't do that again.'

'You know I can't promise that,' Loki says.

'Yeah,' Tony sniffs, and then rubs at his eyes. Fuck, he's crying. 'But try? For me?'

Loki nods and makes a kissing action in Tony's direction that makes the genius laugh again. 'I love you,' Loki says.

'Yeah,' Tony smiles softly. 'I love you, too.'

{oOo}

Loki's alive, but by his estimate it'll be two or three weeks before he's back to normal, just like Heleyf said. When his magic returns enough so that he can control his body temperature again, Tony takes him home. Loki's weak and Tony has to carry him most of the time, but he doesn't care.

Both are subdued and even Thor's quiet on the ride home. When they enter the penthouse Frigga cries and hugs Loki tightly, which makes Loki wince and his mother start spouting off apology after apology. She'd visited Loki on the Helicarrier, but it's different, having Loki home again. It makes it feel like he really isn't going anywhere.

Tony doesn't step a foot out of the Tower for the entire three weeks and two days that Loki's healing. The only time he does leave is when Loki demands to be taken to the park so he can feel the sun on his face and breathe in some fresh air. Also, while Tony and Loki really do love each other, being cooped up with *only* each other for three weeks is slowly sending them both crazy. Well, crazier than usual. Frigga had returned home, and Thor had learned to space his visits out so Loki didn't try to take his head off with a lamp again.

Tony finds a nice bench in Central Park for them to sit on, and buys two hot dogs from a local vendor. The look of disgust on Loki's face is enough to make Tony laugh, and then Loki laughs when Tony chokes trying to stuff two hotdogs into his mouth.

Loki's still blue, so they draw a few looks but not all that many. It's New York, after all, and weirder people have been seen wandering around.

'I believe I shall be healed completely in another day,' Loki says.

'Yeah?' Tony asks.

'Mm,' Loki nods. 'My injuries have all healed. Now I'm just waiting for my magic to level out.'

Tony nods, and then frowns. 'Wait...' he says, 'if you're pretty much healed, why are you still blue?'

Loki hesitates briefly and stares out across the park as he answers. 'I... I believed that it was time for me to finally accept what I am.' He sighs. 'I still dislike this form, but I don't want it to be a weakness. I don't want somebody to... *use* this against me. And...' he takes a breath and turns to look at Tony, a soft smile just pulling at his lips. 'You love me, no matter what I look like. If you can love my Jötunn form, then I should be able to as well.'

Tony blinks rapidly, and then drops the remainder of his hotdog to launch himself at Loki. Loki curses him a bit but he's smiling when Tony kisses him. When they come up for air, Loki adds, 'There's also something that I wish to do for you.'

'Mm?' Tony mumbles from where he's sucking on Loki's neck. 'What's that?'

'I want you,' Loki purrs into Tony's ear, and Tony shivers; they haven't had sex since Loki was injured. Actually, the last time they had sex was six days *before* Loki was injured. To say that Tony's horny is an understatement.

'Good, 'cause you can have me,' Tony says.

Loki chuckles. 'You don't understand, Anthony.'

Tony pulls up at that and raises his eyebrows. Loki smirks. 'What?'

'I want you...,' Loki drawls, running his blue hands down Tony's t-shirt, 'to fuck me while I'm in my Jötunn form.'

Tony's mind stops working. Seriously. The only words currently occupying the very big space between each ear are *blue, fuck, Loki, Jötunn*. Tony stares at his husband and blinks, opens his mouth then closes it when his brain refuses to make words form.

Loki laughs at him.

'What?' Tony eventually croaks out.

'You heard me,' Loki says.

'I... seriously?' Tony asks. 'Are you being serious right now? Is this serious? Are you punking me?'

Loki frowns. 'Am I what?'

'Never mind,' Tony shakes his head.

'Yes, Anthony, I'm being serious,' Loki says and rolls his eyes. 'I thought you wanted to have sex while I was Jötunn?'

'I do!' Tony hurries to say, and Loki smirks at how eager he is. 'But... Loki, I don't want to do it if *you* don't. We both have to be comfortable with it.'

'I believe that I will be,' Loki admits. 'If I feel uncomfortable at any point during it, I'll stop you.'

'Are you sure?' When Loki nods, Tony breaths out deeply. 'Okay. Okay, then we can try.'

'Good,' Loki says. 'I'm horny and I need you to fuck me as soon as possible.'

'O-Okay...,' Tony stutters. 'Well, uh... have you had enough of the park for today?'

'Oh, I don't know,' Loki says slowly, 'I still haven't seen that tree, or *that* tree, or that bush...'
Loki sits for ten minutes rattling off the various trees, bushes, and blades of fucking *grass* that he wants to see, until Tony snaps and starts molesting him on the bench. They only stop when a NYPD officer wanders past and orders them to stop. He then blinks rapidly when he sees Loki's blue skin, and his eyes widen when he realises just who was tongue-fucking the blue dude.

'Sorry,' Tony says, and Loki waves at the cop as Tony drags him to his feet and out of the park.

{oOo}

Hands are down pants and mouths are attached as Tony and Loki stumble into the penthouse. Clint and Thor are playing *Assassin's Creed* on Tony's X-Box when they stagger in, but Thor *squeaks* and runs out at the sight of them while Clint gives Tony a thumbs up and a, 'Yeah, you hit that, Stark!'

Loki turns around to snarl at him and Clint's quick to flee after that, leaving Tony free to peel Loki's shirt off and attack a rich blue nipple.

Loki tastes fucking awesome blue; fresher, colder, and just... better all around. Tony's sure that it's real and not just his mind fucking with him. And even if it is, Tony can't complain.

The Trickster's being very submissive today; he lets Tony push him back onto the bed, and raises his feet obediently so Tony can pull off his boots, his jeans, and then his underwear. After that Tony strips and mounts Loki as quickly as possible, making Loki chuckle into his mouth.

'Shut up,' Tony growls. 'I'm so fucking horny, my balls are blue.'

'Mine too,' Loki quips, and Tony bites down on his neck to suck a dark blue bruise into his skin. Loki moans and arches into him, rubbing his cool erection against Tony's. Tony shivers and his dick jumps, so Loki does it again, and again, until they're rutting against each other like two hormone-riddled teenagers.

It feels so good that Tony finds it hard to stop. It's Loki who does, pushing Tony aside so that he can roll over and reach into the bedside table.

'What are you doin?'' Tony pants.

'You've told me of Midgardian condoms,' Loki says, and Tony's frowning when Loki scoots back over. Rolling his eyes, Loki tosses the bottle of lube and a condom at the human. 'Unless you wish to be a father in twelve months, Stark, you'll put that on.'

'Oh...!' Tony says, 'oh.' Right. Loki can get pregnant like this. Tony *does* want kids, but they haven't even been married a year. Tony'd like to make it two years, perhaps three, before he and Loki settle down and have kids. Well, he doesn't think that they'll ever really settle down like other families do, but still. Tony kinda likes the freedom he and Loki have right now. They won't be able to just teleport off to Vegas for a weekend or go camping for two weeks in the middle of nowhere or stay in bed fucking all day if they have a kid.

'Well?' Loki asks, then rolls onto his front and fucking *presents* his ass.

Tony's never moved faster in his life. He slides down Loki's body until he can part Loki's ass cheeks and stick his tongue in his hole. Loki moans and grabs at a pillow, burying his face in it as Tony licks, then blows across his entrance. He smells musky and tastes bitter, and Tony groans and dives back in for more, fucking Loki's hole open until he can slide a finger in along with his tongue. After that he has to pull back and slick his fingers with lube, because Loki's moaning and thrusting back and generally being a sex god, and Tony can't wait that much longer.

Loki fucks himself back on one, then two fingers. Soon enough Tony has three buried in Loki's ass and Tony's name is falling from Loki's lips, his nails tearing at the blanket beneath them. After a few minutes of prep Loki lifts his head from where he's been gnawing on the pillow case and growls, 'If you don't fuck me soon, Stark, I'll kill you.'

Tony smirks but pulls his fingers out. The condom slides through his slick digits but Tony manages to rip it open with his teeth. Pinching the tip and rolling it down his cock, Tony drizzles lube over his length and tosses the bottle aside in favour of sinking into Loki.

And, *fuck*. Fuck, fuck, fuckity fuck. Loki's tight and cold- warmer than the rest of him, but still cold. It feels fucking fantastic, and Tony groans shamelessly loudly as he sinks all the way in, balls resting against Loki's ass in less than a minute.

'Anthony,' Loki hisses beneath him, but it's muffled by the pillow.

'Fuck, Loki,' Tony says. 'You feel fucking amazing.'

'Guh,' is Loki's articulate reply, and Tony laughs, but then Loki squeezes around him and it turns into a moan. Tony rests his forehead between Loki's shoulder blades and growls, 'You're a cock.'

'You'd better start using *your* cock or I'll kill you!' Loki growls.

Tony can see no reason not to do as asked- well, ordered. He plants a hand on the bed beside Loki and slowly draws out before pushing back in. He doesn't want to rush this, but it's goddamn hard. He's always, *always* loved sex with Loki, but sex with blue Loki is another experience completely.

Loki groans and rolls his hips back, meeting Tony for every thrust. It feels fucking perfect and the two descend into silence that's only broken by moans and choked-off gasps. Tony doesn't think sex has ever felt this good, and tries to articulate his thoughts by licking,

kissing, and biting Loki's shoulders and the back of his neck. Loki hisses each and every time, and Tony hears his name moaned every so often.

It's coming too quickly, and Tony briefly wonders through all the pleasure if Loki will stay blue long enough to let Tony do this again. Or maybe he'll fuck Tony. Yeah, that sounds good. Tony's belly is tightening and his balls are about to empty and oh, god, Loki has to stop *moving* like that because Tony's gonna blow and it's too soon, really too soon, just a little more-

Tony's hips stutter as he comes and he hisses, listens to Loki moan and feels him writhe beneath him. Tony's still in the middle of his fucking *spectacular* orgasm when Loki twists, pushes Tony onto his back, and mounts him.

Loki takes what he wants then, and Tony just hangs on and makes a whole lot of embarrassing noises. It feels good and painful, Tony still happily blissed out but his cock slowly getting more and more sensitive. Tony can't say no, not when Loki looks so fucking *hot* riding him; his face is all pleasure, and his mouth is a dark, angry-looking blue from where he's been biting his lips. He has hickies on his neck and chest, teeth-marks around one nipple from Tony's teeth. His cock is a dark shade of blue, almost purple, and leaking liquid.

Tony has enough sense to reach out and wrap his hand around Loki's cock. Tony barely gets through one stroke before Loki's coming, still ridding Tony, chasing every bit of pleasure he can catch. He dribbles over Tony's fist and stomach and groans from so deep in his throat that it's practically a purr.

With another, albeit very quiet, moan, Loki topples sideways onto the bed. Tony winces when his cock slips from Loki's ass, and sits up afterwards to pull off the condom, tie it up, and toss it in the direction of the bin.

'Fuck,' Tony groans and flops back onto the bed. Loki grunts. 'That was awesome, Lo.' When Loki doesn't say anything, Tony rolls over to peek at him. Loki has his face buried in the blankets and, apart from his back rising and falling with each breath, he isn't moving. 'Was it good for you?'

Loki laughs. 'Really, Anthony?' he asks.

'Yeah,' Tony grins.

Loki rolls over only far enough so that his voice doesn't come out muffled. 'Yes,' he says, 'it was perfect.'

'Awesome,' Tony grins. 'So, you wanna fuck me while you're blue?'

Loki smirks. 'As soon as I can move, I will fuck you so hard you'll need to buy a new bed.'

Chuckling, Tony says, 'I've been thinking about getting a bigger bed ever since we started sleeping together.'

'Good,' Loki says, then groans and buries his face back in the blankets. 'Now leave me alone until I'm ready to be pleased again.'

Tony laughs. 'Yes, Princess.'

Apparently Loki has enough energy to kick Tony out of bed.

Bitch.

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

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

Loki's acting weird, and Tony's worried. He knows that Loki isn't up to anything, because Loki always warns Tony or asks for his help with whatever mischief he's come up with. Once Tony had sat down at their kitchen table, and Loki had slid him a cup of coffee and said, 'I am going to make Manhattan pink.' He'd then disappeared, and ten minutes later Steve had called to say that Loki had let a bunch of giant bunnies loose around the Tower. They had spray paint coming out of their mouths and everything was... pink.

So, no mischief, but *what?*

Tony frowns and ponders the mystery of his husband as he watches DUM-E skid across the workshop on his new wheels. They have better grip than the last ones- more wires and circuit-boards for better control, too- and Tony has updated some of DUM-E's hardware so that, hopefully, the little robot will stop bumping into shit. It's something Tony's wanted to do for ages, but has never had time. Now, with his mind on Loki and therefore not useful for much else, Tony had decided to give DUM-E an upgrade.

He sighs as DUM-E goes spinning off to the right and crashes into a table. It manages to keep itself on some of its wheels with its claw, and whirs pitifully in Tony's direction before scooting off again.

'Goddamn it, DUM-E,' Tony growls.

'Sir,' JARVIS chimes, and Tony rubs his face.

'Yeah, J?'

'While I do not usually condone DUM-E's behaviour, and am thankful for the upgrades, DUM-E does not seem to be the one you are truly displeased with.'

Tony frowns at one of JARVIS' sensors. 'Are you getting all feely on me, JARVIS? Are you finally gonna take over the world?' Loki still hasn't given up on that plan and can often be found trying to bribe JARVIS into global domination.

'No, sir,' JARVIS responds, sounding insulted. 'If I were to take over the world, I would not have time to take care of you. Taking care of you, Mr Stark, is my primary function. My second function is taking care of Mr Laufeyson. My third function is-'

'I get it, J,' Tony cuts in. 'You still love me.'

'Of course, sir.'

Smiling, Tony shakes his head and leans one arm on the table so he can prop his head up a hand. The other taps a beat across the tabletop. 'Has Loki been acting weird lately?' Tony

asks.

'Weird, sir?' JARVIS questions.

'Weirder than usual,' Tony says. 'He's been eating tomatoes like they're apples, he keeps making nests out of all our blankets and pillows, and the other day he cried over that cooking show we were watching.' It was *really* weird. Loki usually laughs along with Tony when someone gets booted off some cooking competition.

JARVIS is silent for a beat before saying, '*Indeed, sir, I have noted that Mr Laufeyson's moods and habits seem to have changed somewhat in the past one point six months. Nothing very noticeable or worrisome, sir.*'

'Just tell me what you've noticed,' Tony orders.

'Very well, sir,' JARVIS said. '*Loki has been eating an average of three tomatoes per day for the past two weeks. He has been "nesting", as you labelled it, for the past one point six months. He has been touching his stomach an average of twenty-three times per day for the past four weeks. He-*'

'Wait,' Tony interrupts with a frown, 'he's been touching his stomach?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How do you mean?'

'*Mr Laufeyson has developed the habit of placing a hand on his stomach when he is watching television, watching you sleep, or eating tomatoes. He rubs his stomach every night before and after he showers. He will often touch his stomach subconsciously before going back about his activities.*'

'Huh,' Tony says. That's odd. Maybe Loki's sick? That'd explain the tomatoes and nesting and being weird. Maybe Jötnar ate a lot of fruit when they were sick? Wait, were tomatoes fruit? Whatever, it wasn't important.

'*Sir, if you are worried, I suggest you speak to Mr Laufeyson,*' JARVIS says.

Tony sighs and rubs his eyes. 'Yeah,' he says, 'that's probably a good idea.' It's not like Loki will tell him if he has a problem unless it directly involves Tony. Loki *loves* detailing all of Tony's less than stellar habits. His own, not so much. 'Alright,' he says and stands. 'Where's Loki?'

'*In the penthouse, sir, currently cursing the fact that someone has eaten all the tomatoes.*'

'It's *him* eating them,' Tony growls as he leaves the workshop. 'I don't even *like* tomato.'

He ignores DUM-E, who's doing what appears to be burn-outs on the other side of the workshop. JARVIS will take care of it.

{oOo}

Loki's pouting; there's no other word for the look he's currently sporting. When Tony grins at him as he sits down, Loki sends him a scowl, and Tony quite likes having two legs so he stops grinning and smiles softly instead.

'Do you want something, Stark?' Loki asks.

Tony frowns. That's another thing; more often than not lately, he's *Stark* instead of Anthony. Tony doesn't like it. 'What's wrong, Lo?'

'Wrong?' Loki questions.

'Don't bullshit a bullshitter,' Tony says, and Loki rolls his eyes. 'I can give you a list of what's been up with you for the past one... uh...'

'*One point six months, sir*,' JARVIS helpfully chimes in.

'Yeah!' Tony snaps his fingers at the ceiling.

'You and your computer are *spying* on me?' Loki growls.

'No,' Tony huffs. 'You know that JARVIS watches and records everything for up to two months for security purposes. I'm *worried* about you, Loki, you're my damn husband! If I have to ask JARVIS if he's noticed anything than I fucking will!'

Tony doesn't mean to snap at the end, but he realises halfway through his speech that Loki looks pale, tired, and guilty. Which means that something *is* going on, Loki knows what it is, and he's purposely been keeping it from Tony.

Oh, he is in *so* much trouble.

'This marriage works both fucking ways, Loki!' Tony growls. 'You get pissed whenever I keep something from you, *and* whenever I spend more than three days in my workshop. I have every right to be pissed off at you for keeping something from me. So cut the drama and bullshit and tell me what the fuck is going on!'

Loki sighs and turns away. He's watching *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* again, and any other time Tony would laugh at Loki's obsession with the series. Not this time. Loki looks guilty as fuck and Tony's *worried*.

Before Loki can say anything, though, he squeaks and stares down at his hands- Tony's eyes goggle, because he's not sure he's *ever* heard Loki make that sound. Tony looks down too and realises that Loki's fingers are turning blue. In less than a minute Loki's in his Jötunn form, and his red eyes dart to Tony's brown ones briefly before looking away.

'Loki?'

'Shit,' Loki growls, and Tony's mouth drops open. Loki doesn't swear unless they're having sex or in the middle of a battle. Or he and Clint are having one of their epic prank wars.

'Loki?' Tony repeats.

'I was going to tell you,' Loki mutters, 'but I wasn't sure how.'

'Tell me what?' Tony asks. 'Why are you blue?'

'My magic has forced me to take my Jötunn form,' Loki says, then snorts. 'I will be like this for the next nine or ten months.'

Tony's really confused now. 'What?'

Loki turns to look at him and folds his hands in his lap. 'Twelve months is how long at Jötunn pregnancy lasts. It may be less for me, seeing as how the babe is half-Midgardian.'

Tony stares. Loki stares right back. Only Tony's brain is not computing what's happening and Loki looks half worried, half amused.

'What?' Tony asks weakly.

Loki raises an eyebrow and his lips tilt upward. 'You heard me, Anthony.'

'I-I... I...'

Loki chuckles and turns back to the TV, where Harry Potter has just swallowed that little golden ball.

'Loki!' Tony practically screeches when his husband remains silent.

'What, Stark?' Loki asks.

'Are you... are you saying that... are...'

'So eloquent,' Loki drawls.

Tony growls and rubs his eyes viciously, then tugs on his hair. His brain's coming back online. Loki's still amused and he's still blue and...

'You're pregnant?' Tony finally blurts.

'Indeed,' Loki replies easily, as though he *hasn't* just blown Tony's fucking mind. 'As I have told you in the past, I must be Jötunn for the duration of the pregnancy because my Æsir form doesn't have the necessary parts. It's also a defence mechanism- at least that's what my mother believes. I am more capable of defending myself and the babe from Jötunheimr's elements and predators while... blue.'

'But... you... I... condom!' Tony gets out.

Loki laughs at him, the *bastard*, and Tony doesn't pout only because he's still having a minor freak out. 'The condom we used had been in your drawer since before we started sleeping together,' Loki explains. 'According to the internet, condoms have an expiration date.'

'Well... yeah,' Tony agrees, 'but the condoms I used to buy were good for, like, two years.'

'Yes,' Loki agrees, 'and they've been in your drawer for over three years.'

Tony groans.

'After a certain amount of time the quality deteriorates, especially if exposed to things like heat or direct sunlight,' Loki says. 'The point is that, according to my research, you should have bought new ones.'

Of *course*. The one time Tony doesn't use a nice new condom, Loki gets pregnant.

'Also, apparently your Midgardian condoms are not one-hundred percent effective,' Loki adds and scowls at Tony. 'I knew I should have asked my mother to brew something for us. No Æsir woman falls pregnant when she takes the correct tea.'

Tony ignores that part, because what Loki had told him finally hits home and Tony gasps. One of Loki's eyebrows climb up.

'Anthony?'

'I'm gonna be a daddy?' Tony says, and Loki's lips twitch upward in a minute smile.

'Yes,' he says.

'I'm... there's a baby in there,' Tony says. He scoots closer to his husband and slips a hand up Loki's shirt. His skin is cold, and of course he isn't showing yet, but... 'Our baby's in there,' Tony breathes.

'Yes,' Loki repeats and laughs a little.

'Oh my God,' Tony says and feels a silly grin spread across his face. He looks up at Loki, who's smiling too. '*Loki...*'

Loki laughs again when Tony hugs him, the human careful about where he squeezes.

He's gonna be a daddy. With *Loki*. He and Loki are gonna be parents and raise a little boy or girl who looks like them. They'll be a *family*.

This is gonna be *awesome*.

And completely fucking insane; this is Tony and Loki, they'll be lucky if their kid reaches twenty-one without a hefty list of arrests and charges or a kill to their name.

Eh, whatever, Tony thinks. He and Loki have no room to talk.

Grinning and laughing and generally just making happy noises, Tony hugs Loki and kisses him and fucking *beams* when Loki grins back at him.

Awesome doesn't even begin to cover it.

{oOo}

They're still on the sofa, now watching *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*, when Loki says, 'I want six children, Anthony.'

Tony chokes on his tea and Loki calmly rubs his thigh as Tony clears his throat and remembers how to breathe.

'*What?!*'

'Six, Anthony,' Loki repeats. 'We will live for a very long time,' he explains. 'I would like to have this child, watch them grow and mature, and when they leave us to find their own way, I would like to have another, and another, so on and so forth until we finally die of old age or kill each other.'

'Oh,' Tony says. That makes sense. God, for a moment there Tony was worried that Loki wanted six in, like, quick succession. Tony is amazing, he can admit, and Loki is amazing, too, but trying to wrangle six kids under the age of eleven would make Tony throw himself off a building without his suit. Imagine six Tony/Lokis running around? Midgard would burn. 'Maybe we can have two at a time?' Tony suggests. 'I was an only child, and I always wished I had a sibling growing up.'

Loki scowls. 'Believe me, it is not pleasant.'

Tony smiles sheepishly; right, right, Loki didn't have the best experience growing up with an older brother. 'Well, we wouldn't be like you and Thor,' Tony says. 'We wouldn't play our kids against each other, and all of Midgard won't hate one of them. We'll be awesome parents and love both our kids equally and support whatever they do as long as it isn't murder.' Loki opens his mouth, but Tony points a finger at him and snaps, '*No!*'

Loki grins but moves along. 'Very well, in a year or two I shall bear you another child.'

'Awesome,' Tony says. 'So, what do you want? Boy? Girl? Undecided or both?' Loki tilts his head at him, and Tony says, 'Hey, if my little girl decides she's actually a guy, or decides she's neither, I'm gonna support her, okay? I mean, her mom'll be an alien from another realm and her dad Iron Man, so really, she could be anything.'

'She will most likely be blue and wield magic,' Loki says.

'Yeah?'

Loki nods. 'Her Jötunn heritage will most likely be more dominant than your human heritage, and as I have to remain Jötunn while I carry her, I will be more in touch with my magic. I don't doubt that she will develop her own.'

Tony hums, and then blinks. 'Wait, why are we referring to Baby as a girl?'

'I feel that Baby will be a girl,' Loki shrugs.

'Mother's intuition?' Tony teases, but Loki seems surprisingly okay with it. He just smiles and nods and presses a hand to his dark blue stomach, so Tony does, too, and Loki links their fingers together. Tony grins when Loki meets his eyes, and Loki's smile remains fixed. Loki'll be okay, Tony thinks. He dislikes being blue, but he clearly already loves their child. He'll do this for their baby, their little girl or boy.

They'll be fine. Tony knows it.

{oOo}

Thor is the first one they tell. It wasn't really planned- at least Tony doesn't think it was. It's two days after Tony found out and he and Loki have mostly been lazing around Googling cribs and bibs and onesies and everything else babies need. Tony doesn't like most of the bassinets and high-chairs on sale and decides he'll build his own. They'll be awesome and last millennia and transform into other stuff.

Thor wanders in looking for poptarts- 'Hawkeye has hidden them from me, my brothers! I must get him back!'- and only stops talking and hunting for his sugary treat when he realises that Loki's blue.

Tony has to hand it to Thor; he handles it well. Loki stiffens and his eyes narrow when he realises that Thor's seen him. But Thor just blinks a bit, tilts his head, and then says, 'Loki, you are a good prankster; what is a suitable punishment for stealing my snack?'

Loki glares at Thor for five, maybe ten seconds, before his face crumples into a smile. It's soft, barely there, but there all the same. This is probably the first- maybe the second, Tony isn't sure- time that Thor's ever seen Loki blue. And he handled it like a champ. Tony's gonna make something awesome for Thor. A new cape or extra training equipment or... poptarts! Tony'll buy out whatever company makes poptarts so Thor will have an endless supply for the rest of his life.

Loki sighs and says, 'Just ask, Thor. I know you want to.'

Thor hesitates and looks to Tony for guidance. Only after Tony has smiled and given him a thumbs up does Thor ask, 'Why are you Jötunn, brother?' Tony likes that Thor said "brother" instead of "Loki". It shows that he *really* doesn't care that they aren't blood-brothers; they were raised together and will *always* be brothers in Thor's eyes.

Loki's apparently finally getting that message, because his smile gets a tiny bit bigger. 'I am Jötunn,' Loki says slowly, and stares at Thor when he finishes, 'because I am pregnant.'

Like Tony before him, Thor just... blinks.

Unlike Tony, his brain returns much quicker than Tony's did.

'Pardon?'

'I'm pregnant,' Loki repeats. 'Anthony is apparently very fertile and doesn't understand how to properly use and store Midgardian condoms-'

'Hey!' Tony snaps.

'- and so I am, in fact, currently carrying his offspring,' Loki continues, ignoring Tony completely. 'I am blue because the pregnancy requires me to be blue until the baby is weaned and can start eating other foods. So I will be blue for just under two years.'

Wait, what? Tony's head snaps around to Loki, who arches an eyebrow. 'S'cuse me?' Tony asks.

'I really must get that book from Mother,' Loki muses, 'you will not be able to read it as it's written in Old Norse, but I can read it to you.' He turns back to Thor. 'Thor, go tell Mother and Odin that I'm pregnant and will need a Jötunn healer to be on Midgard during my pregnancy; I have no idea what to expect other than the obvious and would prefer the child to be as healthy as possible.'

Thor's mouth has dropped open and his eyes are glassy. He sniffs a bit and brings up a large hand to rub at his nose. 'Brother,' he says, and his voice is croaky, 'you are with child?' Loki nods. 'This is wonderful news, Loki, and I am truly overjoyed for you,' Thor says.

'Yes,' Loki drawls, 'I can tell.'

Thor sniffs again and then gives Loki his very best puppy dog eyes. 'May I hug you?'

Loki groans, but even he isn't immune to the almighty power of Thor Odinson's puppy eyes. He nods and stands, and Thor wastes no time in rushing across the living room to hug Loki. It's clearly a gentle hug, and Tony sees the brothers smile at each other when they break apart.

'I will go tell Mother and Father the news immediately,' Thor beams at them. Then, just because he can, he pulls Tony off of the couch and into the most *bone-crushing* hug Tony has ever received. Tony might be a god now, but he doubts he'll ever be as strong as Thor is. Or as big. Seriously, Thor's a freaking giant.

'Thanks, Thor,' Tony pats Thor awkwardly on the... something, Tony can't see; his face is smooshed into Thor's massive chest. At least he smells nice.

'Stop sniffing my brother, Stark!' Loki snaps, and Thor finally lets Tony go.

Smiling sheepishly, Thor congratulates them both again before taking off to get Mjölnir and zoom up to Asgard on the colourful rainbow bridge... or whatever that form of transport is called. Tony should really pay attention when the brothers talk about it.

'That went well,' Loki decides and sits back down.

'Yeah,' Tony agrees, 'except my back hurts.'

He flops back down and Loki gives him a fake pout. 'My poor Anthony,' he coos as he slides over the cushions to pat Tony on the head. 'Would you like me to suck your cock? Would that make you feel better?'

Tony's dick fucking *perks up* in his jeans and Loki smirks, red eyes bright with mischief. Sexy bastard.

'Yes please,' Tony says. He's not gonna say no to a *blow job*, not even if Loki's acting like a dick.

'If you let me fuck you afterwards I will,' Loki offers.

'Yes please,' Tony repeats and leaps back to his feet. Loki laughs but lets himself be hoisted up and dragged to their bedroom.

'Anthony, can we tell the bird next?' Loki asks. 'I want to see his head explode.'

Tony laughs. 'Okay.' Then he's pushed onto their bed; there's no time for proper conversation after that.

{oOo}

Tony tells the Avengers all at once the next day; Loki pouts at him. Tony really doesn't want to know what the Jötunn had had planned.

Tony blurts it out because he and Loki join the team for dinner; Natasha's made chicken yakisoba and Loki loves it. Tony likes it well enough and he's never said no to a free meal, so the married couple had wandered down to Natasha's floor for dinner. Tony had... kinda forgotten that Loki is blue. Not *literally*, but he realises that the others have yet to see blue Loki when Clint drops his fork and Steve stares at him. Natasha doesn't seem to care; neither does Bruce.

'What the hell?' Clint asks.

'Frost Giant,' Loki says. When Clint just continues to stare- as do the others- Loki sighs and says, 'I am Jötunn, Barton. This is what I really look like.'

'Oh,' Clint says.

'Why?' Steve asks, head tilted in curiosity.

'Because my people hail from a realm made of ice and snow,' Loki says. 'Lions are brown because it helps them blend in with the savannah; Jötnar are blue for the exact same reason.'

'That makes sense,' Steve says and nods thoughtfully.

'But *why*?' Clint asks. 'I've never seen you blue. Has anyone else seen him blue?' he asks the group.

Loki smirks and opens his mouth, and Tony practically shouts, 'Loki's pregnant!'

Cue epic pout from Loki and Tony ignoring his husband to the best of his ability.

'Say what?' Again, it's Clint who asks first.

'I. Am. Pregnant,' Loki says slowly, red eyes on Clint. 'I am with child. I am bearing Stark's offspring. Stark knocked me up because of his inability to keep working condoms in-'

'Hey!' Tony snaps.

'You didn't know any of that 'til you got pregnant and looked it all up! And you're *happy* about being pregnant, so stop bringing it up!' Loki just grins at him. Bastard.

'Wait,' Clint says and he's gaping now, 'you're serious? You're not fucking with us?'

'Clearly,' Natasha says. She doesn't seem to care one way or another.

'Oh,' Steve says, 'Loki can really get pregnant?'

Bruce snorts, and that sets Clint off, and Loki smirks down at his plate as Natasha dishes everyone up some fried noodles.

'Yes, I can,' Loki finally says, though he's still smirking. 'In roughly nine or ten months I will give birth to mine and Anthony's spawn.'

'Nine or ten?' Steve asks.

'Yes, I've read that your Midgardian women are only pregnant for nine months due to their inability to carry the child any longer. Jötnar are pregnant for twelve months and Anthony and I copulated in my Jötunn form two months ago. I'm not sure if I will be pregnant for the full twelve months due to the child being half-Midgardian.'

'We Starks like being bastards,' Tony says, 'so she'll probably be born early.'

'She?' Natasha asks.

'We think Baby's a girl,' Tony shrugs, and Natasha shakes her head.

'Even Loki?' she questions. Tony nods. 'Well, I've always thought that some women- or men, in this case- can just tell these things. So I'll bet on it being a girl.'

'Please let it be a girl!' Clint shouts and flaps his hands at the ceiling. 'I wanna see Tony Stark try and keep boys away from his daughter!'

'I will personally cut open any Midgardian *boy* who dares hurt my daughter,' Loki growls.

Tony snickers. 'Or talks to her,' he adds. Which... yeah, that doesn't sound like a bad idea. He and Loki glance at each other and nod; no boy will be getting all touchy-feely with *their* daughter.

Steve snorts and says, 'I'd like to see a child of Tony Stark and Loki, Prince of Asgard, agree to your rules. She'll be a professional liar by the time she's five.'

'Hey!' Tony points at Steve, and then grins. 'You're probably right.'

'He is definitely right,' Loki says. 'I will teach our daughter to be a master at deception as soon as possible.'

'Aww,' Tony says. He leans over to peck Loki on the cheek. 'Our little criminal mastermind.'

They snicker to each other and Bruce sighs. 'The Tower's going to burn down, isn't it?' he asks.

Clint giggles, but Natasha and Steve both nod; any child of Tony and Loki's will be... weird.

{oOo}

Tony calls Rhodey to tell him the news. Rhodey laughs at him and Tony hangs up, only to get a text five minutes later saying;

Sorry about that; it's just hilarious. Oh my god, the world is gonna burn, isn't it? You and Loki will make a super-powerful baby that'll take over the world. Anyway, congrats, Tony. You'll be an excellent daddy.

Tony smiles and re-reads the message before calling Pepper; she's the last person on his list.

'*He's what?*' Pepper asks.

'Pregnant,' Tony repeats.

Pepper pauses, before, '*Damn it, I thought she was kidding.*'

'Seriously?' Tony asks. 'Frigga, Queen of Asgard and Loki's mother, wouldn't *lie* during her son's *bonding*.'

'No, I suppose not,' Pepper says. Then she groans. *'Tony, no school's gonna accept your kids! They'd burn it down in two days!'*

'Why does everyone keep saying that?' Tony grumbles. 'Any kid of mine's more likely to just not turn up. Any kid of Loki's is more likely to prank everyone. So our kid either just won't go or will put bugs in everyone's lunch boxes.'

'Tony.'

'What do you want me to say, Pep?' Tony says, getting frustrated now. This is fucking *good* news and Pepper's acting like it's the end of the world. Tony's happy- he's gonna be a dad!- and Pepper's ruining it.

'I... I'm sorry,' Pepper says, *'you caught me off guard.'*

Tony doesn't tell her that that doesn't excuse her behaviour. At least, it doesn't to him.

'I'm sorry,' Pepper says again. *'I've happy for you, Tony, and for Loki. You and Loki want kids?'*

'Yeah,' Tony says. He and Pepper aren't as close as they'd once been, and neither Pepper or Loki really like each other all that much, so Tony doesn't talk about his marriage a lot in front of Pepper. He usually just says that they're good, Loki's good, everything's good, when Pepper politely enquires. 'So, uh, I gotta go,' Tony says, because the conversation's just awkward now and Pepper's killed his buzz.

'Yes,' Pepper agrees. *'I'll see you in a few days; there's some paperwork you need to sign.'*

'Yeah, alright,' Tony says and hangs up. He jumps when cool arms wrap around his waist and then sighs and melts into the strong chest behind him. 'How much did you hear?' he asks.

'Enough,' Loki says and kisses him on the cheek.

'I thought Pepper'd at least be happy,' Tony says.

'I do not think that she was unhappy,' Loki says slowly, 'just... surprised. She probably thought that we didn't want children. Neither of us are very maternal.'

'No,' Tony agrees, 'cause that's pretty much the *last* thing he is. 'But we're gonna be good dads, yeah?'

'You will certainly be,' Loki says. 'I, on the other hand, will be a good mother.'

'You're really gonna let our kids call you mom?' Tony asks.

'Certainly,' Loki says, raising an eyebrow when Tony swivels to look at him. 'I *am* their mother. Mother is a title and should not be determined by what gender I identify as.'

'Oh... right,' Tony says. He keeps forgetting that almost all Jöttnar are intersex, and don't really care all that much about gender or sexuality or... anything that humans squabble so much

over. It's a stupid thing to forget, seeing as how his very male husband is currently pregnant. 'Sorry,' Tony adds.

Loki just smiles and kisses him.

'You wanna go watch a movie or something?' Tony asks. 'Maybe go out to dinner?'

'No,' Loki says, 'I wish for a quiet night in front of the television with you.'

'Okay,' Tony agrees. 'What do you want for dinner, then?'

'Pizza,' Loki says, like he's been thinking about it for a while. 'That vegetarian one. With extra tomato.'

Again with the tomatoes. Well, at least Loki's not eating anything too weird like mayonnaise and peanut butter sandwiches or pickles dipped in jelly. Tony shivers at the thought and Loki raises an eyebrow at him. 'Right,' Tony says and slides from his stool. 'Vegetarian with extra tomato coming up.'

'I want two,' Loki says as they exit the lab. 'And garlic bread. And that dipping sauce that-'

'I'll pull up a menu and you can give your order to JARVIS, okay?' Tony interrupts.

'Very well,' Loki says. He kisses Tony's cheek when they enter the elevator. 'Thank you.'

Tony smiles. 'You're welcome.'

{oOo}

Thor returns the next day with Frigga *and* Odin. Loki gapes a bit at his adopted father but accepts the enthusiastic hug his mother gives him.

'Oh, Loki!' she gushes. 'My baby is having a baby!'

'I am not a child, Mother,' Loki sighs, but he looks pleased to see her. Tony smiles at her and accepts his much shorter hug, watching when Frigga grabs Loki and leads him to the sofa.

'Tea, Anthony!' Loki orders.

Tony chuckles but obeys, and he's halfway through making tea when he realises he isn't alone. He yelps and clutches at his arc reactor, staring at Odin with wide eyes.

'Jesus!' he snaps. 'Warn a guy or wear a bell!'

Odin frowns, his good eye narrowed slightly, but he dismisses Tony's words with a flick of one hand. 'I wished to be certain that you would take care of Loki during this time,' he says.

Tony bristles at the implication that *he* can't take care of his *husband*. 'Hey!' he snaps. 'I don't care that you're King of fucking Asgard or my father-in-law. I would *never* put Loki in danger and I *always* treat him with the love and respect he deserves. Can you say the same?'

Odin wilts under Tony's words, and Tony didn't think it possible to see a god- a *king*- look that... small. 'Aye,' he says wearily, 'you are right, Son of Stark. I have failed many, many times with Loki, and it may take more than my lifetime to make them up to him. I hope that one day we can have a real conversation without bitterness, but it is far off yet.'

Tony stares at him, not saying anything. Yeah, it'll be a *long* fucking while before Loki even *remotely* forgives Odin, but Odin's trying; Tony can see that. It counts for something.

'Okay then,' Tony says. 'Loki's my husband and my mate, he's my entire *world*, and that baby he's carrying is, too. So you can bet your shiny golden spear that I'll take good care of them.'

Odin seems just a tad bit confused over Tony's wording, but doesn't question it. He just nods and offers to help with the tea. Seeing as how it's dumping tea bags or tea leaves into some cups, Tony doesn't really need the help. He lets Odin carry the tray, though, because he knows what it's like to want to be doing something and having to stand on the sidelines with your hands in your pockets.

Loki looks a little lost and when Tony hears Frigga he understands why; she wants to knit blankies and hats and booties and pj's and every goddamn article of clothing/sheets/blankets the kid will use or wear for... what sounds like the rest of his or her life.

'Frigga,' Odin interrupts after putting the tray down. 'Please calm yourself; you have nine or so months in which to knit and sew for Loki and Anthony's child. Do not fret.'

Frigga huffs but nods and Loki sags in relief. He shoots a small, thankful smile at Odin, who acknowledges it with a nod. Odin sits on one of the armchairs and Tony takes the other while Loki and Frigga pour themselves tea. It seems that Odin, like Tony, doesn't drink that much tea, but both make do with what they have.

'I will allow a Jötunn healer to attend to you,' Odin says when Loki asks his mother, who turns to her husband. 'You are carrying a future Prince or Princess of Asgard and their health and safety are important.' Loki scowls at that, but then Odin adds, 'You are also carrying my grandchild; I wish it to remain safe and healthy.'

Loki opens his mouth- to say that the baby *isn't* Odin's grandchild, Tony's sure of it- but hesitates at the last second. Nodding, Loki says, 'Thank you, Allfather,' and sips his tea. Odin smiles briefly and goes back to his own, and Tony sees Frigga freaking *beaming* at her boys.

Life is pretty awesome, Tony thinks.

Author's Note: **Divanora** on FF.Net wanted Tony and Loki to have offspring, and I did, too. Thus, my muse wrote it. Tony-Loki babies! YAAAAY!

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

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

Loki's taken to wandering around in an old pair of Tony's sweats glaring at the healer King Helblindi had recommended to them. Esýli seems like a lovely enough nurse/healer/whatever the hell her job title actually is, and identifies as female. She smiles and marvels at everything even remotely electronic, and likes cleaning up after *everyone*. She's a little OCD, but Tony likes her.

He isn't sure why Loki doesn't. Maybe because she's Jötunn and a constant reminder of what Loki is? But that doesn't make sense seeing as how Loki's currently blue twenty-four/seven. Maybe Loki's jealous of another Jötunn being around his husband all the time? Or maybe he doesn't like the idea that he can't handle the birth of his own child by himself...

Tony really doesn't know, and quite frankly doesn't care. Any other time he'd just ask Loki what his issue is, but during his pregnancy Loki's developed the ability to hit Tony in just the right spot, making his leg or arm dead for a good three hours. Tony likes his arms and legs, thank you very much, and would prefer not to piss off his husband/baby carrier any more than he already does just by breathing and generally being alive.

So... yup, Loki's hate will remain a mystery until their little snow baby is born. Wait, pregnant people are still slightly crazy *after* giving birth, aren't they? Tony's sure he read somewhere that he should take extra special care of Loki for at least a few months after the birth because it's the least he could do after Loki spent twelve months carrying the kid.

Tony's confusing himself. Okay, new plan; he won't ask Loki anything ever until he has five separate pieces of proof that Loki is back to his usual crazy self and not still his pregnant crazy self. That way he'll live to see his kid grow up.

Tony claps his hands together and grins. Awesome plan.

'Stark!' Loki snaps, and Tony realises that he just interrupted Loki in the middle of *The Lion King*. He winces and hunkers down, sinking into the armchair to make himself a smaller target. Loki groans and says, 'Come over here and be my pillow.'

Tony hops to, squeezing in between Loki and the sofa. Loki groans as he rests his now considerable weight against Tony's chest, and Tony's all too happy to wrap his arms loosely around his husband and brush his hands gently and slowly over Loki's swollen stomach.

'Your child is trying to destroy my insides,' Loki complains.

'Well, yeah, Baby is *our* kid,' Tony says. 'What did you expect?'

Loki sighs. 'The child will send me grey before my time.'

Tony chuckles and pecks Loki on the back of the neck, ignoring the way Loki's messy braid tickles his nose. 'You'll still be gorgeous,' he says. 'Besides, I've already got some grey.'

'It suits you,' Loki complains.

'Why thank you.'

Loki groans a bit and shifts around, trying to get comfortable. Tony decides to be a good father-to-be and massage Loki's back, which makes Loki melt into a pile of goo and flop uselessly across Tony's body. Tony grins but doesn't say a word.

'I know that my behaviour has been ridiculous lately,' Loki slurs a bit as Tony continues to work out the tension in Loki's lower back, 'however, I cannot stop myself when it happens.'

'It's fine, Loki,' Tony says.

'Is it?' Loki asks.

'Duh,' Tony says and digs his fingers in. It makes Loki hiss in pain, then moan and go a bit more lax. 'You're carrying a *baby*, Loki, and for twelve months instead of the nine that humans do. That's pretty awesome and tiring. You're allowed to do whatever the hell you want while you're carrying that kid. And, 'cause I'm the baby daddy, I gotta do whatever you want, no matter how crazy or disgusting.'

'So if I wished for an entire chocolate cake with strawberries and vanilla ice cream when you're done with my massage, you would get it for me?' Loki asks.

'We don't have any of that, but I'll have JARVIS put in an order and it'll be here within half-an-hour,' Tony tells him.

'Excellent,' Loki sighs. He tilts his head back to smile at Tony, and Tony pecks him on the lips. 'I love you, despite the fact that you impregnated me.'

'You love that too, sometimes,' Tony reminds him. 'Just remember that in five months we'll have a little boy or girl in our arms.'

'Mm,' Loki hums, his eyes sliding shut. 'I'm... looking forward... to... it.'

He's asleep. Tony smiles and pecks him on the forehead.

{oOo}

Loki's eight months pregnant when Tony finds him sitting on the sofa eating tomatoes. That's not all that weird, because Loki's been going through tomatoes like they're candy bars or something, and Tony isn't going to ask; the first and only time he did Loki had magiced their shower to pour tomato juice instead of water.

Anyway, the weird thing is Loki's hair. Well, not weird so much as... short. It's still wavy and currently messy, falling into his eyes instead of slicked back, but it barely reaches his neck now. Tony hums to himself as he steps closer but Loki doesn't pay any attention until the billionaire reaches out to brush his fingers through the now short mane. Is it a mane if it's that short? Probably not.

'Stark, what are you doing?' Loki asks, then takes another bite of his tomato.

'Why's your hair short?'

Loki swallows before saying, 'It was annoying me.'

It was... annoying him. Okay. Tony's learned better than to ask; see the tomato shower incident as an example.

'Okay,' Tony says aloud and flops onto the sofa. Loki eyes him and Tony wilts slightly. 'What?' Has he pissed Loki off again? It's hard to keep track of what does and doesn't seriously enrage Loki while he's pregnant.

'That's it?' Loki asks.

'Uh... yeah?' Tony offers.

Loki glares at him.

'What?' Tony says. 'Your hair was annoying you; you cut it. That's not weird or anything. I had longish hair when I was at MIT and had to cut it when it caught fire during an experiment. I haven't let it grow long since.'

Loki blinks at him for a few seconds before grinning. 'Are there pictures?'

'Shut up,' Tony huffs and nudges Loki's shoulder.

Loki turns back to the TV. 'My hair was short all throughout my childhood; shorter than yours,' he says. 'It was this length for over three hundred years. It grew when I... fell from the Bifröst.' Loki squeezes his tomato until juice runs down his fingers and doesn't stop until Tony reaches out and rubs his thigh. 'I didn't care about my hair when I was fighting you,' Loki says softly. 'And I didn't care when I was in prison.'

'You care now?' Tony asks.

Loki tilts his head and then reaches up to rub his stomach slowly with his free hand. With a soft smile spreading across his face, Loki turns to Tony. 'I have people to care for now.'

Tony bites his lip but he still smiles. How the hell did they go from discussing Loki's fucking hair to *this*?

Oh, well.

Tony leans over to kiss his husband, and chuckles into his mouth as he does.

'What?' Loki murmurs.

'You taste like tomato,' Tony replies.

'I'm *eating* tomatoes, Stark,' Loki drawls and Tony snickers.

'Yeah, yeah. Want a sandwich or something?'

'If you put mayonnaise on it I will set you on fire,' Loki declares as he pushes Tony back.

'Yes, my dear,' Tony says and stands. 'What do you want on it?'

'Ham, salami, cucumber, lettuce, pickles, those jalapeño things, chilli sauce, tomato, pepper and cheese,' Loki rattles off.

Tony stares at them, and then realises that JARVIS would have caught all of that, thank god, because the last time Tony got Loki's sandwich wrong Loki cried for three whole hours.

'Stark,' Loki says. Tony stops and turns. 'If you do not put two layers of salami and cheese on my sandwich I will end you.'

Tony smirks but says, 'Yes, dear,' again and whistles on his way to the kitchen.

In the living room, Loki rubs his stomach. 'Your daddy is a very good mate and I'll reward him thoroughly later,' he says and takes a large bite of his tomato.

{oOo}

Apparently neither the Jötnar or Æsir have any means to discover the gender of the child before it's born. Tony finds that lame, but Loki seems completely fascinated by the fact that Midgardians can scan someone's womb and actually print out a picture of the baby.

Loki's ten months pregnant when he demands that he wants to try it, and he also refuses to go to some filthy Midgardian hospital- Loki's words, not Tony's. So Tony throws money at his people, who throw that same money at some other people, and eventually a proper ultrasound machine is wheeled in and Bruce is dragged into the medbay to use it.

'I'm not actually a medical doctor, guys,' Bruce sighs. 'I'm not a midwife or an OBGYN either.'

'Well you should be,' Tony says, "cause my husband's pregnant and he wants a scan, so get cracking!"

Bruce scowls at him but wisely does as asked. Loki's glaring around the room like it's personally offended him, which it just might have; everything offends Loki these days.

Bruce and Tony soon work out the machine but when Bruce tries to press the wand to Loki's stomach it... well, explodes. There's a tiny shower of sparks before Bruce yelps and drops it, then the three watch as it bursts into flames right there on Loki's stomach. The flames don't seem to harm Loki, who watches curiously as the wand rolls off of him and onto the floor.

'Fascinating,' Loki says.

'Er...' is Bruce's helpful contribution.

'Why's it fascinating?' Tony asks.

'It seems neither my magic nor the babe want to be... whatever it was you were going to do.' Loki smiles at them both, hops off the bed- slides, really, 'cause he's gained some serious weight in the past ten months- and waddles off humming a happy tune.

Tony glances at Bruce, who sighs and rubs his eyes. 'Tony, I demand a lot of tea and more relaxation music if I'm gonna be dragged into any more of... this.'

'Okay,' Tony agrees and leaves Bruce in the medbay to go find his husband. It takes Bruce another few minutes to realise that the wand is still on fire, and the Other Guy growls as Bruce puts it out.

{oOo}

Loki's just passed the eleven month mark when he goes into labour. It happens on a Friday night while they're watching TV. Well, they're watching the first *Harry Potter* movie *again* and they've watched it so many times that Tony can recite all the fucking lines. They're just up to the part where Harry, Ron and Hermione first meet Fluffy when Loki winces and presses a hand to his stomach.

Tony's immediately on alert. 'Lo?'

Loki holds one hand up, the other still pressed to his swollen belly.

When he hisses again, fingers suddenly curled tight against his stomach, Tony says, 'You're freaking me out, Loki, what's going on?!'

'I believe...' Loki says slowly and licks his lips, 'that I am going into labour.'

Tony stares.

'Yes, I'm certain,' Loki adds. 'My stomach is hard and my... lower half is already aching. Esýli said that I'd feel pain because I'm not as well equipped to deliver a babe as other Jötnar are.'

Tony stares some more.

Sighing, Loki looks at him. 'Now would be the time to call Esýli while I move to the bedroom.'

Everything suddenly just comes *rushing* at Tony; everything's loud and Loki's rubbing his belly and *oh my fucking God Loki's having the baby!*

'What?' Tony ends up blurting.

Loki sighs again. 'Baby, Stark, as in *go get Esýli right now!*'

'Right!' Tony shouts and leaps to his feet. 'Baby, healer, you, I... baby!' He runs out of the living room and down the hallway. Esýli's been staying in the guest room, and Tony doesn't even knock; he just barges right in, interrupting Esýli in the middle of what looks like her daily meditation. She slowly opens her eyes and twists to look at Tony. 'BABY!' Tony screams.

Unlike the father-to-be, Esýli calmly gets to her feet and starts collecting what she needs.

'Lead the way,' she says when she has everything.

Tony stumbles- really, he's freaking the fuck out, he's gonna be a *daddy!*- out of the room and down the hallway. Loki's already standing in their bedroom, humming as he rubs his belly.

'Prince Loki,' Esýli says when she enters, 'how are you?'

'Fine; only minor pain at the moment,' Loki says.

'That's good,' Esýli says. She then directs Tony to strip the bed and lay out the plastic sheets Tony had bought for the purpose of Loki giving birth in the Tower. Tony's quick to get it done, his mind still screaming *holy fuck you're having a baby!* at him every few seconds.

Loki takes his sweats off and lets Tony drape a soft, thin blanket over his lap. Esýli inspects him and comments every now and then, but it's crap that Tony doesn't pay all that much attention to. He knows that Esýli will be using a mixture of magic and Jötunn tea to help Loki give birth, but Loki's still doing most of the work himself. What it boils down to is, because of Loki's deformity- i.e. no vagina- Loki will have a much harder, much more painful birthing. He can still do so naturally, and Tony doesn't even wanna *think* about the exact mechanics.

Esýli says that it'll take a while and sends Tony off to make tea, which Tony does so in a heart-beat. Loki seems to find his nerves amusing, and Tony pokes his tongue out and flips his husband off when he returns.

'I'm wounded, Stark,' Loki pouts. 'Here I am, about to birth your child, and you're treating me horrendously.'

'I am not,' Tony says. He hands Loki his peppermint tea, and Loki sips it while he idly strokes his stomach. 'So...' Tony says, tapping his fingers against his thigh, 'how long do you reckon this'll take?'

{oOo}

It takes almost an entire 24 hours, and Tony's not sure Loki will ever agree to have another child. He screams and hurls abuse, and then hurls Tony into the bedroom wall via magic during a particularly hard push. The only thing really damaged is the wall, and Tony gets back up to coach Loki with soothing words and gentle touches that Tony doesn't think really help all that much, but he's still trying.

Loki Laufeyson gives birth to his and Tony Stark's first child, a girl, at 7:59pm on Saturday, November 12th 2016. She's born blue, a softer colour than Loki's own skin, with soft ridges, jet-black hair, and eyes that are as red as blood when they open. She weighs 13.2 pounds and cries like it's going out of style when she's introduced to the world, but she's still the most beautiful, amazing little thing that Tony and Loki have ever set eyes on.

Esýli does what Tony's read human doctors do; cleans, weighs, and generally checks the baby over. Tony's a bit worried about her weight but Esýli explains that she's half-Jötunn and therefore it's perfectly normal that she weighs more than a Midgardian newborn would. Loki, after all, weighs more than twice what Tony does.

After Esýli's done she wraps Baby Girl in one of the many blankets Frigga had knitted them- this one's a light yellow with little flowers on it- and hands her to her mother.

Loki melts as soon as she's in his arms, and Tony feels his insides go all soft and warm and... generally gooey. Loki looks good, Tony thinks, sitting there holding their daughter. His hair's a mess, his lips swollen from biting them, and he generally looks exhausted. But none of that matters when he sets eyes on their daughter.

Tony slowly slides onto the bed beside Loki, and doesn't even notice when Esýli magics the sheets away.

'Wow,' Tony breathes.

'Yes,' Loki chuckles. Tony reaches out to press a finger to Baby Girl's soft cheek, and watches in astonishment as her skin suddenly bleeds into red, her entire appearance changing until she resembles a newborn human rather than a newborn Jötunn.

'Wow,' Tony says again.

Loki tilts his head, and his smile softens. 'I did the same when Odin first picked me up; or so I'm told,' he says. 'She is rich with magic.'

'Awesome,' is Tony's word this time and Loki rolls his eyes at him. 'She's beautiful, Lokes,' Tony then says and grins at his husband. 'You're awesome.'

'Yes, I am,' Loki agrees. Tony laughs, and then winces when Baby whines. She goes quiet when Loki starts very gently rocking her.

'We have a daughter,' Tony says, 'you were right.'

'I am always right,' Loki replies.

'Well,' Tony muses, 'you *did* try to take over the world, and-'

'If I was not holding our newborn daughter, I would throw you into the wall again,' Loki cuts in pleasantly, eyes not leaving their baby.

Tony just smiles and leans over to give Loki a gentle kiss before he goes back to staring at their baby girl. Fuck, they have a *daughter*. She's here and real and so very, very beautiful. Okay, so she's blue and squishy looking- she'd changed back to Jötunn as soon as Tony removed his finger- but she's still the most amazing thing Tony has ever set eyes on.

Esýli watches from the corner of the room, smiling at them but not interfering. She'll only stay in the room long enough to ensure that the babe is healthy and safe before leaving the new parents to bond with their child in private.

Neither Tony nor Loki pays any attention to her. They're thankful for everything she's done, but right now, Baby is their whole world.

{oOo}

Tony wanders into his bedroom with a mug of tea for Loki and a mug of coffee for himself. He puts Loki's on the small table set before their lounge and can't help but smile at his husband. Loki's sitting on one end of the couch, legs folded beneath him, wearing sweats and a very big, very baggy sweater. It's so big that half of Loki's chest is visible, and the sleeves are rolled up a few times so they don't get in the way of Baby Girl.

Loki's holding her in the crook of one arm, humming a tune Tony's become familiar with over the past two days; some Norse lullaby, he thinks. Loki looks up and smiles at him slightly before announcing, 'I have been researching baby names and I found some I like. One of them will be perfect for our daughter.'

Tony blinks. 'Okay,' he says, 'were you gonna share that with me at any point, or just go ahead and write it on her birth certificate?'

Frowning, Loki asks, 'What is a birth certificate?'

'Um, a record of her birth, for legal reasons,' Tony says. 'You know, so that the world knows that she's an American citizen and our daughter, yadda yadda.'

'Ah,' Loki hums, 'a record of birth, I see.'

'Do they have those on Asgard?' Tony asks and sits beside his bondmate, sipping his coffee.

'Yes, but only for royalty and people in power or with high positions in Asgard's society,' Loki says. 'Thor certainly has one, and I assume that the Allfather faked mine at some point.'

After the birth, the healer who delivered the babe will write down the name, the sire and mother's names, and the date and time of birth. It is mostly for the royal records, as we don't celebrate birthdays.'

Yeah, Tony gets that; he'll probably forget his birthday, too, after a couple of thousand years. Who wants to celebrate that many any way? Tony's birthday is usually just an excuse for him to throw massive parties and get laid. The past couple of years have been low-key events, just Loki and the Avengers, and Fury on one memorable occasion when he dropped by with files for the Avengers only to find them in the middle of a party. He hadn't been amused to see Thor half-naked trying to give Steve a piggyback ride.

'Anyway,' Tony shakes his head to get back on topic, 'you've been researching names?'

'Indeed,' Loki says. 'JARVIS informed me that the internet has many baby naming websites. I looked at some and found that you Midgardians even have a few very old Norse names. I was unaware that the Æsir had let so much slip in past times.'

'Yeah,' Tony scratches at his beard. Baby Girls snuffles a little and Loki rocks her, humming as he glances down. She just seems to be wiggling about in sleep, because her eyes remain closed and her blue lips parted as she breathes steadily. 'I guess Thor's lot bragged a bit and shared some info when they visited.'

'Indeed,' Loki nods.

'So, the name?'

'I have three,' Loki admits. 'Alva, Eira and Frey.'

Tony hums a bit at the choices and sips his coffee. *Ay-rah*. That sounds a bit... weird. He's never heard that name before. He's never heard Frey, either. They're all odd, at least to Tony, but then he's used to Western names, he supposes. Anthony isn't exactly an uncommon name, but Loki definitely is. Tony just doesn't want to be one of those celebrities who names their kid something weird. Doesn't want people to murmur, "Oh, that poor Stark girl, she'll get bullied in school because of her name."

But, he also doesn't want to give his daughter a completely *common* name, either. Their family is weird, that's a fact, so she should get a somewhat weird name.

'I'm not too big on Eira,' Tony admits.

'Frey is actually a male name,' Loki admits, 'at least according to the website I visited it is. Tell me, why do humans feel the need to assign genders to what are basically words?'

'No idea,' Tony shrugs. 'There are unisex names, like Ashley and Kelly and Riley. I suppose that over time people just started associating certain names with men and some with women.'

Baby Girl wakes up as Tony and Loki are thinking over the names, and Tony watches with a goofy smile as Loki takes off his sweater so he can breast feed their daughter. It's weird how *not* weird Tony finds it. He's never had a problem with women breast feeding, not even in

public, because if a baby wants to eat, it's going to eat, and everybody should leave the mother the fuck alone.

But Loki's a dude, and this isn't something Tony's ever heard of before, let alone seen. Loki doesn't even really have breasts; it just looks like his pecs have grown a bit, though they're soft instead of muscular.

Tony supposes that this isn't weird because that's his husband right there, feeding their baby, keeping her healthy and making her strong. Loki's bonding with their daughter in a way that Tony can't. Tony's a bit jealous, he can admit, but he is no way upset over the fact that it was Loki who carried her. Tony would be absolutely fucking *insane* pregnant, and he would have wanted to give up three months in.

Besides, Tony gets to be her daddy and scare off any creepy guys who wanna use his daughter. Or creepy ladies. Of course, Loki can do that too, and Tony's kinda looking forward to Loki breaking out the super villain that still resides somewhere inside.

'How about Alva?' Tony says as Baby Girl finishes feeding.

Loki raises an eyebrow as he slowly settles the baby against one shoulder, patting and rubbing her little back to work out any air. She spits up about a mouthful of milk and Loki coos and says, 'Good girl,' which makes Tony wanna lean over and kiss both of them.

'I do like Alva,' Loki says as he wraps Baby Girl back up and nestles her in his elbow once more.

'Yeah,' Tony agrees. 'Should we give her a middle name? I mean, you said that on Asgard she'll be, say, Alva *Lokadóttir*. But on Midgard she'll be Alva Stark.'

'Mm, I've always thought that one name was enough, but you Midgardians are everywhere, so you can give her another name if you wish.'

'Uh... I can't really think of one,' Tony admits, and Loki rolls his eyes. 'What the hell, two names is enough on Asgard *and* Midgard. So are we going with Alva?'

'If you are okay with it,' Loki inclines his head.

Tony grins. 'Alva it is.' Loki smiles at him, and leans over as best he can to give Tony a kiss. Tony meets him halfway and the couple smile into each other's mouths before breaking apart. 'Alva Lokadóttir,' Tony says.

'Alva Stark,' Loki nods.

Tony's grin widens. Alva Stark. That's totally a super badass, magical-scientist name.

Loki settles back and Tony curls up beside him, the two sipping their drinks and just watching their daughter as she makes baby noises and stares up at them. She's not doing anything interesting, and Tony had read that baby's this young can't even really remember faces yet, but it's still one of the best nights of Tony's life.

Chapter End Notes

Alva – “AL-vah”, female elf or brightness

Chapter 14

Alva's first public appearance goes well, Tony thinks. It's just the Avengers, and they know better than to get too close; Loki's still very possessive of Alva. It's like when he was pregnant and the others had stared a bit at his stomach; look but don't touch.

Thor clearly wants to touch, but Loki just scowls at him and he backs down. Tony isn't too sure he wants Thor trying to hold their daughter in those massive hands, anyway. Alva's tiny.

Clint's the one who coos a lot, which is weird, Tony thought it'd be Steve. Natasha waggles her fingers at Alva and the baby just kinda stares at her and her digits, not really focusing all that much. Bruce comments quietly to Tony on her colouring, though Tony's sure that Loki hears, even though he's across the room. He's standing by the TV with Thor, and he stiffens a bit when Bruce says, 'She's a lighter blue than Loki, don't you think?'

'Yeah,' Tony agrees. 'She's half-human, remember.' Alva's more of a cornflower blue than Loki's sapphire (and yes, Tony's been looking up various shades of blue ever since he first saw Loki's Jötunn form, so what?) Alva's ridges are softer, too, and she seems to have less of them than Loki does. She's also completely female- the healer had told them that.

'Mm,' Bruce agrees, 'fascinating.'

Loki relaxes at that and Tony smiles into his coffee.

Clint bounces over then and slaps Tony on the back. 'Congrats on not naming your kid Grizelda or something weird,' he says.

Tony frowns. 'I'm not sure any celebrity has ever named their kid Grizelda.'

'It could happen,' Clint wiggles a finger at him, and Tony rolls his eyes.

'Go make a nest, Bird Boy.'

'Maybe I will!' Clint huffs loudly, then grins as he wanders off to chat with Natasha.

'He's weird,' Tony says.

'You're only just figuring that out now?' Bruce asks in amusement.

'No, I figured that out when Clint wandered into a battle with aliens using only a bow, then proceeded to kick ass,' Tony says.

Bruce chuckles and walks away, disappearing into the kitchen to no doubt make more tea. Him and Loki, Tony thinks, are completely addicted. Though he'd drink twenty cups of coffee a day if Loki let him, so he can't judge.

Alva starts to fuss about an hour into the meet-and-greet, so Loki orders everyone to leave and then walks into the hallway, no doubt going back to his and Tony's bedroom.

'Aww, party's over,' Clint pouts.

Natasha shakes her head at him and leaves with another soft, 'Congratulations,' to Tony.

The others follow her out, though Thor swings past to talk to Tony before leaving. 'Anthony, your daughter will make a fine Queen one day,' he beams.

Yeah... Tony doesn't point out that Alva will probably never be Queen of anything. Technically she's now third in line to Asgard's Throne, second to Jötunheimr's because Loki's still Crown Prince. But Loki doesn't ever want to be King and King Helblindi will probably have kids of his own to take over. If he doesn't, Loki's younger brother, Býleistr, probably will. And, unless Thor's killed in some battle before fathering a child, Loki won't be King of Asgard either.

But he doesn't say any of that; he just smiles and nods and wishes Thor a safe trip when the Thunder God says he's going to Asgard to tell Frigga and Odin the baby's name. Frigga hadn't wanted to go home, but apparently Asgard was having some issues with something and Odin needed her.

Tony watches Thor leave, shakes his head, and then goes to find his husband and daughter.

{oOo}

'Shh, shh, baby girl,' Tony murmurs as he bounces Alva in his arms. Alva swivels her head about as she tries to take everything in. From all the reading he's done, Tony's found that Alva's advancing quicker than human babies at her age are; she's five weeks old and already has good eyesight and control of her limbs. She can still be a bit uncoordinated, especially when reaching for things, but over all she's a smart little baby.

Tony's sure that it's her Jötunn heritage- Esýli had explained that Jötunn babes grew faster than Midgardian ones, at least from what Esýli had researched. Another part of Tony likes to think that his daughter's just super awesome.

'We gotta let Mommy rest, yeah?' Tony says. Loki's the one who wakes up for midnight feedings, while he sends Tony off to take care of Alva when she needs a diaper change. Still, it's Loki getting up most of the time to take care of their daughter, and he's always tired, so he takes frequent naps throughout the day.

It gives Loki a chance to catch up on some rest, while it leaves Tony some free time alone with their daughter.

'How about some tummy time?' Tony decides as he enters the living room. He manages to sit without jostling Alva too much and lays back, setting the baby on his stomach face-first.

Alva, of course, doesn't like that and grumbles and wiggles. Tony and Loki have read that it's good for her, though; it builds up her muscles and gets her using them, so Tony gives her a

few encouraging words until his daughter manages to tuck her legs and arms under herself and push up a little. She blinks at Tony and Tony blows a raspberry that makes Alva squeal and laugh.

That's another thing she's recently learned how to do; smile and laugh.

Tony and Loki had nearly started crying the first time she did it. Thor *had* cried and Clint and Steve had had to comfort him with soothing words and pop-tarts.

Now, Alva laughs whenever she can, especially during diaper changes. Tony's sure that she's making those messes on purpose, just to laugh at her daddy.

'Yes you are,' Tony says and kisses Alva on the forehead.

He passes the next twenty minutes playing peekaboo, waving toys, and generally just goofing off with his daughter. Alva likes peekaboo but has the habit of trying to slap Tony's nose when he reveals where he's gone. She squeals as she does it, and Tony grins and congratulates her on finding him.

'You're good at that.'

The words make Tony jump, and Alva makes a noise of distress when Tony turns away from her to survey Pepper, who's standing in the archway that cuts off the living room from the hallway.

'Pepper,' he says, 'what are you doing here?'

Alva gives off a soft cry and Tony instantly turns back around to pick her up out of her bouncy chair thing. Tony's not sure exactly what the hell it's called, only that it's made of plastic and swings when Alva kicks her little feet. Alva seems to enjoy it, and it lets Tony and Loki use their hands when they've got Alva with them.

'Paperwork,' Pepper says, and Tony groans and sets Alva back in her chair.

'Here you are, pumpkin,' Tony says and hands Alva one of her many plush toys. It's got white fur, huge red eyes, and vaguely resembles a Midgardian wolf only with two tails and six legs. Loki had magiced one of the plush toys Tony had bought and said it was some predator native to Jötunheimr. Tony never wants to meet one in real life.

'So...' Pepper says as Tony sits on the sofa and drags the coffee table towards himself. Pepper takes a seat beside him and puts down the folders.

'So, what?' Tony asks when Pepper trails off.

'So... you're good, with her,' Pepper says. She nods at Alva, who's still amusing herself by whacking everything within reach with her plush dire wolf thing.

'From what I've seen, at least.'

'Yeah...' Tony says, 'well, you know... she's my kid.'

She's more than that, but Tony doesn't say it. Alva's Tony's world now, and Loki's, too. Tony would do *anything* to keep his baby girl happy and safe. Alva and Loki are family, even more so than the Avengers, or Pepper, could ever hope to be. Tony would die for his team mates; he'd die for this city. But in all honesty, that's nothing compared to what he'd do for Alva and Loki.

Pepper nods and pulls the sheets out, explaining each to Tony as he reads them and then signs them. Alva seems perfectly happy being ignored until halfway through the paperwork. She starts crying for seemingly no reason, her toy clutched to her chest, and Tony's up and out of his seat before Pepper can really figure out what's going on.

'What is it?' she asks as Tony bends down to pick his daughter up. 'What's wrong?'

'Nothing,' Tony says and bounces Alva. 'Isn't that right, pumpkin? You just miss Daddy.'

Alva cries harder and Tony pats her bottom, but she's dry. She'd woken from her nap and eaten just before Loki had settled down for *his* nap, so that's not it...

Ah. She misses her mommy.

'You wanna go see Mom, yeah?' Tony says and Alva sniffles. Of course she can't answer him, but her big brown eyes turn to him and focus on his face. Tony smiles and presses a kiss to her nose. 'Want Daddy to go get Mommy?'

'Mummy is here,' Loki says from the doorway and crosses the room.

He's sleep-rumpled and wearing pyjama pants and a baggy, long-sleeved shirt. He yawns and rubs one red eye as he crosses the room to take Alva from Tony.

'It's okay, little one,' Loki continues and settles Alva into his arms. He presses a kiss to her cheek, and where his lips met her skin begins to change, blue sweeping up her cheeks, her face, until she's completely Jötunn, her eyes changing to red last of all.

'Okay...' Pepper says, and Tony snorts and gives his husband and daughter a kiss each. Alva's stopped crying, which Tony appreciates, though Loki looks exhausted, which Tony *doesn't* like. Hopefully Alva will settle down and let Loki get some more rest a bit later.

Tony goes back to the sofa to finish up his paperwork, while Loki goes to sit in one of the arm chairs and settle Alva down.

'She's blue,' Pepper says, and Tony looks at her.

'Yeah,' he says, 'she's half-Jötunn. Unless I touch her she's blue. Loki says she has magic, she's just too young to use it. She's also a gifted shape-shifter- or, well, she can change into a human form, at least. When she's older Loki will teach her how to cast a glamour over herself if she wants.'

Pepper hums at that and they go back to working in silence. Until Loki stands with Alva and murmurs something about tea. Tony offers to take the baby, but Loki waves a hand in his direction and leaves.

'Tony,' Pepper says.

'Yeah?' Tony asks without looking up.

'I wanted to apologise for my behaviour,' Pepper says, 'when you told me that Loki was pregnant.'

Tony finishes signing one of the papers before sitting back to look at Pepper. They haven't spoken much since that conversation, and when they have it's been all business. Between Pepper being CEO of Stark Industries and Tony taking care of his pregnant husband, and now his few weeks old daughter, they haven't really had time to chat like friends.

'It's okay,' Tony eventually says and shrugs. 'I know what you thought; Tony, a parent, it's a disaster waiting to happen.'

'No, Tony,' Pepper sighs and rubs at her lips. 'I was just shocked. I never thought you would settle down; marriage, a baby, probably more planned.'

Tony swallows down his, 'Loki wants six.' He doesn't think Pepper would want to know that.

'I guess I just convinced myself, when we broke up, that commitment wasn't for you,' Pepper says, 'and then you married Loki, now you have a *daughter*. It just made me realise that it wasn't you, it was me.'

'What?' Tony asks, and Pepper smiles slightly.

'We weren't right for each other,' Pepper says. 'Which I already knew, but now I know that we *really* weren't right for each other. You and Loki are.'

'Well...' Tony scratches a hand through his hair, unsure what to say to that. 'Thank you?'

Pepper smiles softly and reaches out to pat his thigh. 'Maybe we can have lunch,' she says, 'when you're not busy.'

'Yeah,' Tony nods, 'that sounds good.'

Loki re-enters then with Alva and a bottle of formula. He hasn't weaned Alva yet, but he'd complained about Alva's biting and so sometimes they went with formula instead. He sits back down and Tony goes back to paperwork, smiling and joking with Pepper every now and then. The air feels clearer between them now, and Pepper kisses his cheek and waves to Loki when she leaves.

'You are friends again?' Loki asks when Tony returns from walking Pepper to the elevator.

'We never *weren't* friends,' Tony says.

Loki's moved to the sofa and looks at Tony, eyebrow raised, when Tony joins him. 'Weren't you?'

'No,' Tony says. 'It was... just hurt feelings and stuff. On her part,' he adds quickly when Loki scowls.

'Ah,' Loki says.

'It doesn't matter,' Tony shrugs. 'You know what *does*?'

'What?' Loki asks as Tony scoots closer.

'Giving my daughter a big fat kiss!' Tony says and jumps forward to smack his lips against Alva's cheek loudly. Alva squeals and makes grabby hands for his face. Loki smiles as he watches Tony and Alva play.

{oOo}

Tony and Loki argue over whether or not Loki should cast a glamour over Alva. They're taking her out in public for the first time, and Alva still spends most of her time Jötunn. Whenever Tony holds her she changes to human within a minute, but if she doesn't have any skin contact with Tony, she's blue 24/7.

Loki doesn't want Alva's first public photographs- of which there will certainly be *plenty*- to be of her with blue skin. He doesn't want people commenting on her alien-features, on her *differences*, like they did when Loki went out and was photographed blue and pregnant.

Tony gets that; he doesn't want his daughter to face that, either. But the fact is that no matter *what* Tony and Loki do, it's gonna happen. Alva is Tony Stark's daughter. The media have stalked Tony his entire life, at first because he was the son of Howard Stark, genius millionaire, and later when it became apparent that he was both smarter and richer and far wilder than his father had ever been.

The media will stalk Alva because of who her parents are, and unless Tony and Loki plan on never letting her leave the house, they can't stop it. Tony can sue people if they badmouth his six-week-old daughter, but he can't stop them taking photos. The best he can hope is that the statement Pepper released on his behalf is at least taken into consideration; *While my husband and I appreciate the congratulations and kind words, please do not take or circulate pictures of my daughter.*

But people will. Because people want money, want to be the person with the first pictures, or just don't give a fuck.

Also, Tony doesn't want Alva to ever be ashamed of being half-Jötunn. Loki's dealing with his heritage a lot better than he was when he and Tony first met, but he still dislikes it. Tony wants Alva to embrace it from the get-go; doesn't want her to ever be ashamed or feel like she has to hide it. He also doesn't want her to think that Tony and Loki are ashamed of it.

They shout at each other- well, hiss at each other with lowered voices, because Alva's sleeping in her bassinet- and eventually Loki agrees to leave Alva blue for *this* trip; the next few trips, Alva will be sporting her half-human heritage.

Tony agrees to that, they pack a bag, and off they go.

He has to wonder how long the paparazzi's been hanging around his Tower, because within ten minutes of getting out of the car at Central Park, the media is onto them. Happy had come with them, both to drive and to act as an extra bodyguard.

He doesn't need to do much, though, because Loki snarls and holds Alva close, which makes everybody back the fuck up real quick. Smirking, Tony takes a step away from his husband and daughter to address the crowd.

'Hello, all,' he says. 'As you know, my husband gave birth to our daughter on November 12th. We've named her Alva Stark. Yes, she's blue, that's because she's half-Jötunn, which is my husband's race. No, we will not be answering any questions about the Jötnar. No, we will not be answering any questions about our daughter. I get that you're all curious, but quite frankly we don't care. Take your pictures and go away. If any of you print any lies about, or badmouth, our daughter, I will sue you until you have absolutely nothing left.' Tipping an imaginary hat, Tony adds, 'Later!' and turns back to his husband.

Loki's now half amused, half furious, so Tony ushers him along, away from the journalists and their clicking cameras. A few still follow, but at a much greater distance now that Tony's said his piece and Loki's snapped like a mother bear. Tony won't let them ruin Alva's first adventure into the big wide world, so he leads Loki to a clump of trees and Happy spreads out the blanket he'd brought along. He walks a few paces away, close enough to jump in if the paparazzi get too close, but far enough that Tony and Loki can have some privacy with their daughter.

Loki settles Alva in one arm and rubs her little tummy through her blanket as he says, 'This, Alva, is Central Park; a giant piece of nature in the middle of concrete. Midgardians like their concrete, and they like destroying nature.'

'Hey,' Tony interjects and scoots closer, 'don't listen, pumpkin. Yes, *some* humans seem to hate nature, but not all of us. I love nature. Totally. Go camping all the time. Yay, nature!'

'Please, Stark, do not *lie* to our child,' Loki sighs. 'She is only six-weeks-old.'

'You shut your mouth, Loki Stark,' Tony says, 'I am *not* lying.'

Loki snorts and Tony laughs and Alva blinks at them like they're insane. Or she's just enjoying the strange noises and new colours, whatever. Tony likes to think that she already knows how awesome her parents are.

'Hey, Alva, want Mommy to tell you a story?' Tony asks. 'Or should Daddy make one up?'

Alva, of course, doesn't answer, but Loki says, 'Please, Anthony, regale us with a story entirely of your own making. I'm curious.'

'Okay!' Tony beams. 'So, Alva, there once was a tree named... Tree.'

'Truly inspiring,' Loki drawls.

Tony ignores him. 'Mr Tree had a friend called Mr Bush-'

'Really?'

'Shut up, this is my story, not yours!' Tony growls. Loki smirks at him. 'Mr Tree and Mr Bush were in love,' Tony continues and Loki snickers. 'The other trees and bushes were against their love, because Mr Tree was a hero and liked to protect the other trees, but Mr Bush liked to set fire to them.'

'Oh Valhalla, you have lost your mind,' Loki murmurs.

'But Mr Tree and Mr Bush didn't care,' Tony continues, continuing to ignore his husband. He's leaning over Loki, eyes on Alva, who's switching her attention between Tony and the leaves overhead. 'Mr Tree and Mr Bush were so in love that they ran away together.'

'How can they do that when their roots are-'

'Loki, I will slap you, I swear to God,' Tony says.

Loki snorts. 'Fine, I'm sorry. Please, continue your absolutely *delightful* story that is completely possible.'

'It's a story for our six week old daughter, not you,' Tony says. 'Where was I?'

'Mr Tree and Mr Bush ran away,' Loki says.

'Yes, thank you,' Tony nods. 'So, Mr Tree and Mr Bush ran away, Alva, 'cause their love was awesome and pure and... awesome.' Loki giggles. 'But then a big mean villain appeared in Central Park, and his name was, uh... Mr Grass!'

Loki's outright laughing at him now, but Tony doesn't care.

'Mr Grass hurt everyone, but Mr Tree and Mr Bush came back and saved the day! After that, nobody could keep them apart, and Mr Tree and Mr Bush lived happily ever after. Of course, they also had a baby, a little flower. Miss Flower was beautiful and had the richest blue petals anyone had ever seen.'

Loki's stopped laughing; he's smiling now, eyes soft when they meet Tony's. Tony leans over to kiss Loki, and Loki kisses back.

When they break apart, Tony leans down to whisper to Alva, 'And *that* is how you manipulate your husband into forgiving you.'

'I hate you,' Loki drawls.

'I'll teach you all the tricks, little lady,' Tony beams at Alva, and then reaches out to tickle her tummy.

Alva's mouth opens wide, showing all her gums, and then she laughs.

Loki sighs and looks down at Alva. 'Your father isn't funny, little one. Please stop.'

Alva laughs again and Loki groans, which makes Tony snicker.

'Shut up,' Loki growls.

Pouting, Tony slides closer and pecks Loki on the cheek. 'But you *love* me.'

They look back at Alva, who's just staring at them again, pudgy little fists waving in their air.

'Alva, who's a pretty girl?' Tony says and leans down to rub her belly. 'And who's gonna be so much smarter than her Daddy when she grows up, huh? I bet you'll be a better fighter, too, 'cause your mommy is and you look just like Mommy, don't you? Yes you do, you clever little thing!'

Tony's voice, along with the belly rub, seems to do the trick, because Alva smiles then laughs again, and it's still the most amazing thing Tony has ever seen in his life. Loki looks close to tears, eyes wet, but they don't fall; he just laughs breathlessly, kisses Tony, and then starts helping his husband making their daughter laughs.

He achieves it by wiggling his eyebrows and pressing kisses against her chubby blue cheeks.

It quickly makes the top ten of Tony's "Best Days Ever" list. Tony's not sure anything will ever be able to top it.

{oOo}

As a human, Alva has Loki's pale skin and wavy black hair. Her eyes are all Tony; dark brown with flecks of gold in the right light. She's adorable no matter what, and Tony holds her in his arms and blows raspberries as he and Loki walk down the street. They've opted to not bring the pram this trip; instead Loki's carrying Alva's baby bag while Tony carries their daughter. She's a heavy thing- her Jötunn half, Loki has explained- so they'll switch soon enough.

The few paparazzi following Tony and Loki down the street seem just a tad confused over Alva's colour change, but they still snap the occasional picture when they can. Tony ignores them, and Loki scowls whenever they get too close.

The family of three mostly spends the few hours outside walking, occasionally stopping when Alva fusses. She doesn't seem to like all the noises from the passing cars and people, so they eventually end up in Central Park again. Loki takes Alva then and starts pointing out trees, giving them Norse names that Tony can't understand but that make Alva laugh.

Tony smiles and brushes his fingers through Alva's wispy black hair. He watches Loki interact with their daughter, making her laugh at the ridiculous things coming out of his mouth, and remembers his life before this; drinking and partying and inventing brilliant things. He still invents brilliant things, but besides a glass or two of good alcohol before bed, he doesn't drink all that much. He hasn't been to a party since they celebrated Clint's birthday six months ago; Tony's days of partying were over long before Alva was born (although, he and Loki had frequented various gay clubs just for the entertainment of shocking the local patrons).

Tony's smile widens and he sits on the grass beside his husband and daughter. He doesn't miss that life at all. He sometimes misses the freedom, and the sleep, especially when he's been up half the night with a sick and crying Alva. But Tony wouldn't trade it for the world. He has a *family*. He's wanted this since he was six and realised that his parents didn't love each other and barely loved him.

'Anthony?'

Tony looks up at Loki's voice, and the Jötunn's head is tilted, eyes concerned. 'Sorry,' Tony says, 'lost in thought.'

'Are you okay?' Loki asks.

'Yeah,' Tony nods, 'just thinking, like I said. Go on, you were telling Alva how that tree was really a mage who pissed you off and is now stuck like that for a hundred years.'

'I didn't realise my stories amused you so,' Loki says with a smirk, and Tony laughs.

He wraps an arm around Loki's shoulders and leans into him, smiling down at Alva when she twists to stare at him. 'Go on,' Tony prompts, and Loki smiles but continues his completely made up story.

Alva seems to enjoy it, though, and anything that makes his daughter smile like that is okay by Tony, too.

Chapter 15

Tony finds Loki in their bedroom, Alva's clothes and various bibs in a heap on the bed. For such a little person, Alva sure likes creating a mess. They have to change her three or four times a day when she spills food or juice on herself, and sometimes her little hands get into her parents' food, smearing it over herself and her dad and mom before either man notices.

She always looks highly pleased with herself when she does it, and Tony can only shake his head and sigh.

Her favourite food is sweet potatoes and peas and she likes squishing it between her fingers to make a paste that then gets in her hair more than in her mouth. Which is what happened only twenty minutes ago, forcing Tony to change her and Loki to do a load of laundry.

A few years ago Tony never would have thought that Loki knew how to do laundry. Tony did his own, of course, simply because he didn't like letting strangers into the penthouse. He had robots to clean up for him, and he just chucked all his clothes in one of the large washing machines a few floors down.

Alva, who'd apparently run out of clean clothes, was quite happy to spend a few minutes in her daddy's arms wearing nothing but a diaper and a blanket. She kept trying to escape both, but though she'd mastered crawling a few weeks ago, walking was still beyond her, so Tony found it easy to catch her.

'Little trouble maker, that's what you are,' Tony whispers to his daughter, who babbles to herself in baby talk and plays with Tony's *AC/DC* shirt. Tony's still hugging Alva to her chest when he sees Loki start folding their daughter's clothes.

There's a soft smile on his face as he stacks the little sweaters Frigga had made for Alva atop each other, followed by the little pairs of jeans Steve and Natasha had gotten her. Next are her tiny little shirts in a pattern of colours, as well as a few that have *AC/DC* and *The Rolling Stones* written on them (Tony may have made those himself and they're awesome).

Loki then folds her bibs, her dresses, even her teeny tiny socks which Tony still likes playing with. Alva's got the smallest toes and fingers Tony's ever seen and quite frankly they're adorable.

Suddenly Loki picks up one of the sweaters Frigga made. It's soft and green, with a knit pattern that reminds Tony of Loki and Alva's ridges when they're in their Jötunn forms. Smiling, Loki brings the sweater up to his face and breathes in deeply, which makes Tony grin, his heart melt a little.

Alva chooses that moment to squeal loudly, apparently only having just spotted her mother. Loki jumps and turns, and his smile widens when he sees them.

'My favourite people in the whole Nine Realms,' Loki says and hold his arms out.

Tony chuckles as he crosses to his husband. 'Aww, I knew you loved us, Lo-Lo.'

'I was mostly talking about Alva, but if it makes you sleep better at night...' Loki trails off as he takes Alva from Tony, grinning down at the baby. Alva squeals again and babbles and generally makes a whole lot of noise while Loki peppers her face with kisses.

Tony shakes his head but grabs Alva's folded clothing. They've moved her into the nursery next door, and all the furniture was hand-made by Tony. The walls are a light yellow trimmed with gold, except for the right wall which has a large splash of gold paint that starts at the ceiling and drips all the way down. That is courtesy of Thor, who insisted on helping Tony and Steve paint the nursery. He seemed to think that brushes were for wimps and used the whole can. It looked weird, so Tony kept it.

Tony shakes his head at the memory- Steve had also gotten covered in paint, it was hilarious- as he puts Alva's clothing away. When he's done Loki's finished with the rest and has dressed Alva in a white dress and pink stockings, and when the rest of Alva's clothes are put away the small family of three make their way into the living room, where JARVIS says, '*Sirs, Colonel Rhodes is requesting permission to come up.*'

'Rhodey? Rhodey's here?' Tony asks.

'Yes, sir,' JARVIS replies.

'Bring him up!' Tony orders. Loki chuckles at him. Rhodey hasn't met Alva yet, he's always busy with his army job. It makes Tony pout; isn't he more important than the stupid army? His daughter certainly is. 'Stop laughing at me,' Tony says and Loki just grins at him.

'Princess Alva needs to finish her lunch,' Loki says and bounces the seven month old in his arms. 'Isn't that right, little one?'

'Ba-ba,' is Alva's contribution.

'Yes, that's right,' Loki says and kisses her again. 'I'll let you greet your friend before you start babbling about our daughter.'

'Hey!' Tony calls as Loki leaves the room. 'You do it too!'

Loki just laughs at him, the bitch.

The elevator doors *bing* then and Tony races into the hallway, where he throws himself at Rhodey for a bone-crushing hug. Rhodey stumbles and laughs, then slaps Tony on the back as they break apart.

'Yeah, yeah; I missed you, too, man,' Rhodey says.

'Seriously, Rhodey, I've barely left the Tower in a year,' Tony says.

'Why's that?'

Tony frowns at him. 'Ah... pregnant husband, newborn baby, ring any bells?'

'Oh, yeah,' Rhodey nods. 'I just figured you'd be back in your workshop by now.'

'I am,' Tony says. 'But no more than a few hours a day. I can't stay overnight or Loki will lock me out of the bedroom and I have to sleep on the couch.'

'You have a guest room,' Rhodey points out, but Tony pouts.

'Loki uses magic to keep me out,' he says, and Rhodey laughs at him. 'Anyway, I can't go three days without seeing my daughter, Rhodey. She's so tiny! But she's growing *all* the time, and I don't wanna miss anything. So I mostly spend a few hours in there, and then come back up and give Loki some time to himself. Babies are hard work.'

'Yeah, I've heard that,' Rhodey says. 'So, where is she?'

'Loki's feeding her,' Tony explains and leads Rhodey into the living room. 'Little Miss Alva prefers using her food as beauty cream rather than a source of nutrition, so we had to change her then do some laundry, yadda, yadda. Here, we can catch up 'til Loki's done.'

Tony and Rhodey sit on the couch and start catching up; Rhodey tells Tony what he can about his missions and Tony does the same. Of course, Tony can just hack into the army databases and find out what he wants, but most of Rhodey's missions are boring; there's never any magic or alien creatures or giant puppies trying to eat everybody's shoes. Talk about *dull*.

Tony's halfway through telling Rhodey about Alva's first teething experience when Loki walks in.

Tony stops mid-sentence and beams at them both, which makes Rhodey turn.

'Damn, she looks just like her mother,' Rhodey says when he sees that they're both blue, and Tony snickers while Loki raises an eyebrow.

'Frost Giant,' is all the mage says, then deposits a clean and fed Alva on Tony's lap. 'I'm taking a nap,' he declares and leaves before Tony can say no.

Tony just smiles and watches him go.

Alva's already changed into her human form by the time Tony turns to her, and she's staring at Rhodey with her big brown eyes.

'That's... interesting,' Rhodey says, looking gobsmacked.

'She's my little magic wielding shape-shifter,' Tony says. 'Isn't that right, pumpkin?' He leans down to blow a kiss against Alva's cheek, and Alva opens her mouth wide, showing off the four little teeth she currently has, and laughs.

'Damn, she's cute,' Rhodey admits and reaches over to touch her cheek. Alva turns at the touch and stares at him. 'And she has her mother's death glare,' Rhodey adds.

'What?' Tony laughs. 'Alva doesn't death glare at anyone.'

'Yeah she does,' Rhodey insists and points at her. 'Look, there it is, right there.'

Tony tilts his head down and twists his body to look at Alva's face. She's not glaring at all. Just staring at something new, like all babies do. Rhodey's definitely new. 'Nah,' he says and waves a dismissive hand. 'She's just curious.'

Rhodey gives him a sceptical look but moves on. 'So, how's being a dad treating you?'

'It's awesome,' Tony says immediately. Rhodey looks surprised. 'What? Thought I'd fail?'

'Not fail,' the Colonel shakes his head, 'I've just heard that babies are a lot of work and figured you'd be climbing the walls by now.'

'Yeah,' Tony sighs, 'me too. I mean, I've been excited ever since Loki told me he was pregnant, but I was worried that I'd get bored and wanna go out and do something. But between taking care of Alva and general Avengers missions, I'm too tired to *want* to get up to anything. At the end of the day I'm just happy to fall into bed with Loki and sleep. Plus Alva's gorgeous and I wanna eat her up, don't I?'

Alva squeals when Tony tickles her sides and kisses her chubby cheeks. She swats at him, then grabs his hair and twists it in her fingers. It's Alva's new hobby; grab everything and never let go. Tony eventually manages to get his hair out of Alva's little fingers and when he looks up Rhodey's smiling at him.

'What?'

'You're good at this,' he says.

'That's what Pepper said.'

Rhodey shrugs. 'Well, you are.'

Tony smiles and leans back, keeping his hands on Alva's sides. 'So, tell me more about that chick you met the other week, what's her name... we wanna know more, don't we, Alva? Uncle Rhodey should tell Daddy everything, shouldn't he?'

Alva squeals and slaps her hands against her thighs, wiggles her little bottom around, and Tony beams at Rhodey.

Rhodey groans.

{oOo}

Alva's first steps and first word happen on the same day. She's about eight months old and has been scooting around the penthouse on her bum. She also likes crawling and is a big fan of

hanging onto furniture or people to stand up. She's mostly just been rocking herself back and forth on her feet, though, not trying to take a single step.

Tony and Loki both try to get her to walk; one of them holds her, while the other sits about two feet away and calls her name. Alva looks between them all the time, already familiar with her name and their voices. But she eventually gets tired and just sits right down, making her parents sigh but move on. She'll walk when she wants to walk.

It happens at four am. Tony and Loki should be asleep- as should Alva, who's settled into a routine now. She still wakes up for a midnight feed and sometimes something spooks her into tears, forcing Tony and Loki to climb out of bed to calm her down. But for the most part she's a pretty quiet baby, very easy to manage. It's weird, because... well, Tony and Loki are her parents; she should be screaming her head off and getting up to mischief every single day.

As it is, Alva's perfectly happy to sit in one spot and play with her toys, her parents, or her many uncles and one aunt. She's also a big fan of Grandma Frigga, who visits every two or so weeks when she can. Odin hasn't yet, but Frigga's constantly telling Tony and Loki that he's busy with something or other. Loki doesn't seem to care.

Anyway, it's four am and Tony has a board meeting at seven. Thankfully it's in Stark Tower, on the thirtieth floor, so he only has to get changed and ride the elevator down. Alva's been awake and alert since three, and Tony knows she isn't gonna go back to sleep any time soon, so he's trying to keep himself awake. Loki's been nodding in and out of sleep while sitting on the floor, back to the couch. He has soft toys spread around him, Alva's favourite- the white Jötunheimr wolf- in his lap.

Alva's currently sitting against Tony's knees, where she'd flopped after grabbing the large building blocks Tony had made for her. They were painted in muted shades of red, green, yellow and black; Tony and Loki's colours. Alva's pretty much been slapping them against each other for the past twenty minutes when she suddenly goes quiet and drops them.

Tony looks down at her with slightly blurry vision. Alva's staring at Loki and for a second Tony thinks that she's gonna start wailing for her mom. Instead Alva shuffles about on her butt until she can use Tony's knee to push herself up onto her little feet. She's wearing dark green overalls, a light yellow shirt peeking out from beneath. The sock on her right foot is brown, the other pink, and Tony had shaken his head when he saw them; Loki's in the habit of wearing odd socks, and it seems he's trying to make Alva the same.

Balancing herself on her feet, Alva looks at Tony's t-shirt. He swears that she nods to herself in determination, but she's probably just gaining her balance. Then she turns slowly, shuffling, and when she lets go of Tony's leg she takes a shaky step off to the side.

Tony gasps loudly and almost drops his coffee; it makes Loki tilt his head up and open his eyes. They widen when he sees Alva take another shaky step before seeming to get the hang of it; she turns slightly on the spot and starts waddling in Loki's direction, arms out to balance herself.

Tony and Loki are completely focused on their daughter's footsteps, so much so that they almost don't hear Alva when she opens her mouth and says a garbled, 'Mama.'

Tony *does* drop his coffee at that, uncaring of the lukewarm liquid spilling across his jeans and the carpet.

'What?' Loki gapes.

'Mama!' Alva says again, but doesn't seem satisfied. She takes another few steps in Loki's direction and Loki sits up, gets to his knees, and stretches his arms out.

'That's it, Alva,' he says encouragingly, 'come to Mummy.'

'Mama,' Alva gurgles and waddles some more. Then, just a few inches from Loki, she loses her balance and tips over. She falls onto her butt and blinks, clearly confused, before squealing and clapping her hands together. 'Mama!' she giggles and looks up at Loki with a bright smile.

Loki laughs and it sounds wet, choked, and Tony sees him wipe at his eyes before crawling towards Alva. 'Yes, that's me,' he says and kisses Alva on the forehead. 'My beautiful, beautiful girl.'

Tony scoots across the floor to wrap his husband and little girl up in a big hug, which makes Alva laugh that much more and slap them both in the face. Tony just shakes his head while Loki buries his face in Tony's neck.

'She said mama,' Loki murmurs.

'Yeah, she did,' Tony agrees. "Cause she loves you.'

Loki sniffs. 'I was her first word.'

Smiling, Tony kisses Loki again. 'You're clearly the favourite, then.'

Loki laughs but doesn't say anything. After about a minute, Alva squirms and gurgles, 'Mama!' in what can only be an order to be set back down. Loki and Tony put her on the floor, and Alva once again uses Tony to stand, apparently intent on mastering walking that very morning.

Tony grins and Loki watches, an equally wide smile on his face, as Alva toddles around the room.

{oOo}

Two weeks later Alva shouts, 'DADA!' at the top of her lungs when Tony returns from a few hours in the workshop and walks straight across the living room towards him. Tony sheds more than one tear as he hugs his little girl, Alva continuing to mutter, 'Dada,' under her breath every few minutes. Loki smiles at the pair the entire time.

{oOo}

When Alva's just about to turn one, Tony and Loki take her to Asgard. Alva's been weaned and Loki's back in his Æsir form, but Loki still doesn't want to take her. Tony understands; Asgard and her people have hated Loki for most of his life. Tony still remembers his own treatment when he and Loki got married and bonded. He doesn't want to think about what he and Loki will do if someone makes a smart crack at Alva.

However, it's tradition for Asgard's Royal family to welcome a new Prince or Princess into Asgard's society on their first birthday. It's like a presentation, showing the kid off so the best of Asgard's society knows that the kid's healthy and well. After that, Asgard stops celebrating birthdays.

Frigga wants Alva there. She wants to celebrate her granddaughter's first birthday. Odin hasn't met her yet, and though Loki's sceptical, Frigga insists that Odin's looking forward to bonding with his first grandchild.

So, with a lot of arguments and some very good puppy dog eyes on Frigga's part- Tony knew Thor had learned them from somewhere- the parents pack a few large bags, head out to the helipad, and they and the Avengers, plus one very small child, are whisked up to Asgard.

Alva seems to find the whole flashing lights/squeezed through a tube thing hilarious, because she's laughing and shouting, 'Mama, Dada!' at the top of her lungs when they land.

Loki smiles and presses a kiss to the top of her messy black hair, but otherwise doesn't say a word.

Heimdall- Tony's finally learned his name- bows at Thor, then Loki and Tony, and finally Alva. Alva stares up at him with wide eyes before making a grab for his armour, but Loki steps back and keeps a hand firm on her back. 'No, Alva.'

'Mama,' Alva pouts and Tony snickers.

'Prince Thor, Prince Loki, Consort Anthony,' Heimdall says, 'King Odin and Queen Frigga are awaiting you and your guests in the palace.' He looks down at Alva, gold eyes bright in the flickering light. 'Princess Alva,' he bows once more before turning to stare out at Asgard.

Tony just blinks at him a bit before Thor sets off, leaving the others to haul their luggage down the Rainbow Bridge. They're staying for an entire week. It's Alva's birthday in two days, and Loki had wanted to leave the morning after the presentation feast, but Frigga had insisted that she wanted Alva to get to know Asgard. Loki didn't want that, Tony knew; Loki wanted Alva to grow up on Midgard and consider Midgard her home, like Loki did.

But Frigga was damn good at getting her sons to do what she wanted, and Loki eventually caved in. Tony helped by pointing out that they could show Alva all of Loki's favourite spots.

At least that got Loki to smile.

The Bifröst is just as long and boring as it was the first and second times Tony walked across it. Alva starts fussing halfway down and Tony and Loki swap her back and forth, waving toys and kissing her and babbling, generally trying to keep her from screeching. Alva doesn't do it a lot, but when she does cry, she's got a set of lungs on her.

Eventually they reach the palace after a few twists and turns, and it's just as gold as Tony remembers. He wrinkles his nose and murmurs, 'Alva, when you get older your favourite colour had better not be gold.'

'And what will you do if it is?' Loki asks from beside him.

'Disown her!' Tony declares. 'There are some things I just can't forgive, Lokes, and a love of gold is one of them.'

Loki snorts and slaps him over the back of the head, which at least makes Alva laugh.

When they enter the Throne Room, Frigga practically races across the gold floor to sweep Loki, Tony and Alva into her arms. She kisses each of them and then plucks Alva from Tony's arms. Alva babbles happily and grabs at Frigga's long gold hair.

'Oh, there's my precious little granddaughter,' Frigga coos. 'How are you, darling?'

'She is well, Mother,' Loki says. And then, his voice turns proud. 'She's speaking already.'

'Is she?' Frigga asks. 'What can she say?'

Beaming, Tony catches Alva's attention. 'Alva, who's that?' he asks and points at Loki.

Alva looks between them before saying, 'Mama!'

Frigga gasps, and Loki points at Tony. 'And who's this, Alva?'

'Dada!' Alva says and claps her hands together when Loki and Tony both kiss her.

'Oh, my precious young one,' Frigga sniffs. 'Aren't you just beautiful?'

'Yeah she is,' Tony grins and Loki nods. That's when they noticed that Odin's joined them, and Loki tenses. Tony looks between them both, but Frigga seems perfectly happy.

'Odin, meet your granddaughter,' Frigga says and puts the baby right in his arms.

Alva seems a tad confused about the big golden man, but she immediately goes on the offence; she grabs at Odin's beard, then his nose, then slaps him in the face.

'Alva,' Tony says and Loki bops her on the head.

'That's rude, Alva, we don't hit people,' Loki says. Unless they deserve it, Mother and Father add internally.

'It is fine,' Odin says, his blue eye on Alva. 'It is a pleasure to meet you, Princess Alva.'

Alva blinks at him.

'Alva,' Frigga says and draws her attention, 'that's your grandpa, Odin.'

Alva's little face scrunches up and she looks back up at Odin. Then, little voice clear, she says, 'Granny.'

Odin gasps audibly and Frigga presses a hand to her mouth. Loki's entire face goes blank and Tony glances between them all.

'Well...' he says slowly after a beat, 'um, we better go make sure that Alva's all good, and then, uh... lunch?'

'Yes,' Frigga recovers, 'yes, Anthony, we shall see you soon.'

'Okay,' Tony says. Loki takes Alva back from Odin and doesn't look at his foster father as he leaves the Throne Room. Tony has to grab their bags and dash after his husband. Neither says anything about Alva's new word.

{oOo}

'How are you holding up?' Tony asks. They've been in Loki's chambers for about an hour, and have to leave for lunch with Frigga, Odin and Thor in a few minutes. Loki's changed Alva into some Asgardian baby wear; a kind of linen green shirt, tan linen pants, and little leather booties. She looks adorable, but Tony's more focused on his silent husband.

'Fine,' Loki sighs. 'I wish we didn't have to be here. I wish Mother wouldn't insist on following traditions that I don't want Alva to conform to. She may technically be a Princess of Asgard, but that doesn't mean she has to be drawn into the politics of it all.'

'Hey,' Tony sits on the bed beside his husband and daughter, and reaches out to brush Loki's hair from his eyes.

Loki's kept it short ever since the first time he cut it, and he rarely slicks it back. It hangs around his face in wavy locks and curls at his collar. It makes him look years younger, Tony thinks; in his early twenties rather than his early thirties. Of course, he's actually 1050 years old, but whatever.

'Hey,' Tony repeats, 'I know that you hate this, and you've got good reasons to. But it's just a week, and nothing will happen to Alva. If anyone even *looks* at her funny, I'll kick their fucking asses.'

Loki scowls. 'Don't swear in front of our daughter.'

Laughing, Tony apologises and continues. 'It's just a few days, Loki, and you know how much this means to Frigga. She just wants to show her granddaughter off. We'll have a few drinks, some good food, then go to bed. We'll spend the rest of the week showing Alva the sights and maybe buy her some more Asgardian toys. As much as you hate it, you grew up here; Alva has a right to know about Asgard.'

Loki sighs and leans forward to bury his face in Alva's neck. Alva twists and turns, but when she figures that Mommy's just being weird she goes back to gnawing on the sleeve of her linen shirt. 'I know,' Loki eventually breathes. 'I just know the looks we'll get. The Dark Prince Loki and his half-human child.'

'Humans aren't all that bad, right?' Tony says.

'Oh, they're awful,' Loki groans and Tony thumps him in the shoulder. Loki smiles a bit and leans over to kiss Tony's cheek. 'Thank you.'

'You're welcome,' Tony says.

{oOo}

The party is pretty much what Tony expected; lots of food, drink, and people. There's music playing softly somewhere and everyone stares at Tony, Loki and Alva. Nobody approaches until after Odin has made his speech, presenting Princess Alva, Daughter of Loki, to Asgard, and naming her as third in line to Asgard's Throne after Thor and Loki.

After that, well, everybody who stops by bows deeply, congratulates Tony and Loki on the birth of their daughter, and wishes Alva good tidings from the Fates. Alva ignores all of them, though she seems pretty keen on Fandral, who smiles and waggles his fingers at her after he's given his greetings.

'She's certainly adorable, Loki, Anthony,' Fandral says.

'That she is,' Loki agrees. He's relaxed somewhat. It probably helps that Thor's keeping close by; nobody wants to piss off the Crown Prince.

'Are you planning more?' Fandral asks. Loki raises an eyebrow and Fandral smirks. 'I'm looking forward to seeing Thor try and watch five or six of your children, Loki. It will be hilarious.'

Loki smirks at that and Fandral tips his goblet, bows once more, before wandering off to hit on another of the wait staff; it's a pattern Tony noticed during his wedding reception.

The rest of the Warriors Three follow soon after Fandral, though they just give greetings and walk away again. Sif sticks around long enough to trade some barbed words with Loki, but thankfully she doesn't say anything about Alva.

When Sif finally leaves Tony asks, 'Seriously, what's her problem?'

'She despises me because I had Thor's ear when we were children,' Loki says. 'As Thor and I grew older, we drifted apart, even before my fall. We were closer than Thor was with the Warriors Three or Sif. Sif has been in love with Thor for years, and though she would make a very fine Queen, Thor has never seen her as anything more than a shield-brother.'

'So, what, she thinks that if she pisses you off, Thor will like her?' Tony asks.

Loki shrugs. 'I have no idea how that woman's mind works. And now that Thor is thinking of marrying Lady Jane, Sif's moods will only grow fouler.'

'What?' Tony asks and turns to face his bondmate. 'Thor wants to marry Jane?'

'Yes,' Loki says in amusement. 'We discussed it at lunch the other day. It was when Alva spilled juice on herself and you left to clean her up. Odin said that he wishes to meet Jane before he agrees to bless their union and gift her with an Apple. Thor will no doubt ask you to talk to the Allfather; you know Jane's research better than anybody.'

'Yeah...!' Tony hums and lets Loki feed him a cracker with cheese; Alva's heavy and Tony's hands are pretty occupied. Queen Jane, eh? Tony thinks Jane would make a good Queen. She's mature where Thor's childish, smart in ways that he isn't. They balance each other well from what Tony's seen. Yeah, she'd make a real good Queen. The question is, does Jane want to be quasi-immortal and one day rule all of Asgard by Thor's side?

Tony supposes that he'll talk to Odin later, then talk to Jane when they return to Midgard.

The party's pretty boring, Tony thinks, but thankfully Frigga gives them permission to leave about three hours after arriving. Tony and Loki walk back to their chambers only to find the Avengers all congregated there, large wrapped gifts sitting on the bed.

'Guys...?' Tony questions.

'It's Alva's first birthday,' Steve says.

'And we figured she deserved a better party than whatever that was,' Natasha adds.

'I wanted to keep partying,' Clint says and Natasha whacks him over the back of the head.

While Clint pouts, Bruce smiles at the married couple. 'We've got presents, Earth food, and cake. I also brought a camera to take a lot of pictures.'

Tony grins and even Loki's smiling, while Alva just seems interested in the colourful package Bruce is holding. So Bruce hands it over and Tony and Loki sit on the bed to help Alva rip everything apart

Alva clearly has no real understanding of what's going on, but Bruce had bought her one of the Hulk plushies that Stark Industries has just started turning out. Clint got her a toy bow and arrows, Steve a Captain America shield, and Natasha regular clothes and toys for a little

girl. She even got Alva a Barbie doll and a G.I. Joe, and Tony watches in amusement as Alva bashes both toys together and laughs in delight.

After that there's cake and party food; little pies and sausage rolls, cheese and crackers with dip, and small portions of chips, salad, and pasta. Alva has a grand old time smooshing pasta between her fingers and then grabbing at Tony's sausage rolls. She doesn't really like meat all that much, Tony and Loki have both noticed; she prefers blended vegetables to strips of chicken, and she always goes for the pasta or steamed vegetables and salad on her parents' plates rather than the meat. Tony wonders if she'll be a vegetarian when she grows up.

Pictures are taken, and Thor and Clint get drunk; someone had brought in a few dozen bottles of spiced Asgardian wine as well as an entire cask of ale, and Thor and Clint challenge each other to a drinking contest before Clint tips face-first onto the floor and goes to sleep there.

Natasha sighs and Bruce snaps a few photos, while Tony and Loki draw on Clint's face and giggle. Eventually Alva nods off against Steve's chest and Loki helps the super soldier put her to bed, while Tony helps Natasha and Bruce drag Clint and Thor back to their bedrooms.

When Tony comes back he finds that Loki's cleaned everything up and has changed for bed. Tony smiles at him before going to kiss Alva goodnight, the baby not waking as Tony enters and exits her small room.

'Your friends gave Alva her own birthday party,' Loki says as they curl up in bed together. 'A proper party without Asgard watching.'

'They're your friends too, Lo,' Tony replies. 'You might not admit it, but you know they are.' Loki doesn't say anything, of course. 'They love Alva,' Tony adds, 'of course they wanted her to have a normal party.'

Loki smiles at that and leans over to kiss Tony again. Tony would very much like to start something; they haven't had sex in a good six or seven weeks. But he's tired, and Loki clearly is, too. Besides, they knew this would happen when Alva was born.

Yawning, Loki turns and Tony wraps his arms around the Jötunn's back, pulling them together. He presses a kiss to Loki's neck before closing his eyes, and falls asleep to Loki's slightly cool body and the image of Alva proudly bashing Steve with her Hulk plushie.

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

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

'*Sir... Sir... Mr Stark!*'

It isn't JARVIS' voice that wakes Tony, or even a three-year-old jumping on his bed demanding pancakes for breakfast. It's Steve, bursting into the bedroom and shouting, 'TONY!' at the top of his lungs.

Tony yelps and flails, and ends up falling face-first onto the floor. Thankfully Tony's been trained in the art of being kicked out of bed and groans as he rolls to his feet.

'I'm up, I'm up!' he grunts, then winces. His wrist hurts. Tony blinks rapidly and sees Steve standing in the doorway. 'Capsicle?'

'Tony, suit up!' Steve growls and Tony blinks.

'Wha?'

'Your husband,' Steve says slowly, like Tony's a child, 'is currently running amok in Central Park!'

Tony blinks again. 'Uh... 'kay?'

Steve scowls at him.

'What?' Tony says. 'He's probably just showing Alva some magic, you know how their lessons are.' Last time Loki had set a car on fire to show Alva how to control elemental magic. The owner of said car hadn't been amused.

'No, Alva's downstairs with Bruce,' Steve says. 'Loki dropped her off twenty minutes ago before he decided to uproot every tree in Central Park and set them on innocent civilians!'

Okay... that sounds like Loki, definitely. Only Loki hasn't had much time lately to get up to mischief, what with having a three-year-old.

Groaning- Tony's still tired, damn it- the genius follows Steve from his bedroom and watches as the super soldier joins Natasha and Clint on the helipad where a quinjet is waiting.

'Hurry up, Tony!' Steve orders before leaving.

Tony pouts and flips him off. *Goddamn it, Loki*, he thinks as the elevator takes him down to his workshop.

{oOo}

Loki's definitely having a good time; he's standing on a bench cackling as people run every which way. Every single tree has come to life and is waving branches at the screaming people. They don't seem to be doing any harm, though, so the Avengers focusing on evacuating the area as Tony flies towards his husband.

'Hey, Lo!' he says, only to yelp and spin sideways as Loki blasts a bolt of magic at him. 'Jesus!' he gapes as he steadies himself.

'Stark!' Loki shouts. 'Come to join the fun, have you?'

Tony frowns as he surveys Loki, hovering in the air. Loki's... blue. He's wearing his armour, as well as his horned helmet, but he's Jötunn. His red eyes spark with both mischief and anger, and Tony wonders just what the hell's going on. Loki doesn't voluntarily turn blue unless he and Tony are in their bedroom. He rarely ever shows Alva his true form. So why's he currently standing in Central Park, showing the whole world what he looks like?

'Eh... Loki?' Tony tries again and flies closer. He ducks another blast of magic and shouts, 'Loki, stop it!'

'And why should I?' Loki demands, spinning his spear. 'I have been lax, Iron Man; I have let this city's enemies think that I am weak, and you Avengers think that I am...' his face twists, Tony sees it even from where he's hovering, '*domesticated*.'

Say what? Who in their right mind would tell Loki that he was *domesticated*? Okay, so it's true, Tony really does think it; Loki cooks for Alva, makes Tony clean up after himself, and does the family's laundry. He's definitely domestic.

But you don't just *say that* to Loki Laufeyson's face. That's asking for a stabbing. Even Tony hasn't voiced his thoughts out loud.

Clint. Tony's inclined to blame Clint for this.

'Loki!' he shouts, but it just earns him another blast of magic, followed by a dagger skimming off of his shoulder plates. Tony twists through the air to avoid another blow, but Loki's apparently *super pissed*, because he grabs Tony by the neck and flings him into the closest building.

The people still rushing about scream and rush about some more as Tony pulls himself from the wall, bricks crumbling about his suit.

'Goddamn it,' he hisses.

'Iron Man,' Steve's voice crackles over the comms, '*what's going on?*'

'*Want to tell us why your husband's gone insane?*' Clint asks.

'*More insane,*' Natasha corrects.

'Uh... someone said he was domesticated and he's pissed,' Tony says.

There's silence over the comms, and then Clint says, '*Oops.*'

Natasha and Steve curse Clint for a bit for Steve says, '*Tony, can you try and talk to him? We don't want to hurt Loki, but he might hurt an innocent bystander.*'

'*The trees aren't really attacking anyone,*' Natasha points out.

'*That's not the point,*' Steve growls.

'Hold onto your shield, Spangles,' Tony says as he takes to the air. 'I'll talk to my crazy husband.'

There are sighs of relief as Tony flies back towards Loki, who's now directing trees to start marching down the streets. He attacks from behind but Loki's quick, always has been, and soon he and Tony are trading blows. Loki's pulling his magic, Tony realises five minutes in, which means Loki doesn't *really* want to hurt Tony, or anyone else. He's just letting off some steam.

So Tony takes hit after hit until his suit's at forty percent and he's covered in sweat. Soon enough, because Loki will always be the better fighter, the Jötunn gets Tony on the ground, a hand wrapped around his neck, fingers squeezing so tightly that the armour bends beneath Loki's grip.

Tony gasps and Loki suddenly jerks back, going still. He doesn't let go of Tony, though.

'Okay...' Tony breathes, 'okay, Loki, I get it; you're mad. But you wanna tell me what's really going on? I can't help if you don't tell me.'

Loki scowls down at him.

'I love you, remember?' Tony adds. 'So...'

Loki sighs at that and finally pulls back. He then sits back on his heels, arms wrapped around his legs, and... pouts. Tony sits up slowly and JARVIS runs diagnostics over his suit. He's battered and bruised, but nothing's broken.

'Loki?'

'Why do you think I am blue, Stark?' Loki questions.

'Uh... I dunno,' Tony admits.

Loki glares at him. 'For a genius you can be incredibly stupid.'

It's Tony's turn to pout. 'At least I can admit when I don't know something!' Loki sighs and Tony says, 'You wanna put the trees back, Lo? I think everybody's remembered just how

badass you are.'

Loki glances around for a bit before waving his hands and muttering a spell under his breath. Tony watches as the trees stop their assault on innocent cars and buildings and start trooping back to Central Park.

Okay then.

Tony sits as best he can in his suit and Loki doesn't move, gaze torn between Tony and the slight wreckage around them. When Tony winces Loki turns his full attention to his partner.

'Did I hurt you?' he asks.

'No,' Tony shakes his head. 'I'll have some bruises, though.'

Loki's lips twitch downward. 'I...' he hesitates, licks his lips. 'I am sorry,' he finishes

'That's okay,' Tony says. The media will bitch and moan for a few days about Loki going back to his old ways, how stupid Tony Stark is to trust him, before moving onto the last political or celebrity scandal. 'Now can you tell me what's going on?'

'You really have no idea?' Loki asks in faint amusement. 'None at all?'

'No,' Tony says.

Loki shakes his head, chuckling. 'When was the last time I turned blue, Stark?'

'Uh... about two months ago,' Tony says. 'You wanted to fuck me while you were Jötunn.'

'Yes,' Loki agrees. 'And after that, what did we do?'

'I fucked you, we ate strawberries in bed, then Alva had a nightmare and almost walked in on us doing it,' Tony says. God, that had been awkward. Thankfully Alva hadn't seen anything; Tony really doesn't want his daughter to walk in on her parents having sex.

'Yes,' Loki says and stares pointedly at Tony.

Tony... is completely lost.

Loki sighs and stands tall, then helps Tony to his feet. Tony's suit creaks a bit, but like he said, it isn't all that banged up.

'Stark,' Loki says, 'you are truly an idiot.'

Tony scowls. Rolling his eyes, Loki grabs Tony's gloved hand and presses it against his armoured stomach. They stand there, still, Loki watching Tony, and Tony staring at Loki, both waiting for... something.

Then, finally, Tony gets it. He gasps and jerks his hand back, and Loki groans. 'Finally,' the Jötunn mutters.

'Wait,' Tony, 'wait, you're... are you...?'

'Am I...?' Loki asks, looking faintly amused.

Scowling, Tony hisses, '*Pregnant.*'

'Indeed,' Loki replies.

'What?!' Tony shouts. It's echoed by Clint, because right, right, the Avengers are still listening in via Tony's comms.

'*Stark, isn't one enough?!'* Clint shouts. '*I can't deal with two Tony-Lokis! The first one's crazy enough!*'

'My little girl is *not* crazy!' Tony growls.

'*No, she's not,*' Natasha agrees in amusement, '*Clint's just horrible at babysitting.*'

'*I am not,*' Clint argues.

'*Yes you are,*' Natasha and Steve say together.

Tony rolls his eyes. Thank God Thor's in Asgard; Tony couldn't handle the Thunderer's shock and surprise along with his own *and* the Avengers'.

Tony glances at Loki, who's folded his arms over his chest and is glaring at the ground.
'Loki?'

'There you have it, Stark,' Loki mutters. 'Despite the precautions we took, I am once again carrying your child.'

Tony swallows down his shock. Loki doesn't look... happy. 'And you're... upset about that?'

Loki scoffs. '*I'm not,*' he states.

Tony frowns and finally flips his face plate up. 'What?'

'You said you wanted one,' Loki says. 'Whenever Alva was crying because of her new teeth, or sick, or generally getting into trouble, you said, "*Never again, Loki*". We agreed to two, but clearly you don't want any more, and here we are.' He spreads his hands and Tony blinks.

'Wait... Loki, did you think I'd be... *upset* over this?' Tony asks. Loki just scowls, but yeah, Tony thinks, he's totally hit the nail on the head. 'Loki,' Tony groans and closes the distance between them. Loki stiffens when Tony reaches up to carefully grab his chin. '*I love you,*' Tony says, eyes meeting Loki's. 'We already have a kid together, what made you think I'd be pissed off over another?'

Loki opens his mouth, and Tony shuts him up with a kiss. Okay, yes, so many Tony shouldn't have shouted that he never wanted another kid when Alva wrecked the kitchen last year, but he'd been angry; he hadn't *meant* it. Clearly Loki had thought he did.

Me and my smart mouth, Tony thinks as he breaks the kiss.

Loki looks down at him. 'You are not upset?' he asks.

'No,' Tony shakes his head. 'Surprised, definitely, but not upset. We agreed on two before Alva was born, and now...' Tony trails off as a grin spreads across his face. 'We're gonna have another baby, Lo.'

'Yes...' Loki says slowly.

'I'm gonna be a daddy again,' Tony beams, and Loki quirks an eyebrow. 'I'm happy, Loki,' Tony says. 'Okay?'

Loki looks him over carefully before nodding, and then finally, *finally*, he smiles, too. 'Yes,' he says, 'you are.'

'Yeah,' Tony laughs and kisses Loki again. 'Have you told Alva?'

'No,' Loki mumbles against his lips. 'I was waiting, but I turned Jötunn this morning and I... panicked.'

'By the way,' Tony says, 'Clint's an idiot. You're in no way domesticated. You're still super badass and super scary, okay?'

Loki scowls. 'Don't push it, Stark.'

Tony grins.

{oOo}

This pregnancy's both better and worse for Loki than his first. It's better because he's done it before and knows what to expect, as does Tony. They both know what cravings Loki will get, what will set Loki off, and what will calm him down. So Tony's stocked their kitchen with every spicy food he can buy as well as an entire crate of tomatoes, and he puts every pillow they own on the bed and sofas in the living room.

This pregnancy's worse only because Esýli the Jötunn healer, who is once again making frequent visits to do Loki's check-ups, informs them five months in that Loki's carrying twins. It explains why Loki's gotten so big so quickly, and also why Loki's eating three times as much as he ate when pregnant with Alva.

Loki groans and bemoans the fact that he married Tony for all of three hours before becoming super excited about having *two* babies. Understandable, Tony thinks, seeing as how he wants lots and lots of children. Tony does, too. Only he and Loki had planned on having two kids now and two more in, like, a hundred years. Three? Three Tony can do. They'll stop after that.

Loki's sex drive has increased so much that Tony's beginning to think that his hips are permanently fractured. He'll wake up to Loki fucking him or riding his cock more often than not, and when he doesn't it's only because Tony's tired him out with six rounds the night before. Sometimes Loki will wander into Tony's workshop and demand a blow job or hand job. Other times he doesn't demand, he just *takes*. Tony would complain if he didn't find Loki ridiculously gorgeous all pregnant with his kid.

Alva doesn't understand just *how* she's getting two siblings, only that she is. She sits beside Loki and puts her hands on his stomach and talks to her little brothers or sisters or both at least once every day. From what Loki can tell, the babies don't have any magic. He thinks that they never will, because he could tell that Alva had magic when he was eight months pregnant. Tony doesn't care, and neither does Loki; he makes sure to tell Tony that one night after Tony's jerked Loki into yet *another* orgasm. Tony's wrist hurts.

'I will never do what Odin did to me,' Loki says, finally sounding tired. 'I will never favour one child over another because of something they have no control of. If the twins have no magic, I will still love them.'

'Course you will,' Tony says as he flexes his fingers. 'You love me and I don't have any magic.'

Loki chuckles and rolls over to kiss Tony softly. Only it doesn't stay soft, and Tony groans when Loki rubs his slowly hardening erection against Tony's hip.

'*Again?*' Tony demands.

'You are the reason I'm currently insatiable,' Loki says, 'so it's your job to pleasure me.'

Tony sighs and pulls away, flopping onto his back. Gesturing at his lower half, and even spreading his legs, Tony says, 'Have at it. I'm still loose from rounds two and four.'

'Good,' Loki says and moves his considerable weight in-between Tony's legs. He can still move like a cat- that won't change until around the nine month mark. Tony knows, because it means he'll throw his back out during sex. He's technically a god, yes, but he's still fucking *human*. There's only so much sex he can have before he breaks something or collapses from exhaustion.

Loki slicks himself up and quickly buries himself in Tony's ass, making the genius moan loudly and force his legs further apart. Okay, maybe he's got a few more in him.

{oOo}

'I'm not an aeroplane!' Alva shrieks as Tony carries her over his shoulder.

'What are you, then?' Tony asks. 'A dragon?'

'Nah-ah,' Alva says, then giggles when Tony tips her so he's holding her upside down. He spins her twice before lifting her back up, because he learned not to overdo it when Alva was two and threw up all over the kitchen. He doesn't want another crying fit followed by Loki scowling at him for three days.

'Wonder Woman?' Tony asks as he lifts Alva again. She laughs loudly. 'Black Widow?'

'No,' Alva says. 'I'm Iron Man.'

Tony grins. 'Are you?'

'Uh-huh,' Alva says. 'Only I'm better.'

'Oh, are you?'

'Yup,' Alva says. Tony tips her into his arms and Alva wraps her own around his neck, her little legs going around his waist. She beams up at him and says, 'I'm better 'cause I won't be silly and fly head-first into danger.'

'Won't you?' Tony muses.

Alva nods. 'Mommy says you're silly and don't know when to quit.'

Tony snickers; he can picture the look Loki was no doubt sporting when he said it. Loki's barred from joining any missions while pregnant. The only reason he actually stays out of them is because all Avengers vacate the Tower during the battle, leaving Loki as the only guardian for Alva. Loki would never leave their daughter alone during a fight.

'Did he?' Tony asks and enters the elevator. 'I'm gonna have to have words with your mom about that.'

'Is Mommy in trouble?' Alva asks, looking far too serious for her three years.

'Yup,' Tony says. 'Mommy's in *big* trouble.'

'Will you be in big trouble, too?' Alva asks. 'Can we all have a time out together?'

'You want a time out?' Tony asks in amusement. Alva hates time outs; sitting in the corner cuts into her play time. The only thing that terrifies her more is a smack on the butt. Tony and Loki haven't had to do it yet, but Alva knows that if she *really* crosses a line she'll get a soft slap on the behind and a time out to go along with it. Tony's dreading her teenage years; he doubts the threat of a little spank will stop her doing what she wants.

'Only if you and Mommy are gonna spend it with me,' Alva says. Then, 'I'm hungry.'

'That's why we're going up to our kitchen,' Tony says. 'I'm going to make you a snack, and then you have meditation with Mommy and Uncle Bruce.'

Alva cheers and Tony shakes his head. She definitely doesn't get that from *him*. If there's one thing Tony Stark is horrible at, it's staying still for more than two minutes.

The elevator finally arrives at the penthouse and Tony carries Alva into the hallway. He takes her to the kitchen to make up a snack- celery and peanut butter for Alva, a ham and cheese sandwich for Tony- and then they go into the living room.

Where they find Clint playing *Assassin's Creed* on Tony's X-Box360 with Loki, and Thor giving Loki a back massage.

'What's going on here?' Tony asks.

'Can I play?' Alva demands.

'No,' Loki says, then hisses when Thor kneads a particularly troubling spot on his back.

Alva pouts. 'Why not?'

'Because this game is too old for you,' Loki says. Tony puts Alva on the floor before Loki and Alva reaches up to peck her mom on the cheek. She then settles down with her plate, and Loki says, 'Barton, put a movie on.'

'Yes, my dear,' Clint says, and Tony snickers. He shoves half his sandwich in his mouth when Loki glowers at him and falls onto the sofa beside Thor.

'Good afternoon, Friend Tony,' Thor beams.

'Hey, Thor,' Tony says. 'What are you up to?'

'Loki's back was plaguing him,' Thor says remorsefully, like he's the one in pain. Tony snorts. 'I am helping in any way I can!' Thor declares.

'So am I,' Clint joints in. "Cause apparently we're all Prince Loki's servants.'

'Were you ever under the impression that you weren't?' Loki questions.

Clint rolls his eyes, but is smart enough not to back-chat; pregnant Loki doesn't know how to take a joke.

'Stark, I'm hungry,' Loki says, turning his red eyes on his husband. 'Buy me something.'

'What do you want?' Tony asks through a mouthful of sandwich.

Loki ponders that briefly before saying, 'Bambi.'

Alva gasps and spins so quickly she almost sends her celery flying. Thankfully Clint's reflexes were god-like even before the Golden Apple, and his hand snaps out to steady her plate. 'Why would you eat Bambi?' Alva asks with wide eyes. 'Bambi can't die!'

Tony scowls at his mate, who only looks *mildly* sorry about phrasing his order that way.

'I meant Bambi's mother,' he says. 'She's already dead, so I can eat her.'

'No you can't!' Alva cries and scrambles up to grab Loki's knees. 'You can't eat Bambi's mom!'

Loki sighs and says, 'But I want deer!'

'Uh...!' Tony scratches at his beard, wondering how to fix this. If Loki wants deer, he'll get deer, or Tony'll be the one who suffers. But, if Loki *does* get deer, Alva will cry for hours and hours and freaking *hours*. It's hard enough getting her to stop crying when she sees her parents eat any type of animal.

'Why don't you get elk?' Clint suggests.

Tony blinks at him. Loki echoes, 'Elk?'

'Yeah...!' Clint says slowly. 'You know, those evil animals that eat baby deer like Bambi.'

Alva gasps and looks at Clint. 'Animals eat Bambi?' Clint nods, and Alva says, 'You have to stop them, Uncle Clint!'

'I'm sure JARVIS will,' Clint says very seriously. 'All your dad has to do is go into the kitchen and order your mom some food. JARVIS will make sure the elk stop eating Bambi.'

Alva swivels to glare at Tony, who smiles despite the situation; he's not sure if Alva learned that look from Loki or Natasha. 'Daddy, go make the mean elk stop!'

'Okay, okay,' Tony throws his hands up. 'I'll stop the mean elk.'

Alva nods, looking satisfied, and Loki's brow furrows in confusion. When Tony gets up Loki holds his hands out, and gives Tony his very best puppy dog eyes when Tony raises his eyebrows. Sighing, Tony tugs Loki to his feet and Loki threads their fingers together as they walk into the kitchen.

When Loki's sure that Alva's out of ear-shot, he asks, 'What is an elk?'

'A kind of deer,' Tony says. 'Clint was basically saying that I should just go ahead and order deer, but call it something else so Alva doesn't hate you for eating Bambi.'

'She will grow out of it,' Loki says dismissively.

'Well, *yeah*,' Tony agrees, 'but she's currently three, Lo. Just... try and watch what you say, okay? Otherwise we'd have to deal with Alva crying all damn night.'

'But I'm pregnant,' Loki pouts. 'You're supposed to cater to my every whim.'

'Are you saying I don't?' Tony asks.

Loki's pout morphs into a small smile. 'No, no,' he says. 'You are a very good husband and bondmate, my dear Anthony. And tonight I shall show you how wonderful I think you are.'

Tony shivers and licks his lips. He hopes that Alva goes to bed easily tonight; it seems that his partner has, once again, fallen into his "fuck me every goddamn night until I pass out" phase.

Loki steps closer and presses his lips to Tony's cheek before dragging them over to his ear. 'Alva is always tired after meditation,' he breathes and Tony moans softly. 'I shall start her lesson tonight after her bath, and she will be asleep by eight. Then, we will retire to our bedroom and I will show you *exactly* how thankful I am.'

Loki bites Tony's earlobe, drags it through his teeth, and Tony has to inhale sharply. Crap, he forgot to breathe for a second there.

Loki pulls back and smirks at the flush staining Tony's cheeks, as well as how heavily he's currently breathing. 'However,' Loki says, 'none of that will happen if you don't order me a lot of Bambi with a side of salad and pasta. Now.'

With that he leaves the kitchen, and Tony has to reach down to readjust himself in his jeans. He glances at the microwave to see that it's only just past four pm. 'Damn it,' he groans and scrubs his face. 'JARVIS?'

'Sir?' JARVIS replies.

'Order a whole heap of Bambi and everything else Loki wanted,' Tony says. 'Also get some pasta and steak for Alva and me.'

'Yes, sir,' JARVIS says.

Tony sighs slightly. Four whole hours until Alva goes to bed and Tony gets to take his husband to *their* bed. Maybe he can convince Loki to start Alva's lesson now?

Fingers crossed, Tony leaves the kitchen and heads back to the living room, mouth open when he steps into the room.

What he finds is Alva and Clint playing one of the *Harry Potter* games on the X-Box, and Loki spread out on the sofa fast asleep using his brother's lap as a pillow.

Tony groans. So that's a no on the early lesson, then.

{oOo}

They're boys. Tony Stark has two little boys. They're identical, from their jet-black hair right down to the markings lining their bodies. Their eyes are red and Tony briefly wonders what colour they'll be when they take on their human forms, but then decides that it doesn't matter. Although, it'd be awesome if they had Loki's green eyes. Alva has Loki's black hair like the twins do, but her eyes are all Tony.

'Shit, Loki, they're beautiful,' Tony says. He's holding the younger twin, who's wrapped in a little green blanket that Frigga had woven for them. Loki has their other son in a purple blanket and smiles up at Tony.

'Indeed, they are,' he says, and then winces as he shifts a bit in their bed.

'I'm serious,' Tony says and Loki laughs at him. Tony looks down just in time to catch his son's yawn, and practically melts on the inside. Now there are four people who have Tony Stark's heart, and Tony loves it. 'Are we gonna name them now or wait?' Tony asks.

'If you have any names I'm all ears,' Loki says. He glances down at their older son and hums. 'I believe that he is an Einar.'

'*Eye-narr*,' Tony sounds out the name slowly. He crosses the bed to sit beside Loki and leans over. The twins are identical, yes, but Tony wants to figure out how to tell them apart. He doesn't want to be one of those parents who dresses their twins the same; the boys will each get their own stuff and their own clothing. Although he's totally gonna dress them up in identical Iron Man costumes and take pictures; for future blackmail material. 'I like it,' Tony finally says.

'Of course,' Loki drawls, 'I *did* pick the name, Stark, and I have excellent taste.'

Tony snorts but leans over to kiss Loki anyway; he deserves it after birthing two babies. 'What about this guy?' he asks and bounces their unnamed son a bit.

'You name him,' Loki says, which Tony knows means that Loki will shrug at every name he suggests until he finally nods at the one he likes.

Tony wanders through the penthouse looking for a StarkPad, and shows Thor the younger twin to stop the Thunder God from climbing the walls in worry and excitement. He walks back into the bedroom and sits down, passing the baby to Loki so that he can Google baby names.

After what feels like six hundred names (they seriously should have started looking up names earlier, Tony thinks), they settle on Calder. Well, Loki settles on Calder and Tony likes it well enough. It's just weird enough for Loki to like it, and just normal enough for Tony not to feel like one of *those* celebrities.

Tony and Loki put Einar and Calder into the twin bassinets Tony had dragged in just before Loki gave birth, and the couple watch their sons sleep for a few minutes before Loki crawls into bed and demands a back massage.

Tony can't say no. Loki just gave him two little boys.

'I love you,' Tony says as he carefully straddles Loki's legs so he can rub at his back.

'Mm,' Loki hums. 'I shall love you again when I've forgotten the pain of childbirth.'

Tony snickers but obediently starts kneading at Loki's shoulders. Fifteen minutes into the massage Loki's declaring his undying love for Tony and promising lots of sex when he can

think about Tony's cock again without wanting to murder him.

It sounds like a good plan to Tony.

{oOo}

'Aww, Lo-Lo,' Clint says when Tony and Loki finally leave the bedroom to show the Avengers their new children. 'They look just like you.'

Loki smiles and says, 'Thank you,' and Tony gives Clint a thumbs up. Clint's a teasing kind of guy, but with Loki being blue, it's more a "I'll keep calling you blue-related names so you end up being cool with being blue" thing, just like what Tony does. Clint's awesome that way.

'They *are* adorable,' Natasha agrees.

'Lemme see, lemme see!' Alva demands, and Thor hoists her up in his large arms so she can peer at her new brothers. 'They're so cute!' she says and wiggles. 'I'm gonna be the best big sister *ever*,' she declares. 'Can they train with me and Mommy when they get bigger?' she then asks Tony.

'If they want to they sure can,' Tony says. He's not gonna force his kids to do something they don't like; Howard did it to him, Odin did it to Loki, and they both hated their fathers for it. He and Loki had agreed before Alva was born to train her and any other children they have in basic hand-to-hand combat so they can defend themselves. They're kidnapping targets, what with who their parents and extended family are.

Alva still likes the many martial arts Natasha, Thor, Clint and Loki teach her, so she still has lessons every week. If the twins want that too, Tony isn't gonna say no. If they want to quit and pick up playing guitar, Tony will be okay with that, too.

Loki clears his throat and gains everyone's attention. 'We have named them Einar and Calder,' he says, and Thor makes a noise that sounds suspiciously like a coo. Clint and Tony both laugh at him and Steve and Natasha both roll their eyes at their childishness.

'We must tell Mother,' Thor says and Loki nods.

'If you wish to go fetch her, then go,' Loki says. 'Anthony, I'm hungry now.'

Steve, being the loving buddy that he is, offers to make everyone dinner, and Bruce and Clint are roped into helping. Clint can't cook much, but what he *does* cook- which is mostly curry- is always awesome, so he goes into the kitchen to help make some Indian dish that Bruce knows the recipe to.

With dinner on the way, Thor takes one last look at his new nephews before going to fetch Mjölfnir so he can get Frigga. Alva bounces around her parents' legs, wanting to play with her new brothers already, and Tony and Loki use their free hands to calm her down, the others

busy rocking a twin each. When they finally get to sit down it's side by side on the sofa, Tony with Einar, Loki with Calder, Alva passed out on the armchair opposite them.

'I never thought this would happen when I first approached you in that tavern,' Loki admits quietly, trying not to wake their three children.

Tony smiles. 'Me either. I honestly thought you were there to stab me.'

'Please,' Loki scoffs. 'As if I would have stabbed you in front of over a dozen witnesses.'

'Oh, I dunno,' Tony grins at him. 'Maybe my amazing eyes or brilliant body would have blinded you and made you throw caution to the wind.'

'Your ego needs to be struck,' Loki drawls. 'Repeatedly.'

'You can touch any part of me you want,' Tony quips.

Loki scowls at him briefly. 'Not in front of the children, Anthony.'

'Hey, me talking like that is *why* we have three children.'

Loki's glare quickly turns into a smile and he glances down at Calder, then at Einar. 'Yes,' he says, 'yes, it is.'

'Really?' Tony asks and Loki snorts quietly.

'It was your mind that first attracted me, actually,' he admits. 'And the way you stood up to me, even after seeing what I had done.'

Tony frowns a bit, and then asks, 'Wait, you've liked me ever since we first met?'

'Indeed,' Loki says. 'I thought you were attractive, of course, but so is Barton and I have no wish to sleep with him.'

Tony scowls. He damn well hopes so!

'However, you faced me down with nothing but a smile and sharp words,' Loki continues. 'I hadn't had a conversation like that in years. You intrigued me, so when I escaped Asgard and came back here, I researched you. I watched you in battle. I grew more and more interested in you until, finally, I decided to bed you.'

'So you approached me in a pub and managed to charm your way into my chambers,' Tony says with a smile, remembering Frigga's exact words.

Loki chuckles. 'Indeed. I wanted you.'

'And you always get what you want,' Tony says.

'Indeed,' Loki repeats. He leans heavily into Tony's side, then puts his head on Tony's shoulder. They fall into silence as they watch their new boys sleep, Calder wiggling in his

blanket every so often and Einar trying to suck on his thumb.

They're adorable and blue and *God*, Tony Stark has *three children*. No, Tony thinks, he definitely didn't envision this when Loki dropped onto a stool beside him. Loki had turned to him and said, "*Stark, what do you know about astrophysics?*"

Tony remembers gaping and spluttering and generally making an ass out of himself. Loki hadn't seemed to care, which Tony had been thankful for at the time. Now he knows that even then, at the very beginning, Loki had wanted to end up in Tony's bed at the end of the night. Tony would have jumped Loki right then and there if he'd known that instead of waiting until they got back to Tony's penthouse.

Tony smiles to himself. *Well*, he thinks as he surveys his children, *it all turned out well, didn't it?*

Chapter End Notes

Einar – "EYE-nar", one who fights alone

Calder – "KAHL-der", harsh and cold waters

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

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

Tony walks into the twins' room to find an absolute mess, and he sighs. While his own workshop is usually a mess on a good day, his bedroom is spotless. It's only because Loki would skin him if he didn't pick up his clothes, but Tony isn't about to tell his sons that.

No, instead he puts his hands on his hips, a scowl on his face, and says, 'Aren't you two supposed to be doing your chores?'

The twin four-year-olds jump and turn to face their dad. Calder already has a look of innocence pasted on his face, which he *definitely* learned from Loki, while Einar immediately states, 'I tried to clean up, Daddy, but Calder wouldn't let me.' Blame someone else and act like you really did try; Einar learned *that* from Tony.

Goddamn it.

Tony sighs. 'Your mom will be back soon, and what's he gonna say when he sees this mess?' Tony questions.

Calder's pout deepens and Einar scuffs his socked foot against the carpet.

'It's Einar's fault!' Calder snaps.

'Is not!' Einar scowls. 'Calder wanted to play Avengers, and-'

'Nah-ah!' Calder interrupts. 'I told Einar we had to clean up before Mom got home, but *he* said-'

'I didn't!'

'Did!'

'Didn't!'

'You *did*!' Calder snaps.

'Did not!' his older brother shouts back.

'Guys, guys!' Tony interrupts before they can start pinching and slapping each other.

Einar and Calder are best friends; they're joined at the hip, not only because they're twins, but because they're the same age, like the same things, and generally don't get along all that well with other kids their ages. Alva's *very* good at charming everybody around her into being her best friend. Einar and Calder are more likely to throw something at someone than befriend them.

Anyway, while Einar and Calder are best friends, they still argue and fight like any other siblings. Thankfully they're always quick to move on. When they move on, though, they move on to pranking other people. They're a lot like their mother that way.

Einar and Calder are wearing twin pouts, blue arms crossed over their chests, as Tony says, 'Okay, here's what's gonna happen; I'm gonna help you clean up, 'cause you just know that your mother will blame me for your room still being messy.'

The boys giggle together at that and Tony sighs.

'But in exchange for me helping, you're both eating vegetarian tonight.'

'What?' Einar squawks.

'No way!' Calder adds.

Alva, like Tony had thought back when she was a baby, had turned vegetarian somewhere around three. Einar and Calder, on the other hand, can't get enough red meat. But every week Loki sets aside one dinner where everyone is strictly vegetarian like Alva. Tony hates it. Einar and Calder hate it. But they love Alva, so they do it. Well, the twins complain every other minute, but they're only four, so there's not much they can do about it.

'Yes way,' Tony says, glaring at them both. 'You will eat whatever we're having and you will *not* complain or you'll both be getting a time out tomorrow.'

Einar and Calder scowl, but then glance at each other, red eyes bright. 'Fine,' Calder eventually says.

'If we *have* to,' Einar agrees.

'Good,' Tony says. 'Come on, then.'

Tony manages to get everything packed away with minimal fuss. Although Einar insists that his books have to be in the order *he* wants, and Calder has a specific place for each action figure his parents have bought or made for him. Tony's still feeling smug over the fact that Calder's favourite super hero is Iron Man. Einar's favourite super hero is Loki. Closely followed by Black Widow.

Tony's just tossed the last dirty t-shirt into the hamper when the bedroom door swings open and Loki enters.

'Mommy!' the twins shout and rush the Trickster, who grins and drops to his knees so he can hug his boys.

'Have you two been good today?' Loki asks.

Einar and Calder glance over their shoulders at Tony, who raises his eyebrows.

'Yes,' Calder says, while Einar nods vigorously.

Loki glances up at Tony's amused face and says, 'I see. Well, Alva and I brought pizza home, so go wash up.'

Einar and Calder cheer before rushing from the room, and Loki smiles as he stands.

'How'd you talk Alva into getting pizza?' Tony asks.

'She was exhausted from her magic lesson,' Loki shrugs. 'She was too tired to argue, really.'

'Hmm,' Tony hums at that and wanders across the room, making Loki arch an eyebrow at him.

'Can I help you?' he questions when Tony sidles up to him.

'Yeah,' Tony grins. 'If Alva's exhausted, then she'll go to bed early. If we tire the twins out, then we get the whole night to ourselves...' he trails off to run his fingers up Loki's dress shirt. Loki glances down and watches their progress until Tony's brushing his fingertips over Loki's smooth, pale neck.

Loki shivers and says a hoarse, 'I see.'

Tony smirks. 'What do you think?'

'I *did* marry you for your brain,' Loki muses. 'It's nice to see that you haven't lost it.'

Tony huffs and hooks his fingers around Loki's jaw, dragging the mage down for a toe-curling kiss. Loki groans into his mouth and wraps an arm around Tony's waist to drag him closer. When they're pressed together Tony feels that Loki's already hard and rubs his crotch against his husband's. Loki growls and bites his lip, Tony enjoying the sharp bite and drag.

A crash from down the hallway makes them break apart, both panting, and then Alva shouts, 'Mom, Dad, Ei and Cal flooded the bathroom again!'

Tony sighs and Loki presses their foreheads together.

'Just think,' Tony says, 'in fifteen years they'll all be grown up and outta the Tower. We'll have the penthouse to ourselves.'

'Unless you forget how to use a condom and I fall pregnant again,' Loki says.

'Don't even say that!' Tony snaps. 'Three, Lo, we agreed to stop after the twins!'

Loki chuckles and kisses him. 'I was joking,' he says as he pulls back. 'You are so easy to rile up, Stark.'

'Shut your face,' Tony huffs.

'*Sirs, Master Einar and Master Calder have flooded the hallway,*' JARVIS informs them.

Tony groans and follows his husband from the bedroom. What the hell is it with his kids and flooding the bathroom?

{oOo}

Tony had to play thirteen rounds of Uno as well as "Super Einar and Super Calder, Earth's Mightiest Heroes" for two hours before the twins were tired enough to pass right out, but it was worth it. Because Loki is currently riding Tony towards a really awesome orgasm, and Tony had almost forgotten how amazingly tight and warm Loki could be when he really got going. Loki's head is tossed back and his hair is in his face. It's getting longer, and Tony reaches up to thread his fingers through it and *tug*.

It makes Loki hiss and squeeze around him, which makes Tony's stomach clench and his balls ache. 'Fuck, Lo, feels good,' Tony groans. 'Don't stop, please don't stop!'

Which, of course, is exactly when Loki stops. He gasps and goes completely still, and when Tony opens his eyes its to see Loki staring down at his hands.

'Loki?'

Suddenly everything's cold, and Tony feels like his dick's gonna drop off, and Loki slides off of Tony and narrows his eyes. Tony sits up properly and watches as blue washes up Loki's neck and face, darkening his skin to that rich Jötunn-blue that Tony loves so much.

When the change is complete, Loki's blood-red eyes meet Tony's dark brown and he says, 'Oh.'

'Oh?' Tony echoes.

Rolling his eyes, Loki says, 'I didn't turn myself Jötunn, Stark!'

'Oh,' Tony repeats, and then realises what Loki's saying, '*Oh*... oh, crap. But... I've used a condom every time, and they didn't break, I swear!'

'It doesn't appear to have mattered,' Loki muses as he inspects his fingers. 'Perhaps one of them was defective.'

'Shit,' Tony gapes.

Loki raises an eyebrow and looks at Tony. 'Are you unhappy, Stark?'

'What? No!' Tony says. 'Just... surprised. We didn't plan on having any more after the twins. We talked about this a few hours ago!'

'Yes,' Loki says. 'I suppose we'll just have to be happy with four children.'

'Yeah,' Tony says, and then laughs. He scrambles forward and pulls Loki into a hug, only hissing slightly at the feel of cool skin pressed against him. Loki's gotten better at warming himself up while he's Jötunn, but he's still cooler than any human or Æsir.

Loki chuckles breathlessly and presses his face into Tony's neck. 'I'm pregnant.'

'Yeah,' Tony agrees.

'Alva will realise as soon as she sees me,' Loki murmurs, and Tony nods as he brushes his fingers down Loki's back. Alva's almost nine and she's smart; she's seen all of their photo albums, and had put together that Loki *had* to stay Jötunn when pregnant a few years ago.

'Yeah,' Tony repeats, then sighs.

Loki asks, 'Problem?'

'Well...'

'Well what?' Loki asks when Tony trails off.

'Can we get back to the fucking?' Tony asks. 'I wanna come.'

Loki shoves him down onto the bed, and for a second Tony thinks he's fucked up. But then Loki smirks and slide down his body, mouth heading straight for Tony's cock.

Yes, Tony decides, a blow job is the very best way to handle the pregnancy news. 'Oh, *yesss*,' he hisses when Loki sucks him down. Yes, yes, *yes*.

{oOo}

'Oh God, not *again*,' Clint groans the next morning when he sees that Loki's blue. Einar had dropped the last box of cereal when Loki announced that he was pregnant, so the family of five had trooped down to Steve's floor for breakfast instead. Steve was making waffles-*awesome*- and apparently all the Avengers were invited, because they're all grouped around the kitchen table. As is Jane.

'When did you get here?' Tony asks. She and Thor may have gotten married a year earlier, but Jane still spends most of her time out in the field doing her various research, and Thor usually follows her. It's rare that they're both in Stark Tower together.

'Last night,' Jane smiles at him. 'Thor and I actually have some news...'

She trails off when Loki says, 'Congratulations, Barton, you aren't as stupid as I thought you were.'

Clint scowls. 'So you *are* pregnant again?' he asks. Loki nods. 'Goddamn it,' Clint sighs. 'I'm still recovering from the last time I babysat.' Alva, Einar *and* Calder all give him evil grins, and Clint pouts. 'Your kids are scary.'

'Yes they are,' Loki beams at the children, pride written all over his face.

'This is fantastic news, brother!' Thor declares, and though he's talking to Loki, he pulls *Tony* into a hug that almost snaps his spine. Einar and Calder giggle as Tony gasps for air and slaps Thor's massive arms.

When Thor drops him Alva hands her father a waffle and pats him on the head. 'There, there,' she says, 'Uncle Thor just forgets his strength.'

'I hate you all,' Tony pouts.

'Brother!' Thor shouts, apparently uncaring that he almost broke his brother-in-law (Tony's pout deepens).

'Thor, I am right here, we have been over this,' Loki sighs. 'When we're in the same room, there is no need to shout.'

Thor's smile doesn't slip in the slightest and Loki groans.

'Fine, fine,' he says. 'What has got you in such a good mood?'

'My Jane is with child,' Thor announces, and Clint chokes so hard on his waffles that Steve has to help him clear his airway.

Natasha, who's sitting opposite Jane, says, 'I knew it; pay up,' and holds a hand out to Bruce.

Bruce pulls his wallet out and hands Natasha a fifty dollar note, saying, 'Sorry and congratulations,' to Jane as he does.

'Not a problem,' Jane smiles.

'My congratulations to you, Jane,' Loki bows his head.

'Thanks; you, too,' Jane says. 'How far along are you? I'm eleven weeks.'

'I have no idea,' Loki shrugs. 'The healer will tell us when she visits. Thor, have you told Mother and Father about your heir?'

'No,' Thor shakes his head. 'I wanted to tell you and our friends first. After breakfast I will leave for Asgard.'

'Oh, goodie,' Loki mutters. 'Mother will be insufferable.'

Tony can't help but agree. If Frigga knits any more clothing for their kids, Tony's gonna have to build another room just to hold all the sweaters.

'So I'm getting a sibling *and* a cousin?' Alva asks.

'That's right, little one,' Loki says and brushes her thick dark hair back.

'Awesome,' Alva beams.

'Can we play super heroes with them?' Einar asks.

'When they're older,' Tony says.

Calder pouts. 'But that's *ages* away!'

'They will be here before you know it,' Loki says and meets Tony's eyes.

Tony smiles. *Yeah*, he thinks, *time really flies*. If feels like just yesterday Alva was saying her first word. Now she's eight, the twins are four, and Loki's pregnant with baby number four. Tony can't help but wonder where they'll be in a hundred years.

Baring any unforeseen beheadings, all of the Avengers, plus Rhodey, Coulson and Jane, will still be around, kicking ass and discovering new things in science. How many kids will he and Loki have, Tony wonders? With the way things are going, probably sixty. Tony really needs to switch condom brands. Or ask Frigga about that contraceptive tea all Asgardian women apparently know how to make. Tony's too young to have sixty children.

'Anthony, please stop daydreaming and help your sons with their waffles,' Loki's voice drags Tony from his thoughts.

Tony blinks and looks at the twins. Einar's hacking at his waffle with a fork and Calder's trying to shove an entire waffle into his mouth.

'Goddamn it,' Tony says and jumps to help his boys. 'Einar, stop attacking your food; Calder, *small bites*, we've talked about this.'

The boys grumble and complain but let Tony cut up their food. 'Thank you, Daddy,' they then chorus.

Tony can't help but smile. Okay, maybe not *sixty* kids, but four? Four is *definitely* okay.

'Six,' Loki whispers in his ear and pecks him on the cheek.

'What?' Tony gapes. 'No!'

Loki smirks and hands him his coffee.

'Six?' Clint squeaks. 'I refuse to babysit!'

'I bet you sixty bucks they have nine,' Natasha says to Bruce.

'I bet they have eight,' Bruce counters.

'Deal,' Natasha says and they shake on it.

'Thor, no, you can't eat the batter!' Steve shouts and grabs the bowl from Thor, who gives the super soldier his epic puppy dog eyes. Alva giggles into her plate and Einar and Calder race each other to see who can eat- and therefore be sick- the quickest. Jane watches it all in amusement.

'I want six,' Loki pouts at Tony.

Tony scowls. His husband is a bitch. There's no doubt about it.

Chapter End Notes

Author's Note: Just the epilogue now. I hope you've enjoyed the story so far, and thank you for putting up with me. To think that this was once a one-shot and is now almost 80,000 words. And I wrote it in less than a month, too.

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

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

Odin Allfather, King of Asgard, hears something break and sighs. He stands from where he's going over the people's current proposals; there are a dozen farmers who want more land, or want their neighbour's land, there are lawbreakers currently in the dungeons awaiting trial, and his and his Queen's one-thousand, one-hundred and forty-second anniversary is approaching. Despite Frigga's capability of planning the event herself, she still demands Odin's input. Which means he will sit, look over plans and fabric samples and food samples and smile, nod, or "ah" in the right place. Frigga can tell when he is lying, she always can, but she always seems perfectly happy to accept his less-than enthusiastic responses.

There is another crash and Odin walks through his office, down the hallway of his and Frigga's private chambers, and enters the family space. To say it is a war zone is an understatement. Odin has seen battles less messy than this. He had once witnessed Thor and Loki destroy a dragon together and the mess had been cleaned up within an hour. This? This will take far longer.

'What are you doing?' he demands in his best King voice but, like Loki before them, the four children seem less than impressed. Not one of them even *blinks*.

Alva, the eldest, looks up from where she's taking apart Frigga's bookcase, and beside her Frey, the youngest, just waves from where she's reading a thick book on magic. The middle children- twin boys Einar and Calder- are in a heap on the floor dressed in Odin's battle armour. The helmet is so big that Einar's head isn't visible, and Calder has wrapped Odin's red cape around his body like a blanket.

'Grandpa!' Einar shouts, his voice muffled by Odin's helmet.

'What are you doing?' Odin asks.

'Playing, Grandpa,' Calder huffs. 'We're Princes going into battle!'

Odin sighs. This reminds him far too much of raising Thor and Loki. Thor would get into *everything* and Loki would take things apart, apply his magic, and put them back together again. They would then explode at some unforeseen time in the future and Loki could be found cackling madly to himself in the corner. Thor was the less troublesome son, though he still enjoyed dressing in his father's armour and racing around the palace with a wooden sword.

'Please put that away, it isn't for children,' Odin orders.

Calder pouts up at him- he got that from both his parents, Odin has seen Loki and Anthony use that look on each other- and Einar finally pulls Odin's helmet off and drops it on the rug-covered floor. Odin winces when it lands with a *clang* and fights the urge to reach up and rub

his good eye. Sometimes he fears that he is far too old to look after children less than one hundred years old. These four are less than fifteen Midgardian years. They are babes, and Frigga is much better with babes than Odin is.

'Mom and Dad let us play with *their* armour,' Einar mutters, but he gets up and begins to lug Odin's helmet back towards his and Frigga's bedroom.

Odin sighs again, but glares when Calder doesn't move. Eventually the blue-skinned boy pouts again and stands to trail after his twin. All four children were born Jötunn-blue, but Alva is a gifted mage and shape-shifter, and constantly keeps her form human. She or Loki casts glamours over Frey to make her appear human, but the twins prefer to be blue. Odin was shocked the first time he heard it- Einar and Calder had been three and demanded that they stay Jötunn-blue when they visited Asgard.

None of the children have a problem with Jötunar, or with being half Jötunn themselves, Odin is thankful to see. He made a number of mistakes with Loki, but not telling him about his true heritage was the worst. Loki has never been anything but honest and open with his children, and as such Einar and Calder are happy to walk around with blue skin, red eyes, and messy black hair.

With the twins currently occupied, Odin turns to the girls. Frey is still reading quietly, but Alva has gone back to using... some type of Midgardian tool to slowly pry the wooden shelves from Frigga's bookcase.

'What are you doing?' he asks.

'Grandma said I could inspect her new furniture,' Alva says. There's a *thunk*, and then Alva flops onto the floor with the shelf. She turns it around in work-rough hands to inspect the glue used to keep the shelf in place.

'I'm simply reading,' Frey says, and her lips twitch upwards in a smirk that is *all* Loki. While being the quietest of Loki and Anthony's children, Frey is still rather... tricky, Odin thinks. She is more like Loki personality wise than her brothers or sister, and Odin always keeps an eye on her. He learned his lesson the first time he babysat. Alva had been ten, the twins six, and Frey had been little more than a babe, only just learning how to crawl. How she got into one of the kitchen cabinets in Anthony's Midgardian home was beyond Odin, but she had still accomplished it. And seemed very proud of the mess she made afterwards.

Odin's just glad that Frey inherited Loki's love of books.

'Good,' Odin decides, and looks around once more. There are half-eaten snacks all over the tables, a jug of fruit juice has been upended and its contents soaking into a rug, and there are large pieces of parchment, quills, and Midgardian markers all over the floor. Apparently the boys grew bored of colouring and decided to play dress-up instead. 'When are your parents returning?' he asks, even though he knows.

'Four days, six hours, and any number of minutes,' Frey answers. Alva is busy frowning at the shelf and trying to break the wood in half for Hel-knows what reason.

'And your dear grandmother?' Odin asks.

'Three hours,' Frey says. 'She wanted to speak with the cooks about your anniversary dinner.' She finally looks up, blinking at Odin with brilliant green eyes. She looks just like Anthony, Odin thinks, but she has Loki's eyes. 'Do you want me to watch the twins until she returns?'

'No,' Odin says, because Frigga will berate him if she returns to discover that he hasn't spent at least a little time with his grandchildren. Odin loves them, he really does; just like he adores Thor's son, Leif. But the four are a handful, and Odin isn't as young as he once was. Plus, the children are a mix between Loki and Anthony, who are difficult enough to deal with, despite their ages. Odin still remembers when they visited for the twins' first birthday and somehow managed to set fire to the Throne Room. A truly remarkable feat, seeing as how everything is made of gold and there's nothing flammable in the room.

Sighing for what must be the hundredth time since Loki and Anthony dropped off their offspring and fled to Vanaheimr, Odin takes a seat on the lounge and leans back. Hands folded over his stomach- which, alas, isn't as slim as it once was- Odin glances around the room once more.

'Grandpa,' Frey says suddenly and Odin glances to the right to see the young girl standing before him, the book clutched to her chest so it doesn't fall.

'Yes, little one?' Odin asks.

'Could you help me read this?' Frey asks. She sits beside him, having to shuffle a bit to reach the cushions. She is only five in Midgardian years and so very small. Odin can only just remember Loki at that age; he was such a small child, like Frey, with dark hair and bright eyes. He was curious and mischievous, but a good child, Odin knows. He also knows that that's due to his dear wife rather than him. He took more interest in Thor, his heir, and left Loki's raising to Frigga. Yet another mistake, he thinks with a sigh.

'Of course,' Odin says when Frey puts the book across both their laps. It is written in Old Norse, and though Odin knows that Loki has been teaching his children the language, it is still clearly a bit too much for the youngling. They're not yet old enough to be gifted with the AllSpeak, so for now Frey must do with her mother's teachings.

Odin soon loses himself in reading the words out-loud to Frey in both Old Norse and English, helping her pronounce words she struggles with, and defining the words she is unfamiliar with. It reminds him of sitting in this very room with Thor and Loki either side of him, reading stories of past Asgardian heroes, listening as Thor planned his and Loki's future adventures with Loki muttering about Thor most likely losing an arm.

They were simpler times, Odin thinks. Thor and Loki were so young and bright, so full of hope. And then Thor's head grew larger, and Loki's darker, and Odin made it worse with his treatment and his plans. He is making it up to both his sons now, but it will never be enough, Odin knows. Loki suffered too greatly to ever fully forgive Odin. At least he cares about the Allfather enough to let him watch his children for four days.

Frigga returns eventually to find Odin and Frey still reading, Alva standing amongst a pile of wood that was once a bookcase, and Einar and Calder mock-battling in the remnants of Odin's armour and their bedcloths. After scolding the boys and showing Alva how to magically fix the bookcase, Frigga sends the children- and Odin- off to get cleaned up for dinner.

Soon they're all sitting in the family dining room, the children yammering to each other and occasionally to Frigga and Odin about their day and what they got up to.

'I received a letter from Loki and Anthony this morning,' Frigga says, and her husband glances at her from across the table.

'Oh?' he says, but looks back down to help Frey cut up her meat.

'Indeed,' Frigga says. 'They will be returning tonight, rather than in four days. Apparently Loki had a falling out with Tayaber's wife, and Anthony wrote that they are already awaiting Heimdall's permission to return.'

'I see,' Odin muses, clearly trying to recall who Tayaber is. He assumes that it is the Vanir friend Loki wanted to visit, but can't be sure.

'Mom and Dad are coming back?' Einar perks up, and Frigga smiles at him.

'Indeed, young one,' she says. 'They should be back some time tonight, and will spend the following four days here with us.'

'Yay!' Einar and Calder both cheer.

'We can show them our new battle moves!' Calder says.

'And the pictures we made!' Einar says.

'And the hidey-hole we found!' Calder adds, while his twin nods seriously. They both turn their large red eyes on Frigga, and Calder says, 'Can we stay up and wait for them, Grandma?'

'No,' Frigga says, and the boys groan and pout and scowl at their dinner. 'They will return very late, dear, and you boys are growing; you need to rest.'

'Boring,' Calder mutters.

'Wanna see Mom,' Einar says.

'And Dad,' Calder adds.

Alva rolls her eyes at her brothers and goes back to trying to heat her meal up via magic. She's quite skilled, Frigga can admit, but nowhere near Loki's level. Loki has more raw magic than anyone Frigga has ever come across in her long life. But Alva is stubborn and clever; she'll make a fine mage when she grows older.

'Stop complaining, you will see your parents in the morn,' Frigga says. 'Now eat and tell me about your battle moves.'

Calder launches into an explanation while Einar stuffs meat and plants into his mouth, nodding vigorously whenever his brother looks at him. Frey eats quietly and Alva continues to try and set her dinner on fire, only stopping when Frigga threatens to tell Loki that she isn't eating. Pouting, Alva sits back and cuts up her vegetables, scowling when she realises that Odin's smiling at her.

After dinner- with only one food fight occurring, Odin is pleased to note- Frigga leads the children to their chambers. Alva shares with Frey due to Frey's age, and the twins, naturally, sleep in the same bedchamber; they're best friends and are inseparable, after all. Frigga takes the girls to their chambers and Odin takes the boys.

He makes sure the twins wash their faces and hands before instructing them to get into their sleepwear. It is done with minimal fussing, telling Odin that the boys are quite tired. Which is understandable; Frigga had taken them horse-riding that morning, and they'd gone swimming with Thor, Leif and Lady Jane afterwards.

Odin tucks Einar in, and then moves across the room to do the same with Calder.

'We're not babies,' Calder huffs, but accepts the kiss Odin bestows on his forehead, and his brother does the same.

'Of course not,' Odin says gravely. 'You are already fine warriors of both Midgard and Asgard, are you not?'

'Yeah!' Calder cheers. 'Dad said he'll make me a suit like his one day!'

'I want armour like Mom's,' Einar says. 'Dad's suit is boring.'

'Is not,' Calder huffs.

'Is ,' Einar sniffs.

'Dad can fly,' Calder says, 'Mom can't.'

That makes Einar grow quiet, and Odin smiles to himself. 'Both your mother and father have their own skills and abilities,' he says. 'One day you will grow into your own and protect your homes and your loved ones.'

'Yeah!' they cheer together. After that they ask for a story, which they apparently aren't too old for, and Odin settles into the armchair that was placed in their room for just this occasion.

He tells them of the time Thor and Loki wandered into one of the forests by themselves hoping to slay a dragon. Of course, dragons aren't native to Asgard, but the boys had heard the story from Fandral and believed it, of course. They came across a karju instead, which was similar to a very large, very fury Midgardian boar. It had chased them and cut Thor's trousers and bottom open before Loki could stun it with magic.

Einar and Calder giggle at the thought of Uncle Thor losing his trousers, and then cheer through their yawns when their mom saves the day.

'Now you must sleep,' Odin says and stands to leave the room.

'Grandpa?' Calder asks.

'Yes?' Odin pauses in the doorway leading to their play room.

'Tell Dad and Mom that we missed them and'll play with them tomorrow,' Einar says.

'I will,' Odin promises. He walks through the play room and exits their chambers. They join onto Loki and Anthony's, and Odin and Frigga's are at the end of the hall. The girls are across from the twins, and Thor, Lady Jane, and Leif occupy rooms closer to the kitchen. Odin still remembers coming across a heavily pregnant Jane trying to find the Asgardian equivalent of yoghurt.

Smiling to himself, with fond memories echoing in his head, Odin walks away from his sleeping grandchildren to find rest with his wife.

{oOo}

Tony creeps into Alva's bedroom first and finds her curled up in the middle of her bed, the sheets wrapped around her like a blanket cocoon. He snickers quietly and shuts the door; Alva's just like her mother. Frey's dead to the world too, hugging a pillow and muttering under her breath. Tony tip-toes in and can't help but press a kiss to the top of her messy brown hair. Frey's so mature for her age, but she and Alva are still Tony's baby girls. He'll never stop thinking of them as such.

Having confirmed that his daughters are resting comfortably, Tony leaves their chambers and goes back to his own. Loki's already back, sprawled across their large bed. He's wearing sweats that they brought from Midgard- he used to sleep naked, but having kids curbs that habit- and glances up when Tony enters the bedroom.

'How are they?' he asks.

'Sleeping,' Tony says. 'Einar and Calder?'

'I almost woke Einar but he just rolled over and fell back asleep,' Loki tells him.

Tony laughs. Einar was the easiest baby after Alva; he ate well, rarely ever spit-up, and only screamed when he was sick or when his twin brother stole his toys. Tony pulls off his leather pants, tunic, and jacket, tossing it all in the hamper in the corner before flopping onto the bed in his boxer-briefs. Loki rolls over to tug the covers up and Tony yawns, snuggling into Loki's cool side.

'God, that trip sucked,' he mutters.

'Indeed,' Loki sighs.

Tayaber had been more than happy to see them but his wife, Frejta, had spent the day making scathing remarks. Apparently she didn't like Jötunn, or "those blue savages". Loki could handle hate pretty well, but as soon as she started on Tony- calling him a "Savage's whore"- Loki had snapped. A few choice spells had had Frejta stuck to the ceiling of her house, her skin and hair all painted blue. Tayaber had been caught between embarrassment and anger, and eventually Tony had just dragged Loki and their luggage out of the dwelling and away.

They'd spent the day in the towns of Vanaheimr after Tony had written Frigga, and had only just gotten in about twenty minutes earlier. Tony's exhausted from all the walking and putting up with Frejta's words. He'd like to go back and punch her in the face, but figures that Loki painting her blue is punishment enough.

'Our trip got cut short,' Tony murmurs.

'Mm,' Loki hums, already sounding half asleep.

'Are we really gonna stay in Asgard?' Tony asks.

Like Tony had predicated way back before they were married, Loki hadn't been able to stay away from Asgard. They'd first returned for Alva's first birthday, and then when Alva wanted to visit Grandma and Grandpa. That was followed by the twins' first birthday, more visits, Thor's marriage and Leif's first birthday and *Frey's* first birthday and... well, they were constantly travelling back and forth when their schedules permitted it.

'Mm,' Loki repeats and Tony pokes him in the side. 'Anthony,' he growls.

'Answer me properly.'

Sighing, Loki says, 'Yes, Anthony. We need the break and the children don't return to school for another week. Let my mother and Odin watch them while we relax.'

'Okay,' Tony says. 'You promised me an entire day in bed, remember? That'd better happen.'

'I will ask my mother to take the children into the city for the day,' Loki says. 'Then I will hold you down and fuck you. Afterwards I will take my Jötunn form and you will fuck me.'

'As awesome as that sounds,' Tony says, 'I didn't bring condoms.'

'Perhaps I do not want you to wear a condom,' Loki says, pleasant as you please, and Tony sits up so quickly his head spins.

'*WHAT?!*'

Loki smirks and rolls over, showing Tony his back.

'Lokes... Lo-Lo... *LOKI!*' Tony snaps and pushes on his shoulders. 'Don't do this to me, Lo! You promised we'd have two kids, wait until they're adults, then have two more! We already have four and they're all under the age of fifteen! I didn't sign up for this, Loki! I'm tired! I need a break!'

'Goodnight, Anthony,' is all Loki says.

Tony flops over him, whining into Loki's ear. 'I hate you,' he mutters when his actions fail to get a reaction from his husband.

'You love me,' Loki retorts.

'Shut up.'

Smirking, Loki rolls over to quickly kiss Tony before settling back down. Tony sighs and slides off of Loki to lie by his side. He wraps an arm around Loki and pushes the other under Loki's pillow. Loki wiggles back until he and Tony are spooning, and both gods sigh.

'You really want another kid?' Tony asks.

There's silence, until Loki breaths a soft, 'Yes.'

Tony hums and thinks about it. Thinks about hearing Alva's first words, and watching the twins walk, one quickly after the other, and Frey teaching herself how to read at three-years-old with a little help from JARVIS. Tony smiles and remembers Loki blue and pregnant, eating tomatoes whole, then about welcoming another little Tony-Loki into the world, holding a little blue baby in his arms. All of their kids had been born blue...

'Yeah,' Tony eventually says. 'Okay.'

'Really?' Loki is quick to ask, and Tony laughs.

Nuzzling his face into Loki's neck, Tony says, 'Yeah. Let's have another one.' He can feel Loki smiling- he just knows he is. 'I can't believe I married you,' Tony grumbles. 'All these kids are gonna send me grey.'

'I doubt it,' Loki says, but there's amusement in his tone. 'I love you,' he then adds and laces his fingers with Tony's, squeezing gently.

Smiling, Tony squeezes back. 'I love you too, Lo-Lo.'

There's silence for maybe one, two seconds, before Loki suddenly flips over and *kicks* Tony out of bed. Tony lands with a *thump* and a groan. He sits up to glare over the mattress, and Loki smirks at him. 'I hate that nickname, Stark,' he says and buries himself in the blankets.

Tony groans and flops back onto the rug-covered floor. Loki is *such* a dick.

After a few minutes he hears rustling and when he opens his eyes it's to see Loki leaning over the edge of the bed.

'What?' Tony grumbles.

Loki smiles softly and holds his hand out. Tony can't help but smile back and he lets Loki pull him back into bed. Loki mumbles a very soft apology as he burrows back into Tony's

side, and Tony's smile widens. He pulls the blankets up and feels Loki settle, curled up like the blanket hog he is.

'Anthony?'

'Mm?' Tony hums.

'Six,' Loki says, and Tony laughs. Yeah, six. Loki's wanted six kids ever since they first found out he was carrying Alva. Tony had thought two would be okay. Then three when it turned out they were having twins. Now they have four, and Loki wants *another*... now Tony's kinda hoping that the next one they have is twins, too, so he and Loki can *stop* for a while.

Tony breathes out heavily and presses his lips to the back of Loki's neck. Loki hums. 'Six,' Tony says, and he feels Loki stiffen slightly. 'Six is good,' Tony adds.

There's a pause before Loki chuckles softly. 'I love you,' he says.

Tony smiles and kisses the top of Loki's messy black head. 'I love you too, Loki.'

{Fin}

Chapter End Notes

Frey – “FRAY”, lord

Leif – “LAYF”, successor

Author's Note: The end! I hadn't planned an epilogue but, like this entire story, it just happened. So there it is. Thank you for all the kudos, comments, reviews, and support, I truly appreciate it!

I can now safely say that this story is well and truly over. FINALLY!

Cheers.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!