

Blinding Eyes of the Ugliest Truth

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/32171539) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/32171539>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Rape/Non-Con , Major Character Death
Categories:	M/M , Other
Fandom:	Norse Religion & Lore
Relationships:	Sif/Thor , Loki/Thor (Marvel)
Characters:	Loki (Norse Religion & Lore) , Sif (Norse Religion & Lore) , Þórr Thor (Norse Religion & Lore) , Óðinn Odin (Norse Religion & Lore) , Frigg Frigga (Norse Religion & Lore) , Freyja Freya (Norse Religion & Lore) , Freyr Frey (Norse Religion & Lore) , Iðunn Idun (Norse Religion & Lore) , Yggdrasil (Norse Religion & Lore) , Týr Tyr (Norse Religion & Lore) , Forseti (Norse Religion & Lore) , Angrboða Angerboda (Norse Religion & Lore) , Hel Hela (Norse Religion & Lore) , Baldr Baldur (Norse Religion & Lore) , Jörmungandr Jormungand Midgard Serpent (Norse Religion & Lore) , Fenrisúlfr Fenrir (Norse Religion & Lore)
Additional Tags:	Crying Loki (Marvel) , Dark Thor (Marvel) , Caring , Evil Plans , Evil , Tentacles , Tentacle Rape , Tentacle Sex , Anal Sex , Anal Fingering , Rape/Non-con Elements , Forced , Forced Bonding , Pregnancy , Bottom Loki (Marvel) , Top Thor (Marvel) , Fisting , Anal Fisting , Body Modification , Body Horror , Threats , Forced Feminization , Forced Pregnancy , Blood and Violence , Crying , Childbirth , Children , False Accusations , Psychological Horror , Horror
Language:	English
Series:	Part 6 of Chaos of Asgardians
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-27 Updated: 2021-07-29 Words: 17,425 Chapters: 5/?

Blinding Eyes of the Ugliest Truth

by [Raven_emerald](#)

Summary

It is hard for Loki to live a life when he is misused, mistaken and misunderstood.

Notes

Another Norse story. It all deals with the mythological part, well most of it. Seriously I'm just obsessed with these mystical stories.

Here are some facts, just facts, please forgive me if I change something in the middle of the fic, this is just a reference for some of you who like it. I won't probably always follow this.

I've taken Sigyn as Loki's *first* wife and Angerboda as *second* wife, just for the fic.

Just for your reference:

Loki's first wife- Sigyn (Aesir), kids- Narvi and Vali (twins)(Aesir, both)

Second wife- Angerboda(Jotun), kids- Jörmungandr, Fenrir, Hel (all monsters.)

Thor's wife- Sif (Aesir), kid(I've used)- Modi and Thrud.(Aesir)

Gods:

Odin: God of Life and Magic, the Creator.

Baldr: God of Light and Beauty.

Thor: God of Thunder.

Sif: Goddess associated with the Earth.

Loki: God of Mischief and Trickery.

Sigyn: Goddess of Victory and Loyalty.

Tyr: God of War and associated with Law.

Forseti: God of Law and Justice.

Frey: God of Fertility.

Freyja: Goddess of Fertility.

Yggdrasil: Sacred tree connecting the realms.

Idunn: Goddess of Spring and keeper of Apples of Youth.

These kids do not show much of their powers in the fic, yet here:

Hel: Goddess of Death.

Jörmungandr: Biggest serpent playing a prominent role in Ragnarok.

Fenrir: Biggest wolf playing a prominent role in Ragnarok.

Modi: The Second God of War.

Thrud: Goddess of Power, trees, flowed, and grass.
Ullr: God of Sports, associated with hunting and skiing.
Magni: God of Strength.

Note that even though Hel, Fenrir, and Jörmungandr are not humans, I've taken them as humans here. They don't be seen anywhere, just mentions and stuff. That's it.

Also, note that Thor's and Loki's children are still too small and I've not taken *all* of them to consider. I've just mentioned up here, just for fun <3

You have been warned, one, this has some violence, though I'll warn you guys in the chapter notes, so please check them and the tags. Second, many people die in this, main characters die, so please note.

Please head the tags and hopefully, you would like it 😊♥

Damn the note itself is so long. ୦_୦

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

Chapter 1

"Come in, Loki."

Sitting on the chair, a small sigh slips out of the Thunder god's mouth, on the table is the exquisite red wine filled in the golden framed heavy glass slightly edging, the slightest wobble of the liquid, before distorting and is flying across the room, it's fine crimson color staining the golden wall, sliding down, as the golden glass falls down, when rolling on the floor, coming half away and stopping.

"What in the nine made you to say that you oaf!?!"

"I have a name given to call, Loki." His words as calm as the undisturbed ocean waves in at early morning.

"Is this why you sent me to the battlefield? So you can reveal my secret to my wife?"

Loki's hands picked up a vase, gripping it and throwing it to the other side of the room, shattering the golden glassed vase into many pieces.

"Is this what I get staying by your side always, Thor??!"

A small kind smile on his face when his eyes look at his younger brother, who had tossed his drink aside with a swish of his hand, his eyes wide and hands clenching in anger. "This is so unlike my calm and cunning brother." Thor ends with a look at Loki, no expression reflecting on his face, just merely the smallest curl of a smile.

The sweet scent of wind blowing out, cool breeze brushing against the royal red colored curtains as they swung forward, waving in the air, before buckling back, sticking themselves to the windows. It was such a beautiful night.

"I don't see a mistake why am so angry." Loki clenches his hands, venomous gaze at his brother.

When a small chuckle escapes Thor, he feels his brother heating up, as he shakes his head, "Indeed, yet I expected you to be turning out a prank on—"

"Answer my question."

Thor's expression a bit serious, his back leaning against the heavy chair, deep breath as the cool air entering Thor's room. A dessert night, not a single party or meal tonight, no feast, just boring for anyone but not Thor. Not for the crumble bun that he is.

"I can answer many, Loki, what do you imply?"

Loki's eyes shot wide, brows knitting in fury. His teeth clenching as his jaw remained stacked together, his body shook furiously. He wanted to murder Thor right now. "Stop beating around. You know *exactly* what I mean."

Thor smiled, eyes averting from his brother and glancing at the window. Every god rested in their chambers, spending their time happily with their children and wives, while some like Thor, did not want to indulge with family and were enjoying themselves. Not too quiet nor too noisy, a normal night of Asgard, a normal night for all the gods and goddesses.

"Thor."

Bright full moon shining head in the dark glinted blue sky, gleaming proudly with all its white. Twinkling stars looking like small cherries on the pancake, mixing with the hue of the night sky. It was surely a very calm night, perfect to relax.

"Thor!" Loki shouted. A beam of his magic sticking in Thor's palm, thin and sharp dagger digging into the time's skin, piercing through his plan.

Loki stood in the middle of the room hall, his legs wide apart, heavy steps. His brows creased, clenching and unclenching fists. Face as that of the hell goddess herself. To say the truth, Thor had never seen his brother so angry. In fact, it was Loki who used to *make* others mad. Overwhelmed with rage, his hairs blew in the air, sets twitching and his lower lip quivering. Pride and anger.

Loki moved back towards the wall, pushing his hands on either side, eyes red and fixated only on Thor. "Why did you say Sigyn about Angerboda??!" "Do you so much want to rip me off from my wife?!" His index finger pointing at Thor.

How did the things happen, or at to want to intend Thor thought before it, does not matter now. Loki was angry. Like, very angry. Knuckles knitted. If it were not for a kind and loyal woman like Sigyn, then this rumor would have spread all over the god lands.

When Loki first heard it from his wife, on the first thought, he wanted to yell at *Sigyn*. But upon thinking it, it would have been an utterly useless and a meaningless move to do that. All of Sigyn had done was help him. Instead of bringing up the news directly to Loki, if she had taken it to any other soul of Asgard, then Loki would have been punished. But then when Loki had sat alone and thought about what Sigyn said, his brother was the only one to whom he had said that he had his Jotun wife, Angerboda in Joutunheim, and three children of hers. At once, Loki did not believe it, and again, he knew Sigyn never lied to him. He knew he can trust his wife more than his brother. Sigyn was the goddess of loyalty herself.

Minutes within Loki had heard the news from his wife, the first spot to go was to Thor's chambers. He was that only soul who knew Loki's every bit of secret.

"Do you want to so much rip me off from my wife?!?" Eyes red, his angry breath radiated in heavy huffs.

"Now, why would I want to ever do that?" Still sitting on the chair, Thor said.

If it were for any other topic, *any* other, then Loki would have not minded it even one single bit. But this, *this* was something which cannot be ignored. If ignored then it was not only Loki's life on the line but four of the others. For other souls which he loved.

A small clink on the gold shining table, before Thor stands, sliding his hands into his pocket as he steps forward near his little brother, sighing. Thor bends down to look at Loki, a small lean and a smile to which he gets another death glare. *Sharp and cold as ever*. Thor thinks, an awkward smile shooting at Loki, who was staring at him at the corner of his eye, hands all prepared to blast his magic.

Letting a cold breath, Thor brushes his warm hand on Loki's, picking up his brother's thin wrist, before wrapping his fingers around the thin bone. A hand on the younger's shoulder, golden walls reflecting at Thor's face as he pressed his hand on Loki's shoulder, soothing him, trying to convince the chilly plump.

His words soft and soothing, Thor's speak as if honey-dipped. He slowly and gently pulled Loki to the chair, gesturing, to all which he received was a very unpleasant answer from Loki.

"Brother, mind having a sea—"

"Do not try to." Loki cut off, snapping Thor's hand off his shoulder. " Stop the ac—"

"Let's speak, sitting." Thor's voice firm. A command from the older prince.

Trying his best to not reject, Loki breaths, eyes a bit clam, his brows relaxing just a tiny bit as he nodded, looking at his brother one last before shoving Thor aside in anger with his palm. Pulling the chair roughly, Loki turned it, gripping the hands he sat, his expression still dominates with anger.

His legs wide slightly parted, as if he was in a hurry to leave, his toes tapping on the golden marble floor. Fingers doing the same, his lips quivers softly, calling Thor to come, a gesture from his glance. His hands gripped tightly on the chair, so impatient and annoyed by Thor's every move.

Thor pulls the chair when walks to the same golden table he was sitting, taking a glance at the God of mischief who had an irritated expression, urging Thor. Moving with his ever calm and unchanged expression, Thor slowly moves, looking at Loki with his smile.

Bury your butt in already! Loki curses, his teeth tapping with each other by how slow Thor was just to sit on the damn chair.

Crossing his legs on top of the other, Thor's hands move to grip the chair's hand pulling it a bit forward to face Loki. Leaning his back and relaxing himself, Thor raise one of his hands to rest it on the table.

Thor pulls a glass from beside, pouring some drink in it, as he slides the drink across the table, in front of his angry brother, saying Loki to drink. To which Loki gives a glance, his hand tapping on it before he yells at Thor, annoyed.

"So, now what? You're just going to state at me, Thor?" His impatient finger-snapping, buckles cackling.

"Such cold words, lo—"

"Yes! I am cold. Speak!" Loki snapped. A moment before his expression softened, asking a bit with kindness, "Why did you say about Angerboda and my children to Sigyn?"

Taking a heavy and preparing himself for what comes next, Thor started the conversation by answering his brother's question. "She asked it so."

"So anyone to ask and you'll say it? What do you think it is? A feast announcement?!" What nonsense! Thor just needed a nice reason to spread his secret. Loki thought. *I was a fool to trust you, brother.*

"She said she would give something in return."

"In return? So you gave it away?!?" His voice raging.

"Loki, clam dow—"

"Don't you dare say that!!" Words as sharp as his draggers.

"She is not anyone, she's your wife, Loki. She cared about you so much."

"What do you mean?" Loki slammed his palm on the table, his anger yet not slipping off, as picks up the drink inside the glass, drinking it gulp by gulp, the sore drink flowing down his throat, as Thor relaxes before speaking.

"Ok. Sigyn asked for it and with something to give in return. But, here. Have this first." Thor raises his hand to the drink he had offered Loki, provoking him to drink the one Thor had given him.

Raising his brow, Loki looks at Thor, in question. "I just had one drink now."

"Go on, go on, have another." Thor supports, ignoring the groan Loki gives him.

"You cannot escape from me by these mere tricks. Remember." Loki says, his harsh words blowing at Thor, before thinking a thought to drink the shitty vine Thor had given.

Shaking the drink handle, Loki looks at it once before sliding his fingers to wrap around the handle, a sigh before picking the glass up, and slipping the drink inside his mouth, all the while Thor watching at Loki as if he were a prey, making Loki a bit uncomfortable.

Despite the tension of the situation, Thor being so cool. Loki was partially doubtful, but more than that was annoyed by this brother's calmness. That was unlike Thor too. Bursting out in excitement for every topic, laughing and acting like a dumb was the Thor Loki knew. But seeing how decent and calm Thor was, it just irritated Loki even more.

Thor watches in keen eyes until his brother clicks the empty glass on the table, before speaking. "Look Loki, it is not like I have told to anyone else. She's your wife, and the reason she asked it was for you. And more, she needs to know about your wife and kids. She cared

for you. She told me she'll give me something I needed in return if I said it, and I did not see any reason not to. It was just her, brother."

"Do you take me for a fool, Thor? You're saying I'm the reason she asked you?!"

"You having another family in your homeland, it cannot be kept secret forever here in Asgard, Loki, at least not from your first wife, Sigyn."

Thor pours the drink once again in Loki's glass, pushing it to his side even after looking at how disappointed his brother seemed. He really loved his family, every one of them.

Loki's expression changed, even more, softer when thought of his wife. "Thor, telling it to Sigyn *is* the problem. This was a topic that was supposed to be between just the two of us. I would not have mind anyone else, but her, if she finds the truth that I have a wife and a bunch of kids in Joutunheim, I..—" Loki's eyes was full of concern.

You love your wife and children the most, Thor thought, smiling at just how affectionate and caring Loki was. For such a cunning and sharp personality of his, Loki's heart was a bit too weak. Too weak for the ones he loved.

"You doubt Sigyn will revolt against you, Loki?" Thor asks a smile on his face the same as what Loki had seen when he entered Thor's room.

Loki picks up his second drink, pushing it against his mouth without another thought. Loki looks in uncertainty at his brother who *again* pours the drink, same drink inside Loki's glass the third time, gesturing him to drink. He did want to complain about it but, he had more important things to ask.

Thor all the while putting up a king and innocent face while Loki's face looked like he was breaking in every verse of theirs.

"No. Sigyn would never do that. Sigyn will never betray me, but definitely, she'll be hurt. I don't want to hurt such a kind and loving wife. I-I'm scared. I'm scared that Sigyn and my kids will leave me, Thor, I-" Loki, almost on the verge of tears, drinks the drink once again, slamming it on the table, his head hanging down, looking at the golden floor, as one crystal of his tear strain the polished floor.

"Loki, I'm sure Sigyn will not go against you, she will never—"

"Thor, she must have been displeased.., broken when heard. I mean, which wife will not be depressed when her husband has slept with another woman and has not one, two but three children?"

"Sigyn." Thor smiled, his smile too much mocking for Loki to bear.

Snapping his head, the sudden storm of anger winds up his nerves, seeing how calm Thor was despite Loki was so broken that he looked like he would cry anytime. And damn the fucking smile on Thor's face! Anger rippled on his skin, his eyes one second back a bit teary now again with the same furious expression.

"Shut up Thor! Am i speaking bullshit here!? I am demanding you to tell me why? So what if she asked?"

"She's your wife." As calm as ever.

"*Because* that she *is* my wife that I had said *you* my secret! Do you think I would have said you when Sigyn was there? This was something I could not say her and so I said it to you!" Loki's hands shivering. "Why do you have to do this? Just because you could get something in return from Sigyn, You're runing the peace and love of a whole family here, do you not understand?!"

"I'm not, I believe."

His brows twitched, eyes shooting wide in an instant, "So you did not ruin anything huh, Thor? Do you know what happens now that your so blessed mouth has blurted it to Sigyn? She will not have the same trust as before! And..and she will- will not love me!-" Loki's eyes filling tears until brim, just yet to spill, by just the thought of his wife and kids separated by him. "-And what if...if Narvi and Vali find out that their father had a secret family? Why did you do this, Thor? You had Sif, your kids, and I had Sigyn and mines. Why did you do this?" Loki sniffed, desperately trying not to cry. He loved his children the most. Maybe his children of Angerboda or Sigyn's.

Thor's expression formed a wrinkle, his eyes keen and narrow. "They are always your Loki, then why?—"

Loki shuffles in his chair, his slammed first relaxing in an instant, his raven hairs falling on his face as his expression turns into something, so soft, so *desperate*. "I-Im afraid."

Loki turns his head away from his brother, not wanting Thor to know how much he wanted to cry now. "I'm afraid that Sigyn and my children will shed tears one day because of me. I'm scared." His stomach curled, heart, skipping a beat just by the thought of it.

You already said that Thor wanted to say, but instead, he knelt his mouth shut even when Loki repeated himself, his eyes a bit soft for Loki, seeing how his brother seemed to be desperate for someone to hug him, someone, to crumble his broken heart.

Thor looks from the corner as Loki lowers his head, his hands resting on his knees. Pressing his elbows on them, Loki buries his hand in his face, a sign of guilt blocked by his palms.

"I always acted angrily to keep up my stupid pride."

"She was probably doubting me for to have something like this." His body slump and in defeat.

Taking a small sip from his drink, Thor places it on the table, his finger tapping on it once, before speaking to Loki. "By the way,-"

Loki turned his head, raising it as he heard Thor speak.

"You seem to not care at all."

"I told you, I did not reveal the secret without anything in return. That means I definitely did ask something in return."

Thor picks up his drink, sipping a gulp of the sweet vine, which was different from what he had given to Loki. His eyes away from Loki, starting at the golden shining walls.

"Eh?" Loki's mind is completely clueless about what his brother was saying.

"You're too slow to notice, brother." Such a calm statement, as Thor placed his drink on the table with a clinking sound.

His eyes start paining, a sting agony heavy on his eyelids, as Loki blinks a few times. The picture of Thor sitting in front of him gradually burs, merging with the background. Despite blinking his eyes, again and again, all Loki could feel was as if floating, his vision becoming hazy and unclear.

"W-what's this?" There is a vintage of black hue all around his vision before his surroundings turn into blank, as Loki collapses on the floor falling from the chair.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Morning my cute little ravens!

My first time having a schedule to update lol, and here you have it, as promised on Friday.

It was just so much fun to write this chapter, I was grinning like an idiot all the while. I have edited this chapter number of times which I have lost count of. But like hell, this was very fun!

Hopefully you guys enjoy this as much as I did.<3

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

What's happening?

Eyes shot wide open, Loki looking at the shining floors shattered with the vase he had broken. His head was turned to one side, the awkward angle hurting his neck as he layed, tied with an unplanned situation. On the floor? What was he doing laying on the floor? God, his body hurts.

I'm still in Thor's room. That means he-

The rough-skinned thick legs come in front of Loki's vision, Thor's huge feet in front of him, as he looks when Thor's feet move to his right, somewhere near the table, and come back to halt in front of where he lay.

First, try if he was able to get up from the cold and hurting floor. Pushing his body to get up, Loki applies all force he can, hand trying to move, to shut, wrinkle, or any moment. His hands were just still. So still.

Not a single movement how much ever Loki tried. Putting all of his efforts, he tried to straighten his body, but ultimately all Loki could do is nothing. His body completely numb, to the extent that Loki could not feel in which position he was laying in.

"Th-Thor?"

Thor looks at his fallen brother, sliding a hand underneath his glass of drink before sipping the stingingly expensive taste of the wine once. He had waited long for this, so he'll execute his plan well, *grinning*.

"W...what did you..put in the drink?" Loki's voice hoarse, even though he did not know the reason for it.

"Oh that, why did you like the vine, brother?" A playful tome, tease dipping from Thor's words.

Loki looks up, raising his head as much as his body allowed, just enough to see Thor's body except for his face. The chiseled muscles of Thor's brown slightly toned skin poking out, slightly lean yet fit body on show. When did Thor strip off to only his pants? And then again, Loki had many questions apart from just that. And, none of these made any sense. Him laying on the floor, not able to move a finger nor Thor standing above him. What was Thor even planning? Or was this even Thor's doing?

Loki saw as Thor's hands move to his face. Loki tried to stretch his head up but all his vision is forbidden above Thor's neck. True that he could not see Thor's face, but the grin which he felt from Thor was not unnoticeable. His instincts said him to move, get out of the place even though he was only with his brother. The uncomfortable feeling fondling his body was overwhelming. The Thunder's hands fiddled with somewhere near his face out of reach from Loki's sight, before his hand lowering, one resting on his waist the other on his left raising a bit as if to explain something.

"I prepared that vine for you. Well, I prepared all of this just for you., Just for today."

There was not a flinch in Thor's voice or his posture, so could not even guess what his brother was doing.

Loki looked, his eyes in confusion when something long and thick circular rope-like structure waving from Thor's hand, lowering as it waved its tapering thick ends at Loki, the tentacles tingling and moving on their own like that of some snake.

"Wha—!" Breath hitching in surprise.

"How's it? Beautiful isn't it? Just like your green eyes. So mesmerizingly adore."

"What the hell is go-going on?!?"

"Wh-what's that thing!?" Loki tenses up and his body starts to heat, his breath huffing and his voice sinking with a small whine without him knowing.

"Thor! Take them off..or I'll kill you!" Loki shouts.

"How do you plan to *kill* me my dearest brother?"

Loki recoiled, his mind muffled with pride, and a mocking laugh from Loki before he snaps his eyes at Thor, a chuckle before speaks, "I feel like sometimes you would have forgotten that I'm the world's greatest sorcerer, Thor." Loki says proudly, ending with a laugh.

"Well, why don't you try, brother, the '*greatest*' sorcerer?" Thor insists, his voice teasing as it makes Loki more angrier.

Loki groans a hiss, before twitching his lips. He tried to raise his hand but seeing it seems to end in a wail, Loki snaps his fingers right from where they were paralyzed, summoning his magic, as he hysterically.

A small chuckle as he looks at Thor from the corner of his eyes, trickery gleaming as Loki proudly orders his magic to tear apart these filthy creatures, but his expression changing at once.

"What?!?" Loki's eyes shot wide, his face completely clueless when the magic he called denied him, as if something was rejecting it, his hands shivering in disbelief. Where did his magic go? Why were they not obeying Loki?

"Surprised?" Thor smiles.

"Wh-where is my magic?!?!!!!" A scream rips off Loki's throat as he yells angrily.

Thor points his finger, raising it and at Loki's wrists as the realization hits Loki so accurately that he was stunned in shock. Magic restrains!

"You may be the strongest sorcerer in the universe, Loki, but no matter the power, these lucky things can always drain your magic." Thor looks at Loki who was gritting his teeth.

How could I not notice this? Loki cursed himself, taking a glance at the magic restrains wrapping his wrists, the golden sealed designs patterning over and over, in a circular pattern, and just by looking at it, Loki could say that it was very powerful. *Ofcourse Thor planned all this from the start!*

His magic was long forgotten when something climbs his body. Looking at how the tentacle-like things twitch, snaking their body, crawling in the air as they stretch from to come near Loki, their ugly faces in a better view now.

They had a green shade, rather the disgustingly greenish that Loki hated. Thick and glossy all over, so disgusting to just look at. The tentacle-like creatures wobbling and waving in the air, swinging one after another, so close that they almost brushed on Loki's face, as Loki flinches trying to take his face off the disgusting things.

"How are they? Seems like they love you, Loki. And again, who does not?" Thor says, a tint of excitement in his voice.

With his face still pressed against the floor, Loki yells when feels the tentacle brushes on his back, pressing firmly against his clothes.

"Take these disgusting creatures off of me!!!"

Loki tried to squirm, his hands shaking in a vile attempt but not his body moving an inch. The tentacles soon surrounded him, lightly landing on his clothes and turning him on his back. Loki tires to push and kick his legs now that he was on his back, and as so expected the tentacles stop his thin ankles, a tight grasp as if to break a bone. Without his magic *and* his body bound, he was weak. Truly weak.

"Aw, that's too bad, I waited for this way too long, sweet."

Struggling against the drug or whatever was holding him, Loki twisted and turned his body, most of his attempts, yes, going to waste, but some, only some of them working like small

twitches, and little flinch of his arm. It was not enough, the tentacles did not seem to mind, invading his body with his permission.

The tentacles worked with his clothes, pushing and squeezing themselves inside Loki's armour, and taking off his armour first, before going to his overcoat, then moving to his undershirt. Their wet palms wiped against Loki's skin, one thick tentacle wounding around his abdomen and another two of them on his hands, restraining him from moving even an inch when they ripped off his undershirt, tossing off his coat and tearing the thin black cloth into pieces. They brushed over his bare skin, wandering on his chest, as Loki's breath raced even more as if he was getting *excited*.

Loki tugs and pulls the tentacles holding him, a small wail escapes his mouth when the head of the snake-like structured creatures rubs over his chest, trickling his abdomen, a small tuck on his pants. A tap on his nipple, as Loki squeaks his body not yet adjusted to the foreign touch. After some struggle, Loki somehow manages his chest to lean forward, chest facing high, and his hands weakly supporting him. Ignoring the pain of his body, Loki *yanked* his body up with a small scream, biting his lips and using all strength left in his body, efforting just to pull until he could see Thor.

"Are you...trying to kill me?" Loki hisses, his chest raising heavy and falling, face wet slightly with sweat. He really wishes he had his magic right now.

His eyes staring at his brother with pure hatred as Thor bends to kneel down, his chest at the height of Loki's face, his naked abs brushing over Loki's nose, as Loki wrinkles them, pushing his body a bit backward.

"Why would I kill you, my beloved?" A smile dancing on Thor's face as he held out his fingers to cup Loki's chin, and raising it as he forces Loki to look at him.

Immediately turning and rejecting his brother's offer, Loki spins his head to the side, as soon as an immense stinging pain blows up inside his head. Feeling dizzy, Loki slips one of his hands on Thor's lap, the heat of tentacles making his dizziness only the worse.

"Moving will only make it worse, Loki," Thor said before calling one of the tentacles towards him, stroking its head with praise and guiding it to go for his beautiful brother.

"Ah!" He breaths.

Three of the tentacles wrap around his chest, fondling his pink nipples, flickering them and the other caressing his navel, moving up and down, giving small flicks to his cock. Another moves underneath his arms, slipping under them to suck and caress his armpits, a ticklish feeling developing inside Loki, forcing small noises from his mouth.

"Wha-at do you..want?" His voice unstable, swinging between whimpers and gasps as the tentacles play with his upper body, teasing him.

"Hm. Let's see." Thor hums, his tone testing Loki purposefully, knowing how bad was Loki struggling against the tentacles.

His anger formed, flickered away in a fraction when one of the thin tentacles grabbed his attention by tugging his nipple. From all Loki could say, these tentacles, or whatever they were, were too hot. Way too hot. Every time they made contact with Loki's cold skin, he jumped. Loki did not want to enjoy it but the tentacles made it impossible when they circled his nipples, making the small buds hard and stiff, just like now.

One of the tentacles was circling his fully hard nipple, its overheated head crawling upon his skin, as it rubs Loki's nipples up and down, the friction of it pulling out weird noises from Loki. It draws a small line just above his diaphragm, scaling till his collar bone, then throat, only to come back again to his nipple. Moving slowly to the nipple bud, it gently starts working on it, dragging small strokes on the nib.

Just as about Loki was slowly getting adjusted to the tentacle, its thick head moved to caress Loki's chest, just a bit below of his nipple, between his diaphragm and his nipple. *Squeezing* the smooth flesh of his breasts, the tentacle shifts its head, wiggling all over Loki's breasts, when Loki unable to bear the delightful excitement, lets his body relax, his fists clenching whenever the things touched him. His breaths uneven, as Loki struggles to catch his breath, the tentacles rubbing his nipple a bit too fast, and Loki *moans*.

"Ah, *hah...h.ha...ha...hah..ah..oh!*" His each breath heavy between his sounds, too good to say no for this intrusion, but Loki did not like this. What was Thor planning to do?

A small fickle on his nipple before the tentacle moves lower to cup his breast, a small squeeze on it before it *pushes* Loki's breast upwards, his skin wrinkling and stretching up, nipples facing the ceiling as the tentacles wounding all over his body gently caress him, tightening their grips a little and spreading the dizzy heat all over his perfectly designed body.

Loki wanted to say something, anything, if that would prevent this, wanted to ask what Thor intended to, but all that Loki's mouth was now capable to produce were mere whimpers and squeaks, twitch and gasp of his voice.

Shuffling against his chest, the tentacle snakes over his body as Loki looked at it with his brows knitted in tension and sensation he was feeling, as the tentacle raised its head, its pointy edge with a blunt head coming to poke Loki's nipple, which had just been violated by the other tentacles. Its head spot slowly comes down, the small round bud of his nipple twitching when the thing comes in contact with his nipple, away but too hot placing on. Hot air releases from it directly on his nipple and Loki whines in both pain and pleasure.

My....magic.....

There is a sudden and quick reaction of the trickster when the tentacle produces some fluid from its head, the immensely heated liquid caressing on Loki's nipples as the tentacle pushes into his nipple, the round head buried, rubbing and *pressing* firmly against Loki's nipple as his pink, almost red turning shade is squeezed against the tentacle. It was a very immediate and honest answer from the God of Mischief, bolts of pleasure spreading against his skin, his body curling by the sensitive touch as Loki arches his back, his back turned into a beautiful curve, legs shooting out and parting wide as Loki throws his head back, moaning shamelessly

as the tentacle still keeps on rubbing on his skin, still pressed against his nipple, as the hot fluid stimulates every nerve of Loki's body.

It was inexpressible as how delightful it was to look at Loki now. Desperately trying to fight his pleasures while still angry at Thor, yet his body dominating him as it forces Loki to enjoy the play. Indeed worth the wait it is. Thor thinks, his eye keen and fixed on every tiniest to big flick, twitch and jump of Loki's body. When he had waited for so long, Thor did not want to urge his plan even though just the sight of his brother laying was just enough to form a visible tent against his pants.

Thor spots Loki looking at his side as he holds Loki's face, resting his huge and warm hands on Loki's either cheeks, as his brother speaks, his voice interrupted with gasps and a small whine. It is clearly shown in his voice that how much angry Loki is, and if not for the tentacle to restrain him, Loki would have definitely sliced Thor's throat there and then. Eyes scarlet red mixed with demon dark green, and his teeth clenching, biting his lower lip both in anger and to hold his sounds.

"Why- Is this..the brother I kn-know?" A small hic slips out of Loki's mouth when one of the tentacles sucks his fingertip, holding them in bound. "Or have...have I mistaken you in any way? Wh-why are doing—"

Loki pants, cutting his words when the things wrap their tails around Loki's wrists, pulling him up lifelessly and kissing the underside of his palm, sucking and nibbling on the soft fat meat.

Thor looks at Loki, bending and tilting his head a bit as he smiles a dark grin, "Loki, this *is* the real me."

Eye rolling back, Loki did not seem to notice what Thor said, his anger still reflecting in the way how Loki kicked and struggled every time the creature's thin ropes came to touch him.

Legs parted slightly, as well as his mouth the same, tentacles hugging his body all over. Loki struggled, sometimes taking a moment to bring back his breath, or once giving up his body in submission, only to ripple back the next moment. Tentacles on his nipples, chest, lowering on his abdomen and navel, his collar bone, throat his shoulders, and armpit as all of them did their work, playing with Loki's body and edging him. His hands turned into tight fists, shaking in fury while Loki's hips rocked back and forward, thrusting against nothing but air as he bit his tongue to stop himself from moaning.

It was just a small flick on his hard cock all to make before Loki breathed, eyes shooting open at the ceiling, a moment before he closed them shut tight, soon following with a high pitch whine a moan slipping out and Loki *cries* out as he cums, a curse escaping his mouth for Thor, his back coiling back and head shooting to the ceiling. His seed spurt rope by rope, falling on his thighs and legs, some on the floor and some even in Thor's legs, who was sitting beside Loki.

Loki's mind blanks with the feeling of pleasure and bliss, his body building up the searing heat once again firm his cold release, his nerves tiring. Loki slowly opens his shut eyes, his

vision hazy and unclear. Still too much tired from his release, Loki did not notice when the tentacle started its tease again, as Loki yelped when one of them twisted his nipples *harshly*.

Tears brimmed Loki's eyes, the mix of anger, pleasure, and pain mixing all together as the tentacles mercilessly abuse him, fondling his body over and over, though Loki was thankful he had his pants on still. Like it ever mattered now. Eyes wet from tears and his mind dizzy, the corners of his eyes hazy from tears and his breath hitching.

Tapping his wet lashes, Loki raises his head just enough but to be able to look at his brother. A merciful gaze from the Thunderer, all for to swarm up Loki's leftover anger as Loki starts twisting against his bounds once again. "Why?!" His voice as high as that of a scream, trying to pick up his tiredness. Why did Thor strip Loki from his magic and tie him up like this?

"Because I wanted you." A straightforward answer, no hesitate, nor no regret.

"But I'm with you. I'm always by your side or to be correct, you drag me towards...your side—" a cry escape Loki, the thing activating his sensitive spot, as Loki curled, his face wrinkling and annoyed by the tentacles. "First take these things away from my body!" Loki yells.

Feeling what his brother said was partially right, Thor orders the tentacles to not stop but slow their movements until Loki would not be interrupted. Hearing Loki's annoyed groan, Thor chuckles lightly, just to be heard by him.

"Loki I *wanted* you, like mutually." And so their another conversation starts between a mess of Loki and calm and smiling Thor.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I want to *breed* you, Loki." Thor wastes no time before snapping the reply at Loki.

Loki lets out a confused sound and a small gasp. What? His eyes wide in confusion and his brows raised. "Wh-at do you-" a thoughtful pause before Loki's expression turns into anger again. "What in the Norns do you mean by that oaf??" Loki shrieks.

"I want you to be my life partner. The one I want to bed and breed." Thor's eyes are just as calm as spilling pipe of oil.

"Stop the joke." He hisses.

"I'm not." Looking to how calm Thor was only makes Loki more angrier.

"Are you sure you not out of your mind Thor? Does what you said even make any sense? I have Sigyn and you have Sif! We have our wives so shut up and shove your dick inside your wife!!" Words cold and filled with rage.

"The way you speak, what do you think of me Loki? As a prince, your brother, and idiot, and the god of thunder, yes. Apart from that?"

"What *should* I be thinking about you apart from those?" Loki's eyes averting from Thor when a tentacle brushes over his cock.

"Am I nothing *more*?"

"Definitely not." Loki snapped, his eyes still on the tentacle disturbing him.

"Well, Loki, that does not apply to me though. You are my *everything*. My life, breath, heart, eyes, and my body and soul."

Thor continues.

"You said that you are afraid of your wife and children leaving you alone. Same for me, I was scared of you leaving me. You, my everything, your beautiful body, I *crave* it all, Loki. And so I waited all my life for today, a *perfect* chance to make you my breeder."

"Ha! Nice spec—" Loki was interrupted with a cold gaze from Thor. A sign to cut his words as Loki shut clamped his lips at once.

"To be truthful, I was a bit jealous of Sigyn. It was intolerable to see you, who are *mine*, to be wandering with her. That itself is a headache but when you said you had another wife, it was just so unbearably for me. It hurt so much, Loki."

If it were for any other times, then Loki would not have believed Thor for the idiot that he is, but now, when him being tied up by these creatures, them fiddling with his body as if it were their playhouse. Now, in this state where Loki had absolutely no dominance, the circumstances *forced* him to believe that what Thor was saying might be right.

"So what will you do to me?" Loki's face swearing, head raised as he waited for Thor's answer, with his eyes firm.

"Simple, that is if you submit. I'll just breed you, make you feel good too, if you ask for it nicely maybe. But forcing me to go on the hard path by struggling, that's your choice."

Anger seared up his veins his head spinning in dizzy anger as he listened to Thor's words, heat swarming up when he hears such cocky words, irritating him more. "Like hell, I would ever submit!"

A small chuckle from Thor before his expression turns into something more serious as Loki gulps in fear. "So that being decided, shall we continue?" Thor stretches his hand, supporting the tentacles, as he ordered them to quicken up their pace without waiting for an answer from Loki.

Loki's fears crumble up his stomach, dwelling his guts just at the thought of what was Thor going to do to him. Seeing how tense Loki was, with a small grin Thor says to just wind and bound Loki for the tentacles, as they do. Wrapping their tails around Loki's limbs, they pick him up by his fours, as they held him in an open position, flying in the air. They do not touch him much now, just little moves here and there to his upper body. That was what Thor had ordered them.

Thor, looking at the opposite side of Loki, turns to a shelf nearby, picking up something and fiddling his fingers with it, before coming back with something fistful. Seeming how conscious Loki was, it almost made Thor laugh.

"I said that I had asked Sigyn something in return." Thor showers the things in his hand on the table, clapping his hands and brushing off his pants once, to get rid of the dust on them. "I had demanded Sigyn for the blessing of creation astra. A substance."

"This-", Thor picks up one of them from the table, showing it to Loki, showing it both sides before he continues to speak. "This is the seed, which is capable of creating a life."

Loki, who was listening to his brother's talks with fear planted in his stomach had now had his eyes went wide, his mouth slightly open in disbelief. Why would Sigyn do that? No. She'll *never* do such a thing. Loki gulps, straightening his ear, as he listens to what Thor says next.

"This is a seed which is the creation of Yggdrasil, one of the precious plantings found in the Idunn's garden. Capable of breeding any creature in the whole of mines despite their sex and creed. Thanks to Sigyn."

"Sigyn would....no.. that-that's..a lie.." Loki stutters nervously, his eyes to an awkward smile of disbelief. But being a sorcerer, Loki knew how powerful creatures of Goddess Spring were. Even if he was able to use his magic, Loki could not have disaffected the power. These were such blessed plants.

"Indeed, Sigyn would never do such a thing, Loki. But this is not a lie either." Thor explained.

"You see, Loki, all I had to do is say a small lie."

Chapter End Notes

More chapters to come,,,,, comment and Kudos >•<

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

It's Friday finally, I was so excited to post this chapter.

It was such a fun time working with this chapter, would say it is one of my fav chapters.

Midnight writing, so I may have gone off with tenses somewhere here and there, bare with me. >°<

I hope you would enjoy the chapter just as much as I did.

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

"You see, Loki, all I had to do is say a small lie," Thor explains.

Loki raises one of his eyebrows, looking at Thor, being suspicious and curious.

"I said Sigyn that I needed it to breed *Sif*. As the whole of Asgard knows, is been years since we have married and not yet have a child. I said to Sigyn that Sif wished for a baby and did not want to disappoint her and it was all before Sigyn happily accepted it."

Loki had his eyes wide all the time, his mind blowing as to how intelligent Thor actually was. Maybe he just acted like an idiot. His head was heavy with pain already immense and knowing this fact only made it more. He would say that the one who was an idiot was Sigyn, who did not see it through. He wanted to at least curse her, as Thor's words stop him form.

"Don't get angry in Sigyn though, all she did was helped me, which I really like, but without knowing the fact for why and whom I was using. And it's pretty obvious for anyone to think that I would use it on Sif."

Loki had to admit it became that it was the truth too. His breath was hot as Loki senses the drug affecting his body more and more, consuming him with heat and pleasure. Loki tried his best not to react, not before he clarifies all the confusion.

"And *you* wanted it to."

"What?!?" Loki's eyes snaps, angry stirring up again.

"You always desired for children. That was the reason why you secretly made three children from Angerboda, you always loved kids, Loki, especially your own one." Thor looks as Loki stays wordless at the truth. It was true Loki always wanted more and more children. Thor still remembers when Loki used to ask Sigyn for them to have another kid every year at the Asgardian festival where all the kids gathered with joy.

His green eyes look at the golden prince as Thor picks up a bunch of seeds, four or five at once, approaching where Loki was tied. Thor stretches his hand, a wide grin spreading on his

face before coming closer to Loki, inches apart.

Instructing the tentacles to widen Loki's legs a bit, Thor ignores all the protest of his brother, as he moves to rest his large hand on one of Loki's thighs, admiring his brother's beauty.

Such beautiful thin and pale calves lightly muscled chest. The pale expanse spread all over Loki's body evenly, nowhere a hint of scar and clean as glass. His nipples were so erect, so plump and hard that Thor would not hesitate to *immerse* it inside his mouth, sucking it until he feels the taste of blood from Loki's nipples. Small and flat breasts, a slight dip and curve below. His thin wrists, pale palms, and long fingers were just such a sight to look at. The soft and plump pair of lips stuck to his face, red and puffy from biting too much. His lean legs and their perfect shape. Loki's flat stomach, so thin and without a single bulge.

"Oh how fine it would look when I make your belly round and *stuffed* with my children."

Loki panics when Thor stretches his hand tugging on Loki's pants before pushing them down slightly, as he kneaded the supple flesh. Loki struggles as he kicks at Thor, waving his hands all over and tries to push his brother. He tries to use his magic only to find the harsh truth that his magic was ripped off from him.

"GET AWAY FROM ME!!!" Loki *screams*, his full strength distributed between his screams and kicks.

A displeasing groan slips from Thor's mouth as he ruffles his hand in his hairs, thinking. "Oh dear, now this is a problem. Or would it be better if I lay you like *this*?"

Before coming in front, Thor orders the tentacles to hold Loki up. They do as said like mere puppets that they are, as two threw their thick tentacles to wound around him, two on his either legs and the other one moving to bound Loki's chest. Thin tentacles wrap around his wrists, fingers, even toes lightly. To his neck forearms and his thighs and ankles. Not a inch of movnment is blessed for Loki tonight.

A snap of Thor's fingers and tighten around Loki's body, as Loki *winces* from the sting of pain when they dig into his skin. The things hook him up in the air, holding his two legs parted apart, as Loki tried to close his legs and cover his genitals. His pants yanked to his knees as Loki was held in the most embarrassing position possible.

His legs were widespread, everything in complete view for Thor who stood right in front of Loki. Loki's face and chest facing the ceiling as his hands were bound back together against his spine, as Loki's face *flushed* in embarrassment.

Thor grinned when looking to at how Loki tried to cover himself, trying to deny Thor the pleasuring sight of Loki's most sensitive parts. Between the beautifully carved thighs lay Loki's thin and long cock, hairless and beautiful just as Thor expected it to be. His balls hung down, cock dripping with pre-cum and twitching from all the treatment tentacles had given him. Below it, was hidden was the so precious hole. Pink and puffy, so small, and looked so tight. His pale round ass cheeks stuffed, fat, and against each other, covering most vision of his hole. One word and beautiful. No one else can have a taste of this unique body. No one. And no one will have. Loki is *his* and only his.

Loki's body starts to tense, his nerve awakening in fear as Thor looks at him with a gaze that almost makes Loki feel want to throw up. A *sickening* glare. Loki wanted to escape, get out of these stupid tentacles and go back to his chambers where his wife and children waited for him to enjoy the night.

A flinch from Loki as Thor moves his hands, resting them on Loki's thigh, as he *kneads* the flesh slowly, taking his own sweet time to squeeze and rub against the soft skin, before slipping his hands to Loki's inner thighs. Slipping his huge hand to the inner heat of Loki's sides, Thor stokes gently, rubbing his skin against Loki's smooth thighs.

Loki yells at his brother when Thor brings his hand behind Loki, fiddling with his fingers as he yanks Loki's silky black pants down, a small struggle before the garment is tossed aside. Bringing his hands on Loki's pale back, Thor smirks when Loki shifts against his position, shuffling and screaming against his restraints, as he caresses Loki's back, slowing his hands slipping to lower down and down, his palm resting just above Loki's ass, just above the crack between.

In the meanwhile Thor's other hand snake to Loki's chest, moving upwards to rub his breast, a small tap on his already hard nipple, before sliding his hands towards Loki's throat, to the small dip of his collar bone and up to cup Loki's jaw. His thick fingers cupping Loki's chin, he raises his hands up, forcing Loki to look at him. Red stained green angry eyes staring at Thor, yet his body said the other way. It was clear that Loki was trying to cover up his fear from the mask of anger. A ring of rage gleaming in his eyes and he clenches his teeth, blooming hot air forcing shivering blows from Loki's mouth. Pure and utter hate and rage. Just because he could not use his magic does not mean that Thor can do anything to him. *Right?* Loki questioned himself. Or, maybe *he thinks* Thor cannot do anything.

"Let's put a nice expression on that face." Thor winks.

Once affectionate glance at his love, Thor's hands near Loki's back, gentle stroke before cupping his ass cheek, rubbing the skin and drawing small circles on. Thor's hands squeeze Loki's left butt cheek, squishing the flesh between his index and thumb finger. Pressing his finger pads against the supple skin, Loki lets a gasp when a cheek is *kneaded*, again and again as if to check a ripen fruit.

A smirk plants on Thor's face when he looks at how Loki's face hunches, his teeth biting on his lips. A trail of blood is dripping from Loki's lower lip from chewing it more and his tongue slightly outside, mouth parted beautifully. His eyes were weak not graceful as Thor was used to seeing. Thor stokes Loki's sweat-drenched cheek, those beautiful long and wet lashes spiking forward as Loki rolls his eyes down.

After some time working with Loki's ass, Loki is springing in the air when suddenly Thor brings his hands near the small pout hole, circling his fingers and slowly rubbing on his hole. Thor uses the sweat and fluid the tentacles have left behind on Loki's pants before using it as lube, slick enough to and slowly to push his fingertip in, gentle enough to make sure it does not hurt Loki. A small circle as Thor moves his finger up and down Loki's hole, eyes keenly observing the way Loki's hole used to clench and relax. The intense of Thor's glare makes Loki blush, his hands gripping on the tentacles, wrapping around the grith tightly when Thor

takes his sweet time to tease Loki's hole by just pushing a bit of his finger in and taking out, but once pressing his two fingers and *pushes* in, his heart racing at how Loki cries.

"What-what's y— it hurts!! I-I—" Pain mingled with anger, so much that the pleasure was blinded by the both, Loki using his tongue to get out of the situation, almost to beg Thor.

Tears burst out from Loki's eyes, cornering the edges as they flow down Loki's cheeks when Thor rubs them, planting a kiss on Loki's cheek. The pain bolts stinging Loki's spine as Thor moves his finger in, Loki's jaw clutching, his breath hitching, and his nails raking over the bounds. Two fingers extends, Loki yelps in pain when Thor extends and curls his finger in, the stretch making Loki want to sob.

All that escapes from his mouth is a pitiful cry as his helpless body accepts the abuse of his brother, as Thor shoves in his fingers, twisting and scissoring them. Loki's hole accepts Thor's finger as if consuming Thor's fingers inside the hot space inside his body, holding on to them tightly and clenching as Loki wails in pain from the foreign intrusion. Loki jumps and whimpers as he is being stretched in the fingers, the cool air brushing against his hole setting him to tears.

Thor presses his third finger, delighted by how tense Loki's body became, stiffening the instant they've held his fingers and Thor slowly glides his third finger without any preparation, gliding with the other as his other two fingers worked inside Loki, thrusting in and out. Loki squirms, writhing in the air, tied up, his legs kicking and hands pushing Thor's chest, trying to escape from the rape somehow. Trying to cut off the intense pain caused.

His vision is hazy and wet, a small cry and a breath slipping from his mouth, and his stomach curls when he has nothing he can do when the God of Thunder pushes in all of his three fingers, slipping them in and out, only to shive back, as Loki chokes, small sobs escaping from his throat and his hole *burning*.

The fourth finger is added ignoring all of Loki's cries, and then Thor's thumb. The hole is quite loose, *he should have done it frequently*, Thor thinks, a moment of tingle anger forming inside Thor as he thinks with whom Loki would have done this before? Just as a pitiful laugh exerts Thor, thinking maybe Loki would do it himself. A grin on his face gleaming as he slides his all five fingers, his palm clenched and just his knuckles yet to go.

While in the middle, Thor orders one of the tentacles, as it moves to Loki's face, burying itself inside Loki's mouth, Loki choking on it as it muffles his brother's cries, screams, whimpers, and whines. Without the slightest hint, Thor pushes his whole fist inside Loki's hole, when Loki springs from his position, shuddering and trembling against the restraints, his eyes closed shut tightly, nothing but just cold tears streaming, all the while Thor shoved his fist in, stretching the hole impossibly wide and twisting them as he hears Loki's muffle. Loki's toes spread wide, body shivering as it *shudders* at each twitch of Thor's hand inside Loki.

Loki shudders, his brother's fingers inside so deep until Loki can literally feel Thor's knuckles hitting the brim of the tight bundle of nerves, jolting bolts of unwanted pleasure in his body, forcing sounds from his mouth which he did not want to. *I do not want this*. Loki wails.

Loki's eyes were rolled back, his breath hitching and beating so fast in endurance and his face lay lifelessly just like his body. His neck hanging towards one side, his body felt numb, eyes slightly looking up when the intrusion was finally over, as he looks at Thor who stops for a second, his face beaming with happiness as Thor looks down at his squirming once-proud brother.

The tentacle slowly uncurls itself, its head pulling off from Loki's mouth. Its head is filled with Loki's saliva coating it thick, and glossy that it looks, as Thor calls it to move at Loki's entrance, one glance at Loki's tired and blank face before the tentacle moves itself *inside* Loki, to which Loki's eyes shot open, throat clenched and his voice strained, as Loki shouts, fingers curling into tight fists as he clenches his teeth, *screaming* inside his mouth.

The tentacle glides without effort and in ease, flinging and flicking inside Loki, extracting a moan as it flickers Loki's prostrate. Slicked with fluids, the tentacle coats all of its liquid inside Loki, as Loki gasps, clearly not ready for the foreign liquid to enter him. The burning heat blows up his spine as the hot slick moves inside him, his stomach feeling weird and bile in his guts from the unpleasant feeling of the thick liquid gobbling inside his abdomen.

The wobble feeling flooding inside his stomach, a small whimper escaping from Loki. He looks with his hooded eyes at Thor who had picked up the seeds from the table nearby, Loki's body arching when the fingers push the round and button fluff seeds inside Loki body as he squirms.

Loki *screams*, the pain of the huge and swollen seeds pushing inside his hole, the cold seeds burying inside his body as they mix with the hot liquid, making a room for themselves as they settle there. A whimper slips from Loki. His back arches, lips quivering when the seeds inside him move around, moaning softly when they move, swarming around his stomach, as Loki curls fingers and toes, the delightful pleasures searing up his body. The wobbly feeling when they shake his stomach, Loki writhes, being uncomfortable.

Thor smiles, stroking his brother's smooth locks of his hairs. "These," Thor pushes the seeds inside, a small thrust as Loki shots his eyes with a gasp. "These precious things here, Loki, will soon bury inside you, making a way to plant my root inside you, to water my seed. And this here," Thor rests his hand on Loki's abdomen, the warm feeling making Loki sickeningly uneasy. "This will become the warm home for the children. For *my* children."

Loki cries in agonizing pain, gripping on the tentacles tightly, his eyes roll in the overwhelming pain, as Thor continues.

"Your flat breasts will soon swell, these small nibs hard and puffy, overflowing with milk," Thor explains as he flicks Loki's nipple, tugging it when Loki pants as he looks at his evil brother, eyes begging Thor to stop. A *futile attempt huh..*

"These seeds, after I plant my seed will make your body transform", Thor moves his hand towards Loki's lower parts, to his sensitive genitals, a long stroke on Loki's cock as he groans, before Thor moves lower, underneath the trickster's balls.

His hands caress the hung balls, kneading them slightly and grinning when he knows Loki loves it by the way his brother bites his tongue to stop whining. Thor moves his hand behind Loki's buttocks, satisfied to find a passage between Loki's ass cheeks, caressing it as Thor resumes his lecture. "Here, within your beautiful hole over here... will develop a cervix, and your womb will develop healthy and strong with these seeds exerting their magic." Thor demonstrates pressing his finger firm on the hole, satisfied to see how the loose hole sucked his finger now.

Loki sobs. *Did Thor really planned to make him pregnant?*

"Your belly stretched over, while my babies feed on your food. When you feel weak and dizzy, I'll be there by your side. When you moan and beg me to stretch your newly opened cunt, I will stuff you so much that you would be open and loose for days."

Thor still admires, as all Loki does is shake his head in protest. *He does not what this terrible thing!*

"I will lick your hairless client, making you feel the pleasure you had never felt before. I will carry you when you are so heavy with my babies that you cannot walk. I will maintain your diet, clean you, bathe you, sing you to sleep, and feed you. I will take so good care of you and your body, my love."

Whatever fantasy Thor was swimming in, it does not happen in reality! *You may look after me and take care but the world will not see me normal ever in the future.* Loki cries silently.

Do you lack imagination of the reality, Thor? Or are you maybe dreaming?

There is no way the world would accept Loki and their child. Him, a man, a god, and a proud being becoming a woman... that was terrible. It was enough for Loki the way the gods look at him now itself. He was treated like a piece of trash, as if as an animal. Adopted, another race and not well built, he had had enough humiliation. Enough insults and enough suffering in the past.

Does Thor want to add up to his state now by making him pregnant? Does Thor want to hear people saying things? People calling him not only a slut, prostitute, an animal, monster, evil but also wish for him to be called as a woman? To be insulted on this topic? About him turning himself into a woman and bearing the offspring of another man who is none other than his brother? His life will turn miserable. *Please.... don't. Don't do this.*

More than the pain, the dreadful truth is what sends chills to Loki, drenching him with fear of what would happen next. A sob escapes his eye, his heart sinking as he asks Thor with his broken voice, desperately trying to ignore the globes of seed and the liquid making a mess inside him.

"T-h-hor..-" just by calling his brother's name, Loki sobs, his breath fastening, "broth..er. why are.. you... you do..doing th.. this?" Loki shuffles with his tears, turning his head onto the others side, not wanting to look at his brother.

"Loki, I do this because I love you the most"

Did Thor not feel any guilt or remorse? Loki breathes, so many questions in his mind. What Thor told, were they true? Can Loki really breed another being? Will he? Should he? Will a womb from inside his body? Will he become pregnant? Wh-what then? He, a god, man with two wives and five children, becomes pregnant? What then? How would the world look at him then?

Unable to think anymore, Loki stops his thoughts, his chest rising and falling continuously. The horror as to what will happen if Thor's plan succeeds dominates Loki, his eyes teary to the brim. He forces his heart of not to break, his eyes impossibly wide decorated with soft cries. The anxiety overtaking all of his surroundings, blanking his mind for a moment. Did Thor even know what would happen to them after doing this? What would happen to Loki? The seeds inside his stomach reminded him of the ugliest truth, as his heart sunk in. What can he possibly do?

"Th...thor...why are....no..sto-op..—"

Loki squirmed, shuffling and rubbing against the tentacles when he felt the seeds go to his deepest spot, against his prostrate. Loki gripped on the tentacles tight, arching his back, his body liting up as it sent heavy bolts of pleasure to Loki's body, as he let a pitiful moan, without his magic, and helplessly becoming a writhing mess.

"Loki, your five kids are the ones you love the most right? More than me, right? " Thor comes closer to Loki, pressing his hand against Loki's chest, and the one at the back rubbing Loki's spine.

Ripped off from his thought, Loki spins his head when he heard Thor speak, his mind blanks and already shattered, to which Thor's words add more confusion, as Loki looks at his brother, his face blank. "Why did..that come up.. now?" His voice raw, and his words were still strained by the uncomfortable feeling of seeds settling inside of him.

"Loki, you've always *loved* children, adore them, and wanted to play with them leaving all of your duties. And so did the children. You always loved each one of your children and others. The way you shower your life, it's infinite, brother. You've always craved for more affection from children."

Loki shudders upon hearing his brother, and an unwanted gasp slips. True it was what Thor had said, that Loki loved kids. He really did love them. Every one of them. Loki always wanted to hold those small pups crumbled in his hand, cradling and kissing them, flooding the babies with his love. He loved to mingle with children, especially the younger ones. To play with them, to join with their nonsense, to show the kids his little tricks, and to make the small children laugh, tickling them.

But, but that was not what he wanted. Yes, that he wanted children, but not like this! He, he wanted to be the *father* of the child. He wanted to breed another woman with his kids, but definitely not wanted to be the *one to breed*. He definitely did not want to get pregnant!

"You'll be so beautiful, all mine, soul, mind, and body."

"I will shape you, tame and turn you into my beautiful wife, Loki."

Loki gulped a drop of saliva in his throat. *Did Thor even know what would be the consequences of this?*

He and his world would be crushed into crumbles. His family will be ruined. If he, a owner of the family becomes pregnant, then his family will be snatched from him.

Just the thought of his most loved family leaving Loki made him crumble, and at once Loki broke down, "Th..thor please don't. Ple..brother...no. please..take them..please",

Crying and sobbing loud in front of Thor, tears flowing down his eyes to his cheeks, falling and pooling down his collar bone.

"I will make you so full sweetheart, don't worry. I'll not make it hurt for my beloved."

"B-but I don't want to!" Loki yells between his sobs.

"What is that you don't want Loki?" Thor teases his crying brother.

Loki's heart hurts, his eyes swollen and tears crumbling just by saying the words. "I-I don't..want...to..—"

"Don't want to what, Loki?"

"I don't want to.. breed you, children!" Loki fights between his cries.

Thor lets a thoughtful hum, "Now, that would be bad. Cause I never said if it matters if you *want* it or no. I'll be doing it. So, stop whining." His voice firm.

A broken sob escapes Loki, his senses becoming sensitive. He did not want this. He did not want any of these. His body ached, each part tightly tied by those monstrous tentacles with the overheated tails.

Loki *cried* in pain, his eyes shutting close and brows arching. His mouth was parted and letting between heavy breathing. Sweat drenched and tensed, Loki's whole body shook in terror, trembling at even the slightest brush. Fisting his palm, Loki takes a deep breath before clenching his teeth and trying to push the seeds out of his stomach. His skin stretched, a loud scream ripping out of his mouth and Loki's eyes widen, as he tried to push the seeds outside from his body, to take them off now that he could not use his hands nor his magic.

Thor just looks at the vile attempt of his brother who takes rest for a second, overtired, before picking up himself and trying to push the seeds out. His hole twitched, the muscles releasing fluids of the tentacles, gushing the fluid out as he forces himself to push the seeds. His hole clenches and relaxes, relaxing in force clenching back as Loki relaxed.

After a sequence of pained screams of unsuccessful attempt from the trickster, Loki lets a cry of defeat, his body slumping I'm defeat and weak, before he shoots his eyes wide in frustration, tears flooding his eyes, screaming and *begging* Thor.

"Please!! Please! please! Please...stop.. plus-pl-please I beg you! Thor, I'm begging you, please! Take these out...take these... things...out...o-out...people.."

Loki's voice ends up fading, lessening into a small barely heard voice. His hands which were gripped tight on the tentacles now relaxing, his body giving up and lifeless, as Loki let all of his useless tears steam down his eyes. *This is a vile attempt afterall*

Squirming and wiggling his body, Loki keeps trying his attempt, even though he knew it was futile. Loki's body was now marked with red lines where the tentacles bound him, bruising from his struggles. He had to take these things somehow.. *please... someone.. take these out...*, Loki prays to whichever gods he knew.

Busy with his useless act, Loki does not pay attention to his brother until Thor's hand slapped his ass lightly, the liquid and seeds in his stomach *wobbling* as he slaps vibrates his skin, and Loki whimpers, biting his lip to get through the unwanted feeling of seeds swarming inside his stomach, trying one last chance to convince Thor.

"Bro..ther...pleas..se.. anything..b.. but. this...I don't want... these things inside m—" Cutting off his words, Loki panted heavily, speaking between his pants, as his body rock against the bonding things, trying his best to take them out.

"Loki do you not *want* it, or do you not *like* to mate with me?" Thor asks with his extreme com voice despite Loki's struggles.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Loki.....

Also wanted to say you guys, I am working on a Loki/his seidr(his magic) fic. I know it's a very rare ship, can say almost none. I just posted hours ago lmao. Here it is:

[Loki/Seidr\(his magic\)](#)

Check it out ($\nabla \leq$)

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Surprise! Early update!

Anything for you sweet guys, enjoy the chapter.

"Loki do you not *want* it, or do you not *like* to mate with me?" Thor asks with his extreme com voice despite Loki's struggles.

There is a pile of anger stirring up Loki's gut when he hears what Thor says. That's just so nonsensical for his brother! Thor first reveals Loki's one and inky biggest secret, ties him and takes away his magic, abuse Loki physically using the tentacles, he is trying to impregnate him, and all of this he thinks Loki likes it? All of this when he has Loki tied up in his chambers by *force*, and he asks if Loki likes it? That's ridiculous! Absurd!

A tingle of anger and mockery in his voice as Loki speaks, his dark green eyes shooting at his brother, the sensation of seeds inside his stomach making him want to throw as Loki yells. "I don't like this!...I don't..I don't like any of this!"

Thor sighs.

"That's pretty bad. very bad-" Thor hums, before bending his head slightly, a dark helm under his eyes and more serious expression now, " -I'll ask you once again. Do you not like to have my babies?" His words were strict and his voice firm.

By just looking at Thor, it would seem like he was calm, with an undisturbed face, a small smile, and a kind pair of glinting eyes. But he knew better. Loki knew his brother better and knew that Thor was angry now. Just by the way how Thor's nerves were poking from his arms, the small wrinkles on his forehead and light twitches of his fingers were more than enough for Loki to tell that Thor was angry.

Loki gulps. He knew that Thor was angry, yet Loki takes a deep breath and preparing himself. Because this may be his last chance to stop Thor and make him pull out the seeds from his stomach. "Y-yes! I.I don't want to breed your offspring!" Praying the Norns if he had said the right thing.

A thoughtful hum from Thor. "Well, that's too bad, cause I do not care if you like it or no. Anyways, you *have* to accept it."

Thor moves to caress Loki's chest, before slapping his ass lightly, grinning when Loki jumped in surprise, definitely not ready for that as he squirms, struggling against the tentacle bounds with what less strength he had.

"You will *have* to come to me one day or the other. Willingly or no. Just if you do not know, Loki, I had placed a spell on the seeds, to make you want me. You will not be able to accept any other man's seed willingly. If you are forced, it gives you immense pain until you give up. You will crave for me. Will beg between your pants and breaths, writhing and thrusting your hips forward, desperately clinging on me to fill your womb. When you are in your heat, you will have no other option but to pray at my feet to fuck you. Claim you until you pass out. Because you cannot have sex with any other person without feeling pain. Even though you have another lover, or maybe your wife."

Loki's anger was filling up till his throat, though the wiser side of him said not to speak. After all, what can he speak? Is he in a position where he can make any movements against? Instead, a broken tear slips out of his lips, Loki's helplessness mocking him. *What did I do wrong? Why can I not just live a happy life with my wives?* Now not only Loki will be abused by his brother but will *plead* with Thor to *violate* him. Loki knew it was true. Because if not for anything he trusted, magic and spells were a topic he had been born and raised with. And Loki knew it cannot be undone nor can be nulled. Loki feels his body shuddering when he feels Thor's hand interrupting his thoughts.

Loki gasps, his eye shooting wide when the smack which Thor had given with his thick fingers stimulates the seeds inside. Loki arches his back, his toes curling when he feels a very *delightful* feeling when his ass vibrates, ringing at the hard slap on it. The slap which Thor gave him was so strong that the liquid and the seeds inside Loki's stomach stir, wobbling around. Loki clenches his teeth and whimpers when the seeds swarm inside his body, pushing further to press against the deepest of his body when Loki curses and bites his lip to suppress the sound escaping his mouth.

"So, do you love me?" A smile, just after he smacks Loki's cheek, his eyes keen and cunning when he looks at how Loki was suffering from the seed stuffed inside him.

"I despise you!" Loki breaths immediately after Thor finishes asking, cursing the God of Thunder.

Thor rubs against the skin he had just slapped, his lips creasing as he hums, hands playing with Loki's ass cheeks. "Well, you know Loki, this kid we will be having, it will be the symbol for our love."

Thor explains.

"This child of *ours*, it would be the soul for our mating, a relic, and proof of our love, love for each other—"

"*Only you!* Only *you* love me. *I don't*. Remember that." Loki snaps, despite the uneasiness in his body.

"Now, yes. But I will make you love me, Loki. I will train your body, and make you mine completely by mind, body, and soul. I will teach you every bit of submissiveness and weave you into my greatest pet, my greatest masterpiece."

Loki does not care, just letting a groan of annoyance. When the cold breeze brushes on Loki's skin, which was bruised from him struggling against the holding tentacles, Loki jumps from the coolness, his naked body shivering. His tears dry on his face, making the pale face of his sticky and messy.

Loki does not concentrate on his tears now though, instead, he looks at Thor who walks across the room, coming back with a test tube-like glass cylinder bottle which was half-filled with some green sole liquid and the glass looked like made up of royal material, melted with a golden color and a paper stamp in his other hand. Keeping the bottle and the stamp aside, Thor look at Loki, a wide grin spreading on his face which made Loki flinch as the Thunderer speaks.

"I need to and will tame you. Because of the stubborn rabbit of mine that you are. Then upon our first lesson of taming you, come to me and accept my seed willingly." Thor orders, his voice with a definite tint of evilness.

And what drives Loki even more to stubbornness was *exactly* that. That is how imprudent Thor acted. "No!" Loki snarls before his mind could process.

Loki looks at Thor as the older one smiles, a chuckle from his deep voice rumbling, moving towards Loki to caress his brother's cheek as Loki spins his face away from Thor, turning and facing to the side, as much as the tentacles allowed him. "Well, I should have had expected that kind of answer from you, Loki," Thor giggles. "You are indeed a very disobedient and wild pet."

"Which is the reason why I had come prepared for this."

Thor looks at Loki once, before looking at the bottle he kept on the table and tapping on the glass twice, as he gestures to Loki to look at it who obeys Thor.

A smile creeps up Thor's face, his hand moving to the bottle of liquid as he holds it to Loki's view showing his brother the object before looking at Loki with an insisting glare. "Any sparkles, my dear brother? Do you identify what is this?"

Loki looks at the bottle, his eyes narrowing and keen as he tries to look at the object despite the dried tears blocking his vision. His eyes narrow as the object becomes a bit clear, Loki's eyes widening, a small gasp and an 'ooh' releasing from Loki, he identifies the liquid within minutes.

The green boiling, yet cold temperature liquid, mixed with a tingle of purple, made up of the ancient plants of the hills of Alfheim, plant which was gifted by the elves. Made by the plant's leaves, by heating then leaves and storing its vapour collecting it to use it for the making of this portion.

Famous as an evil and cursed portion, which is generally used to stun the power or charm of a person. To stunt the beauty of a creature. It was usually used by ancient witches who purposefully wanted to make themselves ugly to not have any men fall in love with them so that they could use their whole mind and soul for their magic and techniques without my distractions.

It could be used on any type of creature not caring about their species, but the only condition held upon was to use the portion, you should have at least a single or more strand of hair of the person you are to use on. The portion was first turned into a curse by hymns and then was to be planted on the hair of the person. And, the portion would start to act, cursing its way and destroying the person's beauty. And it did not matter where or how is the person to take this portion. Cursing a strand of their hair will affect the person in no time, no matter if the person is near the experiment or whenever. Once the curse was applied, it could not be washed off, however, if it is in the *middle* of the experiment, where it is still ongoing, then if the curse is stopped, it will stop till whatever effect it has done not spreading further.

Loki raises his eyes in confusion and sighs a tensed breath. Why was *that* here?

It was not a forbidden portion, but not many were there who used to use it. After all who would use magic to become *ugly* on purpose? And so, the magic portion and its ways were sealed and confined to the area and chambers of only one God, the God of Beauty, Baldr. Since it was a cursed portion, Baldr was the only being in nines to whom the effect of it would not be taken to, because he was the god of beauty himself. And so, the portions only lied with the God of Beauty, Odin's firstborn and Thor's eldest brother.

Of course, Loki could identify it, he's specialized in that part of sorcery too. A smooth answer from Loki without another moment of thinking. "It is the cursed portion of Alfheim. The portion of ugliness." Loki states.

As expected, you're the strongest sorcerer in the universe, after all, I'm not amused. Thor thinks when Loki answers his question with ease and is so delinquent. Not at all surprised, as Thor explains. "Yes, it is, Loki. I had it taken from brother especially for today." Thor picks up the bottles, shaking at them and looking at the way how the liquid is disturbed.

"And do you know on whom am I using it today?" Thor sneers, his view raising in excitement when he looks at how Loki tenses up.

Awkward and nervous laugh ripples from Loki's throat, as he looks at his brother, "Ha, y-you're joking r-right, Thor?"

"Definitely not, brother." Thor beams.

The boil of tension crawls up Loki's skin, hissing against his body as Loki blows his eyes wide in disbelief. Thor *must* be kidding right? Well, holding the cursed portion, right in front of him, and Thor can use it on Loki anytime now. He had every facility.

Loki's body starts to sweat, his mind dizzy and overwhelmed with pain, disgust, and now tension. His hand is shaking, trembling as his face is shot open, looking at the golden and shining ceiling, his face blank.

Loki's voice shaking and dipped with fear, "Y-you're planning to use it on..me?"

Loki's brows cease in confusion when Thor echoes a loud laugh, "Oh my, why would I ever do such an unpleasant thing for my love?" Thor ends with a chuckle, winking at Loki.

The air is thin around the room as all Thor's words do is widen the confusion inside Loki. The unwanted silence filling the air as Loki is eager to find who that unlucky person is to be cursed by the portion of ugliness itself.

"Then who do you plan to use on?" Loki asks to satisfy his eagerness.

"On your daughter, Hel."

Loki's heart flips.

Breaking

Chapter Summary

Thor cursing Loki's daughter, Hel with the curse of ugliness. By burning just her hair, the curse can be seated upon, not necessary for the person to be present physically. The person's growing organ-like hair or nails are enough.

note, this is not an update, i am reposting the chapter.

Chapter Notes

this chapter was already posted, so if you've read, ignore the chapter. Please check the notes at the end.

I've written some shit abt the curse, which Thor curses on Loki's daughter, check it in the summary of this chapter if you're not getting it. Or, to understand better, the details about this curse, curse of ugliness, is mentioned in the last chapter.

Enjoy the chapter!

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

Please.....no...not my daughter..... Hel..

"You know, first I thought of cursing your sons, but upon thinking again, I thought your daughter would be perfect. Girls love and give so much prominence for beauty don't they?" Thor smirks, a small tap on the bottle, which made Loki jump and flinch.

Loki's heart flutters, his mind is completely blank for a moment, lips dry and quivering. Words of his brother hitting him sharper than the one of his sharp daggers, his mind blown into a state where Loki did not know what to do. If he had to believe Thor if he had to trust Thor if his brother had the capability of doing the further, or if he has to take it as another one of Thor's idiotic jokes.

But that would just be such a cowardly act, won't it? Loki did not want to believe what Thor said. What he heard. Did Thor *just say* that he *wanted to* curse Loki's one and only daughter? And that he would do it? Loki did not have much boldness to ask if Thor feared to do what he said or no. Because he knew it that it would make if anything, only things more to the edge.

The shocking fear of what would actually happen, what was Thor going to do, it all scares Loki as he just looks at Thor, stunned and forbidden of any moments. Anxiety and terror fill up his guts, flushing all over his skin and crawling up his veins. The disbelief seems to be an illusion of reality. Of the harsh and unfair reality.

Loki did not know. Just did not know what to do, or if to even believe what Thor said. He wanted this all to be a dream. Licking his lips tentatively, Loki sips in a gulp of his saliva, shaking breath before he braces himself from the shock. "A-are you serious?" It ends up with an abrupt and awkward laugh from Loki as if asking Thor to say it was all a joke.

No, this is too far gone to be just a joke. The fear planting deep inside Loki's stomach as he waits for Thor's answer.

"Nope." A cheerful word, and a wide smile painting Thor's face as if to burst his cheeks.

Was Thor...kidding right? Like, really it was all a joke right? Well, anything may not be upon Loki's consideration, nor Loki would be bothered about him tied up or be misused. But his children- messing with his children, that was something Thor should not be doing right? That was the first and the main reason why Loki trusted Thor and told his brother, *only him*, revealing his wife and kids. Not even with his mother had he discussed this with, but had trusted Thor more.

Eyes fixed at Thor and wide, all actions in question. Questioning Thor. Questioning his brother why and to gain what was Thor planning to do such disgusting work. It did not suit Thor. Thor was always idiotic, overly excited, and cheering. But then again, this was not the Thor Loki knew. Or to be accurate, this was the *real version* of his brother that Loki did not know these days. Or so Thor had admitted.

Still in a panicked state too much confused to even make a peep, Loki now looks at Thor who waits for the answer from Loki, and when finds the dread expression of his baby brother, he moves to pick up the thin pill bottle, fingers wrapping around them as he swings the pill right to left playfully, admiring the horrors reaction from Loki.

The immature silence only makes Loki feel more anxious, unwanted, and uninvited, scare of hanging on and clinging to his limbs. The thrill of anticipating Thor until he makes a move to another action was just so awful, at the limits that it almost made Loki groan in frustration.

Wordlessly, Thor picks up the stamp box, opening it and picking up one of the thin strands of long and foil black hair, Loki's stomach curling when he sees the hair wiggle at the force of air falling against it, drenched with shock when he recognizes the hair.

Black and seemingly thin, yet with a thick color of the raven black strand. Glossy when it swings, long and strong by looking, the strand struggles against Thor's huge fingers which were holding it. The silky waves of the single hair, small split joining at the end and splits into two divisions just at the tip. Smooth and dark color, glossy and dry, yet neat.

His daughter resembles him the most. Same dark and thick charcoal black hair, same green eyes, and the unique and admirable beauty of her father.

More after inspecting it, Loki feels his swollen eyes again activating when Thor conforms his doubt. "How's it? Your daughter's hair. Young. It seems to be so young and innocent. Black and admirable just like her beautiful father's. Right Loki?"

"Wh-where did you...you get it?" Eyes wide and in growling anger and utterly surprised.

"Oh, this? I had a small visit to Jotunheim, to your family." Thor says suggestively, heart feeling light and better upon seeing Loki's surprised and pleading yet a horrified and angry expression. "I met all of your....your pups, little and cute ones they are. Your two boys, they were two gems. Naughty and sassy, all of them resembling your behavior. Not interested in useless things, not a type to over exaggerate. I bet they will become excellent athletes, unlike you." Thor chuckles. "I even met Hel. She was just, just so beautiful that my heart stopped beating for a second when the small girl reminded me of you. The innocent smile and beauty of yours when you were a kid. The dashing and cunning smile reflecting your childhood grin."

Despite understanding what Thor says, Loki's eyes shot in shock. Brows creasing and knitting against one another, his breath quickening and his teeth clenching in frustration. Did Thor actually do this? Why? Just why? Why did he go to Jotunheim when only to ruin his daughter? Why the fake love he must have shown to his kids if he were to crush them? Why wear a mask of admiration and these useless words which said Thor loved him when it crumbled his family?

Before Loki had a minute time to respond or to refuse Thor's insane ideas, Thor shows Loki the stamp box, in which it had many strands of his daughter's hair, as Thor picks up the bottle which he had placed nearby. Flipping the cap and giving it a small shake, looking at how the liquid shatters, Thor shows it to Loki, as he picks one of the strands of Hel's hair in his other hand.

"Shall we start?"

Picking up just one strand of hair of Hel, before Thor summons his magic, which was gifted to him by birth, being the son of Odin, the God of Magic himself. Calling his golden magic, the abstract power fills Loki's nostrils as he can feel how weak Thor's magic is yet with a very determined aim. The golden magic first starts off with low threadlike projections, hovering in the air before winding up themselves around Thor's hands and connecting to the black hair.

"N-no.... don't do—" Loki pleads, mouth dry in disbelief.

Loki's words interrupt with an audible and shaking breath of himself as he sees how Thor was absolutely unbothered, completely ignoring all of Loki's protest, and starts to chant the magic hymn.

Anything but not his children, he loved them the most. Love them more than anyone, anything in his life, more than anyone else. Maybe Sigyn's or Angerboda's children. Loki could not imagine a life without them, not even a single second. The urging intends to protect them, to save his daughter from Thor's wicked plans as all Loki can do is beg Thor to stop, with his condition being so unfavorable.

Right from the start, all Loki had asked for the Norns to let him live a normal life like everyone. Kind wives and cute children, spending his days playing and smiling with his kids, enjoying his life in looking after and taking care of his family. That is all he wishes and had wished for. Is that too hard for the supreme to give him? Or was it too greedy of him to ask for nothing but a mere normal life and family?

Thor's finger twirls in the air, a round symbol drawing on it before he activates the curse, looking at his younger brother whose eyes were popping out of his socket, head shaking slowly in protest. A small word slipping from his lips as a brief whisper before Thor raises the bottle to pour the liquid on the black hair.

"NO!" Loki screams, his wrists twisting and turning against the tentacles, trying to escape the grasp and stop Thor from doing it. "STOP! stop it!!" Loki's heart was heavy and heated up with the tremorous situation.

His words are loud and echoing across the room just except that Thor does not stop. Tears fill his sore brim, almost threatening to spill when Loki looks in his impossibly wide eyes as Thor spills a single drop of the liquid on his daughter's hair, just before when a loud protest rips out from Loki's throat.

A wild cry wrecks out of his cherry soft lips, small pearl tears falling from his eyes, green orbs watery with tears as they flow down his cheeks, drying up when they reach Loki's neck. His teeth-gritting and brows knitted together in outraging anger, his wrath and curse swearing at Thor to slice the Thunderer's throat if he did not stop the curse.

Pleas fall on Thor's deaf ears as he looks at how Hel's hair burns at the intensity of the liquid, the heat burning it into ashes, with Thor's face gleaming into a wide and sadistic grin. The room is soon filled with burnt smell, the strand of hair disintegrating into the air, not a single clex or tiniest hint left, showing a positive sign of the curse working, and already affecting and wrapping up Hel's beauty, crushing it and destroying her body.

"Wh-why are you doing this!?! " Loki screams with his tears. "She-she is your niece! H-how could you do that? She is our blood!! *Our* family!" Loki snaps forward, his chest rising and falling heavily as they spring forward, trying to reach Thor, struggling against the ties. "H-how ? Why are you not stopping?" Loki hisses. "No.. pleas..s-stop.." Broken voice, clearly showing how miserable Loki was.

He bits his lip, not wanting Thor to give any more excited to hold back his tears. His brows arching in plead, mouth wide open and screaming when each drop is fallen on his daughter's hairs. An irreversible curse, a dark curse said to destroy one's beauty. Loki sobs internally.

Each rip of Hel's hair, each burn, and sparkle of the magic, Loki's heart tore. With each drop of liquid falling on the hair, Loki heard Hel's scream inside his head. Her agonizing pain when her skin is being ripped off, swelling and rotting into pieces, falling off dry on the land. Loki was feeling it. The way his daughter whines in pain, her eyes widening as the small girl rolls over the floor, her hands gripping her hair tight and ripping them off as her body, the pain of being rotten alive. Loki may not be with his daughter, but he feels the pain piercing his heart. The agony of a soul sharing his blood wincing and writhing in pain and destruction.

Hands grips on the tentacles tight, very tight, his nails scratching on whatever he gets as Loki hunches forward, his shouts dripping one after the other with pleads. The atmosphere of burnt hairs flying inside the room. Burning of not only the hairs, but the burning of one's heart, mind, and soul. Of Loki's.

Toiling and battling against the tentacle creatures, Loki wiggles his body, each of his nerves screaming as his daughter is being cursed conventionally, fighting against the disgustingly strong creatures. His pants grow louder and louder as he looks at how Thor's magic orders the curse to burn Hel's hair, strand by strand, taking his time all in the world. His chest is painted with sweat as Loki fights without a break to somehow escape free, clenching his teeth tightly and yanking the tentacles roughly with all strength he had in his body as just two of the tentacles holding his body release his hands, snapping and flying across the room, ripping off into four pieces, shattering into four different directions.

Loki falls with a painfully loud thud on the ground as he is fallen from the restraints holding him in the air, half of his body down while the other half is still held up by the remaining tentacles. The two tentacles holding his chest and hand were destroyed but the remaining still held Loki in place, in legs, ankles, and thighs.

Pressing his chest on the cold golden floor, the same floor where he had fainted earlier, Loki presses his palms against the golden marble, pushing them as he tries to move his body, to reach and stop his brother.

Pushing his hands against the floor, Loki gives a hard push to his body, crawling on the floor, his thin socks which were pooled at his knees now slipping off his ankles when Loki patted his legs against the tentacles, kicking and flapping his feet in the air. His pale hands stretched out, his fingers shooting open as he slowly crawls at Thor, who is standing just centimeters away from him. "Hel! He-Hel!!" Loki crawls, his hairs falling on his face, once neat and cleanly tied now messy as he *breaks*.

Pushing the smallest piece of tentacle crawling on him, Loki crawls, his face wet with tears which fall on the floor now, "Hel..no..Hel! Hel! My daughter!" His stretched hand try to reach his brother's body and mind trying to keep up with the overwhelming pain.

Loki spreads out his hand, springing forward to grasp Thor, his fingers stretching painfully before Loki holds Thor's boots, fingers resting on them. "No..... I'm sorry....please...no..Hel... I'm-s sor-sorry...no no no no.. Hel, Hel.." His sobs falling on Thor's feet as Loki embraces them, grasping his brother's feet, wounding his hands around Thor's thick ankles.

"Hel.. Hel, Hel..no..n-nonono... pl-ple-plea.. Hel.. daughter..stop.. Hel... I'm sorry.. sorry sorry sorry.. Hel....no.. Hel."

Loki's face bury in Thor's boots, hanging down as his hairs fall on his eyes, strand soft his silky hairs also getting wet, Loki cries, choking on his sobs, begging Thor to stop the curse. Right now. To save his heart from breaking. A shattered and sobbing mess that he is now, as he calls out his daughter's name, again and again, Thor looks down at his brother who so desperately wanted to stop it that he even went lowest to kiss Thor's *boots*, tears staining his royal shoes. A maniacal smile creeps upon his face when he sees how miserable and hopeless was Loki when it came to his children when he had to save his children.

You truly love them so much, Loki, Thor smiles, his eyes shrinking keen in happiness and *pity*. Thor kneels down to Loki, stopping the cursing for a moment, placing the bottle and hairs on the table. Looking at his brother who was still chanting the mantra of 'no' without a break, hugging Thor's feet, crying against his boots and shattering into a million pieces, heart so broken. Thor raise his hand to rest his warm and huge palm on Loki's back which was now not as clean as before, instead marked with bruising marks of the tentacles on his chest, back, arms, and his shoulders.

After relaxing his hand on the crying god, Thor sighs once, before speaking to Loki with his soft voice, "Think about it, Loki. Think about what you can do." Thor moves closer to his brother who has still pressed his forehead against Thor's boots and was sobbing.

"What can, what is it that you can do?"

Thor brushes Loki's raven hairs, which were drenched wet and soaking with his sweat and tears. One caress on Loki's head, before Thor, brushes the thick strand of hair near Loki's ear, tugging it behind and leaving a small kiss on the soaked black mess.

"Loki" Thor whispers, grabbing Loki's chin, as he looks a bit up, just enough to reveal what a mess Loki's face had become.

"What is it that you *want* to do?"

Loki raises his head a tiny bit, a thick bind of his hairs falling on his forehead and covering his face, Loki clears his throat, reaching to Thor, his vision blurry and unclear. "I-I... I do not desire for anyt-nything..else..but y-you, brot.. brother." Loki says, his heart clenching with each word.

His whole body shivering uncontrollably and his hands trembling as they did not let go of Thor's feet, begging him so miserably. "I... I need you..I need you..... your seed, your babies..to fill..me. So please,... ple-please, st..stop..this." Loki raises his head fully up, where now Thor can see the painful expression painting on his brother, the beautiful tears making his face more prettier. He liked it or no, this was the only way to save Hel. Even though Loki hated it, it broke his heart and soon will break his body too.

"Let go of Hel.. please. Thor, please..leave my kid- lea-ve them alone..plea..." Loki sobbed, gleaming his vulnerability.

Loki's head nodding unconsciously from the tiredness, as the tears stream down Loki's face, pattering on the floor. "Please...leave my child, children, alone... I'll-I'll do anything.... *anything you* ask of me...Thor, please.."

Loki holds Thor's shoulders, digging his fingers in as he looks deep into the pair of blue orbs, his hairs messily styled, looking at Thor with his pair of begging eyes.

Before Thor could reply, react, or do anything, Loki grasps Thor's cheeks, raising his head even more. Gulping up his saliva once as Loki moves forward, pushing his body up and coming closer to Thor's face. A tear escapes Loki, he does not want this, but the situation is just so intense. Or rather, he is so vulnerable. So worthless just as others say. Good for

nothing that he is. His naked chest touches Thor's dry and warm one, sweat and fluids from his body sticking on Thor's chest, smearing on his abs and thick muscles. One last deep look into Thor's eyes before Loki sheds one tear of heartbreaking pain, pulling Thor's cheeks nearer to his and pushing his lips into Thor's.

Loki whimpers, *I do not want this, I do not want this I don't want this I don't want this....* his heart sinking with each moment.

Thor's eyes widen, his hands shooting out and his body straightening and jumps in surprise for a moment when Loki unexpectedly crushed their lips together. Parting his cherry petal lips, Loki pushes in his wet tongue, hand hurrying to the back of Thor's neck as his long pale fingers wrap around Thor's neck, pulling him deeper into the kiss.

I need to do this, for my family.....for my children.....for Hel. Loki whines, the whine vibrating through the kiss as he forcefully submitted himself to the devil.

Thor, with a flick of his fingers, signs the tentacles to loosen the grip on Loki, and when they do, Loki hunches forward, leaning against Thor. Splitting Thor's lips more, Loki twirls his tongue, grasping Thor's as they intertwine, pressing against each other with a soft moan. The small clink of their teeth touching before Loki moves his hands to Thor's chest, a silent sob escaping his mouth before he pushes Thor on the floor, tongue pressing firm against the Thunder's mouth as he makes both of them fall on the floor, one on top of the another.

Her eyes widen, a silent gasp escaping her mouth when Sif sees her husband and Loki hugging one another, Loki pushing Thor, more kind of like forcing her husband as the evil tongue of the trickster slips into her husband's, they embrace each other so affectionately.

Both of her hands come to her mouth to cover and to stop herself from screaming in horror. Standing in the corner entrance of Thor's room, Sif quickly turns away, running down the golden passage to vomit into one of the bathrooms.

What have I witnessed?

Sif's eyes wide and hand trembling. Her lips twitched in anger.

Are you trying to steal my husband for me, Loki? Could one of your pranks get you down to do such shameless things too?

Or..or..were you trying to seduce your own big brother the whole time?

Sif buckles and throws up once again, washing her face as she looks at the mirror. Red eyes staring at her own reflection, her teeth clenched tight and her lips creased to a single line. Her body shakes and shudders in anger, hands closing into tight fists with her heavy pants. Closing the door of the bathroom, she walks along the passageways, heavy steps and looking as if she was the Goddess of Destruction herself, she makes her way to royal hall, palace hall where Odin use to spare justice on every creature.

Chapter End Notes

Recently written a rare pair, sex bet Loki and his magic:

[Loki/Seidr\(his magic\)](#).

Please note that I will be on hitus for some weeks, or even months, I don't have any idea. I cannot spend much time as I used to here, cause I have to take care of someone, stay beside them all day. Not only this, but every of my fics will be paused for a while. Thankyou.

End Notes

More chapters yet to come, and please if there are any mistakes, guide me! I love to know more about these mythologies!

updates on Friday

Comment and Kudos 🐱💙

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!