

# MORTAL GODDESS

LOKI X FEMALE READER



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# Mortal Goddess (Loki X FemaleReader)

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# **Mortal Goddess (Loki X FemaleReader) c1-13**

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# Chapter 1

"Subject 01. Age 4. Abilities shown, none present."

"Subject 01. Age 6. Abilities shown, slight ability to manipulate objects and defense mechanism."

"Subject 01. Age 9-"

I woke up panting. Gasping for air. Another nightmare. I thought I had gotten over the past, but it only shows memories are sometimes the enemies. I relived almost every second of those days in that cell. Never seeing my mother or father. Never wanting too.

I saw my reflection in the mirror by my bed, noticing the markings that crawled up my skin. They would appear if my body was found in a high stress position. A defense mechanism.

As I continued gasping for air I heard the door to my room open. "(Y/N)? Are you ok?" Tony had entered as my breathing slowed a bit at the sound of his voice.

"Yes. I'm fine. Just a nightmare. You can go back to sleep." I had almost completely calmed myself at this point, the shaking close to ceasing. Tony stepped in more and sat on the side of my bed.

"Was it the same one?"

I just nodded and looked down.

"You know we're here right? We won't let them hurt you, kid." He rubbed my back as I let out a snuffle. My parents.

"Y-yeah.." I trailed off, looking down at my hands and saw the marks had disappeared. "You don't have to lay a hand on me. You know what happens-"

"I trust you to be calm enough and to control it better than before. Get some more rest. There's more training in the morning." He patted my head as he walked towards my door again. He looked over his shoulder, smiled, and left.

Alone.

I was awake. Not dreaming the rest of the night but resting so I could train in the morning. I stood up and looked at my sloppy appearance in my mirror. My hair was knotted and greasy, most likely from the rolling and turning in my sleep. My nightgown was clinging to my body. Clearly I needed a shower.

The water was dripping down my back, the warmth washing away the stench of fear from the previous night. My hair straightening and being cleansed of the same smell. As I dried myself off I looked at my phone, notifying me it was time to go to practice.

I ran down to the training room, dressed in comfortable clothing. Only to find it..empty? Tony should've been in here by now?

"(Y/N)?" I heard Steve's voice. "What are you doing up? Didn't Tony tell you? There's a mission in Mid East. No training today. It's a free day for you guys."

I sighed. Free days were the worst for me. "Can't you train me today Steve? Please?"

"Sorry sweetie. I gotta go help the rest of the team. Don't worry, everything's locked up so no one can come in and-"

"Take me..."

"(Y/N) you know you have to be on the down low until we figure out a way to keep you here without the bastards being able to touch you. I promise it'll-"

"Be soon?" I finished his sentence looking towards him. He nodded and come over to me. He put his hand on my shoulder and looked down at me, towering over me in height.

"I know it's hard. But we just want you safe. You remember how you were when we found you and we just can't bear to see you like that again ok? Just be patient. It'll be soon ok?"

I nodded as Steve pecked my forehead and rustled my hair. And like that he was gone too.

Alone.

Again. I walked to the kitchen, my bare feet causing the room to echo. The absence of my new family. I felt myself yearning for the presence of someone but I knew the feeling of abandonment all too well.

CRASH!

"The hell..?" I mumbled as the noise rumble the ground beneath me.

"HELP!" A man's voice? "PLEASE HELP ME!"

I couldn't leave...

I couldn't...

I had to stay put.

No.

I opened the shields and looked out to see a man dressed in all black and a green cape. His hair was long and black, and he looked injured. His voice was ringing through the field.

I had to help...

I opened the door and rushed to him as I saw him collapse. I sat by him as he breathed heavily. "Are you ok?" I spoke softly, trying not to startle the man. His eyes were closing. I saw nothing running after him. I picked him up, using my ability to lift him in the air. I felt the strain but I was able to get him into the building and lock it back up.

I laid him in my bed, I put my hand on his head. Pain. He was in pain. I could sense the pain that was going through his leg, it was broken. I felt the break in my own leg and groaned in agony. I ran to the medical ward and took him with me, supporting his leg more knowing that it had a break.

He was still unconscious, most likely from the shock the pain caused him. I laid his body on the exam table, hooking up morphine into his veins. All the knowledge seemingly coming naturally from how many times I had to help one of the family's injuries after a mission. This was nothing new.

I began positioning his leg so the bone was lined evenly and began wrapping it in casting material, hoping to help it heal right. And that was all I could do until he woke up and told me who he was. What he was. I sat in a chair next to the table, rubbing his head and sending his pain going down dramatically.

He would be awake soon.

Soon.

Alone.

Not alone.

His eyes were blue. Beautiful blue. Blinding blue. Raven hair. Beautiful.

A god...or so he looked.

## Chapter 2

"Who are you?" He mumbled, trying to sit up but groaning in response.

"I should ask you the same question. After all you're the one who was running on a practically broken leg on my family's property."

"Don't test me, girl." He seemingly growled at me. "I'm Loki Odison."

"Loki? As in 'I destroyed most of New York and costs millions of dollars worth of damage as well as killed hundreds to become a god of earth' Loki?" I asked, anxiety rising but my voice remaining almost stoic. Almost sarcastic.

"So you've heard of me than?" He chuckled. "I must be more famous than I thought."

"Actually, you're considered a major criminal. Someone who should pay the largest of prices for the crimes you've committed here on Earth."

"You mean I'm still here?" He groaned in frustration. "Damn it!"

"What? Not the place you wanted to be, Odinson?"

"Not exactly, no. I just left this god forsaken place. Or so I thought.." He groaned. "Thor? Where is my brother?"

"Thor was here?" I asked, eyes widening slightly.

"He was. Until our sister decided to come in and decided to try and murder us."

Sister...

Sister...Belle...



"The Goddess of Death."

Death...

"Hela. That's what she said her name was. New queen of Asgard I suppose." He finished.

"Well aren't you going to help Thor? Those are still your people aren't they?" I questioned the man further.

"I want too. In a way. But I can't since apparently, according to you, my leg is destroyed." He seemed to growl again in frustration. I tried to hold back a giggle, my anxiety being swallowed knowing he wanted to at least help his brother. A man who helped me. My own family.

"Well maybe..I could help you?" I mumbled under my breathe. His head arches up, his eyes meeting mine.

"Help me? How?"

"I've lived with the Avengers since you attacked New York. I have some experience in space ships, it was a whole class I had to study for when they were teaching me. Even if I'm not properly equipped I could help in some ways."

"Wait..you're telling me they're here..?" He looked cautiously around, his face becoming more pale then before.

"No. Or else you'd be turned in right now. I'm the only one home. Point is I can help you. So, yes or no?" I put my hand out, waiting for our deal to be made.

"Help from a midgardian?" He pondered on the question for a while until he smirked. "I suppose. But there is a favor I must ask first." He sat up, his leg seemingly healed already.

A God.

"Yes?"

"You help all of us. Me. Thor. Our people. You stay with us. I know you're in the Avengers not because you're some asset. There's something powerful. And I wouldn't mind having more power in our corner when we face my sister." He stood up, still in pain.

Power.

"Ok."

Family.

"I'll go with you."

Alone.

"And I'll help you."

Goodbye.

"Just let me get to the ship we have from the attack. I'll get changed into a more appropriate outfit-" Crap.

I remembered I was just in my shorts and tank top, and just like that my face turned red and markings slightly appeared on my arms. He went to grab my wrist to try and snap me out of my blush but I quickly took my wrist away.

"Don't." My voice shook. "You'll regret it."

Breathe.

Clear.

Breathe.

Slow.

They disappeared completely and I ran off. He was trying to catch up, but I knew he couldn't do anything much if I was ahead and he was behind.

My room. My new life.

Goodbye.

Dear family,

Thor is in trouble. Loki arrived and he and I are leaving to help him. I'll be safe. But Thor needs our help. And I'm the only one here. I love you.

I left the note on my desk. My outfit completely made from adamantium, used in combat and missions I would go on.

"Come on, God of Mischief." I said mockingly.

Loki's POV

What is with this girl? She was so willingly to trust me. Or at least assist my efforts. Even though she knows what I did in New York. To the world.

"Come on, God of Mischief."

I felt my body stiffen as she spoke those words. Something about how she said it..

"The loading deck is this way. Hopefully everyone is gone for a while and won't be able to track us by the time we're gone. You're going to have to put in coordinates to the destination where we find this bitch. I'll take over from there. Hopefully it takes another day or two too get to, Asgard is it? Then you're leg will be healed enough to fight. Or so I assume with your healing. I brought some medicine in Cause you get a fever while you heal, in case of infection, I found that too be the case whenever Thor had a break though."

Knowledgeable. Smart. Not bad looking...

"I brought food also. You'll probably get sick in all honesty from the healing. So take it easy."

Nurturing.

Goddess.

Power.

I could tell she was capable of much power. The markings of her skin when she became tense were something...

Inhuman.

Beautiful.

Your POV

I looked back at Loki. He was watching my every move, almost as if he was observing me. Watching me. It was odd.

Thinking about me?

I walked into the ship, opening the gate.

"Let's go."

Family.

## Chapter 3

"I'm sorry! I meant to do it right! Mama I'm sorry!"

Slap!

"Worthless! We can't use this chemical! She hasn't improved at all!" Mother screamed at father.

Tears. Pain. Agony.

"So..how'd you get into the Avengers?" Loki snapped my thoughts away. He sat at the pilot seat, his eyes fixated on the endless void of space.

"It's a long story." My eyes were focused on my lap, my back against the side of the ship.

"Well considering we have three days, I'd think we have enough time." He spun the chair around, his eyes now on me.

"Why do you want to know?" I looked up, partially meeting his gaze.

"I'm bored." He shrugged.

I sighed and looked down at the scars on my wrist. Those chains...

"My parents. That's why." My eyes trailed over the scars that lined my wrists and arms.

"Were they 'heroes'?" He used quotation marks with his fingers.

I looked up and laughed at the thought. "Far from it."

"Than why were they-" He followed my eyes and looked at my wrists. He knew what they were from or so I assumed. "Oh.." He looked down, looking as if he was feeling guilt for ever asking. "Well if it makes it any

better.." He pulled up his pant leg and pulled back his sleeve. The same pattern of scars lined his skin. He chuckled lightly. "You're not the only one who has scars from your parents."

I got up and sat next to him on the co-pilot seat. I rubbed my thumb over the scars that lined his skin. "Out of love?"

"Out of protection." He was now looking at his own wrists.

Pain.

I focused my energy. Closed my eyes. Feeling the same pain he felt by getting those very scars. A familiar pain. The markings lined my hand.

Alter.

They faded. His eyes widened as the scars disappeared, fading. As did my markings.

"How-" he seemed stunned, looking at his wrist carefully before looking at me.

"You said it yourself. Power." I looked up into his gaze.

"Why haven't you done it to yourself?" He looked back at my wrist, gripping it with his hand gently.

"I can't. I've tried. Believe me I have. I hate these scars. With every fiber of my being I hate them." I closed my eyes and I clenched my fists. "But I can't ever make them go away. I can control others. But never myself. That's this power you sense. The reason why.." I trailed off.

"So you can change peoples appearances? Or heal them?" He looked back at his wrist.

"I can make their physical pain stop or increase. I can alter certain aspects to make the pain go away. Alter the tissue slightly. But I've only ever used it

for healing since I got to the Avengers. There are other things I can do. But I've never tried." I looked at his wrist as well.

"Why? Why not explore your full potential?"

"Because I'm not allowed out. Not according to Tony."

"I don't understand why though?"

"It doesn't matter now." I relaxed and sat back.

Worthless.

I looked up into his eyes once again, noticing the blue orbs piercing into me.

Those eyes.

I couldn't explain how they made me feel. Jealous? Envy? Warmth?

"You don't look like Thor you know." I said, trying to lighten the mood and move the focus from me. "I mean Thor has the blonde hair and your hair is blacker than your soul." I chuckled a little.

"We aren't blood." He said looking down. "We were raised as if we were. But I'm technically adopted." He looked back up. "What about you? Do you have any siblings?"

Belle.

"No. At least none that I know of." I shrugged, keeping my face clear of emotion.

"Oh but those are the best siblings. The ones you don't know of. Cause than they smash your brother's all mighty hammer and decide to mess you both up." He rolled his eyes and leaned back against the seat. "Than they end up breaking your leg and possibly killing your people. And before you know it

your landing in America right outside Avenger's headquarters. And then you meet a very odd but trustworthy girl." He smiled a little.

"That's gotta be a pain." I said, still looking in those damned eyes. He just let his smile turn to a smirk.

"It is. Literally." He chuckled. "But if I'm honest you're not the worst company to have after it happens." He said sincerely.

Faster.

Thumping.

I pushed his chair as it spun around and he chuckled and a smile played on my lips.

Maybe this wouldn't be so bad. "Hey." He said grabbing my wrist as the chair stopped. "Thank you. No soul would've believed me. So thank you." He let go. "Tell me more about your powers."

"Well I can sense your body. What it does. Right now I can feel your heart beating. The pain in your leg. The tissues. The muscles. When you said you wanted to save Thor all I had to do was grab you and I could feel your heart beat faster if you were lying. I could feel tension if you were lying."

Power.

"And I wasn't. That's quite the power." He looked at me curiously. "You should get some sleep." He leaned back in his seat. "We still got a while." I nodded and grabbed one of the blankets I packed. I rested my head against the chair and slowly dozed off.

Loki's POV

Should I? I could tell what was going on through her head and see what she isn't telling me. But should I? I looked at her relaxed figure.

No.



Peaceful.

She was peaceful. I shouldn't ruin that. Especially if I want her to help me. I could rest my eyes. It's not like things would go to hell if I did.

I closed my eyes.

Her breathe.

Heavy.

Panting.

I opened my eyes quickly and rubbed them.

"On second thought I'll stay up a bit longer..."

## Chapter 4

"Subject 01. Age 9. Ability to heal with touch present. Claims to be able to feel other's pain. Will be tested tomorrow."

Father spoke into a recorder. He stopped, looking at me. He set the recorder down and stepped towards me. My body shook in fear.

"Let's go."

I woke up. Grabbing my throat.

Breathe.

I breathed in deeply. Then out slowly. I looked over, Loki was barely awake. Still staring out into the void.

"It's odd. You can't tell if it's day or night in space can you?" Loki yawned and looked over at me. I was still laying against the seat with a blanket covering my lap. I smiled a little.

"You need some sleep." I chuckled and stood up. I wrapped my blanket around him and brushed his hair out of his eyes. "And maybe a shower when you can." I looked down at him as his eyes pierced my own. What was this feeling in my chest?

I wanted to lean closer. But I stopped myself and pet his head before going to my seat. "(Y/N)?" I turned my gaze to him yet again.

"Yes?"

"You're very kind. You remind me of someone who was very dear to me." I smiled before my eyes were fixated on a black hole.

"Shit...grab a hold of something!" I grabbed the wheel of the ship but it was too late. The ship was thrust around, my stomach turning and my body

pushed harder against the chair. Before I knew what was happening the ship lost control and I saw the ground. "Fuck!" I grabbed a hold of the wheel as the ship crashed into the planet. I looked over at a panting Loki.

"Are you ok?" He unstrapped himself before he limped over to me and unstrapped me standing me up. The markings appeared on my arms but he did not recoil from touching me. Odd..

"I'm ok. We just need to know where we are now. Hopefully it's someplace nice." I started walking out of the ship. I grabbed guns from a bag and placing them in my holsters. Loki transformed in a more royal yet warrior attire with two daggers in each hand. As we exited we were welcomed by a woman. She was a bit short, with darker hair and fair skin.

"Newcomers? Come this way." She led us to a big building we had landed in front of. I looked at Loki, waiting for his reaction. He walked in front of me, an arm behind himself and in front of me.

"Stay behind me. Understand?" He spoke in a demanding tone. I nodded, even though I wanted to say something. I couldn't find the courage to do so. We walked through rooms, finally arriving to one where a man in robes sat in a throne of sorts. The woman stopped and bowed.

"Grand master. I bring newcomers." She spoke with her head bowed. The man, the grand master I assumed, looked us over and stood up.

"Ah well well well.. who are you? You look like a cute little couple." He spoke, almost enthusiastically.

"I am Loki, god of mischief. This is (Y/N) of Midgard." Loki bowed slightly, where as I did not.

"And we aren't a couple." I spoke, looking directly at the Grand Master.

"So uh (Y/N) why is it that you refuse to be polite to me?" He stepped closer, Loki pushing me more behind him after standing straight up.

"I don't know nor trust you. How could I be polite." I tried moving from behind Loki but he refused to move his arm as he stared at me. As if to tell me to shut my mouth.

"Forgive her. She's probably not accustomed-"

"Loki, I didn't speak to you. But I do like you (Y/N). You've got a feisty little attitude. How would you like a job?" He pushed Loki to the side and he stiffened as the Grand Master stood in front of me.

"What's the other choices if I refuse?" I kept my arms crossed.

He smirked. "The other choice is being an unpaid worker who competes in games."

"So a slave?"

"Oh don't use that word it's so ugly!" He walked back to his seat. "So, (Y/N) of Midgard and Loki god of Miss Step-"

"Mischief."

"Will you take up my offer? If you do you'll be rewarded with a little living space all to yourselves for however long the job may last but I'm short on staff so I need to know now." I looked at Loki. He nodded.

"Ok. We accept." I walked by Loki and stood by him.

"Splendid! We'll go over details later during tonight's match! Until then you'll be shown your room!" He clapped his hands together and the woman from before walked us to the elevator.

She led us to a room, walls of glass and red floor. A lounge area, a bathroom, a kitchen area, and a bedroom. One bedroom. Before I could say anything the door was shut. And locked. "I guess we aren't allowed to leave until this match I suppose." I sighed running my hands through my hair and turning to Loki.

"You can take the bed. I'll take the couch." He was looking down, I swear I could see a tint of red cover his cheeks. I smirked, the god of mischief was embarrassed and blushing.

"What if we both took the bed?" I chuckled as his head popped up. His face growing more red. This will be fun. "I mean I wouldn't mind." I walked closer to him. He coughed a little and sat on the couch. I laughed hard before ruffling his hair. "I'm just teasing you."

He pouted a little, it was honestly adorable. "That's not funny (Y/N)..." he trailed off.

~Loki's POV~

This woman I swear was driving me over the edge sometimes. She slept in the room next to me and I laid restless on a couch. We had discussed with the Grand Master that we would gather parts from broken ships. And as we stayed longer we would gather "warriors" as he put it. Aka slaves.

But I wasn't even focusing on that. I was focusing all on her. Her eyes. Her lips. Her hair. Her skin..her...everything. I stood up and walked to her room, no door but only an arch separated the room and lounge area. I leaned against the side of the arch. Looking at her. I smiled, she looked peaceful.

She was holding a pillow next to her, the blanket covering all but her bare feet. I sighed and went to the bathroom. I started the shower and disrobed. Why couldn't I stop thinking about her?

## Chapter 5

"Subject 01, age 10 and Subject 02, age 3. Subject 01 shows abilities of reversing wounds and alteration of human tissue of Subject 02. Subject 02 fails to show any signs of abnormal powers."

Belle...I'm sorry.

"Fuck!" I panted bending over, sweat dripping down my face. I had a nasty cut on my arm from a fight with a new 'warrior' as the Grand Master put it. A way to learn a lesson about sneaking out after dark. Loki and I agreed not to stay here forever, we needed to get to Asgard.

"Almost done ok? Just breathe." Loki comforted me as he disinfected my arm. "It doesn't need stitches that's the good part. But it's still deep enough that it could cause a quite nasty infection." He bandaged my arm and the pain ceased.

"The 'nasty infection' is that you like it here way to much. We aren't ever getting out of here...and I'll never see my family again." I looked down and sighed. I had been keeping that in for a week. Loki looked at me, seemingly shocked.

"What do you mean I like it here?" He stood in front of me, his face one now of irritation.

"I mean you haven't helped me get off this damned planet since we got here!" I yelled standing up, despite the pain. "I mean dear god I just had to almost beat someone to death out there and all you could do was watch!"

"What was I supposed to do exactly (Y/N)?! You and I both know what happened to the man who refused to help the Grand Master! Instantly melted!" He snapped his fingers. "Just like that! Is that better to you?! Do you think I wanted to watch?! To see you suffer like that?!"

"You are the god of mischief, maybe you did enjoy it." He stepped back.

"Listen. I want you to listen carefully." He took a step in front of me, his face inches from mine. "I may be the god of mischief. But I never enjoyed people I care about's suffering. I didn't want to watch. But I also didn't want to see you become nothing more than a puddle." I turned around and went out of the living quarters. My mind told me to be angry but my heart felt a flutter.

He cares about me? But does that really matter in this moment? We had wasted a week's worth of time fooling around and doing as told like prisoners. I paced back and forth in the hall, going back and forth in my head. He cares and doesn't want me hurt, how do I feel about him? Would I do anything to protect him? Is Loki my friend? This whole mission was so we could save Thor from whatever but so far no progress has been made.

I wrapped my hand around my arm, feeling the tingle of pain. I took a deep breathe.

Focus.

Heal.

I put all my thought into it, the markings lining my hands only for the pain to worsen. I stopped and groaned. "Useless." I grabbed my arm harder.

Focus. Please.

The pain kept increasing until I fell to the ground on my knees in pain. "Fucking useless!" My eyes welled up with tears. All those experiments, only so I couldn't even help myself.

I pulled my knees to my chest as I began sobbing and hiding my face in my knees. I didn't want to be like this. I didn't want these damn powers. I didn't like feeling other people's pain. Sometimes it would get so bad I would just want to end my own life. I continued sobbing into my knees before I heard the clicking of shoes and I kept my face buried but my sobs silent.

"(Y/N)? Are you ok?" A wave of relief came over me as soon as I heard his voice and I looked up with puffy eyes.

"I'm ok. I was just trying to fix my damn cut but I only ended up making it hurt more." I wiped any remaining tears off my cheeks. He grabbed my hand and saw the markings shining lightly on my skin as he traced his thumb over them.

"I'm sorry I got upset. I didn't mean to snap I just want you to know that I really do care about you. This past week I've felt like I've actually had a friend, and I've never really had any friends. Everyone always liked Thor more." He let go of my hand as a slight blush crossed his cheeks. "And I don't want to see my only friend as a pile of guts."

I chuckled and wrapped my arms around him. "I'll be ok. If it makes you feel better I don't want to see you as a pile of guts either." I heard him chuckle lightly as he returned the hug and he buried his face into my neck. I felt my heart warm up, my mouth turning into a dorky grin. I felt safe. Happy.

"(Y/N)?" He spoke, his breath against my neck causing me to hold back a shiver.

"Yes Loki?" I pulled away and looked him in the eyes.

"I can help you with the painful memories.."

"What do you mean?" My voice somewhat shaky, as I was a terrible liar.

"I can see that you have painful thoughts and memories from your childhood and what your parents did..I saw them while I was bandaging your arm and a few times when you've been asleep..I don't know all that happened as many of your dreams are vivid but I could help you when they come up." He places the palm of his hand on my forehead. "All I have to do is go like this and then poof. You'll forget a lot of those memories."



I grabbed his hand and put it down. "Loki, I want these memories. Even though they're painful.. those experiences made me who I am today. I wouldn't be here if it weren't for them." He smiled a little as he stood up and helped me up.

"Well we should get some dinner started and go to bed." He led me back to our living quarters.

## Chapter 6

"Subject 01 aged 12 shows unknown lines across skin when powers activate, lines are a bright red. Subject 02 aged 5 shows signs of possible telepathy."

I grabbed at my chest as I woke up, trying to get control of my breathing.

In.

Out.

My breathing came back to a normal pace and I could feel slight relief. I threw my legs over the side of the bed as I leaned over and rubbed my face with both hands. I looked up, seeing the sun had come up already.

My bare feet touched the cold floor as I began walking towards to the bathroom to take a shower. I opened the door, half awake at this point and jumped back at what I saw. I covered my eyes as my face turned red, a shirtless Loki in front of me with only a towel around his waist.

"I-I'm sorry!" I backed up still holding my arm over my eyes and ran out. My face was completely red as I turned around and ran into the hallway. I stopped and started panting as I leaned against the wall in the hall. I ran my hand through my hair, my face still red as a strawberry.

"What the fuck happened to you?" I looked up to see Valkyrie, a girl who I had meet in the first week here, standing in front of me with a smug but concerned look.

I just chuckled as I stood up straight, feeling my face cool off. "Nothing you'd be interested in."

"Spill it."

I looked down, my body heating up. "I saw Loki shirtless.." I mumbled, hoping she wouldn't hear and would drop it. But when I looked up and saw her face, it was clear she heard. She was trying to hold back a laugh and it was obvious. I sighed. "Go ahead."

Her laughs echoed through the halls as she was now bent over, her eyes tearing up. "Oh poor (Y/N)! How sickly pale was he?!"

"H-hey he's not-"

She cut me off with her increased laughter.

"Come on.."

She stopped and stood up back up straight, wiping the tears from her eyes as she looked down at me. "I bet you did it on purpose."

"What?! Why would I do that?!" My face went right back to the crimson red it was previously, marking starting to crawl up my arms.

"Because it's obvious he likes you and you like him. I mean he never lets you out of his sight, and when you get thrown in as a warrior he freaks out and you can see the pain in his eyes I swear." For some reason, thinking that he worried about me that much and cared that much made me feel better. Calm even.

"We're friends. I mean as much of friends as we can get only knowing each other for two weeks." I pushed my hair back, noticing the markings went away.

"Love at first sight, right?" She patted my back, walking off as she passed by.

Love?

I started heading back for the living quarters that I've been cooped up in when I was gathering new 'warriors' and 'contestants' or when I was

competing against them. Is it possible for me to fall in love with someone who put my family in harms way? Who caused such an uproar in super powered humans that experiments were taking place? Even if mine had begun before the attack on New York, the attack caused an increase of experiments and even increased my torture.

Someone who destroyed my city, who harmed the closest thing I had to family? No. But I could forgive him, at least for now. I made my way into the living room area as I pushed the door open.

"Loki?" No response. I sighed, he must not be here. Possibly out on some mission assigned by the Grand Master. I collapsed on the couch and held my head. "Get a grip of yourself. Valkyrie was just teasing. Loki doesn't like you...at least not in that way..." I sighed heavily. "We'll be out of here soon. Once we defeat his sister and get Thor...for all I know he'll disappear again."

I closed my eyes as I tried to relax. "Besides..even if I did like him it wouldn't matter. There's no way someone like him would ever fall for me. The most I can ask is his friendship and be there for him." I felt myself dozing off. "Maybe.."

~Loki's POV~

I can't believe I took that long to get my clothes on what the hell is wrong with me?! I quickly put my clothes on and searched for (Y/N) But I couldn't find her. I began walking down the halls until I saw her, leaning against the wall. She seemed to be flustered. Her hair falling around her eyes, she actually looked quite adorable.

I sighed, I know now is not the time to confront her.

I've been sitting in the living room for a while, waiting for her to come back. But as soon as I heard her footsteps I made myself unseeable. There she stood, her hair still a mess and her eyes shining.

"Loki?" Her voice saying my name felt almost relieving. A wave of serenity washing over me. She sighed and sat on the couch. "Get a grip of yourself. Valkyrie was just teasing. Loki doesn't like you...at least not in that way..."

What? What did Valkyrie say? What does she mean?

"We'll be out of here soon. Once we defeat his sister and get Thor...for all I know he'll disappear again."

For some reason I felt a sting in my chest. I didn't like the thought of leaving her side. Of never seeing her again. What was this pain?

"Besides..even if I did like him it wouldn't matter. There's no way someone like him would ever fall for me. The most I can ask is his friendship and be there for him."

But..why would she ever like me? Let alone love me in any capacity? She said it before. I'm the god of mischief. I'm not deserving of love.

"Maybe.." She curled up in a ball and fell asleep. I made myself visible and looked at her sleeping body. I sighed to myself, looking at her and I got on my knees so I could see her more clearly. I felt myself reaching to push her hair out of her face, but I stopped myself. What am I doing? I stood back up and began waking out. But not before I looked at her peaceful state of rest. I smiled to myself and left.

## Chapter 7

"Subject 01 age 13 lately has been receiving more intense experiments after the New York Attacks. Signs show ability to completely stop subject 02's heart for certain amounts of time as subject 02 is at age 7. Further tests with older subjects will take place soon."

"I know you're going to hate what I have to say." Loki spoke, his face looking down but his voice seemed to be dripping with amusement. I was in the training area, throwing knives at a target hoping to up my skills before facing the army that would be waiting for us in Asgard.

"Don't tell me it's another party." I pulled my arm back, looking at the target.

"Now how could you ever guess!" He started laughing. I extended my arm, pushing the knife from my hand and hitting close to the center.

"Because there's been three this week." I turned my head to him, his smile making my lips curl into one of my own.

"Well it's a good sign. If we socialize more and gain his trust more we can start sneaking out and not having you or me thrown into the arena." He put his hand on my shoulder as my smile dropped a little.

"I know. But you know I'm impatient. We don't even know where Thor is, how to get out, or what we will do when we get to Asgard. Or even how much time it has been outside of this place." His grip tightened and he pulled me into a hug. Unexpected, but warm and welcomed. I wrapped my arms around him and felt myself relax as I heard his heartbeat in my ear.

"Everything will be ok. I promise." He let go and looked down at me, his eyes were so hypotonic. Ever since I first saw them I always found myself getting lost in them. I wanted to lean in, I wanted to so badly. But I stopped. A voice rang in my head.

Remember New York.

I looked away and grabbed another knife off the table.

"I hope you're right." I pulled my arm back again. "Because we gotta get out of here. Tony will be pissed if I'm not back before they get back." I aimed and threw the knife, hitting dead center this time.

Later that day I was looking through the empty closet, for any sign of any other clothing. You'd think that for a Grand Master he'd give you more clothes for his stupid parties. I sighed as I sat on the bed roughly. I rubbed my head lightly, trying to keep my mind in one piece.

So much has happened since I left home. I don't even know how long I've been gone for them. Days, weeks, months? Not to mention my feelings for Loki getting in the way. I know I have them. I know that they are there. But that doesn't mean I have to act on them. I can't forget what he has done to what I have as family.

But I can't help myself from thinking that he's changed. He seems to genuinely care about Thor and how to save his people. He seems to care about me.

"You're lighting up." I heard the God's voice. I pulled my hands down, notching the markings now glowing. For the past week they have become brighter. Almost like they were lighting up. And of course happening more often with less stress required to trigger it. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. Just thinking." I looked up, seeing him leaned against the wall.

"Thinking about what?"

Lie.

"Do I have to be honest with you?" I chuckled as I straightened my back.

"Of course you have to. Or else I'd just have to look in your mind instead." He walked over so that he was now in front of me. He towered over me as I was sitting down and I couldn't help but feel my heart beat a little faster.

"You're not supposed to do that, jerk." I was trying to keep whatever uneasiness deep down but some spilled in my voice.

"Try me." He kneeled so that he was now just slightly taller. "Now spill it."

"I was thinking about.."

Lie.

"I was thinking about you.."

Damn it.

"Me?" His eyes widened a little. "What about me?" His face was woven with curiosity. I looked down as my face felt hotter.

"I don't really want to talk about it, Loki. I'm sorry I'm just not comfortable with it yet." I kept my eyes away from his, knowing that one of these times I wouldn't be able to stop myself like before. I felt his hand on my chin, pulling my gaze towards his.

"It's about having feelings for me isn't it?" His eyes were stern now. "I heard you talking about it. How you couldn't have feelings for me." My face dropped, a sense of guilt washing over me. "That I'd disappear and wouldn't have feelings for you." He was leaning in, his eyes trailed to my lips. "If that's what you think, you're very naive." My eyes trailed to his and I felt myself leaning in again as his hand moved to my cheek. "In fact, I do have feelings for you. And I can't imagine disappearing any time soon." His voice trailed off as I felt his lips press against mine. His hand was still on my burning his cheek but his cold skin felt soothing.

I felt my arms wrap around his neck before he pulled away from the kiss. His eyes were still locked on mine. "You made my thoughts more



complicated now." I chuckled followed by a sigh. "You have no idea how hard it's been to understand why I feel this way. If I should even feel this way." He pulled me up, I was now standing up with him.

"(Y/N) you're not alone on that. But I can't stop. I keep thinking about it and I'm sorry. But it's driving me crazy." He leaned over for another kiss, my arms wrapping around him tighter as this kiss became more heavy and heated.

A knock pulled us both out of the moment and the realization of what was happening hit me like a ton of bricks. I unwrapped my arms and felt my face become a heated mess. "I-I'll go g-get that!" I rushed over and opened the door to see the Grand Master's little servant, Topaz.

"The party is starting. I will assist you over. But we have to hurry, the grandmaster has new meat to show off for this one."

## Chapter 8

"Mama! Why did you make me do that?!" My hands were shaking in rage and terror at what I had done.

"Stop being a spoiled brat! This is a break through in your powers! You'll be able to stop an enemy with a single touch and take down the most heinous beings! Do you want her death to be in vein, (Y/N)?!"

No. "Now I have duties to attend to. Stay here and socialize I suppose." Topaz walked off and left me and Loki in a crowded area. I looked over at Loki through the corner of my eye, only to find him staring at me. Where's Valkrie when I need her. His stare was burning into me, as if he was staring directly at all my thoughts and all my confused feelings. I still wasn't sure if Loki had even changed. Despite what he said, I had an uneasy feeling about giving into the idea of being romantically involved so fast.

It was just a kiss, after being stuck together for over three weeks. That's all it was. Right? "I need something to drink. I'll be back." I walked off, finding it surprising that he hadn't stopped me. I kept my eyes down as I made my way through people, my hand on my arm holding it close to me. I never liked being around a lot of people. It brings me back to my childhood.

How my mother and father's scientists would group around me, prodding and poking and watching. Always watching. I looked back at my wrists, of course I'd never forget it. But sometimes I like to think I'm a better person than what they made me into.

I felt myself bump into someone and I looked up. One of the Grand Master's friends I could assume, as I had never seen him before. He was towering over me, with shaggy brown hair and brown eyes. His skin was a grey color and his breath smelt of alcohol. "Whatcha doing all by yourself little lady?" He wore a sinister smirk as he spoke to me, the stench of his breathe causing me to gag.

"I-I just want a drink." He laughed at my response and grabbed my shoulder.

Anxiety.

My heart was beating, I felt as if I was shrinking compared to this statue of a man. "Why don't I help you find your way so you don't get lost, huh?" His words seemed to slur as he tried wrapping his arm around me. My demeanor felt smaller by every second that I let this creep put his hands on me.

"N-no thanks. I th-think I'll-"

"Nonsense, can't have a pretty thing like you running around lost." He laughed again as he winked at me.

"I feel uncomfortable..please-" he tightened his grip and leaned down to whisper in my ear.

"Don't be. I won't bite. Unless you ask~"

Don't.

The markings lined my skin as the anxiety began to turn to rage.

"I'm warning you."

Pain.

He fell to his knees, shaking in pain. "Get the fuck off me." He continued shaking as he looked up at me with watery eyes. My anger went down and was instead replaced with regret.

"What's your deal?" He whimpered, now getting up. "Crazy lady." He walked off, shaking his head. I looked down at my hands, watching the markings fade away only slightly. Why wouldn't they go away for good?

I shook my head, trying to make the thoughts stop. Why should I feel guilt for him getting what he deserved? Why should I? I sighed and decided against the drink. Maybe they'd just increase my want to hurt someone. As I started walking back I spotted Loki. Talking to a group of women.

What was this feeling now? I had no time to fully experience it as a loud and thunderous voice rang.

"Loki! Loki it's me!"

Thor. He was seemingly stuck in a chair I had seen far too many innocent people be trapped in before. I ran over and smiled widely.

"Thor! Where the hell have you been?!" I started laughing as I hugged onto him. His eyes were wide when he saw me, but seemingly full of relief.

"(Y/N)? My dear, what are you doing here?" His voice was full of concern, almost like a father who had found his missing child.

"Loki landed outside Avengers base and I was the only one home." I chuckled as I felt my eyes water up.

"Excuse me, you all know each other?" I heard the Grand Master's voice speak.

"Loki is my brother! (Y/N) is a dear friend!" He started struggling and I unwrapped my arms from around him, a huge smile still on my face.

"We're not really brothers." Loki spoke, causing my smile to fall as I looked at him with disbelief.

"Yes we are." Thor spoke.

"I was adopted so not really." I glared at Loki as he spoke and the Grand Master looked at me.

"And you?"

"He's the closest thing I have to family. Please release him." I tried acting calm, I wanted Thor out so we could leave.

"Well I'm sorry, you know the rules. He must battle my top champion."

"Let me at him then. I can do it!" Thor was eager, I could tell he wanted out to. But even I hadn't faced the top champion, I didn't even know what they looked like. All I knew is once you went in you didn't come out.

"Ok than, the lord of Thunder will face my champion!"

I was pacing back and forth in the bathroom, drying off from the shower I had taken just before. I heard a knock and rolled my eyes. "What?" I was focused on my hands, they still hadn't gone away. As if burned into my skin. This wasn't normal.

"We have to watch the fight tomorrow night."

"Fine. Whatever." They were glowing bright now. What the hell?

"What's wrong?" He opened the door, despite me never saying he could come in.

"Loki! For fuck's sake I'm only in a towel!" I growled venomously at him. His lips curled into a smirk.

"Well you saw me in one. Why can't I get pay back?"

"Out!" I pushed him out with all my might as he just laughed. Asshole.

## Chapter 9

Blinding light. Even through this blindfold the light from the radiation machine burned my eyes. I felt my body ache in pain, burning through out my entire being. "I-Is it almost over?" I spoke softly, trying to keep any sign of agony out of my voice.

"Soon, darling. Soon."

I finished getting dressed and looked in the mirror. The markings had still not gone away. They were light, almost blending into my skin but slightly lighter. I sighed and walked out of the room, Loki was still asleep on the couch. I could just smack him on the head. Or kiss him awake. Neither seemed totally like a good idea. So I just left him and headed for the training area.

"So what's with the Lord of Thunder dude?" Valkrie spoke as she was working on her gadgets as I practiced more knife throwing.

"I know him from my home planet. He's a hero there. A lot of people look up to him." I straightened my arm and aimed.

"What about you?" As I threw the knife I flinched and missed the target completely into a wall.

"What about me?" I regained my composure and grabbed the next knife.

"Well I know you came here with Loki and every time you get in a fight I always seem to bust your ass out of it, but I barely know about your past."

"It's not the interesting." I threw the knife, just outside the center. "Bad parents. Bad parents die. Get adopted by superhero. Learn to use my powers for good."

"Is that you have those markings?"

I looked down at my hands. "Well that's complicated." I walked over to where she was sitting and sat in front of her. I put out my hands for her to see, the markings visible. Looking as if I had strange burn scars all over my arms, wrapping up them like vines. "These usually only ever appeared when I used my powers or when I got stressed. But now they stay like this and every time I've been getting stressed or flustered or even angry they light up. Like actually glow. I haven't tried using my powers since then." She looked at my arms curiously.

"Well try them on me, I got a little cut so it won't be like a big thing." She held out her hand, a little wound on her finger was visible.

"I guess...but if I end up hurting you please tell me. I seriously don't understand what's been happening lately." I grabbed her finger.

Reverse.

I felt a tingle in my finger as I reversed the cut on her finger. I pulled my hand away and it was gone. So good sign, my powers were still working normally. I sighed in relief. "Well that's a good sign right?" Valkyrie said, pulling me out of my state of thought.

"Yeah." I looked down. "But they're still there."

"I'm sure it'll be ok. Maybe using your powers so much they just kinda stuck? Not sure how it all works." She patted my head and chuckled. "But no matter what, you're still a kick ass knife thrower." She stood up and walked off, taking me a while to notice the bottle in her hand. I sat still at the table, playing with my hands to keep myself distracted.

"Hey." There he was.

"How long did you sleep this time?" I kept my eyes on my hand but I could feel his presence in the entrance.

"Not as long as you think. I just was waiting for her to leave. I wanted to see you alone." I rolled my eyes and stood up, keeping my eyes down.

"I don't really wanna talk until Thor is released and you actually show you care about him and me more then you do about this place." I felt his hand on my chin, lifting it to meet his eyes.

Damn it.

"You don't even want to talk about the kiss?" Why did he have to bring this up now?

"Not right now." My mask was cracking.

"What about the shower?" His lips turned into a smirk as he scanned my body, my cheeks got red as I pushed him away.

"Don't be a pig. I never wanted you to see me like that. I just want to go home. I haven't seen Tony or Steve in three weeks and I miss my family. You don't understand." I trailed off as I tried to keep myself from tearing up. "My only family-"

"They aren't you're family. Not blood." He interrupted me. My eyes were now full of tears and my face turned to rage as I raised my voice.

"Fuck you, Loki! You have no idea what it was like-"

"No idea what it's like to have been lied to your whole life and treated lesser by your supposed parents? To have your real family basically try killing you time and time again? To actually love your adoptive family?" He scoffed at me and turned around. "You think Thor actually cares about me or you? He only cares about making daddy proud."

"And you don't care about making your mom proud at all?" His clutched his hands into fists. "You want to lecture me about anything? Is that really what you want to do?!" I pushed on his back and he stood still.

"You don't know anything about my mother. Leave her out of this, (Y/N)."



"I know you cared about her! I know you actually cared when she died!" I pushed him again but before my hands met his back he turned around and grabbed my wrists. His eyes were filled with anger, but grief and guilt at the same time.

"Shut your mouth. Now." His grip got tighter and I started tugging away, but he wouldn't let go. "You want to talk about how hard it is for you? At least you have family who cares about you now. Who cares about me?! Huh?!" His grip was tighter and my anger disappeared as his eyes filled with tears. "You don't even care because Thor, as always, is more important than I will ever be!"

"Loki..." He let go and pushed me away. He turned around and his voice was monotone as he walked off without looking at me.

"I can't believe I fell for a mortal."

## Chapter 10

"You think anyone would love a creature like you?!" I was thrown by my arm in a room as shackles were put on my ankles and arms. I was crying, something forbidden by my parents.

"I'm sorry..I'm sorry.." I repeated as my father grabbed a whip from the other side of the room.

"Shut the fuck up! You couldn't do one thing! One god damn thing!" I tried to block the hit but my arms were restrained and my body ached with pain as I screamed. "You're worthless!" Another. As I screamed and begged for it to stop.

I was in a room now, a watching room I guess. I hadn't been in here, but Loki had every time I'd have to fight. "So how is everything so far? I know you've never been in here but I'm so glad you are now!" The Grand Master clapped his hands excitedly as I roamed around the room.

"It's very nice, Grand Master." I spoke, almost mumbled under my breathe. I couldn't find the courage to speak against him at the moment. With Thor's life on the line and Loki's shunning, I felt any bravery sucked out of me. I looked over at the couch, Loki was just starring out the giant window overlooking the arena. What was this pain in my chest?

Why did it hurt that he wasn't by my side to tell me stupid things like Thor would get his ass kicked or that he could take him on himself? My heart almost felt a yearning to sit next to him, but my stubbornness to be right got in the way and I looked away. "Well I'm glad you like it! Maybe you could come here with me some other times~"

I held back the urge to gag, knowing exactly the Grand Master was talking about. The man was a degenerate, but I simply chuckled lightly. "I don't know about that." Once again my words came out softly, almost inaudible.

"Oh oh everyone shush it's time for the fight now!" The Grand Master said giddy. I turned my eyes to the window and stood right next to it. Out came Thor, his hair short and a weapon and shield in hand. I ignored the speeches, just wanting my other father figure to be ok. Until I felt the ground under me rumble.

"...the Incredible Hulk!"

Banner? I looked to the side and sure enough, a green giant appeared. I started smiling like an idiot as Thor screamed in victory. But this was short lived as he pointed up at us, addressing that Loki was here. I looked over to see a frozen Loki. I almost wanted to tease him. Almost.

But soon enough Hulk and Thor were in a full out battle. I backed away, wanting to avert my eyes. What if Banner hurt Thor? I felt arms wrap around me. Familiar. Comforting.

"I doubt he'll kill him." Loki's voice whispered in my ear and I felt a little smile.

"I'm still angry at you. But thank you." His hand was rubbing up and down my back.

"I'm angry at you too. But I think it's more important to see you calm then worried." His hand was now petting down my head and tangling in my hair. "Don't worry. Thor will blast him with lightening or something before he'd ever let himself die. Which I'm sure Green Man can take." I chuckled a little as I calmed down. There's no way Banner and Thor would kill each other.

I heard Loki start laughing, I turned around and saw Banner flinging the shit out of Thor. "How does it feel?!" He shouted as he laughed. I rolled by eyes as he cleared his throat as the grand master looked at him with confusion. "Sorry, just love the sport."

I pulled on Loki's hand to sit on the couch, which he did and I sat next to him. I felt tempted to lean my head on his shoulder but I had to stop myself. I can't let this happen again.

I saw Thor stand up after being pummeled to the ground, but his eyes were an electric blue and his hands seemed to be tangled with lightening. One punch and Banner was knocked clean across the arena. "Oh shit.." I murmured, I had never seen a fight between Thor and Hulk like this. I had never seen Thor, himself, like this.

"This is new." Loki murmured as well, watching as Thor beat the crap out of Banner. I looked over, the Grand Master may have to swallow his pride and let Thor go. But instead he pulled out a controller, and Thor was down. Banner jumped up and landed on Thor. He was definitely now unconscious. I stood up. I had to hold my tongue until I got to the living area for me and Loki before I could cuss and scream about how unfair this man was.

However, it wasn't easy to hide my rage from Loki as the markings began glowing. As they would from any anger increase. Loki grabbed my hand and led me out of the viewing area towards where we had been living for three weeks. Three. Weeks. He closed the door and wrapped his arms around me, obviously trying to keep me calm.

"Fuck. The. Grand. Master." I growled.

"Fuck the Grand Master? I don't think you should do that. Might get an STD." Loki joked, his lips my ear.

"I'm serious. Thor was going win. We were going get out. We were going to save your people, help Thor, I would go home-"

"Then what?" He whispered, he was now rocking me back and forth.

"Would you still speak with me? Or would Daddy Stark not allow that?" He chuckled as he kept swaying with me in his arms.

"Tony would kill me if he even knew I kissed you. Or even stayed in the same room as you. Or spoke to you. Basically you're off limits." I started smiling and wrapped my arms around him as I nuzzled my face into his chest.

"Well that's not fair. I think we work quite well together. Even when we're pissed at each other." He kissed the top of my head, let me go, and laid on the couch and I got ready for bed.

# Chapter 11

"Subject 01 continues to go through testing although no new abilities have been present. Subject 01 seems to suffer depression and suicidal thoughts after the death of Subject 02."

"Her name was Belle!" I was smacked across the face, for interrupting the report my mother was making into her damned tape recorder. I shut my mouth, knowing the punishments that would await if I spoke anymore about Belle.

"Come on!" I felt myself being dragged outta bed by Valkyrie. I groaned and tried holding onto the bed as she pulled harder on my feet.

"Five more minutes of sleep.." I trailed off, still half awake.

"No we need to talk, come on!" She pulled with one last yank and I let go, hitting my head against the floor.

"Ow!" I seethed in pain as I rubbed my head. "What the actual fu-"

"How do you know the grandmaster's champion?!"

"Oh my god Val, it's to late for this." I groaned until she pulled me up by my arm.

"Nah uh come on!" She dragged me into the living room area and sat me on the couch. I groaned and rubbed my head.

"Start from the beginning." She stood in front of me, my eyes focused on the ground. "How'd you meet him?"

"I already told you how I was adopted after being experimented on? Well.." I felt myself trail off. "He was in the group I was apart of. He helped partially raise me."

"That thing raised you? How can he even be near a child without crushing them?"

I chuckled and opened my mouth but the bathroom door opened and out came Loki, hair damped and skin a pink tint. I couldn't help but smile when I saw him walk out. It was almost instinct to do so at this point, even if I wanted to fight it. He smiled back, a soft look in his eyes. Until they flicked over to Valkyrie, and they went back to an almost cold glare.

"Valkyrie, can you please leave me and (Y/N) to discuss business in peace please?" He stood behind me now, hands on my shoulders.

"Fine. But I get her later. I need to know more about how interconnected all this weird shit is!" She stood up and walked away, that's when Loki let go of my shoulders.

"Sometimes she makes me want to punch her." He growled under his voice.

I looked up at him, his expression softening as he bent over and kissed my forehead. "You know we need to find a way to leave still. We can't just stay here-"

He covered my mouth. "Hush. Let me enjoy the moment please?" He hopped over the couch and sat next to me and opened his arms. I sighed and laid on his chest. His arms were wrapped around me. "I'm just noticing you're still in your pajamas." He chuckled.

My face went red, as all I was wearing was a pair of panties and tank top. I tried pulling away but he kept his arms around me. "C-come On let me go change!" I whined and he shook his head.

"Nope. I quite enjoy looking at you like this." He pulled my tank top strap a little to the side and my face seemed to be on fire. The marks on my body were glowing once again. He laid down on the couch and then pulled me up on his lap, his hands on my hips.

I moaned a little as I felt myself against him. "Come on w-we gotta seriously leave soon.." I trailed off as he began moving my hips back and forth and my eyes rolled back a little. He smirked up at me.

"Just let me tease you a little bit, My Goddess." I bent over and started kissing him deeply. His arms were wrapped around me tightly, his tongue slipped into my mouth and tangled with mine.

But all was short lived as the door was opened and in came Valkyrie. She started giggling. "I was coming back for my bag holy crap. Look at you two!" She bursted out laughing as I fell off Loki on the floor.

"Out." Loki stood up and pushed Valkyrie out as she was still howling with laughter. I stood up and looked down, avoiding eye contact.

"I'm going to get d-dressed now." I ran off to the room and tried slowing my breath down. I looked down at the markings that had found their way all up my arms and down my legs. They were spreading.

Deep breathes.

I breathed in deeply through my nose and exhausted through my mouth. A few more of these and the markings faded back into a scaring type look. But this time they remained on my legs, unlike they had ever done before.

Was I getting worse? Were my powers starting to overcome my being? It wasn't painful. It wasn't anything more then my body reacting to emotional intensity. So then why? Why when I'm away from home does my body betray me and when I can have no answers?

My attention to my thoughts were broken by the loud pounding on my door. "Are you ok?" I heard Loki, his voice laced with a tone of concern.

I sighed, looking at myself in the mirror. "I'm almost out. Go ahead and see Thor. I'll meet you soon." I ran my hands through my hair. How did this man, this god make me weak like this?



All I could think about was kissing him, to be held by him. How would Tony see me when I got back home? If I got back home? What would everyone think? Should it even matter?

I pulled my pants up and put a tank top on, finally something clothing that resembled my past life instead of these space jumpsuits. I tied my hair back, making sure it would be out of my face. I looked back myself. Soon. Soon we'll leave here.

## Chapter 12

The floor beneath me was rumbling, cracking under my fingertips. I knew I wasn't doing this, at least I hoped I wasn't. As I sat there, chained to the ground, debris fell around me. My mother's dead body beside me after a piece had fallen directly on her. The sounds of alarms and flashing lights had surrounded me, isolating me into an utter state of panic.

What was this?

I didn't know. I didn't know much of anything other than words and phrases. I wasn't taught much of anything else, other than to destroy my enemies. Or who I was told was my enemy.

I looked up, preparing for the falling debris to take me into an eternal sleep but it never came. Instead, I saw a man with long blonde hair knocking the debris from falling on top of me as another man with a suit of mostly blue grabbed me and carried me into the light.

The outside.

"Thor please tell me you have a plan to get us out of this hell hole. Your brother doesn't want to leave, Valerie will kill me if I say I want to leave, I miss home-" I was cut off when he put his hands on my shoulders. Thor had a way of calming me down, by trying to comfort me and telling me the reality of things yet still providing hope.

I heard hulk scoff as he walked passed us. "No escape. Thor and you are Hulk friends. Why leave?" I sighed and moved Thor's hands off my shoulders. And suddenly an idea.

"Hulk, where's the ship you took when you crashed here?" I looked up at the green giant.

He pointed straight out the window, beneath the tower was a ship previously belonging to the avengers. I looked at Thor, knowing we both

had the same idea. But before I could say anything, he broke the glass and slide down. I looked around, hoping Loki would appear. I didn't want to leave him behind.

Next thing I knew hulk had jumped out with him. But I didn't move. I couldn't. I knew if I left Loki, I'd regret it.

I ran off, hoping they wouldn't leave without me. "Loki!" I yelled, looking everywhere for him. I heard the faint hint of his voice. My heart pounding a little faster. Until I heard the voice of a female. I shouldn't.

I followed the voices, a mix of laughter and flirtatious sounds. I peaked over the corner seeing the alien like woman touching his arm and biting her lip, almost immediately the marks on my arms light up. He was smirking, his eyes looking her up and down.

I turned my back to them, hiding myself behind the wall as my jealousy carried on. I heard footsteps though coming my way. I started walking back the way I came, knowing I could leave him if he wanted to stay here and knowing he didn't need me.

"I knew I shouldn't have trusted him." I mumbled under my breath, not yet realizing the string of emotions to come after the anger I felt.

"Why not?" His voice echoed and my heart stopped. "For getting info on trying to get you what you want?" My breathing hitched and I could feel anxiety replacing anger. "You know I wouldn't want you to leave without me. I already know the two avenger men left. The Grand Master is having me and Valkrie meet him. And I know we'll find them. And need a ship." I kept walking.

"Then I'll find Val." I tried making sure the anxiety I felt wasn't easily heard.

"And do what? You need me to help you." He grabbed my shoulder, he was closer then I thought. But he removed his hand quickly, my anger at him causing him pain. "Come on, you seriously can't be-"

"Mad? You think I don't deserve a tad bit of anger?!" I yelled, not turning my back. "You think that after I've been trying my damndest to get off this hellhole, to get home to my family, to then having to have feelings for you that seeing you flirt with some skank wouldn't make me the least bit upset?!" My hands curled into fists as I felt tears threatening to overflow.

"It didn't mean anything!" He shouted back.

"Then neither did anything we've done." He grabbed my shoulder again, this time ignoring the pain. "Let. Go." This time I was purposely trying to cause some sort of pain to get him to let go.

Burn.

I tried to make it so his hand felt a burning sensation, but he didn't let go.

"You can try and hurt me. But I see what's in your mind. I can see what you've gone through. Why you go back and forth between your feelings for me and what you think of me." I grabbed his hand, summoning my strength to flip him over my shoulder.

"Who are you to judge what I've gone through and why I shouldn't question myself about loving you-"

I cut myself off. Realizing what I had just said. His eyes widened as he looked at me. "You-"

"Shut up. I'm leaving. You can come or stay, but don't ever fucking think you can make your assumptions on how I feel and why-"

"I know that I killed your mother. I know why the debris was falling. But you hated her. You wanted her dead."

My arms were wrapped around a tall man who had carried me out of the lab where my parents tortured me for years. I looked up, sniffing and tearing up.

"Are you ok, dear?" He put me down and looked down at me with his hand on my shoulder. I rubbed my eyes as I began sobbing.

"I'm free..."

I looked down at him. Thinking of all the horrible things my parents did to me, thinking of how Tony took me in to the avengers, how my life had changed for the better. "I did. But I wanted her to love me more then I wanted her dead." I walked past him, looking for Valkrie.

"I love you too." I heard his voice echo, as I tried to keep my manner calm. "And that's why I'm trying to get you out of here."

## Chapter 13

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stark!" I was curled in a ball, my arms wrapped around my knees. He had an injury, to test my powers further he asked me to heal them but I only made them worse.

His girlfriend, Pepper was sitting in front of me and she wrapped her arms around my shoulders. I was stunned, I had never experienced such a warm embrace. A motherly one.

"It's going to be ok. It always turns out ok."

I was wandering the streets. Looking for the two men who had gone off. Loki promised that today we would leave. We were tasked with finding Hulk and Thor before either could escape the planet. But that would be unlikely without using some sort of aircraft. And thankfully none of the ones on ground had anywhere near enough power to get through the atmosphere or any of the multiple portals. So they couldn't have just flew away and abandoned us.

You'd think finding a giant green man who has anger issues along with the god of thunder would be easier to spot. But of course they had to be on their best behavior despite all they did at home. I sighed as I leaned against the wall of a building, trying to rack through the ideas in my head that had been clouded with exhaustion.

My body aches and my mind felt like it was on the verge of exploding. I don't think I've ever been under as much stress as I am in this moment. I felt the markings crawling up my arms further then before, letting off a glow. I took deep breathes. But it wasn't working.

I felt a hand wrap around my waist as a voice I had no familiarity with had whispered into my ear. "Little lost lamb~" It purred into my ear. My body shivered in disgust and I tried breaking free but the arms tightened. "What's wrong, I'm just trying to help you find your way~"

Burn. Fucking burn.

The skin sizzled and they let go, hissing in pain and I took off. Only to hear his rants of "little bitch" in the background. I ran as far as I could while almost forgetting my main objective in the process until I bumped into a tall and muscular figure. Before I could react in violence and defense I breathed a sighed in relief seeing it was just Thor. I wrapped my arms around him, unable to really control my body any longer before sobbing.

"I want to go home..." I said in between tears. I just felt him wrap his arms around me and the voice of Bruce in my ear.

"We will. As soon as we can." He shushed me, as I felt my body relax.

"It's going to be ok."

Her voice rang through my ears. Even now when the world felt hopeless and lost. When my feelings were a bundle of utter confusion and stress. Her words gave me comfort. The woman who always treated me as her own.

My tears stopped flowing and the markings faded back to almost a skin tone deeper.

As he let go I noticed that Bruce was well Bruce. No longer in his hulk form. And that Valkyrie was right behind them. She smiled at me and motioned for us to go towards the tower once again.

My body shuttered, the hatred of the place boiling into my physical reactions now. Approaching the old living area made my entire being feel nauseous. Ready to throw up and run off but Valkyrie claimed a surprise was there.

And as I entered the room there I saw Loki. Tied up. His eyes met mine and I looked away. Still feeling some anger towards him. The others followed behind me, Loki turning on a smile for show.

"Surprise?" He voice almost mocking towards his brother. I felt my mind wander as they discussed the different ideas to leave until I felt a voice creep into my head.

"We'll need a ship. You know I know where we can get one."

His voice even in my head had my anger seemingly melt.

"Guys..?" I tried to interrupt, feeling like a child trying not to disturb the adults talking. "I think Loki knows where we can get a ship."

"No. We can't trust him." Thor spoke, brushing the idea off. "Loki loves his tricks. One time he disguised himself as a snake cause he knew I loved them. And when I went to play with the snake he turned back and stabbed me."

I looked back at Loki with a questionable gaze. He shrugged. "It was funny at the time."

"I don't know what other choice we have though. I mean do any of us have another plan?" I spoke softly.

"I guess we don't." Valkyrie responded in a defeated voice, glaring at Loki. I went over to unlock his chains, his eyes desperately trying to meet mine.

"I'm sorry. You know that right?" He whispered. I felt let out an exhale.

"Yes I know. But that doesn't excuse what you did." As soon as his hands were undone he grabbed my hands, looking me in the eyes.

"I know. But I meant what I said. I-"

"Come on lovebirds!" Thor roared. I sighed and let go of Loki's hands.

I stood up and gathered around. "So who does what?"

"Well Valkyrie and Bruce I want you to release and arm the slaves here. Start a revolution." Thor explained as he pointed to them and they nodded



their heads.

"(Y/N) and Loki, since you've been here for a while you should be able to get to the ships easier. I'll come with you but we'll need to be discreet. As soon as we get to the ship, Valkyrie and Bruce meet us. That's when we leave for Asgard. Understood?" Everyone nodded in unison.

As Thor further explained to Valkyrie and Bruce their roles I heard that mischievous voice in my head once again.

"I love you. I promise I won't let us be separated at this point."

# MORTAL GODDESS

LOKI X FEMALE READER



Participation Sticker  
Category: Fan Fiction  
By: TheFangirlRightThere

BY,  
THEFANGIRLRIGHTTHERE