

Titolo: Lamette, part 2

Fandom: Thor

Personaggi: Thor, Loki, Odin, Laufey, Frigga

Challenge: Cow T, quarta settimana, vittoria nella sconfitta; Maritombola, cartella di coppia, prompt 53

Nota: solo parzialmente betata dalla Yuppu perché non ho avuto tempo, scusate. Dopo la mezzanotte aggiungo una nota con a chi appartengono le tre citazioni presenti nel testo.

Nota dopo la mezzanotte: "Deny my father and refuse my name, or be but sworn your love, marry you in secret and then after a week kill myself in a tomb?" è un riferimento a Romeo e Giulietta di Shakespeare; "Night City" e "gone, with nothing left of you but some vague memory" è da Neuromante; "For how could you establish even the most obvious fact when there existed no record outside your own memory?" è da 1984; "You cannot change what you are, only what you do" è da La bussola d'oro.

Thor had known for a long time that the moment when his father would have asked him to take over the company was coming, but still he was taken by surprise when Odin called him to his office and said that the moment had arrived. But the man didn't want Thor to just take a seat in the president's office and at the head of the board, he wanted Thor to show him and the world that he was ready for responsibilities and was able to take care of what he was about to entrust to his hand. Thor was ready to move mountains for him, he wanted to show his father that he could have taken care of the family business like his parents had always expected him to do. He wasn't ready though for what Odin asked him to do to prove it.

"What do you mean I have to marry?" He asked after a moment of silence, dumbfounded.

"I mean that I want you to get your act together and settle down. The company needs someone who could act thinking about the future, and what best way to do it than to start thinking about the generation that has to come? You have plenty of admirers in the high circles, I've seen it. I'm sure you can find a good omega and settle down, start a family." The man chuckled. "I must say, your mother is starting to talk about having grandchildren running around the place. I supported you when you decided to get your own apartment, since I wanted you to know how to manage living alone, but I expect you to come back home when you're married. God knows that palace is too big for just me and your mother." He nodded, seemingly unaware of his son's discomfort. "What's the name of that pretty girl you always hang out with? Sif? Why don't you start by taking her over to dinner one of this nights?"

Thor shook his head, finding his voice once again. "Sif and I are not dating, dad."

"Well, not yet. It's about time you start asking her out, don't you think? You're... what, thirty six? It's time you find a spouse."

But Thor snorted, almost laughing at the thought of him and Sif getting married just because his father thought it could have been a good idea. Instead of asking if he even loved her. Suddenly he was hit but another thought and he felt like a ton of lead had been dropped on his stomach, and he had some difficulty swallowing the lump in his throat. He was pretty sure that after all the times he had asked Loki if he was interested in something more and his friend had said that he wasn't he should have dropped it and stopped thinking about a

chance for the two of them to be together, but with Odin expecting him to get married if he even wanted the job he had been getting ready for all his life, he tried to find the courage to ask the other man if he was really sure about not wanting him. He wasn't going to marry someone while still in love with his boyfriend, he wasn't going to do something like that to someone, tying them to him in a loveless marriage just for a job.

"I have to think about it." He croaked, voice suddenly hoarse.

Odin lift one eyebrow, watching him, but slowly nodded. "We'll talk again tomorrow morning." Thor nodded, even if filled with anxiety at the short deadline for his answer.

Loki had the feeling that Thor had something in his mind when they met that night at the man's apartment in Manhattan. Thor shook his head, refusing to elaborate telling him about his father's request because he didn't want Loki to accept his proposal just to help him with the pressure the man was putting on his shoulders. If his best friend was to change his mind and have a serious relationship with him, Thor wanted it to be because Loki loved him, more than a brother, more than a friend, definitely more than a friend with benefits. Still when Loki leaned in to kiss him Thor reached for the warmth and the acceptance he knew he could find in his friend.

Gently he lead Loki to his room, to the bed they had shared so many times, and there he laid him under himself, covering the lithe form of Loki with his body, holding him tightly in his arms as if worried that he would have ran away if he just had let him go. He took him gently that night, moving slowly and trying to pour all his love in his kisses and touches. Loki made the most beautiful sounds Thor had ever heard in bed and he wasn't going to grow tired of them anytime soon. He would have loved nothing more than to spend by his side the rest of his life.

They lay together after making love to each other, Loki on his side, his head propped on Thor's shoulder as he slowly ran his fingers over the muscular chest of the man.

"Have you ever thought about dropping the lie about... well, being an alpha?" Thor asked seemingly out of nowhere.

Loki raised one eyebrow, looking at him as if he had suddenly gone crazy.

"I mean, you're an adult now. You could- tell the others that your father made you do it. Since it's true."

"And throw my family and my name in the mud? What for?" Loki grimaced.

"Well, you don't have to pretend for the sake of your family business anymore, for one, your father won't go back on his decision now."

"Thanks, that really doesn't take me to dark thoughts." He snorted, flatly.

"I'm sorry, I just want to say that now that you don't depend on him to get a job, and you have a place where to live and all that... well, you could think about yourself. Drop the lie, find someone who loves you and maybe get married. Have a family." He murmured, trying not to look as if he wasn't almost hanging on the hope that Loki would say he was right. But Loki merely shrugged. "Life as an alpha is easier. And I'm not cut for family life anyway." He nodded, repeating what he had told himself constantly for the past seven years, trying to convince himself then that he could resist and make it with the life his father had chosen from him then, and to hide how much he was actually thinking about how good it would have been to have a relationship with his best friend in that moment. "And anyway I have no intention to tell the world I lied. And what? Deny my father and refuse my name, or be but sworn your love, marry you in secret and then after a week kill myself in a tomb?" He

sneered, sitting up in a bout of annoyance. "I'm not the Romeo type, really. I don't care about love." He said with scorn, hiding under that tone so as not to show the man how he actually would have wanted nothing more than marrying him and being the one Thor would have loved for the rest of his life.

Thor kept quiet, just watching him even if he could almost hear his heart break over those words and how they dripped with venom towards him for even trying to ask him to do something like telling the world the truth for once.

"You could at least tell someone else aside from me." He just shrugged one shoulder in a desperate attempt, hoping against all hope that Loki would at least tell Odin and manage that way to convince the man to let them have something. Even if only a paper marriage to quell his desire to see his son settled.

But Loki went mad at that and ripped the bedsheets away from them to get out the bed and stalk away. "I have no intention to tell anyone and you have no right to ask me, who do you think you are?" He said through gritted teeth. "And that's final, I don't want to hear any more of this." He shouted over his shoulder on his way to the bathroom, leaving Thor to quietly feel like his whole world was about to crumble down.

Thor was pretty sure that the conversation he was about to have with his father wouldn't go well but there wasn't much he could do about it. He had barely slept all night, keeping a much calmer Loki in his arms and taking a last chance to run his fingers through the black hair of the man he loved while he mulled over the fact that he wasn't going to marry him. Or Sif, nor anyone else, not while still in love with Loki.

Which meant he was about to be left without a job. And it meant also that he would probably have to put some distance between himself and Loki if he wanted to manage to forget him and not stay there, bleeding his heart out following every step of someone who would never reciprocate his feelings. He had left his own apartment that morning even before Loki had woken up, kissing one of his temples as he dressed up, taking a chance to slowly walk from home to the office in the still deserted streets. Loki still had his key after all and even if his behaviour would have been perceived as strange, he knew there was no way he could have faced Loki that morning and not shamed himself begging for him to fake a marriage for Odin's sake. That wasn't what he wanted and so he had gritted his teeth and went to work with his mind set.

"Do you have an answer for me?" Odin asked as he entered his office and found Thor waiting for him in front of the window, spacing out while watching the sight.

"Yeah. Not sure you are going to like it, though." He admitted.

"Mm." Odin nodded, waving at one of the chairs.

But Thor shook his head, staying where he was. "I want to marry an alpha."

"Don't be ridiculous." Was Odin immediate response.

"I'm in love with one." Thor admitted.

Odin got angry at that, his face flushed with rage. "What is this nonsense? Now, listen up, I know that a lot of people thinks marriages between alphas are normal and accepted but I need you to find an omega. I don't care for these feelings that you never mentioned before anyway. You need an omega and a couple children and that's it."

"We could adopt." Thor huffed, getting angry and frustrated even if he had started the day already aware that their argument would have gone that way.

"I said no!" Odin shouted, slamming one hand on his desk. "You will marry an omega and be a proper alpha this family - this whole business deserve!"

"You're a fool if you think I'll marry the first omega I meet just because you said so!" It was Thor's turn to lose his patience and Odin seemed on the verge of smacking him.

"Pay attention at what you say, boy! I'm not obliged to keep you here!"

"I know. You don't have to. I'm going away."

A dense silence fell on the room as his words sunk, but one moment more and Odin started shouting again, words that were meant to hurt but that Thor decided to ignore as he made his way out of the door, walking in front of an alarmed secretary and to his own office to take his personal belongings and leave the building.

It was strange for Loki to wake up in Thor's bed and find the apartment empty. It was strange, but he thought the man had had to go to work earlier than usual, or that he was probably pissed off at him for the previous night's words. He couldn't really blame him, he could recognize that he would have probably bitch slapped anyone who dared talk to him the way he had talked to Thor. Yet when Thor didn't show up for lunch for the first time since Loki had started working in the same company he grew annoyed with the man. He called him but even if the phone rang there was no answer. In the end he went to eat alone, trying to call him again, his annoyance growing along with his worry. It wasn't like him, it was downright strange for Thor to act that way, to avoid him out of spite.

The afternoon passed slowly and even if Loki kept throwing glances at his cell phone, waiting to see if Thor would call him back or send him a text, he would have denied it, at the same time shrugging it off as a normal behaviour between friends.

He thought that if Thor wanted to hear from him, he still knew the number. He wasn't *that* worried that he would have kept calling him again and again. Except that after getting out of work he tried once again and even that time Thor didn't pick up his phone. There was no leaving a voicemail since he knew Thor rarely checked that out. Instead of going back to his own apartment Loki went to Thor's, using his spare key to let himself in. He tried to convince himself that there was no need to call the hospitals and check if he had been admitted in there somewhere. Maybe Thor had just felt a bit sick and had gone back home. Or he had lost his phone. The plan was to see if he was already back home and he case he wasn't just wait for him in there.

Instead Loki found the apartment deserted, the windows he was sure he had left open now closed, Thor's favorite jacket no more hanging beside the door. A slow tour of the apartment managed to dissipate his anger and renew the worry as he found Thor had cleaned up the fridge from any perishable food as if he expected to not be back for quite some time. The closet in his bedroom was half empty, only his best clothes left as Thor had apparently filled his suitcase with his much preferred casual clothes. Suddenly Loki had to take a deep breath as he was hit by a wave of pure panic. He had no idea what had happened that morning but apparently Thor had gone back home, not a single text to him, no intention to answer his phone - and he could now see that that was absolutely intentional - and apparently his mind set into leaving his own house to go God knew where.

He tried for his phone once again, growing frustrated at every ring not answered, and almost screamed in frustration when the call was disconnected. He started pacing the house, looking for clues that could tell him where Thor had gone, when he was coming back, if he had gone for some vacation with maybe one of his friends, maybe with Sif. He was one

hair's breadth to check on the phone book for Sif's number when he stopped dead in his tracks at finally noticing the little envelope sitting in the middle of the coffee table. Slowly, with the unfounded and yet paralyzing fear to find a suicide note, he picked up the envelope to read the note inside.

It was addressed at him, a simple "to Loki" in the back of the envelope, as if Thor had known that the only one who could have gone to his house to check on him would be Loki. Inside there were only three words, written in Thor's handwriting, and Loki burst into tears, sitting down heavily on the couch as he reread again and again the "I love you" that Thor had left for him to be found. Years dreaming to hear the boy and then the man actually say those words at him and when his friend had decided to let him know of his feelings it had to be in the most ominous way possible. There was no way for him to know what had made Thor decide to go away, or where he had gone, how long he would stay away, but those words ringed in his head as a goodbye and there was no way for Loki to survive that blow, the knowledge that no amount of missed calls would probably be answered, that Thor probably didn't want to see him ever again and that was the reason he had finally told him those words.

He had to wait till the tears stopped falling to manage to think clearly, and by that time he was lying on his side on Thor's couch, the little note held tight to his chest. When he managed to start thinking again he reached for the small notebook that Thor kept stashed in a drawer under the TV and from there he managed to fish out Frigga's number, Thor's mother. If there was someone who would probably know where the man was it was her. Or at least he ought to inform the woman of her son's disappearance.

When Frigga answered to the information with a soft "I know", Loki felt a chill run through his body.

"Is he alright?" He asked in a pinched voice, too worried to even feel ashamed about it.

"He resigned today. This morning, to be precise." The woman said with a sigh. "He said he would leave the city for a while, he left no address though."

Loki covered his mouth with one trembling hand, relieved at knowing he was not gone from the face of Earth without a word to anybody, and yet terrified that it still meant Thor would have never gone back.

"But he- he said Odin was talking about making him the new president. What changed? Why did he resign?" He knew he was probably asking too much, especially since that was the first time he and the woman had ever talked, but he needed to know.

The previous week Thor had said that Odin felt he was finally ready and suddenly - much as it had happened to Loki himself - any position at the head of the company had gone up in flames and the man had left the city right as Loki had done months before, leaving his father's company.

"I don't know more of it..." He could almost hear the woman shake her head, her tone saddened, and he cleared his throat, trying to swallow down the lump in his throat.

"No, I'm sorry, I hope I didn't bother you-"

"It's of no consequence, Thor spoke frequently of you, I know you are his good friend, it's only normal for you to be worried about it."

Loki fell silent at her words, wondering what he could have said about him even if in that moment it didn't seem to matter anymore.

"Thanks, madam." He murmured, before hanging the phone.

There was no starting point aside for maybe finding out what exactly had happened that morning. He kept mulling about what Frigga had said, trying to find some clue, till her words about Thor wanting to leave the city made something old and almost forgotten ring in his mind. It had been years, ages ago, but he could remember at least vaguely Thor saying that he was never going to leave New York. Had the boy he knew changed so much during those years or had he lied to his own mother so that they would look for him far from home, missing the fact that he was still there?

Loki spent the night in Thor's apartment, hoping he would go back home, but in the morning he had to drag himself to work even if his friend had not come back yet, trying to suppress the fear that he would have never seen him ever again.

He was prepared to drop his things to his office and then take the lift to the last floor to go demand Odin to look for his own son, to find Thor before the man would get too far.

Upon arrival though he found the whole building buzzing with gossip about what had happened the previous morning in the president's office between the big man himself and Thor.

He didn't even had to try hard to find out what had happened to make Thor run away, not since every secretary was telling the story of how they had raised their voices, talking about Thor needing to get his act together, and how Thor had screamed to his father the man was a fool. Odin didn't even want people to say Thor's name and even if he seemed shaken up by what had happened he was still set on not hiring back his boy, finding instead someone else to take his place in time.

Hearing that Odin had no intention to find Thor, wherever he might have ended up, made Loki feel sick and tired. He just went through the motions that day, glancing alternatively between the clock and his cell phone, hoping Thor would finally call him back, or text, till he grabbed it and threw it inside a drawer so to stop looking at it. At the end of the day he walked back home feeling numb and empty. The days seemed to repeat, slowly, the same as the previous ones, filled with the anxiety of having lose his best friend, the fear of being truly alone for the first time in a long while in that city where he knew almost no one else. He felt stuck in a loop, no one to hang out with, no one to talk to on the phone, no one to spend his lunch with. Every day went by with work, a lonely lunch, more work, a walk to his apartment, an evening alone in his flat where he would watch TV or read a book, surfing the web searching for news on Thor. He thought someone would see him somewhere and report it. The gossip had always followed him and Loki hoped that it would finally turn useful, telling him where to find his best friend. But still no news of him, no one had saw the heir of the Odin's empire.

In time he stopped looking at his phone since the weeks passed with no answer from Thor, and yet the feeling of numbness stayed on him, clouding his mind and making him feel as nothing really mattered much, as if nothing could really make him happy anymore.

Before he knew it two months had passed since Thor's disappearance and by that point Loki felt the shadow of the man he was when he had first arrived in New York. The sadness hadn't really passed, but there was anger in him too, anger and jealousy for being left behind, for Thor apparently not needing him to go on with his life.

Yet he couldn't help but turn his head anytime he heard Thor's name been spoken at the company, hoping news had come of his return. He still missed him like air, even if he himself never spoke of the other man.

Until one evening a call came from Frigga, catching him by surprise since he had never heard from her since the night he himself had called looking for Thor. He didn't even think the woman had saved his number, let alone remember of his existence.

When the woman asked him if he could go to her, even though it was late at night, claiming it was urgent and about her son, Loki didn't even thought of refusing. He grabbed his coat and went out to reach her house as fast as possible. He would have never admit to it but he was still worried about Thor, still holding on to the hope that his friend still loved him, that he would come back to him one day or another. He hoped Thor was back or at least that his family had finally decided to look out for him and find out where he had been hiding all that time.

"Thank you for coming, I know it's late..."

Loki had always admired the woman, for what Thor had told him of her while growing up, and for what he seen her do in public, always one step behind Odin and yet unmistakably part of what made him a great man.

He shook his head, barely holding back the questions he had for her, the need to know if they had found Thor.

"It seemed urgent, it was no problem, really."

Frigga was picking at her fingers, clearly agitated, but she nodded.

"I guess you're wondering why I called you at this hour, but we need to find Thor. Odin didn't want me to search him, but enough with this nonsense. He passed out this afternoon, my husband, that's it, and the doctors are worried that it could be something serious. He should just rest and finally pass his company to someone else, God knows he had been working for far too long anyway. We need to find Thor and convince him to come back." She fall quiet for a moment, looking at Loki that even if aware now of the gravity of the situation still couldn't understand why she had called him. "I think if there's one person in the world that can talk him into coming back that's you." She finished.

Loki scoffed, shaking his head. "I'm sorry, madam, but I don't think- he had never contacted me since he had left his job. Not a single text. Not even a forewarning before. I don't think he would be much interested in what I have to say." He admitted bitterly.

He tried to smother that little voice in his head that still reminded him of the little note the man had left him, professing his love to him.

But the woman sighed and raised one hand to caress his face with the same tender touch she would have used with her son. "Yes, but you always had loved each other, and I'm sure that he still does. He would come back if you ask him to."

Loki felt sick to his stomach at her words, suddenly filled with dread to be such an open book to everyone, filled with the fear that she was mistaken and he would have found Thor only to discover that he had lost any interest in him.

With the passing of time he had even started to wonder if the man had ever loved him, at least as a friend, as a brother as he used to call Loki. He had started even to doubt of the caresses they used to share, the kisses they would exchange in the privacy of Thor's apartment, now a thing of the past, relegated to his memory. He wondered how could he establish even the most obvious fact when there existed no record outside his own memory.

Had Thor really loved him, given him kisses like the most tender lover, or had Loki just wished it so hard to fabricate the memory of it?

Noticing the woman was still waiting for his answer, Loki nodded. "I will go talk to him. If we can manage to find him, that's it."

Frigga nodded, a relieved look on her face. "Thanks. I'll contact someone to search him. Even if I'm not sure where to start with it, he could have gone literally anywhere."

Loki nodded quietly, a thought going round in his head even louder than before. "I think he could still be here in New York." He murmured slowly.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, he often told me how much he loved this city. The people. I don't think he would have just up and left, more like maybe find a hole where to hide under our noses." He considered, telling someone about his thoughts for the first time since Thor's disappearance. He walked to the window, watching the city his friend loved.

"Then we'll start from here. It will be easier at least if he stayed here."

Loki didn't want to appear rude to the woman, he actually really liked her, but the thought of things being easier just because Thor could have possibly stayed in New York made him snort softly. "Yes, in this Night City it will be so easy." He murmured sarcastically, watching the dark sky over the buildings and streets yet so awake and full of life. "Gone, with nothing left of you but some vague memory." He murmured, worried about the man he loved, worried that they would never find him and that Thor himself would never decide to come back on his own.

"We'll pay someone to find him." Frigga's voice managed to shake him off his reverie and Loki stepped away from the window, turning to look at her. "So you can talk him into coming back."

Loki nodded, but kept quiet. He had no intention to promise the woman he would have taken back the man, if he had found out Thor was actually happier far from the life he had previously led than he had no intention to ask him to go back at it, even if it meant troubles for his parents, even if it meant for Loki to spend a pitiful life without him.

Loki went to the address the private detective had managed to find and give Frigga, hoping that it was really Thor the man he detective had found, praying his friend would still want to see him, talk to him, let alone go back home.

The more steps he took up the dirty stairs, hearing screams from behind closed doors, the more he wasn't really sure the place could be the right one. He took a deep breath before knocking at the door the detective had pointed out to them, almost hoping it wasn't the correct address, but against all chances it was Thor the one who opened the door.

Loki wasn't sure if the shock he felt was for knowing his multimillionaire friend had been leaving all that time in that place, or because he was finally meeting him again. Or maybe the dread that he would shut the door in his face without a second thought.

But Thor surprised him once again, beaming bright at him, a smile that Loki had missed so much it hurt him to see it again.

"Loki!" Thor was sincerely happy to see him and grabbed the smart dressed man for one hand to tug him closer, a moment before he enveloped Loki in a bear hug that took the breath out of the younger man. "I'm so happy to see you..." He murmured, face pressed against his neck.

Loki couldn't even breathe at that hug, too shook at being again in his arms, his brain fighting a useless battle between everything he had thought in his more lonely hours and the fact laid clear in front of him that Thor still liked him, that maybe Thor hadn't changed a bit from the man he used to kiss, the one he used to sleep with, the one who had spent years texting him even just to say what he was having for breakfast.

"Me too..." He murmured, voice choked up, and cracked a smile when Thor moved away just enough to look at him.

"You haven't changed a bit." Thor murmured with a soft smile.

Loki would have loved to say the same for him, but the truth was that his friend had changed. He had a more ragged up vibe around him, he looked like he had spent months barely scraping up the money to pay for his bills and food, let alone buying new clothes. And it was very much possible since to disappear from his parents radar Thor had had to stop getting his money off the ATM, stop writing checks or even paying with his credit cards.

"You have changed a lot." He admitted.

Thor smiled and shook his head with fondness, stepping back to pull him inside. "Get in. I have to go to work but can talk while I change." He chuckled.

Loki followed him inside, mentally recoiling at the sight of the small rooms, the smell of damp that seemed to permeate every furniture, and dared sit down only on the blankets of Thor's bed since they seemed to be freshly washed.

"This place-" He started, hesitating for a moment before deciding to start back again. "Don't you miss your old apartment?"

"A bit, sometimes. Well, maybe a lot." Thor admitted, taking off his shirt before rummaging in a drawer, looking for another.

Loki fell silent, watching the naked back of his friend with an acute longing. He would have paid good money to just be able to touch him once again like he was free to do just months ago.

"But at least what I have here my father can't say he gave it to me. What I have here is mine and I don't have to stay under his rules." Thor nodded, trying to not look too much at the man sitting on his bed. "Did you come here to ask me about my living conditions?" He asked with a soft smile, throwing a glance at him.

"No." Loki said shaking his head, still watching him move around the room. "No. Your mother wanted me to convince you to go back. She thought you still- you would still listen to me." He admitted.

Thor watched him for a moment, standing still on the other side of the bed. He had fought for so long against his own heart, trying to forget Loki, trying to only think about his life and the chance he had to start anew, and there he was, the man he had always loved asking him to go back.

"I can't go back."

"Why." Loki murmured, standing up, circling the back to get closer to him. "What happened, Thor- why did you go away?"

"You know why." He snorted, shaking his head before donning a clean shirt. "Or do you really want to tell me my father didn't go around explaining why I wasn't worth to succeed him? He had any right to fire me, but I had the right to take the decision on how to live my life."

Loki would have wanted nothing else than to touch his face, to fix the long hair that escaped the blonde ponytail, to lean in and kiss him, but denied it to himself and merely nodded

again. He had done the same thing in some way when he had decided to leave his father's company, so he couldn't blame Thor for going away to live a life he thought could be better for him. Still he had no idea why the man had had to go far from him.

"I called you a lot. You never picked up." He murmured instead.

"I know. I'm sorry." Thor lowered his head, closing his eyes for a moment. "I'm sorry. It was hard to do that, but I had to - I had to do it."

Loki swallowed a lump in his throat and nodded, pretending to understand - and in some way he did, for what there could have been between them? - why Thor had wanted to start a new life without him.

But Thor surprised him right when Loki had expected him to say they were done talking.

"Would you like to see where I work now?" He offered with half a smile. "I'm quite good."

"And you can bring guests?"

"It's an open club, anyone who pays can enter." He chuckled.

"Then I'll come." Loki smiled a bit, trying to hold on to the hope that Thor still wanted him around now that he had managed to find him once again. He had to find out what exactly had happened between his friend and his father since one thought everybody knew and the other didn't want to talk about it. He had to know if there was a chance of Thor coming back and give some sense to Loki's life too along the way.

"But why this place?" He had to ask when Thor got out of his room, crossing the small kitchen to get to the door.

"The rent is affordable." Thor just shrugged.

"And there are no rats." A voice added from their right, making Loki jump.

He hadn't even noticed a guy sitting in a dark corner of the room, a textbook perched on his knees.

"Loki, this is Sasha. Sasha, he's my brother, Loki." Thor presented them with a smile, clearly happy to show he had made friends since leaving his previous life, or maybe - Loki thought - to show he knew Loki.

He was irked anyway at Thor telling around they were brothers.

"I'm not his brother." He specified, trying to ignore the hurt look Thor had thrown his way, until he understood what had made Thor react that bad at those simple words. "No, I don't mean that-" He huffed. "I'm not saying I'm not your friend anymore, Thor, I'm just telling this guy that we're not blood related!"

Sasha, who spoke with an east European accent, nodded. "Oh, it's okay, dude. My cousin has been adopted too, but his brother, my other cousin, sees him like a brother - real brother - too. You don't have to feel less of a brother." He tried to reassure Loki, who was just looking at him with his eyes narrowed.

"Fascinating. But no."

The door opened right when Loki had been about to ask Thor to just lead the way out, and a short girl with big eyeglasses came in with a bike, looking surprised at the guest dressed in a suit that could have probably covered the apartment rent for a good year.

"And she's my other roommate, Berta. Berta, he's my brother Loki." Thor presented him the new arrival.

"I'm not his brother." He replied, annoyed, not even caring about being impolite.

"He's adopted." Sasha filled in for him from the couch.

Loki at that stalked out the apartment, pissed off by Thor's persistence in presenting him as his brother, leaving the man to follow him and explain the two that everything was okay.

With Thor smiling brightly at him, talking as if they hadn't been apart for months, as if he hadn't disappeared from Loki's life after leaving a note that said he was in love with his best friend, Loki felt more or less like the day he had moved to New York, when he had spent the whole afternoon following Thor and trying to understand if he had lost what they used to have. Except the last time that had happened he feared years of distance had made the trick, while this time he wasn't even sure what had ruined everything. What had brought Thor to get away from him, to stop reaching out to him, to stop wanting not only their affections but the whole friendship.

Loki stopped in his track only at seeing the sign above the club where Thor was entering. The place already had a big line in front of it and Loki's eyes bulged out at understanding what job Thor had took after leaving the company.

"What?"

Loki looked at his friend, now waiting impatiently - and a touch worried - for him to move and follow him inside. Apparently he didn't need to follow the line, since he worked there, and neither did Loki being with him. After a moment hesitation he followed the man inside the club, glad of the shadows for nobody would notice the heat rising on his cheeks as his gaze found a couple alphas stripping on the main stage.

"What do you do here?" He asked, clearing his throat as he tried to regain his composure. But Thor merely grinned, nodding at an empty table for him. "Why don't you sit and drink something? We'll talk after my show. Gotta work to pay the rent." He sighed, shaking his head at the thought of that month's bills.

Loki did as he had said without asking any more questions, simply attempting not to show around how he had gotten hard at the mere thought of Thor stripping down. It had been too long since he had seen Thor, and since then he hadn't felt the push to find another lover. At the same time he couldn't avoid looking with displeasure at the many omega's sitting so close to the stage they almost looked ready to jump up. He had no problem with how people spent their money, unless they were putting it inside Thor's underwear.

He forgot all his jealousy for a brief moment when a new song started and right there on the stage Thor appeared, dressed as a firefighter. It was the most amazing sight Loki had seen in a long time and he found he couldn't avoid smiling when Thor directed a big grin right at him all the way through the other side of the club. His body was betraying him though, reacting at the sight of the only man who had ever managed to fill him with desire, to make him want to have sex. He moved on his seat, trying to adjust and not be too blatant with his erection under the little table.

Between the cheers of the crowd Thor started dancing at the music he had chosen for his show. He wanted Loki to have eyes only for him that evening, even if he knew how dangerous that play was after all the times they had ended up in bed together, and how long he had tried with little to no success to stop thinking at him that way.

Still when he took off his jacket and threw it across the stage he couldn't help but look for the man seated in the back of the room, excited at seeing he had his full attention.

Loki observed him, not taking his eyes off Thor while his thoughts diverted from the strip tease to the chance of paying to have his friend in a champagne room - if they had it - with him for the rest of the night. He had to talk to him, in private, and he tried to persuade himself that that was the reason behind his desire to take the blonde man away from all those omegas screaming and cheering, waving their money at Thor as if they could buy even the sex with him. Truth was that Loki was terribly aroused by the sight of Thor - he had always been - but had never saw him act in such a provocative way. When they were alone Thor was sweet, funny, sometimes serious, but never acted in a such flirtatious way, suggesting sex and what he could do by moving his body against objects or touching himself as he was doing on stage. His thoughts on what he was doing to do much later with Thor, his eyes fixed on the man performing instead of the people ogling him, he started playing with his fingers in a nervous habit he mostly tried to hide from the world.

He needed to talk to Thor and make sure he hadn't yet brought someone else in his life to fill for the void Loki had left with their distance.

Suddenly Thor stopped his movements, grinning as he stared at his friend on the other side of the room while he grabbed the collar of his shirt, waiting only a moment before ripping the shirt apart with his hands.

Loki gasped softly, holding his breath as he was hit by a wave of heat, almost trembling with arousal at that sight. He didn't even stopped to think about it, believing it was only a normal reaction at seeing Thor in such a context after months without him and without having sex in any way. The omegas closer to the stage went ape at that display of strength and at the sight of the well defined muscles that had been hiding under the white fabric.

Loki motioned to a waiter, booking Thor for some private time in the champagne room - not even asking for the price of it - without even taking his eyes off the stripper on stage. He tried to get himself together by downing his drink, hoping to get his body to calm down without much success as he watched Thor get rid of his yellow pants, taking his good time moving sensually on the stage and letting his clients put money in his underwear.

Loki pressed his lips feeling a spike of anger and jealousy at that sight, and that almost made that trick, his hard-on considerably less harder as he watched men and women perfectly able to not only act that openly interested with an alpha like Thor, but actively telling him that they were available to him, for whatever he wanted. They would have had no problem whatsoever at starting a relationship with the man he had loved for years, they would have had no problem at giving him the family he wished for, the romantic relationship he deserved, instead of hiding in the dark and inside his apartment and faking there was nothing more than a simple friendship between them when with other people.

He finally had a chance to relax and make sure no one would see how he had got excited while Thor finished collecting the money and went backstage to change. He stood up and walked over, set on waiting for Thor closer to the backstage so to make sure no one else could try to steal the stripper from him. They had to talk, about what had brought Thor away from his company and family, about what was happening on the other side of the city, and about the feelings they had for each other.

When he heard one of Thor's colleagues mention the fact that he had been booked for the rest of the evening by "a handsome guy in a suit" he couldn't help but smirk, pleased at eavesdropping the men talk about him thinking he was Thor's new sugar daddy, wondering for a moment how it could have been to have the man do whatever he asked him to do.

The smile though slipped off his face at hearing Thor burst out laughing.

"Loki? No, he's not my sugar daddy. He's my best friend." The man corrected them.

Suddenly Loki could feel his stomach churning and a wave of sadness hit him.

When Thor met with him outside the backstage the man smiled at him, and Loki suppressed a sigh and the deep desire to just throw himself in his arms. He wanted nothing more than to ask Thor to confirm he was still his best friend, but also still in love with him, to tell Loki he hadn't forget about him, that he hadn't found another partner in the meantime. He wanted Thor to tell him that he had missed Loki as much as Loki had missed him.

"We have to talk." He murmured.

Thor nodded, not even trying to mask the surprise at hearing his voice so subdued.

He had expected Loki to be willing to try about what was happening at the company, probably to convince him to go back, or ask maybe about his disappearance. It was what Loki was expected to tell him and what he wanted to discuss with him in private, but as soon as the door was locked behind them Loki couldn't resist anymore. He grabbed Thor by the shirt to pull him closer and kiss him as he had wanted to do all evening.

It took Thor just a moment to understand what was happening and then he hurried to hold him close, kissing him back as he moved his hands down Loki's back to get a hold on his ass and lift him from the ground.

Loki made an obscene sound at that, excited at feeling Thor's enthusiasm match his own. He wrapped his legs around the man's sides, moaning as Thor pushed his back roughly against the wall, pressing himself against Loki's front, trapping him and pushing that way the hard on in his pants against Loki's perineum. Loki moaned, trying to move between him and the wall in order to press his own erection against Thor's stomach, looking for a bit of relief. Thor moaned, pressing more against him, and at feeling the man excited and so close Loki felt the heat rise in his body. His eyes rolled to the back of his head as Thor started grinding against him.

Thor broke the kiss to move and mouth his neck and throat, lost in a haze of excitement at being able to have Loki in his arms once again.

Loki let his head loll, hitting the wall behind him with a soft thud. Any thought of what he had to discuss with him was gone, replaced by the pleasure of being again in the arms of the man he had loved for half his life.

"Yes, Thor... I want you..."

"Me too..." Thor murmured, grinding his erection against Loki's balls, opening his mouth to lick a strap of skin from the base of his throat to his ear, but there he stopped.

Loki whimpered softly, lamenting the loss of any movement, and it took him a moment to notice how Thor had gone still and stiff. He was about to ask what was the problem when for the second time in his life he heard Thor sniff his neck. Loki held his breath, suddenly understanding he himself what was the heat he had felt raise faster and faster since he had been exposed to the man after all those months alone.

Thor moved away just enough to look at him in the eyes. "I think you're going in heat. You have to go home." He murmured, terribly tempted to go back at grinding against him, listening to his body instead of his brain. He knew he had to let him go and help him get back to his apartment before it was too late, but Loki was finally in his arms and he just didn't want to let go yet.

At hearing those words Loki felt all the desperation he had tried to suppress in months resurface like a dam had broken. He was on the verge of tears as he caressed Thor's cheeks with both hands.

The only man he had ever wanted was so close to him, but at the same time ready to let him go for the umpteenth time. He would have paid if that was possible, to only know that Thor wouldn't have refused him, that the man would have stopped getting away from him.

"Come with me." He murmured, not even sure his friends would have listened to his request. Instead of brushing him off, Thor cracked a smile and pressed their forehead together.

"Of course I'll come with you. I would never let you go alone out in the streets while you're in heat."

They left the club together and Loki had the time to try and calm down down the road, decide what he really wanted even without the man pressed against his body and his hormones dictating what was best for him.

Once in Loki's apartment though the fear of Thor turning his back and leaving now that he was safe win out and Loki didn't expect a second more to speak up, the big discourse forgotten once again.

"I want you."

Thor stopped, looking surprised, and after a moment he sighed, believing it was only the heat to make him talk like that.

"You have never wanted me, Loki. You made it quite clear." He murmured, tired with the world and himself for the thrill those words had given him despite all the months trying to get over the crush he had on his best friend. "That's not the life you want."

That made Loki almost laugh, his voice bitter as he got closer to Thor, bringing his hands over the man's shoulder to get a grip on him and make sure he wouldn't just turn away from him.

"Like I care anymore about the life I have. You're the only thing that had ever made me feel alive. If I can't have you anymore I want at least a last time." He almost growled, carding his fingers in Thor's hair and gripping hard at them. "Make me feel alive once again, Thor."

Thor kept quiet, slowly stroking a cheekbone of Loki with a thumb, moving his gaze from Loki's lips to his eyes. "Do you really want to have sex while you're in heat? You know it could mean getting bonded to me by the end of it."

After a moment Loki nodded, cracking a smile, feeling terribly lame and sad. "At least I'll bring a piece of you with me. If I can't have you-"

Thor frowned, pulling away a bit. "What are you talking about?" He interjected. "I waited years for you to want me, Loki. You talk as if I left you for some other reason." He shrugged, growing more irritated by the second. "How can you talk as if I didn't want to stay with you?"

"What are you talking about?" Loki murmured, brow furrowed, starting to feel like he had missed a step or something. "I have no idea why you did go away, Thor. You disappeared without a word."

"Don't tell me you don't know about what they had asked me to do. Haven't they talked about it since I left? Didn't my mother told you why I had to go when she asked to come to me? I didn't want to pressure you into accepting my proposal, but I tried asking you to be with me. If I recall correctly you said you didn't care about love. You said I was ridiculous for even asking if there could have been any chance of you being in a relationship with me. And

you say that I disappeared with saying more? What was more to say? You made quite clear you were not interested in me."

Loki kept quiet for a moment, aware that he had to specify that he really didn't yet know what had been between Thor and his family, but there was something more pressing that needed to be discussed.

"I didn't thought your proposal was- real. I thought you were just talking. I know what I said, but I always thought you could always see through me! Of course I want you, I've always wanted you!"

That made Thor take a step back instead of pulling him closer as Loki had hoped for.

"You've always said no. You have never wanted or hinted about you wanting me. If it wasn't for the sex. If you say no, to me that's a no. You can't say I'm the one not understanding you. I've told you more than once that I wanted you, and you always replied that you wanted to get in my bed too as if that was all I was asking of you. I thought I had been seeing too much in our friendship, I thought I was projecting my feelings on you the whole time, and when I tried to ask you one last time you told me you had a fulfilling career and that was all you wanted. You said you didn't want a partner, or a family, you scorned me for even asking you. You broke my heart after my father had told me I had to get married and have a family and I tried to gain time telling him that I wanted you, not the first omega randomly chosen by him on my behalf. I wanted you, but it was quite clear that you only wanted a friend with benefits. And that's why I went away. I didn't want to marry just anyone, and I didn't want to spend the rest of my life pining behind a friend that would have never seen me as more than a funny friend and a warm bed. That's why I'm gone: to forget you."

Loki was flabbergasted by his words and so he kept quiet for long seconds after Thor had finished taking it all off his chest. He could finally recognize that it was really all his fault if he had lost Thor. And now the man was ready to leave his life once again, convinced that was what Loki had wanted all along while Loki had always only wanted him by his side. But he had never told him as much. He had always only lied. Said stupid things about not being interested in love, when he had loved Thor so much it hurt. When he still loved him and missed him like a limb. At last he recognized that he had to tell the truth to keep him close, nothing but the truth, as Thor had always deserved.

"I'm an idiot." He admitted slowly, his voice quiet as his heart really wasn't. "I have always wanted you, but I knew I couldn't have you. I've wanted to be with you since the first night, when we met that I was so inexperienced of the world and I thought the lie I had had to tell was terrible and it was ruining my life. And yet I had no idea how much. I brought all this pain, for me, for you, on us by being a fucking idiot." He huffed a crooked smile. "I was so full of pride for my position, and my family name, that I tried to convince myself that I could manage without the man I've always loved. That I could feel alive and right with the world even if I kept you at arm's length, even if I kept scorning you and telling you that I didn't want you. Because I didn't want to go back on my words and admit to everyone else that I had lied when I was a kid, and by doing that I told an even bigger lie, to you and to myself." He admitted. "I've always thought my interest and love for you was obvious, but you're right and I should have stopped lying just once, just for a minute, at least when once when you told me you wanted a relationship and I swear to God my heart grew two size bigger at the dream I had of us being together, being happy with each other. Instead I've treated you like shit, I'll admit so. I made you feel like you were just a warm bed when you have always been so much more than my best friend. You're the only one I've ever wanted to be with, but I've

managed to push you away, to convince you were nothing to me, and I've spent the worst time of my life these months, not knowing if you still loved me, if you even wanted to ever talk to me ever again." He stopped, watching Thor look at him with wide eyes, surprised at his confession. Loki made a soft sound, feeling close to tears and ashamed of himself at finally telling everything aloud, at finally exposing his mistakes and lies. "Tonight I saw what you had started doing while you were far away from me, and that made me deathly jealous. Now that I know you ended up doing so because of me... well, that's even worse. But I still want you, I never stopped wanting you, and I've always wanted to bond and being your partner. I don't care anymore if by doing so I will have to tell the world about my lie, I only want you. Now please say something before I start panicking." He tried to joke, cracking a smile even if he could clearly feel his eyes burn and the tears ready to fall.

Thor stepped closer, cradling his face in his hands as he watched Loki in the eyes while his heart beat like a drum. "Do you love me?" He breathed.

"Yes." Loki was only able to answer, holding on to the hope that reaction meant his friend wouldn't run away.

Thor took a breath, smiling slightly, but still he didn't let go, watching him seriously. "Promise me you will never lie to me ever again."

"I won't." Loki murmured, bringing his hands on Thor's hips. "Thor..."

The gaze of the man dropped from his eyes to his lips as he got closer to him. "Tell me I'm still the only one who had ever managed to trigger your heat like this." He murmured, pressing his body against him.

"Obviously you are." Loki gasped, his body aflame at the contact. "You've always been the only one..." He murmured, closing his eyes when Thor crashed their mouths together to kiss him with passion.

Thor lifted him in his arms and without breaking the kiss he took the omega to the bedroom. They ended up in the middle of the mattress, still completely dressed, kissing and grinding against each other.

"Do you really want me to bond us?" Thor asked between kisses, his voice rough with arousal.

"Yes. Mark me as yours." Loki moaned, throwing back his head to bare his neck for Thor to kiss and bite.

Thor almost growled at that sight, excited, and started tearing at their clothes, only thinking about the chance to finally have the man he loved completely, the chance to mark him his for the whole world to see.

At that display of force Loki's body reacted by growing hotter, his ass ready to take the alpha and give him all the children he wanted to have. Being under Thor was paradise to Loki's mind and body and he wrapped his lean legs around the alpha's hips, arching with a loud moan as Thor slowly pushed himself inside him.

Thor moaned, looking for his lips, and kissed him gently as he slowly took the omega after months of being apart. He let the man catch his breath before starting to move, his pushes growing harder and wider.

"You're so hot around me..." He moaned, slamming his dick deep inside his lover.

Loki wasn't even able to answer, gripping at his shoulders as if his life depended on it, breathless.

They had never had sex during Loki's heat, too scared of ruining everything with an unwanted bonding and pregnancy, but now Loki wanted both of them. He wanted Thor to take him with force, to leave bruises on his body and knot inside him, keeping Loki closer as he filled him with his sperm, making sure Loki was going to carry his child.

"Oh, you're so good..." He moaned, arching in pleasure as Thor managed to reach that spot inside him that drove him crazy. "I've missed you so much..." He howled as Thor started taking him harder, his movements faster.

"You won't miss me ever again." The alpha growled, possessive, leaning in to bite hard at his neck, drawing blood with his teeth as Loki arched and tensed around him, shooting his release between their bodies.

Thor moaned around the bite of flesh, enjoying the tensing of his muscles around his cock, and let him go only when sure he had established a bond between them. He licked the wound, staying still so that Loki could have the time to catch his breath, and he made sure he hadn't made too much of a mess of his neck before pulling away enough to look Loki in the eyes.

Loki was completely disheveled under him, a blissful expression on his face and a soft smile on his lips. Thor smiled at him and leaned in to kiss him gently, starting to move inside him once again.

"You're mine now."

"I've always been yours..." Loki murmured, carding his fingers in Thor's hair, happy the man hadn't cut them off so he was still able to grip at the strands and tug his face down for another kiss as he had ever done.

Thor smiled on the kiss, taking him deep at every thrust, till he too stilled, spilling inside him as his knot formed, making sure to lock them together.

Loki moaned softly at the increasing pressure against his prostate and Thor turned enough to kiss his temple, slowly rocking his hips to stimulate him. Soon Loki was reaching a second orgasm, his body tired but satisfied at having the alpha filling him with his sperm.

"You'll be a good mommy." Thor whispered against his ear, and Loki nodded with his eyes closed.

"I'll be a good mommy." He murmured, enjoying the warmth of Thor's embrace and how that made him feel safe and sound for the first time in a long while.

When Loki's heat came to an end Thor was still reluctant at leaving him in order to go back to work. They had had a lot of time to talk during those days and Thor had explained in all details how and why he had had to leave his family's company. He was still mad at his father for pretending Thor contracted a marriage of convenience, insisting on it even more after finding out that Thor was in love with someone else already. Loki was touched at finding out that Thor had been so in love with him to going ahead and telling his parents about it, even if at that time Thor hadn't made his name, but he also felt a bit guilty at understanding how deep his harsh words had hurt the man he loved. At finding out about his father's health problems though Thor started to get worried. He didn't want to go back to his father after what they had told each other, moreover because he didn't expect the man to have changed point of view on his relationship with someone of his choice. Yet he wanted to see him and make sure he wasn't going to die or anything without having a chance to reconcile.

When Thor returned to his parent's house to see his father and make sure he was feeling better, the man was still in bed, still under the control of numerous machines, but he looked considerably better than he had few weeks before.

At seeing Thor had come back the man smiled with obvious satisfaction.

"Good. You finally got your act together. Things will be better now."

Frigga sighed, silently petting her husband's arm while giving a look to her son as if praying him to stay calm. But Thor had no more intention to play by their rules, not when he had a job that he had found and kept without his father help, not after all he had come through to have an healthy relationship with Loki, not with the prospective of an incoming child.

"Nothing changed, father. I'm happy to see that you're not dying anymore, but I have no intention of sugarcoating the truth. I won't marry the first omega you decide it would be ok for me. I'm in love with Loki, I've always been, and I have no intention to take the company off your hands if the price to pay is denying my feelings and my partner."

The old man's eyes sent thunders at hearing that and without even a thought at his health Odin sat straight in bed, his face flushed with anger. "How dare you-"

Thor raised his voice just as it had happened already during their last discussion, this time only because he had no intention to let the man stop him and he wanted both his parents to know the truth. "I will marry him, and nothing you're going to say could possibly make me change my mind."

Odin started shouting, furious, trying to get out of bed.

"You will not! I'll die before seeing the son of the man I hate marry my son and get his paws over my company! This is exactly what I was talking about all these years, when you kept saying that you were friends and then when you asked me to hire him. He's Laufey son and they had been orchestrating this for years now!"

"Odin-"

"Not now, Frigga!" The man almost shouted, ignoring his wife's attempt at pushing him back in the bed. "Listen to me, boy. I will never let you back if you marry that man!"

A couple nurses came in, alerted by the heart rate, and helped Frigga push the man in bed. Thor watched the scene for a moment longer, making sure Odin wasn't really having a heart attack, but in the end he turned his back to all that drama and left them alone. He was almost at the front door when his mother's voice stopped him in his track.

"Thor, wait."

The man turned, his expression softening at the sight of his mother hurrying behind him.

"Mom."

The woman sighed softly and raised one hand to caress his face with tenderness. "There's only one thing that matters to me." She murmured, searching his eyes. "Are you happy?"

Thor cracked a soft smile and caressed her hand with fondness. His thoughts went to the man waiting for him, to their plans about starting a family and getting married, and he smiled.

"I think I will be."

Loki had genuinely expected things to go down the wrong way when Thor had left his flat to go talk to his father, and it was quite clear that he had been right by the expression on Thor's face when he came through the door still thinking about the old man's rage at hearing he was in a happy relationship with Loki.

Thor hugged him tight and let Loki tug him to the couch.

"You already knew there was a chance he hadn't changed his mind." He commented.

"Yeah. Still sucks, though." Thor murmured, his face pressed against Loki's shoulder. "One would expect his father to be happy about his own son in a happy relationship."

Loki sighed softly, carding his fingers in his lover blonde hair. "He still believes I'm an alpha, if he knew-"

But Thor moved away to search his gaze. "I have no intention to tell him about your identity just so he can be happy that he'll have a heir for his family. That's not how things should be. You and I love each other and we want to be together and have a family. That's what matters. Not how we manage to have a kid. My being worth of his love shouldn't be tied to my chances of fathering kids."

"Hey, I'm with you." Loki huffed a smile, secretly happy that Thor was so sure about their relationship already. "Soon or later I will have to tell people anyway. Pretty sure they would notice a thing or two as I become a little whale swaying around the office." He joked.

Thor sighed and closed his eyes, letting Loki calm him down with the slow strokes of his hand on his back.

"I really won't be upset if you tell your father, even if I can see why you don't want to right now. And I get it, trust me. But if it's what you need to go back at working for him-"

"What makes you think I want to go back to the company?"

Loki was left so stunned by the question that he didn't even manage an answer for a good ten seconds. When Thor started raising one eyebrow in concern though, Loki shook his head.

"Is- what? I thought you wanted to come back? Why would you-" He stopped abruptly, feeling a pang of jealousy as a thought started to form in his mind. "Wait. You want to keep stripping for money?"

"Well, the money is good. Quite good, actually. And I know I'm not using any of my studies for that and that's a shame, bla bla, but I don't care. Not right now. The money is good, my father is not there, he won't find out where I am, and he will have the time to take his head out his ass." He tried, not really willing to disclose every detail of his conversation with his father. "I'm not that happy either about being away from you, Loki." He sighed in the end. Loki listened at him but still wasn't that happy at the thought of Thor going back at the club every night. He could see why the man was hurt, why he wanted to keep his distance from his father, why the point was important to him and maybe for them as a couple. Yet, all he could think about was the sight of those omegas waving their money at Thor. His alpha, the man who had marked him and put a child in his belly. Loki pressed his lips remembering clearly how hot Thor was on stage, how his movements were flirtatious. He was going to spend every night surrounded by single omegas that just wanted to touch him, to pay for a lap dance and get their hands on his body. He hated the thought with every fiber of his being.

"So I will have to spend all day at the office, starting to tell people that I'm actually an omega- yes, you told me that I can wait if I'm not at ease with telling people right off the bat." He nodded before Thor had the chance to speak. "But I'll start showing pretty fast, I'm too lean, and people will start asking questions about how is it possible that I'm pregnant. So, I'll be alone during the day, telling people that I lied to ... pretty much the whole world? For years. The whole time you'll be far away from me. And when I go back home you'll probably going out to your job, spending at least half the night in there, getting pawed by excited omegas, and then you'll finally come home to me?" He asked with a high pitched voice. "So, sorry if I

think this is bullshit and that I don't give so much about making a point to that idiot of your father, because I'd rather prefer having my alpha by my side as much as possible."

Thor kept quiet the whole time, letting him vent, and started nodding half way. "Yeah, it sucks, I'm sorry." He murmured quietly when Loki was done.

"Yeah. So, please, just tell him I'm an omega. He'll make peace with the fact that you chose your own partner maybe since you'll be giving him the heir he was waiting for."

Thor closed his eyes and let his head drop on his lover's shoulder with a defeated sigh. "I don't think that will make any difference." He admitted, finally understanding that there was no way he could escape giving Loki all details about the conversation he had had with his father. Keeping them from him had already started getting him angry, when he had tried to spare him that. "I had hoped it would, but when I told him that I was in a relationship with you he almost had a second heart attack. It's not even because he believes you to be an alpha: he hates your guts and doesn't want me back in the company if I still want to marry you."

Loki kept quiet at that, stunned by his words even if suddenly he was reminded of the not so happy glances Odin had thrown his way since he had started working at their company.

"I told him that I won't leave you anyway, that I want to marry you, but he's stubborn. He thinks our friendship, our feelings, all that we have, are just a sham." He sighed tiredly.

"What." Loki whispered, his eyes wide open.

"He thinks you had been working with your father for years, planning becoming my friend and now my lover in order to put your hands - and consequently your father's - on our company. He doesn't trust you and so he won't trust me till I'm with you." He cleared his throat, feeling rather awkward at explaining his lover what exactly his father thought of him.

"At this point I don't think knowing that you're an omega would change anything. And I have no intention to leave you and marry someone else just to have my job back. I'm sorry if this means that I'll be leaving you alone most of the day."

Loki closed his eyes and shook his head, taking his partner's face in his hands. "I didn't know about this. I'd never thought he would think such things about me, or that he would specifically tell you not to go back if you were to be in a relationship with me."

"I know, I'm sorry, I just wanted to spare you."

"No more sparing me bad news." Loki almost ordered, pressing their foreheads together. "I won't lie to you, but you'll tell me everything yourself."

"Yes." Thor promised, hugging him tight.

They kept quiet for awhile, both deep in their thoughts as they analyzed their situation and what options they had.

"At least we'll be living together from now on. We will, right?" He added after a moment, vaguely concerned. "And I don't mean in that hole you called house in these last months."

Thor huffed a smile and brushed his lips against his lover's. "Of course we will be living together. And I'm still the owner of my old apartment. If I don't have to hide from you and the world playing possum I think I could move back in there. Would you like to go live there with me?"

"Yes." Loki smiled. "Truth be told I did prefer much more that place than my own flat. Your place felt a lot more like home here in New York."

"Then let's go back home." Thor murmured before kissing him again.

It took Odin four months to be cleared by his doctors and be able to go back to work. Both his doctors and his wife had tried to convince him that he needed to hand down the company to his son - or someone else - but the stress was too strenuous to a man his age and he badly needed to rest. Odin though was still mad at his son and wanted to hear none of that, set on showing Thor that unless he stopped with the nonsense of his relationship with Laufey's son, he had no place in his company.

Although he would have loved nothing more than to kick the boy out his company too, he had no legal basis to fire him, and risked a lawsuit for doing so just for spite since he had started dating his son. That didn't stop him from throwing death stares at him during the administrative meeting, even as he listened to the reports of the head departments on what had happened while he was gone.

Loki did his best to ignore him, focusing on the reports in front of him, at least until he was hit by a sudden wave of nausea. He excused himself and almost ran out the room to reach the toilets. Most of his colleagues had become accustomed with the scenario of Loki suffering from nauseas, but many shot glances at Odin. Most of them didn't even knew their colleague was pregnant, not to mention in a relationship with Thor, and yet since the way Odin had been looking dirty at him, they kind of feared his reaction at the man leaving abruptly in the middle of the meeting.

Loki had been doing his best to cover his pregnancy up to that point, telling people slowly, hoping they didn't took it that bad. Thor had helped him a lot in that, being by his side as Loki started with Thor's friends, giving them the heads up not only on him being an omega but about the incoming child and wedding. They had been shocked at first, but then congratulations had followed - together with a couple death threats in case he was going to hurt Thor. After them Loki had started reaching out to his office colleagues. They had been surprised, but while some of them had been worried about his position in the company between a president that clearly didn't like him and his son, others had reacted with a spike of anger at him faking being what he wasn't. They were mostly butthurt for him temporarily appropriating their prerogatives, Loki recognized and shrugged them off.

He hadn't told many people yet though, and so when after the meeting Odin started making questions to his secretary - curious and suspicious about the reason behind Loki's sickness - she honestly knew nothing of it.

He had to look inside his employees profiles to see if there was something noteworthy about Loki. He grimaced though at seeing that the lawyer had changed his address to Thor's apartment, for everybody to know that they were living together. He had to call in the head of the legal department to cast a light on the matter of the boy's sickness though. The man stood rather awkwardly in front of him, not really willing to divulge personal informations, not even with his boss. He didn't want to tell the president that his subordinate was in fact pregnant, or omega, but when Odin asked if the time Loki had been spending in the office had suffered from the illness he was suffering he was too quick to negate for someone who shouldn't even had known something was on. Odin stared at the man, feeling close to finding out what it was then.

"Is he pregnant?" He asked point-blank, and the silence that followed was answer enough.

He gritted his teeth, raising from his chair, and punched the desk.

"Sir, your heart-"

Odin ignored the concerned man and screamed in rage, grabbing the phone to call Thor before slamming the phone down again. He had no intention to call his son and talk to him, and yet he was now stuck in the knowledge that he was supposedly about to have a grandchild. Thor not only hadn't got over Loki, he had lied about him being an alpha - or Loki had, for years - and got him pregnant. Suddenly the thought that maybe not even Thor had known that Loki was in fact an omega hit him.

What if his son had been tricked into having sex with Loki so the guy would trap him into fathering his son and having that way legally access to their wealth and company?

What if that had been his - and his father's - angle all those years?

And who was to say that it was in fact Thor's son and not someone else's that Loki was not convincing his son to take care of pretending the child was his?

He started to notice the shadows cover his sight, but it was too late and the man didn't collapse on the ground only thanks to the lawyer's reflexes since he had approached Odin out of concern without him even noticing.

Frigga was out of her mind with worry and anger when Odin came back to his senses in a hospital bed.

As soon as she saw he had awakened Frigga was beside his bed, taking one of his hands in hers, angry tears falling down her cheeks.

"That's it. You're not going back to work. Now you talk to him, you level out things with him and you hand over your company to your son, whom you trained his whole life for this specific purpose." She almost ordered him.

"He lied..." He croaked.

"I don't care. He wouldn't have had to lie to you if you had just listened to him! How long had I told you that our boy was in love with his best friend? How long have I told you that the idea to marry him off for the company benefits was just stupid and heartless?" She huffed, full of frustration, concern and anger. "You sent our boy away with your stubbornness, not once but twice, and I'm done with this. He's coming here, I called him because the doctors weren't even sure you would wake up this time-"

"Frigga-"

"No, now you let me finish. He's coming here and I want you to just settle things with him once and for all. He's our baby, and he's grown up now, and you can't keep making all decisions for him. What if you died and your last argument was the last memory he had of you?"

"Loki lied to us- omega and pregnant." Odin tried to tell her, not really ready for her words. Frigga kept quiet for a moment and raised one eyebrow. "Well, I had a bit of a suspicion. Yet, don't you see that if the poor boy had told all those years that he was something he's not, than first of all it wasn't a lie told to trick you in particular, and second... he was young when this story started, Odin. Maybe it wasn't his lie after all. Or maybe that's just how he feels. Who are you do judge without listening to him in the first place?"

Frigga had just stopped talking when she raised her head to see Thor standing on the doorway. The man looked mildly annoyed, having probably eavesdropped their argument, and concerned as his eyes swept the range of machinery making sure his father would stay alive. Slowly he stepped inside the room, closing the door behind his back. He hadn't brought Loki with him, not because he didn't want his partner to know what they were going

to say, but because the last time he and his father had met things hadn't gone really well and Thor felt no need for his pregnant lover to face harsh and unjustified words if it could have been helped.

"Are we sure we want to have this conversation right now? It's pretty clear to me that he shouldn't be stressed out. You know, with the three doctors outside repeating it like a mantra." He put his hands in the pockets of his jeans, trying to appear less threatening to his father.

"I need him to stop worry about his company, about you and Loki." Frigga sighed deeply.

"You can't keep working there, you just can't. It's time to hand it out to Thor like you always said you would do." She murmured, caressing her husband's hair.

Odin watched her for a moment before turning his gaze on his son.

"He's an omega." He murmured, stopping to drink a sip of water from the cup his wife was handing out to him.

"I know." Thor simply answered.

Odin grimaced. "You lied to me. You lied to us."

"I didn't- I told you I was in love with an alpha because at that time Loki was adamant he didn't wanted anyone to know. It wasn't my truth to tell."

"He's pregnant. Are you the father of the child?" Odin asked as if he hadn't even heard his words.

"I am."

Frigga threw a glance at him, mildly surprised but clearly happy, a stark contrast to the thunderous expression on Odin's face.

"The only person- the only person I've ever told you not to trust, and you go and start a relationship with him. You impregnate him. You talk about marriage."

Frigga tried to warn him, gripping his arm, but Odin didn't even turn.

"I love him, I've always loved him. This has nothing to do with you or your company."

"Like hell it doesn't!" He snapped, taking a breath when suddenly the monitor started beeping, alarmed by the sudden spike of his beating.

Thor pressed his lips, worried, and shook his head. "We shouldn't be doing this right now. I don't want you to have another heart attack and honestly the more we talk the more it's clear to me that you have no intention to change your mind, or accept my feelings for Loki. Or that he's not interested in robbing you of your company." He was about to tell his goodbyes, probably definitely, when Frigga stepped in, throwing her hands in the air.

"Now stop, both of you. Thor is right." She added, turning to look at Odin. "He's right telling you that you have no business deciding whom he should love. He's right saying that it's clear you don't want to change your mind. And also that clearly it would be for the best not to have this argument. But you two have to, because Odin here can't just keep working. And you can't keep playing stripper down town. Your place is here with your family." She told her son, fed up with both their choices. "And I won't let you and your stubbornness tear apart this family anymore. Loki is expecting a child, Thor's child. Our grandchild. I want to have a chance to be in their lives, to show them how much they can be still loved. If you're so worried about your company why didn't you just propose a prenuptial agreement, instead of sending him off?" She huffed.

The two men kept quiet, exchanging a glance after her words sank in their minds.

"It could be arranged." Odin decided after a couple seconds more of silence. "So I'll make sure that he won't try to rob you of your share with a divorce."

Thor pressed his lips, quite annoyed by his presumption that Loki couldn't possibly be sincerely in love with him. "I'll propose it to him. So you'll see that he doesn't care about your business."

Odin scoffed but nodded, resting against his pillows. "If he does sign on it I will approve for the company to pass in your hands."

Thor nodded vaguely, ready to get out of there, even if he stopped in front of the door to shot a glance to his parents.

"Just so you know, we weren't looking for your approval. We're adults and in love. We'll get married and we'll start a family, that you like it or not."

Loki almost burst out laughing at seeing the pre-nup Odin had wanted his lawyers to prepare for Loki to sign and declare he wouldn't ask for half Thor's fortune in case of divorce. He picked up the pen and signed it off after only one single read. He was happy with Thor and trusted the man to hell and back not to hurt him. Not only he was happy with his fiancé and the thought of spending the rest of his life by his side, but he had also surprised himself with how good it felt to him to finally be open with his identity, to carry a child and tell people that yes, he was pregnant and happy.

Loki shook his head at seeing Odin still watch him with suspect even as he handed back the signed form, and he smiled at the fiancé that had kept one arm around his back, keeping him close and making him feel safe.

Seeing Loki sign up managed to appease Odin too, since the old man was sure that that he wanted or not Loki - or his father - was going to be able to ask for more money or the company's shares from then on. He still wasn't sure about Loki and his alleged feelings for his son, still expecting him to notice the fact that he wasn't going to gain a cent from the marriage and turn away from it, but the man's affections were apparently unquestionable from Frigga.

The woman had accepted her son in law with open arms and a warm smile. She approached the couple and after hugging her son she had invited Loki in a tender hug that had shook Loki to the core with surprise.

"I knew you loved him." She admitted letting him go, her affectionate smile accompanying the caress she gave to his face. "I've only seen the two of you together a few times, and often from far away, but it's always been clear to me that no matter what the two of you said about being friends and nothing more, no matter how many lies you had to tell the world, your eyes always spoke the truth every time you watched at my son."

Loki cracked a smile, slightly embarrassed as much as he was grateful to her for her consideration, and he let her hug him once again.

Since then Thor had been able to go back to his previous job, working only during the day and having a chance that way to stand by his omega's side. He rained his attentions and affections on the man, always by his side when Loki needed him, would it be to went to the doctors or to take care of his raging hormones.

Loki could barely stand few hours without asking attentions from his alpha, the more the belly showed the more he wanted to be in his mate arms, to make sure the man still wanted him, still loved him, to make sure Thor would touch his belly and start to accept their child.

Thor was the perfect partner to him, always thoughtful and full of love for him and the still unborn child. Thor would spend hours caressing the body of his lover, making sure he would

carry his scent to tell everybody off Loki. He would be particularly delicate around his big belly, raining soft kisses on it and speaking loving words to their child.

When it came to the bedroom thing slowly but steadily changed, being the positions they would use or the strength of Thor's thrusts in his body, now way more slow and gentle so to make sure he wouldn't hurt the baby growing in his womb by manhandling his lover's body.

Thor quickly understood that whereas Loki's nipple had always been a particular sensitive spot of him - any time Thor would usually touch them Loki moaned and buckled, looking for more - now that the man was pregnant and his breasts had swollen up in anticipation of the birth, it was even more so and Thor would unashamedly use it at his own advantage any time they managed to be alone.

It was what he intended to do the night of their wedding after the celebrations.

Thor took Loki to the suit they had booked keeping him in his arms as if he hadn't weighted more than a feather, and if being now married to the man of his life wasn't enough for Loki to get excited that display of strength always managed to make a number to his hormones. He was quick to help his husband lock the door and went back at encircling his shoulders with his arms as Thor took him to the huge bed, not letting him go even when Thor had gently laid him in the middle of the mattress.

Thor didn't mind in the slightest, same as he wasn't interested into getting away from his newlywed husband. He leaned in to kiss Loki once again and slowly started to undress him of the light dress he had wore for the ceremony, a light thing that didn't pressed on the wrong spots all day long and that Thor had wanted to take off him since they had seen each other that morning ready for the wedding.

His hands moved by their own accord to Loki's breasts and the man sighed softly at feeling the soft skin under his palms as he slowly fondled the omega's tits.

Loki moaned softly, closing his eyes at the touch. The omega spread his legs more to make room for him, arching his back in pleasure when Thor's thumbs started rubbing his nipples. It took Thor no time at all to have Loki's nipples hard under his fingers and he watched in fascination as his husband abandoned himself completely in his hands. When he leaned in and closed his mouth around a nipple, a choked moan escaped Loki's lips, the omega erection hardening fast as Thor lavished the nipple with his tongue. He was relentless in his attentions and soon he stopped rubbing the other nipple with his thumb only to squeeze it between his fingers.

It would have hurt many others, made them stop, but as much as it hurt him it still only managed to take the breath out of Loki and soon the man was a breathless and writhing mess under his lover, already on the edge of his orgasm.

Thor moved away from him abruptly, leaving Loki with no contact at all between the two of them. It almost rip a cry of frustration from Loki's lips, but the omega quiet down at seeing his alpha standing up only to undress as quickly as possible. They stared at each other with clear lust and the more skin Thor uncovered the more Loki could feel his body getting ready to take in him.

Thor smirked at noticing how Loki spread his legs more instinctively, impatient to have him, and soon he crawled back on the bed and between his legs, caressing Loki's thighs as he leaned in to kiss his husband on the lips.

By then Loki was so wet that he could feel the sheets getting soaked where he had his hips. "Thor..." He murmured impatiently, bringing his hands on the alpha's shoulders. "I want you."

Thor had no problem at slowly penetrating him, Loki's body so used at their lovemaking that he hadn't had needed to be prepared for a while at that point. He groaned softly, moving his hands to caress and grip at his lover's thighs, spreading them more as he started moving slowly inside him. As he kneeled between Loki's legs as to make sure to not weight on his pregnant lover, he admired the man he had loved since they were nothing more than teenagers, the first and only omega to whom he had ever managed to trigger the heat by merely staying close and kissing him. After years of crushing hard on him and hoping for the best, for something better in their future, for the chance to be together, they were finally bonded and married, their child growing inside his now husband. He smiled down at the man to whom he was making love to, slowly pushing inside him as deep as he knew he could go without hurting him and the baby.

Loki moaned loudly, closing his eyes for a moment, and tensed around him before stretching his arms out for Thor to bend down. Thor complied, paying attention to his big belly, and smiled softly as Loki reached for the ribbon that he had used all day long to keep his hair well combed.

Loki hummed in satisfaction at pulling the string and letting down Thor's long hair, watching as they framed his face giving his beloved the look of a prince from some ancient paint.

He gripped at some of the strands to make Thor bend down more and reach his lips.

Thor kept himself mostly upright by moving one hand from his thigh to the mattress close to Loki's head, minding the belly as he poured all his love in their kiss.

They lost himself in their lovemaking that night, happy to be finally together as they had wished for their whole lives.

They had wished to keep the wedding a small celebration, attended mostly by Thor's family and their friends, a couple colleagues. They hadn't wanted something big or grandiose, caring only about being finally married and for the day to not be too hard on a very pregnant Loki. They were also very much aware that sooner or later the media were bound to found out, but they kind of hoped it would have been later, also seeing that they had managed to kind of forget about Thor in the last few months.

Instead someone talked, or maybe it was just that a journalist had been in the right place at the right moment, but one day as they went outside their house they found a reporter outside waiting for them. The woman took several pictures of Loki and his belly, asking questions about the relationship between him and Thor, the wedding and the child that Loki was clearly carrying after years presenting as an alpha.

They had gone for the classic "no comment", but what had started with just one reporter grew to gigantic dimensions as soon as the pictures made their way to the tabloids and the speculations were the more disparate. Everybody seemed to have an opinion on the matter and an idea of what could have been going on under the couple proper facade.

The head of the public relationships department of the company was having a field day at micromanaging Thor and his spouse appearances in public and what they were supposed to tell the journalists.

Odin wasn't that happy about the scandal but he had at least expected it since finding out about that Loki was pregnant. Frigga reached out to them to let them know that they could go and stay at their place and be with the family till the situation wasn't under control. She also had a few words about people harassing an omega so far into the pregnancy.

Loki was a bit annoyed with the whole media circus, but in the end the only thing that managed to shake him up was the call he received from his own father.

"I haven't heard from you in years... and now, from the depths of hell, you're back to tell me that I should just tell the world that I lied of my own initiative about being an alpha and that you were simply unable to stop me from doing so without causing a public scandal." Loki summarised the conversation he had just had with his father after years not hearing from him and the man not even mentioning his name, acting a bit like he had never had a son in the first place and a bit like Loki was dead to him anyway.

"As I told you already I will obviously pay you for it." Laufey clicked his tongue, impatient.

"Obviously." He repeated coldly.

"Let's be clear here, it's not my fault if you went and got yourself knocked up by that blonde schmuck. Both of you should have thought things through before plunging deep into this little paternity circus."

Loki pressed his lips, silently caressing his belly. "Right."

"Now, I could probably call for a press conference and tell them myself that it's been all your idea, but my public relationship expert says it could probably sounds bad coming from me. So I'll just preparare everything and you'll go in front of them and tell what we have agreed upon."

"You have decided what should I say, you're not asking for my opinion on this."

"What could you possibly have to say that won't make matters worse?" Laufey huffed.

"Well, for once that I'm very much in love with my alpha. And happy to be carrying his child, since it's the truth for once."

"Yes, that's good. You're an omega, it's only natural for you to be grateful to have an alpha taking care of you." He conceded, unaware of how much his words were pissing Loki off.

"Sure. Yeah. I'll talk to my husband then. Let me know for when you're making this press conference. Obviously I can't go and make it in Alaska, I'm not supposed to board a plane so far into pregnancy."

"Not a problem, I'll arrange it in New York. I'll call you later for more informations."

Laufey closed the call without even a greeting and Loki felt almost dirty by having spoke to him.

Thor wasn't exactly happy to know his spouse was being pressured into appearing in front of the cameras, not even talking about what he had to say about Laufey's pretences on what Loki should have told only to cover his father's ass.

But as much as he wasn't happy about it he went to accompany Loki, trusting him when the omega said he had all covered, to just trust him.

Thor sent more than one dirty glance at Laufey while the old business man addressed the crowd that filled the conference room. He was tense even as he watched Loki take his father's place in front of the microphones.

Laufey had expected Loki to follow his instructions and walk away richer than before, but instead Loki started with a "I will tell you a story" that left him confused and made him start to worry.

"It's the story of a little boy growing mostly alone, with his father telling him since he was just a kid that he would have had one day to take his place at the head of the family company.

From what the kid knew the company was everything, it seemed to matter more than the

family itself, it certainly mattered more than what the kid wanted to do with his life. Many said he was rich and so he had to be happy. When he was fifteen the kid was grown enough for his father to finally tell the world what they had both known all along: that the boy was to take his place as the alpha leading their business. There was a little bump in the road, though, as the boy was found to be omega just a week before the press conference."

Some journalists raised their hands, impatient to ask questions, but they didn't stop him and Loki was grateful for that as he went on.

"The father screamed and pulled his hair, mad at his son for something he wasn't even responsible for. He insulted the boy, saying that was the worst that could have happened to them both, making him feel ashamed of what he was. That night the man told the boy that no one but them were to know the truth. He would have presented his son as the next alpha of the family and the boy would have smiled for the cameras, pretending to be something he wasn't for the whole world to see. No matter if that meant that he would have had to keep everyone at bay growing up, always self aware of how his actions could be perceived, what he couldn't do that had a chance to expose the truth, always aware that there was no happy ending for him aside for his career. For how are you supposed to have a romantic relationship one day if you can't even approach someone without lying? But the boy was fifteen and he thought he could do it, and honestly he couldn't see another path to follow except for the one his father had traced for him. Despite all this the boy made a friend, and that helped him during the next years, he broke the rule only once, only for his only friend, and told him the truth of his nature. For once someone didn't make him feel wrong and growing up that showed the young man how the lie had fucked up his life pretty bad. But it was too late to tell the truth and he still had to be the next alpha of the company. That still stood, for the company kept mattering more than the truth and clearly more than what the young man desired from life." He stopped for a moment, taking a deep breath as his gaze swept over the silent crowd, all microphones extended towards him, everyone's attention focused on him. "Except one day the father told him that the plans had changed, he wasn't to be the head of the company - obviously - since he wasn't really an alpha. He would have had to find someone else to take his place, someone outside the family, someone who could lead the company. It suddenly didn't matter anymore that it was the "family" company, or that he had told and nurtured his son to take his place for all his life. Or the fact that the boy had ruined his own life up to that point only for him to give him that position when he was going to be too tired to go at work. For the first time the young man took a decision only thinking at what he wanted, and so he left home to move far away, reaching out to his only friend. Truth was that he had been in love with his friend for so many years it was almost pathetic. But still he couldn't tell the truth to everybody because he was ashamed of having lied all that time, he was afraid of the backlash he was to receive, not seeing that it wasn't his fault, that he was the victim in all that. He kept silent, even when steadily the lie kept ruining his life. Until he started telling the truth for the first time in his life and he found out that life gets sometimes a lot easier when you stop lying. And so the man was finally happy by his best friend's side, getting married and carrying their child. But the father wasn't done with him and he unilaterally decided that the man had to lie one more time in name of a family that had never loved the man, a family that had never cared about him and had requested him to keep silent on the abuse he was receiving at home. The father wanted the man to appear in front of the media one more time and say that it was his own decision to lie to the world, to present as something he wasn't, in exchange of money." He took a deep breath, staring

straight ahead and ignoring the sputtering man a couple steps behind his back. "It took me more than ten years to reach a point where I can see that what happened wasn't normal, that it wasn't how the others families acted to their children, that it's not okay to ask someone to lie in your behalf, to put the burden of an adult on the shoulders of a kid. I'm not an alpha, I've never been one. I lied to you all once because I thought that was the only choice I had. Now I'm not a kid anymore, or a young boy, and I know that being an omega it's not the worse a person can be. That's being a terrible parent. I only hope I'm not going to be one, I hope I won't follow on my father's steps. I'm happy to be married to my best friend, I'm happy to be pregnant and to be an omega. I want my children to grow up knowing that I will be proud of them, no matter how they are. You cannot change what you are, only what you do, and I decided to tell the truth from now on." He nodded, leaning back from the microphones. After a second of silence everyone started talking and shouting, their voices overlapping as they tried to ask first Laufey what he had to tell for himself, if that was really what had happened, how could he have acted that way to his own son. Loki took a step back, looking relaxed and not a bit frazzled by exposing himself to them all. He turned, catching the eye of his furious father. Softly, sure that no one but him could hear under all that crazy noise, Loki talked to him one last time. "Good luck with that, bitch." He murmured before walking away towards his husband, letting the man lead him outside, leaving everything behind.

The scandal left Laufey's company on the verge of a financial meltdown as more and more clients pulled away their business, preferring not to tie their names to a man who was at that moment the face of what was wrong in the nation in that moment. If it hadn't been that all the parties involved were rich and famous people, the tabloid would have probably forgot about the matter sooner than later. As it was the storm seemed to protract for months, following even the negotiations where Thor tried to take over Laufey's business and incorporate it into his father's company so as to salvage at least the thousands jobs at stake. Loki was following the news at home, too far into pregnancy to still go at work, and he was ready when one afternoon Thor entered their apartment with a huge smile on his handsome face.

"I did it. He signed off his company to us." Thor announced, proud of himself for the job well done.

Loki smiled at him and handed him a duffel bag. "Amazing. And my waters broke." He announced in turn.

Thor stood still for a long second, his brain trying to compute what his husband had just told him. Loki got when he finally understood because suddenly the alpha's eyes went wide and his gaze dropped to Loki's stomach.

"What! We're going to the hospital!"

"Yeah, I know. I called a cab, you already have my bag in your hands." He sighed, rubbing his back as he grabbed his jacket, hoping Thor would not panic more at seeing that he had taken care of everything.

On the tv of the hospital the news were showing Laufey not commenting any question he was asked as he left the city after having signed off his company to his long rival's family business. The tv was on mute though, as nobody in the room paid any attention to it. Both fathers were sitting on the large bed, Thor with an arm slung over the pillows behind Loki's shoulders, protective though he knew there was no need. He couldn't help it, not while Loki was still tired after giving birth to their son and the baby was in his arms, intent in drinking his first milk. They were watching him with amazement, marveling at how tiny and perfect he looked, both more happy than words could describe.