

Titolo: Lamette, part 1

Fandom: Thor

Personaggi: Thor, Loki, Odin, Laufey

Challenge: Cow T, seconda settimana, inganno; Maritombola, prompt 82

Nota: betata dalla Yuppu <3 Lamette è per la canzone della Rettore (che purtroppo gli inglesi non coglieranno)

Loki walked out of the busy ballroom where the gala his father had been invited to was unfolding and finally he was able to take a deep breath. The night air was pleasantly chilly against his flushed face and for the umpteenth time he asked himself how those people could stand being dressed to the nines at such a hot temperature. He was well aware that the strange ones were probably him and his father in there, since they were used to the life in Alaska and the others were probably used to New York or even Los Angeles and needed a room that warmed up a lot in winter.

Still he took the chance to stand outside and cool down for a bit with not so much of a pang of regret. His father had brought him there because he had already told the media that he wanted to show off his son and future heir of the company, but Loki was well aware that his father would have taken anyone else at all instead of him. The company had to be ruled by an alpha, like his father and his grandfather before him, but test's result had arrived just that week and the truth was that Loki, only heir of their family, was unmistakably omega. His father had gone crazy at finding out his nature, shouting that it wasn't possible, that it was a shame to their family and the end for their company. There was nothing Loki could do but stay silent as his father shouted and kept insulting him, talking about him as if he wasn't even in the room. Still, the man had promised the media he would have presented them the heir to his company and he had no intention to go back on his word. Not even if to not "lose his face" the only solution he found was to ask Loki to swear to never reveal he wasn't an alpha. All future problems would have been settled in the future, he said. Loki swallowed down his complaints over the matter and agreed to not reveal himself, no matter how even at this young age he fully understood it was a sure way to never find a partner for life. Laufey took him to the gala as if nothing ever happened and presented Loki, heir of his business empire, as the next alpha of his family, and the teenager rolled with it, lying and smiling while doing so.

Still, he retreated outside the room as soon as possible, trying to catch a breath, trying to find his balance after being thrown in the middle of a bunch of rich people that wanted nothing more than find some weak spot in him that could be exploited when in the future they would have had to deal with him instead of his father.

He was trying to calculate how long he could stay far from the scenes before his father was to take notice of his absence when the door slid open once again but instead of the man he was expecting to see, it was another boy to get out the room and onto the balcony.

Thor looked at him with the same surprise that was written on Loki's face and let a smile spread on his lips as he walked straight towards him.

"Can't believe someone finally took a boy my age here. It's so boring usually, am I right?"

Loki wasn't used to being talked to in such an open way but somehow found himself reciprocating his smile.

"I wouldn't know, this is the first time I come to one of these occasions." He admitted.

Thor nodded, looking perfectly relaxed as he held out a hand. "I'm Thor." He presented himself.

"Loki." The other boy murmured with a soft smile, shaking his hand even if the gesture seemed forced once it wasn't with some old bat but with a guy his own age.

Thor leaned against the railing with his elbows, watching the city under them, awake even at night. "This place is crazy beautiful, I wouldn't want to live anywhere else." He said, even if it sounded a bit as if he had just been talking to himself.

Loki just let his gaze roam the buildings and streets and after a moment he nodded, except he inclined slightly his head. "It's a nice place. A bit too hot, maybe."

Thor laughed, turning to look at him. "Dude, we're in winter. In New York. Where do you come from that this is hot?" He asked curious.

"Alaska." Loki straightened a bit, nodding, expecting words about the place being deserted but for the bears. Instead Thor's eyes went wide and he seemed to brim with excitement.

"Really? How is it to live out there? I bet you think this is hot if you're used to that. Come on, tell me, what do you do when you just go stir crazy at home?" He started firing question after question and Loki found himself speechless for a moment under the intense curiosity and sheer acceptance that radiated from the boy. He was so used to talking mostly to his father and his men and none of them seemed to have time to talk to him, so being the center of someone's focus was quite new to him, even if not unwelcome.

He tried to answer the questions as best as he could, even if he started to grasp at little lies to cover for what he didn't know yet. It took him some time to notice how Thor had gotten closer to him as he was listening to him raptly. Loki felt himself flush under that focus and as Thor spoke of his house and what he used to do with his friends he took the time to watch the boy closely. Loki found him to be extremely beautiful with his blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes, even if he was pretty sure it was the animated smile on his face the feature able to make him stand out in a crowd. Suddenly it came to his mind the thought that maybe the reason why he found the boy so interesting and beautiful could have been their respective nature and trying not to get caught he tried to find out if the boy scented of alpha. Thor suddenly stopped talking and Loki blinked, watching the boy's smile spread even more.

"Yes?"

"Were you sniffing at me?" Thor asked laughing and Loki abruptly took a step back, feeling his cheeks flush.

"No." He retorted, looking insulted.

But Thor chose that moment to lean in himself and Loki just held his breath as Thor pushed his face almost against his neck, gently sniffing at him.

"Well, you do smell wonderful." He murmured.

Loki felt his face burn and didn't move, almost holding his breath to avoid inhaling the good scent the boy carried, even if he couldn't resist from admiring those features so close to him. Thor looked him in the eyes for a couple seconds, without saying anything, and then he gently pressed his lips against Loki's.

Loki's eyes closed of their own volition and the boy took half a step closer to the boy he had met not half an hour ago. It just felt right to kiss him, to forget the rest of the world and let the boy wrap him in his arms and hold him to his chest. When Thor tried to deepen the kiss Loki

parted his lips, eager to find out what came next, how good could it feel to be kissed by the blonde smiling guy that seemed to just know how to treat him right.

He wanted to tell Thor how good he was at kissing, how he didn't want to stop, but when they broke apart he felt his brain fuzzy. Thor smiled at him and Loki ended up telling him the first thing on the tip of his tongue.

"I love this city too." He murmured, feeling stupid right the moment after, but Thor laughed softly and kept holding him in his arms.

"Then come here more often. I could house you. I do have a lot of space." The boy nodded. Loki huffed a smile at his invitation and tried to sound a bit more sure of himself. Instead of commenting on their kiss, he nodded at the door from which the lights came out of the ballroom.

"They're gonna see us. I'm not sure my dad would be happy about it."

Thor seemed to consider it seriously for a moment but then the smile returned. Loki expected him to ignore his complaint, but the boy slowly lead him backward against the wall without letting him go. Loki soon found himself enveloped in the shadows, his back pressed against the brick wall and the boy against his chest. He felt the heat rise inside him and he couldn't prevent a moan to escape his lips as Thor went back at kissing him. Loki wrapped his arms around the muscular shoulders of the other boy and let him take the lead in the kiss, enjoying the feeling of being wanted like that for the first time in his life. For the shortest moment, his thoughts went to the fact that he should have hidden his real nature as an omega, but he tried to push it away, telling himself that there was no way for Thor to know that he wasn't an alpha himself. There were plenty of alphas in the world and so few omegas that most alphas ended up marrying other alphas anyway. There was no reason to spoil the moment by telling the boy there was no way for them to get to something more, it wasn't like they were going to keep this up or meet again, or so he told himself.

They both lost any sense of time, lost in kissing each other, and more than half an hour went by before someone else stepped into the balcony. The sound of the opening door managed to break them apart, both looking slightly embarrassed at being so close to be found out but at the same time grinning like idiots at each other. Loki couldn't help but notice that Thor looked positively ravished and he took some pride on the fact that it had been him to be able to manage that. He also wondered if he presented the same sight. From the look his father gave him at seeing him so close to Thor and by the way the man's gaze fell right over his lips before seeming to start steaming from the ears, he had to give himself a positive answer.

"It's time to go, grab your coat." The man ordered, watching just for a moment Thor before marching away and inside the room.

"Shit..." Thor murmured, worried. "Is everything alright? Will he give you problems?"

"He's always like that." Loki shrugged, but that didn't seem to quiet the other boy's worries. Instead Thor held out his hand and took one of Loki's. It was warm, and soft with a few callouses, but generally pleasant to the touch as Thor squeezed his hand.

"I'll give you my number, call me if you- if you want to talk. Or to come here. I'll house you." He promised again, cracking a smile before reciting his number in the hope that Loki would remember it and maybe put it to use for real apparently.

Loki knew he wouldn't have been able to have a relationship with the guy, not with the need to hide his identity, but Thor was nice and seemed actually interested in him and so he nodded, thinking that keeping contact with a friend could have been nice.

Loki didn't find out who the other guy's father was until he and Laufey had reached the dressing room to pick up their coats and Laufey turned on him with fury in his face, hissing against him.

"I took you here to present the new heir of the family company, not for you to suck faces with Odin's son. I don't want you to hear of that boy again if it's not to find some way to make that old beard lose his money." He growled before grabbing his coat and marching out.

Loki stood still, finally understanding who exactly he had spent half his evening kissing and why his father had been so adamant in them needing to go away after seeing him busy with Thor. One moment after he felt a white rage twists his guts and against his father's orders he went to look for Thor without even really grabbing his jacket, sure that his father had gone to their car already and he wouldn't meet him again in the room. He was now suddenly sure that everything Thor had done out in the balcony was some kind of trick to make sure he would find out some weak spot just as everybody else had tried to do that evening. He saw the boy's back and made a beeline for him, going unnoticed in the crowd, but he had to stop when at few steps from him he heard Thor name him.

"Yeah, I just met Loki. He is great in my opinion. Nothing like his father, really. I mean, I don't know the guy but he does seem a bit uptight. But Loki is great, dad, really." Just then Loki saw that the man Thor was busy talking was in fact his father's business competitor. The man was busy loading a plate from the buffet while Thor kept talking.

"I hope we get to become friends."

"You're the heir of my company, Thor. You can't just be friends with the heir of your enemy."

"Loki is not an enemy, we can totally be friends, dad."

"In the future-"

"We'll still be friends. We don't have to be competitors if we stay friends, right?" He shrugged and his father sighed heavily, shaking his head.

Loki kept quiet, suddenly feeling stupid for thinking Thor could have tried to trick him when the boy seemed to be so hyped talking about him.

Thor turned and, before Loki could manage to hide behind someone and beat a retreat toward his father, the boy saw him and approached him without a moment hesitation.

"Loki! I was just talking to my dad about you now!" He informed him with a big smile. "And I wrote my number on a napkin for you, in case you forgot it and I managed to meet you again." He huffed a smile, fishing said napkin out of his pocket and putting it into the hands of a dumbfounded Loki. "I hope we'll meet again soon."

Loki couldn't do anything else but stare at those blue eyes and slowly nod, holding tight to that paper napkin with a number written across.

"I'll call you." He promised without thinking before walking away in the fastest way he could manage without outright running.

Loki called Thor after all, just the morning after, the whole time fearing of passing as too clingy, but Thor seemed thrilled to hear of him and invited him at his house once again as soon as Loki told him that he would have stayed in New York for a few more days since his father was there for work. Loki debated whether breaking his father's rules for a whole two minutes before grabbing his coat and taking a cab to reach the address Thor had given him over the phone.

Odin's house was huge, more like a palace than a house from Loki's point of view, but he stopped looking around when a muscular boy suddenly jumped on him and wrapped his arms around his torso to lift and crush Loki in a bear hug.

"You came!"

"Can't breathe-" Loki wheezed and took a deep breath as soon as Thor let him go with a laugh. He didn't even hear what the boy said after but suddenly Thor had taken a hold of his hand once more like the previous night and started leading him up marble stairs and to his rooms.

"I'm so happy you came. Is your father going to stay away long? You could stay here for as long as it takes for him to go back and he wouldn't even find out!" He talked excitedly, letting Loki get only a glimpse of his room before the boy distracted him once again by pulling him against his chest.

Loki had a protest at the tip of his tongue but he kept quiet, amazed by the way Thor was looking at him.

"Can you stay for tonight? Or just till dinner..."

"My father will be away till tomorrow afternoon." He murmured, smiling a bit at the happiness clear on the boy's face at his answer.

"We could order pizza. Do you like pizza? Do you have pizza in Alaska?"

"It's Alaska, not Mars, Thor." He huffed. "Yes, we do have pizza."

Thor laughed, a bright luminous sound that pulled a smile from Loki too.

"Yeah, sorry. Then two pizzas. Filled with everything they got."

Loki grimaced. "Maybe not everything."

"Everything."

"No. I'm not eating pineapples and anchovies and artichokes in the same pizza."

"Yeah... that does sound bad." Thor admitted slowly. "But I've never actually tried, so I have no way to know for sure. Yet."

Loki opened his mouth to retort but closed it to just try again a moment later.

"I'm not kissing you on that mouth if you eat that." He warned the boy, frowning at seeing Thor just smile and laugh, and suddenly noticed he had just said out loud how he expected the day to go. He tried to mask his fluster but Thor didn't let him, bending down to kiss him just like the previous night.

Loki lost any will to complain about pizza and lost himself in the kiss, letting Thor lead it and crush him against his chest, just thinking about feeling good for once in his life.

They ended up sitting on Thor's bed and kissing like there couldn't have been anything better in life. Loki ran his fingers in the boy's long blonde hair, experimentally tugging a bit a finding out that Thor made the sweetest sounds when he did that. Soon the boy's hands were on his hair too, reciprocating the caresses and the delicate pull, and Loki found himself growing hotter by the minute.

"I'm hot..." He sighed, almost breathless, when they broke apart.

"Yes, you are." Thor nodded, moving one hand to caress his neck.

Loki just rolled his eyes, huffing a smile. "I mean that it's too hot in here." He explained, taking off his sweater, but suddenly he noticed how Thor kept quiet, just looking at him as if he was looking for something. "What?"

Instead of answering Thor pushed his face against Loki's neck, ignoring how that made the boy flush, and gave him a good sniff just like the previous night.

"Your smell is even sweeter than yesterday." The boy murmured, stroking his nose against his pale neck. "And you are really hot." He considered.

If Loki had been ready to retort that he was well aware of it, thank you so much, he stopped at seeing the serious expression with which Thor was looking at him.

"Loki, when was the last time you went into heat?"

Loki felt himself die inside for a moment, but the next one he forced a laugh - if a touch nervously. "What- I don't go in heat."

"I'm pretty sure you're going in heat now." Thor considered. "Have you ever been this close to an alpha before?" He asked to be sure, moving one finger to point between the two of them still quite pressed against each other.

"I'm- no. I'm an alpha." He repeated, even if he could feel his body heat rise faster and faster, making him wish just to get rid of any clothes.

"I'm pretty sure you're not." Thor shook his head, informing the other with an almost sweet tone, worried that it could come as a shock to Loki.

Loki made a sound, suddenly understanding that there was no way to dance around it since his body had decided that being finally mature and that close to an alpha probably meant that he was ready to have sex. He pressed his hands to his face, starting to panic at the thought of his father finding out their lie had been discovered even more than he was doing so for going into an uncontrolled heat inside the bedroom of an alpha he barely knew.

"Nobody can know."

"What?"

"Nobody can know!" He blurted, finally taking away the hands from his face to glare at Thor.

"You can't tell anybody. This is my secret, okay? You can't tell. Okay?" He hated how his voice came out in the end, almost pleadingly, but after a moment of surprise Thor simply nodded, looking more serious than Loki had ever seen him.

"I won't tell." He promised. "But you need to take your suppressants now, before it's late and the heat starts. I mean- I don't think any of us wanted the evening to end with a bonding." He chuckled softly. "I love kissing you and I know I'm pretty charming, but that's probably a touch too much too fast."

Loki groaned and rolled his eyes but he smiled a bit, shaking his head. "Yes, no, I didn't come here to get impregnated, thank you so much."

"Glad to be on the same page. Now. You do have your suppressants, right?"

"No, I don't." Loki murmured staring at the ceiling.

"Why."

"Because I'm an alpha." He said slowly, as if Thor was obtuse for not understanding.

"Sorry to give you the news, but you're not. And you need them."

Loki groaned, exasperated, and turned to look at him. "I can't go to a pharmacy and just buy some suppressants because they would ask me if they're for me and what my doctor says and I can't tell anybody that-"

"You do know right that drugstores exist? They don't care who gets in and buys what." Thor interrupted him. "We're in New York, not in a twenty people small town. They won't ask for your name and they won't remember your face. Most suppressants don't even require a prescription." He shrugged.

It took Loki a good five seconds to know how to respond between the surprise of finding out that and his brain starting to feel fuzzy. "And how do you know?"

"Dad produces them? His company, at least, among all the other things he sells. But they're on the shelves like muffins and cookies and soda on every shop. You don't need your doctor prescription or to tell anybody who you are or for whom they are. Just take your money and buy them. Unless you want me to go and buy some for you."

"Would you really do that?" He asked, incredulous.

"Sure, why not? Friends are there for friends in need. And you don't look like you can get out without suppressants right now without being jumped in the street." He added.

"But you're an alpha." Loki blurted out, without understanding for a moment why a real alpha would ever want to go in a shop and buy omega suppressants. He was pretty sure anyone else he knew and had known for much longer than the boy in front of him would have laughed and told him to get it done by himself.

Thor understood after a moment from where that incredulity was coming and he nodded slowly. "As my mom says, any decent alpha should be there for his omega partner. Or friends." He hurried to add, blushing slightly but cracking a smile. "I'll go, okay? You just wait here."

Loki nodded, staying where he was as he watched Thor get up from the bed and disappear through the door.

Loki dozed off while Thor was gone, waking up only at the feeling of the mattress dipping under Thor's weight when the boy came back. Thor was watching him with a worried gaze that relaxed slightly only at seeing Loki wake up.

"You're all flushed." He informed Loki, as if the boy wasn't fully aware of the heat he was enduring or didn't notice the sweat beading his forehead.

"Thanks, you sure know how to flatter someone." Loki murmured.

Thor laughed softly and helped him sit up and take the suppressants with a glass of water. Loki knew his body was trying to convince him that he should have had sex, right that second, preferably with the alpha sitting by his side, but he was set on not getting pregnant and not bonding to anyone since he was fully aware his lie wouldn't permit him to have a relationship.

"Nobody can find out about this."

"Mm." Thor nodded, taking the glass off his hands to put it on the nightstand.

He then proceeded to toe off his shoes and lie on the bed, waiting for Loki to do the same, not even hinting to a desire to take off the rest of his clothes. After a moment of uncertainty, Loki mirrored him, still feeling a bit awkward at lying on someone else's bed but feeling more and more sleepy nevertheless.

Thor rolled on the bed to lie on his side and passing an arm around Loki's midriff, he pulled his friend against his chest, so that he could spoon him from behind.

"This is-"

"We're just sleeping, Loki, calm down." Thor yawned, totally prepared to sleep himself.

Loki kept quiet, trying to think of some retort, but Thor's body was warm and his arm made him feel safer. Moreover there was nothing for him outside that bed, not for miles and miles. He doubted even his father would care if he were to call the man and inform him about his heat. He sighed, surrendering to the fact that he was going to spend his first heat under suppressants in an alpha's bed, but without having any kind of sex.

"I mean it, you know. You can't tell anybody." He murmured, even if not so sure Thor was still awake.

"I won't tell a soul." Was the quiet answer from behind his back. "Friends keep secrets for each others. Like brothers. You can think of me as your big brother now."

Loki considered for the shortest moment that by the sound of his voice Thor seemed on the verge of sleep but then again his words were too much to him and he frowned. "Thor, you just had your tongue down my throat."

"Special brothers, then." Thor replied after a moment of thought.

Loki huffed a smile, lightly shaking his head on the pillow. "I'm so happy you're an only child..." He joked.

When he woke up, Thor was still behind his back, but it was clear that several hours had passed and that the boy had moved in the meantime, since not only the lights were off and it was night outside the huge windows, but they were both covered with a blanket.

Loki closed his eyes once again, simply basking in the warmth of the boy's embrace and how good being that managed to make him feel. He soon dozed off once again, the heat almost forgotten thanks to the pills.

When Loki blinked awake again, it was barely dawn and Thor had slightly shifted behind him, his arms not pressed so tightly around his belly. Slowly as to not wake him up, Loki tried to move and face Thor, trying to understand what could have been his angle in being so good to him. His father had raised him to believe that nothing was for nothing and if someone did something good for you you always had to wait for them to tell you what was the price. But strangely, a little voice inside him made Loki think that maybe Thor had no angle, maybe he was just kind. Maybe he really enjoyed Loki's company. Certainly he liked to kiss him, maybe even to press him against surfaces or against his own body, but if the boy had sought him out for some sexual satisfaction there was no explaining why he didn't take advantage of his heat. If Thor had even asked Loki to take off his clothes after a couple hours into the heat with no suppressants Loki, would have done it, no question asked, no regrets. But Thor didn't do that, he had taken care of him as if he was worried of his well being. As if Loki mattered anything to him, even though they had just met the previous night. Thor didn't seem the kind of boy that had troubles finding friends or having fun with omegas and even alphas, nothing like him living in a small town where everybody was afraid of his father. So it didn't make any sense. Somehow he would have understood if their parts had been reversed: Loki was the one who had something to lose at rejecting the guy. He was the one who had something - maybe a friend, definitely someone he could share his troubles with, even more someone he felt good kissing and touching - to lose in all that.

He took his time studying Thor's profile in the soft light of daybreak, finding him to be almost painfully beautiful. He had to admit that his friend was to become a breathtaking alpha in just a couple years, someone who could have anyone he wanted in the world between his beauty, kindness and money. Loki was fully aware, on the other hand, that he was destined to be alone for the rest of his life, even if he desired with all his heart to be loved. Gently as to not wake him up, Loki started to graze with his fingers the boy's face, tracing his features till he thought he would be able to remember him even though they would probably never see each other again for a very long time.

Thor started to wake up and still Loki kept quiet, watching those blonde eyelashes flutter before the blue eyes of the other boy stared right at him.

"Good morning." He croaked, feeling suddenly self conscious as he cleared his voice before trying again.

But Thor just smiled and leaned in to kiss him on the corner of his mouth. "Good morning to you, Loki. How did you sleep?"

"Fairly well." He nodded, a touch to seriously maybe, and flushed a bit when Thor tightened the grip around his back to pull him against his chest. Instead of kissing him again Thor tucked Loki's head under his own chin, gently massaging the nape of his neck.

"Can you stay a bit more?"

Loki closed his eyes, inhaling deeply the scent of the alpha, and required a couple seconds to answer him. "Maybe a few hours. I should be back before lunch."

"You should stay here..."

"Why is that." He whispered, slowly grabbing the boy's shirt in his hands, almost afraid he would suddenly change his mind and push him away.

"Well, first of all... you're still in heat, I can smell it. It wouldn't be safe for you outside. But if you have to be back for lunch I'll ask for the car and I'll take you there if that's alright with you."

Loki nodded in silence, thinking that was quite logical and actually a nice thought on Thor's part. Still, he had hoped for the reason to be a bit more personal.

"Secondly... I want to spend more time like this with you." Thor admitted, his fingers still massaging Loki's scalp.

Loki took a deep breath at that and smiled, nodding again but this time moving away enough to be able to press his lips against Thor's.

"I'll stay a bit more." He said with a smile, hoping Thor would notice his joking tone and understand the "*because it's safer here*" he added after that wasn't really the reason he wanted to stay.

From the bright smile Thor gave him Loki was sure that he had understood and gladly let the boy led him back under his chin, where he enjoyed the cuddles and warmth his friend was ready to share with him.

They spent a couple more hours in bed, kissing and just hugging, before Loki finally resigned himself to the necessity of leaving. It was naturally then that Thor had to say something to ruin the whole mood between them. Loki had just sat up when Thor decided to blurt out what he had been thinking since the previous evening.

"You know, I'm quite proud of being the one who triggered your first heat."

Loki looked at him, taken aback. "What- do you really think that sounds appropriate?" He asked, a tad shocked.

Thor grinned at him from below, still sprawled on his own bed, long hair surrounding his head on the pillow like a soft golden crown. He was the picture of a too young prince and Loki for a moment envied him and how he seemed to deal with life so easily.

"Well, it is nice for a young alpha to find a pretty omega that responds so well to him. I don't think there could be more flattering circumstances for a rendezvous."

Loki rolled his eyes even as he huffed a smile. "It's more like that you were the first, not that you were the best at something."

"You don't know I won't be the best at it."

Loki kept talking as if he hadn't heard him, ignoring his own blush. "Then again you probably shouldn't see too much into it. Don't get yourself all worked up."

But Thor just grinned more. "I'm already worked up here. And I'd love to see more, actually..." He joked, pulling with no real strength at his sweater.

Loki batted his hand away, telling himself it was just the heat killing him and he wasn't blushing because of those advances from the boy. "You are well aware that there couldn't be really something between us. I live in Alaska, you're here in New York. It's not practical." He considered in his most dignified tone.

Thor didn't want to give in though, and he took his hand to brush his lips against Loki's fingers. "I don't care if it's not practical, or if it will take years to see each other. I hope we'll keep in contact. And nothing says one day one or the other we won't move closer to each other."

Loki didn't say anything at that, listening to his heart thump in his chest, desperately wishing to believe that the boy could have been serious and really willing to wait for him even though fully aware that no one was to know that Loki wasn't an alpha.

"I have to go..." He murmured, but instead of simply taking away his hand from Thor's he slowly and gently stroked his lips, hoping that the boy would understand.

Loki was well aware that there was no chance to have a real relationship with Thor but that didn't stop him from reaching out and text the other. Thor was fast to answer and soon they started talking to each other about everything and anything, at every hour. Before he noticed Loki was spilling everything about himself to Thor and the boy seemed to reciprocate it enthusiastically, often sending pictures of what he was eating or the places he went, what he was doing with his friends and what not.

Loki tried to tell himself that they were just friends, that they were "brothers", since Thor had started to call him "bro" in their texts, but late at night, when he was alone, Loki couldn't help but let his mind wander around what they could have been if they had just born from someone else, if they hadn't been sons of competing business men. He would have never told Thor, but when he was alone Loki would finally drop any pretense and he would often look at the boy's pictures as he tried to remember exactly how it felt to be in his arms, to kiss him and feel the warmth of his body, of his lips, against him. Loki couldn't stop himself from dreaming about what could have been if he had spent his heat with Thor in that bed where he had just slept with him. One night, before he could stop or manage to persuade himself that it would have made things more awkward, Loki ended up pushing his pants down with his underwear and wrapping one hand around his own cock. He moaned softly, his eyes closing on their own volition as he started to jerk off trying to remember how Thor's hands had felt on his skin, how his lips were hot and pleasurable on his neck and on his lips, how he had wished for the boy to undress him while he was lying under him on the bed. He masturbated to the memory of Thor's touches and kisses till he reached the edge with the boy's name on his lips.

As he was lying in bed after, still trying to catch his breath, Loki was hit by the sudden realization that he had passed a point of no return and there was no way he could ever go back at pretending with himself that he wasn't interested in having more than a friendship with Thor. He desperately ached with desire for the boy, desire to be held, to be loved, to let the boy convince him that there was a chance for them, that Thor wouldn't grow tired of him. But at the same time, he was fully aware that there was no way he could tell so to his friend, there was no way he would ask him to relegate himself to a life beside someone who would forever pretend not to be with him or even interested in a relationship between them. He

closed his eyes shut once again and rolled on the bed, pressing his face in the pillow as he let the tears fall for the future that lay in front of him.

The friendship between Loki and Thor grew strong in the years as they both followed the path their fathers had lain in front of them. Both of them studied to be one day at the head of their companies, even if with different approaches to the role as Loki found himself attracted to the study of the law and Thor to economics. Loki had to move from home to attend university, but his father was watching him carefully and so Loki had no way to choose a faculty closer to Thor. Even if they had hoped against hope that their fathers wouldn't notice that they had not only grown closer in time, but they were also growing restless under their iron grip.

Thor kept saying that at some point the men would have had to stop taking decisions for them and at that point nothing could stop them from meeting whenever they wanted. Loki thought he was a dreamer, and told him so multiples times, but still everytime Thor would say something like this, it gave him a touch of hope for more happiness in his life, he couldn't avoid smiling at his messages.

He had tried to bury deep down the feelings he had for the boy - now a young man - but there was no way to lie to himself and he was fully aware that for how much he could try there was no way for him to forget how he had felt in his arms, how those had been the best hours of his life. Still he never told Thor and Thor in time had stopped referencing to their kisses, at least openly.

Every expectation Loki had for his future had crumbled down when he went back home after his graduation, sitting in his father's office and listening to the man talk about how he was going to start working in their company right away. As a legal. Loki kept quiet as Laufey explained without even looking at him but shuffling around documents he had to sign. The man kept working while telling him that now that he had his degree, they could tell the public that Loki had decided he wasn't cut for staying at the head of the company one day and how they would tell the media that they were looking for someone else instead of him to lead the business in the future. Laufey looked up only when he was done with his speech, finally looking at Loki. At that point, Loki couldn't hold it anymore and blurted out a loud "what!?" "Are you telling me- are you telling me that I spent the last seven years of my life, give or take, making sure I could be the man you wanted me to be so I could be the head of your company as you wished me to be- and now you're taking it all away from me!? Why? What did I do to deserve this? I've always done what you said, I was top of my class, I was the perfect son-"

"You're an omega." Laufey cut him off with a sneer, looking almost sick at him as if he couldn't believe Loki had made him say so out loud. "I told you ages ago that no omega could be the head of our company. I wonder how could you have forgotten that."

"I didn't!" Loki almost shouted, sitting up just one hair's breadth away from jumping up. "I backed up the lie that I was an alpha for years, I am fully prepared to keep that up, you know that!"

"I know and I'm grateful to you for not telling the world that my only son is an omega, but still I need an alpha- a real alpha to take the company after me." He tried to concede, even if he was growing irritated by the minute. "You're obviously going to keep up the lie - we don't

want the media on our case - and you'll be working for the company too. Just not as the head."

Loki kept quiet for a long moment, watching with a mounting white fury the man who had raised him to lie to the world even if that meant ruining his own life and any chance he could ever have at being happy and have a fulfilling relationship, the man who had asked him to lie about himself till being an alpha to the world had become his second skin, till he had even stopped daydreaming about having more than a friendship till the day of his death - surely a lonely one, he imagined - just so he could at least be the head of their company. And now the man had finally showed his true colors and admitted that he had never been even in the equation, he was never meant to do it.

"All those lies, all those years faking being someone I wasn't - it was all for nothing." He murmured slowly.

"Not for nothing, to uphold the honour of our name." Laufey raised his chin.

His eyes bulged out though when Loki burst out laughing.

"I won't work for you, not in a million years." Loki said with a clipped tone that somehow managed to dissimulate the roar of pride that swelled in his chest as he stood up to his father, watching him for another moment before turning his back at him and walk away from the office and the whole building. He didn't stop to say a word to anyone, he didn't stop for his father's screaming, he didn't stop to take off his badge, and walked straight to his house to start packing all his belongings.

He was throwing all his clothes in his suitcase when suddenly a thought hit him and he paused, mulling over it for a few seconds before grabbing his phone to call Thor.

"Hei, Loki, bro, how did it go?"

Thor's happy voice made Loki close his eyes and for the briefest moment he was able to pretend that everything was alright. He cleared his throat, hoping he wasn't just about to ruin the friendship between them calling for a favor he had refused for a long time.

"Not very well." He admitted. "Is the offer to host me if I were to come to New York still standing?"

"Yes!" Thor answered without even having to think about it and Loki inhaled deeply, feeling rather better already.

"Thanks, Thor."

"You know it's not a problem, brother. I've been nagging you for centuries to come here." He laughed softly. "When are you arriving?"

"As soon as I'll find a flight." He puffed a smile, resuming the packing of his belongings.

"Can't wait for you to be here."

Loki smiled at hearing the happiness clear in the other's voice. "Yeah, me too, brother."

When he arrived at the airport Thor was there, dressed rather badly by Loki's standards and by what he expected the rich heir of an empire to wear.

"What is that?" He asked with a grimace at the collection of tank top and jeans jacket thrown over a pair of bermuda.

Thor ignored him completely, enveloping him in a bear hug. "You're here!"

"Of course I'm here, I told you I was taking this flight..." He wheezed, barely trying to pretend he was unhappy as he finally felt years of pent up stress melt away now that he was back in his oldest friend's arms. He couldn't avoid smiling though, especially when he was able to

watch Thor's smile, so open and real and exactly how it was the last time he had seen it in person what seemed to be ages ago.

"You look like the whole world came crashing down on you." Thor said holding him by his shoulders at arm's length as he looked intently at his face.

"Always the flatterer." Loki rolled his eyes, this time sincerely annoyed.

"Worry not, brother. I'll take you to my house so you can leave your suitcase there and then I'll take you sightseeing the city. And we'll go out to drink something. We should celebrate meeting again after all this time."

"I- I'm not really sure I'm in the mood for celebrating." He had to admit, sighing.

But Thor was unrelenting and refused to let him go. He barely took one suitcase off his hand and slung his arm around Loki's shoulders, starting for the exit while dragging the other man with him.

"It's okay, we can drink at my house if you don't want to go out. As soon as you spill it out you'll feel better, just wait."

"I doubt just talking can make things better." Loki shrugged a bit, half heartedly pretending he wanted Thor to take his arm off of him, but silently enjoying having the effusive boy around. "It's strange to see you now that years are gone since the last time." He admitted when Thor let him in his own car.

"Yeah, I know what you mean, but mom says better late than never and she's totally right. I'm so hyped!" He added with a huge smile as he drove away from the airport, Loki sitting by his side. "It's gonna be great having you around. How long can you stay before you have to go back?"

"I'm not going back." Loki murmured, gently squeezing his own knees under his suddenly sweaty hands. It was the first time he said so aloud and it was deeply terrifying. "I'm not going back home anymore. It seems that there is nothing for me there, or at least nothing that I couldn't find anywhere else."

"What happened?" Thor asked seriously, glancing at him at the first red light.

"My father had never really wanted to put me in charge of his business, not since he found out about my nature." He grimaced, staring straight in front of him, a bit sick at the fear that Thor would reject him too now that he knew Loki would never have the kind of money Thor was still swimming into. Or that he would say something along the line that he should have expected so.

But any anxiety melted away when Thor slammed one hand against the wheel, shouting a swear.

"I knew I didn't like that man! I know he's your father, but- I want to find him and just punch his face." He growled.

Loki watched him, half surprised and half relieved, and cracked a smile. "I wouldn't actually stop you right now."

"Are you telling me that I can? Because I'm turning back around and taking the first flight to Alaska and-"

"I don't need you punching his face." Loki shook his head, putting one hand over Thor's arm.

"I only need to know that I- that we're still the same." He admitted.

"Of course we are..." Thor murmured, turning to look at him with an almost wounded look, as if it hurt him to know that Loki could have even just thought about Thor not wanting him anymore. "You're my little bro, Loki. You know I love you." He murmured, moving one hand to cover Loki's.

He had no idea how those words managed to make his heart beat harder and faster in his chest. Loki looked at Thor's hand covering his and gently stroked it with his thumb.

"You have no idea what this means to me." He murmured.

"I think I do." Was the whisper he heard in answer, but when Loki lifted his gaze Thor was looking at the street straight ahead and for a moment he wasn't even sure if the man had really spoken those words.

"Again, how long are you staying? Will you come live in New York?"

"I don't know." He admitted. "I have no place here, or connection, beside you that is. There is a professor of mine that told me to give him a call if I ever wanted to work in England, though. It's far away, but-"

"Why don't you stay here?" Thor cut him off, turning to look at him again as he softly squeezed Loki's hand under his. "You could stay with me. And I know that maybe you would prefer to find something to do somewhere else in this city but I bet dad would be happy to hire someone who graduated with your grades." He nodded, full of hope that Loki would at least think about it.

Loki felt a little smile tug at the corner of his lips and after a moment he answered with a slight nod of his head. "I'll think about it. Maybe in a couple days, I better not take more important decisions for now. I'd say it's quite enough for the last forty-eight hours." He tried to joke, basking in the sound of Thor's laughter and the chance to hear it finally again in person.

As much as Loki didn't want to admit it out loud, he had wished and dreamed for years that when they would have been able to meet again, Thor would have kissed him like the first night, like the afternoon they had spent in the boy's bed before Loki had to run away. The young man though wasn't really sure that his attentions would have been welcomed after all that time and after all the times Loki had repeatedly said that at least he had their friendship. Thor was well aware that Loki clung so hard to their friendship because there was no way he could have a romantic relationship with anyone while lying about his nature, but still neither of them had hinted at what had happened years before and Thor wasn't sure that Loki wouldn't have preferred to forget about it entirely and ended up trying to pretend that he was as okay as he was.

Unbeknownst to him, Loki was silently suffering for how Thor seemed to not be interested in resuming what had admittedly been started a long time ago, even if he was fully aware that it was probably his continuous talk about not needing a relationship to smother any desire his friend could have held for him at that time. Still he tried to suppress it all and push it down as they spent a long afternoon in Thor's new apartment, talking about what had happened in Alaska and how Loki had finally managed to tell his father off after years suffering under his iron grip.

Thor managed to make him smile saying that he for one was proud of him for standing up for himself. It would have been perfect to Loki if only the man had leaned in to kiss him like he had dreamed of for years in the darkness of his room, but Thor only smiled and squeezed his hand softly.

After hours like that, instead of feeling relaxed, Loki felt terribly tense when they went to bed, each one in their room since Thor had arranged the guest room for him. He couldn't sleep and so he kept rolling in bed, wrapping himself in the bed sheets as he was filled with the dread that everything he had always dreamed of could be lost forever. In the end, he couldn't

resist it anymore and suddenly sat up in bed before almost ripping the sheets away from his body to get out of bed and paddle to Thor's room.

He hesitated only for a moment on his doorstep, wondering if Thor was awake, but when the man lifted his head from the pillow to look at him he grabbed all his courage and entered the room. Thor didn't seem to mind and even moved his bedsheets to let Loki slide right under them and into his arms.

For Loki, to be in his arms again, inside his bed, was like being finally able to take a deep breath of air.

"Thor..." He whispered, closing his eyes as the man's lips found him and suddenly the man was pulling him tight against his chest, his tongue making his way into Loki's mouth as if they had never stopped doing that.

Loki clung to his muscular shoulders, keeping his friend against his chest and he intertwined their legs. Thor moaned softly in the kiss, pressing his hardening cock against Loki's thigh. Loki suddenly felt more alive than he had felt for years, able to live the fantasy he had cultivated in the secret of his bed, and hoped that it was only the start of something bigger than a one night stand for relieving each other of some pent up sexual frustration between them.

"I missed you..." Thor whispered in the darkness, his lips moving mere inches away from Loki's.

"I missed you too..." Loki answered, his voice low as he carded his fingers in those wavy blonde hair that he had come to love.

Thor kissed him again and slowly they started rocking their hips, rutting against each other in search for some satisfaction. Things had changed since they were teenagers but they had still remained quite the same. Loki in particular, since he had never had a chance to explore sex with others. Thor was well aware of it and he didn't want to rush things, but was unable to hold back too much as the man's scent drove him crazy.

"You always smell so good to me..." He murmured, moving his lips away from his mouth to graze the skin of his neck.

Loki lifted his chin with a soft sound coming directly from his throat, suddenly everything in him hoping that Thor would bite down, that against everything Loki had always told him - his not being ready or interested in a relationship and even less in bonding - the man would mark him as his for the whole world to see. But Thor limited himself at kissing his neck and that was more than Loki could have asked. Suddenly he had the fastest hard on he had had in years and could clearly feel Thor in the same situation against his leg.

Without a word, they started undressing each other, taking advantage of any clothes they shed to kiss and caress every inch of naked skin. When Thor managed to throw Loki's underwear over the mattress's edge, they were finally completely naked and they took a moment to look at each other in the light that came from the window. Thor was way more muscular than Loki himself, his body hairless but for his crotch where there was a little cloud of blonde hair, even if Loki's focus was captured by the hard cock that was currently slowly rutting against his thigh.

"Fuck..." He murmured after a moment, almost breathless at seeing how the alpha seemed perfect. Just what he had always dreamed of and kind of even better.

He had always known to be average sized but he had never taken the time to think about what people said about some alphas just being "bigger".

Suddenly he felt a rush of heat hit him and being way older and experienced he knew that it had nothing to do with his real heat but just his omega hormones screaming at him that they should have made sure to have that alpha, possibly then and there.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to." Thor's voice brought him back to reality and after a moment Loki shook his head, moving his hand between them to wrap it around Thor's cock and start masturbating him.

"I want this, Thor." He murmured, his voice more steady than he would have expected. Thor moaned and mirrored him, staying up with just one elbow on the bed near Loki's shoulder as he wrapped his free hand around Loki's dick.

It was Loki's turn to moan and soon Thor's mouth was covering his as they both touched and pleased each other.

They barely remembered that they shouldn't have had penetrative sex, lost as they were in pleasure.

"I thought of you a lot during these years..." Thor croaked against his lips when they broke apart.

Loki only wanted to ask him then why he hadn't just kissed him right as they had met each other again at the airport, but he was afraid to sound too whiny, too clingy, and so he swallowed it all down.

"Me too, Thor..." He admitted, pressing one hand to his chest to switch their positions.

Thor went willingly, lying on his back and pulling Loki on top of himself with half a smile.

"Yeah? And what you thought about?" He asked with a playful tone.

"Oh, shut up..." Loki chuckled softly, feeling the heat rise to his cheeks as he decided that there was no way he was going to really tell him about his fantasies. He leaned in to kiss the muscular chest of the young man and suddenly he couldn't stop anymore.

Thor moaned softly and ran his fingers in Loki's long hair, caressing the nape of his neck as Loki kept showering his chest with kisses and little bites, dwelling for a bit on his nipples to study them and Thor's reactions, to see if the alpha was as sensible in that area as he himself was. Thor moaned but it didn't seem to be too earth shattering to him and Loki made a mental note about it before deciding to proceed further below, kissing his abdomen. He paused when confronted with the big hard on that was making little movements on Thor's stomach, already leaking a little drop of precum.

Loki swallowed down for a moment before throwing a glance at the man he had secretly loved for years. Thor was watching him closely, almost breathless at seeing Loki so close to his erection right as he had dreamed countless times.

"You don't have to do if you don't want to..." He croaked, forcing himself to keep still.

But Loki lowered his gaze on his erection and without further ado he leaned in to lick at the salty skin. Thor moaned at that, a deep rough sound that made Loki grow terribly excited. He pressed his thighs against one another, hoping Thor couldn't smell the scent of his lubrication, his body convinced he was finally ready to have sex with an alpha and readying itself for it. He was aroused and proud of being able to make the man moan like that. Taking all his courage in his hands Loki gently took that hard on in his hand and started licking it with more confidence, until he felt ready to wrap his mouth around the head of the cock and try sucking at it.

He had never done anything of that sort before but he had often dreamed of being able to, during long nights as he was able to think of Thor as he could never admit to anyone in the

world of wanting to. He would have liked to appear more experienced than he in fact was, but Thor was well aware that he had never had a partner before. Nonetheless Thor moaned, enjoying his touch and everything he was doing with his mouth, and those sounds went directly to Loki's crotch, making him impossibly hard and wet.

When he tried to move down his erection and take more of it in his mouth Thor suddenly tightly gripped his hair, lost in pleasure. The grip and the tug made Loki groan around the cock he had in his mouth. He had to let it slip out of his mouth, too breathless to continue, but kept stroking him.

"You should hear yourself, Thor..." He groaned.

Thor watched him from under heavy lidded eyes and suddenly the man was tugging at him, leading Loki into covering him with his own body so that he could kiss the younger man on his lips. Loki moaned at feeling the man take that lead in that way and let him do whatever he wanted, not thinking much about the way Thor made him spread his legs so that he would straddle his hips and making their cocks press against each other trapped between their stomachs.

"I want to hear you." Was Thor's response when they finally broke apart.

Loki finally noticed their position but he couldn't help himself but trust Thor. The man didn't try to lead him on his cock to penetrate him but merely made him move over his body. Loki found himself moving under his lead as if he had been moving on Thor's cock, riding him, but he was instead merely pressing their cocks together and giving pleasure to both of them that way. He was about to ask Thor why wouldn't he roll and be the one on top when one of the man's hands moved away from his hip, travelling behind him to reach his ass. When Thor squeezed one of his cheeks Loki couldn't help but groan out loud, too excited for words at feeling the alpha touch him so possessively, almost claiming him even though they were not going to bond.

"Thor..." He almost whimpered when the hand moved again. He was left breathless when two of the man's fingers found his opening and they started to slowly circle it from the outside. He moaned, his whole body tensing up as he desperately wished for that moment not to end, for Thor to keep touching him that way and give him pleasure as he had always dreamed him to.

Thor kissed his chin and Loki noticed just then that he had stilled on top of him. He wasn't really sure he could have managed to resume moving as those fingers were dragging away all his focus, but Thor didn't seem to mind it too much.

Loki was already on the verge of his pleasure when Thor ever so slowly pushed one finger in him. The young man moaned aloud, instinctively spreading his legs more to give the alpha better access, and he threw back his head as Thor started to move the finger in him the same way he would have just loved to bury his cock in him. They had both dreamed of that for long years and suddenly they were able to do something so close to it and yet just not enough. But Loki couldn't complain, he couldn't even form a single thought as Thor managed to make him feel more alive than he had felt in years.

His breath came out in short puffs as he moaned and absentmindedly rutted against the muscular body under him, until Thor's finger grazed his prostate and suddenly the world went white for him in a wave of pleasure.

He didn't even notice the scream that was ripped from his throat as he tensed up and shot his cum between the two of them, his back arched in pleasure as Thor kept stimulating that spot with a hoarse moan.

He collapsed on top of the man, breathless, and with his eyes closed. It took him almost half a minute to notice Thor's free hand gently massaging his head as the man kissed his temple softly. But he couldn't help but noticing right after that that Thor still had his finger in him, even if he wasn't moving it. Thor awaited for him to be conscious to start fingering him again, making him moan.

"Thor..." He whined softly, rutting against his hard body and making the man moan in turn, as he slid his cock against Thor's.

Thor started pressing against his opening with a second finger and Loki moaned loudly as Thor pushed that inside him as well, starting to fuck him with both of them, driving him crazy at being opened and stretched by those fingers that were quite larger than Loki's own.

"Tell me I'm the first." Thor whispered, lips pressed against his ear.

Loki felt a shiver travel through his body and nodded, pressing his face against the other's neck. "Yes, you are..." He murmured, getting wetter by the minute between the stimulation and the possessive tone that accompanied those words.

"I've never seen someone more beautiful than you..." Thor sighed softly, pressing his fingers against his prostate to make him buckle again and again.

Loki felt himself blush because of those words but instead of even trying to find an answer he found himself baring his neck for Thor, his whole body aflame with the desire to be marked by the alpha.

Thor made a soft sound at that sight and he licked his lips, but instead of sinking his teeth in that pale neck he limited himself at kissing Loki again, slipping his fingers out of his body to be able to roll on the bed and bring Loki under him so to be the one moving on top. Loki moaned, a bit frustrated at the loss of his fingers, but instinctively he spread his legs for the man, his eyes fluttering closed as Thor started to move over him, rubbing their cocks against each other. Suddenly, Thor fell on the bed, using one elbow to keep his weight off Loki as he wrapped one hand around both their hard ons and started to furiously pump both of them.

"Why didn't you kiss me right away?" Loki managed to ask between kisses. He didn't want it to come out as a whine or as if he had been mulling over it for too long but it was difficult to tell if he had managed it with the way Thor was driving him crazy and how long he had in fact mulled over Thor's lack of action during the afternoon.

Thor pressed his forehead against Loki's with a short sigh. "I wasn't sure you would have welcomed it like you did when we were kids." He admitted.

Loki rolled his eyes at that answer. "I probably shouldn't have since you're so dense."

But Thor laughed at that and leaned in to kiss him again on the lips, making him forget even that he had even asked a question in the first place.

Thor kept jerking them off till he suddenly stilled, tensing up over Loki as he shot his cum across the younger man's torso with a shout, marking him and filling his nostrils with his strong scent. That alone managed to drive Loki over the edge a second time and he moaned loudly as his cum mixed with the alpha's.

They lay together that night, Thor keeping him in his arms as he had done what seemed to be ages before, slowly stroking his hair till he fell asleep, followed by Loki as soon as he managed to suffocate the little voice that kept reminding him that he couldn't have a romantic relationship if he wasn't ready to tell the world about his biggest lie.

Loki took a week to think about it before following Thor's advice and taking his resumé to Odin's society. As a matter of fact he had been almost sure of it since his second day in New York, when he had had the chance to wake up for the second time in his life in Thor's arms, enough to convince him to stay there instead of looking for fortune on the other side of the ocean.

Odin received him personally only by Thor's request, not really trusting the son of his opponent to work for them without spying on him on behalf of Laufey. When Loki said that he wanted nothing to do with his father's company Odin arched one eyebrow, still not really believing him.

In the end, he caved in under Thor's incessant requests and, even if he kept watching Loki with suspicion, he gave him a job in the legal department.

With a new job and a new big city to live in, it took Loki a couple month to feel stable enough on his own legs to start thinking about finding some place where he could live on his own. It wasn't that he didn't like sharing Thor's apartment, but maybe the problem was that he liked it too much. Thor had apparently learned to cook enough not to starve and make breakfast or light lunches when he wasn't in the mood to order take out or just go eat in a restaurant. Loki had never really needed to learn the skill but he found it pleasurable having Thor around dishing out sausages and eggs in the morning. Or having the man tackle him on the couch because he wanted to cuddle in front of the TV. Or sharing Thor's bed at night, touching the man as he had always wanted to but never admitted out loud to anyone else, not even Thor himself, falling asleep in his arms and basking in those precious firsts seconds at morning when he would forget that that wasn't a life that he could ever have.

As much as he would have loved nothing more than to spend the rest of his life that way, he was well aware that Thor had reached the age when he was supposed to find a good omega and settle down. When that moment would have arrived there wasn't going to be space for Loki in his life anymore and Loki simply didn't want to have to listen to Thor try to explain him why he had to clear the apartment of his things, why they couldn't kiss anymore. He didn't want Thor to think that maybe Loki did want something more out of his life than a friendship and a fulfilling career. More than anything else he wanted to avoid Thor asking him if he was sure about not wanting to have a relationship with him, since Loki most definitely wanted to, but there was no way he was going to tell the world he had been lying for the past seven years, no way he could deal with that kind of shame.

It was clear that Thor wasn't happy when Loki finally told him that he had been looking around for a place to live alone, but Loki fed him those lies about wanting to prove to himself that he could manage on his own. In the end, Thor nodded, even if sadly, kissing him on the lips as he tried to convince Loki that he could always go back at living with him if he ever wanted to. Loki would have loved that very much, but he merely nodded and kissed him back, pretending to be absolutely thrilled by the prospective of leaving to go live by himself, having his own personal space.

Thor finally relented and Loki moved out, even if Thor made him keep the spare key in case he wanted to come back, or go spend the night with him.

Loki swallowed down a lump in his throat at seeing Thor so willing to keep up what they had just managed to have, and kept the key, promising his friend to keep spending time together. He would have loved to spend with Thor as much time as before, but slowly and steadily things started to change: he had to learn how to survive using food, he had to go and do

actual grocery shopping, he had to cut into his free time to clean up the space and prevent the place from becoming a real mess.

In one week, the apartment he was renting seemed inhabited by a spoiled child who kept opening a book and then leaving it where it was, adding another one on top of it and then another one, leaving a jacket on the couch only to find it on the bed the next day and spending ten minutes on the third to find out where exactly he had left it the previous night. Suddenly Loki found out that he had to devote more time at housekeeping, if he wanted to have a livable space and so the free time in the weekend to spend with Thor was cut short even more. Loki was finding out that living alone as an adult was difficult and suddenly wondered how long it had taken Thor to manage it, once he had moved out of his parents' house.

Luckily for him, Thor still seemed decided to spend as much time as possible with Loki and the man would pass by his office every day over lunch break to take him out of there for their free half hours. Some days, that was all the time Loki could manage to spend with him and those were the toughest days as he almost ached for his friend's company, resorting to texting him when they were both home but otherwise occupied. Some days, when he had nothing to do at home - or things that could be postponed without some sort of sentient life form conquering his fridge from the inside out - or just needed to spend time with Thor too much, he would accept his friend's request to have a nice evening by themselves. Sometimes Loki would spend the night at Thor's apartment, kissing him and rutting against his firm body as Thor gave him orgasm after orgasm till they lay breathless and covered in sweat in a tangle of sheets and legs, both happy and satisfied.

One night, a couple weeks after Loki had moved in his own apartment, Thor invited him to tag along as he met with his friends. Loki wasn't really sure, not having ever particularly loved them from what Thor had said about them as they were texting over the years, but in the end he accepted. With the hope that they had grown up since the days of the pranks they had done with Thor when they were all boys.

Apparently his dislike was reciprocated and after barely half an hour it was clear that the three warriors of New York, like they loved to call themselves, thought him to be a stuck up snob, whereas he thought of them as childish brats in the bodies of adults. Sif wasn't that bad, in comparison, but Loki had the nagging feeling that there had been some sort of fling between her and Thor. Even if Thor had never said anything on the matter. And probably that was what gave Loki more pause on the whole affair, since he had always thought the man was telling him everything and suddenly he was facing the chance that maybe it wasn't like that, that maybe Thor had never confided everything to him, that maybe he wasn't even the person he trusted more than any other. Maybe he wasn't that special to Thor at the end of the day. He vaguely knew he was probably exaggerating with his reaction but he couldn't help but feel a bout of jealousy at the thought of Thor and Sif together, him so beautiful and perfect and her just able to do whatever she wanted because she had managed to make people think highly of her. While he was just living off his name and his family's money and hiding his nature to everyone else, even when that lie was what was jeopardizing his very chance at happiness with the man he loved. At the same time he knew that he had no right to be jealous of the other man as they had never been a couple and would have never gotten in a romantic relationship and it wasn't that unusual for friends not to tell each other

every single thing that happened in their lives, even if he had always thought of the two of them to be that kind.

But Thor knew him better than anyone else in the world and there was no way to hide his dark thoughts to him while they walked home at the end of the night out, shoulders brushing against one another.

"Are you jealous, Loki?" Thor had half a smile on his lips, an almost hopeful look in his eyes that Loki should have recognized for the playfulness, but suddenly he felt as if Thor had found his weak spot and had tried to stab him right there.

"Of what? Of you?" He asked, as if the mere thought was simply ridiculous, scoffing at the idea.

He simply didn't want Thor to see right through his shell and see that yes, he had caught the truth and Loki was sickly jealous of him, of his attentions and the attentions that he had probably given someone else during a time when they had been miles away.

Thor kept quiet at that answer though, the pain so sharp at having the man he loved treat the mere thought of being jealous of him as the butt of a joke that he felt his face fall as he tried to turn his gaze away from the friend that repeatedly said wasn't interested in a relationship with him even though he kept coming back to him time after time. After all the times Loki had said that there was never going to be anything between the two of them, he knew he should have probably stopped hoping against hope that the way Loki looked for his kisses, for his touch, meant that there was something more under the surface. But he suddenly felt sad and a touch stupid for trying to make his friend say he had been jealous after he had met his good friend Sif.

Seeing Thor's expression shift that way made Loki feel like shit though. He didn't want to ruin the man's night by making him believe he didn't meant anything to Loki.

"I'm sorry. Maybe a bit." He murmured, his stomach twisted, and after a moment he grabbed Thor's hand even if they were still out in the street, squeezing it softly. And if the thought of someone who could recognize both of them was still awake in a part of his mind, the street was deserted and it was worth it if only for the relieved smile that that little gesture brought to Thor's lips.