

Prompts and Drabbles

Von Sarah_von_Krolock

Inhaltsverzeichnis

Kapitel 1: Pregnant!Sigyn I.	2
Kapitel 2: Vali I.	4
Kapitel 3: Vali II.	6
Kapitel 4: Sigyn tells Loki she´s pregnant	7
Kapitel 5: Helia I.	9
Kapitel 6: Grandpa!Odin I.	11
Kapitel 7: Papa!Loki I.	13
Kapitel 8: Vali III.	15
Kapitel 9: Pregnant!Sigyn II.	17
Kapitel 10: Helia II.	19
Kapitel 11: A whole bunch of kids	21
Kapitel 12: Love strucked Loki	23

Kapitel 1: Pregnant!Sigyn I.

He pulls the chair back for her to sit down, pushing it closer to the table as she does. He takes the seat next to her, asking her if she needs or wants anything. It's rarely that they attend any meals with the whole family in one of the great halls. But today she was in the mood for it and the Allfather was absent anyway so Loki accompanies her for he knows lately she likes it to be surrounded by the family.

She sighs with a lovingly smile. "Darling, I'm maybe pregnant but that doesn't mean that I am disabled. I still have two very healthy hands despite the fact that I'm maybe looking like a whale..."

"I just want to be sure, that..."

"I know, I know... and I love you for that." A kiss on his cheek follows her words. "But you overdo it a little bit too much."

"Sorry," he says lowly, looking a bit embarrassed. "And you don't look like a whale... you're beautiful as always. More beautiful than ever."

"Thank you for your charming words but it doesn't change a single bit that your son makes me looking like a beached whale."

"I didn't know that beached whales are looking this incredible."

Sigyn looks over to Thor with his comment, smirks at him.

Loki ignores him. "How do you want to know that it's going to be a son? Maybe we're getting a princess?"

"The form of the belly is telling that," says Frigga with a smirk as she watches the couple. She could watch them all day, seeing how humble her youngest son is around his young wife, with how much adoration he looks at her, how attentive he is, how much he cares.

He looks at her with one raised eyebrow. "Is this a form of science I have missed?"

"That's what they use to say. When the belly stays high, it's going to be a boy. Wear it low and it's going to be a girl. When I was pregnant with your brother I nearly wore him beneath my chin."

"I wouldn't mind if it's a girl." He turns his gaze to his plate before he looks over to his wife and putting a hand on her heavily swollen belly.

The Queen smiles again. He also can't keep his hands off of her; he's nearly touching her all the time.

Much later as they finished breakfast Loki helps his wife up. But Sigyn stops suddenly in her movement, holding onto Loki and taking a deep breath.

"Are you alright? Is everything alright? Is it coming?" Immediately he holds her more firm, looking in panic at her. Everybody stops immediately and looks in light panic at her.

"No, no... it's alright. It's just... that your son thought to kick around would be a good idea... No need to get in panic."

Frigga giggles softly. "Get used to it, Sigyn. Now that the little one could arrive at any day everybody will fall in panic with every sigh and every moan of you."

"It would be much easier if it wouldn't kick this much..."

"Thor once kicked me so hard that I nearly fell off of my seat."

"At least my child will have enough manners to not do this with mother..."

"As if I would know what I am doing..."

"You only rarely know what you're doing..."

Both women smirk with the verbally exchange of blows of the young men.

"Enough boys," says Frigga before the two could go any further in their verbal clash.

"You should stop bothering your wife, my son. And you should rake a rest," she smiles at Sigyn. "Let me know if you need anything or any advice. Just relax now."

"I will, Frigga, thank you." Sigyn smiles and if she would be honest she would admit that she already feels a little bit exhausted. Oh she will be so glad when the child would finally decide to come and she get's of this current state. She feels as if she would waddle when she walks...

"The pregnancy still suits you really much!" Thor yells at them as they're leaving the room, waves after them with a wide grin.

"What is it just with you men and the attraction to pregnant women?"

Loki walks at her side, one arm around her waist, holding her close. "I don't know. I am only attracted to one," he smiles down to her, placing a kiss on the crown of her hair.

"Maybe it's because... you're looking so womanly, fertile... The knowledge that you wear a new life under your heart... That you able to create new life... taking care for it for so many months... something only women can do... To be honest, it's really pretty fascinating. And for me it's also because I know that you wear my child under your heart. The product of our love, something that you and I created... knowing what we have done for it," he chuckles lowly and earns a smirk and soft blow from his wife.

Kapitel 2: Vali I.

"Can I hold him? Just for a minute? You'll get him back; I promise but please just let me hold my first grandson for a while. Loki, please," Frigga begs. "I want to hold my grandson in my arms... you can't hold him forever, my son."

"I can and I will..."

"Loki..."

"Mother, it's my son. My own son... I won't give him out of my arms ever," Loki whispers while he turns his gaze to the bundle in his arms that's only a few days old. A constant smile lies upon his lips since he was put into his arms the first time. His son. His wonderful, beautiful and healthy son. How relieved he was that he has nothing from his father's true heritage. Despite the black hair he looks through and through like an Aesir with the eyes of his mother, blue like the sea.

"Then tell me, have you finally decided about a name? How is the young prince to be called?"

"We call him Vali."

"Vali Lokison is his name. His royal majesty Prince Vali Lokison."

He turns his head as he hears the voice of his beloved wife as she enters the parlour of their chambers. His grin grows wider. He likes the sound of the name, it is good to hear 'Lokison'. And when he looks at Sigyn... he is so proud of her. Not only for the little bundle he cradles in his arms. Alright, in the last days especially for the little bundle he cradles in his arms. Nearly a whole day she has been in labour and he won't ever think again of what she has been through. The thought alone drives him mad that she was in pain and that there was nothing he could have done against it. The thought of putting her in pain when he once promised her she will never be in pain at his side... Well... at least not physically.

"Won't you give your mother her grandchild for once? She waited for so long for one," smirks Sigyn, Frigga nods fierce.

He holds his son a bit more firm against his chest and turns lightly away. It's his son, their son and he won't allow any other than Sigyn next to him into his near. Not even a nanny.

Sigyn puts a hand on his arm, knowing what he fears. The fear that they would take his son away from him. The son of Loki. As the son of two magicians he will be for sure also blessed with a great talent in this sorcery and with a father who brought the Allfather so much trouble... She strokes his arm, leaning more to him. "You don't need to fear," she whispers. "Your mother would never do such a thing. You know how much she wants grandchildren; I doubt that she then would let it happen that someone takes them away. And... well... I think it wouldn't be bad if she at some point would maybe nurse him one night or the other so that we can have a night without interruptions," Sigyn smirks.

He looks at her. "To give him a few siblings?"

She raised an eyebrow, leans a bit back. "I was twenty hours in labour... I don't want to repeat it so soon again."

He smirks a bit. "I'm sorry...for everything..."

"It's alright," she smiles again, looking at their son. With a little sigh she leans her head against Loki's shoulder. "It was worth it..."

"You did so well... I'm proud of you."

"I'm proud of myself. I mean... I had all the work, you didn't really gave much input, and look at the final good." Sigyn grins and looks up to him.

Loki chuckles lowly. "Yes, you did very well." He looks at her, love and adoration in his eyes, and plants a kiss on her temple.

"Will you now give your mother her first grandchild?"

He looks from his son to his wife and back, gnawing at his bottom lip, hesitates... and then he turns to his mother, putting the little boy into her arms with so much care.

Immediately the queen bends over the new family member, everything else around is forgotten now. This little button nose, those tiny fingers and hands... "Oh little Prince... We are going to make a very big feast to welcome you properly in this world..."

"Mother..."

"It's only proper; we need to celebrate properly this new family member. And look me into the eyes and tell me that you're not so proud of him that you won't show him everyone to boast around." A little grumble tells her that he is indeed this proud enough to boast around with his new born son.

Kapitel 3: Vali II.

"No no no no! We don't try to eat that, that's nothing to eat." Hastily Loki shoves all papers and books out of the reach of the little gabby hands of his son. Since he started to walk he needs to put everything on high shelves, especially since he found out that he can reach onto the desk when he goes on tip-toes.

"There you are, little man." With a smile Sigyn enters his working chamber.

"I would be thankful if you would keep him away from my working chamber."

"And I've told you several times to lock the door to this room."

Loki takes his son onto his arms, stepping away from the desk as he tries to reach again onto it. "It wouldn't be this difficult if he wouldn't try to eat everything... He's like Thor... he also tried to eat everything even when we were older..."

"Every child does that." She smiles and steps closer. "It has something to do with touching and feeling."

He sighs as he looks at his wife and her little swollen belly. Just the imagination that he has to run after four little and fast feet and four small, grabby hands... "No, no, no... my hair is also nothing to eat." He fumbles the strand of hair out of the little fingers after his son put it into his mouth. But as he hears him laughing... the high laughter is excuse enough for everything. With a wide grin he tickles him at his belly and gets more to hear of the cheerful laughter.

She loves to watch them both together, to hear them laugh together. A little sigh escapes her. How lucky and happy he seems. "I'll try in the future to keep him away from your working chamber, as long as I am able to run faster than he."

"No, no... it's alright. Sometimes a little distraction can't be wrong. Especially with this kind of distraction," he grins at her, bending over to her and giving her a kiss. His free hand he puts onto her belly, stroking lovingly over it and giving her another kiss.

"Bah! Bah!" Their son makes a disgusted noise as they kiss and tries to shove them away from each other.

"Oh, do you want also a kiss," grins Sigyn, giving him a smooch onto his cheeks.

Loki gives him one on the other side and they both continue until he breaks out in laughter again.

Kapitel 4: Sigyn tells Loki she's pregnant

She is still overwhelmed by the news. She is with good hope, said the healer. Immediately she puts her hands on her belly. Nothing is to see, nothing is to feel but a rush of pure joy goes through her. With good hope... She is going to be a mother. Loki is going to be a father... they will be parents; they will have a child together! She giggles out of delight. But how should she tell him?

"Is everything alright?"

She twirls around and sees Thor coming to her.

"Y-yes. Everything's alright. Why..."

"You were at the healer, I was just a little worried." He shrugs with his shoulder. "You never go to a healer... Either you do it with magic or with mother's herbs."

"Nothing to worry about," she smiles. "Where..."

"An encounter with father. Mother tries her best. Maybe they're finished now." He nods towards the corridor and after a sigh and a nod and still with a wide smile Sigyn accompanies him her brother-in-law.

"Are you really alright?"

"Yes, I am fine. Why do you ask?"

"I tell you that Loki has an encounter with father you are grinning widely."

"I'm just in thoughts," she waves with her hand.

"Well... alright." From time to time he throws a sceptical glance at Sigyn while they walk down the corridors to the council rooms of his father. She grins constantly... if the healer has given her something? Silently they both enter the council room where the rest of the family is; even outside through the thick doors they could hear how Loki and the Allfather are arguing.

Loki looks shortly over his shoulder as they entered, the special shimmer starts in his eyes, the special one he has when he sees her. Frigga leaves her place at the side of the Allfather and rushes to Sigyn.

"Are you alright? What did the healer say?"

"I'm fine, everything is alright," Sigyn nods. "Nothing to be worried about."

"And your headache? The dizziness?" Through the golden apples they are nearly immortal, no sickness can harm them, and of course it sounds therefore alarming when her daughter-in-law complains over headaches and a constant dizziness for days.

"I rather think the healer has given her some special herbs..."

Frigga looks at her son in question.

"She grins constantly since I've caught her in the healing wing."

"I'm not grinning constantly," grins Sigyn.

"Sigyn... do you want to tell us something?" Frigga gets slightly suspicious.

"No, there is nothing to tell, really."

The queen still looks at her suspiciously but walks again to the side of her husband. Her husband and son are still arguing with each other but Frigga wonders more and more about the constant smile of Sigyn even as the Allfather is accusing her husband falsely. And that she holds her hands through the whole time onto her belly... the headache, the dizziness and tiredness... She silences the king by putting a hand on his shoulder. "Is there really nothing you want to tell us, Sigyn?"

Everyone turns their gazes to Sigyn who looks surprised and shocked. "N-no... there

is... nothing to tell..."

"What is this nonsense? I have to..." The Allfather stops and suppresses a sound of pain as his wife digs her nails into his shoulder to silence him again.

"Really nothing?"

"N-No..."

"What said the healer? Is everything alright?" Loki looks confused from his mother to his wife, steps closer to her and puts an arm around Sigyn. Of course he was worried too, more worried than everyone else.

"Everything is fine, nothing is wrong."

"I don't think so..." Frigga smirks. "I rather think you carry a little secret with you. Am I right?"

Sigyn looks at each one, looks a little bit like a deer in a trap. And then she sighs. She sees, her mother-in-law won't quit until she says it...

"What said the healer exactly?"

"I... well... he said that... I... uhm... I am... I am in... good hope," she says slowly and looks at Loki.

"You make me to a grandmother?!"

"I'm going to be an uncle?!"

No one could look this fast how Frigga rushes to Sigyn again and pulls her in a tight embrace. "Congratulations! You give me a grandchild! Finally one of my sons is making me this wonderful gift!"

Sigyn laughs lowly, a little nervous. "I thought... that I'll have the biggest work to do in that..."

"I'm sure you'll do excellent work!"

Thor takes both in an embrace and as Frigga lets go he gushily embraces Sigyn alone and twirls with her around. "I'm going to be an uncle," he says in a sing-song before he suddenly lets go of Sigyn, smoothing her dress around her belly and making apologies. "I'm sorry... I don't want to hurt the little one... Are you alright in there?"

"You don't need to yell," smirks Sigyn. "And it's far too early, it can't hear you." She takes a deep breath and looks over to Loki. He looks stunned and shocked at the same time, his jaw dropped open. He tries to say something but nothing comes out of his mouth he rather looks like a fish on dry land gasping for air.

"Loki?... Are you... happy about it," she asks unsure.

He still tries to say something without any success. And suddenly...

"Loki!" All are yelling at the same time as with a dull sound Loki falls to the floor.

"Loki... Loki are you alright? Wake up my love."

Slowly he opens his eyes while Sigyn knelt at his side, looking at her. "You... are pregnant...?"

"Yes, my love... we're expecting a child..." She strokes through his hair, over his cheek. "Are you happy about it?"

"Yes...! Of course... of course, my love..." He smiles slowly and pulls her softly down, embracing her. If he would be honest he would admit that he's truly a bit surprised, stunned and shocked but positively.

Kapitel 5: Helia I.

"You're the most beautiful being in the whole nine realms." He whispers with a love-struck smile on his face, completely mesmerized. It is truly love at first sight as she was put into his arms. His little daughter, only a couple of minutes old. He sits next to his wife who rests with her back against a whole pile of pillows, still weary from giving birth to his first daughter.

"You once said that to me," she says lowly, exhausted, with a small smile around her lips.

"You both are," he grins and doesn't take his eyes away of the little bundle in his arms.

"You will be as beautiful as your mother one day... and if someone should ever harm you in any way then I will kill him... I will kill everybody for you."

"Are you promising her to kill for her?"

Slightly he looks over his shoulder to Sigyn, trying to look innocent. "Uhm... no?"

"Loki..."

"What?... I would do it for her... don't tell me you would not for our children."

"In an instant."

"You see..." He smiles and turns again to his little daughter. He leans back; Sigyn rests her head on his shoulder, looking at their youngest offspring. "No suitors will ever come near her."

She giggles softly. "You will damn her to a life of chastity? Forbid her all the joys men and women can share? Like we do?"

"Especially the joys like we use to have them..."

Again she giggles. Both are looking up as the door opens.

"What is it? Can we see it?"

"Sorry, I'm so sorry, but they were so excited, they couldn't wait any longer to welcome their new sibling." Frigga enters the chamber and holding her both grandsons at each hand. Vali and Nari are pulling at their grandmother, wanting to get as fast as possible to their parents.

"Of course not because you were excited too..." Loki looks up with a smirk.

"Well... maybe a little bit..." The Queen lets go of her eldest grandson, lifting the younger one on her arms.

Vali runs immediately up to his parents. "What is it? What is it?"

"You have a sister." Loki smiles proud as Vali crawls onto the bed, rising up to his knee to look at the bundle in his fathers arms.

"It's a girl? Oh, how wonderful! I always wished to have a girl..."

"She is so small..."

"You were this small once too," smirks Sigyn at her son.

"Oh, she's beautiful... such a cute little thing..." Frigga sighs as she steps closer and seeing her first granddaughter. She puts Nari also on the bed next to his brother. "You are both now big brothers. You need to take great care of your little sister now."

"I will strike down everybody who is mean to her! Or I call for Uncle Thor."

Even Loki has to chuckle at the words of Vali.

As much as she would like to stay longer but she knows that the growing family needs time on their own and she also knows how important it is for them. And especially mother and daughter need to rest now. She closes the door, turns around and is faced

with a small amount of court members. Thor in the front and his friends behind him. She smiles softly. "It is a girl. Princess Helia is her name. Mother and daughter are healthy but exhausted and I think we all agree that the little family should get some time on their own. They need to rest now. You'll get to see the little Princess soon enough." She sees disappointed faces but she's strict in that topic. She knows by herself how that feels. It's a wonderful familiar moment and really only for the very close family.

Kapitel 6: Grandpa!Odin I.

Odin sighs deeply, putting his hands into his waist as he sees that his throne is already taken by two of his grandchildren who have cuddled together on it and fallen asleep. No one else than his grandson Nari with his little sister Helia who just started to walk around on her little toddler feet when she's led on her hand by someone. He could call for Sigyn or even Loki... but then he would wake the little ones up and they sleep right now so peacefully... He can't bring it over himself. It must be so exhausting to climb the whole day on Thors arms so that he lifts them up and down repeatedly and giggle and laughing everytime their feet lift from the ground. So exhausting to run around the corridors the whole day and playing little tricks to the servants and court members... truly the children of Loki. For sure he taught them the tricks. Absolutely exhausting to run away the whole day from father and mother, being chased by them through the Palace and playing in the gardens the whole day with the wolfs Sigyn found and brought with her into the Palace during the year of Lokis absence. Luckily Fenrir and his siblings are patient with the children. He has to admit... it really looks somehow cute when the little ones snuggle against the big Fenrir, who is even taller than the five year old Vali, and when they fall asleep against him. Also he has to admit that he was surprised how protective the three 'beasts' are towards the three children. 'They smell like Loki and Sigyn, that's why they accept them in their pack and take care for them. They are like little puppies for them.', said his wife to him.

He sighs again and carefully he lifts the two, who are looking like their mother with the blond hair, onto his arms, holding them close to his chest. The Allfather leaves the hall and walks straight to the private wing of Loki and Sigyn. They really need by now a whole wing for their own family with three kids and therefore that Sigyn is pregnant again... He can see it clearly as he opens the door to their parlour and Sigyn walks right in that moment through it, stops and looking at Odin who enters their rooms. Not far in her pregnancy but already with a swollen belly lets the healers guessing that it's going to be twins this time. Twins... two little rascals at once... He sighs. "They can sleep on the throne when I don't need it but I have to give an audience in half an hour."

"Just let them there. When they drool on the clothes of your guest they for sure give in, in everything you demand." She takes her daughter on her arms after she called for her husband.

Busy with teaching his eldest son, Loki comes out of his working chamber, looking in question between his wife and Odin.

"They've fallen again asleep on the throne," she smirks and turns away with her daughter in her arms to bring her into her bed.

"They know what belongs to them," comments Loki as he steps closer to the King and taking his son out of Odins arms.

Odin clears his voice. "I thought that maybe... Vali wants to attend and assist me this time? Of course only when he's interested and when you're not too busy with him." He can't read the expression and eyes of Loki as he stares at him.

Loki hesitates before he turns to his working chamber and calls for his son. "The Allfather gives an audience today. Do you want to attend and watch," he asks him as Vali stands in the doorway.

The boy knows that his father and grandfather are heaving huge differences why he

hesitates now.

"You can go if you want to," nods Loki.

"Really?"

"Really."

The boy runs towards his grandfather and taking his hand as he holds it towards him.

"I'll bring him back later," nods Odin. "I've heard... it's going to be twins?"

"Yes... that's what the healers are guessing... They could hear a heartbeat more than usual."

"Congratulations..."

"Thank you..."

Kapitel 7: Papa!Loki I.

"Nari, put that back. I said put that back... Vali would you please stop encouraging your little brother in doing mischief?"

"You always encourage us in doing so, Papa."

"Yes, but mischief with other people, not with me..." A sudden clink makes Loki cringe and stopping in his current action, collecting toys from the floor so that he would not trip over them. A heavy sigh leaves his lips as he can hear from his daughter: "Oops... Sorry..." He slouch his shoulders, his head hangs down. "Was it something your mother liked very much...?"

"I just wanted to look at it."

"It's alright, darling... just step back, I don't want you to cut yourself on the shards..." He rises up again, lets the toys resting on the floor and walks over to his daughter. He lifts her up, turning around and puts her down again before he goes onto his knees and tries to fix with magic the little figure. Just as he finished another cling makes him cringe. He turns around, looking to his sons who are standing in front of a pile of shards. "You two are doing this on purpose, right? You want to drive me insane..." He stands up again, walking over and it is maybe only luck that he didn't crashed with his chin onto the table as he trips over a few toys and the table just stands a few centimetres away from his face as he opens his eyes again. He sighs, takes a deep breath and tries to fix the mess his sons have done.

"Darling, please no, your Papa is a bit exhausted..." Loki just caught his youngest son who has sneaked out of their private chambers, after he had to run after him through the whole wing and brought him back. Nari just wanted to have some sweets... Loki just fell back on the sofa, leans back. But as he sees the big blue eyes of his daughter, the pout on her face framed with golden locks and holding a book in her tiny little hands... He sighs, lifts her onto the sofa and takes the book in his own hands. But it's suspiciously silent when he thinks of his two boys. "Vali? Nari?"

It takes a few seconds until both are popping out their heads out of bedroom and Nari is over and over covered in grey and black paint. "What the..?!"

"We wanted to play the battle of you and Uncle Thor against Malekith. Nari is Malekith."

Loki looks as if he suffers heavily, sighing and lays his head into his neck. "By the Norns..." He can't let these two unwatched, not even for two seconds... Never. Again. Never again he allows it that Sigyn leaves him with all three alone. Never again he lets it happen that she takes his mother and both leaving the Palace to spend the day on the market. If at least his mother would be here to watch her grandchildren for at least one hour... But now he understands why his wife needed a day off, he really does. "Sorry, darling princess... but your brother needs urgently a bath... I'll read to you after it." He strokes over the hair of Helia, placing a kiss on top of it.

"Thank you, it was such a wonderful day, I really needed it."

"You should take more often a bit time for yourself," smiles Frigga while she accompanies her daughter in law to her private chambers. "Everybody needs it from time to time."

"We'll see if my husband is still alive. If Loki still lives I can do it more often," laughs Sigyn.

"At least I can see no fire here," grins Frigga, embracing Sigyn as they reached the

door.

Sigyn opens the door steps in... and freezes as she's closing it again. Her jaw drops slightly open; she nearly drops the books she bought on the market. The parlour is a mess, toys are spread everywhere on the floor, books of the children, she spots a few towels covered with a strange paint... "By the Norns... it looks as if there was a battle here... He should just spend the day with the children alone and watch them..." Slowly she walks through the room, placing the books in her arms on a free spot on the sofa, looking around. For the mess she sees it's suspiciously silent... With the intuition of a mother she walks straight into the playroom of the children. She sighs lowly and a lovingly smile settles on her lips as she opens the door and sees her husband lying on the floor with their three children onto him and in his arms, all asleep. She takes off her shoes and walks over to them, going down onto her knees. He even snores a little... She has to grin. "Loki...? My love," she whispers, touching his cheek.

Slowly he wakes up, blinking a few times. "Oh thank the Norns, you are back," he whispers, his expression a mix of joy and relief.

"Was the day so exhausting?" She smiles at him, strokes through his hair.

"Yes," he nods. "I didn't know that our boys are such demons..."

She chuckles. "Oh, come on... you teach them all the tricks and mischief," she grins.

"To drive others insane but not me..."

"Well... at least they're alive despite the chaos in the parlour."

"You weren't in the bathroom?"

"No."

"Wait until you see that..."

"The main thing is that you all have survived today, you did well my love."

"Do I get a reward?"

"Let us bring the three into their beds and if you're not too exhausted you'll get your rewards," she says with a crooked smile.

It doesn't need even five minutes until he put all into their beds.

Kapitel 8: Vali III.

She wakes up with a sigh and a low moan, groping the blanket and sheet next to her. She blinks a few times before she opens her eyes as she can feel nothing at her side. "Loki?" Her voice husky from the sleep and with a suppressed yawn. "Loki? My love... are you there? Loki? Vali?" Sigyn sits up, rubbing her eyes and yawns. With her fingers she brushes through her hair, looking around in the dark bedchamber. She can see him nowhere, hears him nowhere. Also she misses her son. She only doesn't freak out about it because Loki is also gone, so they're for sure together. She was persistent to keep their son in their bed. He's only two weeks old how could she sleep separated from him? The thought to sleep separated from him is unthinkable. Well, at the moment it's unthinkable.

She grabs her dressing gown as she rises up, putting it over. With bare feet she walks over the cold stone ground, crossing the bedchamber and stops at the door that would lead to the nursery. Hearing noises behind the door she puts her ear at it and listens first. She can hear Lokis voice but low and soft, she doesn't understand anything. Slowly and carefully she opens the door a bit. Now she can hear more clearly the voice of her husband. Peeking in, she can also see him now, cradling their little one and singing a sweet lullaby. Their son rests in one arm, with the hand of the other he strokes over the little bit of hair, the chubby cheeks, playing with the tiny fingers. The expression on his face pure love and delight as he tries to sing his son to sleep. "Sofðu lengi, sofðu rótt, seint mun best að vakna."

A small smiles plays around her lips. His voice is so soft when he sings. It's only so soft otherwise when he speaks to her or now with his son. She closes her eyes, sighing and just listens to his voice. As he finished she can hear her son a bit whining.

"Hush now, my darling son... we don't want to wake up Mama, do we? Shh... She deserve a bit of sleep..." He sighs, holding son close, cradles him. "Are you not exhausted at some point...?"

"He is for sure exhausted but I guess he's also pretty hungry."

"Loki turns around as he hears Sigyns voice, sees how she enters. He sighs again. He didn't want to wake her up. And now she comes closer to him. "I'm sorry, my love. He started to whine a bit, and you slept so deep and peacefully..."

"That's lovely of you... but when he's hungry there's nothing you can do much about it," she grins, giving him a kiss as she takes their son carefully into her arms. "Or are you able to feed him?" She takes place in the rocking chair that Loki had made for her on his own.

"At least not in the way you do," he smiles, going onto his knees next to her. His head rests on her shoulder while she gives Vali her breast.

"Do you watch our son or my boob?" Sigyn turns her face towards Loki with a smirk. The smirk grows into a grin as he tries to put on an innocent expression. "Well... a little bit of both." He smiles into the kiss his wife is giving him, wandering with his eyes then back to his son. He probably really was just hungry by how satisfied he looks now.

"You sing wonderful when you sing lullabies."

He smiles, giving her a kiss onto the cheek and then starts with the lullaby again while he strokes softly over the head their child. Immediately she follows him in the song. With the lullaby and sated, little Vali finally falls asleep. Loki takes him again carefully

into his arms as Sigyn stands up. "I'm so sorry, my love... I wish you could sleep through the whole night," he whispers. "You're often enough awake in the night because of him... and through the whole day... You deserve the sleep."

"It's alright. That all is alright... I'm good with that." She presses her lips onto his cheek. "You can take over therefore the nightshifts later when he's not depending on my boobs," she whispers with a laughing undertone. They walk back into their bedchamber, lying down again. Loki with his son on his chest and Sigyn with her head resting on her husbands shoulder. "Would you mind to sing it again," she asks him.

"No... for you both I would sing it endlessly." He leans his head against her, tangles his free fingers with her hair, playing with it. "Sofðu unga ástin mín. Úti regnið grætur..."

Kapitel 9: Pregnant!Sigyn II.

"Do you still want to eat that...?"

Loki looks up from his plate, stops with chewing the bite of meat and looks at his wife who looks at him with serious question in her eyes. Everybody at the table stops shortly and looks at the married couple. Rather they look at Sigyn whom you always see eating at any opportunity in the last time and if she wouldn't be already pretty far in her pregnancy, one would wonder where it all would go... When her maid does her hair, when she reads, when she's bathing, when she plays chess with Loki or Frigga, she always has something to eat.

Loki swallows the bite down. "Yes... I had in mind to eat that piece... And before you ask, yes, I will also eat my dessert."

"It's not really decorous for a young lady to eat that much, not even in this state."

"Oh, shut up," Frigga responds to her husband. "When I was pregnant with Thor you seemed to be sympathy pregnant. You ate more than I and you had worse back pain than I had... You were a total mess by the time I went into labour..."

With a clinging sound he puts his silverware down and looks outraged at his wife. "Do you always need to stab me in the back? How about a little support in front of all?"

"I am your wife, what do you expect, darling?"

"I am the king, how does that look?"

"That you are just like any other ordinary husband and secretly like any other wife I wear the trousers in this marriage." She turns again towards Sigyn with a smile. "Don't worry. Eat as much as you want, you need to eat for two now, you need to feed a strong boy. It's your first one, it's completely alright."

"I'm sorry," Sigyn murmurs with a smile. "I maybe look totally hoggish..."

"You're everything else than that," Loki says with a lovingly smile, pressing a kiss on her cheek. "You can always say that our child is the greedy one," he chuckles and puts a hand on her belly, stroking it softly. A wide grin settles on his face as he can feel a movement beneath his hand. Rising his eyes again he can see the longing look of his wife to his plate. He rolls his eyes and with a sigh he puts the object of her desire onto her plate. Her smile and delightful expression is worth it. Also the kiss she gives him on his cheek. "At least you make sure that I don't eat too much."

"Your mother says I don't eat too much."

"Of course you don't."

"You have to feed a strong boy, don't let anyone tell you different thing."

"Who says that it's going to be a boy? Maybe it will be a girl? There's no proof that it will be a boy."

"It will be a boy," both ladies respond simultaneously.

"One wears the belly pretty high when it's going to be a boy," Frigga explains.

"Oh... is this another science I didn't knew?..."

"It's true, trust me," smiles the Queen. "I wore your brother nearly beneath my chin... you can ask every mother on this realm. Boys are worn higher and girls nearly touch the floor."

"What for a science..."

"You will see, it's going to be a boy," Sigyn smiles delightfully while she eats she piece Loki gave her.

Kapitel 10: Helia II.

He follows simply the high pitched laughter, keeping his pace low to give her time to be still ahead of him. For minutes he chases after her through the Palace, from one corridor to the next. "Where might my little Princess be?" Again he hears her giggling. He hears the sound of a door opening, closing again. With a smirk on the face he waits a few seconds and then walks up to the door fast where she vanished behind. "I wonder if my Princess might be here somewhere... Oh, Sif..." Lokis smirk vanishes and shortly he pulls a face.

"Lost something?"

"I'm tracking something."

"Her royal majesty is not here. It's not Tuesday, there's no reason why she should be here."

"...Tuesday?"

"Yeah... did Sigyn not tell you? Every Tuesday two hours of training."

"Training?"

"Sure. Swordfight."

"Swordfight?! She's four!"

"She already knows where to put the pointy end."

"I'll cut your hair again if she comes to any harm," he hisses. "No swordfight until she's eight. At least eight..." He can hear a giggle and now he sees the small feet that are looking through beneath the curtains. "I wonder what for delicious sweets her mother promised her that she didn't tell me a single word about it." Her feet showing to the right side so he sneaks closer from the left side. She peaks from behind the curtains to see where he might be while he sneaks up behind her from the other side, moving the curtains so carefully that she does not notice it. Before Sif could warn her he grabs her and lifts her up. "Gotcha!"

His daughter laughs loudly, one of the best sounds of all the nine realms in his ears. He has to laugh too, holding her close as he steps forward. As he leaves the room, the little one winks over his shoulder at Sif.

Sigyn opens the door to the bedchamber and starts to smile as she sees her husband lying with their daughter on top of him and sleeping. The day must have been so exhausting playing and running through the Palace the whole day. She crawls onto the bed and snuggles closer at both, putting an arm around both, resting her head onto Lokis shoulder.

"Hmm... You're finally here..."

"Don't tell me that you're exhausted."

"She can run faster than lightning..."

"That's not true."

"Have you chased after her?"

"I am usually the one, yes." She grins up to him.

"Meh... I just took my eyes from her for not even a second and then she was vanished suddenly!"

"She got your mischievous nature."

He sighs, starts to stroke softly over his daughters back. Little Helia. Beautiful like her mother but mischievous like her father. "By the way... you let you Sif teaching her already now sword fighting? Don't you think you should have told me or that we

should have discussed it or that even I have to say something in that matter? She's four, Sigyn! Four!"

"Why not? You have to start in a young age to become a master in that. And it can't be bad when she's good with a sword... think about in like... 12 years... she will be 16 and a good match for many boys."

"Alright. She can keep going with the training."

Sigyn smirks. "Even when, as if you would let it ever happen that someone comes near her."

"Of course not... she's my daughter."

She laughs lowly.

Slowly the little Princess awakens and squeaks in joy as she sees her mother. "Mama!" Immediately she throws herself onto Sigyn.

"My sweet Helia..." She embraces her and holds her tight. "Did you have fun today with Papa?"

She nods fierce and with a wide smile. "We played hide and seek!"

"Let me guess... you won?"

"I always win! Papa always misses me!"

"To my defence, it's not easy to find the world champion of hide and seek."

"Good work, my daughter. Keep on, at least Papa is distracted when he's busy searching you and can't do any mischief."

"Hey...!"

"What? It's true... What else have you done today?"

"When we finished Hide and Seek we had a Tea Party! With Uncle Thor and Uncle Fandral..."

"With all your Uncles?"

"And with Aunt Sif!"

"Oh my, so many guests! How did you just manage it?"

"I'm a Princess! Papa says it's in my nature. And because you are my Mama."

Sigyn laughs lowly. "You all really had a Tea Party?"

"I don't look nowhere near as ridiculous at it as Thor. I know how to keep my dignity..."

"With a tiara on your head?"

"Yes..."

"A pink one?"

"Even with a pink one."

Kapitel 11: A whole bunch of kids

With the staff the Master of Ceremonies pounds three times onto the floor. "His royal majesty, Prince Loki Friggason and his wife, her royal majesty, Princess Sigyn Sigfriedsdottir."

With her hand resting in his they enter the great hall after the winged doors have been opened. Proud and elegant like always, for some maybe a bit arrogant. They're stopping next to the King and Queen, his hand wanders immediately to her waist, holding her close. He likes the looks when they're walking down the aisle, he craves for the looks. That everybody sees that she belongs to him, that she is his wife that she loves him and especially loves to be his wife.

He gets a soft blow into his side from her elbow as his hand wanders to her bum. He chuckles.

"This is an official ceremony here," whispers Sigyn.

"I know," he grins.

She smirks and rolls with her eyes, shaking slightly her head.

Again the staff hits the ground for three times and the Master of Ceremonies rises his voice. "His royal majesty, Prince Vali Lokison."

Pride shimmers in both their eyes as their first born enters the hall.

"His royal majesty, Prince Nari Lokison... Her royal majesty, Princess Helia Lokisdottir... Her royal majesty, Princess Eisa Lokisdottir... Her royal majesty, Princess Einmyria Lokisdottir... His royal majesty, Prince Radi Lokison... His royal majesty, Prince Loki Lokison..."

"They seem to be a bit annoyed by the long list of our offsprings," smirks Sigyn.

Loki bends over to her, bringing his lips to her hear. "If they would only know that the list will grow in a few months."

"Sht!" Again a soft blow hits him at his side. "You know what will happen when your mother gets aware of it! I thought we wanted to keep it to ourself first."

"You can't hide it for always, darling."

"Hiding what?" Frigga leans over to them.

'I've told you` Sigyn forms silently with her lips at Loki who rolls with his eyes.

"Nothing. We are hiding nothing. Really, absolute nothing."

"Really?" Frigga looks sceptically at them.

"Really."

"Loki..."

"Uhm... well..."

"Shut up," snarls Sigyn.

But the look of his mother... "Uhm... just... just a pretty little secret." With these words he puts a hand onto the belly of his wife.

"Oh! How wonderful! One more grandchild to spoil!" The Queen slaps into her hands out of enthusiasm.

The Allfather throws a glance at them and rolls with his eye. "Not again... you are worse than rabbits..."

"I like rabbits," comments Sigyn.

"Me too."

Both turning their heads towards their children as the elder ones making a sound of disgust in unison. "Ugh... that's so disgusting to know that you... ugh..." "You're too

old for that..." "Parents just don't do it!" "What? What are they doing?" "What are you talking about?" "You're too young for that." "Keep your innocent soul as long as you can." "I want to know!"

"You are getting a sibling to play with."

"I want a brother!" "No! A sister is better!" "Brother!" "Sister!"

"Hush know all of you!" And with these words of their mother all the children of Sigyn and Loki keep silent.

"Just so you know, you can't be too old for that. Your grandfather and I are still practicing it."

Again a sound of disgust in unison of the Princes and Princesses. "You are so embarrassing!" "Thank you, now I'll never get these images out of my head..." "I need to bleach my brain..."

"Oh Vali, come on! You're doing it too, don't act as if you're living in chastity," throws Loki in. "Remember how your mother and I caught you?"

"You are coming pretty much after your father," smirks Sigyn.

"But I at least don't have grey hair and I am not old!"

"These are only two grey hairs! Just two! And only because of all of you!"

"Plus the other two in a different place," smirks Sigyn.

"Mama!"

"Sigyn!"

"Oh, come on. It won't be your downfall and the nine realms won't crush because of it... and I like your grey hairs." She goes onto tiptoes and pressing a kiss onto the cheek of her husband.

"I am not old..."

"No, you're young like the spring."

"He is as old as Yggdrasil," whispers Vali towards his siblings.

"I've heard that! I can still give you're a curfew!"

"I am not a child anymore! I am an adult! You can't do that!"

"I am still your father and I do what I want!"

A loud clearing of the voice by the Allfather lets them all shutting up. As everybody looks at him he makes a gesture towards the crowd that's watching them. "We are still in a ceremony... And Thor is still waiting outside... So would you all please shut up so that we can go on?"

Everybody murmurs an excuse.

"I am not old," grumbles Loki in a whisper.

"No, you're not. Otherwise you couldn't do that." Sigyn smiles as she puts her hand onto his that rests on her waist, shoving it more onto her belly.

"No, probably not." Loki grins and seems to be delighted and pretty happy again.

Kapitel 12: Love struck Loki

"Tell me, brother. Tell me the truth now. No implyings, no foggy suggestions, just the plain truth. There is someone."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Loki, be honest with me. You can tell me everything."

"You? You are the biggest gossip around here."

Thor grabs after Lokis arm and brings him to stop, brings him to turn around to him.

"I'll keep silent, I swear. By the Norns, I swear to not tell a single soul. You laugh, you smile constantly, you're... so different, so... happy. For so long now. At first I thought you took some of your poitons... but the effect keeps up for far too long for that. There must be someone. You have the grin of a fool who fell in love."

He sighs, looking from one side to the other. "Not a single word. To no one."

"I swear."

Another sigh and Loki drags his brother along with him into another corridore. Here they have a clear sight into the palace gardens.

"Who is she?"

"The blond one."

Thor rolls his eyes. All the women, the whole bunch that sits with their mother and caring for the flowers are blond. "Which one?"

"She who braids the flower into a crown..."

Thor looks at his brother, his gaze lost in the sight of the young woman, a small smile lingers on his lips.

"What do you say?" The dark haired one suddenly turns again towards his brother, raising his eyebrows in question. Nervously he licks over his lips. Nothing is official, for weeks they meet in secret. He wants to make it official more than anything else but he fears for her reputation. She has to loose much more than he. He knows how people are, especially how court members are. The little lady in waiting of the queen, 'the little toy of the prince'...

"Well... she's pretty. She has a nice smile. She looks pretty gracious. A lady in waiting of mother?"

"Yes, Sigyn is her name. Lady Sigyn..."

Again a sigh leaves his lips by her name. The arrow of the winged helper of love must have hit him very deep. "For how long?"

"Weeks..." He shrugs with his shoulders. "Months... The fall passed, the winter passed, the spring..."

"Lady Sigyn... so that's your crush, the cause why you smile so often lately. Are you going to ask her?"

"First of all, she's nut a crush. She's smart, intelligent, smarter than some advisors of father, she would be able to talk every single one against the wall! And it's impossible to ask her... you know how the rules are with us, she's not of royal blood, her father is just an admiral, her mother always stayed at home and raised her... We are princes we have to marry princesses, father wouldn't allow it any different and not to mention the court! They would tear her apart. I don't want to do it to her." He looks again outside at her. "She knows the court as lady in waiting, yes, but she has never drawn the attention of them at her... they would mock her because she's not of noble blood."

"But she will be through you." The elder one smiles. "And aren't rules there to be broken? You are actually pretty good in breaking the rules and twisting and turning them until they please you. Mother is fond of her? You have my blessing. When her character is like her looks, you have my blessing."

"Oh, do I need that?"

"I will be king once... And when I am then I will announce that a Prince can marry whomever he wants and don't care about noble blood."

Loki laughs lowly. "Oh really? That will be your first doing as king?"

"Well... maybe not the very first one. But it will be one. Oh! Oh! She looks over!" With a wide grin Thor waves at the love of his brother. But she looks shocked and turns her gaze immediately onto the work in her hands again.

"You embarrass me, Thor... This is exactly the reason why I haven't told you..."

"I'll keep silent, promise. I don't tell anyone. You can cut off my tongue if I do so."

"Is that a promise?"

"If you ask her?"

"Shut up..."

"Are you going to ask her? You said it's going on for months, you kept something like this on for months... never before. She has a positive effect on you, you're not as grumpy as usual. And it's funny to see you smiling like an idiot."

He laughs again, turns his gaze again outside.

"Ask her. Don't be a fool and ask her before someone steals her away from you."

He keeps his gaze down, looking down onto his shoes.

"Are you going to ask her?"

He shrugs with his shoulders. To be honest he already thought about it a lot.

Thor bends down, so far that he can look into his brother's face again. "Are you?"

He smiles, the smile grows into a grin until he laughs lowly. "Yes... probably yes, I'll do," he nods.

Thor slaps his little brother onto his shoulder. "Mother will be pleased that her hope of grandchildren can finally become real."

"Am I allowed to marry first before we discuss that topic?"

"Nope. Oh man... my little brother is in love... Loki and Sigyn sitting on a tree..."

He slaps him onto his arm. "Shut up!"

"K-I-S-S-I-N-G!"

"I've said shut up," laughs Loki.