



Sanctuary

Marvel · Not Rated · 771 words

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Fandom: Marvel Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Otto Octavius & Loki & The Leader

Characters: Otto Octavius, Loki (Marvel), Samuel Sterns, Samuel Sterns || The Leader

Tags: Male Friendship, Platonic Cuddling, Platonic Relationships, Shapeshifting, Physical Disability, Fluff, Random & Short

Words: 771 Chapters: 1 chapter Status: Complete Published: 2024-07-25

Not *many* people get to see Loki pout. Not *many* people know that Leader likes trashy romance novels. Not *many* people ever see their softer sides.

Otto isn't sure how to feel about the fact that he's one of those people.

Edited on April 1, 2025. Nothing big, mostly just small grammar stuff.

So, this sorta just happened... What do you think of their dynamic? Do you want to see more of these three in the future?

//In the dark expanse of Doc Ock's underwater lab...

"Give me back my arms, Loki." Otto growled. He couldn't really do much else, his useless limbs refusing to push him up from the table he laid on.

Four mechanical arms floated in a green glow across the lab from him. The smug bastard responsible smirked. "Now, now, Otto — you needn't get so snappy! I am merely acting out of concern for your health."

Otto just growled again, glaring at the infuriating Jotunn runt. He made a mental note to create a way to control his weapons with his red goggles, to avoid such incidents in the future. Maybe add anger-activated lasers...

Loki sighed, as if he was the reasonable one. "I'll admit, I'm hardly an expert, but I am certain Midgardians need more than two *hours* of sleep! I'll not have our next plot fail due to something as mundane as sleep deprivation causing mental fallacies."

"My mind is working perfectly." Otto huffed. He was struggling desperately, which unfortunately meant that he sorta twitched a finger. For Loki's benefit, he hoped they were far away from each other when he got his arms back.

"It's not a matter of—" Loki cut himself off with a groan of exasperation. Not many people got to see the God Of Mischief pout like a child, and Otto wasn't sure how to feel that he was counted among that few. "Look, even Lee gets enough sleep! He doesn't complain." Loki whined, gesturing to Leader.

Leader blinked, looking up briefly from his tablet. "To be fair, that has more to do with me being beaten into an unconscious state regularly than any deliberate effort on my part. What exactly are you discussing, gentlemen?"

Not many people knew that Leader had a tendency to zone out. Not people got to see any of Leader's mental weaknesses. Otto wasn't quite sure how to feel about the fact that he did.

"How much sleep Midgardians need." Loki pointed an accusing finger at Otto.

"The abuse of the crippled." Otto corrected, jutting his chin at the floating arms.

"Premise: Doctor Octavius requires sleep but wishes to retain freedom." Leader hummed in thought. "Conclusion: He must be convinced to sleep without threat regarding loss of mobility."

"Gee, why didn't I think of that." Loki rolled his eyes. "What do you think I'm trying to do?!"

"Friggason, give Octavius his arms back." Leader ordered impatiently. He waited for Loki to reluctantly comply. "Good. Now, Octavius, get some damned sleep or I'm filling the lab with sleeping gas."

Equally reluctantly, Otto grumbled his agreement. "Fine."

"Excellent! Now, if we're done, let me get back to my book." Leader's voice went from commanding to whining as he held up his tablet. "They were just about to kiss!"

Not many people knew that Leader liked trashy romance novels. Not many people knew Loki liked claymation christmas movies. Not many people knew they spent their free time together, mocking recordings of spelling bees. Not many people got to see these sides of them at all. Otto wasn't sure how to feel about the fact that he got to almost regularly.

Otto sighed in pleasure when his arms reconnected to the ports in his body. He twisted and moved each limb, relishing the return of feeling and freedom. He extended and

twisted them together, laying on top of them like a mouse on a pile of snakes. It wouldn't be comfortable to most people, but it was to him, so he didn't care.

Something soft and fluffy pushed next to him, purring. Otto glared at the sleek black cat. "I'm not going to forgive you that easily, brat."

Loki responded by rolling onto his back and purring louder, green eyes wide as he nuzzled into Otto's side. Otto sighed in defeat, moving his arms to nudge the not-cat closer.

After a while, Leader stretched and leaned his oversized head against Otto's arms, putting his tablet on his lap as he drifted off. Soft snoring soon filled the lab.

Otto's lab. His sanctuary. A space of quiet, peace, solitude. A gloomy, dark haven where he was free from the expectations and trials of the outside world. A safe zone, his private sanctum. A place that almost no-one was allowed entrance to.

As the soft weight of Loki pressed against his chest and the quiet white noise of Leader's snoring soothed Otto to sleep, he wasn't entirely sure how to feel about the fact that *they* were.

— end of "Sanctuary" —