



# The Silvers (Take 2!)

Norse Religion & Lore · Not Rated · 1548 words

*by Arukir*

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# The Silvers (Take 2!)

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Fandom: Norse Religion & Lore Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

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When Loki is brutally punished, Sigyn teaches one of their children a spell that will allow and her siblings to hide on Earth.

The children plan their escape and learn to live as humans, while Sigyn works to free her husband in secret. Will their family ever be reunited?

Includes artwork made by ChatGPT! (Prompts and sometimes edits by me)

As far as I can tell, Fóstro means stepmother. I might be wrong, though, and would appreciate insights from anyone that could give them.

Sigyn is a mix of Sigyn and Angrboða, and is the biological mother of all of Loki's children except Sleipnir.

I will pick, choose, and adapt myths as I go along. Might include things from other mythologies, might not, who knows. I hope you enjoy! :)

## Prologue

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I know in real life most trans fathers prefer being called 'Dad', but them being called 'Mom' does occasionally happen. The idea of Sleipnir calling him 'Mommy' while the others refer to him as 'Dad' or whatever is adorable to me, and Loki seems like the type of guy to not mind either way, so...

"Fóstro! Fóstro!" Sleipnir yelled, running through the palace halls, golden hoofs slipping as his legs tangled with each other. Still, he did not lose his balance entirely, managing to stay upright as he tried to catch up with the Goddess.

Sigyn stopped and turned with a heavy basket of apples in her arms, chuckling. "Yes, oh Slippery one? Did you need me?"

Sleipnir skidded to a halt, finally tripping and toppling hard onto the ground. He was up again quickly, bouncing in place in his excitement. "I learned a new trick, Fóstro! Do you want to see?"

"Of course I do." Sigyn answered, smiling softly. "Show me your trick, dear."

Sleipnir crossed his eyes in concentration, mouth opening. His tongue slipped out, stretching until it could wrap around his muzzle and touch the back of his head. Around it, he mumbled something that might've been "Isn't it cool?"

"Very cool indeed." Sigyn nodded, looking around to make sure no one else was in the hall. "But I think it might frighten the others, so be careful who you show it to, dear."

"Oh." Sleipnir shrunk his tongue back, now looking around himself. His ears flattened. "I didn't mean to be a monster where other people could see, Fóstra. I'm sorry."

Before Sigyn could assure the boy that there was absolutely nothing to apologize for and he was not a monster, shouting filtered down the hall, several voices that were all too familiar to her being loudest.

"This is the final straw, Laufeyson."

"Oh, please, Borson—"

"Show the Allfather some respect!"

"I will *when he earns some*! If you so-called Gods can't handle a few insults—"

"It was more than a few—"

"And is not the main issue anyway, Laufeyson. Baldr—"

"Is fine! It was a *gag*, you morons."

"You dare?!"

Sleipnir snorted, backing a pace from the direction the arguing was drifting from. He looked to Sigyn, who was staring down the hall in concern. "Fóstra? Is that Mommy yelling?"

"Yes it is, dear." Sigyn shook herself out of her shock, setting down her basket and selecting three of the freshest apples. "I need you to take these and go have lunch with Nari and Váli; they've been out training in the woods all day, and I don't want them to skip meals in their distraction again."

"Okay, Fóstra." Sleipnir agreed, letting her slip her own bag over his neck to carry the apples.

"Stay out of the palace for a while, and make sure your brother and sister do so as well." Sigyn told him, looking behind her. The voices were growing closer. "Can you do that for me, dear?"

"Of course, Fóstra." Sleipnir nodded, tilting his head in confusion. He glanced the same direction she was looking, eyes narrowed. "But why?"

"Because your father's a fool." Sigyn sighed, mouth pinched in worry and fear. Shadows appeared around the corner, the voices rising quickly with both closing distance and increased volume. She pushed Sleipnir gently away, whispering. "Go, quickly now!"

Sleipnir – white coat with gold spots, eight legs with gold hooves, blonde main, big blue eyes

## Chapter 1: Chapter One: Curses

So, this was supposed to be about four times as long and explain a lot more. But I'm getting a bit burned out and am worried that I'll move on from this fic without ever posting this.

Hopefully I'll update this chapter someday, but no promises. Sorry :(

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The twins named their pet hawk after the wind god Kári. He pretends to be unamused ("You can't name a hawk — especially not a \*female\* hawk — after me!" "Yes we can~") but he actually finds it hilarious and a little touching.

Sleipnir turned, darting down the hall. Mommy was yelling and Sigyn was acting frightened, and he really wanted to know what was going on, but he knew when it was time for questions and when it was time to obey.

One hoofbeat, two, three — it was no longer smooth tile under his hooves and domed ceiling above his head, but well-trodden dirt and open sky. He slowed to a trot, now that he was as far away from the palace as his realm slipping could take him.

Well, that was actually an exaggeration. He knew many more places much farther than that, even outside Yggdrasil. But Sigyn had told him to find Nari and Váli, and they usually trained in Vanaheimr if they could, so it was in the Realm Of Fertility he must travel. Still, it was pretty far from the palace.

He looked around, trying to figure out where exactly in the Vanir's home he was. He could get back to the main city in Asgard pretty easily, since he'd spent so long there, but otherwise his accuracy left something to be desired. Luckily, he was fairly certain he'd gotten close to their favored training ground. He could see a forest that looked vaguely familiar in front of him, at least.

"Brother? Sister?" He called, neighing loudly. Several small animals startled and ran, but no one answered. With not much else to do, he continued forward into the forest, figuring he'd run into them eventually. He always did.

The sun was shining, the plants were large and perfectly ripe, bird song and flower smell filled the air — soon, Sleipnir's worries were lost to the peace and joy that permeated every aspect of Vanaheimr. He hummed, stopping regularly to graze or watch some small animal. It was Jackalope breeding season, and the colors they flashed from their antlers in their courtship dances was particularly distracting.

As was the way of the universe, it wasn't until he'd almost entirely forgotten his goal that he was given the means to complete it. An arrow whizzed by, purposely whizzing around his head, followed by a hawk but a moment later.

"Kári!" Sleipnir called out excitedly, watching the hawk catch the arrow in her talons. Kári squawked curiously, turning midair to look at Sleipnir. Sleipnir knew the moment she recognized him, her face lighting up as she screeched happily, landing in his mane. "Hey, girl. Where's your people, hmmm? Take me to them, good girl."

Kári nuzzled and nipped affectionately at him for a moment, then launched back into the air, still proudly clutching her catch. She dashed away from the path and into the trees, forcing him to break into a haphazard gallop to catch up, despite the various branches and roots in his way.

After a few minutes (and more than a few falls), Sleipnir was led into a clearing, scratched up and out of breath but grinning.

"You caught it, Kári!" Váli laughed, sticking out her arm for the hawk to land on, sharp talons not a bother to her bare skin. "Even my avoidance spells can't escape you, can they my vicious little hunter?"

She took the arrow, opening her mouth to sing more praises for the delighted hawk, when green eyes caught on blue. "Oh! Hey, Slip. Nar, look, Sleipnir's here."

A brown wolf looked up from he had been staring at a bug crawling on a log, paws folded over a large tome, looking around curiously. When he spotted the horse, he yipped happily. Nice to see you, Slip! Watcha' doing here?

"Sigyn wanted me to make sure you two ate." Sleipnir tilted his head to better show the bag, trotting closer so Váli could take it and pull out the apples. "She was worried you'd forget."

"Mother worries too much." Váli chuckled, nudging Kári onto her bare shoulder before biting into her apple. Sometimes Sleipnir thought she wore dresses with straps that purposely avoided the shoulders just to show off, like when the warriors would do blindfolded duels. "We just ate... Uh..."

We shared some dry oatmeal yesterday. Nari provided, catching an apple she tossed with his snout. He set the fruit down, holding it steady with his paws so he could rip into it with his teeth. You know, maybe Mom has a point...

"You two haven't eaten since yesterday?" Sleipnir neighed and briefly reared back, more incredulous than he should have been. He knew what they would say, the argument had been rehashed in their family a thousand times, but he just couldn't help himself.

"How can we focus on things like eating when there's so much to do?" Váli exclaimed, throwing her arms into the air. Kári flew off to a nearby branch, screeching indignantly. "Do you think I would be half the Sorceress I am if I'd wasted time worrying about my diet or my sleep schedule or—"

Basic health requirements. Nari muttered, rather hypocritically in Sleipnir's opinion. At a glare from his sister, he growled *Don't look at me like that, I'm with you on this! I can't read with my eyes closed, after all.*

"You two are ridiculous, I hope you know that." Sleipnir rolled his eyes, accepting his own apple from Váli and crunching it while between his teeth. He always ate fairly quick, but by the time he was done Nari was snout-deep in his book and Váli was halfway done carving runes on a new arrow, each oblivious to the world around them. He sighed. "Utterly ridiculous."

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"Watch your tongue, before I cut it out!"

"Oh, how original. Well, at least you aren't sewing *my lips shut* again!"

Sigyn watched in horror as a larger crowd grew around the increasingly bitter argument, not daring to interfere even when it looked as if it would come to blows. Internal horror, of course, as she was outwardly calm and disinterested.

The pitiful wife of the Silvertongue wouldn't be expected to rush to his aid, after all. A witch sits in front of a wolf in a forest.

— end of "The Silvers (Take 2!)" —