



Theft Or Illusion, It's All Trickery In The End

Ancient Greek Religion & Lore · Norse Religion & Lore · Not Rated · 2305 words

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Theft Or Illusion, It's All Trickery In The End

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Tags: I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping, The Author Regrets Nothing, Author Is Sleep Deprived, Implied/Referenced Torture, Boredom, Magic, Temporary Character Death, Bows & Arrows, Animal Death, Developing Friendships, Or the beginning of one at least, Prometheus Needs A Hug (Ancient Greek Religion And Lore), Loki does what Loki wants (Norse Religion And Lore), Mild Hurt/Comfort, Over Tagging, Being dangerously cunning and intelligent does not stop these dorks from being socially awkward and , Tricksters, Trickster Gods, Tricksters getting bored too easily and doing anything they can to no longer be bored, Author's First Time Writing Prometheus, Author's 90 Percent Sure About That, Okay 80 Percent, Art, Fanart, Digital Art

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Tricksters need to stick together.

Chapter one — the actual story

Chapter two — notes on where it might go if I ever add more

Edit: I just realized that it's past midnight and therefore my birthday, and this is just the perfect fic to be the first of my personal new year...

Chapter 1

Might add more someday, maybe dive into why Loki freed him and/or add some more Tricksters. Who knows? Definitely not me, that's for sure.

Author is really tired and making bad decisions because WORDS KEEP COMING INTO BRAIN AND MUST BE PUT ON PAGE.

Prometheus screamed as the sharp beak once more dug into his side. He had long lost track of how many times he had been through this, yet he still screamed with violent force; it was part of his punishment, that each would hurt as terribly as the last, that he would never quite be able to dull himself to the pain.

He would've sobbed from the thought and the seemingly eternal torment, but his eyes were dry; he had no more tears to shed, they were long used up despite his throat still filling with sound.

Unexpectedly, it stopped, the pain and the tearing and the rustling of feathers stopped. He wasn't good at telling time anymore, not after so many years having such

little reason to do so, but he was sure it was too soon. In a thousand-something years that blasted bird had never once stopped early, so why would it now?

He was grateful that it had stopped, of course, but it made him nervous. Had Zeus thought up some fresh new torture to inflict upon him? Prometheus almost wished it would be true; he was so *bored*...

He opened his eyes, which previously had been screwed up in pain, to observe what had changed. He sucked in a sharp breath when he saw the eagle laying dead upon the stone, an arrow through its heart. Not that it would stay dead for long, of course, but still — who would dare shoot a pet of Zeus himself?

And that thought was what really shocked Prometheus. For if there was an arrow, there must have been a person to shoot it. Another living person whom he could perhaps exchange a few words with, awkward or angry they could be, he cared not so long as they were spoken by one other than he.

"H-hello?" He called, though it came out as barely a whisper, his voice cracked both from disuse and from his constant wails. He licked his lips and tried again, louder this time. "Hello?"

"Well, hello there." A voice chuckled, sounding simultaneously far above him and right next to his ear, wispy yet powerful in a way that reminded Prometheus of the wind itself. "I wasn't quite sure if you were alive or not. You hardly look it."

"I am alive." He confirmed, trying to think of something more to say. It had been a long time since he had practice carrying a conversation. "You killed the bird. Zeus's eagle."

"Yes. I did do that, didn't I?" The voice sounded far too amused. In a blink, a slender form jumped down from above, landing in a nimble crouch on a narrow ledge within Prometheus's sight. The man was uncaring to the fall in a way only the very powerful, the very brave, or the very foolish could be. Prometheus had the feeling that this stranger was all three.

He was unlike any man the Titan had seen before, long red hair falling in even but tangled dreads down his back and shoulders, body slender and thin in a way that should have looked frail but somehow promised deadly strength instead. His strangely scarred lips were pulled up in grin that was as sharp as the small horns poking out on top of his head, green eyes shining with an intense sort of controlled wildness that seemed to yearn so terribly to be released.

"Hello. I'm Loki. Come with me." The foreign man introduced and softly ordered. Prometheus rattled his chains. Loki hummed, unreleased laughter bubbling in the sound. "Oh, don't worry, I'll take care of those silly old things."

Prometheus thought for a moment. He had always given everything, every choice, quite a bit of thought. It had once annoyed his brother to no end, though he doubted he'd ever get the chance to either annoy or be annoyed by Epimetheus again. His heart ached at the thought, but the sharp pain of loss had been dulled by time and so many other sorts of hurt. "What happens if I go with you?" He finally asked.

"You never see the bird again." Loki answered simply.

"And?" Prometheus prompted. He wondered what the man wanted. Had he sought him out for some purpose, or inexplicably stumbled upon him by accident despite his out-of-the-way prison? Were his intentions beneficial or malicious? Did it matter? Could there possibly be a fate worse than this?

Loki regarded him curiously, frowning and tilting his head. His grin returned after a moment. "And we do some things that aren't being chained to a cliff for millennia."

Prometheus grinned back, barking out his first real laugh in who knew how long. "Sounds like fun."

"Oh," Loki chuckled, "it most certainly will be."

With a snap of calloused, pointed fingers, the chains around Prometheus's wrists and ankles disappeared. After a heartbeat of disbelief, gravity interrupted the moment, sending the newly freed Titan crashing into the waves below.

Loki blinked. He stretched out of his crouch and walked out into open air, looking down at a very perturbed, very wet Prometheus. "Oops?"

Chapter 2: Placeholder

The very next thing they do is go into a town to get Prometheus new clothes since his are wet... and incredibly outdated... and covered in rips, blood, etc...

But they are very far from Greece and many years have passed (modern-ish society, but with mythical creatures being a normal part of everyday life), and Prometheus is very out of place and confused. He adapts... eventually.

Loki is being led by vague prophecies to gather other tricksters. He is confused but happy to just be along for the ride as much as any of them are.

They end up gathering, in no particular order: Anansi, Monkey King, Raven and Coyote, and Puck.

It's an episodic comedy series with a mix of dark and light comedy, interspersed with serious moments. Basically just a bunch of goofy, far-too-easily-bored tricksters go on an extended road trip with little to no real point and plenty of shenanigans.

(Like most comedies, there would be insight, character study, and emotions. I am an intelligent person and while I love writing funny, I will never write *stupid*. But this would still be a comedy with very little real point to it besides 'throw the bored tricksters together and watch the shenanigans ensue, road trip stylez'.)

Prometheus isn't confused in the image at the end of the previous chapter because he's wary or suspicious — no, he's utterly baffled by Loki because Prometheus is a science trickster with a point to all his actions and Loki is a giggling gremlin man who is very intelligent when he wants to be but half his character is I JUST HAD THE BEST IDEA— OH FUCK THAT BACKFIRED.

Loki is excitable and has goals but they're usually buried under random impulses and very hard to figure out. Prometheus is getting used to freedom and society again, he's introspective and deeply thinking about the situation, and meanwhile Loki is treating a prophecy-guided rescue mission/recruitment drive across the world as a fun, casual sight-seeing road trip.

Basically, this is EXACTLY the man Prometheus needs to be around right now. Loki keeps things too ever-changing for Prometheus to really even have time to think about what he went through, too upbeat to fall into depression or fear over Zeus's wrath, and so reckless that Prometheus's 'no dont eat that what are you NO COME BACK HERE'

part of his brain that developed for his brother and for small children has reawakened with a vengeance.

By the time things cool down, Prometheus will realize he skipped over trauma and is back to being a cheerful deep-thinking heroic trickster, maybe even better off than he ever was before, with a beloved friend group of fellow tricksters around him.

CHARACTERS

(The trickster alignments assume everyone is chaotic in their own way and is basically a good person deep inside — because Prometheus is only Lawful Good when compared to this group of tricksters but calling him Chaotic Good feels wrong in this particular story)

Prometheus

- **Role in group summed up:** Prometheus is the team dad XD
- **Trickster alignment:** Lawful Good
- **Relationship with his pantheon:** Frequently opposed but almost always with a specific reason, with that usually being helping/protecting weaker beings.
- **Personality:** Deep-thinking, caring, and protective. Prometheus is the most helpful of the tricksters, with most of his major tricks having been to help humans. He's the heroic one. The one who suffered not for himself or as a consequence of some act of fun, but as a direct result of trying to help mortals by giving them forbidden things (fire, which can represent knowledge or innovation). But don't forget that he is a trickster — his mind will always jump to theft/lies/disguises/etc before anything else, even (or especially) when trying to help someone.

Loki

- **Role in group summed up:** The GPS with faulty wiring and a love of cliffs, but none of you know how to get where you're going without it so oh well
- **Trickster alignment:** Chaotic Good
- **Relationship with his pantheon:** Frequently causes problems for but is ultimately loyal to the Æsir
- **Personality:** This Loki is softened compared to canon. He's a goofy boy going around causing trouble and occasionally helping people out in the most Loki way possible. Mischievous, doesn't always consider consequences, motivated mostly by his own sense of amusement/fun — but kind, helpful, and friendly. He is the sort of man who notices a young man courting a young woman and decides to help out with his tricks on a whim.

Anansi 'Nanci'

- **Role in group summed up:** The calm one (NOT)
- **Trickster alignment:** Neutral Good

- **Relationship with his pantheon:** No big vendetta nor deep loyalty. Issues arise from circumstances, selfishness, following the wrong impulse, and pranks.

- **Personality:** Anansi is a tricky but lazy, calm, food-loving guy who almost never shows his emotions outwardly and always speaks softly — and therefore he seems like the sane one, but you quickly realize he has less impulse control and more of a 'imma fuck around and find out' personality than *any* of them (which is something to say in this particular group).

- **Interests:** Food, cat's cradles and other forms of weaving, food, art, and food

Sun Wukong, The Monkey King

- **Role in group summed up:** The team pet (but intelligent)

- **Trickster alignment:** Chaotic Neutral

- **Relationship with his pantheon:** Monkey looks at his pantheon's Gods and goes 'fuck you guys I make my own rules'.

- **Personality:** Kleptomaniac. The most rebellious out of all of them, often with very little point, he has too *strong* a hatred of authority that he honestly needs to learn to tone down. Was once somewhat of a villain before growing up a bit (being locked in a cave helped with that) and realizing his actions have consequences — a lesson he forgets a little, sometimes. He's the one most likely to do something that actually gets him called out by the others, though he has his moments of guilt and often helps to fix things; he gets (slightly) better over time.

- **Extra:** He is a chaotic literal monkey who gained godhood because he's just Like That and is also best friends with Anansi. He has 0% maturity and 100% OOOH SHINY! He mostly acts like the monkey he once was — he's in animal form 90% of the time, speaks in chattering noises that Anansi translates, and rides on his spider-buddy's shoulder more often than not — but he's still an intelligent god and fully aware that whatever he's doing is probably a bad idea... but wants to do it so he's doing it anyways!

Coyote & Raven

- **Role in group summed up:** Representative of duality, I guess?

- **Trickster alignment:** Neutral Good

- **Relationship with their pantheon:** Mostly like Anansi's but with simultaneously more and less respect from/to the other Gods

- **Extra:** Raven and Coyote are bickering but close siblings (Coyote's a boy, Raven's a girl) who half the time are unstoppable geniuses that smugly mock their would-be enemies and the other half are complete morons who chronically overcomplicate things for themselves, and have absolutely no in-between.

Robin 'The Puck' Goodfellow

- **Role in group summed up:** The baby of the bunch (he's actually ancient but he acts young and is the only non-god, so...)

- **Trickster alignment:** Chaotic Lawful

- **Relationship with his 'pantheon':** Will mess with anyone and everyone except for the fey court; deeply loyal to Oberon in particular.

- **Personality:** One of the most playful and tricky of the group, but also the only one who isn't rebellious — he's been a servant most of his life, and while his relationship with Oberon is a bit complicated, he's still a fairy and fairies are very loyal to their kings/queens. 90% of the time he has zero hesitation in causing problems on purpose and pulling the pettiest of tricks, but disobey his king? Go against fey rules? Mess with something that he's fairly certain Oberon wouldn't want him messing with? He goes from a bubbly and outgoing ball of sunshine to withdrawn and giggling nervously in a heartbeat.

- **Extra:** Not as powerful as the others since he isn't a god, but makes up for it in creativity. Half the time he's teaching people lessons in the most convoluted and "WHY WOULD YOU DO THIS" "IT WAS FUNNY?" way possible, the other half he's doing stuff like swapping shampoo for hair dye because he thinks it's the most hilarious thing ever. Was possibly ordered to join their quest by Oberon? (I don't know, I'm still trying to figure out why he's not at fairy court...)

— end of "Theft Or Illusion, It's All Trickery In The End" —