



Random Norse Bullshit

Norse Religion & Lore · Not Rated · 9931 words

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Characters: Loki (Norse Religion & Lore), Óðinn | Odin (Norse Religion & Lore), Sigyn (Norse Religion & Lore), Huginn-and-Muninn (Norse Religion & Lore), Þórr | Thor (Norse Religion & Lore), Fenrisúlfr | Fenrir (Norse Religion & Lore), Eir (Norse Religion & Lore), Hel | Hela (Norse Religion & Lore), Sleipnir (Norse Religion & Lore), Svaðilfari | Svadilfari (Norse Religion & Lore)

Tags: Shapeshifting, Friendship, Sledding, Halfings, Magic, Love, Denial of Feelings, Cute, Not Canon Compliant, AI-Generated Images, Fanart, Childbirth, Loki's a shapeshifter so technically gender's really complicated for him, but he considers himself a guy and prefers guy terms, with the singular exception of being Sleipnir's mom, First Meetings, let's be honest most of this fic is just Loki and Sigyn being cute because I love them, and the ravens being neat, and Odin and Loki being bros, Visions, Prophetic Visions, Fire, Alternate Universe, as in I only keep the parts I like and I make up a lot of stuff, Niflheimr | Niflheim (Norse Religion & Lore), Ghosts, Healing, Hel has healing powers now because I say so, Implied Sexual Content, Fade to Black

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Random oneshots based on Norse Mythology, mostly centering around Loki.

Now includes some actual myth rewrites!

Unless noted otherwise:

- * Sigyn is mixed with Angrboda, being one fourth frost giant (and three fourths æsir), and is the mother of all of Loki's children except Sleipnir.
- * Torture and imprisonment of Loki's children? Snake venom dripping into Loki's eyes for centuries? Ragnarok? Nope, never heard of them!
- * Sigyn knows magic :3
- * Loki is half fire Jotunn, half nature elf/vanir/something like that
- * Huginn and Muninn are female, or at least one of them is.

Chapter 1: Why Are Youth So Foolish In Matters Of The Heart?

I had ChatGPT do some edits for grammar in this chapter, but the content and wording and such are all mine.

Edit: Starting with Chapter 4, I stopped using ChatGPT for editing, and I honestly think the quality improved. There were a few things I didn't understand before, like when to end a dialogue piece with a comma vs a period, that I do now.

"I cannot believe they fell for that!" Odin roared, head thrown back in laughter. Beside him, his blood brother's mouth quirked up in a smirk, his quiet chuckle somehow crystal clear over the Allfather's racket.

"Yes, well, to be fair—" Loki began, only to interrupt himself with a choked-off wheeze. Faster than Odin could question him, he turned into a squirrel and promptly hid himself in Odin's cloak.

The reasoning for his strange behavior was made clear but a moment later.

"Good evening, Sigyn," Odin greeted, the corner of his one good eye crinkling in amusement. "I hope the day has treated you well."

"And you, my lord," Sigyn returned, genuine but distracted. "Have you seen Laufeyson, by any chance?"

Odin considered telling the truth. A warning chitter in his ear made him decide against it.

"I'm afraid not," he shrugged. "Why do you seek him? Has he played some mischief against you?" Odin doubted it. Anyone else, perhaps, but not Sigyn.

"Oh, Norns, no." Sigyn shook her head. "I've just... My grandmother sent me a plant from Jotunnheim, and I was thinking he would perhaps like to see it. It is of frost, not fire, but I was hoping he'd enjoy it still."

The quivering bundle of fur in his cloak stilled.

"I'll tell him of it next I see him," Odin promised.

"He seems to be avoiding me of late," Sigyn whispered. Her face and tone were mild, as they always were, but it was the closest to heartbroken he'd ever seen her.

"He is a wild thing, always coming and going. I'm sure he means no offense against you," Odin comforted, a hint of threat that only Loki would pick up on slipping into his tone. He was rather fond of the young woman. "Certainly he'll be back soon, full of tales to share with you and overjoyed at your new plant."

"Perhaps," Sigyn agreed, though she didn't quite sound like she believed it. "I shall not take any more of your time, Allfather, as I have duties to attend. Good day."

"And you, lass," Odin nodded, watching her walk off. As soon as she was out of sight, the squirrel leaped out of his cloak, landing crouched on a branch as the halfling he knew so well. Odin raised a judging eyebrow at him.

"That young lady is just about in tears from you, you know."

"I am well aware, thank you," Loki growled, head in his hands. "I– she– how?!" He demanded, fearlessly looking the Allfather straight in the eye, his face more open than he'd dare let it be around anyone else. "How could she possibly *miss* me? The entire point of avoiding her was to save her reputation from being tainted by my own, and now she seeks to ruin that by asking after me? Why would she..."

He trailed off, looking into the distance.

"She likes you, you know," Odin said softly.

"I am well aware, thank you," Loki repeated, this time lacking any bite. "A plant from Jotunnheim... I bet it's a Crystalleaf bloom — it's the only plant from the colder parts of the giants' realm really worth sending. I haven't seen one of them in years." He sighed, wistful at the memory of the glowing flowers he'd once loved digging through the snow to find as a child.

"If you hurry, you can still catch up with her."

"I will bring her nothing but mischief and misery," Loki argued. "The others will turn on her the moment they discover her... *fondness* for me."

"You are not leaving her to pine after you," Odin said sternly. "If you wish to cut ties with her, you will tell her to her face."

Loki looked more miserable than Odin had ever seen him. "I can't do that. I... Not to her. I can't. Don't make me... No. Not to her."

"Then go look at her flower," Odin ordered. "And tell her some story that will make her laugh."

Loki looked at him, something hopeful flickering in his gaze. "I could do that. Surely I could... I can be her friend for a while, let her realize her mistake and cut ties with me herself. The others will pity her at worst — perhaps even respect her for it."

"Or she might stay friends with you."

Loki scoffed.

"Thor likes you," Odin reminded him.

"Thor likes everyone," Loki said disdainfully. Anyone else speaking of his son with that tone would quickly earn Odin's wrath, but he alone could hear the fondness beneath the Silvertongue's scorn.

"Sleipnir likes you," he tried.

"He's my son," Loki retorted flatly.

"I like you," Odin declared, putting his hand over the other's arm.

"You're a fool," Loki snapped, reaching up a hand to place over Odin's, holding rather than pushing away. He paused. "Why me? Of all the Gods, why would she take an interest in *me*?"

"Why did you take an interest in *her*?" Odin replied with a shrug. To him, the answers to both questions seemed rather obvious.

Loki took a deep breath. "Fine," he exhaled, hopping off the branch. By the time he landed gracefully on the ground, his appearance was that of a familiar golden-haired woman. "But she better be okay with me being Sif while we're in public."

"Thor won't like that," Odin chuckled.

"Thor doesn't like anything," Loki-Sif dismissed airily, sauntering away in the direction Sigyn had gone, the perfect picture of a noblewoman off to find her friend. "Good day, Allfather."

"And you, my dear," Odin sighed, shaking his head. "Why must the young always be so foolish in matters of the heart?" he asked no one in particular.

Far above, Huginn and Muninn answered him with screeches that none but he could understand.

Odin flushed red, though he grinned up at them. "To be fair, I was quite young when I was courting Frigg. And I was not near so shy about it."

The ravens merely cackled in response.

Chapter 2: A Day In The Snow

Once again I had ChatGPT help with some grammar

"Woohoo!" Loki cackles, balancing on a thin piece of wood, gaining speed as he slides down the steep slope of ice.

Holding onto him tightly, Sigyn screams, breathless and terrified and awed all at once. Neither of them bears the milky-white skin of the Æsir at the moment; the biting cold of the frozen half of Jotunnheim clings to her like a shroud, yet is chased away by his inner fire. Blue and red, they catapult down the mountain, faster and faster and—

"Ready?" he yells over his shoulder, his amused voice torn quickly away by the wind.

Unable to answer over said wind, she presses her face to his back and nods quickly. He tenses very briefly at the extra contact, recovering quickly.

They're twenty feet from the cliff. He grabs her hands, tight around his waist, and spins her around so she's in front of him.

"Be not afraid, my dear," he whispers into her ear, grinning. "This is going to be *fun*."

Ten feet.

Two feet.

As their makeshift sled crashes into the canyon below, Loki *explodes* in red and green light, reforming into the largest bird he can manage. Sigyn screams, but he does not let her fall, his talons gripping her arms gently yet firmly.

He cannot truly carry her far, but he *can* glide safely across the open air, both of them collapsing into the snow on the other side of the canyon.

A shimmer of light, and he is back in the form he usually claims as his own, albeit still glowing in an attempt to keep himself warm. Breathless with effort, he turns to Sigyn, briefly worried he truly scared her.

The maiden is shaking with barely restrained laughter, her form icy but her voice warm, her fluffy coat askew and dress rumpled. She looks very little like a proper noblewoman — more like a mischievous child who can't stop herself from following

the boys up trees, no matter how many times her mother scolds her about keeping her clothes clean.

Norns, Loki loves her.

"Did you enjoy it, my dear?" Loki asks. It's an unnecessary question, her joy is plain to see, but he can't help his desire to hear her praise spoken aloud.

"That was incredible!" she says finally, once she has gotten herself under enough control to speak. She looks at him with wide, hopeful eyes. "Can we do it again?"

Loki is not used to having passengers any larger than a child when he plays this game. Even his largest flying form is not really all that big, and carrying her has quite tired him out.

But he is certain he will not drop her if they do it a second time, so he merely smiles and replies, "Of course, my dear, I'd love to."

Her squeal of happiness — so different from the muted smiles she normally shows the world — is well worth the effort.

Chapter 3: 5 Times Loki Almost Fell In Love With Sigyn (+ When He Fell HARD)

Again, ChatGPT helped with grammar.

#4 isn't written, but I'm having trouble with it and really want to post this, so...

1) *Laughter*

When Loki first met Sigyn, he did not think much of her. She was a seemingly plain woman, mild in both demeanor and voice, just as dull as anyone else.

Then he heard her laugh, as mild as she and yet bearing a resemblance to music. It had bubbled forth, quiet and hidden behind a hand, in response to a trick that the rest of the Æsir hadn't thought so funny.

He was perched on the feasting table, flinging jests and dodging various forms of retribution from the angered Gods. He came to a baffled halt, turning to the one who found amusement in his insults. Unfortunately, this distraction left him open to being hit by a goblet of mead (most likely thrown by Thor, the oaf, though Loki couldn't be sure).

Sigyn's laughter rang out all the louder.

2) *Theft*

Sigyn screeched as water shot up from her vanity drawer. Though more lightly damp than truly soaked, she was furious. Howling laughter echoed from outside her house.

Loki spluttered as a cup of water was poured onto his head, his laughter quieted but not silenced as he looked up into the quietly rageful face of Sigyn. "Did you like my trick?" he asked, though he knew the answer was no.

"The comb that was in that drawer is my favorite, Laufeyson," she snapped — or as close to it as she ever got, her voice still infuriatingly cold. What did it take to make this woman really react? "If you've broken it..."

"Oh, of course not, my lady." He grinned, handing her the silver comb without fuss. "What do you take me for? I am a mere prankster, not so cruel as to be careless with the property of such a lovely thing as yourself."

He wasn't entirely sure where she got the second cup of water. Hours later, the memory of the indignant, shocked look on his face brought her nearly to tears with laughter.

3) Magic

No one can take a joke nowadays, Loki thought grumpily, running as fast as his feet could carry him. At least three Æsir were chasing him — perhaps five, depending on how far that last bucket of paint had managed to splatter.

Normally, he wouldn't be too frightened, but Odin and Thor had both been away on a diplomatic trip for some time. Without their protection, Loki would more likely than not be beaten within an inch of his life if caught.

"You look like a dwarven boar has found your scent." Sigyn, who was sewing by the side of the path, chuckled upon seeing him.

Against his better judgment, Loki paused in his escape; the chance to speak with Sigyn outweighed his fear of pain, though he wasn't entirely sure when that had become true. "One might as well have, my lady, for all the danger I've found myself in." He smiled at her, panting heavily from his run. Oh well, it wasn't like he'd be able to go on much longer anyway — though if he started fleeing again quickly, at least she wouldn't see his comeuppance.

(Her laugh always brings him joy, but he'd rather not hear it while dealing with the others' fists.)

Before he could run off again, Sigyn grabbed his wrist, pulling him toward a nearby tree. He let her guide him, a little saddened but not truly surprised at the idea that she would try to restrain him for the others, yet unwilling to risk hurting her with a struggle.

Sigyn picked up the cloth she was sewing, whispering something over it. A design resembling the world tree appeared on it, making Loki gasp. That was magic, *unmistakably* magic. Since when could she..?

"Be still and silent, Laufeyson," Sigyn whispered, throwing the cloth over his head. He obeyed, interested in where this would go.

He listened as the warriors approached, greeting Sigyn and asking if she had seen him — which was preposterous, of course, as the cloth didn't come close to fully hiding him. A camouflage spell was the only half-reasonable answer he could think of, as impossible as such a thing seemed.

Sigyn pointed them the wrong direction, as calm and pleasant as ever.

When the sound of their boot steps was far in the distance, Loki pulled the cloth off, staring at the mild woman — the mild sorceress?

"They weren't chasing me on a whim, you know," he told her quietly, not entirely sure why, lacking something better to say. Well, perhaps a thank-you was warranted, actually... "They were seeking revenge for quite the piece of mischief."

"Sit and tell me about it," Sigyn hummed, taking back her cloth and resuming her sewing. "I am sure it will make the most amusing of tales."

"Well, if it's tales you like..." Loki smiled, sitting and talking and grinning at each laugh he drew from her.

He didn't ask about her magic. She didn't tell him. She probably would if he did, he knew — but where would be the fun in that?

4) Teaching (To Be Written)

He saves her with lies, and rather than shun him, she demands to be taught.

5) Healing

He wasn't hurt that badly, really. At least not severely enough to suffer Odin's teasing or Thor's bungling attempts at patching up his wounds, and certainly not bad enough to risk the chance that the healers were still hung up over his last trick.

So he smiled through it and excused himself early from the feast celebrating the successful battle, ignoring Odin's knowing gaze. If he didn't want Loki to lie to him about his injuries, he shouldn't laugh at him over them. Not that he ever meant anything cruel by it, and he always healed them quickly, but still.

As soon as he was sure no one could see him, Loki stopped bothering to hide his limp, his arm curling against his chest in an attempt to lessen the pain. He considered how far his house was, and thought of changing into something more suited for travel.

But he doubted he could fly in this state and his horse form had very little tolerance for limb pain, and he'd never been good at bears, so his Æsir-adjacent form would have to do.

He dragged himself up the path. One of Odin's ravens — he didn't particularly care which — followed him carefully.

"Go away," he snarled at her, his voice carrying birdsong wrapped around his words.

"Sigyn is not at the feast," the raven told him in the language of her kind. "She is still home." After imparting these words for reasons he didn't bother picking apart, she honored his request — rude as it has been — and flew away.

Loki paused. Sigyn's house was closer than his own. Far closer. His leg burned, the bone in his arm felt as if it were splintering worse with each jostling step, and his chest burned with a feeling he could not name.

He told himself it was a matter of convenience, even as his shoulders sagged in relief upon reaching her door. He knocked with his good arm, leaning against the doorframe and smiling when the door swung open.

"Laufeyson?" she gasped. "What happened?"

"Nothing to worry about, my dear," he assured her, regretting his choice to disturb her. "Merely a minor battle. I noticed your absence from the victory feast and thought I would regale you with a tale or two of my bravery." He lied smoothly, trying to force his body into a less pained-looking position.

Not fooled for a moment, for she never was, she gently pulled him inside. "I think I have a healing charm or two already charged. Sit down and let me see your wounds. Whyever didn't you go to the healers?"

"I have healed from far worse on my own," he rolled his eyes, struggling out of his outer layers to expose the injured areas. "Really, you needn't—"

"Oh shush, you paranoid man," she said sternly, running a rune-covered stone over his arm and leg. Instantly, he began to feel better, though not due entirely to the magic. "Just because you don't trust healers doesn't mean you should suffer like this! What was your plan, really? To—"

As she continued to rant, Loki blinked, considering her words. A part of him supposed he should be surprised she'd figured out his distrust of healers, but he was too

used to her keen eye to really feel more than fond exasperation. What did surprise him was the realization that not once had he applied the same distrust to *her*.

Sitting shirtless and injured at her table, her face scrunched in annoyance as she scolded him and ran a magical artifact he knew nothing about over his body, he felt nothing but a sense of complete safety. More so than he felt even with his beloved blood brother.

Well, that was... new.

+) Trust

"Do you trust me?" he asked the question cheekily, unable to help himself even as the battlefield exploded around them. Perhaps it was not the best idea to poke fun when they had such limited time, he thought, but too late now.

She grabbed his outstretched hand, in the same moment smiling and saying, "Of course. Always." She said it easily, sincerely, with not the slightest hesitation nor jest.

Loki studied her posture, traced her face with his gaze, finally looked deep into her eyes — he could not find even the tiniest amount of uncertainty or deception.

How could she say such a thing, much less mean it? His own parents, brothers, child would not trust him so fully without tremendous cause. Odin and Thor were the closest of those he might call friends, besides Sigyn herself, the ones who knew him best — and they were perhaps the ones who trusted him least.

He had never taken her for a fool, but how else did you describe one who so blindly declared trust in the God Of Lies? He could bring about her ruin with but a few words, without any blame reaching back to him, if he so wished. Not that he ever would, of course; he would destroy any that *dared* to harm her.

Loki's eyes widened, the gape that had developed at Sigyn's answer growing larger, understanding dawning within him. An explosion far too close to them snapped him back to reality, and he pulled Sigyn through the battlefield, taking usually dangerous paths he knew would be safe only because he had manipulated them to be so.

Sigyn didn't ask him how he knew where to go, nor if the route was safe, nor even where they were going. She let him pull her along, helped in his plan without understanding, trusting him to protect her. A trust that was well-founded, as protecting her was precisely his goal.

Loki wasn't quite sure when it happened, but he had become a loyal, honest man — entirely worthy of such trust.

In the distance, Thor yelled in outrage, most certainly having discovered the little... *additions* Loki had made to his armor.

Okay, trustworthy as far as precisely *one* person was concerned, anyways.

Chapter 4: He's (Beautiful) A Wolf

The story of Loki's second child's birth.

No ChatGPT help for the grammar this time! We're flying blind, people! XD

Men were not typically granted entrance to the birthing chambers of Asgard. But Loki had already visited them when he gave birth to Sleipnir and had switched to a womanly form to help in several particularly dangerous births, so he was considered something of an exception. Whether the healers thought him not enough of a man to pose a threat or if they considered the space already tainted by him anyways, Loki had never bothered trying to find out.

As such, Loki had been allowed to stay and help with his wife's labor, though he was forced out nearly the moment the infant was born. He should be grateful to be allowed in at all, he knew. Still, he left the chambers with the utmost reluctance.

Sigyn lay inside, exhausted and pale from the effort of expelling such a... large offspring. Loki would've liked to care for her himself, but the healers had told him to get lost assured him that that would not be necessary.

Besides, he had another to look after.

Eir was standing a few feet from the chamber entrance, cradling his new son in her arms. The boy was just over twice the size of a regular Æsir child, with hair that was dark like his mother's but already tangling like his father's. His eye color was impossible to tell, as his eyes were not open and most likely would not be so for several weeks.

"Is he healthy?" Loki asked. It had been the first question he had asked about Sleipnir, years before, and he had a feeling it would be the first asked about each of his children (provided Sigyn was willing to go through this again... or that he needed to seduce livestock once more).

"In a sense, yes," Eir answered with a light chuckle. She quirked an eyebrow, looking at Loki curiously. "Whatever are we to do with you, father of monsters?"

"He's beautiful," Loki breathed, ignoring her in favor of running his fingers gently through his son's hair—fur. Just born and already with fur, what a strong boy! The child whined at the touch, turning his head to nip at his father's fingers. "Oh my, what a fierce little warrior. Are you going to grow big and strong, my son?"

"He will if I have anything to say about it," Eir's voice was a whisper, but her promise was fierce and unbreakable. Just like her, Loki mused. Her expression grew tight. "Loki, the others might not react well to this."

"Whyever not?" Loki asked, feigning ignorance. He took the child to hold close to his chest, letting small bursts of his magic out to surround his offspring protectively. His boy was hungry already, whining and sniffing the air for milk, and Loki wondered if he should try to nurse him or wait for Sigyn. This was her first child, after all, so perhaps she'd be disappointed at not being allowed the privilege of his first meal. Then again, it wasn't like Loki could just let him go hungry, right?

"Loki, he's a wolf," Eir pointed out flatly, her arms crossed, interrupting Loki's musings.

"He's beautiful," Loki repeated, nuzzling his face gently against the overgrown puppy that was his son. "Beautiful and unique and my precious little boy, just like his brother. Oh, Slip is going to love racing you when you're older, my fearsome child... He's always wanted a sibling, I just know that he'll love you!"

Eir smiled and shook her head as Loki twirled around the room, gently rocking his son and grinning as he continued to ramble praises for his children.

"Ma'am." One of the healers exited the chambers, addressing Eir. Loki tensed, frowning and becoming still in mere moments. His hold on his son gained a protective edge, though the healer did not so much as look at him. "Lady Sigyn has awakened; she is asking to see her child and wife."

Loki snorted. From some, he might've taken offense, but he knew the healers that worked in the birthing chambers found peace in thinking of him in more feminine terms. Let them, he thought, as it made no real difference to him. He was Sliepnir's mother every bit as he was Odin's bloodbrother, and he could go by wife as easily as husband. He was a shapeshifter at heart, and such things hardly mattered to him.

(He was not Odin's sister. Sigyn called him only husband. He was Laufeyson, not Laufeydottir. He knew who he was, no matter the forms he wore, but saw no issue with others seeing him a tad differently)

"How is she faring?" Eir asked, snapping Loki from his thoughts.

"She has healed faster than expected," the healer answered slowly, a bit of suspicion creeping into her tone. Few knew of Sigyn's abilities in magic, but many suspected. "She should be well enough to not accidentally harm the... Child."

The child in question took this moment to try to bark in the general direction of the healer's voice, his attempt resulting in a squeaky little sound that caused the poor girl to jump and Loki to start cooing in adoration.

"Very well." Eir nodded, turning to Loki. "Go and introduce your mate to her child." She frowned as she gently added, "But remember that she is not as used to the unnatural as you are, Liesmith, and she is very worn out. She might not react well to the shock of your child's form."

Loki paused at that, for but a moment. Eir's caring concern, the healers' wariness, the other gods' open disdain — he could handle that, he could teach his son to handle it. But if Sigyn herself rejected the child? Surely she wouldn't, surely! It was not like her. But, well... it wasn't like she had been expecting a wolf *pup* rather than a 'proper' child.

Loki entered the birthing chambers almost as reluctantly as he'd exited them, his child clutched tight (but not too tight) against him. He smiled when he saw his wife, her beauty taking his breath away even when she was such a mess as childbirth tended to turn one into, his soul sparking when she smiled tiredly back. She wouldn't reject their son, he told himself. She *wouldn't*.

Sigyn's eyes grew wide as she caught sight of the bundle of fur in her husband's arms. "Loki," she said carefully, her voice filled with the expectation of exasperation, "please tell me you did not turn our child into a dog."

"He's not a dog, he's a wolf," Loki corrected, somewhat offended on the babe's behalf. Then added, in a self-conscious mutter, "And technically I'm only *half* responsible."

"Why would our child be a wolf?" Sigyn asked, her eyes still impossibly wide.

"Why not?" Loki shrugged, stepping closer and holding up the squirming child. "My first son was a horse."

"Because you slept with a horse!" Sigyn whisper-shouted at him, not wanting to frighten the pup with any loud noise. "Neither of us are wolves."

Loki shrugged again, moving the child further towards her. "Be that as it may, our son is a wolf."

Sigyn looked to her husband, to their child, her husband again, and lastly the wolf pup once more. "He's quite big," she murmured, reaching out a shaky hand to gently

caress his fur. He immediately began whining and trying to press himself towards the scent of his mother. Sigyn panicked. "Is that crying? Why is he crying? What happened—"

"He's just hungry," Loki soothed her. He remembered how scared he was the first time Sleipnir had screamed to be fed. Loki pulled his second son closer to himself, his own form shimmering slightly as his curves and lines rearranged. "I can feed him—"

"No, give him here," Sigyn demanded, lifting up her loose birthing garments and reaching for the boy. "I want to do it."

Smiling, Loki set his precious cargo down on her breast, guiding her through nursing as best he could (though the basic principles were the same, the fact remained that horses and wolves were rather different creatures).

Content at last, the wolf fell asleep on his mother's chest.

"He's so beautiful," Sigyn whispered, gently petting him. "His fur is like silk, it is so soft. Are... Are wolves supposed to have fur when they're born?" she asked curiously, frowning.

Loki winced a little, reminded of his worries that had been soothed by Sigyn so readily feeding the child. "I know he's not quite what you expected—" Loki began pleadingly, but she interrupted him.

"If I wanted life to be predictable, I hardly would have married you, my love." Sigyn chuckled, her laugh bringing him joy as always. She sobered and told him, "He is indeed not what I expected. But he is our son and I love him, fur and paws and all."

Loki felt his chest lighten at those words, believing them instantly as they came from her lips, a sort of trust he would afford no one else. He laid next to her for a while, both of them quiet and at peace, watching their son wriggle around in his sleep.

"We made this," Loki whispered after a time, his expression filled with pure joy, gesturing to the child.

"Yeah," Sigyn agreed, her face mirroring his own, "we did."

Out in the hall, Eir moved away from where she had been spying on them. She smiled, chuckling to herself. "Oh whatever will we do with you," she repeated her words from earlier, "mother of monsters?"

A wolf as large as life.

A snake even larger.

A two-faced girl.

Twins who seemed normal enough in appearance, but carried their mother's magic and their father's mischief within.

Some people liked to blame Loki. He, after all, had birthed a horse.

Others liked to blame Sigyn. Loki had birthed a horse sired by a horse, they pointed out, while she had birthed far more wild things without such a seed.

Some liked to blame them both. Vanir and fire giant, Æsir and frost giant, form changing and true magic — who knew what mixing such things together could create?

Loki and Sigyn were not entirely sure why their children came out so uniquely. Perhaps it was due to Loki's dancing between forms. Perhaps it was a curse carried within Sigyn's spells. Perhaps it was a mix, or perhaps it was neither. They did not know, and they did not care.

Hoof and fang and paw, split faced and split souls, these were their children.

And they were beautiful.

Chapter 5: When Fire Met Wisdom

The first half of this is an outline, the second half is story. I've had this in my notes for a long time without finishing it, and I really want to share. I'll (probably) write the first half properly someday, but for now I hope you enjoy as is!

The story of how Odin and Loki met.

No ChatGPT grammar help.

Muninn disappears in a storm. Her wing was hurt, so Odin is very worried. Loki found her, patched her up, and broke into Odin's bedroom to return her. Odin at first tries to attack the stranger, leading to Loki balancing on an intangible point midair to avoid him, but Muninn tells him what the trickster did.

Loki claims to have fought some Jotunn to save her, a lie which she corrects (though her annoyance is somewhat fond), and Loki asks the king of the gods who he believes more: some bird who couldn't even figure out how to fly through a storm, or a man so clever as to break into the Allfather's bedroom?

Muninn reminds him that she told him how to get in. Loki feigns concern, saying she must have a concussion to be misremembering such things. She flatly retorts that her name literally means memory. He claims that she must be misnamed then, because it was obviously his own cleverness that let him get in...

"Do you always lie like this?" Odin asked, amused.

"Oh no, normally my lies are much more believable," the man declared without the slightest trace of shame. "But you'll excuse me if I'm not up to my usual standard, I'm afraid I'm a tad tired from taking care of your diva of a bird all week."

Muninn squawked in outrage. Odin, on the other hand, cackled.

"Oh, you're fun," the strange man breathed, eyes lit up and grin wide. He hopped down from his midair crouch, landing on the floor with far more grace than one might've guessed him capable of, his hand stretched out. "Loki, son of Laufey."

Wasn't Laufey a women's name? It wasn't common that Odin met one who went by their mother's name.

"Odin, son of Bor." He shook Loki's hand. It was warm to the touch, nearly burning.

The moment their skin met, Odin saw fire.

Tales spun by campfires, dances lit by bonfires, children reading by candlelight.

People running from wildfires, volcanoes burying whole villages in ash, weary travelers led astray by wisps.

The world itself dissolving into flame, or perhaps being born from it.

Singing and screaming and laughing and *burning*.

Burning, burning, burning.

Always *burning*.

The vision ended, but still Odin saw fire, burning in the green of Loki's eyes. The man was much more than he seemed. Much more interesting. Much more *dangerous*.

Cuddling together on the bed, Muninn and Huginn looked up at their Æsir and the guest, looking inexplicably amused. They spoke together, not in the language of birds but in the mindspeak that only Odin could hear. "*We're keeping him,*" they announced, not a trace of request or doubt within the statement, and went back to preening each other.

Yes, Odin silently agreed, reflecting the man's wide smile with his own, *we are*.

Chapter 6: A Reminder That Odin Is A God And Therefore At Least A Little Bit Insane

A short, silly little chapter in which I take the fact that Hel was apparently in charge of housing those that died of old age or disease and run with it.

I have limited knowledge of what the ancient Norse thought of the afterlife, so for now we're assuming the dead more-or-less stay in the condition they were in when they died.

Something I forgot to add was that I wanted Odin to mention that Hel named her new kingdom Helland, which later gets shortened to Hel. Because her being a little girl makes the whole 'Hel, Queen of Hel' thing so much funnier. XD

Odin sighed as he followed Huginn and Muninn through a cold, wet corner of Niflheim. He was thankful for his fur cloak as he plodded through the snow.

Hel, Loki's youngest, had run off Norns-knew-where. Again. She was a curious, independent child that was always disappearing only to pop up again later (a trait that reminded Odin bittersweetly of her father), driving her parents to worry. It seemed no matter how many times the concepts of safety and little children staying near their parents were explained to her, she couldn't quite grasp the idea.

Most of the time, Hel returned on her own. It didn't stop them from searching for her every single time. She was gone longer than usual this time, meaning the search parties had grown far larger than normal. The fact that search parties had become normal at all was just another way Odin's bloodbrother and his brood had upended the once boring orderly life of the Æsir.

Ah well. At least his ravens had spotted her, in Niflheim of all places. Odin finally came across the little girl next to a frozen lake, chatting amicably with two of the denizens of the deathly realm. He called out to her, causing her to turn.

"Odie!" Hel shouted, face brightening, her young tongue stumbling over her words. "Odie! Odie, come meet my new friends! This is Ganglöt, and this is Ganglati. They've been showing me everything 'round here, they're so nice! Though they walk real funny..."

"I would be pleased to meet your friends another time, child," Odin told her, approaching. He narrowed his eye at Ganglati and Ganglöt, causing them to run off. "For now, let's get you back to your parents, shall we? They're very worried about you."

"I didn't mean to make them sad," Hel said, frowning. She didn't really understand the difference between worried and sad quite yet. "Oh, but I can't go yet."

"Whyever not, young one?" Odin asked, looking down at her.

Hel pointed at some nearby ghosts. The dead in that area were comprised mostly of those poor souls who had passed of old age or sickness and carried their afflictions into the beyond. "They're *hurting!*" she informed him, as if that was not plain to see, bouncing on her toes. "I said I'd help."

Odin felt his features soften. He kneeled down to look her in the eye, smiling sadly. "You are a kind one, child. But they are beyond anyone's help. It is best to leave them be and—"

"But I *can* help!" Hel interrupted. She ran off before he could stop her, heading for one of the nearest ghosts. "Look."

She touched her hand — the clawed, frozen one — to the ghost's form. It was obvious he had died from some terrible sickness in life, his eyes sunken even for the dead and his skin covered in rotten, mottled spots. But then a soft blue glow passed from the child to the ghost, and his form began to look far less like a moldy orange and more like the 'healthy' ghosts Odin usually saw in Valhalla. The dead man smiled down at her, patting her hair fondly before gliding away.

"See?" Hel asked proudly. "I can fix 'em!"

"Indeed," Odin breathed out, the gears in his head turning, "it seems you can..."

"Did you find her?" Loki asked the moment Odin stepped into the Hall, his face pinched with worry and fear.

"Aye. Fret not, my brother," Odin told him, "she is fine."

"Where is she, then?" Loki asked, unable to relax until he knew.

"She's in Niflheim," Odin answered calmly.

"What?" Loki startled. "What is she doing in Niflheim?"

"I have given her a section of it to rule over," Odin proudly declared.

That seemed to catch Loki completely off-guard. "You... What?" He blinked rapidly, staring at Odin in that piercing way he did when trying to spot a lie. Not finding a hint of falsehood in his bloodbrother, he spluttered and said, "Odin, she's *eight*."

"And a fine queen she makes for one so young," Odin told him, feigning obliviousness to Loki's distress.

"WHAT?!"

Inwardly, Odin chuckled. It was always so much fun when he managed to shock his favorite trickster.

Chapter 7: How To Get Your Wall Built For Free: A Lifhack From Loki Laufeyson

That's right, everyone, we're doing THIS myth. I wrote about Fenrir's birth, now it's Slip's turn! :D

No explicit sexual content, though of course it's implied. I'm fairly certain this is the first time I've written anything that needed a fade to black! Milestone! :)

The reason I have Loki admit he's not actually a horse is because lying about your species to get laid seems a little... bad. You know?

Edit: I just realized that this chapter and the one about Fenrir contradict each other a little, since that one states that Loki gave birth to Sleipnir in the birthing chambers. I will eventually edit for consistency, once I decide which version to go with.

Loki had been trying to enjoy watching one of the royal council's boring meetings in bird form, perched high on the topmost part of Odin's throne. Then Huginn and Muninn had decided they wanted to assert their dominance by taking the tallest perch for themselves, so now Loki was a (mildly scratched up) cat laying grumpily on the arm-rest.

"I keep warning you not to challenge them," Odin whispered warmly, too quiet to be heard by the rest of the room's occupants.

Loki briefly considered biting him for the amusement in his voice. Odin started brushing his fingers rhythmically through Loki's fur, and all thoughts of bloody revenge were forgotten in favor of loud purring.

"My Lord," one of the sycophants whose name Loki didn't bother knowing said, bowing low at the waist to Odin. Loki liked to pretend they were bowing to him too when they did that. "I'm afraid that the Dwarves are refusing to rebuild Asgard's outermost wall. They say they are tired of 'cleaning up our messes', and that we must prove we have not grown overly reliant on their work by fixing it without them."

"The dwarves and their tests," Odin muttered under his breath, sighing. Louder, he proclaimed, "Gather all the finest craftsmen and stoneworkers of Asgard and set them to work at once. I will not have our city's defenses compromised a day longer than they need be."

"Your Highness, there is one craftsman already offering his work. He is waiting to be permitted leave to meet with you, Sire."

Loki perked up, watching the man in front of the throne. He looked nervous, uncomfortable. There was something he wasn't saying. "Be on guard," Loki warned with

the grumble of a cat, knowing Odin alone amongst the court could understand him. Odin nodded almost imperceptibly and ordered the mysterious craftsman let in.

The craftsman turned out to be a giant, far from Jotunheim on other business, who apparently had heard of their plight and came to offer his assistance. Loki felt uneasy. Jotun always meant trouble — he should know, he was the most troublesome of them all.

"In one year's time, I guarantee that your wall will be finished by my hand," the Jotun promised.

"It would take all the craftsmen in Asgard far longer to accomplish such a feat," Odin commented with an impressed tone, though Loki knew him well enough to know he was suspicious. "And what, my friend, would you ask in return of such a great deed?"

"Not much, Sire," the Jotun promised, his tone mild and pleasant. Loki could feel his fur bristle, knowing there had to be a catch. "Merely the hand of Freyja in marriage, along with Sol and Mani as my servants." Ah, there it was.

The court exploded in outrage.

To claim a goddess as his wife, and the sun and moon themselves as his own? What foolish nonsense was this!

Loki leapt nimbly onto Odin's shoulder, now in the body of a ferret. "How much do you trust me?" he whispered in Odin's ear, a feral grin on his furry face.

"Far more than I should," Odin answered just as softly.

"Great. Then accept the deal." Before Odin could protest, he added, "But add a few conditions..."

Odin listened intently to Loki's plan. Nodding, he stood and shouted for silence. Turning his fierce half-gaze towards the craftsman, he spoke thus, "I will take your deal, fine sir, if you can do it in half the time you claim you can. You may not seek help from any soul, and if you are but an hour late you will receive no payment of any kind."

"Surely I may make use of my packhorse, at the very least, to help me haul the stones needed to build with?" the Jotun pleaded.

Odin thought for a moment. "I see no harm in it. We have a deal."

The moment the Jotuun had left the room, the Æsir turned on their king.

"My Lord, how could you even think to—"

"I'll run away and take Mani with me if—"

"I am not going to marry him, Borson!"

And on and on the disbelieving screams went.

Cackling, Loki fell from Odin's shoulder to land on the ground in his preferred form. He rarely had amusement such as this. *The looks on their faces!*

"Be calm, my friends," Odin ordered. "It is on Loki's council that I have accepted the deal, for he has crafted a clever plan. There is none alive who could complete the task of repairing the great wall in a mere six months; the craftsman will fail, and we will have at least part of the work done for free, without strain to our own people."

"And if somehow he accomplishes this feat anyways?" Freyja asked angrily, though worry crept through. Odin had made a deal as the king of Asgard, after all, and they all knew he couldn't go back on it.

"He won't," Odin promised, sending a dark look Loki's way.

Loki huffed from where he lay on the floor. When had this become his fault?

Again, this was really not Loki's fault. How in the nine realms was he supposed to know that the guy had a giant, magical, fucking eight-legged monster of a horse to help him?!

Despite this, Loki was being blamed for convincing Odin to make the deal. Now the six months were almost up, the wall was almost complete, and Freyr was almost to the point of physically assaulting Odin himself on behalf of his sister. Or physically assaulting Loki.

Loki needed to fix things, and fast. Beyond the danger to his own person, there was also the fact that losing the sun and moon would be... problematic.

"I could just hit him really hard," Thor suggested, leaning on the railing of a balcony that overlooked the hard-working giant and his horse.

"The craftsman or the horse?" Loki asked from where he was perched on that same railing.

Thor thought for a moment. "Hmm... Yes."

"He'll just claim it counts as going back on our word," Loki dismissed after a moment's consideration. "Besides, where's the fun?"

"Not everything needs to be fun, Liesmith," Thor told him for the even-Loki-didn't-knowth time. He smirked. "And hitting things is fun."

"Brute," Loki said with a long-suffering sigh, shaking his head. He smiled fondly, despite himself. "Not everything needs be accompanied by such violence, Thunderer."

They lapsed into companionable if troubled silence, both watching as stone after stone was hauled and put in its place. A figurative ticking clock to disaster.

"Perhaps he will not complete it in time," Thor offered hopefully, after a while. They both knew that was unlikely; at the rate the craftsman was going, he would finish with time to spare. Thor growled. "If only that damned horse was not there. It is ten times as strong and five times as trained as any of our own horses." He snorted humourlessly. "Norns know mine would've wandered off by now."

Wandered off... Loki's eyes went wide as an idea occurred to him. It was... a very, very bad idea. It was absolutely insane. There was a low chance he'd get caught, but it came with a low chance it would even work. And there was a high chance it would end incredibly poorly for him.

But Loki was bored and — despite himself — extremely worried, and this promised to be absolutely hilarious, so really, could he be blamed for jumping on it the moment he thought of it?

With a grin and a wild laugh, Loki leapt off the balcony, turning into a hawk halfway down and gliding towards the craftsman and his horse.

"Wait, Loki!" Thor called after him, deflating when he realized he was already too far away to hear him. He ran a large, beefy hand down his face. "Whatever you are planning, Father's brother, please let it be one of your more clever tricks," he pleaded to the air. The Silvertongue was brilliant, he knew, and nearly unstoppable when given time to think.

But the problem was that he was often far too bored to bother *thinking* for very long.

It took Loki a few tries to get the form right. Beyond the challenge of making himself desirable by horse standards, which he wasn't that well acquainted with, there was the matter of the legs. Sure, it was easy enough to pop a few extra limbs on himself, but getting them to actually work was a different story. Eventually, though, he managed to craft a body that could handle a respectable trot without tripping on her own hooves.

After that, all he had to do was produce the pheromones of a horse in heat (don't ask him why he already knew how to do that) and trot past the craftsman's packhorse. The thing's ears stuck straight up and it snorted loudly before following him away from the wall and straight into a nearby wood.

All according to plan. Now Loki just had to keep the horse distracted for a few days without letting it actually catch up to him—

"Hello, fair maiden," the horse — the giant eight-legged monster that the Jotuun dared to call a horse — said coolly, his gaze trailing across Loki's body.

"Hello yourself, big guy," Loki responded, not showing how shocked he was. The horse could talk? It— he was a *guy*, not a beast. That...

That opened up some possibilities, actually. If Loki played his cards right, he could have far more fun with this than he initially planned.

"I am called Svaðilfari," the stallion continued, moving closer. "And you, pretty mare?"

"Silver," Loki responded easily, not moving away. "I'm afraid I am not truly a mare, though, kind sir."

"Oh? You look like one to me."

"I am blessed with the ability to change shapes," Loki answered, feigning embarrassment. "I saw yours, and I just couldn't resist trying on such an... interesting form." He made sure to stress his words suggestively, letting his eyes flick approving across the other. "If I had known you were a gentleman rather than, if you'll forgive my phrasing, a beast, well... I do so apologize for inadvertently tricking you so, good sir," he lied.

"Do not be sorry," Svaðilfari said softly, moving until he stood mere inches from Loki. "I must say, you are... Quite good at crafting shapes, if your words are true."

Loki ducked his head, as if shy. "You are too kind. I doubt my form is truly that pleasant, as this is my first time trying it on."

"It is pleasant enough to me." Svaðilfari chuckled. "Tell me, dear Silver, just how accurate is your form?"

Loki smiled, batting his eyes. "I'm afraid I wouldn't know. I wonder, would you perhaps be willing to... check and tell me how close I am to the real thing?"

"I would love to," Svaðilfari answered, closing the distance between them, "my pretty little false mare."

Loki sort of forgot that getting pregnant was a thing.

In his defense, he was a guy (more-or-less), why should he think of such things?

Svaðilfari turned out to indeed be a gentleman about the whole thing, helping take care of Loki while he dealt with an event he had no prior experience of in a form he was never supposed to wear this long. But the giant horse's kind didn't raise their own young, and he left before the child was even born, following at the heel of his Jotuun partner.

It took the craftsman a few months to actually find them in the woods. Apparently, he had attacked the palace when he had been denied payment upon missing the deadline, and had been run out by Thor. Well, Loki mused, at least the dear brute had gotten to have some fun of his own after all.

Giving birth alone was a terrifying and painful experience. But as Loki gazed upon his son's face, he knew it was worth it.

He had just wanted a bit of fun and to maybe be praised for helping out. Instead, he had gotten a clumsy little eight-legged foal that looked at the world with bright, wonder-filled eyes. A much better prize, he thought.

He waited until young Sleipnir, his slippery little child that couldn't go two minutes without tripping, stopped nursing to return to his preferred form. It distressed the

child to watch his mother change so entirely, but he was the son of a trickster and adapted quickly enough.

It was over a year before Loki remembered that he had a home and people that were probably a tiny bit worried about him to return to.

"You know, sweetheart," Loki said, carrying his son gently in his arms, "I think it's about time you met the family."

Odin was worried about Loki. Not too worried, mind you, as this was hardly the first time his trickster had disappeared for a long time without warning. The halfling was prone to great distraction and obsession, always running off after some whim or other.

Still, Odin worried.

One day, Loki casually entered the throne room as if he had only been gone a few days, rather than nearly a year and a half. He looked up at Odin with a grin. "Miss me, Brother?"

"Greatly," Odin answered honestly, enjoying the brief look of surprise that crossed the other's face before being blocked by a mask of careless amusement once more. "Care to explain where you've been, Skywalker?"

Loki's grin grew impossibly, worryingly wider. "Maternity leave."

Before Odin could even process that, a small form peeked cautiously out from behind Loki.

It was a foal, lanky with youth but already showing signs that he would grow into a truly majestic steed. He was white with a golden mane and spots, and large green eyes.

Green eyes just as bright as Loki's. And eight thin little legs.

"Oh Loki," Odin muttered, burying his face in his hands, "tell me you didn't sleep with the craftsman's horse."

Loki merely cackled in response.

Chapter 8: Fanart (AI-Generated)

I thought it would be fun to share how I see the different gods and such :)

List of Gods, Goddesses, and others that I plan to generate images of but haven't yet:

- Frigga
- Heimdall
- Ratatoskr

↑LOKI↑

(I forgot I wanted him to have pointed ears. Oops...)

(Update: I also forgot the scars on his lips. I feel ashamed as a Loki fan.)

His horns and claws hint at his Jotunn nature. His hair resembles both fire and autumn leaves. The bright green eyes and green cloak admittedly are an homage to the Marvel version, but as well hint at his connection to nature. The pointed shoes and vambraces are connected to his fool-esque clothing in mythology, helping to show him as a trickster. The fact that he's floating is because 1) I love that pose and will take any excuse to make a character doing it, and 2) he's the Skywalker, he can float. Besides that, his design is just medievaly and vikingy.

↑THOR↑

His design is supposed to resemble a living thunderstorm, filled with black clouds and gold-blue-silver lightning, but with blue and white for the clear skies afterwards. He's a warrior and a prince, but he's jolly and kind at heart. Lots of metal, of course, along with a good amount of armor. Mjolnir is short-handled, well-crafted, and mystical.

↑SLEIPNIR↑

ChatGPT cannot do eight legs on a horse, I tried so many times, so you're just going to need to pretend. I gave him a thin but powerful look, with white and gold to make him look regal and otherworldly. The pattern of spots is to make it clear that he's not a normal horse, and to make him look faster. He has green eyes to mark him as Loki's child, furry legs because the North is cold, and a playful demeanor.

(Should I have given him a beard?)

↓ UPDATE: my sister managed to get ChatGPT to give him eight legs! ↓

↑ODIN (+ HUGINN & MUNINN)↑

I sorta forgot about his spear, so maybe he's just not holding it. I did get his ring in, though! Honestly, his look doesn't have much behind it beyond mystical Viking warrior king with a general vibe of ancientness, wisdom, and gentleness that belays how powerful he is. The ravens are sleek, mystical, and knowing. The matching yellow eyes hint at the trio's connection and otherworldliness. He also has a sense of wonder and open fascination with the world around him.

↑THE MAIN PLAYERS↑

I feel like you can tell so many stories with just these guys. They make quite the group, don't they?

↑NARFI & VÁLI↑

More of Loki's kids! Yay! The wolfy parts of them are because one gets turned into a wolf in mythology. Váli I turned into a girl, partially because the name resembles Vicki or Valerie. She takes after her mother, being a sorceress who's main form of magic involves cloth and knitting. Narfi meanwhile is more of a curious scholar, with his favorite quill always sticking out of his hair. He inherited his father's way with words, but is better at writing them down than he is at speaking them in the moment. Both have glasses, because why not?

↑HEL↑

May I present the queen of Hel, Hel Lokidottir! Or is it Lokadottir? Anyways, I made her a little girl because it's cute. She rules part of Niflheim (which is cold), her Hall's name translates to something about snow or sleet, and she was describe as half blue/black (not half rotted) — I have thus decided she is an icy girl that dresses warmly despite the cold not bothering her in the slightest and is half frozen. Silvers and whites are used to resemble bone, black to give her a somewhat gloomy appearance, blue for cold, and of course one green eye because Loki. I hope you like her design :)

↑LOKI'S CHILDREN (SMALL)↑

I'm leaving the two giant ones out simply because you wouldn't be able to see the others if I put all of them together. I tried to make Sleipnir big without making him too big, though I feel like he's not full grown yet in this image. How do the siblings look together?

↑FENRISÚLFR/FENRIR↑

Giant wolfy boy! 🐺

Some translations claim Fenrir had flame eyes, which I thought was cool, and I made them green both because it's cool and because Loki. The golden things are mostly aesthetic, partially to match the vambraces I gave a few other characters, and connected to this vague idea I have about him being imprisoned (not by the Æsir because I say so) and escaping but being stuck with unbreakable shackles.

↑SIGYN↑

Wife of Loki. Goddess of Fidelity, Victory, and some other things. Incantation-Fetter.

I gave her blue eyes because I mixed her with Angrboda, so ice. The dark hair is because I gave multiple of her children dark hair so I wanted that to match. Mostly I just tried to make her look noble, pretty, pure, and not-a-trickster-but-would-totally-date-one. A hair clip that Loki probably gave her as a way of saying *mine*. Neat cloak that she

made herself, because I like to give her a sewing hobby. Vambraces because I guess I'm just giving most of the human-ish characters them. Complicated bun hairstyle because it's EPIC.

↑JÖRMUNGANDR↑

He's aquatic, he's draconic, he's gigantic. Colorful and flamboyant, partially because he's connected to poisons. Coral-like horns, because I gave Loki horns so at least one of his children needed them. And lenses over his eyes that resemble both diving goggles and glasses, because I see him as a nerdy researcher, possibly even a mad scientist type. I have a vague notion of him having a smaller and more naga-like form, which would make sense considering Loki can shapeshift, though I suppose if I went with that then I'd have to give Fenrir something similar...

Snakey boy is my favorite of Loki's kids ☺

↑SIF↑

If Thor is strength and storm, Sif is beauty and sunshine. Basically the only thing I know about Sif is the golden hair thing and that she's married to Thor, so I kinda just ran with that. I think she came out well, very pretty but with an undercurrent of danger that any goddess needs, and I can totally see her with Thor.

— end of "Random Norse Bullshit" —