



Adventures In Babysitting

Marvel · Not Rated · 588 words

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Fandom: Marvel Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Characters: Otto Octavius, Váli (Norse Religion & Lore), Narfi (Norse Religion & Lore), Octobots (Marvel)

Tags: AI-Generated Images, Found Family, Family Feels, Honorary uncle Otto Octavius, Loki's poor children don't realize their how fond Otto is of them, to be fair he's really bad at showing it, Magic, Lasers, Children, Babysitting, Cuddling & Snuggling, Wolf Hybrids Váli And Narfi (Norse Religion & Lore), Genderbent Váli (Norse Religion & Lore)

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Sometimes, Loki needs someone to watch his kids. Somehow, Otto ends up with the job. It's not as awful as he'd expect.

The AI art isn't perfect, especially the bit with Otto, but it's good enough and gets the idea across. Hope you enjoy!

Wolf In Sheep's Blankets

"Be good, my loves, or the kind doctor will have Daddy's head on a platter."

"It's funny you think my revenge would be that quick, Friggason."

We like spending time with Uncle Otto. He's fun.

Sometimes he lets us see his research.

Narfi likes that. He spends hours sitting on Uncle Otto's consoles, eyes shining as he reads and reads and reads.

Váli thinks it's boring. She spends her time practicing her magic, weaving cursed-er, enchanted hats for the Octobots. They like her.

Sometimes, Uncle Otto lets us test his new inventions.

Váli likes that. She cackles with glee as she blows up target after target, Uncle Otto almost looking actually worried as he mutters about safety features.

Narfi thinks it's boring. He says the sound hurts his ears. He sits in the corner with a blanket and earmuffs, reading his book. He cheers whenever Váli looks particularly pleased with herself, even when he has no idea what she's done.

We like spending time with Uncle Otto. But we know he doesn't like spending time with us.

He always scowls and grumbles when we're around. Daddy has to promise him all sorts of grand things to get him to watch us.

Someday, we'll be big like our brothers (well, maybe not quite as big), and we won't need watching anymore. We won't see Uncle Otto after that. We try not to think too much about it. We try to enjoy the time we get with him now.

Because we like spending time with him, even if he doesn't like spending time with us. It's okay, we're used to it.

No one really likes the Liar's children, after all.

"Narfi? Váli? Where are—" Otto cut himself off as he finally found his temporary charges, curled up together behind a cabinet. He would wonder at their habit of finding the most bizarre places to fall asleep, but he'd once caught Loki in cat form napping in a freezer — it must run in the family.

Sighing, he carefully lifted them up. It was easy for him of course, metal arms and all, but he could still tell they were heavier than they had once been. They were growing so fast! How old did kids need to get before they didn't need babysitting anymore? Whatever it was, he hoped it was far off.

The Octobots would get all whiny and less efficient if the children stopped visiting, after all.

He set the twins gently on the couch, covering them with a soft wool blanket Leader had gotten him for Christmas. He hated the thing, but they loved it. Something about wordplay and 'old Midgardian sayings.'

Otto looked down at the little mutant godlings, sleeping so peacefully despite the presence of such a feared Supervillain as himself. The boy who asked him a thousand questions with bright eyes, listened with equal fervor, always eager to learn. The girl who nearly gave him a heart attack the first time she'd gotten hold of a lazer gun, who was so appreciative of his genius and inventions in her own way. The children who played with his Octobots without fear, wrestling and laughing as sharp claws bounced harmlessly off their inhuman skin.

They aged slower than humans, didn't they? Their childhood would last for quite a while longer, wouldn't it?

By Gods, he hoped so.

— end of "Adventures In Babysitting" —