

# Befitting

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## Kapitel 5:

Unbelieving Loki gazed at his so-called brother . Thor wanted to accompany him? It was impossible.

"I do not wish for your presence, Thor. And it seems Asgard surely would prefer the heir to its throne to not depart with, well.. a convict." Even the bitter sarcasm could not completely undo the astonishment in Loki's voice, even though it was enough for Thor.

"This is not open for discussion. Neither for you, my brother, nor for anyone else. I will not have you go on this journey alone." Odin had remained silent, but now he spoke.

"I thought so. I hereby remind you, Thor, that you are being unreasonable. As heir to the throne you are to remain in Asgard."

"As heir to the throne? Father – what kind of king would I be, would I desert my own brother in time of need? I – ..." Odin held up his hand.

"No more. Loki, you are dismissed. You may go back to your chambers and prepare for your departure. Thor, you will remain here, I have things to discuss with you." Without saying another word, Loki left. Why did he suddenly feel so weak? As if every strength had been drained from him? The way back to his chambers seemed to have lengthened but that might be due to his legs trembling. Still he made it back, unseen, unbothered by anyone. He surely did not want to encounter anybody in Asgard, especially not now.

When he reached his door, he found the seal and guardians were gone. He was free. For three more days. His last grace period. He fell down on the armchair that was standing next to the window. Usually the view and the gentle breeze soothed him but not this time. Loki tried to figure out what had just happened. *Ok, he reprimanded himself, just calm down. So Odin has cast you out for good. You will go out there alone and maybe there is a way to put the pieces back together.* He did not delude himself, as tediously loyal and plain Thor was, there was no way for him to come along. Not as Odin's heir, prince of Asgard and especially not as his brother, which he wasn't in the end. No, this journey would be his own. Maybe it was better like this. But if he knew this, why was he shaking? Was it fear or helplessness... hopelessness? Up until now he had always found a way to turn things for the best, this time would be no different. It simply hurt to face the fact he had lost everything. *I never intended it to end like this. It's not fair, it is not fair ...* yet it was what the council and his "father" had deemed fit. And somehow they were right. He did not belong here, no Joutun should ever sully the sanctity of Asgard. How he despised to even think about these monsters. He was Loki of Asgard, not some worthless beast that crept through the icy nothingness of Joutunheim. Dumbstruck, he looked at his clenched fist. Blue. Blue like the sky

outside. It was then he realized he had been crying the whole time.

The things Odin had wanted to discuss with Thor had been numerous and so it took him quite some time before he was dismissed as well. Odin had tried to bring him to yield to reason. It would have been so easy. Nobody would blame him for doing the right thing and the right thing was to remain behind, to let his brother go as had been verdicted in order to prepare for the catch up of his failed coronation. It was certainly not the time to leave for an uncertain period of time for a quest that most probably would end with both of them dead. Odin had been clear about this matter: No warriors of Asgard, not one, would be allowed to absent himself from his duty to Asgard and its king. *A wise king never chooses a single man over his entire people*, he had said. *Asgard cannot lose both his princes, you are needed here, there is nothing you can do to help Loki this time.*

He was sure he could. No matter what it took, he would never let his younger brother down. Had not he been the only one to really understand him? Of course, their mother also knew Loki, but he and Loki were brothers. Loki's heritage was of no significance. True, it shocked him to hear Loki refer to himself as "Joutun" because he wasn't. Never had been. Loki had always been one of Asgard, hadn't he?

"Thor, you look agitated. Is something ill?" He looked up only to find Sif standing opposite him.

"I just had a talk with Odin. Loki's punishment is decided." The faint worry he saw in her face surprised him.

"So what is it? Is he... he is not....?"

"He will be cast out. Father wants him to righten the wrongs he has done." Sif came nearer to him.

"Will he be sent to Midgard then?" Thor hesitated a moment, then he shook his head.

"I fear it's by far worse. His redemption shall start elsewhere. To be honest... I don't know where to he has to go actually. All I know is the council expects him to never return." He clenched his fist even tighter. It angered him.

"...I see. Thor..." He cut her short.

"Don't worry, Sif. I won't allow it to come to this."

"You don't intend to go with him, do you, Thor?" He did not answer, both because he was unsure himself and because he did not even need to say a word for her to understand.

"Let us accompany you. The warriors three and I will be at your service, Thor." She knew that her comrades were always ready for any battle Thor led them to. Thor's hand suddenly touching her shoulder confused her.

"Lady Sif and the warriors three will be at service in Asgard, I fear. The allfather does not allow any warriors of Asgard to leave with my brother. Nor is the heir to Asgard's throne permitted to do so." She seemed taken aback.

"Why?"

"Because that's what the allfather has ordered. That's why." Thor left her like this. He was in no mood for further chitchatting. He needed some time to work out what to do and how to do it.