

# Falconer

## Loki/Clint

Von Ange\_de\_la\_Mort

### Falconer

"Do you know how it feels," Clint rasps, voice thick with anguish, "when something in your heart, in your *mind* is ripped away? When some part of you is still *there* while something else takes you over?"

Natasha hesitates, then nods. She *nods* as if she has any idea. But she doesn't. This, they both know. She tries to comfort him, puts a metaphorical hand on his shoulder to tell him that everything is over now, that he has nothing to fear anymore, that it's alright.

*Alright!*

He can feel himself tense in his bonds and squeezes his eyes shut against the sudden wave of nausea. Alright. Nothing will be alright for a very long time. Not when he's still able to see Loki's smile etched in his brain, hear his voice - low and chuckling, speaking to him as if he's nothing more than a good, little pet, a trained marionette dangling from the strings Loki pulls to make him move. He ... and here he tenses again, his muscles flexing and unflexing on their own ... he can still feel Loki's breath on his skin, whispering terrifyingly wonderful things in his ear, making the small hairs on the back of his neck stand up, making him bite his lip and grit his teeth in order to fight down the bundle of confusing, scaring, frightening feelings.

No, Natasha doesn't understand anything. And Clint is grateful for this small mercy.

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*"You have a brave heart," Loki says and raises his scepter.*

*When Clint tries to retreat and avoid whatever attack he presumes will follow, it's already too late. The metal touches the cloth over his chest and he cannot move anymore, he's caught like a hawk with clipped wings, immobile and weak and scared. Blue light glows from the tip of the weapon, and the next thing Clint feels is pain. Overbearing pain in his chest, his heart, his mind. It's like someone stabbed him with a needle and injected a hot, burning acid - only a thousand times worse.*

*He opens his mouth to speak, scream, yell at anybody to help him, kill him, make the pain stop, but the only words coming out of his mouth are "Thank you, Mylord" (What? No!) and his hand puts his gun back into his holster on its own (Not good. Not good!). He follows Loki out of the facility, all the while fighting his own men, colleagues, the director himself.*

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"How many?" he asks when she opens the bonds and he can finally sit up again without being chained like ... something dangerous. Though fits. He *was* dangerous. He *did* ... "How many agents did I kill? How many civilians?"

"Don't," she says quickly and raises a hand to his lips. "Don't," she repeats and he can see the pity in her eyes. "It doesn't matter. You didn't do anything. It was Loki."

Loki ...

He grits his teeth at the name, clenches his fists. "Yes, I know, but ... " *But it was me raising my bow. They died by my hand. I could have prevented it. I should have fought. I ...* He gives a small, weak sigh and averts his eyes. *I wasn't strong enough. I failed. I sucked big time.*

Actually, honestly, he sucked other things as well, though he would never tell Natasha or anybody else.

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*"Tell me about them," Loki says as Clint enters the room and kneels down in front of him. "Tell me about their weaknesses."*

*Everything inside of him screams 'No!', screams 'Never!', screams 'Fuck you!', but it's like he is caged inside a corner of his mind, imprisoned and surrounded by iron bars that burn and hurt him everytime he tries to break out. And however much he yells and tries to ignore the pain, tries to regain control over himself, that thing, that other him inside his mind only shoves him away, laughing at his agony.*

*Clint is forced to hear his own voice spill all of S.H.I.E.L.D.'s secrets. He talks about the armory, the troops, the agents. About Director Fury (oh, he won't be happy). About Natasha (no, not her, leave her alone!).*

*Loki looks pleased, his lips quirking upwards in a cruel smile. "You like her, don't you?"*

*He wants to deny it, wants to bite his lip, say no, lie to the God of Lies, but his body betrays him yet again and he can only nod his head in a silent admission.*

*Slowly, Loki reaches out to pat his head like one would do with an obedient dog (and Clint feels the urge to snap back and bite that hand to show him if he has to play the dog, then he won't be a nice one) and says: "Then you will have the honour to kill her."*

*Clint only (screams) smiles (yells, shouts 'no' over and over again). "As you wish, Mylord."*

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*There is no separate bedroom in Loki's (their) little lair. Only a make-shift throne room where he always spends his time (sulking and saying crazy shit) plotting world domination. Clint never sees him sleep and wonders idly if gods ever get tired at all. Right now, Loki is there again, covered in blood - not his own, of course (What a pity). They successfully located the place where the Iridium lies dormant, waiting for them, theirs to take (and Clint wants to laugh, because they need an energy source to power up an energy source? Is he the only one who thinks that plan is complete bullshit?) He can't voice his thoughts aloud. Of course not. Instead, he kneels down in front of Loki's large armchair and bows his head to his master (no, not a master, and definitely not his!) "You wanted to speak to me?"*

*Loki doesn't sigh, not exactly, but he makes a noise that sounds suspiciously weary. "We do not have much time left," he says (and Clint wonders why. As far as he knows, there's no expiration date for world domination). "We shall acquire the Iridium tonight." When Clint nods and shifts to get up again, Loki stops him with a muttered command, a smirk on his lips. "Come here," he orders and spreads his legs for Clint to shuffle between them.*

*Honestly, Clint has seen enough porn to know where this is going, and he doesn't like it one bit. However desperate he fights and resists, he can't stop himself from settling between Loki's spread legs, and even though he can't see his own face, he just knows there is a pleading look in his eyes, an obvious wish to obey and please and pleasure. It makes him want toretch.*

*Loki's hand is back in his hair, on his neck and cheek, and however hard Clint tries, he can't suppress the shudder this little touch elicits. "Serve me," the god says softly.*

*(As his hands wrap around Loki's cock instead of his throat, as his tongue catches the taste of the god's salty release, as he himself whimpers and begs for his master's touch, Clint can feel his pride and mind and heart shatter under skillful fingers.)*

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*It's only when he sees Natasha again, sees her unharmed and willing to fight for the world without moping over what Loki did to her, to all of their teammates, to Coulson and Selvig, he puts himself together grimly, forces himself to push his own pain aside to deal with it later, when he has the time for it.*

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*"Are you ready?" Natasha asks and he forces himself to smile, even though he still feels the bitter taste in his mouth, though he still hears his own shameful begging in his ears, though he still sees Loki's smiling face in front of his mind's eyes.*

*"I've never been more ready to kick some ass."*

