

~~My first Avenger's fic/3rd fic ever—so please be gentle!~~

## CHAPTER 1: What the future beholds...

Even though Loki has always been the first-born and the heir to Asgard, Thor always seemed to the golden son in their family and favored. He was the good looking one, the warrior of them both, valuing strength over brains, brash, arrogant, charming and popular with all peers in Asgard's warrior culture. Not only did it aggravate him, but it also made him feel like he was an outcast, unwanted in his own family, believing they would all rather have Thor as the heir. While he was truly annoyed by his brother's actions and his friends, he couldn't bring himself to hate his brother. Even with his foul attitude, Thor still loved him the most in his family.

Nevermind that Thor was currently grating on his nerves, going about his coronation in a few days. *As if he wasn't already nervous enough!*

"Are you sure you're ready to be king, brother?"

The heir just stared at his brother and scoffed.

"Surely you jest. Unlike you brother, I know the responsibilities that come with the crown...."

The slight insult didn't affect Thor at all - he just smiled and kept on, unaware of his brother's deteriorating mood.

"I just worry, Loki. You know what father always said: A true king should always be ready for war.", spoke the golden boy. Loki was really starting to wonder how the idiot of his brother managed to survive to this day. Never let it be said that Loki didn't love his brother, but that didn't mean he was obligated to like him. Especially at times like *these....*

"In case you forgot *again*, father also said that a true king must try to keep the peace. And who said I wouldn't be ready for war?"

"Jotuns are monsters. It's only a matter of time until something happens - father agrees. He's worried." *Father always thinks you're right. If you were to doubt me, he would as well. Nevermind that I'm his son too.*

"So you want me to do what exactly?! I might not be a warrior like you, Thor, but if I remember correctly my powers helped us countless times in past fights - like shrouding us in smoke so we could escape from Nornheim"

Thor laughed and patted his shoulder, "Please! It was *I* that pulled us out alive by fighting my way through hundreds of warriors. Well, some do battle - others just do tricks. "

*The nerve - that gall!*

But just like always his brother remained oblivious to his inner turmoil and added with a laugh.

"Now...., Lady Sif and the warrior three are waiting for me. I should go before Volstagg eats the whole kitchen! You know how he is!" *Unfortunately* "I rather not let them go into adventures without me-"

"As you are so apt in avoiding messes, right dear brother?", I snarled.

Thor frowned. *Good let him feel my anger.*

"We went on adventures like mighty warriors ought to be, brother! There is nothing wrong with that!" *Well*

*you aren't the one who has to clean up your messes all the time!*

"If you say so. Now go before we have forego dinner because Volstagg ate all."

Laughing, Thor dissapeared behind two massive door wings of gold.

~\*~

Feedback anyone?