

Chapter synopsis: Lady Loki uses her powers to serve the Arcade.

Loki wasn't afforded many cushy positions when she was first brought to the Arcade.

Like everyone else, she was subjected to the countless horrors this place held. But it wasn't all bad. A clever goddess such as herself easily found herself a proper place, even if it wasn't that glamorous.

"Grkk. Grkk. Grkk. Rrkk. Grrrk. Grrrrk."

In a private little corner of the Asgardian Arousals exhibition, she bobbed her head up and down in the lap of her biggest "fan." While she was frankly confused as to how a fan could conceive of doing something like this, she indeed agreed he was the biggest in terms of cock size as his mammoth member bashed its way down her throat. Every other moment throughout the less-than-appealing experience, her nose ended up buried in his blonde pubes, tickling her nostrils and nearly making her sneeze if he didn't pull himself back soon enough.

The only good thing Loki could say about him was that at least he was somewhat well-groomed. That alone ranked him far above the rest of these mortals who tasted like they hadn't cleaned their cocks a day in their lives. Even then, she found the grip he had on her horns to be increasingly bothersome as he used it to roughly pull her head down and up his cock. It wasn't the first time she had gotten a rough face-fucking, so she knew how to take it. Still, the thought of bringing her teeth down did cross her mind on occasion, even if it meant remaining in this offensive mockery of her home-realm.

On first glance, it would seem accurate to the real thing, that being an almost one-to-one replica of the Yggsgardian royal palace. The grand architecture, the feel of magic in the air, everything was exactly like how Loki remembered. The only difference? There was a full-on orgy going on all around her. A sick show of sexual congress that made Loki's stomach turn with disgust.

Across the room, she watched the mighty Valkyrie as she was stuck underneath a whale of a man. The warrior woman couldn't even be seen underneath his large frame. The only time she WAS visible was when he pulled his massive member free from her pussy, eliciting another moan/scream from Valkyrie in the process, before he skewered himself back down just as roughly as he pulled himself out. Loki might not have had many good things to say about her, but she knew for sure that this was something she didn't deserve.

But Valkyrie wasn't the only one going through it. Angela, Loki's and Thor's surprise angelic sister, was pinned between two muscular, bound, built women. The angel who could kill just about anyone and anything screamed into the mouth of the woman in front of her as her strap-on tears into her pussy. Meanwhile, behind her, the other woman thrust herself in and out from tip to base in her ass, making her struggle to keep herself together before she ineptly sprays out another burst of nectar across both of their synthetic cocks. Loki couldn't even bear to look at her and witness her debasement. It only served to deepen the disgust inside her, while she had her own problems to deal with.

Even while throating a massive cock, Loki still managed to catch a glimpse Sif's way. She was in one of the Arcade's sturdier pillories, being spit-roasted between two clients. They were both well built, which made what they did to her all the more painful, at least as far as Loki could see while her vision was buried in her client's crotch every other second. In the brief moments, however, she saw how Sif's eyes bulged with rage as her teeth bore down on the ring-gag stuck inside her mouth. Of course, it didn't do anything. Neither did her legs as she kicked them around.

"Filthy things! I'll destroy you all for- GRRLK! GRLK! GRLK! GRLK!"

Not long after noticing Sif, Loki heard the unmistakable sound of her OTHER sister putting up a fight. Who, like Loki herself, was also having her headgear used as a handlebar for a client to easily fuck her face. Of course, it was Hela, someone who was either supposed to be her sister or her daughter. It was hard to tell when she ran into another version of her every other day. In any case, Loki saw how the Goddess of Death glared up at the smug client above her, her eyes burning with rage as her black lipstick left thick, dark streaks across his pale member.

For a moment, Loki wondered if she deserved such treatment. Compared to Angela, Sif, and Valkyrie, Hela had done her fair share of misdeeds, even more so than anything Loki herself came up with. By Odin's beard, she was the Goddess of Death; it doesn't get more evil than that. But even then, even with all the negative memories she had of the woman, Loki fumed as she

watched Hela's furious demeanor shift to something more helpless once it became clear she wasn't fighting her way out of this.

They were supposed to be Gods! Far above these weak-minded mortals that screwed their holes with lustful fervor.

They had to do something. They couldn't just stay here as sex pets for the next ten years. Even if they lived for centuries, the memories of this place would be burned into them all. They could do it too. Loki knew they could. If they could just figure out a way to get these damnable collars off, they could bring this entire place down on the heads of these sick demons masquerading as humans. Even better if they get the help of some of the other warriors trapped within this place.

As Loki continues to come up with plans, the client in her mouth groans before pulling her head in as far as it could go, burying her nose in his pubes on last time before burying his thick, gooey loads down her throat.

"FFuuuuuuck!"

"GRRRLKRRLRLK!"

Loki's breathing became harsh and uneven as she tried to control herself. Her mind and body screamed at her to pull back and not suffocate around the disgusting cock that was lodged balls deep down her throat. Even then, as it pulsed and spewed its thick, disgusting loads, she used whatever grace she had to swallow it all down while also sucking on the client's cock to hopefully wring his balls dry.

Loki was pawing at his thighs before he finally let her breathe. Maintaining his grip on her horns, he pulls her head back far enough so that his cock isn't clogging her throat. He left in there, like a thick, rigid slug, still leaking out bits of cum that dribbled down across her tongue and soon enough down her throat.

"S-Sorry.... Nnnf.... You just take so much out of me."

He huffs tiredly as he returns to sliding his cock back and forth across her tongue, worrying Loki that he was going to try and pull off two face-fuckings in a row. Thankfully, he pulled himself free with a pop from her lips.

His grip remained firm on her horns, however. Even then, she still took the chance to pick some of the pubes out of her teeth while also catching her breath after being deprived of air for so long by this fuck-happy bastard. But, like always, it wasn't long before Loki eventually grew tired of the position.

"Could you release me now?"

"Ha.... Ha.... Hold on a sec, could you, like, get my balls too?"

Before she could say no, he dragged her mouth down toward her sack. She wanted to keep her lips sealed shut so badly. But she opened them up, allowing the fat, slimy, and most disturbingly of all, at least to Loki herself, hairy testicles to press down against her tongue. Her skin itself crawled with a level of disgust she had grown well accustomed to ever since she was brought here. All the while, her taste buds were assaulted by the sour and slightly sickly sweet savory flavor that made her all the more wish she could break free.

Regardless, she sucked on his balls to the best of her abilities. She hated every second of it as she sucked and swallowed down the grime that coated them. Thanks to her efforts, however, the fat sack twitched with arousal, which led to more pre leaking out from the tip. With it flat up against Loki's straining face into her gorgeous hair.

"GLK! GRRKL! Mmmnnnnhp!"

Loki coughs and sputters around his sack as she feels the liquid mix down against her scalp. It was nearly enough to make her finally lose the facade she had going if he didn't pull away soon after, as he did. He also released her horns, which almost made her believe they were finally done if his cock wasn't already anticipating round two.

"Are you serious!? By Odin's-"

"I-I'm sorry. It's just.... You're a pretty woman and all, and I just really like you and-"

"Just shut up!"

Loki has enough of him and pulls his face into her chest before leaning back to lie on the floor. It wasn't difficult to pull off. The mortal was already short enough. Meanwhile, she could already feel the client pressing her dick up against her pussy. From there, as it always was, she let out an exhausted huff when he roughly shoved his fuck-staff inside her and got down to thrusting. Worst of all was the fact that he felt good inside her, **REALLY** good. Even then, she made sure to keep her focus on the three things that kept her from being the centre of EVERYONE'S attention.

Her clones.

Yes. The reason why she wasn't getting the EXTRA rough treatment, the kind of treatment far worse than the bastard in her pussy, was because she had three separate clones of herself operating throughout the entire exhibition. Clones that were getting used adequately by the endless lines of horny clients who wanted to get their chance to dump their load in what they hoped was the real deal. Even then, Loki herself was more than enough of an attractive woman to be fucked, clone or not.

"Nmnh! Nmmnh! Nnnnh! Nnnhgh! Mnnnhhh! Mnnnnhhhh!"

The client's series of long and disgusting moans was muffled thanks to Loki's tits. He had been the only one to find her after she slinked off to this private little space once things got started. While she was not exactly pleased having to deal with such a surprisingly hung little bastard, it was better than dealing with cocks and strap-ons coming at her from every angle imaginable. Still, he wasn't making it easy with the way that he was managing to get to her with his skillful cock easily pushing her to cum.

"I told you to be quiet!"

Loki whisper-shouts, but the client was far from listening to her. He was in his own little world of lust that had him fucking one of the most attractive video game characters in recent history. Something that both flattered and disgusted Loki herself, given the broader context of everything else, but this was her new reality, at least until she figured out a way to escape. In the meantime, she pulled the client in closer, hoping that she could muffle his noises even further. And if that wasn't already difficult enough to manage, all at the same time, she had to split her concentration on maintaining her clones as they were each fucked in their own separate disgusting ways.

One clone was held in a full nelson as she was piped up the ass. Rampant screams tore from her lips while the real Loki could feel the phantom pleasure of having her anal walls stretched and reamed out. The mortal fucking her was some overweight fan who complained and complained about the lack of accuracy in her "design." His neck beard scratched against the side of her face throughout the entire thing, if it wasn't already bad enough. Loki didn't understand what he meant, but she understood that he was packed with a bitch breaker as he rammed himself up into her as deep as he could go.

The second clone was the arm candy to a fancy-looking suit type. An older man, the real Loki, could smell the cheap cologne and musk that wafted around her clone's senses. It made her head spin, made worse by the fact that his hands were either feeling up her thighs, breasts, or worst of all, fingering her pussy in front of all the other suit-types he was with. She might not have been getting fucked, but the utter humiliation was more than enough to make the real Loki strain as she tries to maintain the clone, who herself didn't look pleased to be there either.

The third and final clone had it the worst. She was the center piece of a party of fratbros celebrating at the Arcade. Loki didn't know what the occasion was, and she didn't want to know either. All she knew, even without seeing her clone, was that she was being put through the wringer as she felt the phantom sensation of getting fucked in all her holes, mouth included. They all viciously fucked her clone, making her cum time and time again, only adding to the real Loki's pleasure as she dealt with all of them while also dealing with her own problematic client.

"Mnnh! Mnnnhh! Mnnnnhh! MnnnnhH!"

Her client's continued wailing was still muffled by her chest, but as he fucked her harder, she knew he was finding it more and more difficult to control himself. It wasn't long after that Loki herself felt the same. The already growing and cascading titillation inside her was moving into something far from anything dignified, adding another level of tension to Loki's resolve as she

tries to balance all of these things at once. Her only hope was that he'd finish sooner rather than later, but with the way that he was moving, the Goddess of Mischief knew it would be a while until then.

In that case, she would have to take some extra measures.

One thing she did was lock her legs around him and pull him in deeper. At the same time, with whatever strength she could muster, she clenched down tighter around him. Even then, it was far from the position Loki herself wished she were in as she kept trying to focus with all of her attention pulled in different directions.

It does get easier, somewhat. The clone in a full nelson soon gets her butt blasted with cum, making her scream loud enough to fill out the entire grand hall they were in. That wasn't even factoring in the waterfall of fluids that shot out from her pussy and sprayed another happy customer right in the face. Loki saw it all go down from a distance, and she hated every moment of it. The way her refined features twisted into stupid pleasure. The way she was happy to move on to giving a group of these mortals hand jobs. She hated it all of it, but the joys themselves were easier than anal destruction.

Soon after, a similar fate befalls her clone surrounded by the frat bros. While she might not have been able to see what was happening to her, she heard cheering coming from the crowd of rowdy mortals, followed by the phantom sensation of taking multiple loads across the face. One thick slimy string of cock-snot even manages to land across her tongue, and she could almost taste it. She even swallows alongside her clone. It was another one of those moments that nearly broke her, but she held strong as she watched the large group of men finally begin to disperse.

"OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!"

Another scream breaches the air. But it isn't one of her clones. Looking up at the grand throne, Loki was shocked she managed to forget HER throughout all of this. A warrior worthy of endless power, but who was now reduced, like everyone else there, to being nothing more than a tool of pleasure for these devilish mortals. She was someone who saved people countless times, but even then, no mercy was shown to someone as mighty as her.

Jane Foster sat atop the throne. More accurately, she sat across the lap of the client who was sitting on the throne. The only piece of clothing she had was her helmet. Even then, it had several streaks of cum going across it. But the majority of Loki's focus was on her bouncing body as she worked as hard as she could to fuck herself down across her client's cock. It didn't seem to matter to her that her muscular frame, a work of art itself, was being ogled by countless other clients waiting their turn. No, it appeared that Jane Foster was one of the many who had been finally broken by the Arcade, only deepening the hatred Loki had for this place as she watched her get fucked in all her godly glory.

"Nnnngh! Pitiful."

"Whu- Did you say something?"

Her client pokes his head up from Loki's breasts. He doesn't stop thrusting, however, because of course he doesn't. Why would a Goddess' pussy milk him dry?

"Shut up and get back down there!"

Sarcasm aside, Loki shoves his face back down. Sure, the feeling of him practically motorboating her was something that made her very skin crawl. At least when his head was between her tits, she didn't have to look at his brain-dead face. A face of someone who downed countless ArcAids and lived for this kind of sexual fun. If she wouldn't get fucked in more ways than one, she would have crushed his skull in her hand, but for now, she had to opt for crushing his cock in her vice-tight pussy.

"MMNNGGGH! MNMNNNGGH! RRRRNNGGH! NNNNNHHHHH!!!!"

The client was in the moment, driven by the countless hours he had spent trolling social media and gooning to anything Lady Loki he could find. Fucking the real deal was well and beyond anything he had ever hoped for, and he made sure she felt it with every pistoning thrust that drove her just that bit closer to that edge.

Death would have been more refined than this. At the very least, she wouldn't have been conscious of this kind of mental and physical torture. Even regular torture would have been preferable up to a certain extent since she wouldn't have her own body turning against her, making her feel things she didn't want to feel for all her life. But what could she do? Nothing right now. Loki knew the only way out would have to be a full-on rebellion. But such thoughts could last in her mind for so long, especially when her client got faster, somehow outdoing himself even further as he rides down into her pussy with all his body weight. Making the concentration she had on the three other clones shake just that bit more.

This was the only privilege that kept her from the hel that awaited her. And now she was going to lose it all.

"No...."

A loose pathetic moan rumbles out of her lips as she feels her clones flicker away, one by one, leaving unsatisfied customers and clients who were quick to turn toward where they still heard her moans coming from. And that just so happened to be Loki's little hideaway. From there, she could only watch as they all began moving her way. A literal horde of mortals, all eager to get a taste of her beautiful body.

"So she's the real deal, huh?"

"Can't believe she tricked us."

"Guess we'll have to make her pay."

The banter was mind-numbing, but once they were all around her, it became clear that her only line of defence between her and them was the client still on top of her. But as she soon felt, neither of them would be lasting long as his thrusting finally reached its peak speed, allowing him to deliver truly devastating thrusts that knock Loki forward just far enough for her.

"NNNNNOOOOOOOOOO!!!!"

"MMMNNNNNNNNNNHHHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhhhnnnnnnnnnn...."

Loki's eyes verged on rolling into the back of her head when she squirted her brains out. Another cheer passes around when it happens, adding to the devastating sense of humiliation that somehow managed to get another squirt out of her, one right after another. The client moans as his member spews out thick lines of cock-snot that fill her to the point of overflowing, creating an even bigger mess when he slowly extracts himself and allows all the excess to come flowing out, not that it was a problem for the rest of everyone there.

After muttering a quiet thank you and then stumbling off, a Hostess quickly approached, towel in hand, and wiped her down. From there, while still lying on the floor, it was just her and them as they closed in around her. Usually, Loki would have put up a bigger fight with such insolence, but the only thing she could honestly say in her exhausted state was,

"Just get it over with."

"Alright! Good job, everyone!"

The exhibition's Head Matron congratulated everyone now that the area was empty. The only ones left were workers and cleaners, Hostesses, and subjects who were allowed "off the leash," so to speak, who, instead of their grand attire, wore simple Arcade clothing. Loki was included in that last group, though she didn't feel good about it as her body ached to hel and back. She wasn't paying attention when the Matron kept prattling on. Instead, she kept to herself like she always did.

"You have all done wonderfully today. I don't think that I've ever met a group of subjects as obedient as you all. Please, take this moment to congratulate yourselves on the great work you've done. Now, if you would please exit promptly...."

The Matron's not-so-nonchalant command was what finally got Loki back up to her wobbling feet. The collar around her neck didn't care if she was exhausted. She was forced out of the room and back into the technological marvel of the Arcade's halls. The same halls Loki had remembered countless times over, and yet still found herself wandering through them. She wasn't looking for anything in particular. She just needed to walk, even if it was on exhausted legs.

It isn't until she's in the viewing emporium that she finally stops. And when she looks around, she finds the area otherwise empty. But with no reason to be there, she's about to turn around when she bumps into someone, sending both her and them tumbling to the ground. Something that wouldn't be too bad if Loki's body didn't feel like it was one wrong step from falling apart.

"W-Watch where you step, Mortal!"

Loki barks. More bitter than usual, she readies another deluge of insults before she sees who she bumped into.

The Batwoman. At least, the woman who was Batwoman. There were certain heroes Loki had always made sure to keep an eye on.

This Kate Kane was one of them.

"Hmph. I'm looking now."

The hero gives Loki an up-down. It was the same kind of look she had gotten on multiple occasions before. It was what gave her an advantage at times, but more often than not, it irked something deep inside her, especially in this place when she couldn't do anything about it. After getting taken here, it was worse than ever. But the look she got from someone she assumed to be another righteous hero made her flush much warmer than she expected. She wasn't offended either. It was genuine flattery.

"Well. In that case, what is a mortal such as yourself doing here, unattended?"

Loki poses the question, and Kate genuinely considers her response, all before posing a question of her own.

"How good are you at sneaking around?"