

# Godly Attracion

## ThunderScience

Von Rose-de-Noire

### Kapitel 1: Bruised

#### BRUISED

##### **Roses small talk:**

Set in "The Avengers" right before Loki gets shipped back, somewhere between this scene, the shawarma and the end of the fight – when Loki didn't get his drink – we didn't really see in the movie.

#### BRUISED

While eating Shawarma, brown eyes got constantly drew to the meanwhile purple bruise on Thor's right arm.

The bruise had been simply a big red spot when Bruce had noticed it first, right after the fight, right after being back to normal, and of course his doctors instincts had kicked in. "Thor, you're injured." Bruce had stated and reached up to put a gentle hand on the Norse Gods arm.

Thor all but flinched.

"Oh," Bruce pulled his hand away hastily, "did I hurt you? I'm sorry..."

Thor gave the smaller man a strange look and spoke, for once almost quietly: "Nay my friend Bruce, but thy concern is most flattering."

Banner blinked, this was even for the god of thunder a strange wording. "I'll get you some ice anyway Thor..." and the scientist had made his way over some rubble and shards to get the ice from behind Tony's bar while the others carried Loki away.

They had ended up seated on the couch in the penthouse, Bruce pressing a pillowcase filled with ice to Thor's arm, holding it in place.

"One of the aliens?" Banner asked curious as there where not many things they could leave a bruise on Thor. The God was almost unbreakable.

The blond shook his head reluctantly and growled out a negotiation, shaking his head.

"What?" Bruce asked a little more persistent.

Thor cringed and "I think," his voice rumbled softly, "the other part of yours tried to

proceed the ritual of the fist of brother with me..."

It took the scientist several moments to decode those words and as he finally did, his face fell. "Oh my God, I'm so sorry Thor!" and he turned away, dropping the makeshift cooling pack into his lap.

Thor just smiled and turned towards the smaller man, reaching for the hand with the ice and putting it back onto his bruise, leaving it covered by his own large. "You must not fret. I may or may not have taken far worse beatings when I was a youngster from my friends..."

Bruce finally, after a long while, dared to look up at Thor and found himself literally nose to nose with the Norse God. He sucked in a shocked breath along with a wave of heavy musk.

*God, had Thor always smelled this good?*

Blue eyes blinked into browns and then the ice pack dropped again. Only this time simply forgotten, as hands searched for purchase, as both man leaned in, tilted their heads and dived head over into a bruising kiss.

The kiss lasted until the need for air took over, gasping and absolutely overwhelmed they stared at each other. Bruce was the first to speak, but all he got out was a breathless "Thor" before the God took possession of his mouth again, pulling the smaller man right into his broad chest.

Bruce could actually *feel* the blond mans heart beating against his own ribs and those big hands seemed to be all over him. It occurred to Bruce just now, that he still wore no more than the tatters of the trouser he had on as he hulked out...

Thor basked in the heat of Bruce's body against his and all that glorious expanse of surprisingly smooth skin under his hands so he draped the smaller man onto his lap. Latching his mouth onto the scientists neck, he nibbled and bit enthusiastic at the soft skin still tasting salty from the fight right before.

Bruce's arms came up and around Thor's neck as he dropped his head back to give the God better access and his hands pulled demanding at the silvery armor.

As Thor didn't react to his pulling, Bruce growled deep and low: "Either tell me how to get rid of this tin can, or I'll get the Hulk to help..."

Thor shuddered at the vibrations of Bruce's words against his lips, as he was kissing the mans chest, he plucked one of Banner's hands from his shoulders, leading it to his side, groaning "Buckles" before licking a wet trail over a prominent collarbone.

Bruce worked the buckles open in a surprisingly short amount of time, pulled the corselet then over Thor's head right along with the doublet the warrior wore beneath. Once done he marveled at all those well defined muscles and immediately Bruce put his hands on them, tracing them, mapping them. "You're truly a God..." he whispered devoutly.

Thor chuckled and murmured something Bruce didn't understand. But as it sounded very affectionate he didn't bother to ask, as to ask he also would have to take his mouth away from Thor's shoulder he currently placed soft bites on.

"Bruce..." the God pressed him closer with a hand on the mans lower back, grinding up into him, rubbing their crotches together, they both silently moaned.

This was hot, sweaty and Bruce enjoyed every second off it. He enjoyed it until he came aware that the Hulk could break out.

Thor felt the man in his arms tensing up, and lifted his head from Bruce's neck, looking right into his fearful eyes. "Sh... He will not awaken, and if he will: He knows very well, that I can take his blows. There will be just some bruises more tomorrow, nothing a God could not handle..." and he offered his best smile before peppering Bruce's

cheekbone with kisses, gently rubbing his shoulders.

Bruce all but melted and turned his head to capture Thor's lips in a slow kiss, letting his hands slowly wandering down to the God's hips, tugging at the leather pant's waistband.

Thor lifted the silently protesting Bruce from his lap, though the protests ceased as soon as the scientist caught what the Aesir was up too and he hurried to get rid of the rests from his trousers too.

The God of Thunder chuckled and gripped Bruce again around the waist, lifting him back into his lap immediately leaning in, craving for another kiss.

They moved together almost as one, hands all over heated skin, tongues battling and their ragged breaths mingling. They felt glorious.

When they finally reached their breaking point they where nothing more then a tangled heap of limbs on the fluffy rug, Bruce sprawled out on Thor's chest while the God laid almost lifelessly beneath him.

"Oh my God..." the scientist gasped, "what just *happened?*"

Thor chuckled breathless. "You went green there for a moment..."

They both started to giggle.