

## THIS IS THE STORY OF LOKI.

LOKI, WHO, BORN AGAIN, SOUGHT TO ERASE THE MISDEEDS OF THE PAST, WHO SOUGHT TO CHANGE.

IN SPITE OF HIS ATTEMPTS TO CHANGE, THOUGH, HE HAD A POWERFUL COMBATANT IN THE LOKI OF THE FUTURE, WHOSE SOLE ENDEAVOR WAS TO ENSURE HIS DARK REALITY WOULD COME TO PASS BY TRAPPING HIS YOUNGER SELF IN IT.

IN HIS TRAVELS, LOKI CAME ACROSS MYSTIC SISTERS AMORA THE ENCHANTRESS AND THE SORCERESS LORELEI, WHOSE QUARRELS ONLY INTENSIFIED AS AMORA RENOUNCED HER EVIL WAYS. MEANWHILE, LORELEI, ALONG WITH HER ASGARDIAN MAN-OF-THE-MOMENT SIGURD, STRAYED FROM THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW ONTO THE PATH OF BANK ROBBERY.

STORIES SUCH AS THESE ARE RARELY SOLITARY MOMENTS. THEY RESONATE ACROSS OTHER TALES OF GOOD AND EVIL, ALONGSIDE HEROES AND MONSTERS, MARTYRS AND GODS—AND THIS STORY IS NO DIFFERENT. AS THOR FELL FROM GRACE, LOKI WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A WARRIOR FOR THE SIDE OF RIGHT, A HERO FOR THE AGES. AS A BATTLE—THE LIKES OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN IN THE NINE REALMS—WAS ON THE PRECIPICE OF ERUPTING, LOKI FOUND HIMSELF AGAINST HIS BROTHER, THRUST INTO THE ROLE OF CHAMPION OF ALL THINGS NOBLE, THE UNCERTAIN BUT WILLING...

...AGENT OF AXIS.

**NOTE: THIS STORY TAKES PLACE DURING THE EVENTS OF AXIS #9 AND BEFORE THE EVENTS OF THOR #1.**

ONCE, LOKI LAUFEYSON WAS THE SELFISH GOD OF MISCHIEF--BUT THOSE DAYS ARE OVER! NOW--ARMED WITH GRAM, THE SWORD OF TRUTH, AND HIS OWN MAGICS--HE FIGHTS FOR THE FORCES OF GOOD AS THE GOD OF HEROISM!

MARVEL COMICS PROUDLY PRESENTS:

# LOKI

## AGENT OF **SEXUS**

There is air  
on the moon.

In the Blue Area--a pocket  
atmosphere created eons ago  
by the Kree, where a man might  
breathe, and speak, and walk.

And stumble.

As Loki Laufeyson limps  
through the moon dust, feeling  
his cracked ribs, his cuts  
and contusions, the bitter  
cold seeping into his  
bruised bones...

...he wonders if he has  
stumbled. If he has fallen,  
on the road to his  
better self.

If this barren wasteland,  
far from any home he  
knows...will be his grave.

## Good Sons Like You...

**Al Ewing** writer  
**Lee Garbett** artist

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**Lee Garbett** cover artist  
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**Axel Alonso** editor in chief  
**Joe Quesada** chief creative officer  
**Dan Buckley** publisher  
**Alan Fine** exec. producer

Loki created by **Stan Lee, Larry Lieber & Jack Kirby**



And he remembers the events that led him here...

I... I WON'T FIGHT YOU... LOOK INTO YOUR HEART, BROTHER...

A TERRIBLE PLAGUE IS UPON YOU.

YOU ARE THE ONLY AFFLICTION THAT HAUNTS ME!

YOU BOYS NEED A TIME-OUT.

CONSIDER THIS A FREE INTERVENTION FROM YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN!

AT WHICH POINT, SPIDER-MAN RESCUED ME FROM LAS VEGAS AND BROUGHT ME HERE--

--TO AVENGERS MANSION.\*

YOU REALLY WOULDN'T HAVE FOUGHT THOR?

NO, BUT ONLY BECAUSE, DEEP DOWN...

...I WANTED TO.

\*IN AXIS #6 -WIL.

I WANTED TO GRIND HIS SMUG FACE INTO THE DIRT.

AND THAT SCARES ME.

HEY! LOKI!! ENCHANTRESS!

ROGERS SAYS FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GO TIME, BE READY.

The voice--like a tiger starved of meat--belonged to Sabretooth, one of the X-Men's greatest foes--

--at least until the strange inversion that turned villains to heroes, and vice versa.

Now he was an Avenger, putting his life on the line to save humanity...from the evil X-Men.

Some things, it seems, never changed.

CREED, WE HAVE LESS THAN AN HOUR TO STOP APOCALYPSE--





CAN'T BE HELPED. VIDEO NEEDS SOME EDITING, SPIDEY NEEDS FRESH WEBS, ROGERS IS FINALIZING THE BATTLE PLAN...

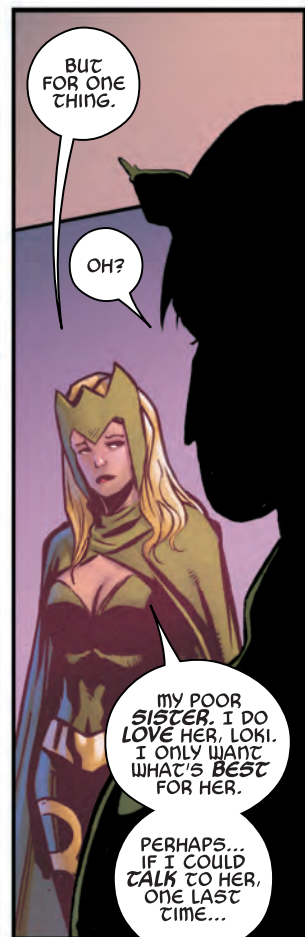
...PICK A REASON AND ENJOY THE MOMENT.

COULD BE THE LAST YOU EVER GET.



... WE COULD DIE TODAY, COULDN'T WE?

I'M NOT EVEN AFRAID OF IT. LAYING DOWN MY LIFE IN THE SERVICE OF MIDGARD...I'D DO IT HAPPILY.



BUT FOR ONE THING.

OH?

MY POOR SISTER. I DO LOVE HER, LOKI. I ONLY WANT WHAT'S BEST FOR HER.

PERHAPS... IF I COULD TALK TO HER, ONE LAST TIME...



WE HAVE SOMEWHERE IN THE REGION OF FOURTEEN AND A HALF MINUTES. NOT MUCH TIME FOR A CONVERSION TO THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW...

SO YOU'RE SAYING IT'S IMPOSSIBLE?

FOR THE PURE OF HEART?



NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE.

LET LOVE BE YOUR GUIDE, AMORA...

And meanwhile, elsewhere in Manhattan...



...Amora's sister, Lorelei--  
and her paramour Sigurd--  
were doing what they loved.



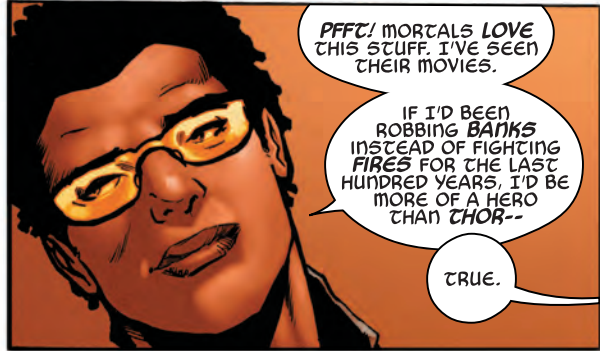
RELAX,  
GENTLEMEN.  
I'M AIMING  
FOR YOUR  
GUNS.



COOL UNDER  
PRESSURE.  
I'M STARTING TO  
REMEMBER WHY  
I LIKE YOU.

I'M A HERO,  
REMEMBER?  
"COOL" IS IN  
THE JOB  
DESCRIPTION.

I THOUGHT  
"NOT ROBBING  
BANKS" WAS  
IN THE JOB  
DESCRIPTION...



PFFT! MORTALS LOVE  
THIS STUFF. I'VE SEEN  
THEIR MOVIES.

IF I'D BEEN  
ROBBING BANKS  
INSTEAD OF FIGHTING  
FIRES FOR THE LAST  
HUNDRED YEARS, I'D BE  
MORE OF A HERO  
THAN THOR--

TRUE.



BUT  
RIGHT  
NOW, THAT'S  
NOT A HIGH  
BAR TO  
CLEAR.

I FOUND  
YOU WITH LOVE,  
SISTER. MY LOVE  
FOR YOU LET ME  
CAST A PORTAL TO  
YOUR VERY  
SIDE.

AND  
LOOK WHAT  
I FIND YOU  
DOING.