



Monster

6 months on Midgard

She sat in the community garden, a few children gathered around. Her hair was pulled back by a bandana, it was finally brushing against her shoulders. She placed a seed into a hole in the ground and covered it with dirt.

"Cierro los ojos," [I close my eyes] Freya pressed her hand against the soil. She gave the group of children a small grin before closing her eyes. "And I, um, imagino que la — seed — se convierte en flor," [and I imagine that the seed becomes a flower] She did exactly as she said, and focused on the seedling. She let her hand raise up and with it sprouted the flower and grew within moments. The children gasped and leaned in.

"How?" One boy asked.

She grinned, "Magic." She said with a wriggle of her eyebrows. The kids gathered around her asking her to do it again. One boy looked up and then the rest followed.

Freya followed their gaze to Druig who stood a few steps away from her. "I need to talk to you." He said.

"I'm busy right now." She turned back to the children. "I'll find you when we're done." She pressed her hand to the bed of soil and grabbed another seed. The children stilled and she caught a glimpse of their eyes, golden and hazed. They walked away heading for the small school. Freya stood up and turned to Druig. His narrowed gaze was already on her. She clenched her fists and stepped over to him. "You have no right to do that." She said.

"No right is needed." His face was so indifferent she could slap it. "I don't like being ignored, Freya."

"And I don't like entitlement." She spun on her heel and moved back to the small garden she had been working on.

"My apologizes, your majesty." He followed her. She brushed one hand over her cheek and grabbed a seed.

"Don't call me that." She said. He stepped in front of her but minded her flowers. He knelt down and stared like he always did. He seemed perfectly fine staying there all day, watching patiently." She sighed, "What is it that you want, Druig?"

"You woke up screaming again." He said. She hated when his voice was gentle and so. It broke her resolve and made her stomach flutter.

"I'm sorry if I woke you." She pushed a piece of her hair back. "It was just a nightmare." She covered the seed with soil and put her hand over it. She closed her eyes and focused. It was the easiest form of magic she knew. The only kind she practiced with her mother.

"The same nightmare that has plagued you for months now?" He asked. Her eyes opened and she looked up at him. He raised an eyebrow. His gaze trailed over her face. He lifted his hand up and with his thumb, he brushed his touch under her eye and across her cheek. "You're drained."

She pushed his hand away, eyes wide and mouth bobbing for an answer. "I -- It's nothing. I've had vivid dreams my whole life." She took in a breath.

"Why won't you let me help you?" He asked.

"I don't want anyone in my head," She tried her best to meet his crystalized eyes. She wanted to seem as calm as he always seemed.

She stood from the ground and walked a few steps away. Druig was beside her in moments. He blocked her from leaving, their chests almost brushed against each other.

"Afraid of what I may find?" He asked, his lips curled up into a smirk.

"No." She said, too quickly. She let out a huff, "No," she said calmly. "I just know there's nothing to worry about."

"Then you'll have no trouble training today." His head tilted to the side, his devilish dimples and wicked glint in his eyes. He thought he was going to catch her. He was like a snake trapping a mouse. He was clever but Freya was stubborn.

"Of course not. I look forward to it." She tilted her chin into the air.

"Good." His smirk grew. "Because today I don't plan on holding back." He tapped his thumb at the edge of her chin. "See you soon, Freya."

She lied and he knew it and she knew he knew it. Freya wasn't like her brother, with a silver tongue and demeanor to match it. But how could she tell him, let him know, what the nightmares were about.

Her hands were drenched in blood, fire burning down the forest, torn down villages. The ground beneath her rumbles and bodies lined the streets. And she knew deep down it was her fault. The world crumbled as she stood and watched. No longer a goddess of light but a goddess of death. The worst part, she did nothing to stop it, she watched the carnage.

Freya would never let that happen, she would. The people of this village were like her in many ways. Never leaving their home, secluded from the horrors of what was. They were comfortable in their guided cage with an iron fist hanging over their head. They did as they were told and liked it.

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Many of the villagers were in their homes preparing dinner and spending their time with family. Freya walked into the clearing, Druig stood in the middle waiting for her. The moon was full and bright.

"You're late." He said.

"Or you are just impatient." She shrugged. He let out a breathless laugh and glanced at the ground. "You know in Midgardians tales, I was the goddess of war." She leaned back onto her leg and got into a fighting stance.

"Your arrogance is cute." He said as his gaze rose to meet hers. Her lips curled down and her face scrunched up.

She shoved him back with a wave of her magic. "Don't patronize me." She lifted her fists. He tilted his head to the side before he moved close to her. His hands were clasped in front of him. He walked around her slow and calculating, his same cocky smirk on his lips.

She spun around and swiftly kicked her leg into his mid. He stumbled back and she grabbed at the place between his neck and shoulder before bringing her knee to his stomach. Druig stopped her knee as she went in for a second time and pushed forward. Her right leg slipped out from under her but she held onto his shoulder tight.

Her back hit a tree trunk. She glanced down at him as he looked up to her. She wrapped her right leg around his free shoulder and pressed her leg into his throat. He fell backward and she went with him. Druig's back hit the ground and she rolled away.

She stood up quickly and her right hand twitched. Freya's gaze flickered up to Druig he was moving slowly as he pushed onto the ground. An image of herself, standing firm with a silver staff in her hands, like a Valkyrie, like a warrior. Her energy grew brighter and brighter, her eyes squinted and she turned away from her hand. She felt a weight in it and she wrapped her hands around it. She looked back, a star.

"When'd you learn to do that?" He asked. She didn't. She twirled it in her right hand. It felt right. She grinned and turned to Druig.

"Why? Are you scared?" She ran at him. She swung the staff to his right and lifted a forearm to block it. To the left, he blocked it. He ducked down and swung his leg out. She fell backward and her head hit the hard ground.

He grabbed the staff from her loose grip and threw it like a spear. She heard a sharp thud and her eyes widened. He jumped at her and she twisted onto her stomach. She looked at the staff that was now lodged into a tree. She reached out for it, her hand glowing. Druig's hand clamped down on her shoulder and he flipped her to onto her back. "No, you don't." He said breathlessly.

She pushed him onto the ground by her hips and flipped him over. They rolled three times as Freya tried to get the upper hand but he ended up on top, once again.

His chest rose up and down, he pulled her wrists toward him. She struggled against him, pushing her hips up but this time he was prepared. He took her hands and placed them under his knees and leaned forward. He put his forearm against her neck and pressed down.

Freya lifted her chin but she was caught. She pushed her magic out. Without her hands, she struggled to control its direction. She focused all her energy, her breath was erratic. The iridescent glowing mist wrapped around his forearm and pulled up. His forearm lifted giving her enough room to breathe comfortably.

Then she felt it, his abilities creeping into her brain. His eyes reminded her of a rising full moon when he used his abilities. Her body and head trembled as she tried to block his abilities and keep her magic wrapped around his forearm. He was once again the snake and she was a mouse. But he couldn't see her mind, he couldn't see her dreams.

Druig wasn't even shaking in the slightest. His face showed no sign of struggle, his eyes were the only clue that he was doing something that required focus. She felt her face burn up and her hands clawed at the dirt underneath her.

She couldn't pinpoint her emotion but she knew what caused it. It was Druig pinning her down, stepping into her brain unwanted. It was never being able to step out of the palace. The scar on her abdomen. Her mother's silent when she was told she couldn't practice sorcery.

Thor and Loki sparring while she was forced to play the piano. Freya was seen as a hero to Midgardians and yet she never was given the chance to live up to the title. She was years away from being thrust into a marriage and the only woman who understood how she felt, was okay with it. Freya was not angry, she was furious. Furious that she was pinned down, that he was stronger than her, that she had never been given the chance.

She thrashed and let out a scream. Her whole body was consumed she saw a blinding light. Her body lifted from the ground, Druig's weight lifted and her back slammed back down. Her heart pounded against her chest and she heard a loud thud. Her eyes snapped open, the trees around her were swaying, and the ground beneath her had cratered. Energy beams, her energy beams floated in the air around her. He was painfully silent as he pressed his arms to the dirt. Freya sat up with a jolt as the dust settled.

Her nightmare was impossible to escape. The villagers' bodies bloodied and butchered, she watched the carnage. This felt like the beginning. She pushed herself back until she hit a tree trunk. There was no air in her lungs, she couldn't breathe. Freya was burning up but shivered raked her body. Her teeth chattered. Her eyes were wide open but her vision was blurred and tunneling. She cradled her head in her hands and rocked back in forth to fight the numbness that threatened to swallow her whole.

"Freya" Someone called for her but it was muted. "Freya." Druig was crouched down in front of her, she looked back to where he once laid, lifeless. Lifeless because of her rage. His hands were raised, palms out. She wouldn't meet his gaze. She could see his eyes, imagine them finally showing anger or disappointment.

She shook her head. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"Look at me." He said. His voice was cool, like a breeze or so rumbling thunder in the distance. "Breathe." She took in a breath as her wide eyes met his. They were as calm as they'd ever been.

"I didn't mean to." She said.

"I'm not hurt." He glanced down at his body, "Everything is okay." He placed his hand against her forearm. "Breathe." She took in a breath as he did the same. She wondered why he wasn't manipulating her to just calm her down. "Good."

They stayed like that, with his hand on her forearm, thumb brushing back and forth against her skin. She caught her breath. His eyes were anchors keeping her from floating away. "Thank you." She whispered.

He sat down in front of her. His arms wrapped around his knees. His jaw tightened and he looked away from her, "I shouldn't have used my power." He said.

"It's not your fault, Druig." She said. He kept his head turned away from her. She moved forward, sitting on her legs. "Hey," She placed a hand on his forearm.

"Don't!" His gaze met hers. She could swear his eyes glistening with unshed tears but then he blinked and it was gone. She must have been imagining things. "You looked at me like I was a monster," he whispered and looked away from him.

"You're not." She said. "You're not a monster." She brushed her thumb across his forearm like he had just done for her. "I am." She swallowed and let out a shaky breath.

Their eyes met. Pale green and clear blue. He placed his hand on top of hers and the two of them sat there. In the silence of the night, in the darkness, this moment could be kept to themselves.

A/N

I hope it's giving

I woke up to so many notifications. THANK YOU for reading, voting, commenting. I can't express enough how grateful I am for the support.

this chapter was nice and long about 2,300 words. I'm probably going to post again tonight.

I'd love for you to follow, vote, comment that kind of interaction really helps me know what's working and what's not. And it gives this story a little boost and makes my day!

As always Much love

- Savannah