



Numb

The winds settled, she lowered her hand, a cloud of dust hung over the clearing. As it dissipated her heart threatened to burst out of her chest. In full armor, her father and brothers stood in the burnt remains of the Bifrost's energy.

She stepped forward and slipped out of Druig's hands. The world was cold, her body was icy cold. It must be a nightmare. Shouldn't this be a dream, she thought.

"Step away from her." Thor pointed his hammer at Druig, it sparked with bolts of blue lightning. She saw Loki materialize his daggers. They thought he was a danger and she needed to be rescued.

She stepped in front of him. "No." She shook her head. "No, you won't hurt him!" She shouted. "He's helped me."

Her brothers didn't listen to her, they looked to her father. He raised a hand and Thor let his hammer fall to his side and Loki's daggers disappeared in a green glow. "It's time to come home now, my daughter." Odin said. Her father's words were like Amora's dagger that twisted in her abdomen. Except they lodged into her chest, and she couldn't breath.

Freya turned to Druig. Her eyes were stinging. The day she always feared, the day she should've wished away. His eyes were cold, calm, like the first time she saw them as she laid bloodied and bruised in the jungle.

She turned back to her father, "I have things in the village." She needed to say goodbye to Gabriella. She needed to say goodbye to Druig.

"Freya!" Odin shouted, "I will not ask again." He said. Her chin tucked down and she looked at her feet.

"You don't have to listen to him." She heard Druig's voice but it was a whisper inside her mind. She hadn't even noticed his entry. She looked up to him.

"I'm sorry." She whispered. Her voice cracked, tears ran down her cheeks. "Thank you, Druig." She reached out to touch his face but he took a step back. His jaw set tight and hands clasped behind his back.

Her hand fell back to her side and she stepped backwards, wanting to memorize his face, his eyes. Though she wished she'd pay more attention just a few moments ago. She wished she'd kissed him sooner. She walked to her father and her brothers. Loki reached out and wrapped her in a tight hug. She wished she'd hugged him one last time. Her brother's arms were cold, familiar.

"Heimdall!" Odin shouted to the sky. Freya looked up, looked for Druig. He revealed himself and she betrayed him. The Bifrost's light was so bright that her eyes were forced to shut. Loki was holding on to her, and when they landed she stepped back. The golden world was too saturated.

"Freya." She was rushed into arms. Her mother's arms. Freya's eyes were trained on the opening in the Bifrost that faced space. But her arms wrapped around her mother's body. "My darling." Her mother cried.

"What happened to you Freya?" Thor asked. "Who did this to you?" He asked. Her mother combed through her hair and gasped at how short it was.

Freya wanted to cry. She wanted to feel but, there was a numbness that started in her chest and moved throughout her body. Her mother pulled away her blue eyes, like a bluejay feathers not like crystals — "You can tell us, Freya." Her mother put a hand on her cheek. "You're safe now."

They all looked at her like she was the same woman from over a year ago. Time moved differently on Asgard, it was slower but, could they not tell, could they not see it in her eyes that she had changed? That didn't matter, she wasn't allowed to change. She thought, she would have to remember how to act.

"It was Amora." She said and looked up to Loki and Thor, "Amora and Lorelei." She watched as Thor and Loki glanced at each other. Her father didn't hesitate to order the guards to find Amora and Lorelei. Her mother had a hand over her mouth and another around her shoulder. Freya stared out into the stars, now she looked down on the universe, surrounded by loved ones and yet feeling so alone.

12 Midgardian Years Later ...

Freya's fingers were gentle against the keys. The song she played was one she lost herself in. It's melancholy rhythm that built up to a crescendo, she liked it more than she liked most pieces she played. The floor to ceiling windows were open, and the star was fading into night, the last golden light was trickling in. Her hair was long once more, braided and neatly in place. Freya's dress was long and heavy but her posture never wavers. Her face was still and stoic, calm.

"I love hearing you play." Her father said from a chair on the other side of the room. "Your talent has never wavered."

She turned to look at him. His white hair and golden eye patch, he was not in full armor, but with the way he carried himself he might as well be dressed as the King. "What did you find in Vanaheimr?" She asked.

"Unfortunately nothing. That witch has led our guards on wild goose chases across the cosmos." He stood from his seat. "But you needn't worry yourself over such things. We will find her in time and when we do she will pay." He walked over to her. "Tonight I expect you to be polite and well mannered. Like you used to be." His voice much lower than it was just before.

She had tried. She thought it would be easy to sit there idly as men pruned for her. But every time they touch her, or look at her like she could be theirs, she couldn't help but put them in her place. But Odin was getting impatient. "I will, father." She said.

"Good." He placed a hand on her shoulder. "The Goddess of Love and Fertility needs marriage. Without it you are just a woman."

Within the past decade, there had been a change to her name. She hadn't realized fertility was part of her title. It wasn't until he wanted to marry her that he started using the term. He hovered her title over her head like a dog with a bone. He walked out of the room. Freya glanced to the left corner of the room. "You can unveil yourself." Loki appeared with a green shimmer rolling over his body.

"If only you had been granted a name such as mine." He said as he sat down next to her, "They don't give much thought to the God of Mischief and Lies."

"It is not the latter part of your title that makes your name so powerful." She looked him in the eyes. "It is the first word."

"God means nothing without a throne to sit on." Loki said. "It is Thor who has all the power."

She nudged Loki's shoulder. "Come now brother, You don't need to be king to command Asgard one day. Allow our brother to sit on the throne but compel him like you always have with that silver tongue of yours."

He smiled and shook his head, "Should we head to the library?" He raised an eyebrow. "Perhaps I could finally teach you how to teleport."

She grinned, "I'd like that." She said and they both got up. Loki was not one to turn down secretly going behind Odin's wishes. Especially once he realized Thor was to be the ruler. Loki and Freya were both in the same boat. Forced into molds they did not fit into, and yet they stayed. She told him she wanted to train in magic and combat so that she could be stronger, so she could defend herself. But really it was a distraction, her new mission, the one thing that could numb her from it all. She wanted to find Amora herself and she would kill her.

A/N

this one is kinda depressi spaghetti ☹️

But things will get better I promise!

THANK YOU FOR YOUR VOTES AND COMMENTS. I appreciate y'all lots.