



## snow, rain, confetti

A/N

**okay, okay I promise we are almost past the sad part...  
TW dark themes and violence**

**We have one more chapter and then we'll get to the next part 2 of  
the story, Enjoy!!**

The conversations had at balls were unbelievably plain. She wondered if her brothers were like this to women of the court. Or was it just the lords of Asgard that carried themselves as dull and dimwitted?

"What do you think, milady?" Roake asked. She glanced up at him. He held her close as they swayed back and forth, to the music in the hall.

She could think of one thousand things to say, none of them were pleasant. She could feel judgement from her father who sat on the thrown.

"I think whatever you believe." She said with a so smile. Roake's chapped pale lips curled up in a smile.

"You truly are the goddess of Love." He said. "You know lords were warning others about you. One said that tried to light him on fire."

He wasn't wrong, she thought. It was an accident of course but Lord Etter tried to kiss her and she panicked. One day she would have to kiss another but she would wait as long as she could. Freya laughed, "I would never do such a thing." She looked for Loki in the crowd. He was running late. Why was he always running late?

"I would like to say," Roake placed a gloved hand on Freya's cheek. She attempted to keep her composure. It was getting to close for comfort. "You look absolutely stunning in—" His eyes widened and lips trembled. "Sn- sn- sn..." He stuttered and let go of Freya. She fanned concern.

"What's wrong, my lord?" She asked with a hand to her chest.

"SNAKE!" He shouted and ran, so quickly it was hard for Freya to contain her laughter. The ball ceased as the man ran around the festival screaming that there was a snake in his pants. She stepped backwards until she was away from the crowd. She smiled from the corner of the room, thankful her brother had such clever illusions.

But then she realized, the screaming wasn't stopping. She narrowed her gaze and saw that now everyone was scattering, as the snake le his pants and slithered across the floor. Someone grabbed her shoulder. She turned around and for the second time in her life she was met with a hard pound, and a burning pit in her abdomen.

She was shoved to the ground, her body shook, the blade still in her side. The only thing she saw of the assailant were black boots. She took in a breath and glanced down at her white dress. Blood was pouring out of her quickly, she wasn't sure if that happened the time before. It had all been so fast.

She laid back on the cool golden tiles. The ceiling held beautiful pieces of art, about her family and Odin's successes. Freya coughed and felt warm liquid puddle against her lips. Was she dying? Why wasn't she trying to stop it? She wasn't numb, no she was on fire, and she liked it. Visions flashed behind her eyelids.

Her mother teaching her to grow a garden magically. A world full of rolling hills. Her brothers singing songs and making her laugh as a little girl. Women dressed in black with veils over their faces. The nights she was scared to sleep alone so her father and mother let her sleep in the bed with them. Druig.. — but Druig in unfamiliar armor. Dressed in all black, with red detailing, he looked so familiar and yet different. Gabriella and Matteo. The days she worked as a farm hand. Kissing Druig at the alter. Makkari holding hands with — and others dressed like Druig. The flames of her nightmares and the beautiful starry sky of Midgard. Freya saw every moment that was and ever would be. All at once like snow falling, or rain drops, or confetti.

Perhaps she was seeing the future she could've had. She didn't mind it she would live in this unknown, this imaginary, because without it she would be alone. Her mind was slipping from her.

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"She's not Aesir." A voice said so ly. Freya was cold, her body was heavy. She couldn't feel anything and yet she was conscious.

"No she's not." Footsteps drew closer. "But she will never need to know this. The Allfather and the Queen adopted her so she is Aesir not by blood but by family."

"Her species is extinct." The first voice sounded so surprised. "This is incredible." There was a bright light and her body warmed up.

"She will wake up soon, inform the royal family."

Freya was afraid if she fell back asleep she wouldn't believe the conversation she just heard. She couldn't move, she could barely stay away, but she promised herself to remember.

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She opened her eyes, she was in her room. The floor to ceiling glass doors open, and light beaming in. In the corner of her room, Loki sat at her piano, playing her favorite song. Her mother gasped and stood from her chair in front of Freya's bed.

"My darling." She sat on the bed and poured a glass of water. "Oh my sweet, Freya." She placed a hand on her cheek.

Freya looked at her mother's cyan eyes. She remembered. "I'm adopted." She said. Frigga's hand pulled back like Freya's cheek was burning hot.

Loki stopped playing the piano, turned to face the two women. Frigga glanced at her son and then back down to Freya, "Loki leave us for a moment." She said. The one person Loki would always listen to was Frigga. He stepped out quickly. When the door shut Frigga took in a breath. "Who told you that?"

"No one. I heard the healers talking about it." She said. "So it's true then?" Freya's body was warm underneath the blankets her heart beat grew fast.

"I should've told you much sooner." Frigga looked down at the glass in her hand. "I was just so happy. My little blessing. I had always wanted a daughter. We tried so much a er your brothers and then one day while out in my gardens I hear a baby cry." She looked up at Freya, "And there you were." Tears fell down her cheeks.

"My species is extinct." Freya said. "What does that mean?"

"The Asgardian healers know how to heal every living thing in the galaxy. That is part of their training so when they saw you for the first time and didn't know how to heal it, they came to the conclusion that your species no longer exists." She said.

"Is that why father treats me like a pet?" Freya asked.

"Your father has seen what power can make of women." She glanced away, "It destroyed him, tore him apart. He doesn't want to make the same mistake again."

"Where is he now?" Freya asked as she sat up.

"With Thor, they are trying to find who did this to you." Frigga said. "Freya please know I love you." Her mother reached a hand out. Freya was mad, she was furious but it was easier to put the blame on Odin. Frigga was a product of the world she was caged in. Odin was the liar, the controller.

"I know who did this." Freya said. "It was Amora." She nodded. "I know, somehow, someway, it was her trying to finish the job."

"Well then I will let your father know." Frigga stood from the bed and made her way over to the bed.

"Mother," Gazed up at the woman. "You and I both know he won't be able to catch her. She's a sorceress." Freya stood up, in a white shi dress. She stretched out her stomach and hissed.

"He can protect you, Freya." Her eyes widened and mouth gaped, "You cannot go a er that monster by yourself."

"And you can't stop me." Freya stepped up to her mother. "I will love you forever. I will always see you as my mother. But you aren't and Odin is not my father. I will do what I must."

"If you go a er her, your father will be done with you." Frigga's eyes watered. "I can't choose between you two." She put a hand on her daughters cheeks.

"It's okay." Freya grinned. "You can choose him. Just promise me, you won't tell him."

"I promise," She said. Freya side stepped passed Frigga and walked into the bathroom. She had to find Amora to do that she needed to speak with Lorelei. Loki would be the only way into the dungeons. Even then, it would be tricky.

A/N

**As promised here's the second chapter for the day.**

**Kinda upsetti spaghetti again 😊 sorry I'm making all these kinda sad.**