

## a white flower

"Let me get this straight." Loki stared at Freya with wide eyes. "You want me to — break you in to the dungeon?"

"I don't understand why this is a hard concept." She crossed her arms. "Loki — I need to talk to Lorelei. She will know where Amora is."

"Freya, I understand that you're angry but I don't think this is wise." He put his hands up in surrender. "What if you get hurt?"

She turned away from him a scowl on her lips, jaw tight, cheeks flushed. "I'm stronger than you think."

"I am not thinking Amora would be the one to hurt you." He said so ly. "What if father takes away your title? What if he disowns you?"

Freya turned to him and grabbed his hand. She squeezed it. She couldn't do this without Loki's help. "Loki you heard the truth. You know that title was never mine to begin with. I don't want to be the goddess of Love and Fertility. I don't want to be the princess in a gilded cage."

He sighed, "I'm sorry they lied to you." He frowned and glanced out the window. The Star was setting and the golden sky was fading into night. "I will help you, Freya, because you are my sister."

"Thank you, brother." Her lips curled up into a smile. She needed this. Freya knew who she was but that woman would never meet Odin's standards. She wanted so desperately for the numbness to end so, she would chase the only emotion she felt at the moment. Anger. Freya wanted to prove to Amora that she was not a stupid little girl anymore.

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In the dead of night Loki and Freya made their way to the dungeon. She pants, for the first time on Asgard, and a shirt. Her hair was back in a braid.

"While we are glamourous you will look different to others but the same to yourself. Don't worry if your reflection deceives you. My glammers never fail." He said.

"Right." She said. "And once we are in the dungeon, what about the other prisoners?" She asked.

"That is something I haven't quite thought of. Are you sure this witch will speak to you?" Loki asked. They turned a corner and he slowed to a halt in front of a wooden door with an iron handle.

"She is no witch, just a henchman." She took in a deep breath. "If we get separated promise me you'll lie. There is no reason both of us need to get in trouble."

"We won't get caught." He gave her a smile, "Doing things I'm not allowed to do is my foray, or did you forget my title?" She rolled her eyes as he closed his. A green light spread across her body, his magic hovering over her skin. Loki was not Loki anymore. He had a generic face and Asgardian armor on. He grinned, "Shall we?"

She nodded, "We shall."

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They walked through the dungeon hall, passing all of Asgard's worst criminals. Their cells were magical, a golden forcefield blocked the criminals from escaping. Some paced the length of their cells others sat on the floor, and others slept.

"Guard change early tonight?" The guard at the end of the hall asked. Freya glanced at Loki.

"Yep." Loki's voice was altered to sound more grumpy and deep. "Captains orders. We'll be here till morning." He said.

The guard crossed his arms and shrugged, "I won't complain." He grinned. Freya let out a breath. "Good luck, lads." The guard picked his stuff up and walked away.

Loki nodded at the man and they both waited until he was long. Freya glanced to the right. There in the last cell, was Lorelei. She was sitting down facing away from the forcefield. She still wore a red dress, her blonde braids frizzy and unkept. She took a step forward.

"Lorelei." She said. The woman's only response was her back straightening the slightest. Freya took a step forward but a hand clasped onto her arm.

"Loki bent down and whispered. "This was not part of the plan." He whispered. Freya looked up at him.

"She won't speak to a guard. Unveil me." She said. Loki glanced at the prisoner and then back to Freya. His head shook side to side. "Trust me." She nodded, "Unveil me." He closed his eyes and the green energy surrounding her body fell away like dust in the wind. Freya gazed back at the woman, and came right up to the edge of the cell. "Lorelei."

Her head turned to the side and from the corner of her eye saw Freya. A smile curled up on her lips. "Your majesty." She said, her voice had an unfamiliar rasp and her eyes were bloodshot. "To what do I owe the pleasure?" She asked.

"I want to know where Amora is." She said. Lorelei stood, her dress was torn and bloody. Her cheeks were hollow and eyes sunken in.

"And why would you want such a thing?" She asked. "Remember the last time you were in her presences." She pointed to Freya's abdomen. "Tell me, did it leave a scar?" Her eyes widened and she let out a small chuckle.

"Why does she want me dead, so desperately?" She asked and took another step forward. Lorelei mirrored her.

"Because Amora knows more than you could ever understand. And what she knew about you," She narrowed her eyes, "death is the only option for you."

"All the more reason to tell me where she is." Freya was so close to the barrier now she could feel the energy from the field.

Lorelei bent down, the unnerving smile tight on her lips. "You know she did send me something recently." She looked over at the guard, "Her magic is so strong not even this bloody magic." She put her hand up to the field, "can stop her." Lorelei reached into her dress pocket. She pulled out a single white chrysanthemum. Freya's eyes widened. Lorelei pulled out a small card, "It reads, 'Dear Lorelei, I've found the most quaint village. One mortal has made an impression on me, her name is Gabriella, and I think I'd like to keep her.'"

Freya's heart leapt and she felt her magic spark and blood boil. Amora had found her haven, her people. Freya would not live with herself if the people of that commune were hurt. She would not survive if Amora hurt Gabriella or Matteo or — She couldn't think about that she couldn't think. Lorelei let out a loud cackle. Freya's fists clenched and Lorelei's face stilled. Magic was wrapping around her neck, Freya's magic, the iridescent glow of her energy squeezed so hard against her skin it turned red.

"Freya, Freya stop this!" Loki put her hands on his shoulders, "Save your energy." He said.

But her eyes were trained on him, glistening with the same magic that wrapped around Lorelei's neck. Lorelei scratched at her neck. "She will die before she gets the chance." Freya said and turned away from Lorelei, releasing her from the hold. Lorelei fell to the ground, clutching her throat, gasping for air.

"Freya. Freya, stop!" Loki grabbed onto her arm and pulled her back. "What is going on?"

"Amora is on Midgard. She's at the village, my village!" Freya shouted. She felt her eyes sting but she couldn't let tears fall.

"It could be a trick." Loki said. "How would she know where you lived? You can't act rash. You are better than that."

"And what if it isn't a trick?" She took in a deep breath and looked up at her brother. "What if she's there? What if someone dies?" She looked down at her feet, "I won't let that happen."

He paused and took in a breath, "If you go, you may never be welcomed back. Are they worth it?"

Freya nodded without hesitation. Are they worth it? Of course they were. The only people, besides the man who stood in front of her, who ever believed in her, who saw her. She couldn't think of him because she was thinking the worst. Would he already be dead?

"They are worth more than my title," She said. "More than my life." Loki blinked and his jaw clenched.

"I'll take you to the tear." He said his gaze lifted and widened. He slowly grabbed her wrist, "But we need to go now."

"Hey!" A guard yelled from behind Freya. She turned and looked at the guard. Loki mumbled something under his breath and his magic swallowed them up. "You can't hide forever!" The guard yelled. Loki looked at Freya, she took in a breath and nodded. They stepped past the guard quietly and opened their door. Freya wasn't sure if she grasped what was about to happen. She was about to go back to the village, she just prayed that it was exactly the way she left it.

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The tear was smaller than Freya remembered. It was still a pit of darkness but for some reason she couldn't fear it. It brought her to Druig and so she would forever be thankful. "It's your will that dictates where you land." Loki said.

"How is that possible?" She asked. "Why would I have landed in the jungle last time?" She couldn't remember what she was thinking about when she fell last time.

"That's why the tear is so dangerous. If you don't have a focus, you could fall for eternity, be ripped apart..."

She stepped up to the edge. Freya took in a deep breath and closed her eyes. She thought of the tall trees and the vines that surrounded the camp. She thought of crystal blue eyes, the fireplace, Gabriella's home. She thought of the clearing, the empty field of tall grass where the stars are vivid and the world is crystal clear. Where he kissed her, where she left him.

"Stop!" Her father's voice yelled out into the forest. A horse galloped out of the tree line, Odin sat on top. Thor slammed down to the ground, his hammer in his hand. "Stop this instance." Loki stepped forward and raised his hands up. He was going to talk her way out of it.

"I won't." Freya spoke up.

"You will be stripped of your title. You will be disowned." Odin said his chin high in the air. His one blue eye looked glossy. Was he sad? She thought.

"So be it." She said. Her heels were at the edge of the tear. She looked at Thor and then to Loki. "I've loved you all and that will never change. Tell mother I love her. I hope to see you again." She said with a sad smile on her lips.

She fell backwards and swallowed by darkness. Freya thought of the village, her village. She shot from the tear into space, white light surrounding her. She closed her eyes and prepared. There should have been fear in her heart, she could be falling into a trap. And yet, she was not scared. She was ready. There was warmth around her, and the white light grew brighter and brighter. Then she felt wind on her face, and opened her eyes. Freya was changed, baptized by the light, she would never let the princess she once was hold her back. Her father may have taken her title, but she felt more like a goddess now than she ever had.

Her feet slammed down, the trees around her blew back by the wind, the dirt cratered beneath her feet. She took in a breath, knees bent, head down. The birds chirped around her. It was hot, and the air was wet. She stood straight, the dust settled around her.

She was surrounded by the villagers, she made it.

A/N

**Part 1 done! on to part two**

**I hope you enjoyed. As always I love and appreciate y'all and love your comments**💖

**I will post a little sneak peak of Part 2 tonight.**