



Her Will

Her feet slammed down, the trees around her rustled and swayed as the winds settled. The dirt beneath her li ed o the ground creating a cloud. She took in a deep breath and glanced up. The air around her was hot, and misty. The sun was just peaking about the trees. Why were they circled around her? She glanced around at the villagers, some seemed to recognize her others stared idly.

"Freya?" Gabriella asked. Freya knew her voice like the back of her hand. She turned around and saw her friend. She was older, her figure curved more, and there were crease lines on her face. She recognized Matteo who stood behind her a hand on her shoulder and another holding a baby boy on his hip. He had curly hair like Matteo and eyes just like Gabriella's. The woman stepped forward, passed a little girl that stood in front of her. "Freya." She said with certainty and ran to her. She wrapped her arms around Freya and she welcomed it. "Why are you here? How are you —"

Freya pulled back and looked at Gabriella, "I promise I will explain but, why is everyone standing out here?"

"Druig called us..."

"Mama." The little girl came up behind Gabriella and tugged on her shirt. "Who is that?" She peaked her head out from behind Gabriella's thigh.

"You —" Freya looked at Matteo with the boy in his arms and the little one behind her friend. She smiled but her eyes stung, "You're a mother." She said.

"Yes." Gabriella nodded and placed a hand on the back of the little girls head. "This is Maria and Matteo is holding David."

She had missed so much. She was gone too long. Freya bit the inside of her cheek and took in a breath. She could deal with this later. She needed to find Amora. "The woman who sent me to Midgard the first time, she is here."

"What?" Gabriella pressed Maria closer to her.

"I'm going to find her." Freya said. "Don't worry. Where's Druig?" She glanced around, why would he call them out here and not show up? How long had they stood there? There were so many thoughts running through her head. She didn't notice the crowd part.

"Here." Freya turned and there he stood, arms by his side, and a smirk on his lips. "Freya, how good it is to see you. I've missed you."

Her eyes narrowed and she stepped closer to him. "Druig." She could ask him why he was asking strange later. Nothing mattered. She had to find Amora. "Amora is here we need to get everyone here to safety." She said.

"No one is here but us." He looked around at the villagers with his arms raised out, "I would know if someone entered the village. As you can see it's just us."

"Please, trust me." She said. "She took a flower from the garden. She threatened Gabriella."

He placed a hand on her cheek but, she twitched and took a step back. "Relax," he shushed her. "Don't let your emotions cloud your judgement." He took step toward her. Freya's lips turned down into a frown. "You're back. We can be together now."

Her nerves were on red alert. Something was terribly wrong. His eyes, weren't his — AmoraHe li ed his right hand and in it was a sharp dagger. Freya raised her her hand up, incased in magic. Her fingers twitched and the blade stopped. His hand getting wrapped up in her glowing power. The blade was inches from her stomach. His hand shook with as he struggled against the hold.

"Honestly Amora, you'd think a er two tries you'd give up on the daggers." Freya twisted her hands up and thrusted them out. Amora still glamourous as Druig flew back and hit a tree. Freya held a hand out keeping her stuck in place. She turned to the villagers. "Go to the river, get everyone out." She said to Matteo and Gabriella. He grabbed her arm and yelled at the others to follow him. Her arm shook and there was a bright purple light that wrapped around Amora. She broke free from Freya's power and landed, herself. Long dark hair, red stained lips, dressed in all black.

Amora's arms broke out of Freya's magic. "Someone's been practicing." She said. Her own magic was a violet glow, just like Loki's was green. She threw a blast at Freya.

She conjured a sta and blocked it. Her feet slid back in the dirt. "Where's Druig?" She asked.

"Hopefully dead at this point." Amora said a cruel smile on her lips. Freya's stomach dropped and her eyes widened.

"I'm going to kill you." Freya said. Her magic, was sparking beneath the surface. It was like clouds filled with electricity. She could only see red. Red and Amora. She li ed o the ground and flew towards Amora. She grabbed the witch by her shoulders. She li ed Amora into the air and released her. Spinning around she slammed the sta down against Amora's shoulder.

Amora wrapped her magic around Freya's wrist and pulled her down with a snap. Freya landed on one knee. "Please. You only wish you could." Amora grabbed Freya by her throat and slammed her against a tree.

"I know I can." Freya slammed her knee into Amora's gut. She grabbed Amora's wrists and burned her. She let out a scream and flew backwards. "I never did anything to you, Amora. Why me?"

Amora laughed, "You are so stupid!" Her hands were by her side but purple swirled around them. Freya watched her carefully. "You truly don't remember, do you?" She threw her magic at Freya. She stuck out her hands as a shield. White against purple, melted into lilac. "I'm taking what's mine!" Amora said.

Their magic raised them into the sky, their power was playing tug of war. Lunging at each other and pushing back. Freya closed her eyes and pushed everything she had into the beam of energy she was creating. She thought of Druig, she needed to save him, he couldn't be dead. But if he was — Her eyes opened and an iridescent light burst out of her chest. Her power blasted the purple beam away like it was just a shadow. Her magic hit Amora and she fell to the ground.

Freya dropped down her feet landing and she stood before Amora. "It's over Amora. You've lost." She said.

"Over?" Amora glanced up at Freya, black liquid on her lips. "Over?" She coughed and covered her mouth. When she pulled her hand away the thick black liquid on her lips was also on her hand. "No, no, no, Freya. I will never be that easy to get rid of!"

A pop echoed, birds flew from the trees. Amora's expression stilled and her eyes grew dim. A black line of liquid poured trickled down her nose. There was a hole in her forehead. Her body fell over limp. Freya turned and looked behind her, Gabriella stood with a shotgun in her hands. Her hazel eyes big and eyebrows raised. She glanced back at Amora's body but, it had turned to dust. The wind picked up and the dust spread, scattered.

"Do all Asgardians turn to dust?" Gabriella asked.

Freya knelt down, "I don't think she was Asgardian." She said her eyes met Gabriella's. "Thank you." She said.

Gabriella, on wobbly legs came next to Freya and crouched beside her. She grabbed her hand and squeezed. "She's finally gone." She said.

She didn't want to admit that there was something deep within her that thought Amora may not be gone. "I will never be that easy to get rid of!"

"Freya!" Matteo ran out of the small gathering center. "Freya! It's —" His eyes said it all. Freya didn't have time to think, she just moved. She ran into the center, the center she woke up in when she first arrived. At the front, Druig's body laid dangerously still.

"No." She whispered. "No." She ran up to him and fell to his side. She shook her head. This was not how it ended. She put her hand on his cheek. He was ice cold. His lips were blue and his skin pale. She grabbed his hand. "No!" She screamed. Her eyes blurred as a sob racked her body. "Please, please come back to me." Her head fell to his chest.

Something within her, something dormant, sparked. It was ethereal, it was foreign but, instinctually Freya leaned into it. She thought of the first time Druig and her trained.

"Most sorcerers have to recite incantations, know spells, practice to tap into their power." He searched her face. "Your power is just an extension of your will. The only limitation is your strength to keep welding it."

An extension of herwill. Freya felt warmth trickle down her spine and spread through every nerve in her body. She pressed her power into Druig, she filled every inch of space around her with this energy. The hidden strength that was yielding to her intention because, it was her's. It wasn't Asgardian, it wasn't Aesir, or Sorcery, or spells... It was Freya and Freya was it. One in the same.

His hand squeezed her's and she li ed her head from his chest. Her energy pulled back into her. She felt drowsy and weak but, she pushed it down. His chest rose up, he took a breath and there was color in his skin again. His lips pink. Freya felt sick, like bile was threatening to come up, but she couldn't lose control. She needed to see him wake up.

Druig's eyes opened and he took in a deep breath. He looked at her and she smiled. He was alive that's all she needed to know. Her consciousness slipped away from her, eyes fluttering shut. She fell into darkness but he was alive.

A/N

Did y'all see what Marvel posted yesterday on their insta ? They know we love Druig and Drukkari (I think is their ship name) I really do love them ...

But here it's Freya's world

And I got lots of plans for Makkari

Soooo what did we thakk?

Is Amora really gone?

Also thank you to everyone who answered my question. I think I will have a good balance of Freya, Eternals, Iris and a bit of MCU.

ALSO ALSO This story is almost to 12k Views thank you so much. I love seeing people enjoying this story. The views and comments make my day and seeing the views go up makes me giddy©

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