



Return

Freya woke up to little mumbles and the patter of feet. She felt warm and weighed down by blankets.

"She's a superhero." A little voice whispered.

"My mama said that she helped on the farm."

Freya's eyes opened and she met the stare of two wide eyed children. Maria and another little girl. They both gasped and puffed out their cheeks like they held bubbles in their mouths. "Hello." Freya said.

Maria looked at the other little girl and they giggled and ran out of the room. "Maria!" Gabriella let out a huff. "I told you not to go in there."

She stepped into the doorframe and Freya sat up. "How long was I out?" She asked. Gabriella leaned on the frame.

"A day." She crossed her arms. "I'm sorry about her." She smiled, "She's very curious about you."

"Don't apologize." Freya glanced down at the blanket, this was her room, unchanged, almost just like she left it. "How old is she?"

"She's turning five in November." Gabriella walked in and moved over to the dresser. There was a pitcher of water and a glass. She poured the water into the glass.

"How long was I gone?" Freya asked, and Gabriella's shoulders tensed. It was hard to tell Midgardian time on Asgard. Freya hoped, prayed it had only been five years.

"Almost 13 years." Gabriella turned to Freya and walked over. "You should drink." She reached out the glass for Freya.

"I'm so sorry." She shook her head. "I should have said goodbye. I should have — I should have never left."

"I know why you did." Gabriella sat down on the bed. "What changed your mind?" She asked.

Freya didn't want to marry a lord. She was sick of hiding her power and strength. Amora was about to attack. She wanted to be home. She was — was lied to for her whole life. "Amora threatened you and a brother... I knew there was no other option but to go back."

"Will you leave again?" Gabriella asked.

"I don't know." She said. "I won't go back to Asgard but, what Amora said to me before — before she died. What if she can come back? I'd rather her chase me than attack you."

"But she knows how much we mean to you, it won't matter where you go. She could always attack." Gabriella said.

"You have kids, a family. I can't risk that. I would never..." Freya looked away from Gabriella, "What if I had been too late?"

"Freya." She placed a hand on Freya's arm. "You are part of this family and family doesn't split up. Please stay."

"I want to." Freya admitted but, there was something she was worried about, or rather, someone she was worried about. "How is he doing?"

"If you're meaning physically, Completely fine, as if nothing ever happened." Gabriella said. "But things have changed, he is much more reclusive. I don't see him often."

"How am I supposed to talk to him?" She asked.

"You're here. That's a start." She patted her arm. "He was here most of the night but left early in the morning."

"Thank, Gabbie." Freya nodded and glanced at the door. Maria's head peaked out from behind the door frame.

"Maria," Gabriella said softly, "Would you like to say hello?" She asked. The little girl nodded her head. "Come on," Her mother ushered in. Freya hadn't ever thought of children. She was supposed to be the goddess of Fertility and yet her own children were unfathomable to her. Gabriella helped Maria up onto her lap. Freya couldn't help but smile at them.

"Hi." Maria looked up at Freya. "Sorry I was in here when you were sleeping." She said. Gabriella combed her fingers through Maria's hair.

"It's okay." Freya said. "My name is Freya." She asked.

"Maria." She said. "I'm almost five." She showed Freya five fingers and smiled. "My mom says you come from space."

"I did." Freya grinned. "I come from a place called Asgard."

"Ass - Guard?" Maria's face scrunched up as she struggled on the words. Gabriella and Freya glanced at each other and laughed.

"I love you." Gabriella said and gave Maria a squeeze. "Why don't we let Freya get up and get dressed, okay?" Maria nodded and waved at Freya. Gabriella stood up with Maria in her arms. "Clothes are still in the dresser." They walked out of the room and Freya let out a long breath. She was home.

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Freya searched the entire commune. She couldn't find him anywhere and worried herself. He was so angry that he ran away without saying goodbye, giving her a taste of how it felt. She walked into the woods, hoping that her memory served her well. She stepped passed a line of trees and where she thought she'd find their clearing she saw a lake. Why had she gone this way? She was lost until she saw him. He stood at the edge of the giant body of water, his arms in front of him, hands clasped together, as they always were.

She moved closer but, stopped meters away. Would he want her close? She opened her mouth but words couldn't form. What could she say? What would make things better. "Druig." She called out.

He turned and a wave of emotion crashed against Freya. He looked just the same as the day she left him. Freya and Druig weren't like the mortals of the village and weather that was a blessing or a curse she wasn't entirely sure. But she was thankful that his eyes, those eyes were the same. "Your majesty." He said and her heart cracked.

"I'm no princess." She said.

"No?" He asked. "I wouldn't know." He stepped forward and his arms went from his front to behind him.

"I'm sorry." She said. He stood right in front of her and yet she knew she couldn't touch him. He was so close and yet so far away, the most cruel punishment of all.

"I suppose I owe you a thank you." He said. "Gabriella said I was as good as dead before you saved me. How'd you learn how to heal?"

"I didn't." She glanced down at her feet. "It was something — I can't explain it. I just saw you there and I couldn't, you couldn't go." She felt tears prick her ducts. Imagines of his lifeless body still fresh on her mind.

"Well now that you've stopped your assailant, when do you go back, princess?" He asked.

She gazed up at him. "Don't call me that."

"It's who you are." He said and moved past her walking up to the tree line. Freya ran past him and blocked his path. "Get out of my way."

"Make me." She crossed her arms.

Druig's face tilted to the side. "Don't test me." He tried to side step her but she mirrored him. "Freya." He said with a stern tone.

"Druig." She said back. He grabbed her shoulders and spun them around quick. She grabbed his wrist and held it tight. "Is this it then?"

She took a step closer to him and he pulled his wrist from her grip. "You'll ignore me forever."

"No. Not forever." His eyes narrowed. "You'll be gone soon enough." His jaw tightened and his chin lifted up.

"I can't go back." She said and glanced down at her feet.

He tutted. "What's wrong?" His eyebrow raised, "Heimdall can't see you again?" His eyes flickered up to the sky. "That didn't stop you before. I'm sure Odin will be down soon, give it a year or so." He turned to walk away. She panicked, he couldn't leave or this.

"I'm not Asgardian." She said. Her heart pounded against her chest. Druig stopped short and glanced back at her. "Odin and Frigga found me when I was a baby, alone, and so they took me in." She watched as he slowly turned back around. Freya shrugged as tears fell down her cheeks, "The funny thing is, I was never supposed to know the truth. In some horrible way, she's helped me in more ways than one."

She let out a breathless, unhumorous laugh. "I knew the moment I heard the truth, I knew I would leave. I felt like a fool."

Druig stood back in front of her. His eyes unyielding and Freya tried to give him the eye contact he deserved. "I should've never left but, I was so scared, so sure I couldn't escape the fate of my title. But it was never mine. I'm sorry." She whispered. "I'm sorry, Druig."

He took a small step closer, his hand hovered over her cheek for a second before it brushed against her skin. His hand was cool, just as she remembered. She closed her eyes and a quivering smile grew on her lips. His forehead pressed against hers.

"I'm sorry." He said. "Did you miss me?" He asked and a small smirk quirked up on his lips. Both hands now pressed against her cheeks.

She smiled through her tears and nodded. "Why'd you let me go?" She asked. "You could've stopped me."

"I won't make you do something you don't want to do." He said. "I like you around cause you are the one I could never control."

"But you could. I heard your voice in my head." She said.

"But I wouldn't." His head tilted to the side. "I wanted you to stay because you wanted to stay. It wouldn't be the same if I forced you."

She wrapped her arms around his neck. "I want to stay." She placed her head on his shoulder.

"Then I'll never let you go." One hand made its way into her hair the other rubbed up and down her back.

A/N

Another chapter down and it's pretty happy, all things considered I don't know how I feel about this one but hopefully y'all like it.

Next Chapter we have Iris

also thank you for those who caught my typos on the last chapter. I've been a little rushed recently so I haven't been able to ensure everything is perfect.

This story is almost to 15 k reads 📖📖

Thank you ALL so much.

to everyone who votes and comments a special thank you, to you

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