



Fool me Once

There was a bright light at the end of the hall. Freya lifted her hand to shield her eyes from the shining light. Then a figure stepped in between the light and herself. The figure was just a black shadow. She wanted, no, needed to see their face. Freya ran to the figure.

Women in all black grabbed at her. They whispered incoherently and when she looked at them closely they had no faces underneath transparent veils. She glanced back up to the figure. She was in the same spot she was before, he hadn't moved.

She runs again and the women start to scream. "Do not trust in those who call you by title!"

"Do not fear!" She was nowhere closer to the figure. The floor beneath her rumbled and she fell to the ground.

"You are the mist, the mist is you." The women crowded around her. Her eyes were fixed on the figure. It turned and walked into the light.

Freya's eyes snapped open. She clutched her chest and took in a deep breath. "Every damn night." She took in a deep breath and sat up in her bed. It wasn't even dawn yet. There was no light peaking behind her curtains. There was a so knock at her door.

She stood up and with a flick of her wrist, she was in a presentable dress. Her long dark locks were still unruly and frizzy but she was too tired to care. She opened the door. "Amora, Lorelei?" She glanced between the two women.

Amora was dressed in the forest green dress that she favored wearing. Her jet black hair was braided into a fancy updo. Her eyes violet and cat-like were trained on Freya. Her red lips curled up into a smile.

Lorelei was in a deep amber suit of armor. Her blonde hair in similar braids to what a warrior would wear. She had a sword on her hip. "You both are dressed for the day and it is not even dawn."

Amora's head tilted to the side, "Princess Freya," She curtsied, "Prince Loki didn't tell you?" She raised an eyebrow. "If you want of Asgard, it has to be done sneakily."

"Your brother asked us to escort you. He's waiting for you at the passage." Lorelei leaned against the door frame.

"Loki never told me this plan." Freya shook her head.

"We could always wait till tomorrow," Amora said. "I wouldn't want to keep Loki waiting but, I understand you're nervous."

"No!" Freya took a step forward, "We can go." She nodded. "I've always wanted to travel to Midgard."

"Perfect." Amora grinned. "Let us go then. Before sunrise, we can veil ourselves from Heimdall." The three girls walked into the palace hallway. Freya moved quickly, she wasn't sure if she was ready to defy her father this boldly. But she had been so fond of Loki's stories, she just wanted a chance to have the same opportunities as him.

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The walk had been long and much of it was in the backwoods of the Asgardian forest. She hadn't asked where they were going. She didn't need to. Amora and Lorelei were courting Loki and Thor, they would keep her safe. The beloved princess of Asgard's death would not look good on their hands.

"We are here," Amora said with a sigh. She stepped to the side and Freya saw a crack in the ground. It was long and slender but big enough to fall into.

Freya took a step forward, "Where is my brother?" She asked. The wind rustled the trees. The women didn't answer. She turned to Amora but was met with the hard impact. She felt a sharp sting and glanced down at her stomach. There was a dagger in the left side of her abdomen and blood was tarnishing her dress and dripping down her stomach. She had only felt the feeling once before, She battled Sif once and accidentally got cut. Her breath was taken from her and the stinging was so hot it was cold.

"Stupid girl." Amora pushed her to the ground. Freya fell and cradled the wound. "So naive. I wish those stupid jesters would get that right." Amora stepped forward. "The goddess of love and light beloved by all and so incredibly foolish." She grabbed Freya's hair by the root and she let out a hiss.

"My brothers will know you've done this," Freya said. "You won't get away with this." Amora grabbed the hilt of the dagger and twisted it. Freya let out a blood-curdling scream as Amora ripped the blade out of her.

"Hmm, I don't think they will. You're veiled from Heimdall, and soon you'll be on Midgard. In the middle of nowhere, with no way home. I think my sister and I will do a great job comforting your grieving family." She lifted the bloodied knife and cut away at Freya's hair. Freya struggled against the woman but Lorelei came from behind and held her down. "Asgardian women with no hair are better off dead. You should know that better than anyone." She threw the dagger down and stood up.

Freya shook whole body tremors that couldn't be stopped. "You are a beast." She spits at Amora's feet. Lorelei lifted Freya. Her arms were locked in place.

"And you are just a small little bunny that was just too easy to kill."

Amora grinned. "Throw her down. You have your wish, sweet princess, you will finally see Midgard."

Freya's body was thrown at the crack in the ground. She was thrust from Asgard and her body shot off like a rocket. She couldn't see anything but blinding red and blue flames. Space was behind the fire but she was hurtling down toward her death.

"You are the mist. The mist is you." A voice echoed in her head. She saw streets covered with blood. A man with jet black hair and crystal blue eyes. He walked away from her as she was pulled into darkness.

She saw her childhood once more, the times that her father and brothers went down to Midgard and she was left with her mother.

"Why can't I go, mother?"

"Your father doesn't want you tainted from the horrible things they see down there. War is no place for a woman." Frigga said.

"The Valkyrie are women." She said as she placed a flower into the soil. Frigga grabbed her daughter's hand.

"You are no ordinary woman, Freya." She cupped her hand in her own and raised it over the seedling. "You are my little blessing." A silver glow came from Freya's hand, it wrapped with Frigga's golden power and from the seed, a flower bloomed.

"It is not as amazing as your books make it out to be," Loki said. Freya was older, an adolescent. Books stacked around her as she sat on the floor of the library.

"If you are trying to console me, you are doing a terrible job of it." She stood up and closed the book she was reading. "I am meant to be a goddess to them and they never once got to see me. I never once saved them or protected them."

Freya was not ready to die. She was angry. She was furious, Amora and Lorelei comforting her brothers as they mourn. Her whole body was icy and numb but her blood was boiling. She felt a tingling sensation in her back, her eyes blinked open and she glanced down at her fingers. They were covered in her blood. She pressed her hand to her wound and tried to heal it. If she could heal before she landed, she could maybe have a chance.

She opened her eyes, it was too late. She could see the planet from its highest peak. Midgard was a blue world with small bits of green and brown. She was free falling. Her skin was covered in ice particles. Freya focused all of her energy and brought her energy around her body, protecting herself from the impact. She could survive. She would. She told herself. Her energy circled her like a cocoon. She wished her mother had taught her more, she wished she had been more than the beautiful princess in a tower.

A/N: HELLO

I've already gotten several likes and people viewing this story. That makes me so happy. Thanks for viewing, following the story or liking the chapters. I'd love to hear from you.

This was a long chapter. We will see more of Amora and Lorelei. Those are two names that are used in the comics. Amora is the Enchantress so I may lean into that.

Oh also, these chapters are UNEDITED. I will be going through and reading them to clean them up.

Next chapter we Freya's on Earth, I wonder where she lands.



Much Love,

Savannah

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