



knock, knock, knock

With her eyes closed, breathing rhythmic, and soul open, Freya could feel the essence of the universe at the palm of her hands. She enjoyed quiet mornings. The blades of grass that surrounded her tickled her thighs. The breeze blew through her hair and filled her lungs with fresh air. She could feel the cosmos above her and the molten core miles beneath the surface.

She meditated every morning, it was the only way to prevent the nightmares. It was the only way that her new found abilities stayed at constant calm. Her favorite part of meditation was the one who sat next to her. Druig's energy was vastly different from Midgard's but, it felt familiar. His powers, his being was cosmic, divine. In many ways Freya and Druig were like two sides of the same coin. It brought her peace to know she wasn't alone.

"Could you stop thinking so loud?" He asked. "You know meditation is supposed to be the absence of thought."

She peaked at him. He sat with perfect posture, hands on his knees and chin raised. "If you would teach me how to block my mind you wouldn't have to worry about my thoughts."

He turned to look at her, "Now where's the fun in that?" He raised an eyebrow. She rolled her eyes.

"Cheeky." She said. The air shifted, and she glanced to the tree line on the west side of the clearing. Druig must have noticed it too because he followed her gaze. It felt so much like him and yet different. "Do you feel that?"

He stood up and held out a hand for her to take. "I do." She took his hand and he led her up. "Stay behind me." He said so lightly and kept his eyes on the tree line.

She casted her step into her hand and peaked out from behind his shoulder. He took a few steps forward and she followed close behind. The feeling became larger and took up the entire clearing. A man stepped out from the trees, he was bulky and wore a cream colored shirt with brown pants. He looked up from the map he held in a tight grip.

"Gilgamesh?" Druig asked. Freya made her step disappear and she stepped out from behind Druig to stand by his side.

The man let out a sigh, "I actually found you." Gilgamesh said and glanced back to the trees. "Come on out, Thena." He smiled over at Druig and Freya. "We're here." He said.

A woman, more beautiful than Freya had ever seen before stepped out from the trees. Her icy blonde hair was silky and curled. She wore a white dress and sandals. Her eyes flickered between Druig and Freya.

"You wanted to find me, why?" Druig asked.

Gilgamesh and Thena walked over to Freya and Druig. Freya glanced between the trio of people who clearly knew each other.

"Thena and I are backpacking around the world." Gil gave Druig a smile and clapped his hands together. "We thought we'd stop by."

"He wants you to put me to sleep." Thena said her face indifferent. "So he can take a vacation."

"That was a joke." Gil smiled at Thena. "I would never have him do that." He turned to Druig and winked at him. He looked at Freya and his smile faltered, "Did we interrupt?"

Druig clasped his hands together, "Yes actual-,"

"No." Freya smiled. "No we were just finishing up. You two must be part of Druig's family?" She asked.

"Something like that." Gil nodded. "You are?"

"Freya." She said quickly. "I'm Druig's..." She looked at him and her mouth bobbed. "I live here." She glanced down at her feet and pushed a piece of hair behind her ear.

"Well it was nice seeing you two." Druig nodded at Thena and Gil. "Glad you see yourself still yourself T, but, we got to go. Come on, Freya." He turned around and went to walk away.

Freya looked at the duo before her, at Druig, and back to them, "Would you like to stay a couple days?" She asked. Druig stopped in his tracks and turned to Freya his eyes narrowed.

"That's not necessary." He shook his head. "We're busy Freya." Druig's jaw clenched and he took in a breath.

"I don't think we are, Druig." She gave him a wide eyed look. She thought as loud as she could, "Don't be rude to them. They are your family." His cold stare softened and he shook his head.

"Stay as long as you two want." He said.

Gil stepped up to Freya and gave her a pat on the shoulder, "I like you." He pointed a finger at her. The three of them walked toward Druig who was making his way back to the village.

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Gabriella had a few more wrinkles and Matteo's hair was greying at his temple. David and Maria grew so fast that Freya was certain that time was cruel to mortals. Gilgamesh helped Gabriella and Matteo cook that night. Thena was quiet but observed everyone with a keen eye. Freya liked seeing people from Druig's past. She liked hearing their stories, what his life was like before the village. She wondered why he kept his family so secretive.

"But seriously," Gil finished laughing. "Could you put Thena to sleep?" He raised his hands up in surrender, "Not forever. I just want to take a trip to Fiji."

"He talks about it everyday." Thena glanced at Freya. Her stare was a bit unnerving, like she was seeing something more within Freya.

"Not everyday." He said. "At least once a week, though."

"When was her last...?" Druig asked.

"Months, years?" Gil shrugged and clasped his hand over Thena's. "She's very strong." She met his eyes and smiled one of the first real smiles Freya saw from the woman.

"I've never tried to control one of us." Druig said and took a sip of his water. "And if I could I wouldn't want my guinea pig to be, T."

"Can you control Freya?" Gil asked.

"No" Druig said.

As Freya said, "Yes." They looked at each other. She narrowed her eyes and thin lipped smile grew on her lips. His chin lifted and he matched her expression. "He's tried."

"I've succeeded." He said.

"In trying." She said.

Gil was looking between the two of them, his expression nothing less than surprise. "When did you two meet?" He pointed at both of them.

"That's a long story..." Freya said.

"You gotta tell us!" Maria leaned forward. "Please, Aunt Freya you've never told us," She glanced at David. "how you ended up here."

Freya didn't know if it was the several glasses of wine that she had or the look on Druig's face. He was calming down, relaxing in the moment. She wanted to be proud of their past, her history. So she told the table, of how a princess fell to Earth and met the only person who could pull her from her shell.

Druig let her tell the story, he listened himself, almost like he hadn't been apart of it. Half way through the story his hand found her's on top of the table. Freya liked the life she had. She liked the home she made. She wouldn't change a thing.

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She sat outside of Gabriella's home on her favorite rocking chair. Sometimes she whispered words to Heimdall, hoping he'd tell her brothers, and mother that she was alive. "I'm surprised." He said and glanced up at the stars.

"Why?" She asked.

"I never thought anyone would love Druig." He said. "He doesn't let people close enough. He was closest to Makkari but, love was never something I saw for him."

She took in a breath and wrapped her arms around her. "Loving him... has been the easiest thing I've ever done."

He nodded. "You're good for him. He listens to you, respects you. I'm glad I got to meet you Freya." He said and glanced behind her.

"Me too." She said.

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She had no use for coffee but Freya poured a cup of the warm rich drink in her favorite mug. The sun rose from behind the trees. She rubbed her eyes. Gabriella walked in with two sleepy children in toe in toe.

"It's so early." David grumbled.

"It's Monday, Mijo." Gabriella rubbed the top of his head. Maria sat down at the table and rested her head in her hands.

"Morning." Freya said as she leaned against the kitchen counter. "Need any help?" She asked.

"You could make me a cup of coffee." She said. Freya nodded and turned back around to the machine. Druig stepped out of their bedroom.

"Druig did you go to school?" David asked.

"No." He said.

"See mom, if he doesn't have to I don't have to." David said and crossed his arms. Druig titled his head to the side.

"He's immoral, idiot." Maria flicked him.

"Immortal." Druig corrected.

But Maria didn't seem to care, "He doesn't have to go to school." David swatted her hand away.

"Don't touch me!" He said.

"I'm not touching you." Maria poked him. The two of them grew still and their eyes glowed golden.

"It's too early." Druig said and released them from his hold. Freya turned, her eyes narrowed. He walked over to her and placed his hand on her lower back. She shrugged it off. "What?" He asked.

"No mind control." She whispered.

"They were fighting, I helped." He shrugged.

"They are siblings. That's what they are supposed to do." She said and grabbed a mug from a cabinet.

"It's not that big of a deal, Freya." He said.

"It is." She said. "You promised you'd do it less." She poured coffee into the mug. He shook his head and looked away.

"I could control of them all the time but I don't. Consider that less" He pulled away from her. She gritted her teeth and took in a break.

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Freya turned to Gabriella who was looking at the door. "Were you expecting someone?" She asked and Gabriella shook her head.

Freya's worst fears surfaced in her mind, an image of Amora crossing her mind. She gazed at Druig who's jaw was tight and shoulders squared.

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David stood up but Gabriella put a hand on his shoulder. Freya's hands twitched with her magic as she moved toward the door. She wouldn't let anyone get hurt. She lifted her hand and opened the door. Her eyes widened.

"Thor?" She asked.

Her brother, in full armor, Mjollnir in hand looked at her and took in a breath, "Freya I need you. It's Loki..."

A/N

Hi besties!! Thank you so much for reading today. I hope you liked it, I'm leaving you on a cliffhanger.

I promise for more Druig. I'm thinking of ways to weave the story despite showing the other MCU movies.

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