# **Ashes to Ashes**

a/n : you'll see the name Raven in this scene she is an OC that I will be introducing through a new fic and bits from this one.

Seven

## Years

Later

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It was her last chance. Their last chance. They couldn't lose, that's what she kept telling herself. They couldn't lose because they were the Avengers, protectors of Earth. They couldn't lose. She flew down and the ground beneath her cratered. She glanced behind her, Wanda stood above Vision.

"Eyes up." Steve said. Those who were le from the battle, those still on Earth stood amongst the trees, prepared to fight. The world was so silent that, Freya could hear her heartbeat in her ears.

A few meters away a blue cloud of dust and space ripped open and form the cloud, stood Thanos. She clenched her jaw, the memory of Loki's corpse still fresh in her mind. She stepped passed the others and extended her hands at her sides. The others watched as she moved forward, not protesting, they knew she was their best hope. They knew what was inside her.

Her hands crackled with unruly energy, her inner most being, the divine that created her and the divine that was her wanted this creature that stood in front of her dead. Two spears appeared in either of her hand. She looked up at Thanos, the purple stone on his gauntlet glowed, and he shot his fist out. The stones power was undeniably strong but she was prepared. She stood her ground. Spears raised to block the blast. He released his fist and looked at her, with a surprised look on his face.

"My turn." She said and raised from the ground. She created a wall of magic that protected the Avengers behind her. Her eyes glowed, a swirling prism of color. She li ed her hands to the sky. Cosmic energy surged through her body, like oxygen in her lungs. She flew down at the titan and he hit her with a punch but she slashed his arm with her spear.

She who opened portals to space. She who made land crumble by her hands. She who defeated the Goddess of Death.

Freya was enough. She would bring justice to her brother, to Tony, to all who had died by Thanos's hand. She threw the spears at him and they turned to iridescent ropes. One blocked his fist from closing, the other wrapped around his neck.

He gritted his teeth. She landed in front of him and kicked him in his abdomen. He fell to his knees. His fingers twitched and hand strained. It took everything in Freya not to release him. Her body trembled as she focused all of her energy on him. On the rope of her own creation snu ing him out, just like his hand had wrapped around Loki's neck.

She tightened it by twisting her fingers into a fist. He reached out his free hand and threw a punch at her face. She blocked it with magic, but then her gut dropped. She fell backwards, her hands released, her magic released. He smiled and brought the gauntlet into fist. She was brought forward by one of the stones, then he punched her with the power of the purple stone. She fell to the ground. The orange stone lit up, his fist clenched tight. She pressed a hand to her chest and she gasped. Her body shook, her mind burning. He was ripping her apart, from the inside out. She clutched her head in her hands. There was a white light creeping in from all sides, she saw her life flash before her eyes.

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"Freya!" Rhodey shouted and blasted o the ground, he shot nano bombs at Thanos. Steve jumped over her and punched him.

It wasn't enough. As the Avengers ran forward to attack the mad Titan. He had a way to be untouchable. Thanos walked passed her and threw her into the trees with a blast of one of the stones. She hit her head against a rock.

"Get up.'She blinked but her vision was blurry. Someone bent down in front of her, their long brown hair in thick dreads. She was lanky, with light brown skin and hazel eyes. "You can't let the Hoard win." She pulled an arrow out from no where, her bow the same silver metal that Freya's sta was.

"The what?" She asked.

"Iris we have to go!" She stood and reached out a hand. Freya took and when she stood her body stumbled into a village, with cobble stone roads and silver buildings. The streets were filled with blood and homes aflame.

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"Where are you going?" She turned and gasped. She was standing in the green fields of Norway. Frigga, Odin and Loki stood at the edge of the cli . Her mother smiled at her, "It's time to come home." She said.

Freya stepped forward, Loki was there, well, whole. "You're alive." She whispered and hovered a hand over his arm. "How?"

"I'm not." She blinked and his body was a sickly blue, eyes filled with blood, neck bruised and broken. She screamed and fell backward. Her body hit the dirt and she shot up with a gasp. She pressed a hand to her the back of her head and hissed. Freya stood up, bright light and blast of wind bursting through the trees.

She had to fight. Freya jumped o the ground and flew through the trees with ease. She saw Thanos, Wanda had done it, she had destroyed the stone. Her body was a puddle on the floor. Freya let out a scream and grabbed hold of the gauntlet just as he started to use the time stone. She closed her eyes and let her magic seep into the stones. Intention.

The stones were unwilling to bend to her will but that didn't mean she couldn't break them. Her body raised the stones shaking in the gauntlet. Their color slowly started to turn silver. Freya's eyes were wide, her power swirled around her like a tornado. Her mind was clear of all thoughts. She could see the stones, the beginning of time, and the ending. Her arms extended and the power that belonged to her surrounded the entire forest.

She heard Thanos scream and attempt to pull the gauntlet from her hold. It was like a cosmic game of tug-a-war. But unlike the other Avengers, Freya knew if she failed it was only because she wasn't strong enough. Her intention was correct, her execution correct, but was she strong enough.

He pulled his arm back, the stones flashing between their color and Freya's iridescence. In a matter of a second Freya lost her grip. He pulled hard enough for one of the stones to get free. She let out a scream and flew down at him. He caught her by her neck.

She kicked her legs and clawed at his hand. "You truly are a formidable fighter," Thanos said, his cool blue eyes narrowing. "If only I had found you as a babe rather than Odin. I would have made you stronger." He said squeezing the life out of her. He threw her down to the ground and she clutched her neck. She tried to get back up, she pushed herself onto her stomach. He stepped on her back and threw her away with a flick of his wrist.

Freya couldn't hear, her ears were ringing. She clutched her stomach, the world around her became too bright. Her eyes blinked and wind blew through the trees from every side. She pushed her head o the ground, as Thanos grabbed Vision's body. She let out a sob, she wouldn't let him win. They were Earth's mightiest heroes. She stood but her knees gave out immediately. Thanos ripped the stone from his head and his body became grey and lifeless. The stone clicked into the gauntlet and Thanos shook as the power of the stones coursed through him.

Bolts of lightning shot him down. Thor, she thought. He flew down from the sky, and threw Storm-breaker, aiming for Thanos. Freya saw his hand closing into a fist and she li ed o the ground. She wrapped her powers around his hand and pulled tight. The ax lodged into Thanos's chest and Thor landed pushing it in further.

### "I told you, you'd die for that," Thor said.

"You should of..." Thanos whispered, his voice weak, his head hanging low. "You... you," He moved closer to Thor. Freya's mind was so close to losing consciousness, but she couldn't, she needed to see him die, to see them win. "You should have gone for the head." Thanos li ed his hand and broke through Freya's magic like it was glass. Her body hit the ground and at the same time, Thanos snapped his fingers.

"What did you do?" Thor asked, his voice trembling, "What did you do?!" He shouted. Thanos responded by using the Space stone and teleporting away. Steve ran up to Freya and hovered over her broken body.

"Where did he go?" He asked and looked around. "Thor... Where did he go?" He helped Freya up. She seethed and placed a hand to her neck. Her body was weak but the energy around her, the shi in the universe made her unable to fade into darkness. Her stomach turned as the silence of the world made her uneasy.

"Steve?" Bucky walked forward, looking at his nonmetal arm. It slowly turned to dust. His body broke down and disintegrated like ash. Raven ran pass Steve, he released Freya and followed her. She glanced at Steve, her hands clutching the ground where Bucky had just stood on.

"What the hell is going on?" Her eyes watered. Steve put his hand down on the ground. Freya stood up and walked over to Thor with a limp. She could feel it, the cosmic shi in the universe.

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"He did it." She whispered through uneven breaths. Rhodey yelled for Sam, The sound of the world changed. Freya couldn't block it out, as half of the universe vanished and the other half discovered the horror of it all. She clutched her heart and shook her head. They lost, they were losing, and there was nothing she could do about it. She wasn't strong enough. She failed them, all of them.

Her mind traveled to the one place she was afraid of, the village. Her eyes widened and her breathing picked up. Druig could be dead. Maria, David, Matteo, Gabriella... they could be dead. They could all be dead because she failed them. It was all too much.

"What is this? What the hell is happening?" Rhodey asked. Steve sat by Raven, who was shaking, tears streaming down her face. Natasha ran up to them but stopped short. She looked at Vision's corpse, the dust particles floating in the air, Freya's trembling form. Bruce Banner and Rocket stepped forward.

"We lost," Freya said her voice far from her, as she sunk deep into her mind. The words I am not strong enough, repeating in her mind.

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Freya hadn't known where to go a er such failure. She was so lost, so scared, so alone. Vision... James... Sam... T'challa... Peter... Wanda... Odin... Tony... Heimdall... Loki...

They were all gone. She was terrified to answer the question on her mind. Was Druig alive? Did he make it? But she needed to know. Nothing would matter anymore if she lost him too. She wouldn't be able to make it passed that. She would not survive.

The village was quiet when she arrived in a whirl of her own uncontrollable magic. It sparked like lightening, her rage and sorrow at the core of its uncontrollable strength. She fell to the ground clutching her chest. It was her fault. She could've done more. She

She couldn't handle it. The grief was too much. "Freya!" A voice, no, his voice shouted. She looked into his eyes and wrapped her arms around him.

could have given it her all. Half of the universe gone.

"You're alive." Her voice cracked and she pressed a hand to his cheek. A bit of relief washing over her but, it wasn't enough to quell the overwhelming grief.

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"What happened?" He asked.

"I couldn't — I wasn't strong enough. We lost. We lost everything." She let out a sob. "He killed Loki! He killed my friends!" She wrapped her arms around her body, desperate for comfort, desperate for the feeling to end.

He grabbed her and pulled her into his arms. "I'm sorry." He said. "I'm so sorry." He squeezed her close to him. "I know it hurts, I can feel how much it hurts. I'm sorry."

Druig's arms, his presence quelled the magic that spun around her. But the feelings were still there. The images of planes crashing into the ocean, car crashes, burning buildings, Loki's corpse, Visions corpse, and her friends reduced to dust . "I can't —" She looked up at him, her eyes wide and full of tears. She grabbed onto his arms. "Make me forget. Please, please—" She pressed her head against his chest. "I can't do this, Druig. It's too much this time. I can't live with this." She cried and cried. There was too much death, too much sadness. She clutched her head and let out a pained scream. He kept his arms wrapped around her, cradling her head against his chest.

He put a hand through her hair, "I'm sorry, Freya, but I can't." He said it and her head shot up.

"What?" She asked through uneven breaths. "Y — yes you can. Because I will let you and I won't stop you. You'll make me forget and I can live here." She grabbed his hand. "I can live here with you and we can be happy." Tears fell down her cheeks.

He shook his head. His eyes grew glassy. "Freya, I know you're hurting but — If I take those memories away, you aren't you."

"Hurting? Hurting?" She stood up and stepped away from him. "I am broken!" She pointed at her chest. "I am broken and I'm telling you what could put me back together again. I won't survive this."

"Yes you will." He took a step forward but she took a step back. "Freya, I love you more than anything —"

"Then take this away from me!" She cried out. "Take this pain from me." Her voice getting weaker.

"It's because I love you that I can't." A tear fell from his eye and down his cheek. "Let's go home, I can help you fall asleep tonight and in the morning —"

"For centuries you've played god with the mortals in this village," She looked at him with narrow eyes. "You've made them pacifists. You've controlled their every motive. Why won't you do this for me? Do you like seeing me like this?"

"What?" He asked.

"Groveling at your feet, begging for something that is just out of

reach. The goddess, the avenger — a failure."

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"Freya, please stop." He stepped forward.

"No!" She matched his steps and bumped her chest against him. "I don't need sleep, I don't need to grieve." She grabbed his hand forcefully and placed it on her head. She held it down against her head. "I just want to forget."

He pulled his hand back like she burned him. "I won't do it!" He shouted. "Without your memories you won't be, my Freya. I. Won't. Do. It." He said with a frown on his lips, his face flushed. Freya understood. She stood up and nodded her head.

"And with my memories I am not yourFreya. Not anymore." Her words, her own words, destroyed her but, she needed to forget. Why couldn't he understand that? That if she could just be free of the pain, she could stay with him forever. She could be released from being an Avenger free of guilt. She could hide away in his village forever.

"Don't leave." He reached for her, he grabbed her hands and squeezed them, "Freya, don't go."

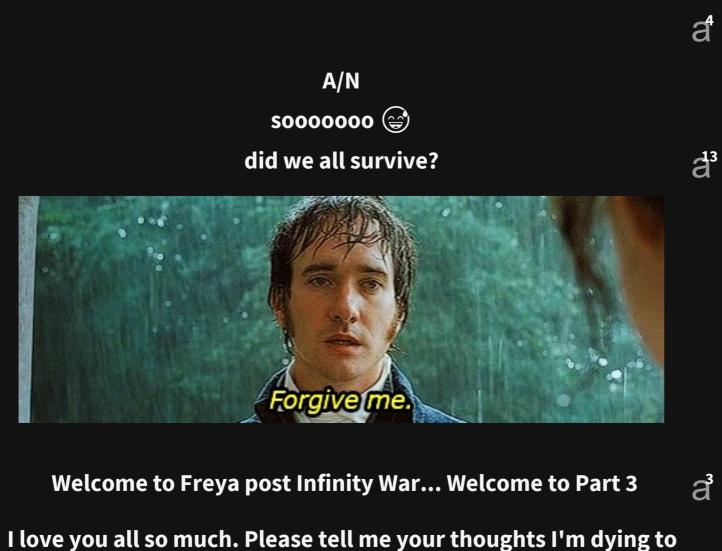
"We have to find him." She bit the inside of her cheek. "I have to find him." She looked at him with a hardened stare. She pulled her hands from his.

"You don't have to." He said.

A wobbly smile grew on her lips, "I wish it was that easy but the Freya who remembers has to." She stepped away from him.

"If you leave..." The words died on his lips. His chest pu ed out and his eyes were colder than his indi erence they were filled with rage. "I'm done."

"Goodbye, Druig." She said her wet cheeks grew hot and she closed her eyes. "I'm sorry." She said and let her magic consume her body. She went to a home she had lost decades ago. Where her brother and what was le of her people, survived. She fell to the ground her body shaking as she sobbed. Her heart burned and her body was numb. Why couldn't he have understood all she wanted was to be his but, she couldn't be his not while half the universe was destroyed because of her.



see if you hate it or love it or a bit of both.

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