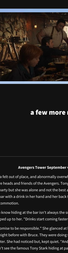

a few more no's

Avengers Tower September 4th 2014

Freya felt out of place, and abnormally overwhelmed amongst the figure heads and friends of the Avengers. Tony insisted she went to the party but she was alone and not the best at small talk. She sat at the bar with a drink in her hand and her back turned from the rest of the commotion.

"You know hiding at the bar isn't always the smartest idea." Tony stepped up to her. "Drinks start coming faster and faster."

"I promise to be responsible." She glanced at him. He had stayed up the night before with Bruce. They were doing something with the scepter. She had noticed but, kept quiet. "And how would you know? I don't see the famous Tony Stark hiding at parties."

He pressed a hand to his chest, "Oh I patented hiding at the bar at parties." He smirked, "Sometimes it's easier to be at the bar, the bar doesn't judge or expect anything from you."

She nodded and took a sip of her drink, "I do like unbiased furniture." She let out a small laugh.

"But you know this celebration is meant for all of us, that means you." He pointed at her. She smiled and looked at the glass in her hand.

"I'm sorry." She shook her head. "My head's else where."

"Let me guess, the jungle?" Tony sat down next to her. She nodded. "They mean a lot to you?"

"More than most." She said. "But I keep leaving them and then I keep telling myself, this time is the last. But I know it's a lie every time."

"That's the caveat." He swallowed, "The fine print of being a hero. There's no way out. What would people say if we said no?"

"I just have a feeling, it couldn't be that easy. We got the scepter and now, what? The fight is done?" She shook her head. "Hydra is still out there. Who know's who waiting to attack from up there," She pointed up to the ceiling. "Those twins are still out there..."

"Glad to know I'm not the only one who can't sleep at night." He said and took a swig of his drink. He let out a breathe, "Maybe -- and hear me out -- one day we won't have to say no to the people we love. One day the fight won't be ours."

"Is that what you dream of?" She asked.

"It's my hope but, until then I'll say a couple more 'no's.'" He said. The two of them looked at each other. Tony and Freya were the same and they knew how dangerous it was to be that way. They weren't soldiers like Captain America or warriors like Thor, they weren't meant to be in the fight but, now they were and they couldn't stop. "Come on," He stood up and nudged Freya, "I won't let you sit here all night."

<<<>>>

Present Day, Australia

The eternals sat around the Gilgamesh and Thena's table. After hearing the truth of their real purpose and design they were speechless and overwhelmed. Gil said and looked across the table to Thena. Her lips were pierced and jaw tight.

"There is no way Druig will help us." Kingo said. "Most of us haven't seen him for centuries. Even if he could put Tiamut to sleep, he wouldn't help."

"You don't know that." Sersei said. "Druig is a lot of things but he isn't evil." She glanced up at Ikaris who stood far from the others, by the door.

Gilgamesh took in a breath. "There may be a way we can Druig to help us." Thena's right eyebrow raised. The others peaked in interest. "If we could find Freya Odindautter, she could probably convince him."

"Wait," Kingo put a hand out, "As in the Avenger Freya? How does she have anything to do with Druig?"

"They have a history."Gilgamesh said.

"A history?" Kingo's mouth opened wide, "They are not a thing. That is not — how did someone like him, get someone like her?" He turned around to look at Ikaris.

"Last I heard of her she was in the Asgardian settlement in Norway." Sersei said quickly. "She's been living there ever since the blip." The whole table turned to her with narrowed expressions or wide eyes. "What? I follow her on instagram..." She looked down at her hands as her cheeks warmed up.

"We shouldn't bring someone from the outside into this matter." Ikaris said. "We should get everyone back together and then decide."

Gil looked at Sersei, "I'm telling you she could help. Druig listens to her —"

"And how do you know this?" Ikaris asked.

"I met her once, she lived with him." Gilgamesh said. "Sersei, I know it's a long shot but, it may be our best bet."

Everyone looked to Sersei, the new leader, the timid and kind Sersei. She would do anything to save the people of her beloved Earth. She wanted to make the right call. Their best bet was Druig, she knew that and she trusted Gil.

"Let's go to New Asgard then." She said.

<<<>>>

The Eternals walked into the small village of New Asgard. The streets were bustling with activity. New homes were being built and there were a few fishing boats docked at the port. Gilgamesh asked the first person available, "Excuse me, is Freya here?"

"She's up there." The man said and pointed up to a small cottage at the end of the village up on the rocks. "I wouldn't recommend going up there. A nasty beast attacked yesterday. Lots of guts, lots of blood, and a nasty smell."

Gilgamesh thanked the man but gave his family a wary look. They moved toward the stairs and up the steep cobblestone steps. "A deviant?" Sprite was the first to notice the blue muscled monster that was splayed out along the mountain top.

Kingo took his glasses off and covered his nose. "Is there no sanitation workers here in New Asgard?"

"I don't think so, sir." Karun said from beside Kingo. His camera was open and the red light was on.

"Oh good we are recording." He turned to the camera and walked backwards, "We are about to meet the most powerful avenger —"

"What?" Sprite turned around. "She's not the strongest, it's totally Captain Marvel." She crossed her arms.

"Formalities." Kingo rolled his eyes and looked back at the camera, "She's the Queen of Asgard, the hero who helped bring back half of humanity, you may know her as The Beacon, it's Freya..." He stepped out of the way. "Knock on the door," He whispered to Gilgamesh.

He shook his head before turning toward the wooden door and knocking. A few moments passed but a woman, with dark skin and brown eyes and long black hair opened the door. "Can I help you?" She asked.

"I'm looking for Freya." He said. The woman glanced behind him and gave everyone a once over. "We're friends of her's."

"Mmhmm," She leaned against the door frame. "Freya doesn't really do friends." She bit the inside of her cheek. "Look if your here for an autograph or a big fan — she's retired." The woman moved to close the door.

Gilgamesh stepped forward and held it open, "We're Druig's family." He said. "We need to talk to her, please."

She glanced back at them her eyes wide and mouth agape. She cleared her throat and nodded, "I'll go get her. You all can come in." She moved out of the door way and turned back. Gil looked at the others and walked in, the others followed.

Sersei moved in and watched the woman step out the back door. She walked up a few steps and there was a woman sitting on a large flat stone. The cottage was simple, with a lack of furniture. There was a large bookshelf and a table full of books that didn't fit on the old wooden shelves. The door opened a woman, Freya, stepped in. Her chestnut brown hair was wavy and braided back into a half up. She wore a grey sweater and jeans. Her pale green eyes were surrounded by dark circles, her face gaunt, and freckled.

She found Gilgamesh's eyes, "Is he okay?" She asked, her voice was filled with emotion. Sersei was almost taken back. This figure head, a hero of the mortals, a goddess caring for Druig. How did they meet? She wondered.

"He okay." Gilgamesh said and the woman's shoulders sank a bit. A breath left her lungs. "I'm sorry we showed up unexpected but, Freya, we need your help."

Sersei explained what Arishem told her. She explained their existence and what would happen if they didn't stop the emergence. Freya listened quiet and willing. She crossed her arms and rubbed her arms up and down.

"So you're telling me, we brought everyone back just for everyone to die." Freya clenched her jaw and grabbed hold of her counter.

"It doesn't have to be that way." Sersei said. "We could put Tiamut to sleep, have enough time to save humanity."

"There is never enough time to save everyone." Freya looked at the woman her eyes tired and distant, "Someone always is lost."

"Please Freya, we need Druig. He's our best chance at succeeding, without stopping the emergence completely." Sersei said.

"He won't listen to me." Freya glanced away from the eternals. "I haven't spoken with Druig in five years." She brushed a hand against her neck.

"Freya," Gilgamesh called and she looked up to him. "He loves you. He'll listen."

"He loved me but I did something unforgivable." Tears formed in her eyes but she didn't let them fall. "He won't want to see me. You'd have better luck going on your own."

"Do you know why a deviant would attack you?" Sersei asked. Freya paused she glanced back at her friend Valkeryie.

"The deviant wasn't alone." She said, "Someone who has plagued my existence for decades seems to be working with them."

<<<>>>

3 days before...

Freya woke from another nightmare the night before. They were becoming more frequent and vivid. The earthquake had only intensified them and she knew that sooner or later she would have to ask for help.

"You're up early." Valkeryie said.

"Have you ever heard of a place called Neath?" She turned to her. "I've spent the last three weeks trying to find a map or a book or a chart, something."

"Have you looked at the old maps from before the 10th Realm was destroyed?" She walked up to her and glanced down at the table filled with papers and books.

"10th Realm?" Freya stood up and pressed a hand to her forehead. "Of course..." She whispered.

There was a loud screech that echoed into her cottage. The two women looked up at the roof. There was another nasty sound and then they heard screams. Freya ran outside, her outfit morphing into battle armor. Valkeryie was close behind. They stepped out of the cottage and above New Asgard was a blue creature, with a long pointed tail and scaly wings.

"Do you like it?" Freya turned to her left and her stomach dropped. Amora stood there but, she was not the same. Her skin was blue and purple, like the creature in the sky, She had scales and the ribbons of her muscles were visible.

"I thought we killed her?" Val whispered to Freya.

"Twice now." She said back. "What are you doing here, Amora?" She asked and the woman smiled.

"Thought you'd seen the last of me, hmm?" She giggled and walked closer to Freya who siphoned her staff. "Let's see a bullet to the head can't kill me nor a dagger to the heart... what will you try next?"

"How about I rip you apart this time and burn the pieces?" Freya's jaw clenched her hands tightening around the cool metal in her hands.

"Ooh," Amora smiled, "I like that. But first," The beast flapped it's wings and dived toward Freya and Valkeryie, "Let's play."

Freya lifted a hand in the air and blasted the beast. It shot backwards and Freya ran toward Amora. She wrapped her power around the woman's legs to keep her still. She thrusted a leg at her gut but, from Amora's back sprouted a tentacle. It wrapped around Freya's leg and threw her far. Freya caught herself mid air and flew back.

"What the hell are you?" Freya asked and pulled her staff back to her. Amora laughed and tilted her head.

"Reborn." Is all she said before jumping up at Freya.

They flew through the sky grabbing at each other, scratching, and punching. Freya. Flew to the ground and pulled Amora down with her. She thrusted Amora into the ground. A tentacle came up and stabbed Freya right in the side. It pulsed from inside her arm and a bit of Freya's iridescent power was pulled from her arm.

She closed her eyes and visions, just like her nightmares, just like every other premonition she ever had flashed in her mind. But this time the visions were clear, the faces, the experience. She has been seeing someone else's life. She pulled it out and fell to the ground. Her breathing was labored and her body shook.

Freya couldn't see the entire story but she saw enough. She glared at Amora, her eyes glowing white. Her eyes were closed as Freya's power entered her body, she smiled and shivered at the feeling that was left from Freya's gifts.

"Anu." Freya said with a harsh tone. "That's your real name."

Amora's eyes opened quick and her smile dropped, "How do you know that?" She asked and pushed up off the ground.

"I've seen it, you in my nightmares. How can I see these memories? Who lived this life?" She asked.

"You still can't remember, god you are weak!" Amora jumped up and sent her tentacles out toward Freya. But Freya stopped them with a flick of her hand. She tilted her head to the side and shot out a hand. Amora screamed and the beast flew in behind Freya.

Freya disappeared and reappeared above the beast. She wrapped her magic around the monsters wings and ripped them off. She thrusted her hand out and pulled it back, and the beast heart came out still thumping. She dropped the creature and the heart without touching it.

"She's gone!" Valkeryie ran up. "She disappeared!"

Freya landed beside her, "I'll be ready for her next time." She said and took in a breath. She stared at the creature. These memories, of the other world, she couldn't let them be her's. Reincarnation wasn't real but, maybe it was her mother's memories. Maybe she did come from this place, Neath, but it wasn't her life she was seeing. It just couldn't be.

<<<>>>

Present Day

"How could she work with them? They aren't sentient beings?" Kingo looked at his family.

"The one that attacked us in London was different." Sprite said. "It was like I could almost hear it speak."

"Amora will stop at nothing to kill me. She has a way to come back that I haven't figured out yet." Freya said. "She could be using the deviants, manipulating their instincts. She knows of Druig, perhaps she has made them want to kill eternals. So they would hunt down Druig."

"She seems lovely." Kingo said.

"We need to go," Ikaris crossed his arms, "We are wasting time. If the deviants are being manipulated we need to go to the others, we're safer together."

"How is she able to control them?" Sersei leaned forward, ignoring Ikaris.

Freya sat up, "She was the best enchanter in Asgard. It's a hard magical study to master. My mother or brother couldn't do it."

"Could you?" Sersei asked.

"What are you getting at?" Kingo asked Sersei.

"Druig may not be powerful enough to put Tiamut to sleep on his own." Sersei glanced at each of the eternals. "But if they could work together, Druig and Freya might be able to."

"I'm not skilled enough to enchant," Freya said. "But theoretically I may be able to give my power to him."

"Have you done that before?" Gilgamesh asked.

"No, but I could try." She said. "I'm not who I once was." Freya bit the inside of her cheek. She took in a deep breath and stood up straighter. "But I will help you." She glanced at Thena the two shared a look. "I'll try."

A/N

👀👀👀👀
Don't be mad at me 😂

I know what Freya did in the last chapter was no bueno.

Trust me she will have to work her booty off if she wants Druig to forgive her.

I will make it real and authentic BUT that's why I made her be stubborn and a bit harsh because duality of man.

She can be amazing and kind and loving but she can also be cruel and emotional and stubborn.

We are officially in the eternals movie 🤭
Are we surprised Amora is back?

Continue reading next part ☐