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Save Yourself

<<<Present Day - Iraq>>>

Freya walked over to the archeology dig site, masked by Sprite's illusions. Druig made the scientists all leave and once they were clear of all strangers, Sprite removed the glamour. Freya stood in a cream blouse and jeans. Her hair was unbraided for the first time in a long time. She couldn't help but look at Druig, she'd rarely seen him in clothing that didn't fit the commune's clothing. He wore a leather jacket and aviators, she liked it.

Phastos li ed up golden rings and twisted them around. The ground beneath them rumbled. Slowly something surfaced from the ground, that something was their ship — the Domu. She li ed her hand up above her eyes. Dust and dirt swirled around them. It rose from the ground revealing a buried city.

They walked in as a group. Kingo leading the way with Karun filming his every move. Freya was amazed by the design of the ship. She also liked being in a place where Druig lived for a time. The ship was large with little hallways o the main one.

There was a loud pop and Phastos jumped, "Don't freak out, T." He said and glanced down at her feet. "Oh." He laughed and bent down. "It's just chips." He said and picked up the bag of chips.

Whispers from another time made Freya stop in her tracks. No one seemed to notice as she turned and looked down a dark hallway. She turned toward it and like a moth to a flame she had to move forward. She entered a large empty room that held a large statue in the middle of it. It was a giant red crystal figure but it was so familiar. She'd never been in that room before and even in her dreams, she'd never seen it. But — she had seen something like it. A silver version of it, with large shoulder appendages. Its name was on the tip of her tongue.

"Freya." She jumped and turned. Thena stood in the doorway, she glanced up at the statue and back down.

"I'm sorry." She ducked her head down. "I don't know why I le the group..." Her voice grew so .

"That is Arishem." She walked forward. Her eyes li ed to stare at the statue. "The celestial that created us."

Freya nodded. "I feel like I've seen something like this before." She said. Both of the women looked at each other, both plagued by nightmares of a past they couldn't fully remember. Freya wanted to ask her questions about Neath but she kept quiet.

"We should go back to the others." Thena turned on the balls of her feet and walked out of the room with a sway of her hip. Freya followed a er her but stopped short, gave Arishem one more look, and turned back.

The lab was filled with artifacts and objects that belong in a museum. Phastos stood in the middle his abilities being on display. The golden rings he operated moved and melded together in the air.

Freya looked around at all the dierent books that were stacked to the ceiling. She stepped forward and saw an old piano covered with books and nicknacks. She removed the objects from the lid o the piano and lied them. There was visible dust on the keys. Her hands brushed against them. It had been so long...

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Her fingers pressed gently against the keys. Maria and David sat beside her on the bench watching her fingers skillfully move across the keys creating a melody, one she loved so much. One her mother had taught her. Freya's eyes were closed and she swayed ever so slightly.

"When did you learn to play?" Maria asked.

"I was a bit younger than you are now," Freya said. "My mother loved playing. Thor was too impatient to learn and Loki had grown out of it. So she said it was my turn."

"You always play sad songs," David said and looked up to Freya with his large brown eyes. Her lips curled up and she laughed.

Her hands stilled, "I guess you're right." She said. "I like sad songs. They are in a way happier than happy songs."

"How?" His face scrunched up as he tried to process what she said.

"Well... to have all those happy moments, we must experience the sad ones too." She said but, she was sure she had heard her mother say that to her once before. "Sadness is the catalyst of joy."

<<<Present Day - Domu>>>

"Do you know how to play?" Sersei stepped forward. Freya blinked and le the memory she was revisiting.

"Yes." Freya smiled and glanced down at the piano. "I spent most of my youth practicing." She said. "My father loved hearing me play."

"I learned around the beginning of the 19th century." Sersei pressed a finger down on one of the keys. "I haven't played in ages though."

"I'm sure you could pick it up again. It's muscle memory." She said and looked up at Sersei, who was looking at her.

"This is our problem. You don't have to stay and help, if you don't want to." Sersei said. "It may not work and if it doesn't —"

"Sersei." Freya stopped her by placing a hand on her shoulder. "I can't leave. I don't want to." She glanced across the room and saw Druig exchanging Twinkies for an emerald stone with Ikaris. She smiled. "If the world is going to end, If I'm going to die... there's no other person I'd rather be with than Druig."

There was a glint of recognition in Sersei's eyes. She nodded and took a step back. Comforted by the fact that Freya knew exactly what this mission was. Druig stepped up to Makkari. It felt so long ago when she and Phastos visited Druig at the village. Freya was so young, so naive.

"So how did you manage to score this emerald tablet?" Druig asked Makkari who reached for it but, he pulled it back. "I've missed you, beautiful Makkari." He smirked and signed, "Did you miss me?" She snatched the tablet from him. Freya glanced away and reminded the part of her that felt jealous had no right to, no need to be jealous. She took in a breath and stepped out from behind the books.

Phastos stopped working on his design and put a hand up, "I'm sorry what are we watching — because this... are you two?"

Kingo looked over at Freya and back to Druig, "No. because I hate it." Makkari looked over to Freya, her eyes widened and so did her smile.

She walked over to Freya and hugged her. Freya pulled back, "I've been practicing." She signed and Makkari's jaw dropped.

"I missed you more than I missed him." She signed and winked. "We have a lot to catch up on."

"Phastos." Druig spoke loudly, "I need you to draw the mind of a celestial." He put his hands in his pockets and stepped forward. Makkari and Freya, along with the others gathered around the center.

"Okay get ready for it," he raised his hands, and the gold projection above formed into nine separate...

"Bracelets?" Kingo stared at the projection, "You made us bracelets?" He asked and looked at Phastos.

He sighed, "So here's a little celestial 101. Celestials are the most powerful energy generators in the universe. When Arishem made us, he imbued us with infinity cosmic energy to keep our bodies from generating." He explained. "The bracelet, in theory, shut down our regeneration process. Once that happens our bodies accumulate extra-cosmic energy."

Sersei stepped forward. "What for?"

"Well if the deviants can absorb our energy... What if we can absorb each other's energy as well?" He looked around at everyone. "If I can find a way to connect us all, one of us could become immensely powerful pulling the accumulated energy from the rest." He stretched out his arms and dragged them together, "Forming... a uni mind." The design showed nine figures forming into one central body. Phastos smile faded as he looked around the room. "Uni meaning one. Mind meaning -"

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"Oh, we heard you the first time," Kingo said with his hands on his hips.

"Terrible name." Sprite's arms were crossed and she shook her head.

"Y'all never appreciate my genius," He looked at Freya. "You aren't biased, what do you think?"

She shrugged, "I was terrible at names to begin with. That may be a bias of some kind?" Phastos put a hand on his head.

"We'll brainstorm... Brainstorm!" Kingo smiled, "That's it."

"No. I invented it so I get to call it whatever I want to." Phastos said.

Makkari signed, "So if Druig is able to put Tiamut to sleep. Then what?"

"We find humans a new planet to live on," Sersei said.

"Are we building a big ship too? Take a pair of each animal?"

Phastos raised his chin, "Well you know what has never saved the planet before? Your sarcasm." He said with a shake of his head.

"Space colonization could take decades." Sprite looked to Sersei.

"It can happen quickly with our help." She nodded.

"What if we end up accidentally killing Tiamut?" Kingo asked. We could be responsible for billions of lives not being created across the universe. Boss am I right?" He looked to Ikaris.

The argument that everyone was having was drowned out. The idea of leaving Earth. Memories flashed in her mind. The Asgardians aboard the arc watched as their planet exploded into dust. Thanos boarding their ship, killing half of what was le of their people. They had just found their new home on Earth, now they'd be forced to leave again.

"I assure you both," Loki stepped up to the Titan that toward over him. "The sun will shine on us again."

"This is it." Tony wore his PYM suit. They stood by a large window looking at the sunrise. He glanced at Freya. "The finish line." He said. "See you on the other side, lightbulb."

Is this where the fight was bringing them? Just to leave, the planet they fought so hard to protect... she felt su ocated in the dark ship. The voices of strangers fighting about what was the right thing to do when it was quite clear to Freya. She would kill that Celestial with her bare hands if she had to. This was her home. She took in a breath a hand touched her shoulder.

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"Are you okay?" Makkari signed.

Freya looked around the room, Ikaris and Kingo were gone, those le in the room were looking at her. Her eyes were watering, hands shaking and glowing with her magic. She met Druig's stare. "I'm fine." She said. She squeezed her hands into fists and the magic disappeared. "I'm okay." She said and signed.

<<< 2013- Asgard>>>

Freya wore a long dress, her hair in braids. Asgard. She was on Asgard. It felt unnatural, to be in a dress like she once wore. She was not the princess anymore. Thor, Rocket and her ran through the dungeons. But she stopped short, They didn't notice. She glanced back at one of the cells. She stepped in front of it and gasped. She pressed a hand to her to her chest.

Her brother, her best friend, is alive. He held an arm up in the air, lazily laying along a small cot. His face turned and his brows furrowed when he saw her. "Freya?"

"Loki." She stepped forward, she placed a hand along the golden barrier. "You're alive." She said and smiled.

"Well of course I am. Do you really think father would kill me for what I did? I can assure you his crimes against the nine realms were far worse." He sat up. "Have you come all the way from Midgard just to scold me?"

"I—" She forgot. This was just a er the battle of New York, just a er the betrayal and the mind control and — "No." That was all she could say.

His eyes narrowed. "You're acting strangely." He got up from the cot and walked to the edge of the cell. He bent down to be eye level with her. "What's happened?" He asked.

"A lot." She said.

"Was it that Midgardian man you fancy?" He asked.

"He's not Midgardian." She said.

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"Instead of saving everyone else, perhaps it's time to save yourself.' He said, his cool blue eyes meeting hers.	a ⁵
"What do I do?"	
"It wasn't so you could save the mortals from Amora. It was because you are better than the best Asgardian and I knew you deserved a chance, freedom." He said. "But you went from one set of shackles to another."	ส์
She shook her head.	
"You aren't just your powers." He said. "Do you know why I helped you back down to Midgard all those years ago?"	
"When I gained these powers." She said. "When I realized not saving people would be cruel."	5
"You can't save me." He looked up at her. "When did saving others become your purpose?" He asked.	
She looked up at him and tears trickled down her cheeks. "I really wanted to help you Loki. I wanted — to save you."	
"Freya," Loki was leaning against the wall in his cell, his legs extended out in front of him. "He'll forgive you."	â
"I can't go back, he told me he was done." She wiped her tears. "But once the fight is over. I don't know who I am, without him."	t
"Start at the beginning I have nowhere to go." He said and so she did. She explained everything she could, but kept moments, like his death, vague or out of the picture. She explained how she went with Tony to help fight against friends and then right a er was swooped up by Thor. That the next time she saw Druig, she'd ruined everything.	
"I don't know where to begin." She said.	
"Right. Well, are you going to tell me or are you going to stand there staring at me with your sad eyes?" He pointed at her.	
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We are so close to the final battle of the movie!!

I am probably going to post another chapter today, because I hate waiting \bigotimes and I know y'all enjoy it, so it's a win-win a^2

I know the chapter where Makkari visiting the village is like all the way at the beginning of the book. but i reread it to refresh my memory and besties... (2) (2) (2) Freya was so innocent then. It's crazy how much character growth she's had both good and bad. If you have time go back and skim through it. It's the chapter called experience

What are we thinking?!

Continue reading next part