



## You Survived

"Your sisters do not like when I am with you." A man said from beside her. When she looked at him, his face was shrouded in a shadow. The harder she looked the harder it was to see him.

The hallway they walked through was silvery, pristine, and peaceful. Freya had never been there before. "They are only protective." She grinned. "It is rare for a Draoid to branch away from their kind."

"Why is that?" He asked.

"We have no need for it. We come from the mist and live a life to serve it." She said

"You have no other dreams or passions?" He asked.

"We do not desire. We do not want. From mist we are born and to mist I shall return." She said. "It is all we've ever know."

"Is that what you believe?" He stopped walking and took a step forward. She wanted to see him, she wanted to memorize his face but he was blurry. "You have no other desires?"

She felt impact in her abdomen and glanced down, there is a dagger lodged in, seeping with blood. She looks up and Amora stands before her. "Stupid girl. Too trusting." She seethed. Her slender hands grab hold of Freya and she pushes her back. She falls into darkness.

Her body twitches and she sits up. Her breath uneven. She looks around herself, and a hot stab makes her flinch. She grabs her stomach and it is wrapped in a bandage.

"Easy. You'll break the stitches." She hears but she doesn't look to the voice. She was in a large room with yellowish walls and white flooring. It was all real. She was on Midgard. She finally greets his presence. The man who could enter minds. "You were asleep for quite sometimes. Please get our guest some water and food," He told a woman who stood by the door. She gave him a single nod and walked away.

Freya combs a hand through her hair. Her eyes prickle with tears but she refuses to shed them. Her hair was cleaned, which was nice, but it was still jagged, still cut. Her hair was gone, destroyed.

She glanced up and met crystal blue. They weren't real, his eyes, couldn't be real. Even Thor's could never be as clear as his.

"The women dressed your wounds, cleaned you up." He sat on a chair a foot away from the small cot she was on. "You should heal just fine."

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"Thank you." She said but she wasn't sure if she meant it. Her hands grasped at the blunt edges of her hair. A woman walked in and set down a tray at the edge of her bed. He thanked the woman and excused her.

"Tell me how you got here." He said and her gaze flickered up to his. Her jaw set and she wiped away a rogue tear.

"No." She said.

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He leaned forward his elbows rested against his thighs. "Your resistance was commendable but you are in no condition to fight against me." He paused and took in a breath. "Why don't I start," he gestured to himself, "I am Druig. I help guide the people of this village and have made the first truly peaceful settlement this planet has ever seen."

"You control them." Freya said.

He shrugged, "Mortals cannot be le to their own devices. They destroy anything they can get their hands on if the motive is right."

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

"I watched them for a very long time." He said without hesitation. "I've lived by their side and I know their deepest desires," He pointed to his head, "I know their fears."

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"I've never heard of you? I've read every book there is, on Midgard. Why have I not seen this place on any map?"

His lips curled up in a smirk. "Because we stay hidden and before this village, I was ordered to never medal in mortal a airs. You called Earth, Midgard. So it's true you fell from the sky. Your entrance le no markings from the Bifrost, how did you get here?"

"I was tricked." She looked at her hands. "I was being foolish, naive." She was embarrassed to tell him the truth. "I've always loved Midgard. I wanted to see the mortals for myself. Someone I thought I could trust betrayed me." She looked back up to him. She was expecting him to be laughing at her but his face was stoic. "I was thrown from my home."

"What is your name?" He asked.

"Freya." She said.

His eyebrows raised, only slightly, "The princess." He said.

"How do you know?" She asked.

"I met Odin once." He said and turned to look away like the memory was too hard to relive. "It was many years ago, nearly 1,000 years. You study sorcery?"

"No, no. I am not allowed." She avoided his gaze. "The Allfather thinks it unwise for a lady in wait to study such things."

"But you practice?" He asked.

"My mother and brother sometimes allow me to sit in on their lessons." She said. "Before the Allfather forbade it, I practiced."

He shook his head and rubbed a hand over his face, "Peculiar. Well, Odin will find you, I'm sure of it." He said.

"I'm veiled from Heimdall's sight." She couldn't control her tears any more. It was all too much. She wasn't strong enough.

She was a stupid, stupid girl.

"Don't —." He clenched his jaw. "Don't call yourself that." Freya looked up at him her eyebrows knitted together. "You are projecting your thoughts outward. It's very hard to ignore."

"I was tricked by my brother's chamber maid. I let her lead me to my death like a lamb headed to its own slaughter." She felt something within her bubble and spark.

"But you survived." Druig said. His face was so familiar, maybe she hadn't seen it in a dream. Maybe he visited the palace. "Would you like to start training tomorrow?"

Her eyes widened, "Training?"

"That magic you used, I want to see more of it." He said.

"But my father —"

"He isn't here." Druig stood up, "What do you want to do, Freya? Stay a lady in waiting forever?" His gaze narrowed, "No I can see there is more there." He turned toward the door, "I'll come get you in the morning."

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A/N

**I am very happy that people are liking this/ reading it/ putting it in their libraries.**

**This is Druig and Freya's first real convo. I hope I'm doing justice for his character.**

**Feel free to favorite or comment**♥♥

**I appreciate you all**

**Much Love,**

**Savannah**

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