



Hermosa

A/N My lovelies, as promised 2 chapters today. We are back to the normal plot. I promise Iris will plug into this story with Freya. Also big warning, I have some Spanish dialogue in this chapter. If anyone's first language is Spanish or they are fluent, please tell me if it makes sense. I used google translate and I know how dodgy that can be at times. So if something is wrong let me know and I will happily update it.

Asgard's light was bright, the morning star was golden and the daylight matched it in stride. Midgard's star was smaller, farther away. Freya was up just as the sun was rising. Amid the tall trees and small village, the cosmos were thousands, if not millions of meters above her. Somewhere up there, Asgard may be waking up or falling asleep. Had they noticed her absence? Did they give up hope? If she screamed loud enough would Heimdall hear her?

"Señora," A small voice disrupted Freya's thoughts. She glanced behind her, a young woman slender and tall stood at the edge of a door frame. She had a long grey sweater wrapped around her on and her hair was in two braids. "¿Te gustaría que te ayude?" [Would you like me to help you?] She asked in a foreign tongue but she held up a pair of scissors and motioned to Freya's hair.

Freya touched the back of her hair. She almost agreed to it but, she wondered if it was Druig making this girl help her. "Oh you don't have to — I could do it myself."

"Yo puedo, um," She pressed her lips together, "I would like to help." She pointed at her chest. "Myself." She smiled.

"Thank you." She nodded and walked toward the girl. The small house was surprisingly roomy. There was a kitchen, a couch, a table, and two other doors. The girl gestured to a chair. Freya sat down, straight and poised.

"You are the first... stranger." She said. At the table, there was already a brush waiting for her. She grabbed it and combed through Freya's hair. "It's beautiful." The woman said.

Freya couldn't bring herself to accept the compliment. Her hair was a remnant of what it once was. "How long have you lived here?"

"My whole life." She said. "Mi familia has lived with Druig for 100's of years."

"Do you ever want to leave?" Freya asked. Gabriella grabbed the brush once more and combed through her hair.

"I have never, um, no I don't want to." She stood straight and smiled at Freya. "We stay because we want to, he has never made us."

She was tempted to ask more questions. She wanted to understand why these people were okay with a life controlled by Druig. How they were chosen? "What is your name?" she asked.

"Gabriella." She responded. "You?"

"Freya." She said. "What is your language?"

"Spanish... I can teach you." Gabriella said. "If you like." She set the brush down and carefully cut away at the uneven bits.

"I would like that." She said.

"How do you say, is... 'Como se dice...'" She stood in front of her and measured the hairs closest to her face.

"Como se dice, beautiful?" She asked. [How do you say]

"Hermosa, for girl. Hermoso, for boy." Gabriella snipped the scissors a few more times. "You could say, Soy muy hermosa."

"And that means?" Freya asked.

"I am very beautiful." Gabriella grinned.

"Oh," Freya laughed. "You're too kind." She shook her head. The larger chunks of hair were gone, she could feel the air on her neck.

"You don't believe?" She asked.

She looked up at Gabriella and took in a breath. "I was." She felt her eyes sting. "I'm not so sure anymore."

"Eres muy hermosa." She said. "You are very beautiful. I am sure." She set down the scissors.

"Como se dice, Thank you?"

"Gracias."

"Gracias, Gabriella." She said as she was handed a small mirror. Freya touched what was left of her hair and glanced up to meet her gaze.

"Gracias."

"De nada." She said.

"I should've guessed." Druig stood at the front door. His lips were curled up and pressed together, small dimples dented his cheeks. His stare was trained on Gabriella. "Buenas Dias, Gabbie." He walked in. [Good Morning]

"Hola, Druig." She sat down at the table. "Freya is a — um — madrugador, like us. Fue una agradable sorpresa." [Early riser, like us. It was a nice surprise.]

"Sí, ella es." He said his eyes trailing down to Freya. She felt uncomfortable not knowing the language, she wanted to know what they were saying. She was surprised that he gave them this much autonomy, maybe she misjudged him. "Should we begin our training?" He asked. (Yes, she is)

"Now?" Freya asked.

"No time like the present." He said before turning toward the door and walking out, "I will see you soon, Gabbie."

"You should follow him," She said. "I can show you around afterwards."

"Gracias, again." Freya stood up and ran out of the house. Druig was headed to open space. She slowed a few paces behind him.

"How is your wound?" He asked.

She hadn't thought about it much. She lifted the cotton shirt she wore and unwrapped the bandage. The stitches were still there but it was nearly healed. "Fine."

"Good." He stepped into a fighting stance. "Attack me." He said. Freya's eyebrows knitted together and she shook her head.

"I can't." She said.

"Why not?" He asked.

"I was never trained." She looked away from him. If he knew the Asgardians he knew that most women were encouraged to train and fight, many were warriors.

"Why should that stop you?" He asked and his right eyebrow raised. She had never thought to ask such a question. "What would you do if the woman, who did that —" He pointed at her scar, "— to you was standing where I am now?"

"I don't know." She shook her head. She couldn't voice that. She couldn't give Amora's betrayal, power. Druig stepped forward until he was right in front of her.

"You don't or you don't want to admit it?" He asked. "She sliced you open, took your honor," He motioned to her hair, "And has hidden you from your home." His voice was low barely above a whisper. "Is there nothing you would do to her?"

"I would attack her." She said. Her voice was unfamiliar, dangerous.

"There it is." He smirked. "Lean into that." He stepped backward till he was in his original position. "And attack me."

"But what if—"

"You won't hurt me, Freya. I promise." He said.

Freya closed her eyes. She imagined Thor's rage when he sparred with his friends. The tone her father could have when people disobeyed him. The years she was left behind. Her brother not letting her spar. The times she was silenced when voicing an opinion. The dagger twisted in her abdomen. Stupid Girl.

She opened her eyes and ran at Druig. She threw out a punch and he caught it in his hand. "Predictable." He said. She pulled out of his grip and twisted around and kicked her leg out. Before it hit his abdomen he blocked it with his forearm. "Harder."

He threw out a punch and she dodged it but stumbled back. He dropped down and swept her legs out from under her with his leg. She fell to the ground with a thud. He jumped on top of her. She pushed her hips on the ground and the force threw his balance. She slid out from under him but his hand grabbed hold of her ankle.

"Slow." He said.

She let out a growl, "Shut up." She hissed up to him and he other foot, she kicked him in the face. His hands wipped to his face and he fell backward. He smiled, crimson blood covering his lips.

"Make me." He rubbed his forearm under his nose and charged at Freya. She dodged his first punch but his left fist hit her abdomen and she stumbled into his chest. He grabbed her shoulders and spun her around. His arm came around her neck and squeezed. She could still breathe but his grip was like steel. She tried at his wrists and forearm but he was unmoving. "Give up, Freya?" His voice was quiet as he whispered into her ear.

Her hands tingled and her spine was warm and sparking with energy. He never said magic was not allowed. "No." She said. She saw the glittering energy leak out of her hands like mist or fog. She slammed her hand onto her chest and the swirling power shot through her. She stumbled forward as Druig was pushed away from the force. Freya paused, where had that come from? How had she known to do that? She glanced down at her hands. What more could she do?

"Clever girl," Druig said and she turned to look at him. "But what now?" He asked and walked around her. She glanced up at him, down at her hands, him, her hands. She extended her right hand and the mist wrapped around his ankle like a lasso and pulled. His feet slipped out from under him and he landed on his back.

She jumped on top of him and put her hands on his shoulders and pushed down. She took in his features, he was smiling, why did he always have a confident grin on his lips? He pushed up on her weight and she flipped over easily. His hands wrapped around her wrists. He glanced up at her hands that glowed with her power.

Freya wanted to send a blast at him but, she couldn't think. His hands were warm and the way his stare was never phased. She felt her face heat up. She bit the inside of her cheek, still just as competitive as her eldest brother. She attempted to push up against his weight.

He let go of her wrists and jumped up. "I won." He said and took a hand out for her to take. Freya took it and he easily lifted her on the ground. "How does it feel?" He asked.

Freya's eyebrows furrowed and her stomach twisted. "W-what?"

"Using your magic, how did it feel to use it freely?"

She closed her eyes and took in a deep breath. Her body was on fire and yet she had goosebumps. She felt like it was the first time she could take a deep breath. She wasn't worried about the image or what her father would think. "It feels like a weight is off my shoulders. I feel powerful."

"That you are," Druig said gently and let go of her hand. Her eyes shot open, unprepared for the compliment. He was unfazed, like always, she thought. "Your power, it's familiar and yet I've never seen a being with it." He said.

"What do you mean?" She asked.

"Most sorcerers have to recite incantations, know spells, practice to tap into their power." He searched her face. "Your power is just an extension of your will. The only limitation is your strength to keep welding it. You've always had it?"

"For as long as I can remember." She nodded. "Why?"

"Just an observation. We should practice daily." He said. "If you can get strong enough, your magic may be able to will you back to Asgard."

"You think so?" She asked, unable to stifle the smile on her face. He glanced at her lips, his own curled up to match hers.

"It's a hypothesis." He stepped back from her, "I can't promise it but, I will help you, Freya."

"Why would you? Help me, I mean." She asked.

"I'm not a monster, Freya." He searched her face for something, she hoped he couldn't see the heat in her cheeks. "There is just something about you... I can't — explain it." He said before turning on his heel and walking away, leaving Freya to cover her cheeks with her cool hands. Why was she so nervous?

A/N

OOP Did we like this one?? I hope so.

Please let me know if you ever have questions or whatever. I am pretty active so I'll comment back as much as I can.

Any suggestions, thoughts, etc?? Comment I'd love to hear from you. Voting also helps a lot not just for my validation lol but it helps the story. Iris already has 3,000 views which is bananas to me but, I am super happy.

Anywho enough begging. I love and appreciate y'all.

Okay I have procrastinated on an essay for way too long. I could keep writing but I guess I should care about my grades too.

So long!

Ily,

Savannah

Continue reading next part