



The Beloved

"And the third," An actor with bright golden paint on their eyelids and lips spoke center stage. "The beloved, Freya, was born a goddess of light and love. The whole kingdom wept tears of joy at the sight of her."

Freya sunk further into her seat, she leaned over to her brother, "Must they always paint me as such a saint?"

He smiled, "Be honored, sister, this is how our people see you." His icy eyes met her gaze. "They love you. That creates loyalty and loyal subjects are willing."

"Don't be so melodramatic." She nudged him. "They are loyal because of the way the Allfather takes care of them."

"A bit of fanaticism doesn't hurt, either." He said and turned back to the play. The creation of Odin's reign. The peace he brought to the nine realms and how they stand as pillars of strength for all the universe to see. It was an old story, one that Freya's mother once told her as a bedtime story.

"In the end, Odin reigned victorious against Jotunheim. The Allfather blessed the 9 realms with peace and prosperity." The actors bowed. "And we are eternally grateful." As the play ended the crowd cheered and the royal family stood.

"Perhaps for your birthday, you can ask father for that play you love so much," Loki whispered. "What was it again? Hamlet?"

"Macbeth." She gave him a quick glance. "Stop teasing me, brother. It is unkind." She raised her chin. "For my gift, I want to ask if I can go to Midgard." She glanced over at Odin.

"You know he will never allow it." Loki said. "He's far too protective of you. But lucky for you, I know of another way to go to Midgard," He turned away from her, "But it is very dangerous."

"What is it?" She asked.

"I can't tell you." He said. "Father would kill me if anything happened to you." He tutted and shrugged. "I shouldn't have mentioned it."

"Don't toy with me." Freya said. "If there is a way to Midgard without Heimdall knowing, I want to go." She said.

"You can't tell a single soul," Loki said with a smile growing on his lips. "Promise me, Freya, no one can know."

"I promise you." She said.

"We shall make the journey tomorrow." He nodded.

A/N



Lol not really a surprise, i tagged this man in this story BUT i thought of this gif

Okay I've got to go to bed it is so late and I am so tired.

Not next chapter but the chapter after ... I'm a sucker for slow burn (Teehee)

Love y'all

Let me know what you think!!

- Savannah

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