

## Time in a Bottle

### 7 months on Midgard

"Feliz cumpleaños a ti. Feliz cumpleaños a ti. Feliz cumpleaños, Gabriella. Feliz cumpleaños a ti.They all sang as Freya placed the cake down in front of her.

Gabriella closed her eyes and thought for a moment. Making wishes, maybe she wanted Matteo to finally ask her out on a date or maybe she wished for something grander? Whatever she was wishing for, Freya hoped she'd get it. They didn't have birthdays on Asgard. She'd never gotten to make wishes like that. Gabriella opened her eyes and she leaned forward and blew out the candles.

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Freya sat out on Gabriella's porch rocking chair. The party slowly died down and guests left as the moon rose to its highest point.

"Do you want some cake?" Gabbie came outside. She leaned against the wood railing and lifted a plate up.

Freya reached over and grabbed it, "Thank you." She took the fork and sliced it into the white cake. "What'd you wish for?"

"The same thing I wish for every year." Gabriella crossed her arms and wrapped her sweater around her. She looked up at the stars. "A family." She said and met Freya's gaze, "My father was an outsider and my mother died when I was twelve. I guess that may be why Druig hangs around me. I have this big house and no one to share it with."

"I'm sorry," Freya said.

"It's okay." Gabbie smiled but it didn't meet her eyes. "It's been better while you've been here."

Freya stood up and placed a hand on Gabbie's shoulder, "I'm glad I've had you too." She said. She glanced in the window and Matteo stood in the kitchen, alone, the last party member there. "He's crazy about you." She said and Gabriella sneaked a glance and she couldn't help but smile.

### 8 months on Midgard

The nights were getting colder and for the first time since Freya arrived on Earth Gabriella's fireplace was used. "Mañana conseguiré más madera." Matteo slipped a scarf around his neck and glanced at his watch.

"Gracias, Matteo," Freya said from the couch. "Don't be nervous, she's excited." She winked at him and he gave her a thin smile.

"I think I have everything." Gabriella stepped out of her bedroom with a small bag. "Cambio de ropa, calcetines, chaqueta y... y..." She brushed a hand through her hair. [Change of clothes, socks, jacket and ... and ...]

"Toothbrush?" Freya asked.

She gasped, "Cepillo de dientes... Oh, Dios mío." She ran back into her bedroom. Freya flipped the page in her book. "Okay, okay. I'm ready." Gabriella said. "If you need me..." ["Toothbrush ... Oh my gosh."]

"I'll be alright." Freya glanced up at her friend. "Go. Have fun and be safe." She said as Gabriella made her way over to Matteo. He hugged her and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Adios, Freya." Matteo waved at Freya before opening the door. He grabbed Gabriella's bag. Gabriella looked at Freya with wide eyes. Freya gave her a small thumbs up. Gabriella stepped out of the house and the door shut.

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Hands were the only thing that held her body up. The ground cracked beneath her feet and she stumbled through a dark world, she knew it was once beautiful but, now there was only death. "We must get to the cave." There was a woman in front of her walking with purpose despite the tremors.

Freya didn't like it, she was scared. A mouth of a giant cave stood in front of her. The hands that stabilized her, threw her in. She stumbled and fell but there was no ground to catch her fall. She was falling and falling, there was no end.

She opened her eyes and she was laying on the couch, fire still going. It was only a dream. She took a deep breath in and sat up. A cold breeze brushed through her hair and her eyes glanced up, the door was open creaking swaying in the winter winds outside. She stood up and moved over to it. She reached up for the handle but her eyes caught something beneath her feet. A puddle of crimson red liquid, the handle was covered in blood. "Gabriella!" She called.

A shrill scream echoed out into the night, Freya ran out the door and down the steps. The village was quiet, too quiet. There were no villagers out on their patios or anyone who seemed to notice the scream either. She spun around and in the distance she a shadowy figure walking towards her. Freya summoned her staff into her hand and stood firm. "Who's there?" She asked.

The figure didn't answer. Their steps were calculated, robotic, leaving no footprint, crunching no leaves under them. Freya gasped and the staff in her hand dropped. Pale green eyes, long dark hair, it was her.

The body double's head tilted to the side and smiled, "They are all going to die!" She shouted. "They will all die it will be your fault!"

Freya shook her head vigorously and stumbled backward as she moved forward quickly. She tripped over something hard, it was a body. Freya sat up, the wavy copper hair, the olive skin. She flipped the body over and a scream escaped her lips. Eyes wide and unmoving with a gash in her stomach, Gabriella lay dead. Freya clutched her head and screamed. She screamed and screamed.

"Wake up!" She felt hands on her shoulders. They pulled her up and her eyes snapped open. Her chest heaved up and down. Sweat drenched her shirt and she looked around. She was in Gabriella's house, the door was closed, there was no blood. "Freya." A cool hand touched her cheek. She turned to her left. Druig sat beside her on the couch. He was there.

"I," She swallowed and looked back at the door, "It felt so real. She was — Gabriella she was —," She felt her eyes sting and tears trickle down her already stained cheeks. His arms wrapped around the back of her neck and pulled her forward. She felt into his chest.

"Shhh," He whispered. His hand slipped from her neck onto her back.

"It's okay. Everything's okay." She trembled and she couldn't get in a deep breath. Freya put a hand on his chest. His chin rested on top of her head. "It was just a nightmare."

He held her in a firm grasp, one where she couldn't slip out of. He whispered comforting words and reminded her to breathe. Freya was scared. Scared of herself, of her dreams, but she was terrified of what it will be like when she leaves. Druig's touch, his voice, his presence, could she lose him?

### 10 months on Midgard

"He keeps looking at you." Gabriella nudged Freya. She grabbed a brush and walked over to Anton, a large brown horse.

Freya looked up from the trough she was pouring food into. Druig was talking to Juan and Matteo in the large pasture. His eyes met her's and a smirk grew on his lips. She glanced back at Gabriella, "He looks at everyone." She said.

"You know that's what I used to say about Matteo." Gabriella held out sugar cubes for Anton to take. He shook his head before sniffing the cubes. "What'd you say to me? 'Gabbie I was the goddess of love on Asgard. I think I know the difference between looking and looking'" She mimicked Freya. Freya gasped but couldn't help but let out a laugh.

She lifted the silver pale and walked over to the fence. She set it down on the other side and jumped over the fence. She walked over to Gabbie and Anton. The horse bowed its head and she scratched his snout. "It's different with Druig." She said.

"But does it have to be?" Gabriella asked as she brushed Anton's side.

Freya glanced back at Druig. His hands clasped in front of his body. Did it have to be?

### One Year on Midgard.

Druig led her out of the house. They walked out of the village, the crickets and breeze were the only sounds to be heard. She liked the feeling of his hand in hers. They stepped into a clearing, the moon was full and the stars were vast and innumerable.

"This is beautiful." She said. The sky was sometimes overwhelming for Freya to look at. Just a mortal year ago she'd stare at it, wondering where Asgard was. She missed her brothers, missed her mother but, Freya would miss her independence, miss her first real friend, and miss — Her gaze fell from the sky to his eyes, he was looking at her. Their hands were still intertwined.

"I've been on this planet for over 7,000 years." He took a step closer to her, "And for my entire time here, I've thought love was a double-edged sword. It could give mortals their highest of highs and lowest lows." His voice was barely above a whisper. His fingers brushed up her arm slowly, so gently. She closed her eyes and took in a deep breath. "To reveal every part of one's self, that is far too great a risk." His fingers skimmed over her shoulder and across her collar bone. She opened her eyes, his blue eyes were more black than blue. His pupils dilated and the stars reflected in the darkness. "But for you Freya, I'd reveal anything."

His fingers met the nape of her neck, chills traveled down her spine as he trailed up her neck and finally set his hand on her cheek. The palm of his hand felt ice cold on her burning skin. His eyes flickered down to lips and then back to her gaze. "Say something." He said.

Freya wanted to say everything. She wanted to tell him she could spend forever with him and never get bored. That with him, she felt real. "Kiss me." She said.

He didn't hesitate. His hand brought her lips to his and she gasped. Her lips melded against his and she struggled to keep up with him. Her mind was iced over, she couldn't think, she couldn't breathe. There was just Druig. His hand that was holding her's let go and pressed against her hip and then curled up her back. He pulled back and gave her face a once over. His lips curled up into a smirk. She couldn't hide from him, not when they were that close. He glanced up at her hair and combed his hand through her it. He bent down and kissed her cheek and then the edge of her chin. She lifted her chin and she felt his lips brush against her neck. He trailed kisses down her neck and onto her shoulder.

"Druig." She said but her voice sounded so different from herself. He looked at her, eyes darting back and forth. Could he see something that she didn't even know was there? He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into a hug. His lips pressed against her forehead.

"My sweet, sweet Freya." His chest rumbled as he spoke. Freya wrapped her arms around him and combed her hand through his hair. She loved him. She loved a man she could never be with.

There was a bolt of lightning that ran across the sky. Freya and Druig both looked up, the winds picked up. Druig pulled her closer if that was even possible. Thunder rumbled as lightning struck the ground meters away from them. The light was so bright Freya lifted a hand and squinted.

The winds settled, she lowered her hand, a cloud of dust hung over the clearing. As it dissipated her heart threatened to burst out of her chest. In full armor, her father and brothers stood in the burnt remains of the Bifrost's energy.

A/N

Freya when she sees her fam has finally found her ↓ ↓



6k views!!!! I'm hoping y'all enjoyed this montage style chapter.