



Imagine That

Her first impact was against a tree. She hit one and then another, branches broke around her barrier. The power flickered but she persisted. The ground was unyielding when she hit it. The dirt beneath her shot up into the air around her. Her body exhausted and powers weakened. She was in a forest, or maybe a jungle. She had never seen one in real life only in pictures. Freya's body felt as if it didn't exist. Her eyes gazed up, it was warm. The sun was at its highest peak. Her wound was only half healed. She could barely take in a breath but Freya pushed off the ground and lifted a hand over her stomach. She needed to heal.

Her fingers twitched as the silvery energy swirled around her wound. There was a rustle in the trees, she looked up, eyes wide. She could feel it, there was someone watching her. "I know you're there!" She shouted.

Birds flew from the trees above her, a breeze came through the trees and then the jungle silenced again. Like ghosts, a large group of people surfaced from around the trees. Freya struggled to catch her breath. They held weapons and watched her like hawks.

"Who are you?" One of them asked.

"I am," She hesitated. Was she naive to tell them? "I am none of your concern." She struggled to stand her legs wobbling like a newborn foal.

"You're injured." Another one said. The voice was higher in pitch but similar in its monotone cadence.

"I'm alright." She glanced around the group, all indifferent stares, all so very still. She covered her wound. She turned to walk away, she wasn't knowing where she was headed but, she wanted away from this strange group.

"We can't let you leave." A woman stepped forward blocking her path. "You will come with us."

"I will do nothing of the sort." She said, but her voice was quivering. Was this part of Amora's plan? Simultaneously the group reached out for her, but she pushed out her hands and they were thrown back by her energy. Energy she needed to heal herself. When their bodies hit the floor she took off into a sprint. She was favoring her right leg and clutching her stomach.

She stepped on something that rolled and her ankle gave out. Freya's hands cracked as they met the ground. She let out a sob. Stupid girl, stupid girl. Her mind repeated. The same rustling in the trees made her jump. Eyes wide like a wild animal searching for its predator. She scooted backwards and raised a hand over her abdomen. Heal, heal, heal, she repeated. This time, along with the unnaturally still group, a man — the man from her dreams walked out from behind the trees with them.

His hair was black as night, with pale skin and small blue eyes, and pink lips. He wore a pale blue tank top and navy pants. He was dressed different from the others, he was different. Freya kept inching away. Her mind wasn't able to focus on the task at hand. She was remembering every vision she had of him. ↩

The group stopped moving forward, but he took two more steps before kneeling down. He watched her, calm and unnerved. Her back hit a tree and she glanced down at her side. Her power, fizzled from her hand it was too weak. When she looked back up at the man he was looking at her wound.

"That looks terrible." He said. His voice was so familiar and yet she had never heard it before, even in her dreams. He stood up.

"Don't!" She put a hand out, "Don't come any closer." She could visibly see her hands trembling. She could see in his eyes, that he wasn't afraid. She wasn't her brothers, her father, or even her mother. Stupid girl.

"Are you in any condition to be making demands?" He asked as he clasped his hands together in front of his body. "My friends said they saw you fall from the sky. Imagine that?" A smile grew on his lips. But Freya's eyes were glossing over, she could barely keep herself from curling up into a ball and wailing. "I only want to help." ↩

"I don't want your help." She said. "I want you to leave me alone and for me to be alone."

"Fine." He sighed. "You, mortals, are all the same." He blinked and his eyes glowed a pale gold. She felt something push inside her mind. She had never felt anything like it but her mind was not easily broken by the foreign presence. Her head throbbed and she let out a ragged breath. ↩

"Get out of my head." She clenched her teeth so tight it felt like they would break. He didn't budge. It was everything in her, all of her power, that swirled within to push him out. Whatever was left was being drained. "Get Out!" ↩

She screamed and a blast of her energy left her like a strong wave. She could barely keep her head up. Her eyelids growing heavy. Her wound still leaking blood. Her head was cradled in her hands. She had gotten him out, but at what cost? Her vision blurred and the world around her faded.

A/N

He's here.

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