



The Sun has Risen

A/N

This one's huge, 4,000 words big. It just felt silly goofy to split it up. Read the ending authors note if you want say in where the story ends from here!

⚠️ **there is sexual content in this chapter.**

<<<Present Day - Point of Emergence>>>

Freya's body and power were released from the connection and she floated back down. Her feet landed and she was on marble. Her indescent energy still radiating off her. Volcanic ash fell from the sky like rain. She was on the palm of Tiamut, Sersei knelt in front of Ikaris, their heads pressed together. He pulled back and gazed over at the giant head, now only stone, above water. He stood and looked at Freya, his eyes filled with tears. He hadn't always been this rigid, or maybe he had but, Freya knew two facts. He loved Sersei the way Freya loved Druig and he became a zealot in his ways and lost sight of the truth. He looked back to Sersei before flying away, toward the sun. Sersei watched, unmoving and Freya watched her. It was like she could see Sersei the first time, as the woman she'd known, the friend.

She turned toward Freya, there were gold streams of energy still glowing along her suit. "You saved us." She said.

"No," She shook her head. "Sersei you, you're the one who turned Tiamut to stone. You saved everyone."

"I could feel Tiamut fight it, fight me." She stepped closer to her. "We were connecting and then suddenly it stopped." She looked down at her hands. "And then it wasn't Tiamut I felt but you."

She couldn't understand, from the memories of her past life, seeing Ethestia and gaining her powers. It seemed impossible, what Sersei was saying. They walked down to the beach. Phastos Makkari and Thena stood there. Freya saw them with new eyes, or perhaps, old. She had memories of them all.

Makkari ran up to Sersei and Freya. She wrapped her arms both of them and Freya accepted the hug. Makkari was more than just a friend, she had been a best friend. She'd missed knowing her. She pulled back.

"I saw something," Makkari signed. "When the deviant attacked me, I could see another world or life. But it was just pieces."

"You saw Neath?" Freya signed.

"Yes," She signed.

The deviants must have a way to break Arishem's design. Freya signed. Thena moved over to Freya. Thena — the warrior who taught her how to fight. The one that enjoyed her standing up to Anu. "I remember." She said to her. "I remember everything."

Thena's eyes were glistening with unshed tears. "I do too." She reached out a hand for Freya to take. She grabbed it and squeezed it tight.

Phastos placed his hands on Sersei's shoulders. "How did you do it?" He asked.

She glanced down at her hands. "When I touched Tiamut's palm I felt energy surging into me. At first, Tiamut joined our Unit-mind."

"At first?" Phastos asked.

"He could sense what I was doing. Somehow, he knew." She gazed up at Freya. "And then I felt Freya's energy. So I connected to it."

He turned to look at every one. "I always wondered how we survived the destruction of the other planets we were on." He looked at Makkari and signed. "By being connected to the Celestial as it emerges. But connecting to Freya, how is that possible?"

Freya's eyes widened and her mouth bobbed. She shrugged her shoulders. "It's complicated. I don't fully understand myself."

"She's a Celestial." Sersei looked at Freya and nodded. "I could feel it. First of her kind."

"How is that possible?" Makkari signed.

"Technically, um, daughter," Freya said. "But I just learned this myself so it's surprising for us all, really." She rambled. Phastos thought for a moment and then his eyebrows raised. He looked down at his wrist.

He held up the wrist that had the silver bracelet on it. "We were already connected, at least some of us. Because Sersei was already pulling from you, instead of Tiamut it's as if it became your emergence."

Makkari stepped out toward the water and she looked at Tiamut and back to the others. "So we were all connected as one." She signed. "Including Sprite, Ikaris. All because of Freya."

Freya felt him before she saw him. The feeling was overwhelming and yet so familiar and comfortable. She glanced back Druig walked onto the beach, his black armor swaying in the wind. Freya took in a deep breath and she stepped forward. The world around her disappeared, the others were gone. It was just him and her like it always had been and always would be.

His eyes were trained on her like he felt the same way. She ran toward him and jumped into his arms. He caught her, one hand on her back the other in her hair. She clung to him like a life raider in a raging sea. His touch sent tingles down her spine, tears pricked at the corner of her eyes. They pulled apart. He pressed his forehead to hers. She closed her eyes and reveled at the moment.

"I'm sorry," She said. "I'm so so sorry."

"I remember." He whispered. It was so quiet that Freya was sure that she imagined it. Her eyes opened up. She gazed into the crystal blue eyes that she had loved for 10,000 years. "I remember." He said. "I don't know what to call you." He let out a small laugh. "Iris or Freya."

"Either, I don't care." She put her hands on the back of his neck.

"My beautiful, sweet Freya." He whispered slowly. He pulled her in tight and hugged her. She wrapped her arms around him. She combed her hand through his hair. He pulled back and gave her a once over.

They brushed their noses against each other before releasing each other from their grasp. He grabbed her hand and she wrapped her hand around his arm. They walked over to the group. Sprite wasn't far behind Druig. They gathered together.

Sprite looked around, "Is he gone?" She asked Sersei and the woman nodded. Sprite cried, mourned for a love she lost but never could have.

"Sprite," Sersei walked up to her, "I still have energy from the emergence, I think I can make you human. All the things you said you wanted could happen but your time will be fleeting and you'll die one day. Are you ready for that?" She asked. Sprite nodded.

"I am." She said. Sersei held out her hand for Sprite to take. She gently placed her hand in Sersei's.

The Domu was in shambles from Ikaris's attack but Phastos was working to fix it. So all there was to do was sit and wait. Freya sat down on the shore as Makkari and Druig caught up. They all need time to grieve Ikaris and she wanted to give them space. Partially because she needed it as well. She pressed her hand to her chest, felt her heart beating. The sun cast a golden hue over the water. She took in a deep breath and closed her eyes.

For the first time in decades, Freya felt real, whole. She'd been searching for, this moment ever since she was born. Every moment leading up to it had been to get her to that point. Where she could finally be free, where she was whole. Iris and Freya. Two sides of a coin both made to fit into molds that didn't quite fit them. Iris was the devoted sister and Freya the princess.

She let the warmth of the sun coat her face and her lips curled up into a smile. "I made it, Tony. I made it across." She whispered. "The sun has risen on us again."

Footsteps sliding across the sand made Freya turn to her right. She looked up, and there he stood. His hands clasped in front of his body. It was hard to remember all the bad the two had experienced when she had 500 years of forgotten good memories to look to. "May I sit?" He asked.

She nodded. "Yes." He sat down and took in a deep breath. He gazed out at the sea, his eyes narrowing. "How do you remember?" She asked.

"When Anu stabbed me with her tendrils, all the memories came flashing back. It must be an unintended side effect." He said.

"Must be." She said.

He turned his gaze to hers, "I'm the reason Neath was destroyed." He said through a tight jaw.

"No, that is not your fault." She said.

"I was part of the problem." He said. "Blindly following my leader, until the end." He looked at the sea. "How could you possibly forgive me?"

"And how could I ever make amends for what I've done to you?" She asked and their eyes met. "I let you time and time again. A er I asked you to never let me go. I asked you to erase my memories, ignorant and unaware of what had happened to Thena. I — I said horrible things. I let you selfishly because I couldn't let go..."

He interrupted her, "Tell me you love me, that you feel the same way for me as you did five years ago."

"Druig."

"Or tell me you don't and I'll go." He whispered.

Her eyebrows furrowed and she placed her hand on top of his in the sand. She leaned forward and he mirrored her. Their foreheads pressed together and she looked into his eyes. Crystal Blue met Pale green. She leaned in and tilted her head, noses brushing against each other. She kissed him, and her world became him. There was nothing else, no beach, no sand, nothing but Druig. Their lips melded together, perfectly in rhythm. They pulled apart and she took in a breath.

A smile grew on his lips. He picked up her hand and brushed his thumb across her knuckle. "Your hand is cold." He pressed his lips to her hand.

She grinned, "I love you." She placed her free hand on his cheek. It was bleeding and bruised. She closed her eyes and let her energy flow into him. Her intention, to heal. It didn't take much, her eyes opened and all that was left was dried blood. "I still feel the same about you, please don't go."

"Never." He said. "I love you, Freya."

<<<2 days later - New Asgard>>>

She unlocked her door and stepped into her small cottage. It was empty, her books and papers still sprayed across the table. She dropped her back and moved over to her journals. "Um, wait over there." She pointed at Druig and closed the books quickly. She grabbed a couple of the papers. She heard him step up to her, he looked over her shoulder, "These don't really matter."

"Really?" He asked and snatched a page from her. She turned around and went to grab it. He stepped back and raised it above his head. She looked at him with wide eyes. He raised an eyebrow and slowly brought the paper down. He glanced over it. She covered her eyes with her hand. "She's an artist too." He said and stepped over to her. He snaked his hand under her chin and pushed it up. Her cheeks were warm and her body even hotter.

"Shouldn't we talk about, um," She lost her words when he pressed his lips against her neck. "Um — shouldn't we talk about where we're going next." He pressed his lips to her jaw and her head tilted up. She took in a breath and bit the inside of her cheek.

"What about it?" He muttered into her skin.

Her eyes rolled back and she swallowed. "Well, we need to plan. I still kinda co-run this place with Val and—" His hands slid down her hips and back up them.

"We could." He lifted his hand and looked into her eyes. "Or," He brought his face down, their nose brushing against each other. His lips hovered over hers. "We could just relax, think about that tomorrow."

She nodded and grabbed the back of his neck. "I like that idea." She pulled him down to kiss him. Their lips were hot and fast. A soul bond finally at its fullest power, a 10,000 years of not remembering. Her mind was blurred, hot and cold. She unbuttoned his shirt and he lifted her legs onto the table behind her. He trailed her hair back and she lifted her chin. He kissed her jaw and pulled her kisses down her neck and across her collar bone. He licked her shirt over her head.

He threw the shirt to the ground and looked at her, really looked at her. "I've missed you." He said standing in between her legs.

"I'm retiring." She blurted out.

His brows furrowed, "What?" He asked.

"I'm — Thor is Val is charge so, I think she can handle it." She pressed her hand against his chest. "I'm going with you, wherever that is."

"Are you sure?" He lifted her hand from his chest and kissed it.

"Because," He kissed her wrist. "I wouldn't want," he kissed her forearms. "Your decision to be irrational." He brought his lips up her arm and over her shoulder.

She smiled, "Shut up." She pulled him close and kissed him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and legs around his torso. He lifted her onto the table and moved toward the couch. They fell back and he landed on top of her.

"I love you." He said. "My beautiful, beautiful Freya." He kissed her. He unzipped his pants and pulled them off. She pushed her wrists off of her body. He sat her up and he took her bra off. She wrapped her legs around his. They looked at each other, she grabbed him. He took in a sharp breath and closed his.

Her lips curled up, "I love you." She said and let go. He pushed into her center and she gasped. It wasn't their first, it wouldn't be their last but, it didn't change how special, how perfect this moment was. They made it through a life of not remembering the others, they found each other, he survived 7,000 years of fighting deviants and surviving a celestial. She survived wars and battles. All for them to end up there, in a small cottage remembering each other and memorizing each other all over again.

He moved up and down, his head lulled into her shoulder, he trailed kisses up her neck. With one hand he held himself up, the other trailed down her stomach. They moved with each other, gasping for breath. She grabbed his shoulders and spun them around he sat back against the couch. She rode him and he grabbed her neck and brought her lips down to his. She moaned into his mouth. His fingers scraped down her back. He laid back, she grabbed his shoulders and lifted her head. His fingers moved back to her core.

Their breaths became uneven, the pressure in her built. He tensed underneath her and she sucked in a breath. Her hand squeezed down on his shoulder as his fingers slowed. She went over the edge and she fell onto him. Their bodies pressed against each other. Their hearts beating, rhythmically as one.

He brushed a hand through her hair. "Does this mean I can't call you your majesty anymore?" He asked through jagged breaths. She looked up at him. He pressed a kiss to her forehead.

"You never were allowed to call me that." She said.

"But I did it anyway." He smirked.

<<<2 weeks later - South Dakota>>>

They sat in Ajak's living room, smooched on couches, watching the news reports on Tiamut's figure found in the ocean. Freya grabbed popcorn from Druig's bowl. He pulled it away.

"Get your own." He said with a pout on his lips.

"What's mine is yours." She said and popped the handful of popcorn into her mouth. Makkari looked over at Druig.

"Did you just see that?" He signed and raised.

"Better mine than yours." She signed and raised her bowl into the air. Druig sunk into the couch and wrapped an arm around his bowl.

A news reporter started talking on the screen, "The sudden appearance of an enormous stone figure in the Indian Ocean has led more questions than answers for authorities. U.S and Australian naval ships are..."

Ben looked over at the four guzzled on the couch and he pointed to the screen, "You guys did that?"

Phastos mid-bite of a pizza slice looked over at his husband. "I love you so much." He said. "Get this, honey," he pointed to Freya. "She's one of those things." Ben's eyes widened and eyebrows raised.

"I am not." She leaned over to look at Phastos. "I'm like half that, half something else." She said.

"She's lying," Druig said. Freya gasped and showed his shoulder. Phastos looked over to the kitchen. He jumps and sets the slice down on his plate.

"Um, can you just—" He places the plate on Makkari's lap. "Hold that for one second." He got up from the couch and went into the kitchen.

"He's a worrier," Ben smiled and looked into the kitchen where Thena, Jack, and Phastos were.

Makkari stood up and took her bowl and Phastos' plate. "We need to leave soon." She signed.

Druig nodded and stood up, "Shall we?" He looked down at Freya. He held out a hand for her to take. She took it and he lifted her.

They walked into the kitchen, "When are you guys leaving? When is that happening? That's happening soon right?" Druig threw popcorn at Phastos and snickered. "Ah, that's — Don't go anywhere near him." He patted his son's shoulder.

They gathered their things. Freya slipped on a green cardigan and lifted her backpack over her shoulder. Thena led the group to the Domu. Jack and Phastos were next. Druig walked next to Freya with his hands in the pockets of his leather jacket. Makkari followed a er.

"Okay, that's far enough Jack," Phastos said.

"Whoa dad, the Domu is so cool." He said.

"Your dad fixed that with his bare hands." He glanced down at his son, they smiled at each other.

"Can we go to space too, one day?" Jack asked.

"Let's wait until you get your learners permit, okay." He said.

Druig stepped forward, "Hey Phastos." He said. "Take care. This world is lucky to have you."

"Thank you," Phastos replied. "I know you're not a hugger, so," He reached out a hand for Druig to take. Their hands clasped together, and they shook. Druig pulled Phastos closer and wrapped his arms around him. "Oh-okay." Phastos hugged him back.

Eternals turned to Makkari, "Do you think when we find the other Eternals that they will accept the truth the way we did?" He asked and signed.

"Yes." She signed, "because the truth will set them free." Freya moved past them. Jack stepped up and looked at her.

"Don't tell Spiderman but you're my new favorite Avenger." He said. Freya smiled and laughed.

"I promise I won't tell." She stuck out her pinky. "I pinky swear." He took her pink in his. She glanced at Phastos. "If something goes wrong —"

"I know, we'll call you." He smiled, "I'm still working on our designs. Hopefully, we can be disconnected from Arishem soon."

Druig took Freya's hands and they waved at Phastos and Jack once more before turning on their heel. Makkari hugged Phastos and said her goodbyes. They boarded the Domu, Freya's new home for the foreseeable future. Druig and her stood by the window and watched as the ship shot into space.

<<<Four Weeks Later - Space>>>

"I don't understand." Makkari signed while she stared up at the golden image of the Earth. Freya stepped forward. "It's like they just disappeared."

"Arishem." Thena said.

Freya glanced at Thena, "If he took them, why didn't he come to take you three?" She asked.

"I don't know but, we need to go back," Thena said. Freya took in a breath and nodded. She looked over to Druig. The air shi ed and Freya's eyes narrowed. She glanced toward the dark hallway and back at Makkari and Thena.

"I feel it too." Makkari signed and stepped closer to Thena. She drew out her golden weapons. Druig's back straightened and he looked over to Freya.

"What?" He asked while circling on his apple. He glanced toward the hallway. Freya's energy circled her fists. The three women walked carefully toward the hallway. Bright multicolored lights started to appear in the hallway. It reminded Freya of the rainbow bridge and Bifrost.

There was a burst and a body flew through the hall and into the ground. A small redheaded troll laughed, a giant stein in his hand. "Oh wow, My ears! My eyes are numb." He touched his face and shook his head. "No more drunk teleporting for you." He said to himself before coughing.

Thena stepped forward, "Excuse—"

He put up a hand, "Hang on, hang on, hang on." He said and cleared his throat. He motioned to the back of the hallway. He made trumpet noises as the lights reappeared and flicked in the hall. There was the same blast, and from the light at the end of the way, there was now a silhouette of a man. "Behold, the royal prince of Titan, brother of Thanos—"

"Thanos's brother?" Makkari signed and her eyes widened. Freya prepared for a fight and from the looks of it so did Thena.

The troll continued unbothered, "Nave of hearts, defeater of Black Robert—"

"Roger." The man corrected.

"Oh, defeater of Black Roger, the great adventurer, Star Fox." The man stepped into the light. He wore a red and gold suit, with a cape, and had ginger hair. He wore a smirk on his lips. He glanced at each person in the room. Freya's eyebrows knitted together. Thanos's brother? She thought.

"What a pleasure to make your acquaintance," he bowed to them.

"My fellow Eternals." He glanced down at the troll. "You know you really don't have to do the whole thing every time."

"Everything you do is impressive." He whispered.

"I know it's impressive."

"Who are you?" Freya stepped past Thena and Makkari. Her jaw was set and her eyes hardened. Anyone attached to Thanos couldn't be trusted. She wouldn't let her friends get hurt. The man looked up from the troll. His blue eyes met hers.

"I'm Eros." He said as if it was supposed to mean something to her. "This is Pip and you are as beautiful as the legends say. Freya." Her head tilted to the side and she raised an eyebrow.

Druig pushed over the table he was sitting on. "What do you want lads?" He moved over to stand behind Freya.

"Pip and I are here to help," Eros said he held up a golden orb, like the one that was in Sersei. "Your friends are in big trouble and we know where to find them."

"And why should we trust you?" Freya took another step forward. Her fists glowing a bit brighter. Behind him, the bright lights flickered once more.

"Finally." He released a breath. "I knew you'd be on edge, with my family history." He pointed a finger at her. There was a snap and bright light. He stepped to the side. "My friend here is friends with Carol Danvers and can vouch for me."

The person walked into the light and Freya's eyes widened. Her heart sped up. She took in a breath. "Artemis?"

She shared a similar expression. She glanced behind Freya and her mouth bobbed. She met Freya's gaze. "Iris."

A/N

Besties, besties, besties

I gotta leave you with a hanger ☹️ It's my gi to you

We made it! We finished the Eternals Arc. I cannot express what this writing experience has done for me. Y'all have been so awesome and when I say besties I truly mean it!

Now I am going to say this story is complete but I am down to write more. What do you want to see from Freya/Iris's life ?? I have a few ideas but I wanna hear your thoughts.

Continue reading next part