Summary

With Kol dead, Finn locked away, and Dahlia's arrival in New Orleans drawing ever closer, Davina is approached by the mysterious new witch in town: Freya Mikaelson. Taking an immediate liking to each other, they pledge to work together to defeat Dahlia and along the way something else blossoms. Something entirely unexpected. AU post-2x16.

Davina had no idea why she was back in the attic of St. Anne's, where a vampire had quarantined her for so long. She supposed she felt safe up here all alone. It was here that she could mourn in peace.

_It wasn't much of anything, really, but it was still nice to have that option open with all the depressing stuff going on in my life... even if it never would have amounted to anything at all, the darling young witch thought._

Kol Mikaelson is dead.

And not just "daggered" dead.

"_Dead_" dead.

Again.
He thought no one cared for him, not truly. Not even her. Sweet and innocent Davina Claire. Little D. My little witch… Kol is dead. Klaus is still out there. Even worse, there's a new power player in the French Quarter. Yet another Mikaelson sibling.

Freya. "She is dangerous," a witch told her in a dream.

A beautiful witch, who had convinced Davina to rejoin what remained of her coven.

"But what coven is there to return to," Davina wondered aloud. "The Harvest Girls are all dead, again, as are all the elders and most of the rabble."

"Then rebuild it," came a voice of auditory velvet from behind her. Davina whirled and looked right at her.

"That's right," the blonde said. "You know me."

"Freya…"

"Good morning, Davina. We have some things to discuss."

The door slammed behind her.

There she was, this "statuesque goddess distilled in human form," as Davina would later recount in her diary for that day.

But no time for that. Right now, she is an enemy.

"Hello, Davina," Freya greeted her cordially.

"You're her? The Mikaelson witch?"

*Edgy, I like her already,* Freya mused.

"In the flesh. Freya, please. No need for formalities here. I know all about you, little witch. You resurrected my father in a spectacularly failed attempt to kill my half-brother Niklaus. Quite the feat, to bring life to mere ashes. My beloved father cannot and will not be controlled by anyone but himself."

"Nexus vorti. Not so complicated."

"You sound like my aunt Dahlia. So overconfident," Freya chuckled. "But comparisons to sociopaths are not why I'm here. I am here to make you an offer. I want you to-"

"Help you rebuild the city? Thanks but no thanks. The city can burn when Dahlia comes for all I care."

"Your mouth says no, but your eyes tell a very different tale," the blonde hissed. It was here that Davina noticed the rapidly decreasing space between them. Not that she minded, of course, when she was in the presence of such… power.

"The- the- the very last thing I need is another Mikaelson in my life," the teen choked out, tears spilling over her face.

"Kol. I know," Freya crooned, cupping Davina's face in her hands. Davina's eyes darted to and fro, wildly searching for an avenue of escape.
"Shh-shh-shh," Freya whispered, pulling her into a rather awkward embrace. "No tears now."

"Why do you care about me," Davina gulped.

"Hush, little one," Freya soothed.

She sat the brunette down on Davina's white-as-snow bed.

"Now, about these witches… we need to do something about them. Without the other Harvest Girls or any elders, the New Orleans Coven is in shambles. I have even less love for them than you, but they are a necessity if we are to save our loved ones from Dahlia's wrath."

"I'm not interested."

"Fair enough. I am here if you change your mind, culver."

"Culver?"

"A favorite word of mine. In my native tongue, it means 'dove'. I find it befitting of you, Davina Claire."

And with that she was gone, but one thing remained:

A twinge up and down Davina's spine, a warmth. This Freya made her feel safe and secure.

In her wanderings after her encounter with the young Davina, Freya found herself near an elementary school's playground during recess. A girl, not even five, swung from the monkey bars and tried in vain to reach the bar in front of her. She screamed and fell, banged her head on the ground.

Rather… she would have, had Freya not rushed over and caught her.

The girl, her breathing ragged, stared wide-eyed at her savior before burying her face in the crook of Freya's neck.

"Shh, little one," Freya soothed. "I am here."

"I am here, my sweet Astrid," she cooed absent-mindedly.

She didn't mean to speak the name she had not dared to even form in her mind for over nine centuries, but she never forgot it and she never would. With the name came a flurry of emotions: pain, joy, guilt, agony, adoration, unconditional love… and most of all fear. Fear of Dahlia's wrath.

Her pained memories thankfully did not last but the briefest of moments as the girl's teacher gently took the girl from Freya and thanked her.

"It was no trouble," she replied. "Children are blessings."

Why am I here in the first place, she berated herself. The little brat doesn't want my help, does not trust me simply by virtue of my having Mikaelson blood. Oh, but my dear Kol she warmed up to so innocently, even after her discovery of his true nature. Speaking of her, why did I seek her out of all the other witches in this community? I could have gone to Josephine LaRue, to the matriarch herself.
She experienced firsthand what happened the last time Dahlia was in New Orleans and cast a spell on herself to ensure that she would survive long enough for my wicked aunt to return in search of Hope. Oh, Hope... that sweet little girl, I cannot allow her to come to harm. That was Finn's mistake, and now he is also safe from harm. My dearest brother has no place in this world. But back to Davina. I sensed a willingness in her today. A willingness to do what I have not the faintest clue, and therein lies the greatest mystery worth solving. I can use her, yes, to avenge myself on Dahlia for her years of torment or I may use Davina Claire in other ways. There is a spark in her, a spark that draws me like a moth to a flame. A great passion and drive to do what is right unlike any I have seen before. Something I greatly desire.

"I shall give her a few days to... cool off," Freya whispered mischievously to herself.

Davina found herself at her easel for the first time in a good long while, but she was not painting the future or ominous things to come. She picked up the yellow in her brush and began outlining the top of a sketch's head.

What is with me today, Davina yelled in her mind. She's a Mikaelson, a she's probably no better than the rest of them. Even Kol had his darkness an researching his past gave me the insight to stay away from that horrid family. But perhaps she can help me, mentor me. She is magnificently strong and passionate, it radiates from her like heat. I was overjoyed when she came upstairs! She is so beautiful...

Davina picked up another brush and filled in the hauntingly deep green of the irises.

"Her eyes are so like mine, an almost perfect reflection," Davina found herself lost in even their representation, but quickly whipped her mind back to reality.

"Maybe I'll give her one more chance."

With that, she set her painting utensils down and got to work on a locator spell.

This evening's proceedings were not entirely welcome. Actually, they were not welcome much at all. There were roughly a million-and-one people Davina wished she was having dinner with at this very moment, and I am sure the same could be said of her host.

"Are you not hungry, Davina," Klaus sneered.

"Perhaps my stomach's out of bile," she shot back.

"My dear, I've already poisoned you once. It would be amateurish of me to repeat myself. Come, love, it's your favorite," Klaus gestured to the covered dish. "I have no desire to see you dead... not tonight at least. We've important matters to discuss."

Davina uncovered the silver platter to find a thick lock of golden hair...

And the young witch catapulted to a perfect right angle in bed.

"Nervous about tonight's meeting with Klaus," Josh inquired from the shadows, her silent protector.

"Tonight's meetings in general, Josh. Freya asked to meet in the lobby of the Omni Royal Crescent Hotel right after my dinner with Klaus and Elijah."

"Sounds suspicious. Want some backup?"
"I love you for being so protective, Josh, but Freya Mikaelson is a centuries-old witch and you're a little baby vampire. Stay here, stay safe."

"Fine," he grumbled.

The newly-married Hayley Marshall Kenner was not one to involve herself in witch business, but she did have a modicum of care for the young brunette.

"I can handle myself, Hayley," Davina groaned.

"It's Klaus," she cautioned.

"I am fully aware!"

"I will be in the next room if you need me," she lightly kissed Davina's forehead and left.  

*That was out-of-character, Davina mused. Maybe she's pregnant again and all hormonal and stuff. Wouldn't do to have another hybrid baby in town, though.*

Her thoughts were punctuated by a shrill shriek and Davina rushed around the corner to find Hayley on the ground, bleeding from every orifice, her wide and terrified eyes staring at nothing.

And standing over Hayley was Finn.

"You're meeting with Niklaus, Davina? Pity. I had hoped you were above their petty power plays!"

He raised a hand to her, but a bright light engulfed Davina and the witch was gone.

"No," Finn yelled.

She found herself in the Palace Royale lobby, immaculately dressed in a beautiful pink dress.

"What," she began, but her voice caught in her throat when she saw her hostess descend the stairs in a one-shoulder red outfit.

"Hello, Davina," Freya smiled at her guest. "Please sit."

Davina found her way to a gold-cushioned seat, trembling.

"You are unnerved, Miss Claire," Freya stated, concern in her voice. *But what is real?*

"Hayley Marshall-"

"I know. I am sorry if the two of you were close."

"We weren't in the slightest, but still... seeing someone die in front of you-"

"Hush, child," Freya lightly caressed the side of Davina's face.

"Can we just get this over with so I can go home," Davina's voice cracked despite her trying to regain her composure. She couldn't let this woman in, or else Freya might mercilessly exploit her like the rest of that wretched family had.

"The witches are growing antsy, Davina. Josephine LaRue is largely useless, what with her hexed hands, and all the elders of the New Orleans Coven are dead or fled. Before long, I fear the Kindred may find life outside their little cottage to be more suitable, and the Treme faction is also looking to solidify their power base here in New Orleans. They find Josephine weak and ineffectual and
Ancestral magic is to them parlor tricks, not that I would mind seeing that infernal craft subsumed. The Ancestors have grown haughty over the centuries. They think themselves all but gods."

"If you're so powerful, why don't you just defy them yourself?"

"Because, culver, to do so would draw Dahlia here all the quicker. You are the final Harvest Girl, and whatever remains of the New Orleans Coven would find themselves most wise to listen to you."

"They killed me and my friends! They turned my best friend into a sociopathic monster! I-"

"You will do this, Davina Claire, for yourself if not for them."

"You don't understand, I never wanted this! I want to be a normal teenage girl, with my biggest worries being which boy is going to ask me to prom in the spring! I can't be an elder to a bunch of fundamentalist whackos."

"I will be there to help you, and together we will unite the witches of the French Quarter against the Treme Coven and the Kindred. And afterwards, who knows, we may even be able to convince Dahlia to leave in peace."

"'Convince Dahlia to leave in peace'? What the hell is this, a game to you? I may not have a personal connection to Hope, but I will not see some power-hungry psychopath like your aunt use a baby to make herself immortal."

"All my plans will come in due time, culver. All I ask is that you trust me."

"And stop calling me that!"

She got up and tried to leave but found herself hitting an invisible wall. She glared at Freya, but did her best not to look back at that beautiful… manipulative bitch! UGH! Get it together, Davina, get it together.

"I know you've been painting me, Davina," Freya crooned and Davina's face turned about fifty shades of red but still she did not look back.

"I am flattered, to be honest. I look forward to seeing it. Please show me next time."

"Don't expect there to be a 'next time,' bitch," Davina spat, finally turning to the statuesque woman.

"Oh, I think there will be. In fact, this discussion is not yet over. Bring him."

At that moment, Josh was pushed down the staircase. Bound, gagged, liquefied vervain glistening on his constraints.

"Now, shall we continue our conversation?"

"Don't you dare hurt him!"

"Oh, it is not my wish to cause him harm, Davina. He is incentive. Sit. Down."

And Davina did as she was bade.

Josh fell onto his side and lost consciousness, but his captor paid him no mind. Freya glanced back at the vampire with a twinge of regret that soon vanished beneath her calm exterior.

"Let him go," Davina growled.
"We talk, successfully, and your friend walks. We don't, it will not be pleasant for him," Freya stated matter-of-factly.

Davina retook her seat.

"Good."

"Why do you want the Kindred gone so badly? If you want Josephine's help, wouldn't that be counter-intuitive?"

"As I said, they have taken her prisoner. Rumor has it she has been subjected to one of their magical lobotomies, practically overdosed on those pills she so loved to shove down my throat personally."

"Sounds like you've got reason to let her rot."
"It would not be advantageous. Josephine is the supreme matriarch of most of the covens outside the French Quarter. Get her on our side and those covens under her dominion will follow suit. Klaus and Elijah have their enhanced werewolf army to protect Hope. Dahlia will crush them like ants, but hundreds upon hundreds of witches that when brought would not only equal Dahlia's power but surpass it?"

"Call me sometime! Lots of times" Davina blurted out.

"Excuse me," Freya's voice came out like a beautiful, seductive snake.
Her voice of auditory velvet… ooooooohhhh…

"If we are entering into this, we need to be in contact," Davina caught herself.

"Almost constant contact," Freya teased, and D's face turned red again.

"Yes," she finally agreed.

Freya held out her hand and the girls traded phones, opened their contacts, and entered each other's digits. Freya had a particularly victorious smirk on her face as she handed Davina's phone back.

Was that a wink Davina spied? Oh, yes, it definitely was.

With that, Davina hurried out of the hotel with Josh, her face the color of sunset.

"Thank you, culver," Davina heard in her mind. "I look forward to talking to you more… intimately soon enough."

"Sure thing," Davina smiled to herself.

The Fauline Cottage was not a place to find oneself if one were in any right frame of mind. Witches could enter, sure, but could not escape. Klaus was to thank for that. Originally meant as a punishment for Kol's compatriots when they tried to aid him in forging a weapon to make Klaus suffer as his siblings had suffered under him, the Treme witches (would later utilize the cottage as an asylum of sorts for the deranged and dangerous witches of New Orleans. Case in point: the power-hungry Eva Sinclair, former host body for Rebekah Mikaelson.

With the recent demise of the majority of the Kindred, the asylum's sadistic orderlies, at the hands of Freya Mikaelson, the remaining inmates had no one to watch over them. Worse still, Freya had destroyed the magical barrier making the cottage anything more than an old house. Psychotic witches
ran amok in the Cauldron for days- that is, until Eva decided to channel almost all of them.

"Sacrificial magic is a real bitch," Davina would later point out.

Although Eva was later incapacitated, events would force Freya to lock Rebekah inside the pendant that was so dear to the eldest Mikaelson sibling. Eva was returned to the Cottage and the barrier restored, the cottage now a prison solely for Eva.

Until, of course, Josephine's own treacherous underlings dumped the matriarch there.

"Isn't this a magnificent turn of events," Eva sneered at the near-catatonic older woman.

"The spell has been magnified especially for you," Josephine croaked.

"Has it, now?"

"You're welcome, Miss Sinclair," Freya's voice called out to her.

The blonde rounded a corner, earning Eva's sneering glare.

"Miss Mikaelson. To what do I owe this gross violation of my autonomy?"

"Your being a serial killer should suffice."

"I prefer humanitarian. Overpopulation and all that jazz."

"Whatever helps you to sleep at night."

"Aside from your mythical aunt, you are the most powerful witch in history, Freya. What is to stop me from channeling you and afterward slitting your pretty little throat?"

A microsecond later, Eva found herself pinned against the wall a good twenty feet behind her. She hissed at her captor, following by a rather animalistic growl. Freya waltzed over and smirked at the criminal.

"You would do well to not antagonize your betters, Eva," Freya cautioned. "One wrong move and I will render you unto ash. Your mistreatment of Davina Claire would normally suffice, but I am willing to allow this isolation to be your fate for now. So, if you will give me a moment alone with Josephine LaRue…"

With a look, Freya sent Eva hurtling up the nearest staircase and into a bedroom, the door locking behind her. Freya crouched in front of Josephine.

"Now that we have a moment alone," Freya mused, smiling at the matriarch.

Davina had a great disdain for the City of the Dead. It was morbid and musky and reminded her all too much of her dead friends. How fitting that a scared witch had been holed up here for the better part of the last nine months, the last major remnant of the New Orleans Coven. Marcus Boers was his name, deception was his game. Son of an immigrant the Philippines and a local bartender. The unforeseen product of a one-night stand. Poor guy never had much of a relationship with either parent. Something he and Davina shared, something she could use.

"You can come out, Marcus, I know you're here," the little witch called.

There is a powerful cloaking spell here, Davina mused.
"No use hiding! I… smell your fear," she decided that would sound the most badass, and she needed to appear badass to whatever was left of the psychos who killed her. Make them fear her for a change.

"Seriously," came a voice, and the man revealed himself.

Not much of a looker.

Tangled, long hair.

Dirty rags that were once clothes.

Soot and dust covering his skin.

Davina plopped down on the ground, patting the cobblestone next to her. Marcus warily joined her.

"Hi, Davina," he muttered.

"Hi, Marcus," she said with barely contained rage. To say there was bad blood between them was the understatement of the century.

"How are-"

"Save it, numbnut. I talk, you listen."

Marcus' face went white as a sheet, and Davina didn't even try to hide her smile.

"What makes you think the witches of the French Quarter will give a damn what you want, much less the covens outside of it," Josephine wheezed, wetting her lips.

"Your health is deteriorating rapidly, Eva's channeling you saw to that, and I have the power to ensure that the witches will be kept in check. You and I both know what happens when our ilk get a bit too bold."

"I trust there is something in this for me?"

"I can reverse the hex your mother placed on your hands so long ago… and restore your youth."

"Hogwash! No one can do that!"

"Try me. If you allow me the requisite leeway with the witches, I will do these things and more for you. I heard about the violinist you fancied, he was a good man."

"Before he became a vampire, yes. Then we discarded each other. He is at peace now, I would hope."

"I assure you that he is."

"I was quite the looker in my day," Josephine laughed.

"I take that as affirmation," Freya questioned.

"Without a second thought. My dear, if a third of the stories I have heard of your aunt Dahlia are even remotely true… well, let us just say there is strength in numbers."

"Thank you, Josephine. I promise you will not regret this. Eva Sinclair will not be a bother for you anymore."
And with that, Josephine found herself alone.

"I should hope not."

Freya entered Rousseau's to find Davina seated at the bar, Cami bartending.

"You're more than just a little young," Cami advised Davina.

"I just confronted the man who convinced my mom to let me die for some twisted ritual, I think I deserve a little liquid courage," Davina argued, slurring.

"Davina," Freya called. "Listen to your friend there. The last thing we need is an intoxicated minor running around making deals with potential allies in this coming fight."

"I think she snuck a few while I was restocking in the back," Cami confessed. "Go on, take her home."

Freya tried to pull Davina to her feet, only to be met with whining and dead weight.

"Make sure this never happens again, Miss O'Connell, and you keep your job," Freya glared.

"Take good care of her. I'll swing by after my shift," Cami nodded empathetically at the teenage witch in Freya's arms.

Leading Davina outside and into a sleek black car, Freya couldn't help but notice an odd sensation: one of warmth and kindness. She wanted nothing more than to protect this new friend of hers, make her feel safe and secure.

Maybe, make her feel loved.

Freya found herself unexpectedly joyous at Dahlia's strange demeanor in the weeks following her failed suicide. She had not seen the elder witch in over ten days, the only words spoken between them (aside from Dahlia's ominous warning about there being 'no escape from me, not even death') being to inform Freya that the child was a boy, not the girl she secretly longed for. But that was no longer the issue. The child was conceived not even a full six months prior, it would not have survived the outside world anyway. Freya did it a service.

"Or did I," the girl often asked herself. "Perhaps I was cowardly, trying to kill us both. My death was never a feasible option, I should've seen that. By the gods, I was a fool," she berated herself. Being in the wilderness afforded her a certain amount of privacy, and she utilized that privacy to its full effect. Falling to her knees, she tilted her head back and unleashed the most horrid scream of agony toward the heavens. And another, and another, until her throat became sore from it all. She clawed at herself, tearing her clothes and raking her fingernails over her skin with such force that she drew blood. But this offered her no solace. The wounds healed as soon as they appeared. Freya buried her face in the snow.

"Please," she sobbed, her body shaking. "I want to die. Please just let me die! I did not want to do it! She made me a monster. Let me die, let me die, let me die. I WANT TO DIIIEEEE," she finally shrieked into the nothingness as if it could grant her request.

Her muscles tense from use and dehydration, Freya curled into a ball in the snow, her pain lulling her off to sleep.
Freya noticed the candle she held was getting wet. She looked up, expecting to find a leak in the attic somewhere. Dryness, and then she realized the moisture came from her.

"Best not ruin my makeup," she dabbed at her eyes. *But why are these memories coming back to me now?*

She gazed at the sleeping girl on the immaculately white bed, stained with light vomit from the morning. Davina rustled.

"Good. The lightweight lives," Freya teased. Davina rolled her eyes. The blonde floated to the edge of the bed, sitting down almost weightlessly.

"You don't have to take care of me, I'm seventeen."

"That is precisely why I do have to take care of you. You teenagers are so reckless and impulsive. How many times have you gone up against my half-brother and lost, hmm? Exactly. I know you and Kol made the golden dagger before he died."

"What?"

"I just wish I could've properly met him before he expired. He was the one I found myself akin to the most, aside from Rebekah." She fiddled with her necklace pointedly.

"Tell me about yourself," Davina mumbled.

"Hmm?"

"We might as well get to know each other for the time being if we are going to unite the witches against Dahlia. How's that coming, by the way?"

"Josephine has given me her blessing to deal with the Treme as I see fit. I intend on making an example of them if they prove to be needlessly belligerent. And you?"

"Marcus says he wants to meet you first before making any big decisions."

"Fair enough. What would you like to know, I am an open book."

"Favorite color?"

"Royal purple. A rather innocent question."

"I don't know you that well. I could ask the more personal questions if you want."

"Try me."

"Biggest regret," she spat out.

"When…"

"Yes?"

"When…"

She turned away, a thousand-yard-stare through the window.

"Freya," Davina's tone took on a concerned quality as she touched the blonde's shoulder. Eons passed, it seems, where Freya did not move, did not breathe, did not do anything. Finally, Davina's companion returned to the room and looked at the girl. Her eyes brimmed with tears.
"Freya, I didn't mean to make you upset," Davina started.

"I know, child, I know," Freya cupped Davina's face in her hands. "The answer to all of your 'deepest secrets' question category may be summed up in one simplistic tale."

"Then show me. I'm not afraid. Whatever you did, I don't care. You saved my life, I trust you now."

"And you didn't before?"

"Not really. You're a Mikaelson."

"I most indubitably am. I am happy to have earned even a miniscule portion of your trust, culver. You have earned mine. Are you absolutely certain you want to see this? The revelation has turned away others for good."

"It's part of who you are, and I want to know you."

"So be it, Davina Claire."

Freya cupped Davina's face and closed her eyes, concentrating.

And Davina saw it all:

Freya awakening just before Dahlia in the 15th century and stealing away.

Freya meeting Mathias, and the conception of their child.

Freya watching in simultaneous amazement and fear as her belly grew, and the joy of child moving under her skin.

Freya learning that she would only be a mother for a few days at most before the spell made her slumber once more.

Freya being so happy at hitting the six-month mark, as Esther once miscarried a child at the fifth.

Mathias dying soon after this, and Freya poisoning herself.

Freya learning her child was not protected by the spell and her subsequent depression, which was thankfully made brief by the spell overtaking her again.

Davina jerked her head back, and eyed Freya with an unreadable expression.

"Davina?"

What is that look? Fear? Anger? Resentment for being shown such a thing? Hatred of Dahlia, of Freya even? Horror? A break in this newfound relationship?

"Davina, talk to me, please," her voice cracked.

Davina's eyes darted to and fro, every which way. Even more confusing. An eternity seemed to pass and finally…

Davina hugged Freya as tightly as she possibly could.

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

This was different, certainly the exact opposite of what Freya expected.
But here it was: a hug. The first positive physical intimacy of any kind that Freya had experienced in over ten centuries. She allowed herself to burrow her face into the crook of Davina's neck and cry. A good healthy cry.

And Davina cried too, for her newfound friend, for this broken woman she called her protector. A woman who made her feel safe and secure.

Freya did not admit this, but Davina's warmth meant the world to her in this very moment. It made her feel alive, happy… safe. It was Davina who made Freya feel loved.

Today was Mardi Gras. A time for food, fun, friends, and love in all its passionate forms. A special time for reverie and carelessness. People sang and danced up and down the city, filling Bourbon Street with life.

Today was also the day Freya asked Davina a very important question:

"Davina, we need a night off from our alliance-making. As you know, it is Mardi Gras and there's going to be the most wonderful parade tonight to which I would be honored if you deigned to accompany me. What do you say," she smiled.

To which Davina replied an enthusiastic, "YES!" and hugged Freya tightly. Perhaps a little too tightly, or perhaps the hug lingered a bit too long. In any case, Davina was embarrassed by it for several hours afterward, but Freya did not seem to care. She returned the hug several times over the course of the evening.

Before the parades started, Freya took Davina on a miniature shopping spree. She let Davina buy whatever she wanted, something that would certainly come back to bite her in the ass eventually. The blonde didn't entirely leave herself untreated, however: she bought herself a nice Allover lace deep v dress to complement Davina's black-and-white fitted cocktail dress, although they eventually decided the beautiful clothing they bought for themselves would look better on the other party.

Eventually the pair found themselves in the middle of a dance floor, bumping and grinding, laughing with people they never met.

"This has been the best night, Freya," Davina practically shouted over the dance music.

"Most definitely! We should do it again sometime," Freya concurred.

"Hey, I gotta use the little girl's room. I'll be back in ten," the teen held up both hands with her fingers splayed to represent the time. Freya nodded and continued dancing.

Davina washed her hands in the sink and splashed water on her face. Get it together, Davina, wake up!

"No, no, no," she moaned. "Not her. She's a Mikaelson… and she's a girl! She's a girl…" Davina tried to convince herself. I think if I liked girls, I would know by now, right? Maybe. It's only a crush, it'll go away!

"Little D," came a concerned tone and Freya entered.

Then why do I feel this way whenever I see her? Davina could feel her heart beating faster and her
pulse racing solely caused by Freya being in close proximity. Davina turned, leaning on the counter.

"Hon, you've been in here for almost half an hour, I wanted to make sure you were okay." Freya inched closer.

Davina's breathing became somewhat labored to match her heartbeat.

"Davina, are you all right," she continued to close the gap between them.

"I'm… I…"

"Yes?"

What happened next could best be described as awkward, adorably so. Davina had never kissed a boy, much less a girl, nor had anyone kissed her. That being said, she did her best to emulate what kisses she had seen.

Davina cupped Freya's beautiful heart-shaped face in her hands and pulled it closer to her own so that their foreheads touched.

"I'm okay. I'm fantastic, in fact."

Davina pressed her lips to Freya's and then moved back.

Press.

Move back.

Press.

Move back.

Stared into her eyes.

Freya stared into hers.

"Davina…"

Then the little witch grew bolder, kissed her more firmly, hesitantly inched her tongue inside Freya's mouth.

"Whoa, whoa," Freya chuckled.

Davina's brow creased.

"Davina, I'm absolutely flattered-"

Davina could sense a 'but'. She didn't need to, much less want to, hear the rest. She hurried out of the bathroom and through the loud throng of people, the noise drowning out whatever an in-pursuit Freya was calling after her.

Once again, Davina found herself sequestered in the attic of St. Anne's. This time of her own volition.

Three days, that's how long it had been.
Three days.

She thought about calling Freya, or texting her.

She did both, thrice each. One of each per day.

Nothing. No response whatsoever.

At this moment, she lay in a fetal position atop her bed, Josh on the other side in a similar pose.

"You wanna talk about it," he whispered sympathetically.

Davina's face was blotchy from crying the last few hours, the fifth such occurrence in the last 72 hours.

_God, I am so pathetic_, Davina chastised herself.

"I don't know what…" she choked out.

"Hey, it's okay. It's completely fine."

"It is?"

"Yeah! You think I just came out of the womb and said, 'insert stereotypical thing a gay guy would say' here? No. It took me a while, and several failed relationships with people of both genders, for me to realize it at all. I fought against it for a helluva long time. Hetero-normative parents and indoctrination and all that jazz. But once I figured out who I was, I was at peace and I never looked back. Not once. Not ever."

"So you're saying I should just embrace it, see where it heads?"

"Well, you made out with Klaus' long-lost sister whom he has about as much affection for as his psycho stepdad, probably even less so. Last I checked, he wants you for an ally in the coming battle with this evil super-witch aunt of his. Does this Freya even like girls?"

"I don't know. I mean, I thought she was flirting with me… she showed me something personal, something very emotional, in her history and since then it's like the rest of her life is coming to me in dreams. All the horrors Dahlia put her through, and part of me kinda hopes it's a two-way street. That I'm unconsciously sharing my memories with her. Maybe that's why I feel so connected to her, so safe around her. I've had that feeling since the moment she first walked into this room, Josh!"

"Sounds like you've got it bad, Davina."

The girl buried her face in her pillow, groaning. "This is so confusing!"

"Have you ever put in any thought about being with a girl before?"

"No. My sexual education was 'boys like girls, and vice versa' and that was it! I've never had an actual boyfriend, Josh."

"I heard you and Kol-"

"Doesn't count. He was in someone else's body at the time, and now he's with the Ancestors. They're probably doing god knows what to him, and Tim was cool and all but he was a fleeting, a passing fancy… a trifle."

She sighed, and Josh pulled her into his warm embrace where she drifted off to sleep.
"Davina Claire," Elijah stated in his usual matter-of-fact fashion. In front of him, his elder sister paced back and forth.

"Yes, Davina Claire! Niklaus’ not-so-willing pet witch! If he finds out-
"

"Let me worry about Niklaus, Freya. Tell me what happened that led to this kiss."

Freya sat on the footrest in front of Elijah's plush chair and put her hands on his knees.

"It is complicated, brother."

"Spare me such preambles, sister, I've heard them literally thousands of times. All due respect. Continue."

"I invited her to one of the parades going on the night of Mardi Gras, and I took her dress-shopping before. We had quite a wild and fun time of it all. We then retreated inside to a dance party of some kind, and we had our fill of that for several hours. Around midnight, Davina excused herself to the lavatory and did not return for close to half an hour, so I went to investigate and see if she was all right. I overheard her muttering to herself, I believe something about me, and I entered the lavatory. This is when she kissed me. Several times, the last with tongue."

"Were you overtly flirtatious with her prior to this encounter?"

"Somewhat, but no more than I usually am."

"Freya…"

"What, Elijah?"

"You've much to learn about this century. Like how to properly operate a cell phone, for starters. I saw that Miss Claire had called you several times without you answering, as well as having left several text messages over the course of the previous few days. I assume you have not been in contact with her since this… tryst?"

"No. God, she probably thinks that I hate her or some similar notion!"

"And do you? Hate her, I mean."

"Not at all!"

"Then how do you feel about this girl?"

"I, uh… um…"

"Give me the phone," Elijah held out his hand. Freya sheepishly handed it over to him. He immediately guessed her password and opened her contacts, clicking on Davina's name.

"Elijah-"

"One moment."

He stood and started milling around the house waiting for the witch to pick up.

"It's Davina. You know the drill," came her answering machine.

Elijah paused a moment, and it was all Freya needed to see that he was not going to let this go.
"Miss Claire," Elijah laughed as Freya chased him around his new abode. "It is Elijah. My sister profusely apologizes for not returning your communicative efforts. I will have to teach her how to use technology, it would seem. She would like to meet with you at Rousseau's tomorrow evening for a drink."

He hung up and returned the phone to his blushing big sister.

"You don't care?"

"Freya, I have been alive for over ten centuries. The sum total of my desires is to see my siblings happy, and if this Davina Claire makes you happy, then so be it."

"Thank you, Elijah," Freya smiled, hugging him.

He kissed her forehead and sent her on her way.

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Davina entered the bar to find Freya sitting by a window, hesitantly awaiting her.

"Hi," Freya called out awkwardly.

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Davina sat across from the blonde-haired, blue-eyed vixen.

"Hello," she smiled nervously.

"Davina," Freya began apologizing, but the brunette cut her off.

"Elijah explained it to me through a novel of a text message after he was certain you were on your way here. I understand. If it were me, I would've reacted the same way."

Freya allowed a small smile to creep through her worried expression and gently grabbed Davina's hand. Davina did not shy away.

"I suppose we have much to discuss," Freya finally broke the silence. "So… how does this work? Elijah insinuated that dating has changed significantly while I slept."

"Well, for one thing, these days most couples primarily communicate through text or phone call. Might be best if you learn how to use a phone."

They shared a huge guffaw at this.

"That was the first time," Freya blurted out.

"The first time what?"

"That I've heard you really laugh," the blonde blushed.

Davina blushed too.

"I enjoy it," Freya bit her lower lip.

"And after the two figure out what they're gonna do, they usually just sit and talk. Or walk and talk, either/or. Elijah recommended a drink here; he knows I'm only seventeen."
"Our memories have been swapping for the past few days," Freya stated, confirming Davina's suspicion that the sharing was a two-way street. "I would hazard a guess that we've already seen most of the big things of each others' lives."

"Witch dating problems," Davina chortled, and Freya soon joined in.

"We certainly can make each other laugh," Freya observed, "and we both have so many things in common."

"Too bad they're not good things," Davina mumbled to herself.

"I'm sure we can make happier memories," Freya hesitantly offered.

This caused Davina's already beautiful eyes to shine with a hope that Freya had not seen before. This made the Mikaelson witch feel something she hadn't in a long time: pride. Pride in herself for brightening this girl's life even a little. Pride in Davina for opening up to her in such a way during the party.

"I suppose we should address the, um, what's the phrase? Elephant in the room," Freya took Davina's hands in hers.

"Okay," Davina gently squeezed Freya's hands. "Where do we stand?"

"Over the last few days I've had quite a lot to think about, the kiss not being the least of those things. My psychopathic, manipulative aunt is out there somewhere and closing in fast. My family is not the most well-adjusted thing in the universe. The mother of my half-brother's child is scattered in pieces around the quarter. You kissed me, several times. And I… I liked it."

"You liked it?"

"Yes. It gave me a new perspective. There is more to life than just running and fighting her. I can be normal."

"I've taught you all that in only a few days?"

"That would be the long and the short of it, yes. You have taught me something incredibly valuable."

Davina smiled from ear to ear, her expression practically lighting up the whole room.

"Dahlia is coming, child, and ever sooner. I will not allow you to get caught in the crossfire."

"I'm a Harvest Girl, Freya, I can handle myself."

"Even if it means allying with my paranoid, reckless hybrid brother?"

"If that's what it takes to keep that baby safe from some domineering bitch, then most certainly."

"Funny, I never thought you one to care much for children," Freya awkwardly stumbled over the words. "There's a few things you haven't seen yet. Now, come on, let's try and get that memory spell broken. Seeing our lives every night takes the fun out of learning about each other. You know, like a normal couple."

They ordered their drinks, Freya a martini on the rocks and Davina a non-alcoholic cocktail, and briskly walked out the door. Freya led the way as they rounded a corner and began strolling down the bustling street.
Davina excitedly pointed out all the over-the-top masks the tourists had bought and the vast array of beverages, the partiers and those just out to see the city like the blonde and the brunette.

Neither of them noticed when Freya's hand quietly slipped into Davina's.

Davina led Freya by the hands back up to the attic.

"Keep your eyes closed," Davina whispered to the blonde.

Freya did as she was told, not wishing to arouse the anger of such a beautiful specimen. Upon entering, Davina lightly kissed Freya's cheek and the Mikaelson lowered her hands.

The silence was so deafening one could hear a pin drop.

"You… you did this," Freya gasped in disbelief.

The room was draped floor-to-ceiling in white and red extravagances of all kinds: burning candles, linens, and paintings; even the chairs were painted in these colors so as to match the decorum. Such attentions to detail as to almost become overwhelming.

"When did you have the time?"

"Marcel and Josh weren't too busy last night so I commissioned them to help."

"It is magnanimously astounding, Davina," Freya smiled. "You did this for me?"

"All of it," Davina smiled proudly.

Freya's expression seemed to dull after a moment.

"Is something wrong?"

"I did not foresee your showing me around the French Quarter to end up here, sweet child," Freya stammered.

"You don't like it?"

"No! No, I adore it! It is just… I have had other things on my mind. Hayley, for instance."

"There was nothing you could've done," Davina comforted her.

"No. You said Finn in Vincent Griffith's body slaughtered the mother of my niece, but that is impossible. Finn is housed within the necklace I wear around my neck. And why would Hayley care such for you unless she knew?"

"Knew what?"

"She knew the being, which liquefied her organs faster than her healing factor could compensate, was not my brother. That was one of Dahlia's acolytes. A vampire named Davos. He is a shape-shifter. It's the only explanation as to why that narcissistic whore was suddenly so concerned for you, if she were aware of who he truly was."

"But vampires cannot use magic, Freya, and can this not wait until later?"

"I am sorry, Davina, I truly am. I did not mean to get sidetracked or taint this evening. This is going south very fast and I'm ruining-"

"You didn't! You could never! You have to stop blaming yourself for everything that's gone wrong in your life. This won't go wrong."
"How do you know," Freya's voice broke, tears threatening to spill down her face.

"Because," Davina cupped Freya's face in her hands, "I just do. Now come here."

She wrapped the blonde in a tight embrace, her fingers interlocking over the space between Freya's shoulder blades.

*And what firm shoulder blades they are,* Davina momentarily allowed her thoughts to slip into carnality.

"Wanna order pizza," Davina inquired.

"That would be lovely, though I don't quite understand the allure of tomato sauce and melted cheese piled atop cooked dough…"

"Oh, come on! If you're gonna date me, you have to promise to try new things, okay," Davina pouted.

Freya stared at her, nonplussed.

Davina pouted some more, her eyes growing wider by the second.

More pouting.

More stern denial.

More pouting.

"Okay, fine," Freya finally relented.

Davina had to take an extra seven minutes on the phone to convince the guy who answered that the pizza was for a party commemorating the one-year anniversary of the reopening of the church. Exasperated, Freya finally flicked some magic into the phone and the man complied.

"Thanks," Davina smiled at her and hung up.

Thirty minutes later, when the pizza finally arrived, Freya opened the first box and eyed the meal suspiciously.

Minutes ticked by… minutes that turned into a full-on quarter-hour.

"What," Davina finally broke the silence.

Freya turned to her brunette companion and deadpanned:
"This concoction is remarkably fattening and at the very least five different ways of unhealthy."

Davina started sulking until the blonde perked up.

"I approve."

Hours later, with three empty pizza boxes strewn about the room, the young women found themselves wrapped in each other's arms on Davina's bed. Half asleep herself, Davina contentedly
listened to Freya's low moans and busied herself by softly stroking the blonde's arm, which was draped around her protectively. Almost instinctively, Davina gently rolled around to face Freya.

*She is heavenly,* Davina thought to herself.

It would be hard to deny such an amorous statement. Freya's cheekbones were well defined but not too edged as to make her appear emaciated. The slope of her nose reminded Davina of the mental images of angels she conjured from the elaborate stories her mother raised her on. Mrs. Claire had even told Davina that she would meet an angel one day, but this was all before the Harvest.

Davina told her all of this and more, in a monologue of passion that seemed to go on for hours.

"Well, maybe I've met my angel," Davina finished, a calm whisper against a sleeping Freya's cheek punctuated by a light kiss.

The alabaster beauty opened her eyes then, still foggy from sleep.

"Hi," Freya smiled.

"Hi," Davina smiled back.

Freya reached up and tucked an errant hair behind Davina's ear and the brunette blushed.

"Some story," Freya mumbled.

"You heard all that," Davina's chuckled, her blush deepening by the second.

"Oh, every bit," the blonde smirked, biting her lower lip.

"You've taught me quite a bit over the course of this night, Davina Claire. May I," Freya whispered.

"Yes," Davina gasped, sensing her meaning.

Freya cupped the teen's face in her silky smooth hands and kissed Davina deeply, over and over, only pausing to momentarily catch her breath. Davina reciprocated in kind.

In their bliss, neither sensed the powerful dark magic emanating from the cloaked figure hovering just outside the window, ominously staring at them with piercing red eyes from within the blackness shrouding its face.

The cloaked man gazed into Davina's room, his eyes full of malice and contempt. The large mass of writhing flesh inside made him roll his eyes. He lowered himself onto the street below and watched, expecting something... or *someone.* "It is disgusting," he snarled in the slightest of British accents, "that she would lower her standards so." No sooner had these words left his mouth that a second cloaked figure, this one feminine, appeared beside him. She drew back her hood to reveal a full head of illustrious black hair and alabaster skin akin to Freya. Her irises were so large that it seemed she had no pupils at all. The man smiled at her, bowing slightly. "Greetings, my lady."

The woman chuckled at his deference. "In nine centuries, I never have gotten used to you calling me that, Davos."

"You taught me the ways of expression magic and allowed me to retain my powerful witch heritage following our nephew Elijah's desecration of my body."
"You consider immortality a curse, Davos?"

Davos pulled back his own hood. A handsome man, of Tamil Indian descent, and the eyes of a warrior, he was a sight to behold.

"I now survive on the blood of others. It is a perversion."

"Is it? Then why aid me in my pursuit of it?"

"The form of immortality you crave is more… natural."

"Fair enough," she scoffed.

As she turned to go, Davos called out to her one final time.

"Dahlia! What shall I do with the Claire girl?"

"Kill her. Violently. Her place of death will be marked with her power. You must absorb it before it is absorbed into the earth. Ancestral magic is a bitch like that."

With that, Dahlia vanished into the night.

Davos watched curiously for a few moments as the girls' make-out session continued before he, too, retreated into the shadows.

The next morning, Davina awoke to an empty bed.

"Freya?"

No response. A dead silence permeated the loft.

"Freya? Freya?"

Still nothing.

Several locator spells were exhausted trying to ascertain the location of the immortal Mikaelson witch.

And then-

"Ohhh," Davina inhaled sharply.

She fell to the floor and began convulsing wildly.

Foaming at the mouth.

Blood began pouring from every orifice.

Her eyes rolled back in her head.

And then all was darkness.

Davina awoke in a strange replica of the St. Anne's Attic.

It was the attic, down to the last detail, but something was off.
The scent of death and decay filled the air.

Something caught her eye outside.

Rushing to the window, Davina threw open the shutters to discover, to her abject horror:

The sky. RAINED. **FIRE.**

"Oh, my god!"

Turning her back to the desolation outside, she found that she was not alone.

An older woman, late-40s or maybe early 50s, stood in the center of the room.

Although she had never met the legendary dark sorceress before, Davina knew exactly to whom she spoke.

"Dahlia," she shuddered.

"My sweet little tot," Dahlia cooed the term of endearment condescendingly, "no need to fear. That is, if you stay out of my way. I am in New Orleans simply to collect that, which is owed to me: the hybrid child of Niklaus Mikaelson. Judging by your confusion, I intuit the Mikaelsons lied to you about the child's survival. Manipulative and hypocritical cowards, the lot of them. Just like their mother. This is wholly a familial affair and does not concern one such as you. I shall add the child's power to my own and then I shall take what is rightfully mine: dominion over the Godhead. Oh, don't look so shocked, Miss Claire! I am Dahlia, the most powerful witch of this or any age. It is only logical that the Godhead, the most powerful dark object ever created, should fall into my noble hands. I am Dahlia. I am power incarnate. My will is like an endless hurricane ripping through time, bending all that stands before it. I am Dahlia. All shall bow before me or despair. Now, as you have no doubt determined, I have your precious Sapphic lover and I trust this little demonstration is enough to cease your search for her. It was good speaking to you, Miss Claire, and I trust you and I shall one day soon make great allies."

With that, Davina awoke with a start. The blood was gone, and everything else. She darted to the window. All was clear. The sun poked through the clouds to welcome a new day.

Dahlia thought she could intimidate Davina with some words and a spell? Ha! She didn't know Davina at all. When Davina wants someone back, she gets them back.


Freya and Davina walked carelessly by the river that ran through Bricktown in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, having just come out of Harkins movie theater. They were wrapped arm-in-arm with Davina resting her head on Freya's arm. The height difference between the two did not allow Davina to rest her head on the blonde's shoulder, but neither seemed to care. They were bundled up for a Midwestern winter, with the edges of Davina's blue dress peeking out from under her heavy coat.

Freya's other hand was inserted into her coat pocket, fiddling with something absentmindedly. They stopped when they came to the center of the bridge that overlooked the river.

"Davina, my dove," Freya purred.
"Yes," Davina asked.

"Six years together and you still have yet to find a pet name for me," the blonde teased.

"I've been in a creative rut," the brunette snickered.

"I love you," Freya breathed into her girlfriend's ear.

Davina was caught off-guard. Sure, they had said those three words to each other before but not with this sincerity. Neither woman was really the type to speak that phrase in that particular fashion.

"Davina, I do love you. Very much. I adore you, truth be told. You helped me get out from under the thumb of a tyrant, and got my siblings to stop squabbling for the longest I've ever seen them be civil. You have been at my side through all of my trials and tribulations for over half a decade and I cannot put into words how much that means, or- or what you- you've have come to mean to me. I'm tripping over my words even now," she laughed. "But six years isn't enough."

She got down on one knee and unveiled that which her hand was anxious to remove from her coat: a red ring box. Davina's eyes went wide, and tears began welling up before she had time to process what was happening.

"Will you marry me," Freya asked breathlessly, practically spitting the words out.

"YES," Davina blurted before her girlfriend could even finish the question. "Yes," she repeated more calmly. "Of course, yes!"

The smile that answer brought to Freya's lips would forever be ingrained in Davina's mind, even when both witches were old and gray. The statuesque blonde stood, crying now as well, took Davina's beautiful face in her hands, and kissed her. And kissed her again, more deeply this time, as the crowd around them erupted into thunderous applause.

"Happy Valentine's Day, Davina Claire," Freya smiled.

And Freya awoke. Alone in the dark, with Dahlia watching over her.

"That must have been quite the dream," the dark witch sneered. "I hope you enjoyed it. It will be your last. While you slept, I have already severed our link. Goodbye, daughter of my sister."

And Dahlia brought a hunting knife down on Freya.

Dahlia brought the knife down on Freya, but the blonde rolled away with milliseconds to spare before leaping to her feet.

"You want that baby, Dahlia? I can procure her for you," she spat out breathlessly.

"Can you," Dahlia sneered. "Interesting that you would elect to bargain with that which is already mine! Request denied."

With a wave of her hand, she sent her former ward flying to the other side of the building, but faster than the blink of an eye, Freya was drawn back to her wicked aunt and raised high into the air before being mercilessly slammed into the ground.

Freya was bloody, her limbs twisted at odd angles. Even then, she could feel the sinews and bones reforming, snapping back into place. The ghastly in her muscles closing, pulling themselves into
anatomical rightness. Her screams made Dahlia smile, a smile that gave way to a malicious chortle.

"Godhead…"

"Hmm, child?"

"I can locate the Godhead for you. You don't even need Hope!"

"Just how would you know where to find it?"

"Davina Claire!"

"Davos has already taken care of her. I know when you're getting desperate," she kneeled in front of her niece.

Davina can't be dead! I would've felt it! But if Davos is responsible… the idea was far too awful to even contemplate. Dahlia's pleasure only grew at the sight of Freya's turmoil. She rose and stalked away, but sensed Freya's eyes on her. The dark witch turned around.

"What?"

Freya was laughing, cackling even.

"What about your current predicament is so amusing?"

Ominous chanting became audible from the outside.

Witches, dozens of them, chanting some powerful spell. Or at least a spell powerful enough to effect the entirety of the massive structure in which the two witches found themselves.

"That."

Dahlia's eyes widened.

Freya smiled. "See you in hell!"

And then the warehouse imploded on them.

Davina hurried to the site her locator spell had given her. The place was in ruins, broken bricks and glass everywhere. Metal stuck out at odd angles, and there were corpses everywhere. Witches, she could sense. She could feel the magic in the area and concluded they were some of Josephine's people. Her closest advisors, perhaps, if the Regent did that sort of thing. Davina truly had no idea what the job entailed. Maybe the Regent was the President of the witches and they were Josephine LaRue's secret service? No matter, they were all dead. Some kind of implosion spell, it seems. But that wasn't new to her. Growing up in a war zone taught her to be somewhat desensitized to violence and bloodshed. But the pain on her face was not due to the dead witches. It was because she saw Freya's beautiful and battered head and arm sticking out of the rubble.

Davina sprinted to the other woman faster than even she thought possible.

"Freya," the brunette called out. "Freya!"

When she finally reached the blonde, Davina saw that her body was intertwined with an older,
raven-haired woman's. Dahlia, she remembered from the vile vision the bitch had implanted in her mind. Davina grabbed Freya's bloody arm and pulled until, red-faced and grunting, she wrenched Freya free from the monster's grasp.

Freya limply hit the ground, making no movements of her own volition.

"Freya?"

Again, nothing.

"Freya!"

Davina nudged Freya, then began beating her… whatever-she-was-to-Davina in a tearful rage.

"Wake up! Freya, open your eyes! Open your eyes, please! Look at me! Don't leave me, not now, not ever! Pleeeaaesse!"

She began sobbing into Freya's chest when she felt a hand wrap around head and, of all things, start stroking her brown curls.

"Shh," Freya's voice was raspy.

Davina practically jumped back she was so elated.

"What? How…?"

"The spell that Dahlia cast prevents us from dying," Freya coughed and wheezed. "She's over there."

Davina scurried back to where Dahlia's body lay, but nothing was there.

"She's gone!"

Freya was up now, practically fuming.

"I should've thought that would have failed in killing us, but I thought it might've slowed her down a little longer!"

"Uh-Us," Davina choked out, then it dawned on her. "You had no intention of surviving this."

Freya did not answer, and only stalked past Davina. In a way, that was an answer.

"Freya?"

The statuesque witch did not move or respond.

"Freya!"

After what seemed like an eternity, the blonde turned back to her younger companion.

"No, I did not," she said flatly and brushed past the young Harvest Girl.

Davina did not call out again, but simply watched with teary eyes as Freya teleported away, blinking out of sight as if she were never there to begin with.

Freya's loft was ornate, much less of the bachelorette pad that one might expect of someone of her
type of this day and age, and more of a home. A permanent residence for someone on a college budget. A bed, a hammock holding a few books, a long table with chairs and a kitchenette. It was quite the quaint little place, a good time for peace and quiet and a convenient escape from the supernatural business in the Quarter. Freya had taken quite liberal pictures of herself in various positions, eager to understand how a camera, even a Polaroid camera, worked. Her poses were both juvenile and mature. Her favorite, a picture of her drunken self draped over Davina the night of Mardi Gras, was suspended by a bit of scotch tape on the wall.

It was evening now, and Freya had spent most of the day pacing and fuming, crying and screaming. Everything was thrown about at one point or other and the place appeared as though a hurricane had blown through it.

The singular occupant of what was essentially one large room gazed at the picture fondly, pulling it from the wall.

"What a carefree evening that was," she mused.

"I wish we could go back to it," rang out a voice behind her.

Freya whipped around, ready to lash out with her magic at the intruder.

"Davina? How did you find me?"

"Simple: I caught a listened for the sound of self-loathing and pain and followed that. That's a joke. Took me all day to find this place. They kinda all look the same after a while."

"No need for such hostility."

"Excuse me? You told me you want to die and then you just vanished!"

"It is more complicated than-"

"Death wishes are pretty straightforward, Freya!"

Freya could feel her ire bubbling to the surface, the legendary Shakespearean rage of the Mikaelson family ready to unleash itself on a girl who had only desired to help her.

"No."

"Excuse me?"

"Just because you have glimpsed into my past and seen my darkest moments, do not presume to know me or to understand the depth of who I am and attempt to sympathize with my suffering! You are a child!"

"A child who was sacrificed by her own coven and was tortured by the people she thought might help her once upon a time! You have no idea what I have gone through so don't you dare pass judgment on me! You are the child here, you are the cowardly little girl who wants to blame some psycho for why she can't form genuine emotional bonds instead of looking in the mirror!"

The girl's rapid change of tone shocked Freya. For something so vicious to come from the mouth of a girl so sweet almost caused Freya to fall over, but the blonde remained steadfast. Centuries under Dahlia's abusive thumb had taught her to weather worse insults.

"Your best friend is a parasite and your own mother wanted you dead. What makes you think you can put this city back together? I found Marcus' corpse laying around for anyone to find, his throat
slashed. I imagine that was Davos' handiwork. You're too scared to even say how you feel about me!"

"Maybe I haven't figured it out yet!"

"Well, maybe I am anxious to hear, that I need to hear, whatever half-cocked turn of phrase you millennials find appropriate these days!"

The tears came freely now. From both of them.

"I- I like you, okay? I like you a lot, Freya! I…"

"Yes?"

"I can't lose you, the thought makes me sick. And then I find out about this, and…" she falls to her knees, sobbing.

Freya's arms were around Davina in a second and the girl buried her face in Freya's hair.

They stayed like that for a long time, crying together.

When Davina's crying jag finally ceased, Freya leaned back and planted a chaste little kiss on Davina's lips.

"Huh," Davina was somewhat delirious and confused.

Then Freya kissed her again. And again, each time deeper than the last.

"I cannot lose you either, my sweet culver."

And she kissed Davina again, and Davina kissed her.

They moved to the bed and did not sleep until dawn.

Birds chirped outside as the sunlight flooded the loft. Davina moaned and rolled over- and smacked a sleeping Freya in the face! To Davina's surprise, her Sapphic companion did not mind whatsoever and turned the rude awakening into an opportunity to cuddle. Freya slipped one arm under Davina's ribs and the other over the brunette's shoulders, and Davina snuggled closely.

This was the first time she'd ever been naked with another woman. In fact, this was the first time she'd ever been naked with anyone save her mother. If Freya sensed Davina's self-consciousness at their mutual state, she gave no sign and nestled into the younger girl.

"Mmm, morning," Freya moaned.

"Morning," Davina grunted back.

"Well, that was… exquisite," Freya breathed.

"Yes," Davina smiled sleepily.

Freya smiled before clapping Davina's face in her hands and kissing her.

"I do enjoy what your tongue does," Davina smirked, deepening the kiss. Freya used their closeness
to flip Davina on top of her. The brunette began kissing Freya's collarbone and traced a line downward, between her breasts and down her stomach to her navel. Freya's breathing hitched, making Davina smile triumphantly.

"Lower?"

"Unnhh," Freya moaned her affirmation.

And so Davina did, causing Freya's hands to sail over her head and latch onto the bedpost. The eldest Mikaelson gasped in ecstasy.

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Elijah sauntered into Rousseau's and Cami gave him the look.

"Bit early for day-drinking, Elijah."

"I'm not here for you," he whispered, nodding to the raven-haired woman positioned in a corner, throwing back shots like no tomorrow. Elijah strode up to her as casually as his temperament could allow.

"Dear aunt," Elijah spat. The woman turned to face him.

"Elijah," Dahlia smiled. "I had wondered when you might find me. Where is Hope? I long to find that beautiful child," she laughed.

"If you so much as look in the child's general direction, the results for you will be, to put it mildly, apocalyptic," he whispered threateningly in her ear.

"Hmm," Dahlia scoffed, and Elijah fell backwards.

"Grrruughh," he yelled, bleeding heavily from every orifice, and Cami rushed to his side.

"No," both Elijah and Dahlia told her. Cami felt herself be hurled back, pinned against the wall by some unseen force.

Dahlia stood and looked the bartender over.

"Curious that the bastard would be so enthralled by one such as you. I don't see it," she clucked her tongue three times. "You will deliver a message for me."

Dahlia's eyes bore into Cami's very soul.

And Cami screamed, and Elijah screamed for her.

Davina sat up in bed, and Freya whined and groped for her fingers, wishing nothing more for them to waste the day together.

"Sorry, Rey, no can do. We need to do something about this," Davina said firmly.

"Oh, all right. There's my girl," Freya beamed.

"'Your girl,'" Davina smiled slyly.

"Had to think of something. But you are correct. With both Dahlia and Davos out there, the city is
not safe."

"Dahlia told me after she took you that she seeks something called the Godhead. Said it was some dark object. I don't-"

CRASH!

The window shattered as a bloody corpse sailed into the room. Freya leapt out of bed to see who had defiled both the unfortunate and their window, but no one was there.

But Davina's scream of anguish said enough for the Mikaelson witch. She turned, and Davina's horror became hers.

"Camille."

Camille's eyes had been torn out, her body slashed beyond recognition, as if by a wolf or some other wild animal. The permanent scream etched onto the young woman's face was what nightmares are made of.

But that was not the worst of it, as the body's hand shot up and grabbed Davina by the throat. Freya rushed to Davina's side but could not free her from the corpse's vice grip.

"The Godhead," Dahlia and Davos spoke through the corpse as one, their voices wraith-like, "will be given to us by sundown tomorrow, along with the child, or more of these will follow!"

And then the hand went limp, and Davina fell back against Freya, a sobbing mess.

"Shh," Freya cooed, holding Davina as tightly as possible and shielding her eyes from the horrid sight before them. "I will make this right."

It was Freya's turn to make Davina feel safe.

Camille's corpse was not an omen to be taken lightly. Both girls knew this. Soon, a black-cloak-clad figure coalesced from the shadows.

"Davos..." Freya growled.

Davos threw back his hood, his gaze piercing, as if it were searing a hole through Davina's very heart and soul. Freya moved in front of her, taking up the most protective stance she could. Davos cackled in response.

"I'm not here for your little girlfriend," the man sneered. Black tendrils of shadow reached out and enveloped Freya, who with one hand shoved Davina across the room and out of the line of fire. The young brunette collided with her easel and hit the floor. When she looked up a microsecond later, both individuals were gone... as was Cami's body.

Freya found herself in the ruins of the place where her malicious aunt was last seen. Looking around, she discovered Dahlia herself standing over her, wielding a large knife.

"You always were a rebellious child," the witch scoffed, before driving the blade through Freya's heart.
Or, rather, Dahlia almost pierced Freya’s heart. The first thing Freya saw as she awoke the blade bearing down on her. Snapping into alertness almost immediately, she rolled out of the way as Dahlia's knife imbedded itself in the ground where she lay not a millisecond prior. "Not so fast," Freya smirked as she did her best to stand. She couldn't, though, or at least not the way she wanted. The blonde witch did her best to rise, but only made it so far as her knees before dropping to the ground once more. Getting up off her knees was a challenge in and of itself, as if there were some extra weight holding her down. Everything was foggy. "You drugged me." And she collapsed again, this time into Dahlia's waiting arms.

Davina spent the better part of the last six hours scouring the quarter for Freya. Where the hell could she possibly be? No magic could locate her, so Davina surmised that she was cloaked by some very powerful magic. Dark magic, at that. It came as no surprise that Dahlia had Freya, but the type of magic she used was another story. She had never felt such raw power before.

Ducking into Rousseau's, she discovered the place oddly buzzing with activity. Bar patrons yakking it up and ordering drinks, people playing pool, tourists chatting up the locals. All within a few hours of Cami dying. This didn't feel right, not in the slightest. Sequestering herself away into a corner, she showed the new bartender her fake ID and ordered a rum & coke. The drink was just what the doctor ordered and no one could tell if she was sad or if she was simply thirsty. At least not to Davina's mind. Of course, the finely-dressed black man who took the liberty of seating himself across from her most definitely noticed.

"Little early for day drinking, isn't it?"

The little witch scowled at the smirk the older man shot her. "What do you want, Vincent?"

"I got no love for the Mikaelsons, no witch in this town does, but regardless of her blood relations your dear Freya is a witch. I'm gonna help you find her."

"How?"

"Well, Josephine LaRue is dead."

"What? Was it your wife?"

"My ex-wife? Nah. Dahlia got to her. Slit her throat. The Ancestors want me as their new Regent and I graciously acquiesced to their request provided they give me enough power to save Freya."

"Why do you care so much about Freya?"

"Well she makes you happy and I took a liking to you when you were young. I saw potential in you before you went out on your own."

"Get to the part where I care."

"You ever heard of the Godhead?"

"The Godhead? No, only in whispers. I always thought it was a myth."

"You're half-right. It's an ancient, powerful dark object that has fallen into myth over the centuries. Legend has it Dahlia herself made it so she can take control of the worldwide witch community at any given time and then she lost it. She's been looking for it ever since, when she can anyway. I'm sure Freya informed you of the spell that's granted them such a long life?"

"Yeah, she has. Are we gonna babble all day or are we gonna find her? What does this thing even
look like? Are we gonna find it and keep it from Dahlia until she goes nighty-night again? What about Freya?"

"All in due time, Davina, I'm asking you to trust me."

"Help me find Marcel and you got a deal."

"Davina, Marcel's been MIA since Dahlia came to town. Before that, some dark magic incapacitated him. He's as good as dead."

"Is he?"

She reached into her jacket pocket, defiantly presenting Vincent with a vial.

"Marcel's blood?"

"Marcel's blood."

A few hours later and they found him. Desiccated. Not because he was malnourished. Marcel was dead. And Davina cried, and cried and cried. Vincent let her. He knew how close the two were. When Davina came out of her grief, if only for a moment, the look she had put even Klaus to shame.

"She's sending a message, picking us off one by one. We kill her and we save Freya. This ends tonight."

BOOM! CRASH! Freya's vision was clouded by the exploding brick wall and dust. She vaguely heard a sword pierce flesh and her aunt gasping in pain. Then strong arms picked her up and carried her away. The blonde was unconscious before she was even out of the building; such was her shock at being rescued. Freya had resigned herself to death at Dahlia's hands, had done so for centuries. Jostling movements kept her from sleep for too long, and sincere apologies for being carried so long and (what seemed) so roughly kept her mind keen to the task of deciphering the identity of her rescuer.

In her oscillation between consciousness and unconsciousness over the next several hours, she thought long and hard. The eventuality of her no longer being needed by birthing a child for Dahlia is what kept her from falling in love for centuries. Her primary motivation, of course, was what she had told Klaus and Elijah: preventing another from suffering as she did. It was true, but her instincts for self-preservation also played a large role in such decisions. That's why Mathias meant so much to
her, why Davina means so much to her now. Both individuals represented the light of hope in a storm of darkness. She liked Mathias, as a person, but loved him because he gave her the gift of a child, even if that gift was cruelly ripped from her by her own youthful folly. She loved Davina as a person; she adored Davina, worshipped the girl's light in her own way. But what she felt for Davina was different than what she felt for Mathias. Mathias was a means to an end for Dahlia. Freya knew that now. Mathias was an escape for Freya; she knew that now. Davina was something else entirely. Warmth, radiance. She emitted love like flames emitted heat. Love for Freya like she had thought she felt for the father of her child. But no. This was deeper. More intense. If she stayed awake, no stayed alive- Freya knew she couldn't put it off any longer. She had to tell Davina how she felt. Kissing and cuddling for hours in a church attic was not enough. The deliverance of such words was now Freya's newest of three motivations in killing Dahlia: freeing herself, saving her family from this wicked monstrosity who called herself a witch, and sharing her feelings with Davina. She couldn't live with herself if such information went unshared. A softness found a way to her. Did she now lie atop something? Her eyes snapped awake and she almost fainted again at the sight of the individual who was her salvation. Freya noticed she was in a motel room of modest means, most likely somewhere far away from her aunt. But that is not what interested her in the slightest. No, the honor of her attention stood in front of her, looking down with a deep ocean of love and a matching familial gaze.

"Father?"

Mikael stood there with a warm and tender smile. The old man, the great Viking warrior and father of the vampire species stood there as still as the grave. Awaiting for her awakening, no doubt.

"Freya!" He enveloped the skinny young woman in a bear hug, much like he did when he was first brought out of Finn's channeling. "My beautiful daughter. I have them, I have located all the ingredients as you requested." Freya's eyes lit up at the prospect of using them on Dahlia, killing the horrid demon once and for all. While the unknown of freedom scared her, she took solace in the knowledge of at least Elijah and Rebekah's support if not that of Niklaus. Especially not that of Niklaus, the brother who snapped her neck because of his crippling paranoia and fear that forbid him from trusting anyone who was not himself or his daughter. Then again, his daughter had yet done nothing to betray him. Perhaps that would change. Freya felt a strange mixture of pity and anger at the bastard child of their family. She could argue all the livelong day that Niklaus was the embodiment of toxicity but in the end weren't they all? Elijah was obsessive in his pursuits and looked after everyone but himself. Rebekah's view on love caused more trouble for her human suitors, which she dropped the moment her whims changed, that it was ultimately worth and Kol… based on the stories, Kol was a blood knight. A twinge of regret hit Freya's heartstrings at being robbed of the chance to truly know him. Even Finn, the brother whom she recalled most clearly, had become a fratricidal maniac bent of correcting the wrongs of his younger siblings. It was Freya's duty as the eldest to protect her younger brothers and sister, she knew this, and such vows made Kol diametrically opposed to her and her own agendas. And yet she loved her siblings, all of them, until the end of time and beyond. She could not imagine further existence without them now that she knew them. All these thoughts and reflections and more ran through Freya's mind as hugged her father again for as long as she possibly could. Perhaps she could make him see reason, make him give up his petty vendetta against Niklaus? She could not bear it if they were anymore at odds than they already were. She craved unity, desperately searched for peace in their family.

Freya tore herself away from her thoughts long enough to be of help to Mikael. Getting up, she retrieved the satchel that contained the earth and ash. Slitting her palm over the scattered grainy substances, she began chanting in Old Norse. Mikael hung back and watched for a moment. Then Freya began convulsing awfully. Paternal instinct kicked in and Mikael grabbed Freya's hand. A bright flash and Mikael was knocked across the small room by an unseen force. The force of the spell was primal, powerful, and very angry. Old magic such as that had what Dahlia dubbed a life of
its own. It did not like to be caged. 'Better to release it,' the raven-haired woman drilled into Freya's memory. Better to send magic out than keep it inside. Much like Freya's feelings for Davina, which thankfully she already knew were reciprocated.

She completed the spell unhindered, dipping Mikael's old hunting knife in the mixture of blood, ash, and dirt. Flashes she knew had to be false swirled through her mind in the aftermath of her contact with Mikael. She burst from the room without looking back, diving out the open window and landing on a car, cushioned by her magic. She couldn't stop, no way in hell. She had to keep going, to find some way to get these horrid images out of her mind. They couldn't be real, they couldn't! It wasn't possible. Mikael would never have done what these flashes told him they did. No! LIES!

Esther had recently departed Dahlia's little cottage after telling her older sister of her intent to forsake magic and marry Mikael. Bah! Mikael, the man who commanded the group that took them from their home, killed everyone they loved? Preposterous! Dahlia scoffed at the notion, but knew it in her heart to be true. Her loss rang through her mind like a bell, a wake-up call in the morning for breakfast. She was alone now, utterly and totally alone in a foreign land. Dahlia was content to sit alone and cry for the remainder of the day when she heard the door open. "Esther, leave! You are unwanted, you-!"

"May I enter?" She recognized the voice. It was calm, inquisitive about her, as it had been for years now. Mikael.

His voice was a balm in this pain. Once upon a time, Dahlia entertained escapist fantasies of marrying this kind and gentle soul who regretted what his men put Dahlia through for Esther's sake. His superiors had commanded he find a witch, if he could, in the surrounding lands and he did. He brought back not one but two. He excelled and was given the highest honors. His underlings gifted him with a sword most beautiful and majestic. Truthfully fit for a king or a conqueror such as he. Mikael wore the weapon with pride, a pride Dahlia felt she herself had long since lost. In his presence, though, she felt safe and happy. He made his sister happy, she could see it in both their eyes when they spoke of each other. Instinctively, Dahlia sank to the ground and cowered, not bothering to look up through her messy and tangled hair. "What is it you wish of me?" Through the uppermost portion of her peripheral vision, through quick stolen glances upward and back down to the dirty ground, she noticed Mikael had crouched down in front of her. He had lowered himself to her level! What manner of manipulation was this? "Please get up, Mikael. I- I would not have the intended of my sister sullied by the ground of my home." Mikael laughed heartily in response. Another manipulation, Dahlia's experiences in the Viking camp taught her everything was a manipulation. Sex for spells, spells for sex. She was lowered to an extension of her hands and womanhood. Sometimes the sex was unwilling on her part. It was dehumanizing but if that was what it took to keep Esther safe and happy then so be it. So. Be. It. Had Mikael come to ride her like a horse now by first grooming her by offering up compliments and other sweet nothings? Years had taught her this was what was to be expected when such men came to her with kindness and warmth. These men were not to be trusted. Men in general were not to be trusted! Yes! If nothing else, hat was the one lesson she retained from her time here! But this man, this Mikael, she sensed something different about him. Her mother taught her to intuit the feelings of others though simple body language, no magic required. That being said, magic certainly helped. She gleaned his mind, his aura. No malice of forethought existed there. Shuddering, she raised her head to look him dead in the eye. "What is it you want?" He answered this honest inquiry full of bitterness with a kiss. A deep and sensual kiss. Not between friends or family members, but lovers. Not knowing how else to respond to his information, Dahlia twisted her fingers through Mikael's long yellow mane and returned his kiss. She pressed herself against him, her body slowly flowing into his as if they were one. Is that was the love she so craved felt like? He kissed her twice more and Dahlia fell on her back, pulling Mikael with her. They did not sleep for a long time. The noises of lovemaking carried
on for quite a while. Later, Mikael would explain the sex was on Esther's order, to give Dahlia at least a fleeting moment of happiness, to share in the ecstasy of love as Esther did. She wanted nothing more than to make her elder sister (who she had so callously forsaken not an hour before) joyous once more, as she remembered Dahlia in their youth. When Dahlia discovered the truth, years later, it of course had the opposite intended effect. This was the ultimate betrayal.

A year later, when Esther and Mikael were married, Esther came to Dahlia with the humble request of aid in childbearing. Perhaps she also wished to atone for her heinous manipulation and betrayal? Dahlia knew better than to expect such an emotionally deep thing from her horrifically shallow baby sister. The desire her sister had to be a mother tore Dahlia's still-warm heart into pieces. Ripped it like a wolf digging into a carcass for its next meal. When the spell concluded and Esther departed without so much as a sincere word of thanks, Dahlia's mind shot back to the child, the illegitimate daughter of her and Mikael's tryst, that she gave up immediately upon her birth to some local Norse farmer. This was a large part of why she lived alone, why she swore to never love. Simultaneously, however, Dahlia longed for love and acceptance. And vengeance. Vengeance on the gods, on Mikael, on all the children Esther would bear in the future. She hungered for what was denied her, the happiness she herself sought once upon a time.

Freya's mind shot back to the present. Standing behind her as she absently gazed into a fountain was Mikael. Whipping around wildly, frantically, Mikael caught her in his arms. "Shhhhh…"

"How could you? She had a child by you! How could you?"

"It was Esther's desire for me to make her happy."

"Then Esther is to blame. I hold no grudge against you. Did you know she bore a daughter?"

"Not until this year, during my travels."

"Then you are blameless. Father, I will make Esther pay for the trouble she has caused this family."

Freya Mikaelson was nothing if not true to her word. Later that evening, Freya turned her mother's vessel into a flock of birds and then make the wretched birds die in moments. Though there was no love lost between her and the two women in her life, Esther and Dahlia, she was offended by the matriarch's idea of "love". She hoped Esther would rot in hell for a very, very long time.

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Davos paced the floor, hoping against hope that Dahlia would locate Freya soon. He rolled his eyes at the witch’s ceaseless chanting, "No luck?"

“I would have more were I not so distracted by your impatience!”

“I do not understand why you cannot simply kill her.”

“Hope must take her place as the other half of the binding spell I require to maintain my life and I have yet to perform that transference spell.”

“Because you are afraid of death, of being helpless or weak in general.”

Dahlia stopped with her locator spell, standing and glaring at her compatriot. “Do not presume to know me, abomination, or to pretend to be my better. You crave true immortality as much as I.”

“And I fear you are too blinded by rage at your long-dead sister to see the opportunity directly in front of you.”
“And what opportunity is this?”

“And instead of simply binding yourself to one, to Niklaus, bind yourself to all of them. That way your continued existence is ensured.”

Dahlia pondered this for a moment. “But then I cannot make Esther suffer as I suffered. The deal was for you to eliminate them when I have taken what is mine. I may be centuries old, Davos, but I am no fool. I know what you intend if I were to take you up on such an offer. And I severed the link with Niklaus already, after he shoved that golden dagger into his chest in a futile effort to stop me. I simply desired that which is owed to me and my sister’s children have forced my hand.”

“And I am to believe none of this new fury is out of malice?”

“You believe I am malicious now? Continue to push me. You shall see my fury in its fullness. You woke me ahead of schedule. I could have murdered you right then and there-”

“And you did not, because you know you need me.”

“I need no one. I found you useful and I recommend you do not make yourself useless. I am still your better.”

“Are you? I- ugh!”

Dahlia glared at Davos and he began desiccating. That old familiar grey crept up his skin, drying him out as he struggled for air. As Dahlia smirked, “You should know better than to test me,” she raised her hand and his heart flew from his chest. His body hit the floor with a thud, eyes staring blankly ahead. A flick of her wrist and his body began burning.

“This is why I do not ally myself with others,” she scoffed cynically as she returned to the spell.

Davina sat by Marcel’s body, staring at it with a strange combination of righteous fury and a child’s lack of understanding, with Vincent standing watch. They had been like this for the past four days.

“Davina,” Vincent tried, placing a comforting hand on the girl’s shoulder only to be shrugged off. The sound of footsteps caught both witches’ attention. Nearly breaking her own neck as she whipped around to discern the identity of this intruder, Davina broke out into the widest of grins.

“Culver!” The Mikaelson called, as Davina sprang to her feet and gave Freya the biggest bear hug of her life.

“Oof!” Freya grunted at the force of the impact and eventually the two women sank to the floor, all smiles. At least Freya was all smiles. Davina quickly dissolved into tears, and it wasn’t long before Freya zeroed in on the instigator of that pain. Marcel’s corpse lay in the same place it did when Davina and Vincent found it. A quick nod between Freya and Vincent confirmed their alliance in making Dahlia pay for her actions against the city of New Orleans since her arrival. Freya stroked Davina’s hair, rocked her back and forth, as Vincent got a call from Elijah.

“Wait, what do you mean? Freya isn’t the- We got a problem.”

Resurrecting Esther was nowhere near anyone’s plan for defeating Dahlia and saving their family
from another threat. It was, however, necessary for their survival. Freya walked into the little room where Esther was kept in chains, not unlike a dog on a leash, with Davina holding her hand. That girl was so good, so pure, and Freya sometimes questioned whether or not this whole relationship was for her. That is to say, if she was worthy of it. Multiple lifetimes with Dahlia told her she was inherently unworthy of anything. She wouldn’t have to take that abuse anymore, from Dahlia or anyone. Hell, she just wouldn’t take it! She deserves to be happy, she deserves the same fundamental respect that anyone else in the world does. While she was far from willing to excuse Dahlia’s monstrousness, she did now have a more intimate understanding of her aunt’s past, of the events that instigated her coldness and selfishness as well as her insatiable lust for power. Looking now at her newly-resurrected mother, Freya’s disgust for the elder generation of Mikaelsons amplified tenfold. Dahlia, despite not being a Mikaelson, certainly was lumped into such a category.

“If you need to do this alone,” Davina began.

“No,” Freya cut her off. “You can stay.”

Davina nodded, giving Freya’s hand an affectionate squeeze, and took her place in the corner of the room as Freya got on eye level with her mother.

“Father is without a doubt no saint,” Freya sneered, “but the elder women in this family are devils. You and Dahlia, there is no difference between the pair of you. You sold me as if I were so much currency. You could have not accepted the deal, lived a childless life. Perhaps such a thing would have been best, for me to not exist at all instead of the objective hell I endured because of your desperation. I spent lifetimes paying for your deal with the devil, Esther. As I said in the cemetery, you are not my mother but neither am I Dahlia’s child. You are both of you monsters. Father, too, but at least he is intelligent enough and is thoroughly ashamed of what he was forced to become due to your deceptions. I imagine he will have to live with what he’s done. Dahlia may have begun this macabre familial dance, but- wait, no- actually it was you. When you abandoned her and then made Father do what he did. I have an elder half-sibling somewhere in the ether. Or had, she is long dead. You are both of you horrendous and if you believe I have come to forgive you despite it… you are correct. But not for you, for me. Because I believe I will not be able to move forward if I do not say it. You are forgiven.” Both of them knew it was lip service, even Davina knew it, but for Freya this conversation was once that had to be had. “Now you can die to save your family as you were too weak to do a thousand years ago. And this time, I hope you find some version of peace. I genuinely do, if only so my siblings and I will no longer have to deal with your self-righteous and hypocritical hatred of us. I may have been deemed unworthy of a child of my own, but at least I would never decide to murder it after moving heaven and earth to save them. I have my own burdens to bear, Esther, and the weight of my pain will be lifted upon your demise.”

Esther did not say a word throughout this little speech of Freya’s. Why would she? The eldest Mikaelson sibling was right. Harsh, yes, but the truth was harsh. If dying could help ease Freya’s torments, then so be it. Esther extended both her hands as Freya slit her mother’s palms and the blood flowed. The weapon would work now, the weapon to kill Dahlia. Freya’s eyes gleamed with a hesitant hope at that thought. She could finally be free. She could finally start a new life unburdened by the pain of her past. She could start over with Davina, when Davina was old enough.

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Taking Esther to Dahlia was the easy part for Freya. She was backed by her siblings: Klaus, Elijah, and Rebekah.

“My sister. In chains.” Dahlia’s voice broke and her black eyes shed with millennia-old-tears even as she broke into a psychotic grin.
The hard part was going to be gathering the strength to kill her abuser. Freya did not doubt her strength most of the time, except when it came to the embodiment of her fear. Despite her trademark Mikaelson bluster, Freya was terrified of Dahlia. But tonight was all about facing her fears.

“Is she to be a gift to buy your freedom?”

And. with that, the eldest witch of their bloodline shattered the White Oak Stake into dust that filled the lungs of Freya’s surviving siblings. All the while Dahlia gloated to Esther, a distraction that would be most valuable to Freya. She could do this, she knew she could. But Dahlia was quicker! She noticed the minute changes in Freya’s body language.

“I see what you hide, child. Do not think it has gone unnoticed.” And Freya was frozen in place, inching ever closer to Dahlia as if pulled by an invisible rope.

“Tsk-tsk-tsk, naughty Freya,” Dahlia mused. But Freya would have none of it. She struggled and strained against her aunt’s magic, sheer force of will allowing her to raise the blade to Dahlia’s throat. The fire of centuries worth of hatred and resentment boiled to the surface, a darkness glaring out at Dahlia from Freya’s normally light-filled eyes. Dahlia just laughed in Freya’s face.

“There she is,” the raven-haired sneered. “There is my girl. There is my Freya. You have finally become me.”

“No!”

Freya drove the knife into Dahlia’s heart, watching as her tormenter, her own personal Satan, slowly turned to ash. Then she noticed something else. Esther had positioned herself behind Dahlia and the blade had struck her as well.

A full minute passed before Freya finally released her vice-grip on the blade, panting before breaking down and falling to her knees. These were tears of joy, not sadness. Elation instead of bereavement. This was all she had ever wanted.

Now she was free. Finally free.

The return trip was simple enough, with Klaus giving control of New Orleans back to Marcel and living a simple life in the compound with Hope. As Freya leaned against the railing overlooking the courtyard, Davina took her place beside her.

“Hello,” the sweet girl offered.

“Hello,” Freya smiled.

“So… now what?”

Freya’s brow furrowed. “What do you mean, Davina?”

“We kind of had a big fight right before Dahlia took you.”

“We did indeed. I suppose we cannot really call it a break-up fight as we were never officially together.”

“True. Is this it, then? Are we just going to forget that night together happened? That our kisses ever happened?” She turned away, both anticipating and dreading the older woman’s answer.

“It is not as though we committed some felony by not going further, Davina. You seem hurt and I
know not why. You are underage. I would not take advantage of you in that way.”

“Even if I wanted it?”

“No, not even then.”

“Then you’re a good egg, Freya.”

The blonde chuckled, “I do not know what that means, but thank you. I shall take it as a compliment.”

“So, again I ask: now what? I’m sensing a sort of finality to us.”

“Oh, is that what you intuit?”

Freya turned, cupping Davina’s face in her hands. “I am sorry about what I said during our fight, even if we did sort of kiss and make up. I was angry and stressed. I did not mean to imply that I thought you naïve.”

”Apology accepted,” Davina smiled and pressed her lips to the statuesque blonde’s. Freya returned the affection with a quick peck of her own.

“Davina, I am damaged.”

“So am I.”

“A few years of teenage angst and centuries of psychological and emotional trauma are not the same thing.”

Davina nodded. Couldn’t really argue that point.

“Rebekah is off to look for a way to resurrect Kol. Cami has elected to look after Hope while I sort some things out.”

“What does that mean? What am I gonna do?”

“Well, what do you want to do, Davina Claire?”

“Have a normal life, go to college.”

“Then you should do that! Go, be happy.”

“But what about you, about us? I’m happy with you.”

“I know, I am happy with you too but you deserve someone more stable, someone who- what’s the phrase? - ‘has her shit together’. I’m damaged goods, Davina, and no good to you like this. I’m doing this for me, primarily for me, but also for us. Because I want someday to be worthy of you.”

“But you are! I swear you are! You are everything I have ever wanted in anyone ever!”

Freya almost cried at the unadulterated kindness of that sentiment. Hadn’t being with Kol taught her how much of a roller-coaster being with a Mikaelson could be? She kissed Davina again, long and passionate, and then kissed the girl’s forehead.

“Don’t worry, culver, you will see me again.”

As she walked back inside, Davina was reluctant to let go of Freya’s hand. Both women’s eyes shone with tears and Freya, despite her better judgment, came back for another kiss.
This could be considered their first real kiss. This was one of those hands-in-hair, Davina-gets-shoved-against-the-wall, holy-shit-we-are-both-forgetting-to-breath-but-neither-of-us-care kinds of kisses. Literally taking both of their breaths away. Davina’s hands found their way into the loops of Freya’s jeans, anchoring her there.

And as soon as what would henceforth be known as THE KISS began, it ended.

Freya kissed her forehead and Davina was left alone as the elder blonde went back inside. Davina understood Freya’s rationale, that this was for the best, but it would no doubt take her time to believe it herself. She walked out of the Abattoir and didn’t reenter the structure the Mikaelson family called home for a long time.

The actual goodbye, with Davina headed back to school and Freya headed away from New Orleans to go on this journey of self-discovery, was even harder. Let’s just leave it at that.

Davina honored Freya’s wishes. She graduated high school due to some strings being pulled, got into a great college (thanks Vincent!) and graduated a good nine years later with a Masters’ degree in psychology.

As she got up onto that stage and got what she had worked almost a decade for (including grad school), she caught the eyes of someone in the crowds. Someone blonde.

And someone else.

Someone with a brown complexion and short black hair.

It couldn’t be?!?

“Marcel?” The now-27-year-old cried out after she received her prize and raced toward the crowd, eventually colliding with the figure.

It was him!

“Marcel!” She sobbed, clutching him tightly. “How?”

The blonde found them together. She looked the same she did the day they parted. Freya Mikaelson had not aged a day.

“I linked myself to my siblings, Davina,” Freya explained.

“Okay,” Davina laughed, not knowing how else to respond. She turned to Marcel. “Can Freya and I go somewhere private to talk?” A silly thing to ask, she was an adult now.

“Of course,” Marcel laughed. “Go and be happy.”

Davina turned back to Freya, her eyes shining, and pulled her out to the back of the nearest building.

“You’re back.”

“I am. For you.”

“You promise?”

“I promise.”
Just like that fateful night at the party, in the girl’s bathroom, Davina began to move closer to Freya. Inched ever closer to the object of her affection.

There was a slight difference to this one, though.

Freya kissed Davina! Hard! Ran her fingers through her hair, pulled her close, and shoved her tongue down Davina’s throat.

Yeah. It was *THE KISS, PART 2*.

This time, however, there was a more positive connotation to the action of affection, of adoration.

*Of love.*

When the kiss ended, Davina pulled back.

“Wow. Wow.”

Freya smiled from ear to ear.

“You- you brought Marcel back?”

“He deserved better so I gave better to him.”

“Thank you.”

“Anything for my precious *culver.*”

“I love you, Freya Mikaelson.”

“I love you, Davina Claire.”

“Always and forever?”

“Always and forever.”

**THE END**

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