



NORDIC  
FAIRIES  
DÖCKÁLFAR

saga berg

# Nordic Fairies

## Döckálfar

By Saga Berg

This is a sample of the third part in the novella series *Nordic Fairies*. Previously published in the same series:

[Nordic Fairies \(Part 1\)](#)

[Freja, \(Nordic Fairies, #2\)](#)

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1st Edition

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Front image by Subbotina Anna

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# Chapter 1

Svala stood in the doorway and stared at Alrik with her mouth open. A car passed on the silent, empty street, and Alrik glanced around uneasily. "May I come in?" he asked.

Svala exhaled in one exasperated breath and moved aside. "Of course."

Alrik stepped inside and scanned the bright, meticulously designed hallway with a melancholy smile. Trym's windbreaker hung next to him. He stopped to finger the material between his thumb and index finger, then paused to inhale with audible strain. When he released the fabric, he drew another sharp breath and closed his eyes.

"How is he?" he asked.

Svala's breath hitched as she struggled against her tears. "We miss you."

Alrik turned and their eyes met. Silence passed between them, then Alrik reached out, pulled her into his arms and held her tight. She clung to him with an involuntary whimper, no longer able to prevent the tears from flowing. His scent filled her with familiar safety and comfort, and forced her emotions to surface.

Thirty years had passed since the last time she'd seen him.

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*1976-1980*  
*Miami*

After their deaths in the car accident, Svala and Viggo started over. A short life followed, one year apart, three together. Despite repeated warnings, they returned to New York to search for Freja. Freja's adoptive parents informed them about a tragic kidnapping, ending in a violent car

accident in which their little girl had been killed. For years, Viggo and Svala believed they'd killed their own daughter.

Svala once asked Alrik about the envelope, but he confirmed nothing. He didn't have to. She couldn't think of anyone else brave enough to send it.

"I would never blame you for what happened, if that's what you're worried about. The accident was our fault," she'd told him.

They sat on their terrace by the pool in Coral Gables one Sunday morning, waiting for Trym to come out with coffee. A warm wind swept by them, blowing sun bleached strands of blonde hair into Svala's face. Alrik lowered the *Miami Herald* and gazed across the table with a strained expression. "I know you wouldn't, but I didn't send it," he said.

Svala removed the strings of hair from her face, gazed up at the sky and narrowed her eyes, then turned to wink at him. "Right. Of course you didn't."

Alrik frowned and returned to his newspaper. "Besides, what happened wasn't your fault. They had no right to take her from you in the first place," he said.

Trym and Alrik didn't fight as much in this life, but they were different, reserved somehow. They exchanged looks when they thought Svala wouldn't notice, and sometimes when she walked into a room, they silenced. This happened so many times, Svala could no longer ignore it. One morning they came back from their morning run and stopped in mid-conversation as they entered the kitchen. Svala stood by the counter, busy making pancakes, annoyed by their secrecy. She turned to them and placed a hand on her hip. "Okay, enough with this already. What's going on with you two? Why do you always stop talking as soon as I'm around?"

Alrik shrugged. "We do? Haven't thought of it." He turned to Trym for confirmation.

Trym shook his head. "I can't recall that we do. I'm sorry if you feel that way." He reached for his bottle of water on the kitchen counter and

Svala watched him take a sip, waiting for recognition to pass between the two men. They avoided eye contact.

She grabbed the balloon whisk in a tight grip and stirred her batter with renewed intensity. "It doesn't make me uncomfortable. It worries me." She stopped whisking to glare at them. "I think I liked it better when you fought."

Alrik offered an amused smile. "You have nothing to worry about, sweetie. Just wait and see. When you and Viggo have been together for almost two thousand years, you'll go through some awkward phases too. Then you'll understand."

The last time Svala'd seen Alrik and Trym together she knew something was wrong. She'd visited a neighbor and came home late. Her new shoes caused blisters, and she'd taken them off half-way home. Trym and Alrik stood in the kitchen talking. They hadn't heard her silent footsteps as she tiptoed across the back terrace, shoes dangling from one hand.

Trym cried. He stood with his back against the kitchen counter, his hands covering his face. Trym rarely cried, and so Svala stopped. She eased into the shadow of a palm tree and watched through the window.

Alrik walked up to Trym and pried his hands from his face, pulling him into his embrace. Trym's arms circled Alrik's body in a desperate motion, muscles flexing as he held him. He buried his face in the nape of Alrik's neck.

"I can't let you do it," Trym said.

"I have to." Alrik stroked Trym's neck in a soothing motion.

"No you don't. That's bullshit! You don't have to do anything."

Alrik eased away and clasped Trym's face in both hands, forcing him to meet his gaze. "I promise I'll do whatever is necessary to return to you. You know that."

Trym shook his head, squeezing his eyes shut. "Don't do this. Please, just think about it."

"I have thought about it."

"Then think about it some more!" Trym opened his eyes, his face tense. "Let me talk to them."

Alrik shook his head. "No. I don't trust them. They won't tell us anything, and besides, I don't want you getting involved."

"I'm already involved!" Trym raised his voice, and attempted to get away from Alrik.

Alrik clasped his face tighter, holding him in place. "But they don't know that."

They grew silent. Svala held her breath, afraid they'd hear her. She secured the grip of her shoes as Alrik wiped a tear from Trym's face and leaned in to kiss him. "I promise I will do what I can to come back to you," he whispered.

"Don't leave," Trym said.

"I have to."

The next morning, Alrik disappeared, and to this day, Trym refused to talk about it.

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*Present Time*  
*Washington*

Alrik and Svala went into the spacious living room. Svala wiped the tears from her face with the back of her hand. "Trym isn't home, but he'll be back soon. He'll be so glad to see you."

Alrik's smile grew solemn. He paused beside the grey couch and ran his hand over the back of the typical Danish design. "I'll be gone before he comes home."

"Why?" Confusion deepened the line on her forehead.

Alrik paused for a few seconds before he looked up. "Because I didn't come for him. It's better if I'm gone when he returns."

Desperation entered her voice, but translated into annoyance.

“Then why *did* you come?”

Alrik’s gaze lingered, his green eyes deep in thought. Svala’s frown changed into a wavering smile, an attempt to apologize for her harsh reaction. She didn’t want him to leave. Alrik smiled shyly, a sad expression in his eyes. “Look at you. My beautiful girl,” he said.

Svala’s eyes welled up again. She grimaced in an attempt to stifle her emotions, but failed. Her tears caused Alrik’s eyes to fill with remorse. She pushed back the next set of tears, but her voice still broke. “Why can’t you stay?”

“Because it isn’t safe for you. If they find out I’m here you’ll be in trouble, and that’s the last thing I want.” His gaze darted toward the windows, eyes narrowed. Then he moved over to stand next to an armchair where he was better hidden, and glanced at his watch.

Svala walked up to him. He reached for her hand. “I don’t have much time. I’m sorry I have to rush this. It’s important you know one thing. I never sent you that envelope. Trym did.”

“Trym? But he...”

“I know. It’s not his style, is it? Of course *they* suspected me. Obviously.” Alrik rolled his eyes. “Trym didn’t want me to take the blame, but I couldn’t see the point in telling them the truth. They’d only assume Trym was protecting me. I took the bullet, and Trym was furious with me. You know how he is, and even when he’d broken the law, he insisted on following protocol.”

She didn’t understand. Trym had acted like he’d been against their search for Freja all along.

“That’s not why I’m here, though. I just thought you should know with everything that’s been said about him. I’m really here about Viggo. You have to make sure he doesn’t change sides. He’s on a dangerous path, involving himself with the Döckálfar too much. He doesn’t understand what he’s up against.”



Svala's worry shifted focus. "What do you mean?"

Alrik pressed his lips together in hesitation before he continued. "I never intended to change sides. I only wanted to find out what's going on. After the war, and after what happened with Freja, I knew something wasn't right. I intended to stay with them long enough to find out, and then return, but they lured me in with lies and false promises. They make it impossible not to change sides when they're done with you."

The blood drained from Svala's face. "You think Viggo...?"

Alrik placed his hand on her arm. "I know he hasn't yet, but I've heard things, and it's in their plan. It has been for years. This goes back to what happened to him during the Second World War. Did he ever tell you anything about the time he was missing?"

Svala shook her head, tears burning under her eyelashes. "He always avoided the subject. I tried to force it out of him once, but he became furious and told me he didn't want me asking anymore. He told me I was better off not knowing. The Nazis captured him, that's all I know."

Alrik slid his hand off her arm. "They don't trust me enough to say anything, but from what I've heard, the Döckálfar captured him. They held him during all those years. You see, something happened during the First World War that allowed them to gain more power. That's the reason for the Second World War and why it happened so close after the first."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you remember what happened in 1980, when I changed sides?" he asked.

"Yes." She nodded, her lips pursed together. "Trym was a wreck."

Alrik sighed and nodded. "Well, I meant more worldly things. The Iran-Iraq War started."

Svala frowned. "What are you saying?"

"Every time one of us changes sides, something really bad happens in the world."

“Every time? I thought you were the only one.”

“Yeah, that’s what they want you to believe. It’s uncommon, but it happens. I think the person changing sides during the First World War tipped the scale in their favor. Somehow, they control more of what happened to us after that, and the more Liosálfar who change sides, they more powerful they get. Right now, they’re after Viggo.”

The front door handle pressed down and the door clicked open. Svala jerked back. She hadn’t even heard Trym’s car pull up to the driveway. Alrik froze. He stood so still he had to be holding his breath as Trym’s voice called into the house. “Svala? Are you home?”

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## Author's note

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Thank you and Regards,

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