

SIXTEEN

"How many pots of coffee have we gone through?"

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"Enough to kill ten horses."

"And what have we come up with?"

"Ten ways to fling Peter Pan to the second star to the right and straight on 'till morning. Other than that? Nada." I sighed pouring another cup of coffee and read from Ikaris' journal again.

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"You look down, V." Phastos pointed out and I shrugged picking up and old present from Ikaris. "You still care for him."

"He's my brother, of course I care for him. We may have had our differences, but he's still my big brother." I said and Druig barged in with an angry look on his face. "Honey?"

"If I'm gonna get myself killed going up against Ikaris, we're gonna need a backup plan... Give me some coffee, I have a killer migraine trying to reach his mind." He spat out and grabbed the pot. "Looks like the asshole finally learned to block it from me."

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"All of our powers, even if amplified, aren't enough to kill a Celestial. And from what I'm reading here, out of this bunch, Vena is the most powerful. As a matter of fact, Vena and sun boy are toe to toe over who's the most powerful." Phastos said rummaging around the journals before turning to me. "You could do that blood dance thing!"

"It's not a dance, Phastos. I just made Kingo dance once and that was in Puerto Rico when the Taínos were around. And are you even sure that the Celestials have blood for me to manipulate?" I scooped propping my feet on the table. "Right, I'm wearing a skirt. Almost forgot."

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"Sersi did turn a Deviant into a tree." Druig butted and we both snapped our heads towards her.

"You've never been able to do that before!" Makkari signed.

"I don't know how it happened okay? I am pretty sure I couldn't do it again." Sersi mumbled.

"Phastos, write that in the Sersi journal. We're getting somewhere!" I smiled opening a bag of pretzels.

"Well, now is the time to try. Don't you think?"

"Phastos, that Deviant is dead! Our plan is to put Tiamut to sleep not to kill it. I can't kill a celestial!" Sersi exclaimed.

"Sleep? Death? Who the fuck cares!? Seven billion lines are on the line, not to mention ours too! I don't know about you, but Druig, Phastos and I have a lot to lose. Especially Phastos!" I spat out and glared at Sersi. "So, stop your moping about Peter Pan and get your brain working, Wendy. Because we're losing time and the voices in my head keep screaming at me!"

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"It's okay, Sersi. I got this." Druig sighed and took the coffee and pretzels from me. "And you need a nap."

"I need a lot of things right now, a nap isn't one of them." I scooped and Makkari furrowed her eyebrows before looking at me in shock a few seconds later. "Yes, Makkari! World domination!"

"I'm not sure that's what-"

"Yep, that's what I meant! Vena wants to dominate the world and we should help her!" Makkari signed rapidly and grabbed a journal sitting down in the far corner of the room and Druig joined her.

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"The sphere! How could we have been so fucking blind!?" Phastos exclaimed throwing me Ajak's journal and raced down the hall.

"Sersi! Sersi!"

"That man is a genius!" I laughed throwing the journal to Druig and Makkari.

"I don't-"

"It's a direct connection to Arishem. He can repurpose it!" I explained and both of them stood up in shock. "Phastos, you're a damn genius and I love you!"

"I love you too, V!" Phastos yelled back.

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I hugged both Druig and Makkari and shoved two Redbulls in their hands.

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"Drink as many of those as you can without dying... We have shit to do."

A/N: Short chapter before what's probably going to be the longest chapter I've ever written in my life. (Longest chapter was almost 6000 words in a Sirius Black story I wrote last year.)

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Brace yourselves.

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