

a/n i'm so sorry for being gone so long, and so sorry for this short chapter, I just wanted to put out something so that there was more content. Finals are over, so I'll have a lot more time to update and finish this hopefully by the end of the year! ly all hope you guys enjoy! 𐌆

## PRESENT DAY

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## AURORA

"The bracelets, in theory, shut down our regeneration process" Phastos starts, looking up at the circle of bracelets floating on the center of the room.

I frown up at them, curiosity sinking into me. Beside me, I can feel as Druig takes a step closer, scanning the bracelets with interest.

"Once that happens, our bodies accumulate extra-cosmic energy" He continues, motioning around the room. Then he turns to me, nudging his head. "If we use Aurora's energy, we can have that extra push we need in order for Druig to take over the mind of the Celestial"

I nod to his words, crossing my arms over my chest.

"What for?" Sersi asks, a frown lining her features in confusion.

"Well the deviants can absorb our energy," Phastos explains "Then what if we can use absorb Aurora's energy and each other as well?" The question hangs in the silence of the room, leaving us to wonder.

"If I can find a way to work, we can make one of us become a mystic powerful who will accumulate Aurora's energy and the energy from the rest" He motions up to the bracelets, making them split up and change into little figurines of each of us. There's a line going from the top of each of the heads of the figurines and into the center of the display. "A uni-mind!" He exclaims happily. 𐌆

"And then what?" Kingo asks, looking around the room. "What will happen to everyone on the planet?"

"We can take them to another planet. Find one that's habitable" Sersi proposes.

From across the room, Sprite sco s. "Space colonization takes decades!" 𐌆

I roll my eyes. "Why don't you just keep quiet for a moment, Sprite?" I retort, not being able to hold back. 𐌆

She reels back, eyes widening at my sudden hostility.

"Aurora, you're talking about removing billions of people, you can't jus—" She begins to protest. I sco , shaking my head in amusement.

"Oh why don't you take your opinion and shove it up your—" 𐌆

" Without help, it can take a lot less" Sersi interrupts me, voice rising over my comment and sending a pointed look my way.

I can feel Druig nudge me so ly, a sign of quiet support for me not to lose my shit at Sprite in front of everyone. 𐌆

"But what if we accidentally end up killing Tiamut?" Kingo continues, looking at everyone. "Then we'd be responsible for billions of lives not being created across the universe" HE turns to Ikaris "Boss am I right?"

Everyone stills, his words echoing across the room. I watch as the team looks from Ikaris and then to Sersi, waiting for any sort of reaction from her.

"Say something, Ikaris" Sprite turns to look up at him, admiration in her eyes. 𐌆

I look at him, biting the inside of my cheek.

"Sersi's the boss now, Sprite. Not Ikaris" I point out so ly, breaking the uncomfortable silence. 𐌆

"Aurora's right. Ajak chose Sersi to lead" Ikaris finally speaks, backing me up.

As much as I did not like that man, I thanked him for not assuming a charge that didn't belong to him.

"Forget who Ajak chose" Sprite protests, her voice pleading. "You're the strongest. You should be making this decision" 𐌆

I feel my anger starting to rise at her words, my blood boiling at her voice and how she so easily was willing to support him.

Kingo had been right.

We'd talked about Sprite a couple of decades ago, while I'd been in New York. While I was there, some nights we liked to sit down over a bottle of whatever alcohol we wanted and talk about how everything had happened.

It turned out Kingo was an excellent gossip. 𐌆

We'd talked about Thena and Gil. About Druig. About Sersi and also Ajak.

Sprite had been a common subject most of the time.

He'd told me one day about how he thought that Sprite resented me. About how she'd resented me and Sersi for having what she would never be able to.

Of course, Kingo had also told me about how out of Sersi and me, she'd always resented Sersi more. Sersi had Ikaris. She had the man Sprite had always wanted. The man she'd always loved.

At the time, I'd told Kingo that he was crazy. That maybe she'd be resentful, yes, but actually lovelkaris? That was a crazy thought.

But as I watched Sprite look at Ikaris, I saw her look at him with the same eyes I'd looked at Druig with for almost three hundred years.

Just then it dawned on me how much she loved him. And the degree of her resentment towards Sersi and me.

For a second, I pitied her. I pitied her inability to grow up, even if she was seven thousand years old. I pitied the fact that she hadn't been able to find love. How even if she was mentally the same age as us, she would never be treated with the same maturity and respect. 𐌆

I pitied how she hadn't been able to love and be loved the way Sersi and I had.

But then I thought about what she'd done, and I thought about her visit to me in New York, and everything made sense.

When she'd come to me she had already known. She had already told Druig.

And yet she still hadn't told me.

Instantly, all the pity disappeared, replaced by anger.

She'd stolen all these years with him away from me.

I would never forgive her. As long as I was breathing, I would never be able to forgive her for what she'd done.

A hand touches my arm, snapping me out of my trance.

"Hey, you alright?"

I jolt, looking around the room. Ikaris, Kingo, and Sprite are no longer here. I turn to Druig, his hand sending

"Huh?" I ask, brow furrowing.

"Your eyes started turning purple" He notes, looking down at me with worry. 𐌆

"Oh" I shake myself o , running a hand through my face. "Yeah, I just—I got a little lost in thought it all" I sigh out.

He nods, his hand moving up and down my arm for a few moments before he lets go. Instantly, I can feel the cold of where his hand used to be.

I can't help but miss his touch. 𐌆

I feel a surge of energy rush through me, pushing through my legs and into my arms. I stumble back a few steps, my cheeks tinging red with heat.

I let out a gasp clutching Druig's shoulder for support.

"Phastos, what's happening?" I ask, looking up at him.

He shakes his head, his arms waving around as a design of the earth appears in the middle of the room.

He's about to respond when Sersi bursts into the room.

"The emergence" She pants. "It's starting" 𐌆

Continue reading next part