



The hate between me and Druig had been completely different from the one between Ikaris and me.

I didn't mind being public about my dislike towards Druig. Ikaris was a different story.

Everyone looked up to him. He was the knight in shining armor of the entire team—including Ajak.

He was the golden boy.

Back then, I would have dismissed it as jealousy. There were some moments where I resented him for being everyone's favorite. For having those amazing abilities and having everything all of us could have ever wanted. But if I look back on it now I can admit that I'd always known there was something off about him. The way he always seemed to be in control, how he didn't really show emotions—except when he married Sersi.

I tried to like him. I really did. I tried to see what every one else saw in him, but as much as I tried, we didn't seem to fit together like most of the team did with each other. It was clear who was who's favorites, and he definitely wasn't mine.

I let out a frustrated breath, my mind reeling with information and pent-up anger I hadn't been able to let out.

Ikaris and Sprite had left.

Ikaris had killed Ajak.

The mere thought of her being afraid—of her having to realize that she'd been betrayed—makes my blood boil.

I should have killed him when I had the chance.

My head pulses with balled-up energy, my heart beating quickly.

I'd left the main room a while ago. I'd been scared to lash out at someone. Druig had tried to come after me, but I'd turned around, my eyes flashing in a warning for him not to follow me.

So he hadn't.

I knew he was just waiting for me to calm down. If anyone here knew how I worked it was him, but I wasn't sure this was going to be like the last times.

The last times, I hadn't found out that a member of our own team had killed Ajak.

I wander into what used to be Ikaris' room, the door sliding open quietly with my movement.

I step in, hearing the door shut behind me as I take a look around.

Everything is gray. From the ceiling to the bed to the covers. A few trinkets adorn the long—abandoned desk, a small picture frame resting against the wall.

I walk towards it, a frown on my face as I pick it up and wipe the dust from the glass.

It's a black and white picture of Ajak and him, surely taken after the team had separated.

In the picture, Ajak is laughing, her eyes scrunched up in response to something Ikaris had probably said. He smiles at her, a fond look on his face. They're dressed up, like they're in a party, and it looks like both of them are having the time of their lives.

Blood rushes through my eyes in resentment, and before I can think about it, I find myself throwing the picture into the wall with all my might. I don't even flinch as the picture frame smashes into a million pieces, shards falling around the desk and the bed.

Before I know it, I'm raising his chair into the air and smashing it against the wall, yelling out something I can't even recognize.

For a few moments, everything is a blur, and when I finally come back to focus, I find myself standing in the middle of a now-destroyed room.

I huff out quick breaths, swiping away loose strands from my ponytail away from my face and looking around at the damage.

Almost everything is destroyed.

Even though it didn't release even a third of my anger, I consider it enough to calm me down for the time being.

Wetness trails down my cheeks, and it takes me a moment to realize I've been crying. I swipe the tears away with the back of my hand quickly, letting out a huff of breath to stabilize myself.

Behind me, I hear as the door slides open, a pair of feet entering the room. I don't even need to turn around to know who it is.

"Aurora—" His voice is filled with worry.

"Please don't" My voice comes out in a hoarse whisper.

He sighs, stepping around the mess and walking towards me. I feel as his hand intertwines with my own. If he feels the heat of my energy, he ignores it.

"He'll get what he deserves" He assures. I turn to face him, my eyes catching his.

Even though he and Ajak weren't that close, I can see the same look of anger I feel on my own. She'd been our family, and I would rather be killed than to let someone who hurt us get away with it.

"He will" My tone goes cold. "I'll make sure of that"

He nods, kissing my forehead and leading me out of the room.

I look back for a mere moment, my eyes catching on the crumpled picture on the ground before the door closes completely.

a/n really short chapter but I just wanted to put something out there! I'll maybe upload later this week :)