

# Chapter I

## The Battle of Marathon 420 BC

ā

"Druig!"

I will kill him when we get back to the village he thought.

"Druig, move, you're wasting time!"

"I'm helping your people, you should be more grateful!" he yelled back, throwing his hands into the air.

Persia groaned harshly, just being able to stop herself to turn and run towards him.

She watched as his eyes started glowing yellow faintly, the army before him still ending.

Dropping their weapons.

Choking on their battle cries.

Wind swooshed past her face, whirling up the sand which slashed her face. Her eyes fluttered close, the hot air burning her skin.

Her anger was stirring up.

ā

Someone tapped her shoulder, blinking away the pain to look at Makkari.

More are on the way she signed, her chest rising heavily.

Persia nodded and pulled her hair out of her face but turned away just in time to avoid the sand to sting her eyes again as the girl ran away.

Her ears picked up a screech.

A gasp filled her lungs, eyes darting towards the Persian army that walked away.

Her sight wandered to something behind them.

She moved again, swiftly through the crowd aimed at the huge Deviant building itself up, reaching above all the buildings around it with its height.

"Looks like I won't get the easy way today." she whispered, clenching her teeth while ripping a piece of her tunic which was annoyingly grazing her legs.

Her speed increased, trying to find a way past the people behind the Deviant.

Over and over again she tried to yell at Druig to hurry up with bringing the people to safety, but her heavy breathing made her unable to.

Persia finally reached the spot she had been heading for, dropping to her knees and pushing her hand into the heat absorbed floor.

Her fingers dug between the sand, eyes trying to find the beast again.

Pondering breaths made her chest erupt, the earth beneath her starting to shake.

Finally, she spotted the Deviant reaching his head into the crowd. Her mind rushed to its core, its balance point.

A veil of black smoke stood from her body when she allowed her mind to let loose.

A thud.

A scream.

Persia inhaled a sharp breath as she watched the Deviant collapse along with all the buildings around it.

She ran for it, brushing past the ruins she had created. Her heart was pounding in her chest.

Too much. She let loose too much.

The world around her grew louder and louder until she had to cover her ears.

Makkari was right she thought when her eyes wandered along the terrain around her.

Deviants, and so many of them.

She counted. Five, then another five. Then another ten.

And there were so many people around.

She caught sight of every single Eternal but Druig.

The one they needed most at that moment.

Persia reached the collapsed Deviant, reaching down for the ground to eliminate the corpse forever.

Her eyes glued to the being, dipping her head to the side slightly.

"What are you waiting for?"

She jerked back, having to support her body with her other hand to not lose her balance.

"I was checking for no one to be around to hurt."

Her tongue ran along her teeth as she turned to look at him.

"Which I wouldn't have to do if you did your job correctly."

Druig pushed a dismissing breath, forming his lips to a small smile. "Of course!"

Persia was about to go on him, when his eyes shot open, trailing above her head.

As her brows knitted in confusion, a sharp pain shot through her body down from her neck.

Druig screamed something, but her mind was already dozed with clouds.

Suddenly, her eyelids wanted to fall shut.

Something pierced her back, then another time.

It felt like parasites eating through her body.

Her feet dragged on the floor into the air, until she could see the whole of the battle from twenty feet above.

As she grunted, feeling like sandpaper in her throat, let her lips.

Persia felt how the sun came closer to her body, almost burning her from the inside.

As she moved, she didn't remember a single thing but the feeling that followed.

A panic.

Forcing her to fight for her life.

ā

Her hands reached above her head, traveling her fingers along the filthy skin of the monster until she found its jaw.

She dug her nails into its flesh until she felt the pressure on her neck loosen.

Persia pulled herself up, clenching her jaw shut to stop herself from giving into the urge to faint.

She wiped her body over its head, pushing herself on top of the Deviants back.

The beast screamed, rearing its back into the air, shaking violently. Her nails were still dug into its jaw, her body pressed up against it.

She reached for her power again, this time so messy and desperate that it shot through her body without warning.

Without moderation

ā

The being went quiet.

Or at least Persia couldn't hear it scream.

Its jaw pushed open, the threatening pupils of its glowing eyes juggling back and forth.

Her eyes filled with terror, unable to hold it back.

Black smoke enclosed her body.

All senses vanished.

A small pop

Until she had nothing to hold onto anymore.

She felt her hands cramp into themselves, her nails trenching into her palms.

Gravity pulled her back towards earth.

Persia fell, knocking all the air out of her lungs, coughing up and rolling to her side.

She blinked as the warmth of the sun returned to her skin, her face covered in dust.

She coughed again into her hands and when she held them in front of her eyes, they were covered in specs of blood.

Persia's hand wandered to her stomach, inhaling once, twice.

"You killed them."

Her shaking body pushed up from the ground, thinning her eyes to see more clearly.

His voice was distorted. Small.

The boy stood with his back turned from her, though she could slightly glimpse at the side of his expression.

His face had fallen into itself.

She followed his sight with her eyes and held her breath at what she saw.

People.

So many of them.

Laying on the floor.

Burned.

ā

Dead

At least twenty. No, at least fifty.

Buildings were collapsing.

Crumbling.

She took a huge chunk out of the area and pounded it to nothing. The screams of injured soldiers took up her mind. A soldier being gushed over with debris of a house as it fell apart.

The last bit of his cry for help until he succumbed.

Persia felt nausea crawl up her throat, consuming her body with disgust for herself.

Her lower lip started trembling.

"We need to."

"We don't need to do anything."

Druig didn't even look at her. He didn't even grant her that.

Though Persia shut her mouth when he spoke.

It wasn't one she recognized that tone to his voice.

The little buzz that came from deep within.

The air he covered his words in.

"The others and I will take care of this."

Persia's eyes filled with water, salty tears running down her face leaving burning wet trails which parted through the dirt.

Druig turned so he could look at her.

He didn't care for her life.

He did not care that she almost died.

It was despite that his expression was covered in.

ā

Persia knew.

"You did enough destruction today." he spat, wrinkling his nose. His feet scratched along the sand as he dragged them away from her to find the others.

ā

Persia sunk back to her knees, let between the mess of blood and ruins.

All her fault

Though she was eternal she couldn't breathe.

She was threatening to succumb before a Deviant could attempt to take her life.

Her lungs reached but couldn't.

There wasn't any oxygen

she allowed herself to take from those she had cost their life.

ā

—

a/n : short intro, currently working on the first real chapter :)

I'm planning to update every time I finish a draft, so it will be quick paced.

hope you're enjoying!

ā

Continue reading next part