```
Ajak didn't get a funeral.
                                                                      a<sup>2</sup>
There was no time, and it wouldn't have done them any good if they
had allowed themselves to fall into grief at that moment.
They wrapped her into silk and put her into her bed in her home.
Her body would preserve, unlike that of a human.
                                                                      a
They'd bury her once everyone was back, as a family. So they could
share their sorrows and pain like they always did.
Persia only thought it was right to let her rest in the place she loved
                                                                      a
most.
She wasn't religious, didn't send any prayers to the gods somewhere.
But she caught herself staring into the sky, convincing herself that the
stars which lit a little brighter were Ajak keeping an eye out for them.
All the planets they had been to together, she wondered why this one
had to be the last.
Wished that her soul would pass on easily with everything that
reminded her of the woman.
She wasn't there physically any longer, still, Persia hadn't felt her in
centuries before her energy passed on.
Ajak would never leave her heart.
Now, they stood in some crowded parking lot, the sun burning their
skin.
She was already missing the California weather, even if it never got
cold there either.
"Have you ever been to Asia?" Maya asked, drawing little figures into
the dust which collected on the window of the cars.
"Many times." Persia replied, tugging her sleeve a little higher, "I lived
in Russia for a while, but we travelled the world a lot."
" Of course you have Maya smiled, sco ing a little.
"I was convinced you were just trying to make fun of my Russian."
Persia pursed her lips and allowed her cheeks to show a little color,
"I was definitelymaking fun of you."
Both their eyes caught the others walking out of the building, Kingo
and some other unfamiliar man closely behind them.
"Okay, look, I said I'd be honest but I knew you'd freak out-"
"You're related to Kingo THEKingo?!"
Maya gasped, hitting Persia's shoulder, "And you didn't bother to tell
me?"
                                                                      a
"This is exactly why I waited out here with you-"
"I have made you watch all his movies only for you to tell me he's
like- your brothe?"
"We are notrelated-"
Maya threw her arms into the air in disbelief,
"Next you're going to tell me that there never were his father, or
grandfather or-"
"Oh my god!" Kingo screeched, eyes widening behind the sunglasses
as soon as he caught sight of Persia.
"I wouldn't have expected you to show."
Persia chuckled and allowed him to give her a tight hug, "I couldn't
leave my family hanging." she squeezed for air.
He pulled her back by the shoulders and shook her lightly back and
forth.
"What happened to your hair?"
"Don't you think it looks cool?" Persia argued, looking down at the
loose white strands dangling down her shoulders.
"Chic, a little like that girl from Frozen." he nudged, crunching his
                                                                      a
nose.
"You don't like it."
"I do!" he spoke, his voice betraying his words.
Persia laughed in return, deciding not to put him on the rack a er
they had first seen each other in a thousand years.
"Who is that?"
He pointed to Maya, who stared absolutely unmoving in one spot.
"Oh, that's Maya."
Kingo held out a hand for her to shake.
"I'm Kingo, if you haven't already heard my name, I'm like a star. Hey,
Persia have you seen my movies-"
"All of them!" Maya replied shrill, as calm she wanted to sound. Her
hand shook his with so much enthusiasm that it made Persia dizzy.
But of course, Kingo enjoyed the little spotlight.
When they finally peeled o each other, Kingo clapped his hands.
"Alright, where's our next stop?"
Persia looked over at Sersi, who gave her a questioning look.
"Are Gilgamesh and Thena still together?"
Persia shrugged.
Since Tenochtitlan, Persia had visited them once, around a hundred
years ago.
She was somewhere in Australia when she picked up so much energy
that she thought the world would explode.
Turns out it had been a clash between Gil and Thena. Persia stayed
for tea but le as soon she could.
                                                                      a
"They settled comfortably, they wouldn't move unless the world was
ending."
"And it is "Kingo exclaimed enthusiastically, rummaging around his
bag, until he got out a piece of paper.
"Ah, there." he dialed a number, everyone found quiet.
"Hello my name is Karun."
Persia looked to the right to see the unfamiliar man with a friendly
smile.
"I'm Persia, nice to meet you."
She responded, unable to suppress a bright smile too.
"Mhm...no...no...Australia.... How would I know?..an hour...perfect."
Kingo hung up and took a breath.
His eyebrows pulled up, "We will meet at the airport in like thirty
minutes, a private plane is waiting for us."
" Private plane? Maya questioned as if Kingo didn't speak clear
enough.
The weather in Australia didn't do it either for her.
Extremely hot or cold weren't Persia's thing at all.
                                                                      å
The sand whirling up, already filling her shoes and crawling into her
socks, it made her feel tingly just to think about.
They walked up a small hill, Persia in the front to guide them by
sensing the energy of the other eternals.
Thena was stirring up, still disoriented
She could feel it.
They came across a corpse of a Deviant, already falling apart into
dust and that disgusting smell.
"Is this the one you fought in London?" Kingo asked.
"I killed that one in California, there must be more out here than we
thought." Persia said, her eyes glued to the being until her neck didn't
allow her to turn any further.
It made shivers go down her back.
"Is this a Deviant sir?" Karun asked, stepping so close to the thing
that Persia cringed.
He hadn't put that camera down for Kingo's documentary since they
entered the plane.
"Yeah."
"It's a beautiful creature!"
                                                                      a
"What? This" Kingo asked, his voice pitching a little higher with each
word he spoke.
"It's hideous. You've never had one try to bite your head o then."
Kingo changed the subject without second thought and jumped in
front of the camera.
" Roll"
Karun put his camera up, the light blinking red.
"You're about to meet the two greatest warriors the world has ever
known.
Thena. Legendary, Deadly, Fashionable'
Thena did have the best taste in clothing.
It took a lot out of Persia to admit that to herself.
                                                                      a
"And her trusty friend."
Kingo pointed towards the entrance of the little hut.
"The mighty powerhouse of strength.
The fearsome Gilgamesh!"
                                                                      a
Ikaris gave the door a knock.
The tavern was old, breaking o in places already.
She had no clue why the eternals had been living out in the nowhere.
"If you guys had shown up like this at my door, I wouldn't have
opened the door either." Persia whispered to Sprite.
" Gilgamesh"
                                                                      a
Suddenly, the door opened, Gil taking a big step towards Ikaris. He
looked about the others.
Music was coming out of the house, steam and the light smell of
delicious food too.
"What took you so long?"
He spotted the camera, waved it o before he struck past the others.
"You look especially young today, Sprite."
                                                                      a
Maya held in a laugh, receiving a pinch into her arm from Persia.
" Ouch"
Gil did a double take on Karun again.
"And who the hell are you?"
"I'm Karun, Kingo's valet."
"His valet, like Alfred in Batman?" Gilgamesh replied, to which Karun
nodded with a smile on his face.
                                                                      đ
"And what are you, also a valet?"
Now he was directed towards Maya.
The girl was intimidated, Persia kind of felt bad for throwing her into
this like that.
"Not a valet, just a friend. I'm Maya."
                                                                      đ
Gil tilted his head, allowed his eyes to swathe over to Persia.
"Oh, you, here"
                                                                      đ
"Yes."
"Gilgamesh." Ikaris interrupted, hardening his voice, "The Deviants
are back."
"No shit, I could have used some help." He replied, lacking emotion.
Sarcastic and stern as ever.
Persia missed him.
"We were attacked by a Deviant in London too." Sprite said.
"Even Ikaris couldn't get it." Sersi added.
"I could get it" Persia mumbled under her breath.
                                                                      a
"You couldn't?"
"I was distracted." Ikaris defended himself.
"Sure man." Gil laughed, turning back towards the stone oven.
"You guys want to try my pie?"
                                                                      ď
It was laying thick on everyone's heart, no one wanted to tell him.
"I'm sorry, Gil," Ikaris finally took the weight o the others, "Ajak's
dead."
"It's true buddy." Sprite said, her voice seemingly light when it spoke
such words.
" We lost her".
Gilgamesh's arms gave up and dropped heavy next to him, the good
pie flopping out of the pan.
He wandered over to the wooden stool, sat down and put his face to
the hot pan.
                                                                      ď
Persia pushed from the others and kneeled in front of him.
"Hey, it's not your fault."
He looked up and into her eyes, gave her a so expression.
"I went away willingly, I knew this risk. I just wish I could have
protected her too."
Persia nodded understandingly.
She looked up to see the others had all turned to face the opposite
side.
Her body got up and she peaked between the others until she saw a
figure sitting in front of a tree, seemingly scribbling something.
"Is that Thena?"
Gilgamesh got up next to her too, sighted.
"Yes, come on. I will bring you over to her."
Persia stalked along the path, only the Eternals with her.
The two mortals stayed back in case something happened.
When they were close enough, Gilgamesh out a hand up to stop
them.
"The attack triggered her, she's no fun to be around right now."
He alone stepped up, "Thena, look who is here."
The beautiful woman was wearing white, like she always did.
Complimentary with her silver hair which shone in the sun, reflecting
specs of light.
"Give me your hand."
She didn't turn, but had stopped spreading the color on her paper.
Her energy, it welled more and more.
Silence only the wind.
Until a blade cut through the air and collided with Gil's arm, a
metallic sound resounding through the air.
Her eyes, milky and white dozed in that inability of control.
" Everyone on Centuri-6 is going to dië
"Your hand." Gil said, calmly.
"I can't save them."
Another weapon manifested, Thena getting ready to aim another
time when she sky suddenly faded until black surrounded them.
Persia looked around until she saw Sprite's fingers flexed in the air,
gold strings dancing in a pattern around them.
"Thena, we came to Earth together on our ship, you're an Eternal."
Sprite let the ship flow into an illusion so close to reality, Persia
almost believed it.
"The greatest warrior of Olympia.
The legendary protector of Athens.
The goddess of war."
Sprite took a breath, watching as Thena's wide white eyes searched
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in confusion.

" Remember"

again.

back again.

"Hello."

And Druig

love,

٧.

"Remember who you are."

just holding vanishing into thin air.

"Hey!" Kingo smiled, waving his hand.

"Hey, who is your gardener?"

Persia could help but laugh.

can't keep up with them anymore!

But her heart sat heavy.

"Hello Thena." Persia smiled, receiving a smile back.

Three more, then they were assembled again.

Phastos, who had lost his faith in these people.

Makkari, her best friend for centuries, the girl she loved most.

A/N: Hello, thank u so much for all the reads and votes, I seriously

Also, I absolutely hate this chapter in every way possible.

I am just very exhausted but didn't want to let you all down;)

I will overwork it in the morning, but I hope this isn't too horrible :)

She finally allowed Gil to put his hand to hers, the weapons she was

The illusions faded, until Persia could feel the sand beneath her feet

Thena's white eyes swam and coursed until the familiar brown was

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