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Chapter XIV
                         "...you began to..."
                   Her feet were cold, sitting against the little rocks on the shore of the
little river.
She had her knees crouched to her chest, teary eyes looking across
the water.
The sun had gone down.
They wouldn't be leaving, until that child of a boy had enough time to
think.
Ikaris had told her when he finally found her.
Of course not in those exact words.
Even if he wasn't very fond of the idea of taking him with them either.
"Remember, you are the master of your own power." he said through
the wind, with her back turned towards him.
It made her nostalgic.
He helped her a lot, sacrificed his time to teach her.
- she didn't return a word.
That was hours ago.
Persia was hoping that Maya was doing okay, but she knew the others
would make sure of that.
At least she had that much of a trust back in them.
Her eyes glided up to the sky, the first stars lighting in the canopy.
Makkari always called it the heavens, Sprite loved to embody the
thought of it.
Persia found the brightest one, a small smile forming on her lips.
"Are you watching?" she mumbled.
"Do you see how much we need you?" her face dropped, not even the
small light of the stars comforting her.
"God, we're hopeless".
Without Ajak, they were lost.
Even if no one was going to admit it.
It wasn't fair, not for Sersi who had that burden as their supposed
leader set on her, not for anyone else.
She turned up her nose, brushed her hair behind her ears.
The colorless strands coursed through her hair, pathed like a stream
of water, and broke the deep orange color.
She hated her hair ever since she could remember, but now that she
had those white patches, she wished she had embraced it more.
Hair dye wasn't working either, aligning with her bad luck.
They had gotten worse since that Deviant attack.
It was probably the only physical di erence she had su ered a er
thousands of years.
Her body was healing like a human, she had scars all over her.
But that wasn't any dierent from what she used to look like.
The leaves rustled, wood creaking.
Suddenly, the presence of something halted her thoughts, prickled
against her skin.
Persia didn't bother getting up.
" Move an inch closer and I won't hesitate to use my power again.
she warned, her voice a lot thicker than she would have wanted it to
be.
For a moment, she prayed that she was wrong.
But then hespoke.
"You could never tell me apart from the others."
Druig spoke with a stance, and she could have sworn that she still
heard that anger being carried behind it as an echo.
Persia dropped her head.
"I always could."
"No, not this way" he returned.
His voice was low, almost as if he was daring her again.
Prove me wronghe would say.
She didn't have the nerve to, nor the least bit of patience.
Her rage loosened that energy collecting in her chest.
" What do you want?'she spat back, "I won't convince you to come
with us, or justify myself."
"I don't want any of that."
"Speak clearly, before I will use your own power against you to make
you do it."
She frowned at her words, and took in a small inhale. Closed her
mouth strangely.
He was making her act in ways she promised herself she never would.
"That's what I'm talking about." Druig replied, his steps sounding
against the stones as he walked up next to her.
He felt it, how she was nudging at his energy, testing how fast she
could take it from him.
Druig knew the risk, still, stopped only when he was standing next to
her.
Persia looked forward, but in the corner of her eye, she saw his figure.
Vaguely, barely any more than just his stature.
Shivers and waves of her threatening energy crawling up and down
her spine.
He was also eyeing the stream, stopping himself from looking down
at her.
Arms crossed behind his back, clenching, unclenching his jaw back
and forth.
"Since when can you take energy like that?"
Persia considered not answering.
Rather because she didn't have an answer.
Or because she feared that she would speak untrue words, maybe
even unable to make her voice obey to her.
Wrath sat in her throat.
"I can sense it, take it apart, make use of it." she replied, "I just can't
control how much I carry."
Druig nodded, Persia didn't see it.
"I know, but since when can you take so much of it?"
Persia didn't understand.
"I took as much as I needed for you to stop messing with my mind."
she spoke confused, "I just needed you to lose focus."
The boy breathed out heavily, then shook his head.
"You don't understand-"
"What don't understand?" she snapped, turning over to look at him.
It was a mistake.
She o en heard his voice, mocking her in her mind, always lingering.
It was endurable, a er many years.
Yet somehow, the second she couldn't just hear his voice, but see
him, it was over for her.
"That you're an afraid little boywho refuses to comprehend that
people can change?" she questioned, pushing herself up from the
ground.
Druig raised his chin, "All that changed is your lust for power."
Her sco turned into a laugh. One of her hands rose to her eyes and
rubbed across them.
"I am trying to control it, all the time!"
"You still lack as much control as you always did." he said, tone
hollow, pounding in her mind.
"Now you've lost control over yourselftoo."
Always playing that stupid analyst, thinking he got her all sorted out.
Acting wise, as that is all he ever could do.
Act
"And you can tell that a er you saw me once, a er five centuries?"
"Do you know what you did back in the village?" he asked, something
else squeezing into his voice which Persia couldn't recognize.
"Do you know what you did, Persia"
"Stop saying my name." she whispered sharply, her hand balling.
Druig pursed his lips, a silence spreading which was only interrupted
by their quivering breaths.
"You didn't just take a fragment of my energy, like you did when
Thena lost control."
His hands opened in front of her, palms facing upwards.
They were shaking.
"You took everythingfrom me."
The words rolled o his tongue uneasy, unsafe.
Persia stared down at his hands, watching as they didn't stop
twitching.
Then she saw it, how pale they were.
Red spots, blue veins.
"What?" she muttered.
"For a moment," he started, pulling his hands back to the sides of his
body.
His face turned away from her, in an attempt that it would make the
speaking easier.
"For a moment, you took all of my energy. You took my immortality.
I was human''
"That's not possible." Persia tried arguing, but Druig only defied her
attempt by clearing his throat.
"I've taken care of humans for a long time. I know their habits, their
body, their minds, all like the back of my hand.
I felt it when you made me one of them."
"Stop imagining things." she said, facing the ground.
"I wouldn't have done that."
"You did." Druig replied, that hatred back to his voice.
" You did that to me'.
"Don't act like you didn't make me do it!" she yelled, finally li ing her
face to meet his.
His eyes, they glanced back at her with that blue color.
Lips slightly tucked in.
"You got into my head, and used your mind control on me." she said,
teeth gritted causing a pressure to form.
"I did what I had to, to defendmyself."
Those eyes of his, flaming with anger.
They collapsed, thinned.
"What are you talking about?"
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Druig stayed silent, straightened his head and went about her face with his eyes. "I have never gotten into your head unless at a singular time. When you beggedme to help you." " Are you joking?, the girl shouted back at him, body releasing her anger, causing his eyelids to flutter shut. Simultaneously, hers flushed with a veil of black. "No, I want an answer from you. Do you really think I'm thatnaive?" "You can call me many things," he opened his eyes hesitantly, all that anger vanishing from him. "but a liaris none of them." "The others told me what you did, Druig!"

Persia reached her arms over her head, still unable to tame her voice.

"Each time you crept into my head to make me lose control, or took

"Why do you think I never spoke to you again?" she breathed.

he asked, childish. Almost speaking to himself instead of her.

"All that time, they told you it was my fault?"

He had to be lying, there was no other way.

"Without that, I could have healed"

any di erent than she did.

twisting his words.

Made her doubt herself.

"I don't need to do that.

that time.

Why should I trust you?"

he tilted his head to the side.

" You don't get to say that.

But she didn't recognize him.

Her heart set out a beat, eyes widening.

He exhaled, his energy seeping into her.

Finally, her mind allowed her to properly see him.

" It is your fault" she exclaimed, eyes getting watery.

The boy's eyes jumped back and forth between hers.

The expression to his face was unexplainable, his features barely

Persia was too shocked to understand, neither did she want to feel

There shouldn't be empathy for him, when she knew that he was

"God, you're always doing this!" her voice shot higher pitched, one of

They argued like children, back and forth without a solution in sight.

"Do you think I was manipulating you back there?" he interrupted,

Persia opened her mouth, but the response was so obvious that he

"Of course you were, is this another one of your sick jokes to make

The tip of her finger touched his chest and she dropped it

her fingers pointing at his chest.

urging her further back as he leaned into her.

He was making her feel foolish again.

"Persia-"

"I told you to-"

immediately.

shouldn't have to ask.

me feel stupid?"

my memory."

Druig's feet numbed, body sacking.

" you tried to take my life.

"The others told you that?"

moving as he spoke.

But she was no longer sure of that confidence. Her gaze tried deciphering his face, yet she found no beginning or end to it. A maze, no direction, no objective. Great, he did it.

She waited until he was going to break character to talk her down.

"If you have trust in them, ask them about it." he said, "ask them if I

Druig sent his eyes over the water again, "You shouldn't, not a er all

"You've changed' she squeezed through tight lips unwillingly. She

Use his power to weaken her, do it all over again-

Then trust yourself, do what you think is right."

was the one who got into your head."

"You don't believe me." he mumbled, his words fading into thin air.

"I believe my family" she replied, straightening her back.

wanted to keep that thought to herself, but it slipped. The boy's face lightly twitched, as if it was exhausted a er all that anger. Never in her life had she seen him this way before. "No, I haven't." Druig took his time, looked to the ground,

"Don't act like Tenochtitlan was the last time we saw each other."

Persias breathing was heavy, so she took a few careful steps back.

"I haven't changed at all." he repeated again, looking back at Persia.

That humane feeling. "No, no. Stop it." It vanished again. She was going to speak, when her voice only came out as a squeak.

Another energy replaced it, she thought it to be her own. "Deviants." Druig's eyes widened, sudden movement in the forest ripping their attention. Growls, thuds, then those horrid screams that made a sick feeling

drone in her head. Then a scream followed, which didn't belong to a Deviant. A/N: listen, i'm trying to write longer chapters but they will either be around 2200 words or like 5000:/ anyways, thank u all so much for all the votes, reads and comments. they mean so incredibly much to me! <33 did we like this chapter?

you guys like it.

**Continue reading next part** □

it's honestly kinda personal to me and i've put a lot into it, so i hope