

Chapter XIX

The sky was covered in the veil of dark, stars lighting, one more beautiful than the other.

She sat at the ledge of the window, had her eyes fixated on the area before her.

If Ajak was watching her?

Did the woman feel what she felt, does she mourn for losing her family too?

Her heart was-
she couldn't have put a word to it.

"What are you looking at?"

Persia dropped her head, lips curling up into a breezy smile.

"I still need to get used to you speaking like that."

Druig returned the smile, but it was way brighter.

"You're not the only one."

He sat right next to her.

She shifted her eyes over to him, watching about his features and taking them in like she never had before.

The outline of his face, all its edges and cuts.

Where his hair fell, where it caught the light.

His eyes, their almond shape draped with that calming blue.

Little things filling into one big picture, until she was sure she could recite in her sleep.

But still, she didn't look away.

God, she was never a person for the corny stuff.

Each time she saw couples giving each other weird nicknames, clinging to each other on the streets.

She would turn away and laugh about it with Maya all the time.

Persia wondered what Maya would comment on this.

You're unbelievable or maybe even receiving a hit to the back of her head.

But looking at him, him looking at her.

It caused her chest to flutter, like those butterflies which poets described in books.

"You have a scar above your brow," she muttered a while, lifting her hand and running her thumb over it.

"The lone."

So many times that it stood out to her mind.

"I must have gotten it a few years ago."

Druig replied, closing his eyes against her touch.

Persia shook her head sofly, "No, you have had for centuries."

"There is no way I would have let Ajak get rid of it."

She scooped, then bit the inside of her lip. "Do you remember the dance?"

"What dance?"

"Never mind it then."

"No, tell me, what are you talking about?"

His eyes opened and he squeezed them thinner, curious.

He insisted even when she waved him off.

It pulled at her heart that he didn't remember at all.

"The dance? The last time we had a solid conversation, you know- on the wedding?"

She tried explaining, but couldn't see it click in his head.

"Yes, what does that have to do with a dance?"

She gazed up and sighted, dropping her hand.

"At the wedding, you asked me to dance with you."

Druig twisted his face into a laugh he tried to suppress but that only made it worse.

"I wouldn't have."

Persia hit his shoulder and pursed her lips, trying very hard to keep herself from turning her mouth archly.

"You're making me feel stupid."

The boy shook his face from side to side, sneering back at her.

"You're making yourself feel stupid."

Druig leaned further into her face, as if he tried finding the joke inside her expression.

"Tell me, why should I believe you?"

"You have a cut above your forehead, that's when I first noticed it."

Her finger pointed back at the indent, he grabbed her hand and embedded it inside his.

"I told you, that's not enough to convince me."

She looked down at their hands, tucked her lip in at the touch.

Something she shouldn't take for granted, but it felt like it had always been there, in some way.

"You told me that you liked it when I said your name."

Druig jolted back slightly, eyes widening only enough for her to catch it.

"That is-"

Persia moved closer to his face, head tilted slightly down.

"Do you really like it when I say your name, Druig?"

She watched as his chest jumped a little, how his jawbone pushed out a bit more against the sore light.

"Come on, you're weak for me." Her brows raised amused, allowing her eyes to wander down his lips, then back up.

Druig didn't even bother to hide his stare, until he finally realized and pulled his head back.

"You're teasing, not fair."

Persia stayed silent, pressed her lips on one another to keep the pleased smile from grasping her face.

She dropped onto her back to escape him, and finally laughed.

It shook her body so real, like nothing ever had been.

Her forearm laid over her sight, still unable to stop laughing.

She felt a warmth crawl over her body, heat collecting in front of her. A spec of energy.

Her arm limped, eyes peeking above it.

They met with blue.

Druig hovered above her, both arms supported on the side of her body.

"The last time this happened, it was the other way around." she mocked, thinning her mouth into a childish smile as her body calmed from laughing.

He ran his tongue over his teeth, features softened.

Druig lowered himself, causing her to hold her breath.

"Can I kiss you?"

Persia lifted her chin, put both hands to either side of his face.

"Always."

Their lips collided, both moving in a rhythm which their bodies turned into like it was carved into their minds.

Nose brushing, their bodies pushing towards one another.

Her cheeks flushed with color almost like a match lighting in her core.

She felt how his hair tickled against her forehead, how his hand raised to her side and pulled her in by the waist.

Druig pulled away gently, pulling short breaths.

The smile never left.

And hers didn't either.

"This doesn't feel like it's true, does it?"

she murmured, holding the short distance.

"I'm scared I will wake up and none of this is real."

Druig tilted his head to the side, recreating the saddened look in her face. Then brushed a strand of white hair behind her ear.

"It is real, Persia."

His voice resounded in her ears and if she could, she would have held onto it forever.

"If we don't save this planet, do you think we would hate each other again?" she questioned, pushing herself up and him with her.

He cleared his throat, sat down right in front of her. Her legs were strapped into his lap, hands holding.

"If what Sersi said is true, we've been doing this for millions of years.

I hope at least one of those lifetimes we got around it.

But I'm not sure we will be the same as ever this one."

"Oh" Persia breathed, a fear flooding cold and pushing out the warmth.

"Yeah, I guess so."

"But I think we stand somewhat of a chance, with Phastos.

Your little speech gave a push, I would have come with you purely out of spite as ever that."

He scrunched his nose, dimples showing, to which she blew a dismissive breath.

"Little speech? I almost killed you."

"I've stopped counting as ever the first couple ten times you were on the verge of it." Druig spoke, squeezing her hands.

Then he went quiet.

"Are you still going to help?"

It caught her off guard, causing her to move back slightly.

"What?"

Druig looked up at her to find her eyes.

"After you found out about their lies, I wasn't sure if you were willing to stay."

"You know me better than that," she replied, a clump forming in her throat.

"I may have to push my feelings aside, but I won't ever submit to that weakness.

Never again.

I'm doing this for my family, the humans, for--"

"-me," he finished, "you're doing it for me."

Persia let those words roll off her tongue to test them, and thought about them for a while.

There was some truth to them

"Yes" she slowly agreed, "But I'm also doing it for myself. I love these people, even if I'm not the best at protecting them. My control is as airtight as ever."

"You can't have yourself get hurt," he interrupted, his tone fluctuating as if he had been holding it back desperately.

Persia's mouth fell shut, a weak curl to the lips pinching her cheeks.

"Druig, this won't be a kids play. I'm not making a promise I can't keep."

Pain ran through her bones, aching in the back of her mind.

"I will be careful, but the time of my dependency is over."

A visible worry reflected in his gaze, but she held her chest up, "Trust me, this once."

"I do trust you," he said, forcing a smile.

Persia looked back through the window, chilling air making its way down her spine, carrying a discomfort to not get hurt?"

"Can you tell me you will try your best to not get hurt?"

Druig followed her eyes, took in the night frame of the sleeping city.

"I won't get hurt, I promise."

"You and I will make it out of here alive, together," he mumbled, slowly standing up and reaching a hand out to her.

Persia wanted to tell him not to promise, because she held on too tight on those.

But somehow she thought he was going to keep his word.

It felt as if it was engraved into stone.

Both would make it.

Unscathed, hand in hand.

What a foolish dream she clung herself onto.

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A/N : very short, but wholesome chapter ig, I just love exploring their dynamic :)

also, im giving you all the most fluid and happiness I can offer before things go downhill again LSKSJS

thank you all so much for 15k, i never could have imagined a number like that!

and of course all the votes and (like 1k?!) comments, they make my whole day <33