" This is a chance, a hand I'm reaching out to you, my dear.	
Take it, and you get to keep all you desire to. Turn away, and hell will rain about you in the worst way you could ever imagine it to." ◇・゚:*◇・ <sup>°</sup> :* *:·°◇*:·° ◇	d d⁴
Persia cursed under her breath as she finally reached the fi h floor, almost colliding with the ground because she couldn't watch her feet.	
She went up to the room, wanting to knock when she realized that Druig was sleeping. And shouldn't know that she le .	
Energy chipped from her, a small threat of gold and black rushing out of her finger pads.	
Her eyes thinned, lowering her hand above the lock. The energy sept through, then a click resounded.	a
The door fell open and Persia hu ed an impressed sound. Didn't know she could do that.	
Cold mixed with warmth, the red tip of her nose aching.	
She carried herself to the room, catching sight of the sleeping boy. " Hey" Persia whispered, lowering herself to rub along his arm.	
Druig groaned an annoyed breath and turned to the side, brushing her hand o .	đ
"Come on, we have to go." she shook him a little until he peaked his eyes open.	
"No." he protested, closing his eyes again. "Sersi called." she lied through gritted teeth, watching through the	a
window. "We need to leave."	
"You talked to Sersi?" he questioned, slurring his words until they were barely audible. But then he pushed himself up.	
Persia gave him a smile, giving his shoulder a pat. "I did, now get your ass up."	
"Yes ma'am." he responded, rubbing his eyes before sweeping the blanket o of him. "What's our destiny, my lov@"	đ⁵
A jolt deep in her stomach made her heart jump at the name.	G
"Iraq," she curled the corners of her mouth up unintentionally. But a cloudiness didn't leave her mind.	
" It's time to reunite with our favorite speedster." ◇・゜: *◇・゜: * ◇ *:・° ◇*:・° ◇	a
Wind whirled up from the tires of the car, causing them to be	
enclosed by sand. It stung down her throat, made her eyes water.	
But she couldn't help but feel the tingles of energy rush down her spine, li her spirit and mind.	
Phastos elevated his hand above the other, let the holographic illustration of the Domo flicker golden against the hot beams of the sun.	
"Persia-" The girl flinched at the voice, turned her head to the right.	
Thena li ed her chin, but her features weren't sti at all. She looked down at the ground and opened her mouth to say something.	
"I want to apologize for what we have done. I know what it feels like to be treated dierent,	
but when it came down to it, I had a choice and someone who stood by me.	đ
We had no right to take that from you, not us Eternals, not Arishem." Her heart stood out a beat, gaze not knowing where to manifest.	
It meant much to her that they acknowledged it but it wouldn't	
change it. "We can save the world first, everything comes a er."	
Thena parted her lips to argue back, when the huge figure lied from the ground and raised into the sky. Debris fell, a gigantic hole forming beneath.	
Sound waves crashed, the whole are around them vibrating. She put her hand in front of her face for her eyes sake.	
"Karun!" Kingo shouted, claiming the attention for himself. "Roll, this will be a masterpiece"	
Karun quickly li ed the camera and ran a er the man, who was already walking ahead, wired in his big words.	
The entrance platform raised to the ground, giving the Eternals their way in.	
"Well," Druig walked up next to her, eyeing the front with his hands tucked in the pockets of his jacket.	
She had at least told him three times now how funny he looks with it. Even if she loved to see him wearing that.	đ
"Are you ready?" In front of her, Ikaris twisted his head only so far that she would meet his eyes.	
Prevent them from developing a plan, or make yourself the central piece of it.	
That way if there's no attempt which you started, Arishem will belie us all to be loyal.	eve <b>d</b> 1
Persia hardened her features, as if that was going to hide her nervousness. "We have to be."	
They walked through the halls in quiet, all silently taking a look through the familiar compound. Except for Kingo, who walked up front, Karun held the camera into his	5
face. "A foreboding atmosphere fills the air."	
he whispered airy, putting his hands up and gesturing with his fingers fluttering.	
" An eerily stillness chokes our lungs." "What are you doing, you're creeping us out, you know that right?" Phastos interrupted him, but then a loud pop ripped all their heads	
around. "Oh- oh god!"	
The man jumped and squeaked, gripping at Thena's arm, then took a step back from her breathing heavily and raised his hands defensively.	-2
" Stay calm,Thena please" Persia tucked in her lip to keep herself from laughing as the camera swathed down and revealed the plastic bag under his feet. "Chips-"	a

Phastos chuckled embarrassed, "It's just chips huh"

Kingo stared at him, then turned his head back to the camera. "As you can see, being an Eternal does not preclude you from having human emotions." he shrugged, "Such as cowardice" ď They stepped further, reaching the main room. Phastos laboratory, but in truth the Eternals spend most of their time there together. Planning, talking or to just sit amongst each other in silence. Laughs and cries, everything. Persia never really understood why it hurt so much for her family to separate, but now she realized that it was because she couldn't feel their energy. a Each element piecing together, nothing else but that for thousands of years. It ripped apart in a matter of minutes and caused her own to fall apart too. a Kingo knitted his brows, his sight reaching over the camera. Persia all the way in the back pushed past the others, grasping at Makkari's energy. Light, but mischievous. A nimble, jumpy energy which could freeze any time. "What has she done?" Phastos gasped, his voice cracking in shock. "Is that- a sarcophagus in my lab?!" Persia stood at the front, a bright smile showing her teeth as Makkari came into view. Her eyes beheld sight of the girl, sitting comfortably in the chair right in the center. She sank into the comfort of Makkari's fingers flipping through the pages of a book incredibly fast. Just like she always remembered her. "This is Makkari-" Kingo narrated further, the Eternals spreading out through the room until they all stood inside it. "Or should I say, Miss Havishem? None of us have seen her in centuries." Makkari closed her book, comfortably laid back in the chair. Legs supported up, unbothered. As if she had been waiting for them Finally, is it time to go home, the signed, interestingly pushing her brows together. They dropped when no one gave her a solid response, putting her head into the crook of her neck in disappointment. Persia had no clue what to do, but when Makkari caught her sight, she pushed herself out of the chair and immediately went to enclose her into a tight hug. a She exhaled a much needed breath, wrapping her arms around the girl. Their energy knitted, a warm feeling caressing her heart. God, she felt so at home Even if she couldn't have been further from it. Persia loosened herself, stared into Makkari's eyes to admire them. You're alrighther fingers signed, to which the girl gave her a sarcastic grin. And you're hereMakkari replied, blinking back at her. I'm so glad you're here Couldn't let my family down, could I? Makkari's lips didn't drop the cheeky smile, until Kingo gave a dramatic cough next to them. "I'm so sorry to ruin the lover reunion but I lost a bet to Sprite and have to explain the whole world ending thing." he turned his finger through the air, giving a half assed apologetic pout. ď "Sure." Persia peeled o her, "I need her back as soon as you're done." "Yes boss." Kingo replied, tucking his arm underneath Makkari's and guiding her into a quiet place. She looked a er them, blowing air through her nose. The laboratory was filled to the roof with all kinds of stu and artifacts, a singular one probably able to finance a whole town. Just a borrowerMakkari had always waved her o. It made her wonder how many people she had persuaded into lending her something only to never receive it back. Imagine getting something stolen by an impish girl who was no taller than 5'2. a She grabbed a book out of a pile, a cloud of dust hitting her face. The scripture was ancient, paper tinted in an old yellow. No one had likely touched it in centuries. The others made space in the middle for Phastos to start his work. A tingle behind her head caught her attention, spinning around. The book she held dropped down to the ground with a thud. Her hand shot up, fingers enclosing the scabbard of a curved sword. Thena held it out to her from the other end, arm extended. In her other hand, she held another sword behind her back. A smile li ed on her face. "Do you remember this one?" the warrior tilted her head, releasing the weapon into the girl's hold. She ran her fingers over the gold, the prehistoric incisions of a design carved into the material. Emeralds protruding from it, all laid so precisely that it could have been magic. It rattled under her touch, swishing as she unsheathed the golden blade from the compartment and held it into the light. A cord of handmade and warped golden loops hung from one end to the other. " Shamshir-e Zomorrodnegār Persia muttered, eyes lighting in the same brightness as the flawless weapon. đ She would be a fool not to remember the weapon which she made. Her wrist spun it around her arm, testing the balance point. Thena wielded the other sword from behind her back, metal cutting through the air with a hiss as it aimed for the girl. Persia reacted quickly and blocked the blade with her own, both shaking in the air. She took a closer look at Thena's weapon, narrowed her eyes, " Excaliburimpressive." Thena li ed her face, back straightened, then drew herself back. An excitement bloomed in her chest, one she hadn't felt in centuries. Persia got into a wary stance, giving the goddess a daring li of her brows, biting down on her bottom lip. "Come at me." "Ah, no no." Phastos spoke up, not baring them a glance, "No fights in my lab". Persia dropped her arm, the metal point clinging against the ground, "killjoy." a "Hey, that's rude!" Phastos whined, flipping his wrists and sending material through the air. She shoved the blade back into the scabbard, so ly put it down on a table. Her eyes flipped over to Thena, who had her fingers sliding over the silver of hers. "I will get you." she mouthed, scrunching her nose. a Persia copied her expression, "We will get our moment." å By then, everyone was scattered through the room. She toddled up to Phastos, crossed her arms and watched him.

Not because he was frustrated, but because he had been trying to apologize for hours now but failed in vain every time.	
The man sighted, swung his arm higher. "We somehow need enough energy to overpower a Celestial, I can't quite grasp how." Persia nibbled at the inside of her cheek and scoured her thoughts.	
She wished she could have told him, his concern was for nothing. They were safe, for now	
Maybe she could convince him, some way. "Maybe we don't need to do that." she tried saying half minded but watched his reaction from the corner of her eye.	
"What?" he asked, dropping his hands at the side of his body. "Back in the Amazon, I absorbed a Deviant's energy." she explained, staring down at her hands, "And I was able to transfer the energy."	
That's how she saved Maya. at Humans, Deviants, Eternals. They were made from the same source.	
The same energy coursed their veins, whether to keep their hearts beating or to manifest it into something greater. All that di ered was the amount. "Maybe if I could take Tiamut's energy, at least enough to make him	
sleep, we could succeed." The man glared at her with wide eyes, until a voice interrupted the tense air.	
" Absolutelynot." Druig shook his head, taking a turn around the plate. "Remember what we spoke about. You're not getting yourself in	
danger." af She li ed her voice and took a stride towards him. "But we will rely on you, even though we're not sure you are even able to control a	
Celestial?" "We're not sure if you can do it either!" he said, grabbing her hand, "Either way, we can't risk losing you."	
He lowered his voice into a mumble, thick with his frustration. "I can't risk losing you." $ec{a}$	7
Persia dug her nails into the palm of other her hand behind her back, in anger with her own stupid lies. His caring, her caring.	
There was a huge gap between those two things, almost being opposites. "The chance of me making it are bigger.", she assured, putting a hand	
to his face and feeling along his skin. For once, he was warm and she was cold. "Druig, there's more on the line, we can't play it safe this time."	L
Though she wasn't exactly sure what she meant. His chest rose with depth, muscles tightened.	
"I can do it. And if I can't, if worse comes to worst-", he held his breath, the words stuck in his throat. "If I can't do it, you can. But onlythen."	2
Persia's jaw pulled down, her glance with it. That was too far. She would lose him.	
"When the hell did that happen?" Kingo's face was twisted with horror, almost disgusted.	7
He clung onto Ikaris arm, who also had his eyes narrowed and completely overwritten in confusion.	2
"I'm scared something will blow up." he looked over to Karun, "Hey, if they start fighting, immediately film it. That will be the highlightof	
my best performance." a "Yeah right." Phastos said slowly, finger flipping between the two.	
Only took the world to end for those two to finally get around to confessing,Makkari signed, dodging Persia's hand with a devious smile.	1
Druig shook his head, dismantling the smile appearing on his face. "Phastos, concentrate on me being able to put the Celestial to sleep. Anything else is irrelevant."	2
"Okay," Phastos rubbed his hands against each other, flashing an image in the center."Get ready for it." A light expanded in the axis, the eye to it.	
Eleven separate strings formed, manifesting into glowing rings, big enough to wrap around a wrist. She waited for something else, but nothing came.	
"Bracelets-", Kingo said slowly, scratching his head, "You've made us bracelet3"	
"So here's a little Celestial 101." Phastos changed the illustration to a depiction of Arishem, palm opened in front of his body. Druig peeked from behind her shoulder, wrapping an arm around her	
waist as if he felt how her stance shi ed. af "Celestials are the most powerful energy creators in the universe. When Arishem made us-"	5
he cleared his throat and his eyes fled to Persia for a moment, who rubbed her neck in discomfort. "He infused us with infinite comic energy to keep our bodies	
regenerated." The imagery shi ed back to the bracelets, Phastos guiding his hands through the air.	
"The bracelets, in theory, are supposed to shut down our regeneration process. And once that happens, our bodies accumulate extra cosmic energy."	
"What for?" Sersi frowned. "Well if the Deviants can absorb our energy, and Persia has already done it the other way around, what if we can absorb each other's	
energy as well?" All eyes shi ed over to the girl, causing her cheeks to flush. She hadn't told them.	
"Persia is not an Eternal." Ikaris threw in, punched to her gut, a throbbing swallow going down her throat, "We don't know her origin, therefore we don't know if we	
can also do it." d She kept telling herself that he only did it to twist the attention to her, to make her the central piece.	9
But still, the way he said it.	
and down her side. đ "It doesn't matter, Deviants and Eternals are basically the same. There's a big chance we can do it." Phastos contended, and she picked up on how Ikaris eyes darkened.	
"If I could find a way to connect us all, one of us could become immensely powerful, pulling the accumulated energy from the rest,	
forming-" With each word his smile brightened, clapping loudly causing the sound to reflect in the silence.	
"A Unimin <b>d</b> " his teeth reflected, both hands placed at his hips.	
Everyone was quiet. "Uni, meaning grand, mind means mind-" The man explained without taking a breath, then being interrupted by Kingo	
without taking a breath, then being interrupted by Kingo. "Oh no, we heard you the first time." " Terrible name" Sprite exclaimed, arms crossed.	
"-Brainstorm!" Kingo talked back to Phastos, who agitatedly pushed towards him. "No, linvented it so Iget to name it. Iam calling it whatever Iwant."	

"What is your plan?"

She noticed how he struggled to find the right words.

And if Druig can put Tiamut to sleep, what then Makkari grasped their attention. Persia wanted to yell. Then it's over. "We find humans a new home on another planet." Sersi said, buther tone was much more unsure than they would have liked. It was more of a question than an idea. "Are we building a big ship too?" Sprite mocked, a smile appearing on Ikaris lips, "Taking two of each animal." "Don't be rude." Persia mumbled, taking a sharp breath. "You know what's never saved the planet-" Phastos pointed at Sprite, head tilted, " your sarcasm." "Space colonization takes decades!" The girl argued, the proud expression vanishing. "It could happen quickly with our help-" Kingo shook his head. "What if we accidentally kill Tiamut, we could be responsible for millions of lives not being created across the universe-" He turned towards Ikaris, looking for reassurance. "Boss, am I right?" Everyone waited for him to speak, Persia hesitant to look into his face. "Say something karis." Sprite urged, eyes flipping back and forth, "You don't think we should be doing this." The man drew in a breath, chest erupting with air, "Ajak chose Sersi to lead us, she should decide." There was an undertone to him which Persia picked up on. He lost hope. In her. "Forget who Ajak chose, you're the strongest, you should be making this decision!" the redhead argued, her anger spiking, "Fine, just keep lying to yourself." ď She walked out of the room, turning her back on them. "Sprite-" Ikaris called out, then followed a er her. "Ikaris." Phastos tried, grabbing Kingo who started walking a er the man. "Don't run up to him- what-" Persia felt fear wash over her. She touched Kingo's shoulder to get him to stop. A forced smile pulled her lips. "Hold on, let me talk to him." His lips were pressed on top of each other, but then he finally relaxed. She turned towards Druig, ran her eyes about him before her feet took her a er Ikaris. He reached out towards her, just barely brushing past her figure. Persia wandered through the halls, pulling at his energy until she finally reached him. "Ikaris, we can't-" "I know what to do, you don't need to worry." the way his voice hit her ears, with such intensity, it made her stop. Her lower lip started shaking and she gripped at her shirt. "Please, I just can't get them hurt. Not the people, not my family! "They won't, I promise you." he settled, so ening his tone. "We can't convince them like this, there's too little time." "Tell me what to do.", her restless energy consumed her core, "I'm going to do it." a Ikaris closed his eyes for a moment. "You need to stop them when they try to use Druig against Tiamut." " What" she breathed, chest tightening. "I won't fight them." Persia whispered, then strengthened her voice. "I won't fight him' đ Ikaris exhaled heavily. "We need to save them, Persia. This is our only chance." a She couldn't believe it. **Fight Druig** Her vision glistered, hands balling. "Ajak told me that you wouldn't do it, but she believed you could help me." Ikaris put his hands to her forearms and leaned down to catch her eyes. đ "She knew that you were capable of doing it." Persia's mind was racing. The need to shake him o was tearing at her thoughts. Her emotions were all over the place until she couldn't tell them apart. But instead, she lowered her face and nodded. "Okay." she squeezed, lacking breath. đ There was an edge to her voice which she had never heard before. Heart beating so intensely that it took up her hearing. But she knew there wasn't a choice. That choice had been taken from her the day she came down to this earth. Yet what she could choose was to, for once, save her family instead of tearing them down. Prove to Druig that she was more than all she ever showed him. Not destructive, not uncontrolled. Prove to him that she was sorry. a " Tell me what to do." ď A/N : wow, really outdid myself with the length of this one. i know some of you are frustrated with Persia and the turn of the story (including me) but promise it will work out, be patient with it  $(\mathbf{S})$ This story is slowly coming to an end, i estimate about five or six more chapter (excluding this one) until it's over. ď thank u for all your love and 17k reads <33

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