Phase Three: The End

> "The sudden appearance of an enormous stone figure in the middle of the Indian Ocean has left more questions than answers to the authorities..."

„You guys did that?" Ben pointed at the TV which showed the marbled remains of Tiamut, mouth bobbing open.

„I love you so much." Phastos replied, face stuffed with pizza, squeezed into the couch.

"Stop chewing so loud, for god's sake." Persia nudged Maya next to her on the floor, mimicking her overdramatic eating.

Maya grimaced back, hitting her side playfully, "Everything you say, Pear."

"Stop being so nice, I can't handle it." she replied, putting her plate to the side and dusting off her hands.

"Some gratitude for saving me, like, twice." Maya took another bite and gazed back at her with a bizarre smile.
The whitehead returned the expression, "I saved you more than twice."

"Yeah of course." Maya narrowed her eyes, nodding sarcastically.

Persia leaned further into her face, "I will list every single one of them, don't dare me."

Maya took a breath, ready to shoot back at her, when she leaned over to the left and widened her eyes, "Um-"

Persia followed her sight of view, caught how Thena held a sword right into Jack's face.

"Can you just, for a second- thank you-" Phastos shot up quickly, leaving his food in Makkari's lap.

Persia had to put a hand in front of her mouth to stop herself from bursting into a laugh, but it totally backfired.

Maya started glowing red as she tried the same, and when they met eyes both of them started laughing uncontrollably.

"Violence is never the answer, you always need to use your brain." she heard Phastos say, Makkari getting up.

"Yes, just like you did fighting on the beach," Thena lifted her chin, turning around to face Persia, "and Persia was also really calm"

Persia thinned her lips, and got up, walking into the kitchen.
"And Thena was also very at peace with herself."

She leaned against the door, arms crossed as she kept listening to his little pep talk.
He might have fought against dangerous beings his whole life, but parenting was his real challenge.

"Your dad spoke calmly and firmly to the bad guy, so he had no choice but to listen to me." he was leaning down to Jack, then looked back up as Makkari appeared.

He is ten, not stupid, she signed, receiving an nerved gaze from Phastos.
"When are you guys leaving, when is that happening? That's happening soon, right?"

Persia felt something warm wrap around her waist, pulling her forward.
She peeked behind her shoulder, finding Druig with his hands resting on her stomach.

"There's Druig, don't go anywhere near him." Phastos whispered to his son, guiding him around them.

"Hey, what about me?" Persia called, giving Jack a smile which he returned.

Phastos sighted, but then his expression softened, "She's alright, just never ask her about her power, not in my house at least."

Druig behind her snorted a short laugh, before she turned and met his eyes.
"You think that's funny?"

"No..." he replied, lifting his brows challengingly, raising his chin. His teeth showed slightly as he bit down on his lip.

Persia stared back at him, cocking her head to the side with her tongue sucking at her top teeth, " Alright"

Druig swallowed as she jumped about his features, feeling his fingers tangle into her clothes on her back.

She had to hold herself back from laughing, but the satisfaction from seeing him be weak for her was way more pleasant.

"Hey, will you still eat this?" Maya yelled over to them, Persia finally giving into laughing as her head dropped against his chest.

"You can have it." her voice jolted, a cheeky smile showing as warmth spread in her core.

Druig loosened his hold, to grab her chin softly. He pulled her up, himself tipping down to meet her lips.

The warmth exploded in her stomach, making herself lean even further into him.
She put a hand to his cheek, thumb running along his flexed jaw.

Persia pulled back with a smile, red creeping on her cheeks.

"Well, that was a show." Maya took a bite, face slightly twisted and pupils wide.

Persia rushed away from Druig to give the brown head a flick against her forehead, but Maya was quicker and already vanished into the hall.
"I'll get you when you're not watching!"

"You won't!"

Persia stopped, the bright smile still engraved on her face.
She felt a pair of eyes at the back of her head, looking over her shoulder to see Druig still standing where he was.

His eyes lit, but not golden.
They were simply reflecting his happiness, "You're yourself again."

She blinked a couple times, "I don't remember anything that happened while my memory was gone, I hope I wasn't too awful."

Druig walked over to her, standing opposite her, "My beautiful, beautiful Persia."

"That's cheesy." she muttered, inching closer to his face, "But don't mind saying that again."

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"I know you're not a hugger." Phastos held out his hand to Druig, who gave it a solid shake before surprisingly pulling him into his arms.

"Oh-Okay." he exhaled in confusion, but embraced the hug.

They loosened and he stepped over to Persia, who hugged him for a long moment.
"Don't do anything stupid, you hear me? I'm not piecing you back together again."

"I'll send you a new bowl from space." she grinned, peeling off him.

"It was vintage, unique. You can't just replace that."

Persia waved him off, "I'll send you something better then."

"I bet you will." he smiled, making room for Maya who had been nervously jumping around in one spot.

Persia closed the girl into her arms, squeezing her so tightly that she was almost sure she couldn't physically get any closer.

"I'll miss you." she said, pulling herself away and caressing her sleeves.

"You can always reach me, I will be there." Persia replied, a weak smile pulling at the corners of her lips.

"How do I get through my studies without having you know the answers for me." Maya groused, head falling into the crook of her neck.

Persia laughed breathlessly, "You will make it, I believe in you."

"That's very reassuring." Maya rolled her eyes before squeezing her hand. "Don't die- please"

"Yeah, I'll try."

Makkari stepped up next to her, giving both a stern nod, time to go back to where it all started.

"Do you think the other Eternals will accept the truth like we did?" Druig asked, signing along.

"Accepting is a very big word." Persia mumbled under her breath, receiving a nudge from Makkari's shoulder.

The girl nodded clearly, the truth will set them free.

She shortly glanced over to Persia, who got that those words were also directed towards her. Joy collected in her, straightening her back.

"Alright." she breathed, feeling for Druig's hand, "Let's do this."

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Persia swung the sword over her head, bending down to lower herself to the point where only knees carried her weight.

Her face barely missed the blade, the silver reflecting in her wary eyes.

She shot back up, immediately sliding her foot in front of her torso and cutting the blade through the air.

Silver blocked gold, both shaking over their bodies.
Persia groaned, ripped her blade down.
A clinking sound resounded against the walls, while she took a few steps back.

One of her hands flexed around the handle, "I was expecting more from a goddess."

Thena looked her up and down as her head slowly shifted from left to right.
"I'm going easy on you."

The words made a sharp hiss of air rush through her nostrils, turning around herself and racing the sword at Thena from the side.

She dodged it, but not the direction that Persia estimated her to.
When she looked around, a cold suddenly pushed into her back.
"Now, what did you just say?"

Persia dropped her sword on a chair, hands easing into the air as she silently admitted defeat.

The cold rushed down her spine until it was gone, Persia releasing a breath.

Thena appeared at her side, giving her a devious proud smile, "You're getting better."

"Thank you very much." Persia thanked, wiping sweat from her forehead.
She walked over to Makkari and Druig, who had been watching them.

"Anything new?" she sat down at the left, right next to him. Neither of them looked into her eyes.
Persia sighted.

Kingo, Phastos and Sersi.
No trace of three eternal, every single one of them gone in a matter of minutes.

"There has to be something, I mean-" she broke off her sentence as her ears twisted to the door.
Something simmered in the air which wasn't familiar to her.

"What is it?" Druig asked, put she put a hand up to shush him.
She could hear a buzz behind her head.

Persia pushed herself up from the chair, taking careful steps towards the door.
Her finger raised to her mouth, alerting the others to stay quiet.

Spectacles of light, reflecting colors started breaking the atmosphere down the hall, luminosity shining.

Thena carefully got up and manifested a dagger in her left.
Makkari and Druig also stood up hesitantly.

A voice started rumbling through the rooms, but it wasn't anyone they knew.
And it wasn't the thing which radiated such intense amounts of energy.

But as the voice grew louder, it almost sounded as if they sang a melody.
A very odd melody.

"Oh my ears, my ears are numb!" the voice groaned, a thrilling sound to it.

Persia thinned her eyes, let energy run into her palm as she peeped over to it.
He was small, a little too small to be human.

When it finally came into view, she noticed it's pointy long ears, red hair standing in locks from its head.
"No more drunk teleporting, ugh."

"Excuse me," Thena walked up to it, brows knitted as even she couldn't hide her surprise, "Who-"

"No, hang on hang on-" he interrupted her, hitting his own chest with his fist to clear his throat of a burp.
" Behold!"
Persia looked back at Druig and Makkari, both as oblivious as her.

His small hand gestured down the pathway, at the still lighting source of colorful lights.
"The Royal Prince of Titan, Brother of Thanos. The Knave of Hearts-"

The lights started flickering faster, Persia manifesting a thick blade of sizzling energy and tangling her fingers around it.

Thanos' Brother? Makkari signed in disbelief, causing even more motion in her chest to occur.

A shape lifted from the light, stepping through the reflecting portal into the Domo.
The energy was so heavy that she had to part her lips to force herself to breathe.

"Defeated of Black Robert!-"

" Roger" a new voice cooed, radiating off the man who slowly stepped up to them.
Neither a voice she knew.

"Oh, yeah-" the Troll corrected, "Defeater of Black Roger. The great adventure Starfox of Mystery Planet!"

Finally, the man stepped into light for her to decipher his being.
Red hair, almost shining unnaturally against her sight. He wore armor which reflected the color of his hair but peachier, gold shining at the collar and chest plate.

He was neither a god, nor anything close
to a human. His energy didn't give away any more than that.
He knew how to shield it.

She had never met someone who could protect the form of their energy.
Even Arishem couldn't.

And Persia couldn't shake off the feeling of knowing him.

"What a pleasure to make your acquaintance, my fellow Eternals." Starfox bowed his head slightly, almost with pride to it.

"You know," he turned towards the red haired Troll who already sipped at his beer again, "you don't have to do the whole thing every time, Pip."

Pip shook his head, dropping his can.
Persia saw how some of the liquid swept to the ground.
"Everything you do is impressive-"

"Who are you?" Thena urged, her words recalling with her unmoving intention.

Starfox placed his hands on top of each other, giving her a soft smile.
His eyes were a calm brown.

"I'm sorry for my interruption," he looked about them, "I'm Eros."

"What are you here for, Eros?" Druig questioned, tone almost able to cut the air.
She could see hints of gold pushing from the blue color.

"Well, I see your friends are in big trouble." he looked down at a sphere lighting in his palm, but his brows suddenly twisted as red lit in the golden ball.

"But that's not the only reason-" he looked at them again, until he finally met Persia's gaze.

She wanted to open her mouth to call him back, but his sudden bright smile made her fall into confusion.

" Sister," he laughed, opening his arms and facing his palm upwards, "I knew I would find you here!"

Persia narrowed her eyes, looked around herself to search for who he was talking to.
When she got that he spoke to her, she couldn't help but to slack her back.
" What?"

"Persia, do you know him?" Druig urged, pushing from behind and stepping up to her.

" Persia?" Eros rolled it off his tongue as his face covered in a weirded out way,
"Out of all names, that's the one you went with?"

"Oh, but Eros is so much better?" she threw her arms above her head, the magic smoking in the air.

He pointed down at the cloud of glittery energy which slowly vanished, "I see you still have your powers, that's cool. Can you control it now?"

"Please, I beg you." she sighted, rubbing her forehead with her fingers, "Help me out here, this month was crazy and there's no way I will remember on my own."

Eros laughed a short note, Pip tuning in. Then he quieted, lips thinning, "In summary, you threw a tantrum, destroyed a couple universes-"

She got dizzy following his hands fondling through the air.

"I don't know, you were taken captive and now I'm here." Eros gestured down at himself, then raised his finger to point at her hair.

"Didn't you like our matching red, why is it white?"

Persia stared with her eyes ripped open, not even caring about her mouth falling open so wide that she must have looked incredibly stupid.

A brother.

What the actual fuck.

Eros shook his face, hands placing at his hips, "We can catch up on the way, but we really need to help your friends."

Persia didn't even listen anymore, her mind slowly rattling through the new information she just got.

Druig tapped her shoulder, "You okay?"

She nodded blankly, then looked up at him, "I miss my stupid couch."

A chuckle left his lips, arm wrapping over her shoulders and pulling her side into his.
He pressed a kiss on her hairline.

"Oh, and you have a boyfriend too?" Eros celebrated, "We really should have caught up over the years, letters , perhaps?"

"Hey magic man," Thena grasped their attention, "If you're as impressive as the little man says, can you bring us to our family?"

Eros straightened his features and cleared his throat, "We don't have much time, but yes. We will get to them."

Persia still tried grabbing him in her mind and sorting him into her memories, but that would take a while anyways.

What was important to her was that he could help them, brother or not.
Even if that did turn the whole thing upside down.

"Well let's not waste any more time then." Persia spoke up, eyes meeting Druig's for a short moment.

"Follow after us." Pip toddled ahead.

They gathered up their stuff and walked towards the big light.

Persia looked at her family, looked over to Druig.

They all had that familiar self to them, as if they were going into a fight.
She had some her favorite people with her, reunited.
With them, their energy standing by her side, she felt unstoppable

"Persia," Eros kept repeating, "Really, why that name if you could pick it yourself?"

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A/N: WE'RE DONE OMG I CANT BELIEVE IT!!
now, i know the end is kind of a cliffhanger but i've been hinting at it for a bit and it was one of the major reasons why I needed Persia to be a redhead :)

now for the cheesy stuff:
I want to thank each individual one of you for reading, voting, commenting and following.
Without you I wouldn't have gotten nearly this far and I have learned so much through writing this.
This is the first story which I have ever finished completely, so this is a very big milestone !
We're ending here on 22k, and that's more than I could have ever dreamt of !

thank you all so much, i love and adore each and very single one of you <33

(*I got a little surprise coming after publishing this, so don't archive this yet 🙂)

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