## alternative ending

## note: hello everyone !

I wrote this story a while ago and have been receiving an incredible amount of love!

So in honor of Eternals finally being streamed on disney plus, I'm giving you an alternative ending which i would have written if Persia's and Druig's story would have ended a er this book.

This is set just right a er the big fight in the first part of Chapter XXIII.

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Persia took sluggish and uncoordinated steps, the gravel crunching under her dragging weight.

Without the support of Sersi to her side, she would have rolled herself into a ball and cowered like that for hours.

It all happened so fast, yet, the moment went on for too long that she thought it was simply to torture her torn mind.

She didn't even notice how Sersi said something, tilting her on her shoulder to look at the woman with watering eyes. "Sorry, could you say that again?"

Sersi looked over, let her parted mouth shut and gave a weak smile back, "Close your eyes for a bit, the sun is exhausting."

Persia obeyed, the stinging behind her lids relaxing as she nodded for Sersi to go on.

"I just said that we need to get you to rest, all that-" her voice choked o , Persia feeling the hitch in her chest, "The domo is not far, we will take care of your injuries."

Persia hummed in reply, a tugging of the corners of her lips indicating a crooked smile which strained her sore skin, "I hope so, would be a shame if not."

Sersi chuckled just a little, but that made Persia's heart warmer by a lot.

She needed that.

As the mountain fell, Persia noted the shi in energy along with the steep hill.

Her family was just down there.

Because of her impatience, she peaked her eyes open and gazed down through thin slits. Before her vision fully focused, a figure <u>appeared along with a whole lot of spinning energy</u>.

A hand crawling over her back, the other shoulder li ing and giving her a moment to exhale.

Makkari to her side was burning, still so jumpy and restless.

Persia laid her head over on her shoulder, an act of silent comfort from both sides.

Persia needed the closeness, Makkari the reassurance.

Sersi li ed her free arm, waving as they finally reached the bottom where they let her down to the ground.

Persia hissed a breath and dropped her heavy head forward, trying to regain the balance she lacked.

The world still spun.

A hand to her body startled her, blinking up at Phastos who approached her gently.

"I'm not fragile." she hu ed trying to mock him but the way her face twisted gave her away.

Phastos still smiled and held out his hand in front of her, "Of course you're not, but you look horrible."

"I appreciate that." Persia slid her charred hand into his hold, pressing her teeth on top of each other to ignore the stinging pain which slowly replaced the rushing adrenaline, "You yourself look pretty- done with this. How about I tell your son about his exemplary calm dad?"

He raised his brows, "You're big talk for what you just pulled o . What happened?"

Persia's expression fell, until all that way le was the cold which sat in her chest.

She would've also liked to know what happened, all of it.

"Can we do that later?" she distracted, glancing over his shoulder as

Thena came closer, before meeting Phastos' eyes again, "It's just- I have no idea, Phastos. Something's wrong with my energy and my origin, I just can't quite figure out what. Haven't had the time to think about that."

Phastos nodded understandingly, making room for Thena as she kneeled down.

But something in his eyes- changed as he looked at her for too long, like he was trying to figure out what was missing, wanting to say something else.

The puzzlement vanished within that moment, Persia hesitantly turning over to Thena who put a light hand to her cheek, the cold of her palm matching hers. "You did it."

Persia li ed a shaking hand and brushed it over Thena's, fingers

grabbing it, "Not without you." The goddess li ed her chin; that sign of acknowledgment without a

word needed.

Persia nibbled at the inside of her lip, tasting hints of blood and dust before seeing other shadows approach.

The eternals gathered in a half-circle at the foot of the hill, though as her hand instinctively went to claw at her chest, twitching as she tried to find something, she felt realization settle.

Energy, just a spec of it.

A spec of him.

Empty took up the hollow, aching void inside her mind and heart, leaving her searching in the dark.

Nothing at all.

The others must have noticed, because Sersi whispered a so 'hey', which was swallowed in the increasing numbness of her ears. She repeated it again, this time Persia shaking her head and gave her a look.

"What-"

A hot tear streamed down her face, eyes juggling back and forth in that desperate confusion, another wet trail pathing down her face.

Ikaris, gone, by her hand. Gilgamesh, leaving his life to protect.

Ajak, her warm heart lost to betrayal.

Druig, ripped from this world because she didn't back down, thought all would be fine.

In the corner of her eye, she watched as Makkari was heading towards her but then the girl froze, turned with her brows twisting.

Persia pushed herself up to follow her sight, the rattle in her skull as <u>she held back the sobs just making the pain worse</u>.

A figure appeared at the horizon, the beams of the sun leaving a

warm trail behind him up the soiled beach.

His clothes feathered with the wind, that little distress following his steps as he came closer.

The brown hair flowing messy, walking like he didn't have a care in the world.

That's what she told herself, because as his energy came back to her, it caressed her skin and made her feel whole.

No matter how weak it made her to hold the faint connection, she didn't pay attention to the exhaustion.

She couldn't believe it.

Alive, was all she could think as she took unsteady but sure strikes over the sand, fearing for the distance between them to never shorten.

But it did.

And it did even more once his dark eyes spotted her.

They widened, slowing as the thoughts rattled in his mind until he struck towards her faster, face pulling into an unbelieving smile.

Warmth closer around her skin as her feet fell victim to her injuries, being gently guided down as he held her.

Tears fell down her face, silently dozing his clothes with them. He placed his palm to the back of her head and eased her further towards him, like he could read her pain.

Persia pulled back, panting gasps as her mouth didn't allow her to form a sentence- not even a proper word.

All she could press forward was a scratching, "Druig", tasting sweet on her tongue.

"Persia." he breathed in response, his voice setting a weight into her chest. His hands cupped her cheeks as he flicked his gaze over and over again about her face. "You came back to us. I knew you'd- I knew you were strong enough."

She sni led as her face flushed with heat and his image began to blur again. Her face unwillingly surrendered to the sobs, "I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry, Druig."

He made a 'shh' noise as he guided her head to touch their foreheads

to each other, "You saved us, Persia."

She wanted to shake her head but fell into the comfort of the touch which they held.

He ran a finger over her skin, oozing her muscles to tender, "Take a breath, my love. We made it."

"I killed him." she hu ed when she was able to collect her words.

He didn't move, just took a lasting breath, "Because you had no choice, you're not at fault. Repeat a er me." he swallowed, creating a slight distance to look into her face, "We made it."

Persia's lips parted, closed. Air lacked in her throat, the weird tension in her lungs getting worse.

Breathing felt involuntary, all of a sudden.

She tried again, this time able to force a small amount of oxygen down her body.

"We made it."

He nodded just enough to count as one, admiring her face until he helped her up.

Druig simply held her, looking forward.

But she couldn't stop watching his face.

The way his features weren't strained, but carried a lasting smile, unlike she had ever seen.

Water glistering in his widened pupils, when she noticed the same streaks down his face.

The only thing holding her back from running the tips of her burnt fingers through his hair were her wobbly feet.

And the pain which pounded.

Heavier.

Persia got slower against her will, furrowing her brows as she tried to decipher the source of it.

Druig stopped, looking over to her when he whimpered- he was standing in front of her before she picked up on his movement, bending down.

"Hey, can you walk?" Then his eyes rushed to the side and he made that same noise again, a trembling touch going over her temple.

Crimson ran down his finger thick as he lowered his hand again. She blinked, the corners of her sight dimming as she sucked in a breath, "Uh-I just need, I just need to sit down for a moment."

His head shook, helping her down, trying to push her own weight with her hands o the ground but she failed.

Her heart was drumming in her ears, calm as it never did.

Was it calmShe didn't even know.

All she heard was thudding.

Druig said something, but her hearing wasn't obliging to her. Persia smiled, just filled with happiness to see his face.

Drops of blood fell to the sand, Druig swallowing heavily as panic coursed his veins. He called out for the others- when a gentle touch cooled his skin.

Persia couldn't describe the feeling, but the look in his eyes made her own rush from color- although that might not have been the only reason.

You're going to be okayhis lips formed, but she still had no idea if he was speaking along.

"We made it." she murmured, tapping one finger a er the other against his jaw up the lines of his face and then running her thumb under his eye where tears started to rise. "Don't cry, my sweet boy. We made it, we knew we would."

Don't cry, my sweet boy. We made it, we knew we would.

Druig grasped her hand and pulled down, his hot breath colliding with her skin as her chapped lips started to lack in color. He dropped down, guiding her to lay inside his hold without her

fighting him.

His hands wrapped around her, shaking and calling, tears falling on top of her.

Steps made the ground beneath them rumble, but she didn't care, simply blended it out.

By then, Persia may not have known what was going on, but the creeping anticipation made her shudder. Still, all she could do was smile.

I love you, she mouthed, no longer pushing her lungs to fill with oxygen which felt like poison in her body. And as she stopped, her eyes greyed, the knot no longer restraining her.

-Druig held the air inside his lungs before he could release another yell. His glance fell to her, a tear flodding from the corner of her closed eye.

"I love you." he choked out as he felt all of his muscles shi with pain, "Did you hear me? I love you, I love you. Don't go."

Persia heard him, feeling weightless.

Endless.

She loved him. And he loved her.

A er all that time, it only took for the world to end for both of them to realize that.

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## Dear my love.

It has been two weeks since you le us.

Humans constantly think of death.

The taste of fear on the tips of their tongues is unbearable but their most mesmerizing trait. I never bore a second to ever feeling that same way, but when I saw you- your image won't leave my mind. All the ways this could have gone dierently, if only something went another way.

Sersi, Kingo and Phastos are missing and we are trying to find them. A man showed- his name is Eros. You would have gotten along with him, the both of you seem to have a lot in common.

I wish you were here. The things I would give to get you back.

The others are mourning, too, they feel guilt and so do I. And your friend, Maya, her voice when I told her was- I can't put it into words. One thing I wanted to tell you is that I do remember the dance.

Everything about it.

The way I approached you and how my body lacked any much rhythm but with you it was so easy. The way your hair started losing color. Touching your skin and the closeness you allowed even though I was horrible. You didn't deserve it.

But still, you believed the good in me when all I ever did was act the opposite.

Each time you opened, you let me in.

I'm sorry for all the words I said to keep you far, all I did was to keep the wall between us.

My heart was always with you, I never once doubted it. I keep

wondering, if I had let you close to me, do you think we would have made it?

Or if we never ended up together, maybe we could have lived? There's no regret in the love we shared, not the least bit. If I could su er an eternity to have a second with you, I wouldn't hesitate to su er because all I need to hold me sane is the thought of you.

Wherever you are, if you're watching down on us, I hope you're okay. Tell Ajak and Gilgamesh that we miss them just as bad as you and that they carry special places.

You are my heart, soul and mind. The woman who showed me the world and made me believe that the way I am doesn't make me worth any less.

I can see you laugh about my cheeky words, but I know you're smart enough to know that they are nothing but the truth.

My beautiful, beautiful Persia.

We love you.

I love you.

Yours Druig

A/N: Honestly, I wish I would have ended things like this because the way they feel is so well portrayed here.

I know the writing style is very di erent since I practiced and explored a lot. This feels much more like me :)

I hope you guys liked this, thank u for the love!!

Finished Reading
oxygen | druig