

## Chapter III

### The day after the wedding

He didn't remember a single thing.

Of course he didn't.

Persia had practically gushed her heart out when Sprite came walking in besides Makkari, she was simply unable to contain her rage any longer.

Although she wasn't a talkative person, once she opened her mouth she could not see an end to it.

„He asked me to dance, can you believe that?“

Neither of the girls were given enough time to respond.

„And I was stupid enough to accept it! What the hell is this, what was going through my mind?“

„I don't think it was stupid.“

Sprite said quickly, while Persia was already going to say another thing.

„I mean, it's not your fault that you thought he was trying to be generous. I watched it from the side and it did seem real.“

„But it wasn't, that's the problem!“

Makkari placed a hand to her shoulder, so she could calm and take a solid breath.

Druig was acting weird the entire evening, I am sorry that you got on that.

Persia pursed her lips. „You guys are sweet, but I just simply don't know what to do anymore.“

She let her face drop into her hands and groaned. Two hands placed on her back and rubbed gently.

At least she had some people who understood her.

„I can not wait to go back to Olympia. I never want to see his face ever again.“ she grumbled into her hands half understandable.

A knock ripped them out of thought, but Persia still didn't raise her face.

„If it's Druig or Ajak, tell them no“

She didn't know why she didn't want to see Ajak.

The door creaked open, so steps sounded against the carpet floor.

„Hello.“

Persia's brows furrowed in confusion as she lifted her face.

„I heard what happened.“

„You can stay, Thena.“

The beautiful woman walked over and stood in front of them.

„Oh god, so everyone knows now?“

The girls around her sighted uncomfortably.

„I hope someone beats Druig before I have to.“

I will do it,Makkari signed, which caused a slight laugh to escape Persia's lips.

„I won't stay in this room and let it ruin my day.“ she said, abruptly getting up and dusting off her clothes.

The girls looked at her, Thena raising an amused brow.

She forced a smile, tested it, felt it was too cheeky and dropped it again.

„Alright, you can find me with the other women.“ she gestured to the door but turned around once more.

„If anyone asks where I am, get creative. Oh and, thank you all.“

Persia forced the smile to look a little more natural and walked out, right onto a crowded pathway.

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She spent far more time away than she shouldn't have. The sun was set beneath where she could see, only a few bands of light making her see the way.

Her hands were stained with color, rough and dirty. Her tunic was too valuable to wipe her hands at it.

Persia tried finding some water source around, but it'd make her way that much longer.

She'd get in a lot of trouble because whenever she wasn't on time, all of the eternal's would come looking for her.

It wasn't uncommon that she accidentally blew something up in a state of rage.

Finally, she found a little well by the very edge of colonies.

She washed her hands, when she noticed that they were shaking.

Her brows furrowed, looking down at her twitching joints.

What was going on?

Suddenly, her mind was taken up by something that she wasn't used to.

emptiness

Before everything came rushing in.

Persia knew this feeling.

But it was worse than it had ever been.

The feeling expanded and exploded in her head with every so little moment that passed.

Like a chunk of her memory had been replaced. She knew the things she saw and felt tearing at her muscles by heart.

The discomfort grew until it was pain, then until it was pure terror She was going to burst if she didn't do something.

So many people. dead

Her hands were trembling. shaking. She couldn't close them probably. There was no feeling in the tips of her fingers.

She tried speaking, but her words were choked off each time with a gasp for air. another harsh sob.

Somehow, she found her way into the village, tried seeing through her blurred eyes.

"Persia, I was looking for you-"

She turned, but had no clue where the voice had come from. Chest quivering, nausea crawling up her throat.

Suddenly, someone touched her shoulder, pulling her back.

Persia couldn't decipher his face, but knew it was him.

All the grudges she had held, all those specks of spite, it didn't even cross her mind at that time.

No rational thing did.

But all that was still consciously thinking made her long for him. Something off him.

Her body turned so harshly, a scream left her.

She fell down to her knees, unable to hold her weight any longer.

He spoke to her, grabbed her by the hands to stop them from shaking.

She didn't understand a word.

Her senses were dozed in every bit of the torturous pain.

"druig"

she choked, jerking her head back and forth to find him.

A gentle pressure formed on her hands.

they warmed slightly.

„Druig please. can you hear me?“

Her teeth chattered through her words, being cut off by her gasps for oxygen.

The pressure returned. Persia tried pressing back, but by then had no recollection of her strength.

„Druig please.“ she whispered, trying to calm.

„Persia, Persia I'm here.“

Her heart sat out for a beat when she heard him.

„Druig, please take it from me. Take my memories from me. Take everything just make it stop.“

it grew quiet, but her mind took up that space by intensifying the sharp pain in her abdomen, a ringing making her ears feel like they were bleeding.

Persia screamed in agony, feeling as her knees dug into the splinters of the graphite floor.

"I can't do that Persia. I will get Ajak, she can help."

"no no no" she yelled desperately, trying to find the pressure he was putting on her hands again.

"I am begging you, druig. mind control me. i don't care. i want it gone. i want it all gone."

"i can't manipulate eternal's, i'm sorry-"

"Try it, please. please make it stop. They will get hurt, I can't-"

she faintly hear how he called for someone.

A tone to his voice she had never heard.

It didn't matter to her that they didn't get along. she needed him.

"please." she muttered with the last bit of her soul. "try it Druig."

The pressure came back to her hands, she breathed in relief when she was able to hold onto him still being there.

Persia couldn't tell if her eyes were open or not, they burned with the fire of hell.

Arrow after arrow piercing her heart, that's what she felt.

Maybe Druig was already going into the woods. That little pressure and voice, only her mind playing another trick on her.

She wouldn't be surprised.

She felt so alone.

„Persia, Persia i will try.“

it's all not even there, she told herself. Wincing and flinching in pain.

"i trust you. i trust you with my whole being, druig."

her lips formed the words, yet she wasn't sure there was any volume to it.

Persia had no clue where that had come from. If it was what she truly felt.

It was her desperation.

That was all.

A warm feeling spread in her chest, caressing the wounds that had draped over her body, gushing the life out of her.

Her mind grew less clouded, the volume of the tearing screams going down.

She held her breath, when an unfamiliar feeling drowned out all pain and replaced it with something else.

"sleep"

That was the last thing she heard before her mind was wiped blank.

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A/N: we're getting the plot running, i hope no one is bored with the angst stuff.

this is just what you need to understand the enemies dynamic.

thank you guys for almost 250 reads!

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