## Chapter IV

Druig stared down at her limp body, her clenched hand slowly

relaxing until they dropped next to her, falling out of his grip.

explosion.

supporting it.

Slowly, it went away.

His breathing was heavy, the air stood with the veil of her power.

Their surroundings were prickling, like it was about to set o into an

He kneeled down to the floor, putting her onto the cold ground,

Persia's face muscles were tense, eyes barely closed. The white of her

allowing one of his hands to move to the back of her head,

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pupils was showing.
Her breathing was so flat he could have sworn she was fighting for
her life.
No one heard him when he yelled, the others were way too far away.
He couldn't just leave her here while he searched for the others,
right?
One of his hands rushed to his chest, feeling for his heartbeat.
His fingers were tingling where he felt.
It was threatening to jump out of his body, forcing himself to look
back down at Persia in between his heavy heaps for air.
He had put her to sleep.
Used his mind control on her.
He had promised himself to never do that to another eternal.
He didn't even know he could use it on another eternal.
Druig stared, trying to read between Persia's features.
It was cold, he felt her temperature drop rapidly at the base of her
neck.
The boy sighted, then placed his other arm under her legs and so ly
li ed her o the ground.
His eyes found her face, loosening one of his hands to brush her hair
from her forehead.
"God, you're sweating." He laughed,
"I will blame you for drooling on my clothes when you wake up."
His face fell into itself when he didn't get a reply.
Instead, his jaw clenched shut and he started walking with a quick
pace back to their taverns.
His knock was messy and with way too much force, but when Phastos
opened, he brushed past him instantly.
"Please make some space, she's heavier than she looks." he breathed,
ignoring the concerned stares.
Sprite and Kingo got up.
Questions all around him.
"Could someone get Ajak." he demanded, looking around the room
as he put her down on a creaking bed.
Makkari rushed out immediately a er Kingo translated for her.
"How did she pass out?"
"She didn't." Deuig replied to Phastos, who had moved to her side
and tested for her pulse, "I put her to sleep."
Kingo walked up behind him and ripped his shoulder back, "You did
what?"
"Did you guys fight again?" Sprite questioned angrily, pushing her
chin outward.
"I didn't think you would go that far, Druig."
Druig sco ed, ran a hand across his forehead.
"We might not stand each other, but I would never harm her like
that."
"You constantly bring her into danger, I wouldn't be surprised if you
tried to get rid of her."
Druig was at loss for words.
"This is not the time or place." Phastos lectured, still examining
Persia. Druig felt his heart set out a beat, "she's not doing good, we
need Ajak."
Just like on cue, Makkari came in with Ajak at her side.
"I want everyoneout."
Everyone moved, Phastos whispering something in Ajak's ear. Her
eyes darkened.
Someone tried pulling Druig back by his tunic, but he felt like glued to
the spot. Even if he wanted to move, he could not.
The tavern was empty, besides Ajak, Persia and Druig.
"I want youto leave, too."
Druig was still angry about what Sprite had said, but knitted his face
in confusion.
"What? Don't you want to know what happened?"
"I will find out soon enough. But I think it is best if you leave for now."
Druig wanted to protest, but then finally saw how poorly Persia
looked.
Dark circles, pale color consuming her body. Her veins were popping
on her neck.
The skin on her hands was tinted blue.
His eyes rushed to her chest.
It was barely rising.
When he looked up, Ajak's eyes were stern, hands twitching as she
brushed them over Persia's body. Druig could have sworn that her
eyes looked a little too reflective in the so light.
He thudded out of the room, but stayed close by.
Hours passed, he didn't hear a single thing. He was concerned.
No eternal should be knocked out for so long.
Finally, the door opened and Ajak stepped out, immediately finding
his eyes.
"Follow me."
He obeyed and walked a er her, his arms crossed behind his back but
he couldn't help but fidget around with them.
They ended up in a big empty room, only a few candles and fabric
collected in a corner.
"What did you do? Ajak asked, her face glowing in the shine of the
flames.
She was angry, he could tell.
Her tone was blaming, heavily pronouncing how she spoke her
words.
"I told her to sleep." he started, trying to find the correct words. He
didn't want to replay what happened, even if he barely picked up on
it.
It went by too fast.
"She was lost in the woods so I called for her, because she should
have been back for hours.
I didn't know what was wrong but she begged me to take her
memory."
Druig looked up for approval but only received a nod.
"I tried telling her I can't but she only got worse and worse until I
feared that she would cause destruction."
"You used your mind control to bring her into this state?"
Druig nodded hesitantly.
"You can neverdo that again."
"What?" slipped from his mouth, thinking that he didn't hear
correctly.
"Arishem has taken notice of this situation and doesn't want us to
interfere with her mind."
"What, so you just want me to stand by next time?" he spat, taking a
step closer to her.
Ajak raised her face. "Yes, if you have to. Or bring her to me."
"And what if she bursts, mhm?" he threw his hands over his head in
disbelief.
"This time it wouldn't have been just a few soldiers or some
buildings. She would have scathed the entire village, maybe even
more"
"Then we will build it from the ground again." she replied, her voice
shaking through the room.
Druig derided her words with a pu of air. He couldn't believe it.
"You want her to just destroy everything? Destroy herselfwith it?" he
stepped up to her until he was right in her face.
"I am not stupid, she almost didn't make it, did she?"
His voice cracked a little.
"Where are you getting this newfound passion for the gir?" Ajak
mocked.
This wasn't how she usually was.
Calm and considerate, that was the leader he knew.
She acted the opposite.
Druig didn't want to answer. He couldn't find an actual one.
"There is nopassion for her in me." he argued.
It was no use.
"This is not my decision, Druig. I want her to be safe, as well as the
people."
"Do you think I did this to her?"
Ajak let the silence take up both of them.
"There will be consequences if you disobey, Druig. Arishem made it
clear that there is no room to negotiate."
He was breathing heavily, pressing his lips on top of each other.
She hadn't answered his question, but the reply was still crystal clear.
"Fine." he muttered, turning around and leaving Ajak back in the
room.
He walked back down the hall, past the tavern Persia was in.
Druig considered walking in.
Just to make sure that he wasn't the one that did the damage.
Even Persia telling him to get lost would have been enough.
" Not happening today"
Gilgamesh stepped from the shadows, crossing his arms in front of
his chest.
Druig felt his face flush with heat. "Ajak is guardingher from me"
"We are all guarding her from you.
The voice died on his tongue.
"You can no longer be trusted with her."
"What?", was all he could say.
Gilgamesh shook his head, "Druig, we have tolerated you treating her
like this for a long time now. The moment has come that this ends."
"I just want to know if she's okay."
"Why do youcare?" the big man barked back, making Druig take a
step back.
"Sersi spoke to her. Persia thinks that she can no longer deal with
your ways on her own anymore."
Druig stayed silent, a twist in his chest putting pressure on his lungs.
Gilgamesh noticed he wouldn't be saying anything. "You are
compromising her. A er the wedding we found her passed out in the
woods a er she made half of it collapse.
Your emotional impact on her is growing too much."
Makkari had mentioned that something happened a er the wedding.
He didn't remember.
He was drunk, probably.
Oh no.
Why did the knot tighten in his chest when Gilgamesh spoke?
He wanted to hear his words from Persia herself.
I trust you with my whole being, Druig.
That is what she last said to him.
What happened to that?
She was dying, you selfish idiothe scolded himself.
Druig balled his fists to his side, trying to stop himself from yelling at
the man opposite him.
A million words he could have said, but decided against it.
Instead, he flexed his hands and strolled o back towards his tavern.
"Druig."
His eyes shut, pressing his tongue to his front teeth. He didn't want to
hear another word.
Yet, he stopped.
"She is doing this for all of us, not just for herself. The mortals on this
planet. Persia is doing this for you too."
"I understand, Gilgamesh." he lied, unable to stand still any longer.
His feet carried him down the hall before Gilgamesh could even think
about what to say next.
"Are you sure he will be alright?" Persia wheezed, her voice whistling
in her throat.
Her eyes were closed, she couldn't stand the illumination, though it
was only a so shine.
"Why are you so concerned about him?" Sersi asked, putting a wet
towel on her forehead.
"This wasn't the first time he tried to make you rage, was it?"
Persia sighted, a stitching pain forming where the cold water touched
her skin.
"This time was dierent. I did not burst, Sersi. I honestly don't know
what happened at all. He did not mean for it to go that far, right?"
A warm touch placed on her hand.
"As long as you will be fine, nothing matters."
Persia peaked her eyes slightly open to take in Sersi's so smile.
"What you did was a big step. You are not one to ask for help. From
neither of all of us."
A pressure formed where her heart beat, making her breathing more
di icult.
She grew weaker with the impact Druig had on her.
Persia was an eternal
Nothing should influence her that much.
Druig didn't mean for it to end up like this, at least that's what she
told herself.
It helped her stay at a distance from him.
Ajak had told her about their argument that night, how Persia almost
scathed the entire city and wiped herself out of existence with it.
Because Druig tried talking to her while he was angry. For what
reason she didn't know.
Not towards her, at least. But because she was always his first escape
to blow o his steam.
It made her blood pulse in her ears, though she was too weak to me
filled with anger for him.
He caused it, knowing what that would have meant for everyone
around them.
For her.
That burst, the one he nearly caused, almost cost her life as it's price.
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**Continue reading next part** □

She couldn't endure any more without it dragging down her family

"Thank you." she formed with her lips, enunciating her words with as

A/N: Well well, didn't update yesterday, but tomorrow you will get

also, i absolutely hate the pacing for this, trying my best to fix it

Sersi bent down and placed a so kiss on her cheek.

"Someone will be out the door, get some rest."

Persia nodded and waved a er her as she le.

If you're confused, that's my intention:)

with it.

Her body wouldn't play along.

little air as possible.

TWO chapters hehe

I hope this is not boring lol

thank you for 480 reads <33