

## Chapter VI

Her surroundings were dark.

But not filled with it.

Something pulled at her hands when she breathed, a sting followed a er.

Her lungs seemed to be getting tighter with every inhale.

Body heavy, an ache to her head that made it almost impossible to keep her eyes open.

"You can close them."

Persia allowed her eyes to fall shut, but whimpered at the pain which spread around her heart. A hold on her precious spring of life.

Where the voice had come from did not even cross her mind.

Until it spoke again,

"Have you seen this place before?"

The voice was not something unknown.

Yet, still not familiar

She couldn't explain it.

Robotic, like hitting a metal plate over and over again, until it formed syllables which puzzled into words.

But somehow still human

"Have you seen this place before?" it asked again, not urgent. Patient.

Persia did not know how to speak, but when she thought her words they sounded out loud.

"I have not."

Her voice reflected, the waves bouncing back causing her to pick up on her words over and over again.

It did not even sound like her at all.

"Think, child. Where are you?"

Persia tried opening her eyes, but didn't know how. Were they open? Was she seeing anything?

The feeling that came with it was like everything replaced with

nothing-

like she always did when she used her power.

lost control.

"This is me." she whispered, but the sound did not reflect barely as bristle.

"You are right."

Persia tried bounding back, longing for something physical to hold onto.

Was she falling ?

No, she wasn't.

Her body was secure, if she had one.

Suddenly the aches, the air, she could no longer locate them. The more she tried deciphering it, the more she lost her grip.

But it did not bother her, to her surprise.

For the first time, the emptiness did not feel unsafe or a threat.

"Can you feel it?"

Persia spoke so clearly, it consumed her body. She didn't flinch, but revelled in the power. "I can."

"Do you want someone to take it from you?"

Suddenly, she fell.

Wind lashing against her vulnerable body, aches making her back bend.

Her power compressed back into her fragile body.

It hurt

But no more than it usually did.

A scream filled her lungs.

Then it let go of that chokehold it had on her.

Power seeping into place, she stood secure.

"No one will take it from you, the voice spoke to her, much louder than before,

"If you obey."

Persia felt a buzz take up her being, something shaking her.

"You are here for a reason-

"You speak when spoken to, she pronounced, the echo increasing tenfold.

The voice choked o .

A smile formed, her power twisting with amusement.

The pleasure of finally having this much control dance around her fingers made her drunk.

She could conquer the world with only a fragment of it.

The blink of an eye.

"Oh little girl, the voice laughed, the shaking coming back. Her stance grew unbalanced.

"your immortal heart could not carry an ounce of it without falling to dust."

"And who are you to decide that?" she spat.

The veil around her twisted, swirls and pools of grey forming.

Her breathing got heavier.

Oxygen

"I am simply making sure that you do not crowd your own pathway."

"Speak clearly." she demanded, able to gain a hold back on her voice.

"I am" it spoke, "the one you need"

"I don't need you."

It laughed, quaking the world around her.

Persia raised her chin, extended her being and hugged the power to her body.

The laugh stopped.

"I don't need you."

"You don't have a choice."

Persia did not care, her mind grew clear, she consumed everything around her.

"I am not playing this game."

" YOU ARE WEAK."

Her hold, crushed to nothing.

All she had was gone.

Vulnerable

She was vulnerable again.

"Give it back!" she cried, her eyes shooting open but could not see anything but emptiness.

The one she was so scared of, not the one which felt like home.

"You want it all, Persia?" it asked, no longer patient. It pierced her body with pain and her stomach twisted.

"Take it all. Your emotions will not play along. Your body will not play along. You won't."

"I can." she screamed, but it was so small she was not sure that even her ears picked up on it.

" Prove the world wrong. Control will forever be out of reach. You know that."

Her body dropped, skin strapping over her body like a prison.

It enclosed her mind with power.

It raged through her body.

Terror shook her voice, she shot up.

Light hit her face, all her limbs numb, yet the feeling in them returned too fast.

Liquid stuck to her body and face, the clothes she was wearing stole the air she needed to breathe.

She was sitting, or laying.

Acid stood to her mouth, making her fight as it burnt along gullet, breasting the desire to throw it up.

One hand searched around her body without destination, trying to find something.

It felt so real.

Her eyes rushed around until they found a familiar face, her heart thudding harder.

Relief settled as the girl reached forward and enclosed Ajak's face.

She was saying something, but Persia was unable to hear anything.

All she could do was take gasps for air over and over again, pulling Ajak closer to her face to take in her features.

Ajak also raised her hands and touched them carefully to Persia's cheeks.

A tear fell from her eyes, then another.

" You're alive, thank god you're alive.", Persia finally heard.

She couldn't speak, no matter how hard she tried to.

"No baby, it's okay. You're safe."

Persia sobbed, hands still shaking as her forehead met to Ajak's.

" Ajak" she muttered.

What Persia did not see in that moment, were the strings of black and gold color warping from her body in thin whisks, like the thick smoke of an extinguished candle.

Ajak just didn't mention it.

Because if Persia hadn't woken up, her world would have been shattered.

The static made the hairs on her arms stand while electrical shocks kept bouncing o her skin.

The helpless girl noticed none of that.

It was over.

At least for a moment.

Because the lingering of the newfound power, which had always been part of her, soon crowded her mind.

Every day.

Forever.

And it fed o everything it could.

"Ajak, don't leave"

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A/N: Anyone ready for the Tenochtitlan chapter, because i'm not help

We're now getting the ride going ahhh

so i purposely haven't described Persia's appearance, but would you guys prefer me to?

also keep the comments going they honestly make me so happy and i love reading them !

love,

v.

[Continue reading next part](#) □