

Chapter VIII

(warning!

implied abuse and hinting towards sa, if you wish to skip it, i will be summarizing this chapter at the end. this chapter also isn't entirely relevant for the plot, it will just cause some confusion without context later on)

Somewhere in a small village near London, 1993

"I'm home."

Persia called through the empty halls, dropping her keys onto the cabin. She brushed o her shoes, then trailed her hands over her face, letting go of an exhausted breath.

„You're home." she heard steps along the floor, until her eyes caught sight of him.

A tired smile covered her face.

He returned it.

His arms opened as she toddled over to him and hugged him.

„I missed you, Per."

„Missed you too, Gray."

He gently pushed her away and rubbed her arms with a pitiful expression. „Are you alright?"

„Yeah," she exhaled a er a short pause, „I'm just really-"

„I know exactly what would cheer you up."

he cut her o , pulling her in my her shirt to meet his lips. She returned the kiss, but her body sti ened as his hands enclosed her forearms.

When he allowed her a moment to breathe, she pulled her head back.

„I'm sure that'd be lovely. But I just really want to go to bed-"

She stopped when he shoved her away, making her stumble backwards. Her hand caught her on the edge of the cabin before she lost her balance.

Gray pu ed, turning around to leave.

„No, Gray. I didn't mean it like that-"

„Then how did you mean it, Per? Do you even love me anymore?"

She tripped over her words trying to find an answer, which he noticed.

„It's alright, just be honest with me."

„I do love you."

she spoke, walking towards him. She curled her lips generously.

He didn't step away when she placed her hand against his chest.

„I love you Gray."

He didn't respond. Persia felt his heart pounding between the tips of her fingers.

Sweat started forming on her skin, her hands beginning to heat. She grew more nervous with every second that passed in silence.

„Gray." she whispered desperately, taking another step closer. Her lips placed a kiss on the corner of his.

Without warning, his hands shot up and grabbed her by the hips, pulling her towards him to close the distance.

Persia winced against his mouth when he applied pressure to a bruise on her side, but swallowed the pain down her throat.

„ You know you want thi\$ he breathed into her mouth.

„I do" she replied, half minded. Her head was pounding.

He trailed messy kisses down her mouth and neck, his hands going about her body without destination.

She flinched, he thought she was whimpering in pleasure.

The pain expanded in her head, thinking clear was suddenly no longer accessible.

Persia concentrated on following his movement, yet couldn't feel it anymore.

She could see it, but her skin turned numb.

Her hand pushed him back, the distance finally giving her air to breathe.

Gray stared in shock, his breathing almost as heavy as hers.

He furrowed his brows in anger, the veins pushing from his arms as his hands clenched shut.

"No, it's not what you think." she breathed, grabbing at her collar like it was restricting her chest from rising.

"Then what is it, Per?"

he yelled, taking a step forward attempting to grab her, but her fingers slung around his wrist and pushed it from her body.

His eyes widened at her strength, he paralyzed on the spot.

"Per, what the hell is wrong with you."

"Stop talking for a moment." she tried demanding, but her voice was so fragile that it only formed as a plea.

Of course he couldn't listen.

He couldn't allow himself to be weaker than her.

His hand ripped down and out of her grip, her fingers cramped in the air.

Gray took a step forward, this time aiming for her neck.

He didn't get that far, before she enclosed his.

"I said," she spoke half minded, unaware of how much pressure she was putting on his air pipe, " wait"

He struggled to speak, only squeals leaving his throat in place for words.

" You crazy bitch!."

Persia's eyes shi ed in color, the burning sensation on her skin consuming her body.

They darkened, faint black lines running across her face.

She noticed, released the hold.

Coughs shook her body as she fell back to the ground, crawling backwards until her back was pushed up to something.

Gray was coughing too, running his fingers along his sore neck.

Yet, he didn't get it.

The man growled deep in his stomach, carried himself towards her with steps that made her want to pull at her hair.

He stopped, and did exactly that for her, forcing her body back up from the ground with his fingers tangled at her roots.

"Listen here."

"Do you feel like dying?" she suddenly raised her voice.

It was supposed to be a warning

She noticed too late it sounded like a threat

Gray stared, pure anger coursing through his eyes as he elevated his fist and flew towards her face.

But the collision it made wasn't with her face.

His fist shook in the hold of her palm.

"What-"

Her resolve snapped in half, twisting his hand back until she heard it crack and fall next to his torso.

She allowed control to slip from her.

Eyes rushed with empty color, the tips of her fingers tinted the black of a void.

Then the black bubbled from her body, the thin strings threading until they were ropes of agony.

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She only woke up when someone nudged her shoulder.

"Ma'am, are you hurt?"

His face was blurry, but in a matter of a few blinks she was able to faintly see an outline.

She looked down at her body.

Then shook her head. "No."

"You should get away from the scene before you get injured."

He held out his hand, she let hers slide into it and followed a er him until she noticed that her back grew incredibly cold

Lips chapped, she raised her eyes down herself again.

Her dress was charred, burnt away in places like paper. The cotton smelled of a fireplace and humid mold, her nostrils curling in disgust.

When she noticed that the more steps she took, the smell faded, confusion spread in her expression.

She recognized a hint that she remembered from decades ago.

Burnt flesh

Persia shivered, turned around.

The house.

It stood in flames.

"What- This is my home" she muttered, the man beside her stopping.

"I'm so sorry ma'am, we couldn't recover anything."

" My husband" she breathed, raising a hand to her mouth.

Her eyes rushed to the police o icer who shook his head, guilt painning his features.

"Your husband has su ered burns worse than we have ever seen before.

I am terribly sorry for your los\$

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A/N: hello!! thank you so much for 1.4 K reads, i can't wrap my head around it!

so this chapter is a little sneak peak,

(i don't even think it's an actual chapter)

so nothing major. we will see Persia in the present in the next chapter, AND you guys will get to meet maya!!

summary:

It's 1993 and Persia has settled with her husband in a small house.

when she comes home, we see that her husband has violent and very pressuring tendencies which she is dealing with.

While she is trying to protect him from her, he doesn't stop and eventually she loses control.

Despite her rage, Persia doesn't remember but it is revealed that she burnt the house down and took the life of her husband.

Continue reading next part