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Aztec Empire, Tenochtitlan, 1521
THERE WAS BLOOD AND FIRE EVERYWHERE tsmelled of scorched
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## corpses and death everywhere. The stench was so strong it stuck to Pollo's skin and even forced its way into his mouth and on his tongue.

Even when controlling his temperature, the warmth was impossible for him to support. Not so far away, he could hear the humans die. It's not just their cries and screams that he heard, it was their last sighs and body falling to the ground. Only a few centuries ago he was walking amongst them, with a name he'd stolen from them. He'd been able to travel, just like he'd wished, learning more about the humans and their culture. But now, he saw them slaughter each other like it was the easiest thing to do. However this wasn't what would stop him from running. He knew if he wanted to survive he couldn't even take a pause to try and breath. Because if he did pause, he would die. And that was really the last thing he needed right now. Not when he was so close to going home. He panted, feeling his heart trying to crawl out of his rib cage. He

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might have thought that he was sweating blood had he not been so aware of said blood pumping through his veins. He was running faster than he ever had, not because his life depended on it, but because his future did. Behind him was a horde of Deviants, snarling at him while they ran not far behind. He wasn't sure whether to feel o ended or flattered that out of every easy prey and corpses that were laying around, the bloodthirsty monsters had chosen him as their next meal. Or rather,

last meal. As one of them jumped, almost landing a hit at him, a spear passed through the beast's skull. He sighed, finally let himself relax a bit as he placed him in a fighting position next to Thena. "Cutting it a little close, don't you think?" He breathed heavily. She hu ed, making a shield appear on her arm. "Just be glad you're not the one I decided to cut. And would it really kill you to say thank you?" "I never thanked anybody before and I'm still alive, so statistically, yes. It would kill me," he let out a laugh as he passed his arm over his

forehead. "By the way, it's the last time that I'm being the bait." A groan caught his attention and he smirked as he saw Gilgamesh hit one of the Deviant. The warrior turned towards him, a smirk on his face. "If we do this right, then it's your last time seeing one of those ugly creatures. Now stop chatting and help us end those things."

"That will be my pleasure." A er that, the fight got rather messy and fuzzy, so Pollo couldn't have really told you what happened next, but what he did know was that he ended up getting a cut just under his le eye and having blood in his mouth. He must have killed two or three Deviants, but they ended up disappearing with a few of the Eternals, leaving him alone with Makkari and Thena.

" We should get back to Ajak, stated the speedster. "The others can take care of themselves. They all agreed, glancing at the battlefield as they le. Even though the fight had been violent, it had been nothing compared to what the humans seemed to be going through. He tried to ignore them as best as he could, still they seemed to be everywhere. He would have to try and not walk on a dead body, or he would have to shield his eyes from the strong flames that are consuming everything.

When they found the others, he couldn't stop a sigh of relief from

passing his lips at the sight of the familiar faces. Ajak, a worried look on her face, took a step towards them as soon as she noticed the trio. "Where are the others?" She asked, not missing a beat. Makkari was the one who decided to answer, probably noticing that Pollo looked a bit sick as he went towards Druig. "We had to split up." "There were more Deviants than you said," stated Thena, herself seemingly worried about the boy she'd been fighting with a few minutes ago.

but barely reacted to it. "Well, I'm sure that was a lot of fun for you," declared Phastos. A grin broke onto the blonde's face at those words. "It was." "Once the others kill these last Deviants," started the inventor, "we will have eliminated them all from the planet." "And we'll go home," breathed out Pollo, taking a step away from Druig so that he could look at the others.

A er all this time spent fighting, worrying he might completely forget about his family, he would finally be able to see them again. He

Pollo blinked, trying to get the fumes out of his eyes. He leaned a bit on Druig, afraid his head might start turning as he saw Tenochtitlan in flames. He felt the mind controller's arm pass around his shoulders,

hoped his brother hadn't grown up too much, to the point he wouldn't even be able to recognize his face. It was already fuzzy enough in his mind. It was as though all the smoke coming from the burning city had found a way inside his head, making it impossible for his thoughts to connect. He looked towards his friend, only now noticing the way his eyes had started glowing yellow. "Don't," ordered Ajak, reacting quicker than the other boy ever would have. "We don't interfere in their wars."

With a glance at Pollo's horrified gaze, face lighted by the fire not far from them, he let out a sco . "This isn't war. It's genocide. Their  $\,$ weapons have become too deadly. Maybe it wasn't such a good idea

"Druig, this isn't Phastos' fault." Frowned the taller boy. "He just did

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helping them advance, Phastos."

what was asked of him." "You're taking his side?" The hurt in Druig's voice was enough to snap him back to reality, almost completely forgetting of the blood in his mouth and the war next to them. He couldn't believe his friend. How dare he be surprised that he would have his own opinion a er all those times he'd been the one snapping at him because of a di erence of opinions?

"There are no sides, Druig," he spoke coldly. "You should know that by now. There are multiple ways that humans evolve. Technology is

His little speech seemed enough to make him hesitant, but quickly

one of them. Even if he wanted to, Phastos couldn't stop it."

the harsh expression on his face came back as though it had never le . "Maybe he can't. And neither can you, Marco PoloBut I can." Pollo had taken the human name Marco maybe two centuries ago, so that they would stop asking him his last name, but since then everybody had been teasing him with it. However, Druig had not been teasing. He'd been attacking, using the name like a sword to cut through his friend's heart. It wasn't much, but it wasn't Polly either.

Polly should've been the only nickname that he hated to hear pass Druig's lips, there shouldn't have been two. What had changed? What had made the mind controller decide that he wasn't even worthy of the nickname he'd invented not long a er they'd met?

He took a step closer, but Druig didn't let him approach. Carefully, as to make sure his friend wouldn't panic, he reached for Druig's hand.

"Please. Not now."

It seemed like the mind controller was about to say something more, but with time, they'd learned that they could never say anything truthful without them being interrupted by one of the other Eternals. "It's too late." They turned around to look at Thena, who had a strange look on her face. For a moment, the light of the fables almost seemed to make her eyes completely white. She looked like a wrathful ghost, coming to warn them of death and chaos. Then scenery of destruction around her matched perfectly her expression "Thena?" "Everyone is going to die," she continued. It was as though she wasn't a part of their world anymore, only seeing the danger that surrounded them.

"Are you okay?" Tried Sersi once again, not even noticing the weapon

Before the woman could get a chance to hurt Sersi, Makkari rushed towards them, taking a hold of Sersi and running her to safety. There was a commotion of shouts as she tried to attack someone once again, but a rope quickly appeared in Pollo's palm and he shot it towards Thena, wrapping it around her weapon. He tried to take it away from her, pulling the rope towards himself, but her grip was too strong. In an attempt at destroying the weapon made of cosmic energy, he tried to get his temperature to be higher, doing the same thing for the rope. He'd never tried to change the temperature of the ropes before, but he had to try. He wasn't sure what was happening

slowly appearing in her friend's hand. "Thena?"

He continued to try to get back his rope, still tightly wrapped around the golden weapon. All his muscles were sore, still he didn't give up as he noticed how his rope's light seemed to get brighter. Even then, while he was pretty sure he was managing to change the temperature of both his body and rope, it was as though there was a fire inside him, licking his skin from under it and trying to choke him with the fumes. He let out a strained shout, feeling blood spill from his nose and running into his mouth, for the second time that night, his eyes

As he was thinking of giving up, Thena did something he wasn't expecting from her. She lunged towards him, making him stumble at the sudden looseness of the rope, and stabbed him in the shoulder.

to Thena, however he was ready to do anything to save her.

burning golden.

He yelled out in pain, falling on his back, and as he thought she was going to end his life, Makkari reappeared, pushing her away. He closed his eyes, letting out a strangled breath of relief. He felt someone rush to his side and when he went to stand up, a gentle hand placed itself on his chest, forcing him back down. "I have to go back there," he let out, ignoring the burning pain inside of him. "Thena needs me." "Polly, please. You're injured. Don't make it worse." He snapped his eyes, recognizing the voice of Druig. He smiled so ly,

placing his trembling hand on his cheek, a bit of blood on his

"Druig, my beloved," he laughed, which quickly turned into a fist of cough. Over the years, he'd started enjoying the silly nicknames he used on his friend and it had even become a habit," tell me: why are

He avoided both the question and his gaze. "You should be okay, as long as you don't try to move. Ajak is coming, you just need to wait a

"Why are you always so mean to me?" He repeated, hoping this time

"I thought Mahd Wy'ry was a myth," spoke up Sersi, breaking the uncomfortable silence the Eternals were drowning in as they

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fingertips letting out a dark stain on his skin.

you always so mean to me?"

he might get an answer. He did not.

surrounded Thena's unmoving body.

have been something much worse.

little, okay?"

"There is no cure..." sighed Phastos, "so no one really talks about it." Pollo played nervously with his fingers, looking at the ground, fearing he might have caught the sight of Tenochtitlan's ruins if he looked up. His injuries had quickly been healed by Ajak, but the taste of blood was still present in his mouth. Along with that, he could feel the dried blood under his nose and there was still a faint feeling of burnt inside of him. It's as he took a hold of Makkari's hand, who's injury had been much worse than his, that Thena decided to wake up. She took a look around her before speaking up. "What happened?" "Thena. You attacked everyone," explained Ajak in a so tone.

"Wounded Sersi, Pollo, Phastos, you nearly killed Makkari."

At the thought of Makkari dead, Pollo shuddered, trying to get even closer to her. She smiled at him, assuring that she was fine now, but he still couldn't shake o the feeling of dread. For some reason, since the beginning of the day, he'd been feeling nervous, afraid something bad would happen. At first, he'd just blamed it on the anticipation that came with seeing his family again, however he feared it might

"I don't remember." Thena's voice trembled as she tried to make eye

"You have Mahd Wy'ry," continued the Prime Eternal. "Your mind is fracturing under the weight of your memories. And all I can do is erase them so you can start over. I will have to inform Arishem and take you back to the ship where we have the technology to help you."

Pollo might have been on the other side of Thena's spear and he might sometimes have wished she would forget the little encounter

contact with the others to confirm what had just been said.

they had in that one cave when they first arrived on Earth, but he still didn't want her to lose her whole identity. He didn't wish that on anybody. Makkari seemed to agree with him as she took a step closer to Ajak. " But she won't be Thena anymorë. "What if it happens again?" Almost immediately, Kingo disagreed with her. "She could've killed you. She could have killed all of us."

"She didn't," spoke Pollo, still looking down at the floor. "And we have no proof that it'll happen again. It's probably just a one time

"Please. Please, I... I want to remember," begging Thena in a voice

Still, Ajak didn't stop trying to convince her that erasing her memory was the best option for her. " Thena, I love you. But listen to me. It's not important if you remember or not. Your spirit will remain. You will

"Why should she trust you?" Snapped someone suddenly. "You're

Pollo snapped his head towards the person who'd spoken, even though two seconds ago he refused to even meet his best friend's gaze. For some reason, whenever Druig spoke, he always felt

compelled to look at him. While he wasn't quite sure where his friend was going with this, he couldn't deny that he was right. He wouldn't have trusted anybody asking to erase his mind either. By the way Druig's lips twitched ever so slightly, Pollo guessed he'd caught the

weaker than it usually was. "I want to remember my life."

always be Thena deep inside. Trust me."

asking her to let you erase who she is."

silent approval of his friend with his powers. "Druig, I know you're upset, but..." "Upset?!" The sudden shout made Pollo flinch, but in no way did it stop Druig from continuing his speech. "We've trusted you for 7,000 years, and look where you've gotten us. I've watched humans destroy each other when I could stop it all in a heartbeat. Do you know what that does to someone a er centuries? Could our mission have been a mistake? Are we really helping these people build a better world, huh? We're just like the soldiers down there. Pawns to their leaders. Blinded by loyalty. It ends now." The mind controller had turned towards the humans, his eyes turning

yellow. From where he stood, Pollo could faintly see the humans drop their weapons and while he was glad to see the massacre end, he was aware that mind controlling an entire population wasn't the way to go. He approached Druig, wanting to convince him that couldn't just use his powers whenever he had powers and that, anyway, they were about to go back to Olympia, but Ikaris pushed him, going to take

"Let them go," he growled, not even apologizing to his fellow Eternal

Druig seemed slightly amused by the other man's reaction, yet there was still an angry look in his face as he noticed Pollo who'd been a

victim of Ikaris' anger. "You're gonna have to make me."

"Stop," spoke Ajak once again, as commending as ever.

Druig looked at everybody surrounding him until his eyes fell on Pollo. And with just one look, the taller man knew that his friend was about to leave. Why he would leave when they were just about to go back home, he wasn't quite sure, but he couldn't let him go. Not alone, at least. His heart ached as he hoped that Druig might change his mind for him or that, at least, he would ask him to leave with him.

"If you wanna stop me, you're gonna have to kill me," concluded the

As he le, everybody stayed silent. Pollo moved towards the door, but he did not go past it. He just watched as the humans followed obediently behind Druig. He waited for a second, expecting him to at least look behind him, that he would try to explain why he didn't want him to go with him but, once again, he did nothing of the sort.

"I'll watch over Thena," finally suggested Gilgamesh, breaking the

Slowly, so slowly he was surprised nobody had talked while he did so, Pollo turned around, every inch of him trembling in anger. Tears

mind controller before turning around.

silence. "Let her keep her memories."

Druig by the collar.

He did not.

for pushing him into a wall.

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sizzled as they ran down his cheeks and he tightened his jaws so much he almost expected his teeth to break. He'd sighed his nails into his palms as he shot a murderous look towards Gilgamesh. "You couldn't have said this earlier?" He snarled, the words barely passing his lips but still burning themselves into everybody's skin. He was about to take another step towards Gilgamesh, ready to blame the blameless man for all of his problems, but Makkari's fingers brushed against his shirt, catching his attention. " It wouldn't have stopped him from leaving, Poll'oshe told him, trying to calm him down. " You know that." She was right. He did. But that didn't stop the cold anger from freezing his blood in his veins and choking him with all the rage his

body could contain. Knowing that as soon as he would open his mouth the cold would leave it and give frostbites to everybody around him, he kept his lips sealed, nonetheless the horrible feeling

"One day, when she attacks you, you might have to kill her," warned

Ajak, glancing at Pollo with worry written all over her face.

Gilgamesh smiled at Thena before answering. "We'll take that

A er hesitating for a second, still not sure how to react to Pollo's sudden shi of mood, the Prime Eternal spoke again. "You may all go. The Deviants are gone. There is no reason for you to stay with me."

"Shouldn't you ask Arishem first?" Questioned Ikaris, obviously just as confused as Pollo, but not for the same reasons. "We're a team, we

"I didn't ask you for your advice, Ikaris. Do not forget your place." Normally, Pollo would've been happy to see Ajak snap at Ikaris, but this was no normal day. "This is where we say goodbye. You are free o. I want you to go out there. And live a life for yourselves soldiers. Not with the purpose you were given. Find your own purpose. And one day, when we see each other again, I want you to

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didn't leave him for a second.

chance."

What?

should stay together."

tell me what you found." Once again, everybody stayed silent, but not for quite as long as before. This time, it's Pollo who broke it with a humourless chuckle. "That's it? You're relieving us from our duty?" He gritted his teeth, feeling the freezing anger fighting to leave his body and attack those around him. "We should be going back to Olympia! To our family! Why are we still here?" "You will understand in time, Pollo," replied Ajak. "But until then—" "NO!" He wasn't expecting himself to yell at her, interrupting the speech she was probably about to give, but he was too angry to regret it yet. "I am tired of waiting! I've been waiting for thousands of years, fighting for you, bleeding for you! You promised us that, when this would all be over, we could go back! Was that another one of

your lies? Druig was right, we can't trust you!"

him?" Venomously asked Ikaris.

then, leave me the fuck alone."

blinded by anger and loss.

"If you thought that he was right, then why didn't you leave with

Because he didn't ask me to Because I wanted to see my family again! Because we were supposed to go back to Olympia today! I'm tired of this. I'm tired of you. All of you. I'm leaving. And don't you ever think of trying to find me unless it's to go back to Olympia. Until

They would listen to his words for the next centuries to come. Which was why his last words to Ajak were the ones he'd spoken while being

Last chapter of act one!!! Also, before you ask, act two is not following the events from Eternals, that'll be act three. Anyway, I

hoped you liked it even though it was pretty much just angst! I worked pretty hard on it, but I'm afraid it's mostly just dialogues. Once again, I sadly don't have an edit for this chapter, but I do have a few incorrect quotes and, because it's the end of act one, I thought you might like to see them! So yeah, that's much it! Have a nice day and I can't wait to see you in act two! Pollo: We all have our demons. Pollo, grabbing Druig: This one's mine.

Druig: My future boyfriend must be brave, strong, intelligent, successful and organized. Pollo: \*steps on a caterpillar and proceeds to drop to his knees and sob while apologizing profusely\* **Druig: That one. I want that one.** 

Druig: There's nothing worse than people using big words they don't understand. Pollo: I photosynthesize with this.

Pollo: \*texting\* Hey can you pick me up I'm drunk.

Pollo: Oh you don't have to anymore. I'm home now. Makari: Yes, I'm aware of that a er dropping you o at home. \*Pollo and Druig enter a dive bar\* Druig: Look, I know you're disappointed but could we at least have a drink. Pollo, in a scuba diving suit: I would like to leave, please.

Pollo: Druig is playing hard to get. Pollo: Little does he know, I'm a master at playing hard to get rid of.

Phastos: Do you take constructive criticism?

**Pollo: Not without crying** Pollo: Makkari, remember when you said you weren't going to interfere with my love life? Makkari: No, that doesn't sound like me at all. Ajak: Someone care to explain why we have 6 dogs in the Domo? Pollo: They're golden retrievers. They retrieve gold. I did this for

Thena: I apologize for saying 'fuck' in front of Pollo. Druig: You just said it again. Pollo: Thena: I am not a role model.

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