

“I don’t know what your plan is, but I know that you aren’t blind to your ways. Put the crystal down. You don’t need it. No one in this world does.” Savin spoke calmly and steadily to his interdimensional adversary.

The rivalry between the two of them had been a long-standing one. Savin and Drift were both brought into this dimension at the exact same time, for reasons unknown to the both of them. They may have looked the same, but they were two very different people. Savin embraced the wonders of living in a brand-new world. Drift wanted to get back home to take care of unfinished business, and would do so by any means necessary.

Upon entering the dimension, it was as if fate sparked their rivalry. They both stood up at the same time, in that same mysterious cave, and grabbed the same handhold, a crystal granting them powers of light-speed mobility. All Savin could remember about Drift from that first encounter was the look of disgust and anger on his face upon realizing what had happened... After that there was a flash of light, and then he woke up outside, alongside his sister, Red.

It wasn’t long before Drift made his presence known, and Savin knew he had to stop him, in order to preserve peace in this new world. They had had many encounters since then, but Savin always ended up victorious, despite a few short-term losses. He had been there with his team in the past though, a force nearly three times the size of Drift and his three followers. But circumstances were different this time, the two were far away from any civilization in a dimly lit underground temple, it was just the both of them, and for once, it seemed Drift had the upper edge.

Within this ancient temple was an incredibly powerful crystal, one capable of enhancing one’s powers to an utterly unfathomable level. Upon hearing the dangers of it, Savin knew he had to get to it before anyone else could, in order to detain its powers. But Drift was desperate for a win, his motives were always so complicated to Savin, but it was clear this time he had a genuinely flawless plan, and he had enough time to execute it perfectly. Now the gem rests within his hand, all he has to do is use it.

“If no one in this world needs it, then why exactly would it exist?” Drift challenges, tightening his grip around the artifact.

“Put. The gem. Down.” Savin once again calmly, but firmly makes his demand.

“Do you believe in fate?” Drift asks.

“Well-“ Savin starts.

“Your opinion is irrelevant. Fate is real. It is a fine balance yet it’s one that can be controlled, in doing so, however, it can create an imbalance, affecting the fate of another. I simply wish to control my own fate. And if the imbalance causes this entire world to crumble, then so be it.” Drift interrupts, acting as though his logic is perfectly reasonable, and speaking with an arrogant, yet oddly sophisticated cockiness.

“This world has been your home for more than 3 years now, just as it has mine. You truly haven’t been able to find any value in it? None at all?” Savin knows in his heart that it’s pointless to reason with his enemy, especially considering what he’s holding in his hand is enough to turn him to dust almost instantly, but there’s a part of him holding onto any form of hope that he can.

“This world has never been my home; it’s been a 3 year long purgatory. Of all the 107,246,308 known livable dimensions, I simply happened to drop into this one.” Drift scowls at the fact.

“You know I’ll stop you, and if I can’t, I can name plenty of others who will.” Savin says, as he gets himself into a fighting stance, expecting a strike at any moment.

But the last thing on Drift’s mind right now is fighting, instead, he simply stands there and chuckles in a chaotic manner. Savin looks at him, concern slowly growing on his face, as the laughter gets more and more maniacal, so much so that the crystal falls out of his hands.

Savin doesn’t drop his guard, despite how Drift is quite literally floored with laughter. Eventually Drift stands up, dusts himself off, and looks Savin directly in the eye, a pleased grin plastered across his face.

“I’ve already won.” Drift wipes a tear from his eye as he utters the words.

“... NO!” Savin immediately clues in. This whole “crystal” operation was a distraction. Only Savin’s speed was capable of making it here in time to stop Drift, yet the convoluted journey to the temple made for a nearly 24-hour long waste of time, where Savin was actively moving away from civilization.

“It was so easy. I just had to formulate a plan capable of fooling even myself... That’s all you are after all, a lesser version of me. You can’t win. You can’t best me with your ‘power of friendship’ anymore, because by now, all of them are dead. Welcome to reality my friend... My reality.” Drift slowly begins to walk away, and Savin lunges for the crystal that’s still on the ground.

“It’s a decoy, not that I’ll even need the real one.” Drift states, tossing the crystal up in the air in a very nonchalant manner.

Savin is frozen with shock... This had to be a lie, there’s no possible way he could’ve done that much damage in such a short amount of time, what is he missing, what could-

Oh no.

Drift just left with the crystal.