Eternity

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Eternity

by scoundrellyFeline

Summary

fic takes place during the events of e1m4t1p1

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As the only two horses in the race, Cyan knew that this was the end. No matter the victor, neither of them knew what would happen to the slower horse. Maybe she would get to leave the track. Maybe she would be allowed to see the world. Or maybe...

Cyan didn’t want to think about the other possibility.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“plACe yOUr bETs iN...”

That voice. That terrible, horrible, awful voice. Cyan could never escape it. No matter how far she ran, no matter how much she tried... she was always just too slow. Sometimes she wondered why she raced in the first place — but it’s not like she knew anything else. The only thing she knew was the feeling of her hooves on the track, the blood pumping in her ears, the yearning, fleeting pricks of hope that burned her like a flame that never ceased.

“10”

“9”

“8”

“7”

“6”

For a moment, Cyan allowed herself to glance over at her sole competitor. White was beautiful; truly, she was everything Cyan would never be. Her fur was soft, her eyes warm, her muscles powerful. Even her horn, something which Cyan had been put off by at first (I mean, what horse has a horn protruding from their forehead?), had always been kept sharp and polished. At times, Cyan wanted to ask about it, but the subject always felt touchy; White never seemed to mention it at least.

“5”

“4”

“3”

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“2”

Cyan steadied herself, mentally promising that she would check in with White after no matter the result. She had to. They were alone in this, but they were both alone together.

“1”

Cyan prepared herself for the end.

“go”

For a moment, neither horse left the stable. A moment later, the spell seemingly broken, White lept ahead like her life depended on it. Cyan watched her run down the hall, graceful as always. Beautiful and evanescent, like trying to catch a beam of moonlight in a bottle.

“White...” Cyan couldn’t help herself. She called out to her companion, causing the spectral mare pause, if only for a moment. Cyan saw her look back. She was *crying*. Did she run because she didn’t want Cyan to see? Did she too put on a show that everything was fine in the hope of a better future? Did she too... no. Probably not. Dwelling on the past does nothing for the present. Further ahead, Cyan saw White go around the corner. She had to catch up, to say something, to say *anything*. Steadying herself, Cyan lept. Her hooves clopped against the track, propelling her forward and towards whatever the future held in store for her. For both of them.

A heartbeat later, Cyan had caught up to White. She tried opening her mouth to say something, but she couldn’t find the words. Almost as soon as she had arrived, White sprinted down the next portion of the track — why didn’t she stay? Why didn’t both of them say anything to each other before now? Why were they both so hesitant to communicate before the race? Cyan felt like she was swimming over a giant pit; every second she spent out here, trying to catch the ocean spray and pin down the breeze and touch the clouds, was a second closer to something else capturing her instead. Something old. Something incomprehensible and unknowable and immense, hunting both of them with nothing to lose. Something that told them that they were both running to a foregone conclusion that couldn’t be avoided. But Cyan didn’t care. She would perservere through this. She had to.

End Notes

if you see this work posted to somewhere else besides my SquidgeWorld (scoundrellyFeline), my fanfic.lol (scoundrellyFeline), my Sunset Femslash (scoundrellyFeline) or my tumblr (scoundrellyFeline), it is not me.

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this is my first time writing anything for hrt, so i hope you enjoyed it!

title is a refrence to "eternity" by alex warren, which i think really embodies cyan's state of mind after e1m4t1

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!