

Content Warnings: Death, weapons, general distress

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Oh gods. This is it, this is the end.

Eros' mind kept echoing the same thoughts throughout the weeks of hunting the ichor beasts. Yet, these thoughts thankfully never came to fruition, and he continued living.

He'd been out hunting again when it happened, tracking a beast spotted skulking around town. On the distant horizon, he eyed the Titan nervously. He wasn't exactly a cowardly man, but that thing... that thing wasn't worth it. Others would take care of it, surely?

Over the weeks, he'd put together a group of other mercenaries, as the beasts were getting more difficult to kill. Talented hunters from different backgrounds, but they all shared one thing in common: they wanted to protect their home, Uto.

When it came to be known that the beasts were magic resistant, Eros let a smug grin cross his features. He was never a magic user, instead preferring his trusty rifle and combat knife to get the job done. He didn't have to change anything about his methods, plus he was able to hold that fact above his fellow mercenaries' heads and have bragging rights.

More of the beasts kept cropping up though, it was getting exhausting to fend them off day and night. At this point it wasn't even about the money anymore, it was about survival.

He looked to the Titan in the distance, feeling anxiety twist in his gut and prayed to the gods that somebody stronger than him would take care of that *thing*.

One night, he was on patrol duty, patrolling the outskirts of the city with his rifle to keep any new beasts out. One was approaching, and he lined up his rifle and fired a bullet right through its skull.

He sighed, then looked to the Titan, the anxious feeling returning.

And then it *screamed*.

The scream was nothing like anything zeros had ever heard before. It was ear-piercingly loud and he winced. Having four ears made the matter even worse.

And to top things off, there was another quake, this time accompanied by horrendously loud cracking noises.

He swallowed his eye and winced, trying to cover his ears. When he spit it back up and opened his mouth to look at the Titan, it was... gone.

What the fuck? Something that big doesn't just disappear like that.

He turned and ran back to the mercenaries' base of operations to deliver the news, slamming the door open.

"It's gone. The Titan is gone. I— I don't know what happened, it's just *gone*."

There was stunned silence for a moment, then they began to talk. And then he felt his stomach drop, like he was in the air.

Everyone went silent, and then quietly got up to go outside.

They scattered across the city to investigate. Eros couldn't shake the strange floating feeling, it was this odd mix of whimsical and terrifying.

When he got to the edge of the city, he could only stare.

They *were* floating.

The planet was shattered. Shards of the continent flew up around them, and that's when the screaming began.

He ran through the streets, seeing people screaming after their loved ones who weren't on the same chunk of earth as them, separated and not guaranteed to return.

Eros ran back to his apartment as fast as he could, only to find it was shattered away from the rest of the city.

He could only find one apt word to use in the scenario.

“FUCK!” he yelled, and he found himself tearing up a bit. He had no idea if he’d get his home back, nor his belongings, and that was honestly quite scary to him.

Eros ended up slumping down against the wall of an alleyway and hugging his rifle, feeling utterly lost and terrified.