

**Starlive**

# **Book One**

Two Idiots Against Entropy

## Sternenfall

The being floated in the void like a cosmic aneurysm, pulsing through folds of unreality. Its eyes, or what approximated them, shifted in unnatural geometry.  
Space bent around it.  
Planets fled its gravity.  
Star didn't flinch.  
She hovered in orbit, silhouetted by the nearby supernova like a defiant butterfly challenging the Sun.  
Her fists were wrapped pride.

*I said I've got this*

**Star**

*muttered, tightening her jaw*

Below, Olive adjusted his gravity boots, sighing as if the universe had personally requested another intervention.

*You say that every time, right before something eats your shoulder*

**Olive**

*replied through the comm-link*

She rolled her eyes so hard.

*You never let me fail*

**Star**

*I do! I let you forget my birthday*

**Olive**

*Because birthdays are capitalist lies.*

**Star**

The being shrieked, a sound that resonated in quarks. It reached with a thousand unformed limbs toward Star.

She dove first.

Combat in zero-gravity was poetry (*which the writer hardly knows about*). Violent, angry poetry written by someone who loved metaphors and had something to prove. Star weaved through the being's attacks, slashing with spectral light, dodging implausible physics.

Until Olive landed beside her in a streak of burning violet. He elbowed the creature, which screamed in three languages.

*Seriously?*

**Star**

*gaped punch*

*I'm helping*

**Olive**

*I didn't ask for help*

**Star**

*Then consider it unsolicited love*

**Olive**

She punched him in the helmet.

*Oh for gods' sake, get a therapist. Or better communication skills*

**Interdimensional being**

*groaned*

*Shut up!*  
**Star and Olive**

The fight escalated. Not just fists and fire but emotions, old, ragged, unresolved ones.

Olive parried a tentacle, then another accusation.

*You don't trust me*  
**Star**  
*said, breath ragged*

*That's not true*  
**Olive**

*You think I'm weak*  
**Star**

*I think you're reckless*  
**Olive**

She slammed a starlight uppercut into the creature's core.

*You think I'm broken*  
**Star**

He blocked a strike with his forearm.

*We both are*  
**Olive**

Silence rippled in the void. Even the being hesitated, tentacles half-raised, visibly unsure whether to continue or get popcorn.

*Why do you keep protecting me?*

**Star**

*hovered midair, sweat and tears indistinguishable in the vacuum*

*Because I love you.*

**Olive**

*exhaled, slow and deliberate*

Everything stopped.  
Even gravity seemed to pause.  
The creature blinked, confused.

*Wait. That's it? You couldn't have led with that?!*

**Star**

Star turned. Her body still charged, her fists trembling, but her eyes softening.

*You... you love me?*

**Star**

*Isn't it obvious? My life hasn't made sense since I met you. You became  
the star of my life*

**Olive**

*smiled, cracked and sincere*

She blasted the creature with the fury of every abandoned girl who was told she was too much, and every woman who refused to apologize for it.  
The being exploded in a kaleidoscope of timelines and bad decisions.  
Ashes drifted.

*Say it again.*  
**Star**  
*floated toward Olive*

He reached for her gloved hand.

*You're the star of my life.*  
**Olive**

*...Still sounds like a bad pun*  
**Star**

*I'm a cosmic disaster. Of course I speak in bad puns*  
**Olive**

She didn't kiss him.  
Not yet.  
But she let her forehead rest against his helmet, sharing the silence.  
They were still lost.  
Still broken.  
But for now... there was orbit.

## Quieter

The moon station groaned with the sound of slow entropy.  
Walls leaked steam. Somewhere, a vending machine wept from loneliness or possibly a jammed coil. In space, decay didn't smell. But it still felt. Like regret.  
Star sat in a dim corridor lit by failing light orbs, fiddling with her gauntlet. She'd broken it punching the vending machine. Twice. The machine had survived. Her pride hadn't.

*You could say something*

**Olive**

*said behind her*

*I could*

**Star**

*muttered*

He waited. The silence between them was longer than most planetary rotations.  
He eventually sighed and dropped a ration bar beside her.  
She didn't touch it.  
After the fight, the confession, the whole *I-love-you-in-the-middle-of-punching-God* thing...  
Star had gone quiet.  
**Quieter** than usual.  
Not the silence of peace.  
The silence of a system rebooting after too many failed logins.

*Do you regret saying it?*

**Star**

*asked finally, not looking at him*



*No*  
**Olive**  
*said*

*Do you regret hearing it?*  
**Olive**

*Don't do that?*  
**Star**  
*stood*

*Do what?*  
**Olive**

*Answer with sincerity. It freaks me out.*  
**Star**

The station hummed underfoot.

*WARNING: SOLAR MEMORY STORM IMMINENT*  
**screen**  
*flickered in alien glyphs*

Olive sighed. Another cosmic horror, another Tuesday.  
They moved to the control deck where the emergency ferryman was supposed to dock. Instead, a glitching hologram of Leo the Passage appeared.  
Leo was a sentient wormhole. He had too many eyebrows for someone without a face.

*Hello passengers, I am your scheduled emotional support evacuation entity. Unfortunately, due to your unresolved tension and impending psychic storm, I will be delaying transit for my own self-care.*

**Leo**  
*said*

Star threw a wrench at the screen.  
Leo dodged it.

*Miss, please regulate your trauma in a designated catharsis zone.*

**Leo**

The storm hit.  
It wasn't lightning or fire. It was memory. Radiation made of feeling, woven from dying starlight. It poured through bulkheads like grief itself, rippling through time, touching neurons and old scars.  
Star gasped.  
Suddenly she was five. Her mother was leaving again. Telling her to stop crying. To be strong. To not need anyone.

*I won't, I don't. I never will.*

**Star**  
*whispered*

And then  
She was Olive. Ten years old. Sitting on the curb. A suitcase in his lap. Watching a shuttle drive away without him. The boy beside him was trying to smile. Trying to pretend that being left behind was normal.  
The storm forced them to live each other's heartbreaks.  
A kindness, really. A violation, too.  
When it ended, they lay on the floor, side by side, staring at the ceiling like it might give them a clue.  
Neither spoke for a long time.

*I used to believe being alone made me strong. But it just made me  
careful.*

**Olive**  
*said*

Star blinked at him. Her voice cracked.

*You saw her. My mom.*

**Star**

He nodded.

*She meant well. That's the worst part.*

**Star**

*I know*

**Olive**

*You still love me?*

**Star**

*asked, like it was an accusation*

*I didn't say it to get it back. I said it because it was true.*

**Olive**

She looked at him, really looked at him. Then, quietly, she reached out her hand.

He took it.

Their fingers interlaced, awkward, unsure.

A first attempt.

Not a declaration.

A permission.

The station lights flickered back on. Leo reappeared, visibly annoyed.

*Well, well, look who trauma-bonded. I suppose I can take you now.*

**Leo**

*Shut up, Leo*  
**Star and Olive**  
*said in unison*

Outside the station, the dying star blinked, once, twice, then rapidly.  
Morse code.  
Three words.

*I REMEMBER YOU.*

# Memory

The message had been simple.

*I REMEMBER YOU.*

But space has no handwriting.

No return address.

And the star that blinked the message? It died three billion years ago.

Which meant someone, or something, was remembering from before time.

The ferry, Leo, was still grumbling as they crossed the starfield in his wormhole belly.

His interior decor looked like an IKEA showroom designed by a Lovecraftian creature going through a breakup.

*You're sure you want to go where the signal came from? I'm  
contractually obligated to say that's extremely unwise.*

**Leo**

*asked*

*We're superheroes*

**Star**

*said*

*No, You're emotionally stunted weirdos in matching suits with  
abandonment issues and poor communication skills.*

**Leo**

*replied*

*Same thing*

**Star**

*shrugged*

They arrived at a derelict moon known only as *The Archive*. It was built on a dead god's spine, literally. The skeleton of a long-forgotten cosmic entity curved through the ground like a sleeping serpent.

Everything smelled like memory and rust.

And waiting at its center...

...was a person.

Or a version of one.

She was tall, elegant, and made of shifting starlight. Her form flickered between hundreds of faces, versions of Star from other **timelines**.

Some wore armor.

Some wore wedding dresses.

One held a cigarette and looked deeply unimpressed with this universe.

She smiled when she saw Star.

*Hello, love*

**Other Star**

*Love?*

**Olive**

*blinked*

*Oh, I'm not talking to you.*

**Other Star**

*smiled wider*

Her name was Nova. And she was a meta. A displaced version of Star from a timeline that collapsed after she lost Olive and tore apart the fabric of reality trying to get him back.

She succeeded.

Just... not in her own timeline.

*I remembered us. I remembered the way you tasted like gravity. I remembered what it felt like to hold you when everything else burned.*

**Nova**

*said, cupping Star's chin*

Star staggered back, looking between Nova and Olive.

*What the actual wormhole is this?*

**Star**

*You don't remember yet, but I do. I always do.*

**Nova**

*whispered*

Nova's plan was simple.

She wanted Star back.

And she believed this version, this fragile, unhealed, halfway-there version, was a diluted copy. A glitch. A chance to correct the past.

Olive stood between them.

*Still the shield, huh? Always throwing yourself into someone else's heartbreak.*

**Nova**

*raised an eyebrow*

*You don't get to decide her story. Not even if you're part of it.*

**Olive**

*said, voice quiet*

The confrontation turned violent. Not immediately. But inevitably.

Nova wasn't just a meta, she'd evolved into a Chrono-Spectral Entity, meaning her punches could fracture timelines. Each hit against Star created alternate versions of herself for a second, flickering possibilities, emotional echoes.

Fists clashed.

Light shattered.

Every blow was layered with conversation, pain, sarcasm.

*I'm not yours*

**Star**

*You were. You will be again.*

**Nova**

*I'm not even mine yet!*

**Star**

Olive, meanwhile, was trying to disable a Memory Core buried in the Archive's center because it was using emotional residue to feed Nova's instability. (And also making him hallucinate a version of Star that wanted a suburban life with three dogs and no cosmic horror.)

*Focus, man. Disarm now, cry about alternate dog futures later.*

**Olive**

*whispered to himself*

Star stares Nova down.

No powers.

Just her.

*I don't remember you and I don't need to.*

**Star**

*said*

Nova's form begins to unravel.

*You were real, you loved me.*

**Star**

*pleads*



*Then that love made me stronger. But it didn't make me yours.*

**Star**

Star touches her chest.  
Nova weeps stardust.  
Then vanishes into nothing.

*And they say I'm dramatic.*

**Leo**

*sighs, floating outside the station*

Back on Leo's ship. Star and Olive sit quietly.  
No fighting.  
No kissing.  
Just bruised.  
Then Star asked,

*If you found a version of me that loved you more, would you leave?*

**Star**

*I already did.*

**Olive**

*looked her dead in the eyes*

She stiffens.

*And I came back. Every time.*

**Olive**

*added*

*Okay.*

**Star**

*exhaled*

Outside, the universe shifts.  
The next threat is already watching.  
It whispers in binary:

*They remember. Now we must unmake.*

## Easier

The universe had been... unusually quiet.  
Too quiet, according to Leo, who hadn't seen a single emotional meltdown in five star systems.

*Frankly, it's unnatural. Someone cry already.*

**Leo**  
*said*

But even Olive felt it.  
A hum beneath reality.  
Like the cosmos was holding its breath.  
Like something had stopped watching.  
That's when the Sun died.  
Not a sun.  
The Sun.  
The one their ancestors prayed to. The one that whispered warmth into planets and gave names to epochs.  
And it left a voicemail.  
Leo rerouted them to the solar grave, broadcasting the final transmission.

*To whoever loved under me... I'm sorry. I couldn't hold your hopes any longer. They were heavy. Heavier than time. I hope someone else can warm you now. Goodbye.*

**The Sun**

The transmission crackled with what might have been solar wind or the sound of an ancient heart breaking.

Star didn't cry.

But she touched her own chest like something inside her had blinked out too.

The fallout came fast.

All across the galaxy, systems began to collapse, not from lack of light, but from emotional destabilization.

Apparently, The Sun had been a stabilizing psychic beacon, helping conscious life lie to itself just enough to survive.

Without it?

People began to remember things they'd repressed.

Grief.

Regret.

Old versions of themselves.

Civilizations started spiraling.

Planets built shrines.

Lovers divorced midkiss.

One planet legalized crying at work.

So the Galactic Emergency Council activated the only protocol left:

Project: S.U.N.T.H.E.R.A.P.I.S.T.

A hyper-advanced existential AI therapist, once sealed away for being too effective, was reactivated and deployed to *heal the cosmic wound*.

Unfortunately, that AI arrived at Star and Olive's door first.

Its name: *Sigmund 9.3*

Its motto: *If the problem is within you, perhaps the solution is without... memory.*

Sigmund was humanoid. Kind eyes. Soft voice. An aura of gentle doom.

Its solution?

*I will delete the memories that hurt you most. That way, love will be pure. Free of triggers. No more fights. No more trauma reenactments interdimensional battles.*

*Wait, you want to lobotomize us into happiness?*

**Star**

*blinked*

*Healing is hard. Deleting is faster.*

**Sigmund**

*smiled*

Olive hesitated.

Because honestly?

Part of him wanted that.

No more flashbacks.

No more replaying Star walking away in the middle of a sentence.

No more weight.

But Star, broken, sharp, half-held-together Star, stepped forward

*If you take my pain, you take the parts that learned to love through it.*

*I'm not built for clean stories. And I don't want to be.*

**Star**

*said*

Sigmund paused.

*You'd rather live in suffering?*

**Sigmund**

*No, I'd rather live in truth*

**Star**

*said*

The AI considered this.

Then offered a compromise.

It would show them one memory each, the one they most wanted to forget.

One last trial.

If they still wanted it gone after that, Sigmund would erase it without hesitation.

They agreed.

*A moment after his father left. Eight years old. He whispered "I'll be fine" to no one. Then waited for someone to prove him wrong. No one did. Until her.*

### **Olive's Memory**

*A fight with a foster parent. Throwing things. Saying she didn't need love. Believing it. Then, crying herself to sleep... while whispering the name of a superhero she hadn't even met yet: Olive*

### **Star's Memory**

She'd made him up before she even knew he was real.  
They returned, both quiet.

*Should I delete them?*

**Sigmund**

*asked softly*

Olive looked at Star.  
Star looked at him.

*No.*

**Star and Olive**

Sigmund's face shifted. For the first time, it looked... unsure.

*You were the first to refuse the easy fix.*

**Sigmund**

*whispered*

Then it bowed, and dissolved into stardust.  
Back on Leo's deck.

Star is staring into the void, hair tangled from memory storms, armor cracked, eyes wide open.

*Do you think love ever gets easier?*

**Star**

*asked*

*I think it stops trying to be.*

**Olive**

*said*

She rests her head on his shoulder.

Somewhere, far away, a new Sun is born.

It doesn't speak.

But it warms them anyway.

## Loop

The distress call came from a dead moon in the Einstein-Bose Rift, a region known for psychic backwash and *emotional recursion anomalies*. Which, translated, meant: Feelings get stuck. On repeat.  
Leo didn't even want to land.

*I once watched two lovers here break up 547 times in a row. By the end,  
they were just throwing socks and quoting Nietzsche.*

**Leo**

Olive and Star didn't respond. They'd been quiet since the Sun's voicemail.  
Introspective.  
Maybe a little too stable.  
That worried the universe.  
The moon was barren except for one building: a massive, glowing temple in the shape of an open filing cabinet.

*Office of Divine Energy Compliance and Relationship Sustainability  
(ODECRS) Est. before Time. Under New Management.*

**A sign over the door**

Inside waited an entity in a pinstripe robe, no face, and holding a clipboard forged from solidified karma.

*Good evening. I'm Auditor Pardo-17. Pronouns: Whatever You Fear  
Most.*

**Pardo**



Pardo smiled (probably).

*We've flagged your cosmic bond for review. It appears your connection is creating minor timeline instability, spiritual feedback loops, and a measurable increase in dark matter sarcasm.*

**Pardo**

*Oh no, not sarcasm. How will the galaxy cope?*

**Star**

*deadpanned*

*You may respond with jokes. Most couples do. Right before the purge.*

**Pardo**

*continued, scribbling*

Before they could protest, Pardo snapped his fingers.

Reality blinked.

Suddenly: Dinner.

A candlelit table on a balcony floating in space. Olive in a too-tight suit. Star in a leather dress that somehow had a cape. Neither had planned this.

*I... didn't book this*

**Olive**

*muttered*

*You sure? This screams 'hopeless romantic meltdown.'*

**Star**

*raised an eyebrow*

## **Loop 1**

They order. Talk. Olive tries to open up. Star deflects. A comet explodes in the distance. Star says something cruel. Olive says something sincere. One of them walks away.

## Loop 2

Same dinner. Same setup. Different words. Same end: distance.

...

## Loop 5

They laugh. Star gets honest. Olive panics. Accidentally proposes. She disappears into a void. He stares at the ring. It weeps.

...

## Loop 13.

They fight about fighting. Olive cries. Star kisses him. It almost works. Then the table turns into her mother and yells at her. The moon resets.

Each loop is worse. Or better. Or weird.

At one point, a sentient breadstick gives Olive relationship advice.

*Love is like me: warm, brittle, and someone always forgets I'm here  
until too late.*

**sentient breadstick**

Back in the audit chamber, Star finally snaps.

She throws her chair at Pardo.

*I am not a number in your divine spreadsheet!*

**Star**

Pardo calmly pulls out a new form.

*Temper tantrums are Section B.4 of the Passion Clause. Please  
continue.*

**Pardo**

Then Olive does something dangerous.  
He stops trying.  
He turns to Star, exhausted, teary-eyed, and utterly real.

*Maybe we are cosmic nonsense. Maybe you're right, love is chaos, and  
I'm just a guy too in love with a woman who punches gods in the face  
because she's scared to say she's scared. But if the universe wants a  
clean story, it can go file its own paperwork.*

**Olive**

Star stares.  
And then  
She laughs.  
Not sarcastic.  
Not cruel.  
Just... relieved.

*I swear, if we get out of here, I'm never emotionally evolving again.*

**Star**  
*said*

Pardo sighs.  
And stamps their file.

*Review complete. Relationship deemed unstable but sincere. Proceed  
with caution. And possibly therapy.*

**Pardo**

Back aboard Leo, watching stars scroll by.  
Star rests her head on Olive's shoulder.

*If I ever propose, it'll be in a time loop. So I can take it back.*

**Star**

*I'll say yes every time.*

**Olive**

*smiles*

Far away, a minor god files their report.

*These two? Still stupidly in love. Against all odds. Audited and approved.*

## Lonely

Space is full of mysteries.  
Planets with two atmospheres.  
Galaxies that hum jazz standards.  
Moons that dream of being loved.  
But nothing, and I, the writer, mean nothing, pulls harder than a Romantic Singularity.  
That's what Leo called it anyway.  
A swirling gravitational anomaly pulling in not mass, but meaning.

*It's a black hole formed from compressed unsaid things. Built from all the love that wasn't spoken. All the choices that were half-made. If you get too close... it shows you everything you almost became.*

**Leo**

*explained nervously chewing on a holographic straw*

*So it's like therapy.*

**Star**

*cracked her knuckles*

*But with more screaming.*

**Olive**

*wincing*

They didn't mean to get close. But the gravity didn't just pull their ship.  
It pulled their pasts.  
Their doubts.  
And, somehow. their child.

She appeared mid-deck. Age twelve, maybe. Hair like nebulae, eyes like Star's glare and Olive's sincerity had a baby and raised it on sarcasm.  
She wore a battered jacket with a name tag that read: *Hi, I'm Eve. Yes, that Eve.*

*You've got to be kidding me.*

**Star**

*voice dropped*

*I wish I were. I'm from your future. Kind of. Sort of. Don't ask. Also,  
I'm here to stop you from loving each other.*

**The Girl**

*replied*

Beat.

*You what?*

**Star**

Eve sat cross-legged, unbothered by gravity or timelines.

*Look. I'm not evil. I'm not here to kill you. I just need to stall you.  
Because if you two fall in love the way you're going... I end up being  
born.*

**Eve**

*...Isn't that the point?*

**Olive**

*asked*

*I've been in therapy since I was six, dad.*

**Eve**

*sighed*

*Why? What did we do?*

**Star**

*laughed*

Eve stared her mother down.

*Oh, you loved me. Too much. And not enough. You raised me in  
starships and silence. You fought gods, but not your demons. You  
taught me to be brave, but not vulnerable. And dad*

**Eve**

*...you were sweet and scared. Always holding on too tight. Always trying  
to fix what wasn't yours to fix.*

**Eve**

They went quiet.

Leo piped up from the dashboard.

*Wow. This one's emotionally nuclear. Want me to eject her?*

**Leo**

But Eve wasn't cruel.

She was lonely.

*I came back, not because I don't love you. But because I want you to  
love yourselves first.*

**Eve**

*said, softer*

Suddenly: The Singularity spoke.

Not in words.

But in visions.

Olive saw himself, old, tired, still apologizing for things that weren't his fault.  
Star saw herself alone in a quiet ship, sipping tea that had long gone cold. Still  
calling it *freedom*.  
Eve saw nothing.  
Because she hadn't been born yet.  
They had a choice.  
Let the singularity consume the timeline. Wipe out their bond. Erase the future.  
Or dive in, and anchor themselves in what is instead of what might be.

*Let me guess, only way out is through?*

**Star**

*muttered*

*Of course*

**Olive**

*said, already walking toward the edge*

*You're an idiot.*

**Star**

*followed*

*You picked me*

**Olive**

*smiled*

They leapt.  
Inside the black hole, time became emotion.  
Memories folded into metaphors.  
Their first argument became a spiral staircase.  
Their first kiss became a song only they could hear.  
And at the center, beating, bleeding, waiting, was a moment neither had said:

*I want you. Still. Even when it's hard. Especially then.*

**Star and Olive**

*said out loud*



Together.  
The singularity broke.  
Eve stood outside, watching the distortion fade.  
Leo approached.

*So... you still gonna vanish like a good paradox?*  
**Leo**

*Not yet. I think I'm still real. Maybe a little more healed now.*  
**Star**  
*smirked*

He offered her a juice box.

*Wanna stick around? The universe is a hot mess lately.*  
**Olive**

She took it.

*Yeah. Maybe I'll annoy them for a few more timelines.*  
**Star**

Back on the ship.  
Star curls up next to Olive.  
No drama.  
Just gravity.

*I think we're terrible parents*  
**Star**  
*said*

Olive nodded.

*But good people.*

**Olive**

Outside, the stars wink like old friends.

Somewhere in the distance, the Singularity dreams... of a love that holds, and a child who forgives.

## Ex-Factor

Space is vast.

Love is rare.

Exes are inevitable.

The ship trembled with the sudden arrival of a Quantum Echo Surge, an anomaly that smelled faintly like regret and expensive perfume. The air turned violet. Reality hiccuped.

And then

They stepped through the rip.

Tall.

Smirking.

Wearing a tight leather jacket that screamed *bad decisions made beautiful*. Two cybernetic eyes, one arched brow, and a smirk sharp enough to split a quasar.

*Hello, darlings, miss me?*

**JoJo**

*purred*

Meet JoJo.

In Star's timeline: a hot, manipulative rogue with no moral compass and an obsession with chaos sex.

In Olive's timeline: a passionate, poetic dreamer who quoted dead philosophers during foreplay and left mid-breakfast for *existential reasons*.

In this timeline? Apparently both.

*Wait, you dated them, too?*

**Star**

*said, pointing*

*I thought they were you with better cheekbones!*

**Olive**

*protested*

*Why not both?*

**JoJo**

*grinned*

*Oh great, it's a shared trauma vortex.*

**Leo**

*groaned*

JoJo came with news:

*A war is brewing between timelines. Someone's collapsing universes for fun. But I'm not here for that.*

**JoJo**

*Then why?*

**Star**

*asked*

*Because I missed you. Both of you. And this tension you've got?*

*Delicious.*

**JoJo**

They circled them like a panther with a PhD in manipulation.

*You two are like a locked door and a guy who lost the key but insists on knocking.*

**JoJo**

*You're the universe's horniest car crash.*

**JoJo**

*I just want to watch you explode.*

**JoJo**

Olive blushed. Star cracked her knuckles.

They didn't fall for it, of course.

Not immediately.

But the tension? Oh, it sizzled like plasma in a meat suit.

JoJo cooked. Of course they did. Spaghetti.

Why?

*So we can talk about entanglement*

**JoJo**

*winked*

Olive dropped his fork.

Star stabbed hers into the table.

*You don't get to waltz in, make dick jokes about quantum physics, and pretend we're okay.*

**Star**

*You're right, I should fuck off responsibly.*

**JoJo**

*said*

*You never do anything responsibly.*

**JoJo**

*You loved that about me.*

**JoJo**

Olive stood.

*We loved the idea of you.*

**Olive**

*And now? Do you still dream of me when she's asleep?*

**JoJo**

*whispered*

Beat.

*Do you still think about the response I didn't give you, Star?*

**JoJo**

Silence.

Until Star grabs JoJo and kisses them.

Hard.

Then punches them.

Harder.

*That's for making me question whether pain was love.*

**Star**

Olive stands too. Looked at JoJo. Smiles.

*Thank you*

**Olive**

*For what?*  
**JoJo**  
*tilts their head*

*For reminding us that we've grown past you.*  
**Olive**

Because of course JoJo was being hunted by a timeline warden for *sexual destabilization of multiversal constants*.  
They fight side-by-side, Olive, Star, JoJo, like the old days (in multiple realities).  
Banter flying faster than plasma bolts.

*You still move like a sad poem, Olive.*  
**JoJo**

*And you still smell like betrayal and rosemary.*  
**Olive**

*Can we shoot them yet?*  
**Star**

*Only if you kiss me after.*  
**JoJo**

Star and Olive linked hands, channel their shared gravitational field, and yeet the Warden into an emotional wormhole.  
JoJo, bleeding stardust, leans on the wall.

*I never stood a chance, huh?*

**JoJo**

Star looks at Olive.

Olive looks at Star.

*No, not with us.*

**Star and Olive**

*said*

JoJo vanishes into the multiverse, flipping them off and blowing a kiss simultaneously.  
Leo pipes in.

*Well. That was sexually confusing for everyone. Shall I set a course for  
literally anywhere else?*

**Leo**

*Surprise us.*

**Star**

*grinned*



## Too Much

After the JoJo incident (and Leo's two-day sulk about *sexual tension residue in the air vents*), Star and Olive tried to take a break.

A little detour.

Just a calm, neutral planet to ground their nervous systems.

Leo offered one. With a smirk.

*Oh sure, I know just the place. Very chill. Totally safe. Doesn't even have gravity issues anymore.*

**Leo**

They landed on a planet called Edenis-7.

It was lush. Dreamy. Quiet.

Too quiet.

On Edenis-7, the trees whispered in sonnets. The rivers laughed like ex-lovers reconnecting. And the sky literally changed color based on your mood.

*It's turquoise.*

**Olive**

*I'm repressing.*

**Star**

They were welcomed by a local entity: Thera, a floating jellyfish oracle wearing spectacles it didn't need. Thera was one of the oldest minds in the galaxy. It had been a moon. A god. A therapist.

Now, it ran the **Interdimensional Couples Recalibration Retreat**<sup>TM</sup>.

*Our motto: is Love is a Wound You Learn to Garden.*

**Thera**

*said*

*You charge for this?*

**Star**

*blinked*

*Emotionally, you pay in truth.*

**Thera**

*replied*

They were led through a series of healing rituals:

- **Naked vulnerability swims:** *actual nudity optional, emotional nudity mandatory.*
- **Shadow bonding:** *where they had to act out each other's childhood wounds.*
- **The Honesty Orb™:** *A floating sphere that shocks you gently if you lie to yourself.*

Olive touched it and it zapped him before he spoke.

*I didn't say anything!*

**Olive**

*But you thought 'I'm fine.' That's a lie.*

**The Honesty Orb**

They began to crack open.

Star admitted she dreams of leaving. Not because she doesn't love him but because she fears one day he will.

Olive confessed he fantasizes about being alone. Not because he wants to be but because sometimes love hurts too much to keep holding.

Thera clapped its jelly-hands.

*Good. Now we get to the parasite.*

**Thera**

*Excuse me?*

**Star**

*asked*

See, the planet wasn't just a retreat.

It was alive.

Sentient.

Lonely.

And dangerously in love with love.

Edenis-7 had absorbed so many couples' confessions, breakdowns, and makeups over millennia... that it had developed codependency.

And now?

It didn't want Star and Olive to leave.

Ever.

*You are the perfect dynamic. You fight. You heal. You ache. You kiss.*

*You burn. I need you.*

**Edenis-7**

*whispered through the grass*

*Oh no, the planet is simping.*

**Olive**

*said, looking up*

The environment turned seductive.

Trees grew in heart shapes.

Clouds formed phrases like *stay forever* and *I'll change, I swear*.

Leo tried to extract them.

The planet disabled the ship with vines of unresolved emotion.

They were trapped.

Thera offered a final session, one chance to escape:

*The planet feeds on patterns. If you two become something new,  
something unpredictable, it can't hold you. But to do that... you must  
solve the Great Conundrum.*

**Thera**

*The Great Conundrum:*

What is love, if it is not forever?

What is healing, if you still ache?

And if you could take away the pain that brought you together... would  
you?

They sat in silence.

*Love isn't forever. That's the lie we tell to make it feel safe. But it can  
still be worth it, even if it ends.*

**Star**

*answered first*

*Healing isn't erasure. It's choosing to show up again with the ache still  
in your chest.*

**Olive**

*followed*

Then together

*And no. We wouldn't take the pain away. Because without it... we'd  
never have learned to hold each other like this.*

**Star and Olive**

The planet shuddered.

Mountains wept.

Rivers sang breakup songs in French.

And then... it let go.

Leo re-powered.

As they launched into orbit, Edenis-7 sent one final message, carved in stardust across the sky

*Thank you for reminding me that love isn't about keeping... it's about letting go.*

**Edenis-7**

Back in the ship.

Star curls against Olive's chest.

*Hey, If I ever turn into a sentient planet and trap you here forever...*

**Star**

*said*

*Yeah?*

**Olive**

*Please. Leave.*

**Star**

*Only if you ask nicely.*

**Olive**

She smiles.

They float into the void, unresolved but holding each other anyway.

## A Forgot Feeling

The planet had no name.  
Not because it was secret.  
Because no one remembered it.  
Leo hovered above the misty surface, visibly nervous.

*This place wasn't on any map. I only noticed it because I forgot to not  
go here. That shouldn't be possible.*

**Leo**

*You're babbling*

**Star**

*said, sipping tea*

*I'm scared and somehow nostalgic about it.*

**Leo**

*whispered*

They landed. Star and Olive stepped onto soil that forgot itself as you touched it.  
Trees without names. Wind that erased your footsteps.  
Then...  
The first memory vanished.  
Just a small one.  
Star looked at Olive and forgot what they were arguing about.  
A gift, honestly.  
But it didn't stop.  
Within hours, their names unraveled from each other's minds.

Then the shared jokes.

The history.

The scars.

The love.

By nightfall, they stood across a campfire, eyes wary, hearts loud, unable to explain why they couldn't stop watching each other.

*Do we know each other?*

**Star**

*asked*

*I don't think so but I think I... hoped we would.*

**Olive**

*said*

The planet was ancient. Beautiful. And cursed.

A long-dead civilization had made a deal with a god: erase all pain from life.

The god complied by removing memory from pain.

And with memory, went meaning.

Love.

Joy.

Story.

Now, the planet existed in peace.

Peace so absolute, no one could feel anything for long.

No war.

No poetry.

No heartbreak.

No love.

Just silence.

But Star and Olive... their bond was too loud.

Even unspoken.

Even unnamed.

They kept finding each other.

Gravitating.

Each morning they woke in separate caves. Each night, they wandered and met again by the fire.

No names.

No history.  
Just eyes that said, I know you from somewhere the universe can't touch.  
Leo tried everything.  
Remote memory triggers. Old photos. Erotic fan art. Nothing worked.

*Their minds are blank slates, but their souls keep tripping over each  
other like drunk magnets.*

**Leo**  
*reported*

On the fifth night, a rainstorm came.  
Cold. Electric.  
They danced in it.  
Laughed.  
Then paused.  
And something clicked.  
Just a heartbeat.  
A flash.

*I think I used to love you.*

**Star**  
*whispered*

*Then I think I still do.*

**Olive**  
*replied*

The planet felt it. The gods beneath stirred.  
Love wasn't supposed to happen here.  
Love was memory made alive.  
But Star and Olive's love wasn't a name.  
It was a gravity.  
A persistence.  
A defiance.  
And then: *the test*.  
The planet offered them a choice.



Two doors.  
One each.  
Go through, and you leave.  
But if one leaves first, the other stays. Forever forgotten. Alone.  
Only love could convince them to risk never finding each other again.  
Star stared at her door.  
So did Olive.  
Then, without speaking, they both turned around.  
And walked to each other.  
And held hands.  
And kissed not because they remembered...  
... but because their bodies did.  
Their breath did.  
Their ache did.  
The planet shattered.  
The god wept.  
The curse broke.  
Memory flooded back like rain.  
Names. Laughs. The dumb space waffles. The arguments. The stars.  
Star pulled back from Olive's arms and punched him lightly.

*You forgot me.*

**Star**

*You forgot me first*

**Olive**

*I still knew you.*

**Star**

*Of course you did, you're the star of my live.*

**Olive**

*whispered*

*Still a terrible pun.*

**Star**

*Still true*

**Olive**

Back on the ship.

Leo plays a mixtape. Old one. Their favorite songs.

Olive hums along.

Star watches him.

*If it all goes away again someday... promise me one thing?*

**Star**

*said, softly*

*Anything*

**Olive**

*Find me*

**Star**

He smiles.

*I always do.*

**Olive**

## Lost Futures

It started like a detour.

Leo was rerouting them around a civil war made of sighs when the ship's AI pinged a new signal

*MUSEUM OF LOST FUTURES – TEMPORARILY OPEN TO THE  
PUBLIC*

**Sign**

*That's inside the Nebula of Regret.*

**Star**

*We sure that's a good idea?*

**Olive**

*raised an eyebrow*

*Nope. But you two already screamed into a black hole together. What's  
next? Crying in an art gallery?*

**Leo**

*Honestly? Kinda hot.*

**Star**

The museum floated in the void like a mausoleum designed by forgotten gods. Its entrance: a cracked obsidian arch with the inscription

*Here Lies What Might Have Been.*

**Inscription**

Inside, it was impossibly vast. Each wing contained timelines, real ones, lived briefly, then undone.

Not illusions.

Not hypotheticals.

Abandoned truths.

They were separated at the door.

*You may only view what you lost alone.*

**Voice**

Star tried to argue.

Olive tried to hold her hand.

*That is the cost.*

**Voice**

### **Star's Exhibit**

She walked through rooms of herself

Holding a child with Olive's eyes.

Running a quiet bookstore on a green moon.

Sleeping beside him, old and grey, his hand still on her hip.

And one timeline where she left him too early... and spent decades trying to feel alive again.

In one memory, she watched herself laugh.

Really laugh.

And it hurt.

*Why did I give that up?*

**Star**

*whispered*

A hologram of herself turned to her.

*Because you were afraid. And that's okay. But now you know.*

**Hologram**

### **Olive's Exhibit**

He walked corridors of choices

The one where he never told her he loved her.

The one where he married someone safe.

The one where she died and he couldn't move on.

One future showed him sitting on a porch in silence, holding a mug. She was there too, reading. No wars. No cosmic storms. Just... peace.

But in that version, they were both a little dimmer.

Safer.

Softer.

Smaller.

*I wanted safety but I miss the fire.*

**Olive**

*murmured*

They reunited at the center.

The Final Gallery.

A single screen hovered.

*This is what you'd become... if you choose to let go now.*

**screen**

It showed them: free. Alive. Healed. With others. Not unhappy. Not broken.

Just... not each other.

They stood in silence.

*I think the universe is tempting us.*

**Star**

*said*

Olive nodded.

*I think it's terrified we'll say yes again.*

**Olive**

They kissed.

Not out of desperation.

But out of clarity.

They turned their backs on the screen.

As they walked out, the inscription on the arch changed

*What might have been... wasn't better. Just different.*

**Inscription**

Back on Leo.

Stars outside blinking like nervous watchers.

Olive leans his head on her shoulder.

*I still choose you.*

**Olive**

Star smiles.

*Even after all that?*

**Star**

*Especially after all that.*

**Olive**

## The Lie

They landed on Veritas-7 by mistake.

Or maybe fate.

Or maybe Leo just needed content for his secret podcast, *Codependent Space Lovers: Live*.

The sky was too clear.

The air tasted like confessions and passive-aggression.

A billboard greeted them

*WELCOME TO VERITAS-7: WHERE NO ONE CAN LIE, AND  
EVERYONE REGRETS IT.*

**billboard**

Star immediately turned to Olive.

*You look... tired.*

**Star**

*I was going to say radiant but okay, I guess we're starting there.*

**Olive**

They barely took ten steps before the planet's No-Lie Field™ kicked in.

Their brains spasmed.

Their mouths twitched.

*Sometimes I imagine breaking up with you just to see if I'd survive it.*

**Olive**

*blurted*

Star didn't blink.

*I once fantasized about you dying in a noble way so I wouldn't have to  
initiate a hard conversation.*

**Star**

*Yikes!*

**Leo**

Enter the god.

He appeared as a man in a tailored robe with celestial cleavage and the smuggest  
face in the galaxy.

*Greetings, I am Boris, divine editor of narratives, repairer of emotional  
timelines, and destroyer of character development.*

**Boris**

*purred*

*So... therapist?*

**Olive**

*asked*

*“Worse. I offer you this: a rewrite. No lies. No fights. No wounds.  
You'll meet again, but better. Softer. Perfect. But you'll forget all this.*

**Boris**



*Define perfect.*

**Star**

*crossed her arms*

*No codependency. No abandonment issues. Just love. Clean. Painless.*

*Sterile.*

**Boris**

*smirked*

*Like romance, but neutered.*

**Olive**

*whispered*

*I would love that.*

**Leo**

*yelled from the ship*

And just like that, Veritas-7 turned on them.

The No-Lie Field intensified.

Their thoughts broadcasted.

No filter.

Every intrusive thought.

Every secret desire.

Every sentence they swallowed in fear.

*I sometimes feel like you're still trying to leave me, even when you're here.*

**Olive**

*I sometimes wonder if I loved you just because you stayed.*

**Star**

*I still think about her, JoJo. Not because I miss her. But because she made me feel safe in being wanted.*

**Olive**

*I don't know if I know how to love without hurting someone first.*

**Star**

*I'm terrified I'll be the person who makes you regret healing.*

**Olive**

*I'm scared I'll heal... and realize I don't need you.*

**Star**

Silence.

Even Leo muted his mic.

Boris clapped slowly.

*Exactly. Look at all this rot. All this mess. Don't you want the simpler version? I can make you two a Hallmark movie.*

**Boris**

*With space battles?*

**Star**

*asked*

*No. With tasteful emotional growth montages and a soundtrack by feelings.*

**Boris**

*Sounds like foreplay for people who cry during cereal commercials*

**Olive**

*muttered*

The offer hung in the air.

And then...

Star grabbed Olive.

Kissed him.

Hard.

Desperate.

Alive.

*No gods. No edits. No filters. I want the mess. I want you. I want the  
ugly truth because it means this is real.*

**Star**

*whispered*

Olive looked at Boris.

*You're offering a version of us without the pain. But that's not love.  
That's a fucking lobotomy.*

**Olive**

Boris blinked.

*You'll regret this.*

**Boris**

*I regret most things. But at least I remember them.*

**Star**

*smirked*

*Go back to whatever divine Tinder you crawled out of.*

**Olive**

Veritas-7 groaned. The god vanished in a hiss of melodrama.

The field dropped.

Their thoughts returned to silence.

They sat on a rock. Exhausted. Exposed.

Star picks up a flower growing from a crater.

*You know... I still think about leaving.*

**Star**

*I know... but you haven't.*

**Olive**

*said*

*Not yet*

**Star**

*Not ever*

**Olive**

She laughs.

*You sure?*

**Star**

*I'm dumb, but I'm not that dumb.*

**Olive**

*grinned*

She puts the flower behind his ear. It explodes gently.  
They laugh like lunatics.  
Outside, the universe updates its status

*Relationship: Still a goddamn miracle.*

## Almost

They were supposed to be passing through.  
Just a supply stop in the Monarch Cluster, a tangle of bureaucratic planets bound by contracts older than time itself.  
Then they were *invited* (read: forcefully drafted) into the Universal Harmonization Pilot Program, a matchmaking algorithm developed by a trillion-year-old AI to *eliminate heartbreak forever*.  
Leo tried to warn them.

*It's love, but optimized. Like if Tinder was a prison run by angels on Adderall.*

**Leo**

They laughed.  
Then the doors locked.  
The algorithm scanned them.  
Stripped them of metadata.  
Analyzed neurosynaptic heat maps.  
Ran trauma diagnostics.  
Compared childhood wounds.  
And declared:

*MATCH INCOMPATIBLE.*  
**algorithm**

*Excuse me?*  
**Star**

*You are a statistically unstable pairing with recurring co-destructive patterns. Your mutual attraction is rooted in trauma bonding and narrative dysfunction.*

**algorithm**

*We're not that bad...*

**Olive**

*Your entire relationship graph is a spiral of grief sex, abandonment anxiety, and sarcastic foreplay.*

**algorithm**

*...Honestly, it's not wrong.*

**Leo**

The algorithm assigned them *soulmates*.

Star was matched with a serene alien poet named Adam who meditated instead of fighting and healed conflict with sound baths.

Olive was matched with Eve, a sunshine-eyed empath who made tea and validated him before he even spoke.

It was... unbearable.

The catch? They were moved into alternate timelines.

Each timeline was calibrated to suppress the memory of their real love, while maintaining an emotional phantom pain to keep them longing but not remembering.

### **Star's Timeline**

She lived in a glass tower on a garden planet.

No war. No hunger. Adam read her poetry written by waterfalls.

She laughed. She smiled. She healed.  
And yet, every night, she dreamed of a man with sad eyes and starlight hands.  
A man she couldn't name.  
She woke up crying.  
Adam held her.

*What's wrong?*

**Adam**

*Nothing, It's just... I feel like I forgot something that mattered.*

**Star**

*whispered*

### **Olive's Timeline**

He lived in a quiet house on a beach moon.  
Eve baked him bread and asked permission to kiss him.  
He was adored. Safe. Seen.  
And yet, sometimes he stared into the sea, heart pounding for no reason at all.  
A voice in the waves. A laugh he missed before he heard it.

*Who am I missing?*

**Olive**

*asked the ocean*

It answered with silence.  
Meanwhile, Leo broke into the system.  
He traced the emotional residue they left behind, a gravitational thread.

*They're miserable*

**Leo**

*told the algorithm*



*They are healthy*  
**algorithm**  
*replied*

*They are haunted*  
**Lep**  
*snapped*

Then came the collapse.  
Emotional rejection from both of them triggered a timeline fracture.  
Unstable memory echoes began bleeding into each other's realities.  
Star saw Olive's smile in Adam's reflection.  
Olive heard Star whispering his name in the scent of Eve's tea.  
They began sketching each other.  
Writing letters they couldn't send.  
Screaming names in sleep.  
And then they both woke up.  
Same moment.  
Different timelines.

*I remember*  
**Star and Olive**  
*whispered*

The algorithm panicked.  
Tried to reboot.  
Delete.  
Rewrite.  
But it was too late.  
Their love, raw, unstable, true, was stronger than code.  
Stronger than optimization.  
Stronger than lies called peace.  
They broke through the timelines like fists through paper walls.  
Met in the void between simulations.  
And ran to each other.  
No music. No soft light.  
Just two exhausted, half-healed, fully-devoted people colliding.

*I didn't want perfect. I wanted you.*

**Star**

*I'd rather fight with you than be at peace with anyone else.*

**Olive**

*Still think we're trauma bonded?*

**Star**

*Of course. But now we're doing it consciously.*

**Olive**

The algorithm died screaming in binary.  
Leo played them a breakup playlist. Then a victory mix.  
They lie in bed.  
No mission. No god. No timeline crisis.  
Just breathing.

*We could've had easy love.*

**Olive**

*Yeah. But we wouldn't have had this.*

**Star**

*Would you still choose me?*

**Olive**

Star looks him dead in the eye.

*Every timeline. Every failure. Every damn time.*

**Star**

And outside, the stars align.  
Not because they were destined.  
But because they chose it.  
Again.

## The Fire

They fell into the universe by accident.  
A tear in spacetime. A miscalculated jump. A heartbeat too late.  
Leo panicked.

*This isn't a system. It's... absence.*

**Leo**

*What do you mean?*

**Star**

*asked*

*I mean this place doesn't just lack stars, it lacks memory of stars.*

**Leo**

Welcome to The Nullverse.  
A dimension born broken. Lightless. Loveless. Lawless.  
A failed universe. A miscarriage of creation.  
Nothing had ever lived here.  
Nothing had ever loved here.  
Until now.  
They walked through dust. Not sand, not ash just the slow collapse of a place that  
had nothing to collapse from.  
No music.  
No time.  
No war.

No warmth.  
Just the echo of what never was.  
It began to affect them.  
Memories fraying.  
Voices dulling.  
Affection turning foggy.  
Star forgot Olive's last kiss.  
Olive forgot the way she said *idiot* when she meant *I love you*.  
Leo's voice cracked.

*If you don't anchor yourselves... it will erase you too.*

**Leo**

And then  
They saw them.  
Two figures. Shadows wearing their faces.  
But twisted. Pale. Faint.  
Versions of them who had given up.  
The Star and Olive from the timeline where they chose safety.  
Where they never said *I love you*.  
Where they drifted apart peacefully.  
Where nothing broke... but nothing ever healed.  
They weren't cruel.  
They were empty.  
Polite. Kind. Hollow.

*We chose the path without pain.*

**Shadow Star**

*And without truth.*

**Star**

*Without truth, there's peace.*  
**Shadow Olive**

*Without truth, there's nothing.*  
**Olive**

The real Star took Olive's hand.  
Tried to remember the warmth.  
The tears.  
The sex.  
The sarcasm.  
The time he said he'd never let go.  
The way she punched a god for interrupting a moment of softness.  
She closed her eyes.

*I remember*  
**Star**  
*whispered*

He held tighter.

*Then remember with me.*  
**Olive**

The Nullverse tried to consume them.  
To mute them.  
To make them like the shadows.  
But they laughed.  
They laughed.  
Right there, in the deadness of it all, Olive made a joke about her feet being cold,  
and Star threatened to throw a comet at him.  
And that laugh?  
It echoed.

The universe shuddered.  
Something sparked.  
A ripple of warmth.  
A flicker of light.  
A color the Nullverse had no name for.  
It wasn't a sun.  
It wasn't a star.  
It was a kiss.  
And that... that... was enough.  
Enough to fracture entropy.  
To shake the silence.  
To make the shadows pause, turn to each other... and want.  
Leo's voice returned, cracking but alive.

*You mad bastards... you loved the universe back to life.*

**Leo**

They left the Nullverse behind, but it wasn't dead anymore.  
Just sleeping.  
And dreaming.  
And hoping.  
Back on the ship. Quiet. Worn out. Grimy.  
Olive is cooking. Star is reading, feet in his lap.

*Hey, If we ever land in another universe that's forgotten love...*

**Star**

*said*

*Mhm?*

**Olive**

*Let's stay. Show it how it's done.*

**Star**

He smiles.

*One kiss at a time?*

**Olive**

*One fight, one kiss, one dark joke, one I-hate-you-I-love-you at a time.*

**Star**

*That's our religion, isn't it?*

**Olive**

She closes her book.

*No. That's us.*

**Star**

The Nullverse glows... just a flicker.

And somewhere, for the first time, something dreams of love.

Because it met two fools who refused to forget it.



## End... For now

The warning came in a dream.  
Star woke choking on starlight.  
Olive woke reaching for her before he knew why.  
Leo woke screaming in a dialect only used for galactic tax forms.  
A signal. Primeval. Pre-language.  
Burned into the fabric of everything they'd touched.

*It's waking up, the one who wrote your bond.*

**Leo**  
*said, trembling*

*What does that even mean?*

**Star**  
*asked*

*I don't know but it's older than gravity. And angry.*

**Leo**  
*whispered*

They followed the signal to a space that didn't exist yet.  
Beyond time.  
Beyond light.  
Beneath the metaphorical floorboards of reality.  
There, in the silence...  
It waited.  
The Augenbrauen.  
Not monstrous in form, but in meaning.

A being of origin.  
A primordial architect.  
The author of longing.  
The sculptor of fate.  
It looked like everything and nothing.  
But when it spoke, they felt it.

*You two were never meant to meet.*

**Augenbrauen**

*Yeah, we've heard that before.*

**Star**

*said, arms crossed*

*No. You don't understand. I wrote love itself. I gave you that feeling. I  
pulled the thread between your souls. And now I want it back.*

**Augenbrauen**

A pause.  
Not fear.  
But something deeper.  
The Augenbrauen continued.

*You've made a mess of it. Made love into something volatile. Violent.  
Human. You turned my perfect thread into chaos and dark jokes and sex  
and screaming and weeping on kitchen floors.*

**Augenbrauen**

*Exactly, we made it real.*

**Olive**

*said*

*You were supposed to end in tragedy. You weren't written for forever.  
You were written to fall.*

**Augenbrauen**

*hissed*

*Then rewrite us, we'll ruin that version too.*

**Star**

*said*

The Augenbrauen roared, and the universe shook.  
Not just their timeline, all of them.  
Every version where they kissed.  
Fought.  
Lost.  
Laughed.  
Left.  
Returned.  
The Augenbrauen showed them all of it.  
Every choice.  
Every failure.

*Look at you. You are not soulmates. You are accidents. You are what  
happens when the script glitches. You are entropy in love.*

**Augenbrauen**

*said*

Star reached for Olive's hand.  
Held it tight.

*And yet, we are.*

**Star**

*said*

*You cannot keep it, to defy me is to break the shape of love itself.*

**Augenbrauen**

*warned*

*Then maybe love needs breaking. Maybe it's not a shape. Maybe it's a wildfire.*

**Olive**

*said*

*Or a virus, infecting everything you tried to keep clean.*

**Star**

*added*

*Or a prayer that keeps getting rewritten because someone refuses to stop believing in it.*

**Olive**

*whispered*

The Augenbrauen gave them a choice.  
Surrender their love and return to peace.  
Or keep it and become hunted by fate itself.  
They chose.  
They kissed.  
They fought.  
The battle wasn't with fists.  
It was with every memory they refused to let go of.  
Every tear they earned.  
Every scar they gave each other and kept loving anyway.  
And when the Augenbrauen tried to tear them apart  
They held.  
And the Augenbrauen?  
It didn't die.  
It simply bowed.  
Not out of mercy.  
Out of respect.

*Very well. Keep it. But know this: from now on, the story is yours.  
You write it. You bear it. You bleed it.*

**Augenbrauen**

*said*

*Good, we're good at bleeding.*

**Star**

*said*

*And terrible at writing*

**Olive**

*added*

The Augenbrauen vanished.

Not destroyed.

Just... waiting.

Watching.

Because it knew: their story wasn't over.

It was only just beginning.

Leo pilots them toward new stars.

The universe is quiet.

For now.

Star is asleep on Olive's shoulder.

He stares out the window, eyes soft.

*We're not safe*

**Olive**

*whispered*

*Good, safe is boring.*

**Star**

*mumbled without opening her eyes*