

One

They came for him a er Kingo, a er Thena and Gilgamesh. When Agil first heard their voices together a er five hundred years, it was with confusion. He had seen them since the great tragic break up of their team but separately, never together like this. So when he heard their voices without the calming and controlled tones of Ajak it was with confusion and annoyance. Why did they have to pick now out of all times? He was busy and not really inclined to see Ikaris, who he could hear arguing with his men at the door.

"We're his friends. He will want to see us". The two toned haired man's voice rose. "Let us through".

"Ikaris", that was Sersi's voice. Calming and gentle. She was always gentle and calm, preferring to let others take the lead instead of her. Agil had always found that part of her annoying. How someone could be content to let someone like Ikaris constantly speak for them escaped him. While Ikaris was his brother, their personalities clashed more o en than not. He loved all the Eternals but like it was with all families, there were fights and anger. He hadn't seen Ikaris in five hundred years and would have been glad for it to have been longer. Sersi spoke up again and Agil paused. His brush hovering over the canvas. The oil paint shining wetly under the large studio lights as he hovered. "He will want to see us. It is of great importance".

"Yeah", Sprite's sour teenage tone interjected. "Let us through".

"Don't you know who I am?" Kingo's outraged exclamation. Agil sniggered and sighed. He supposed that he must let them through. Though he was awfully tempted to leave Ikaris out in the car park for the rest of eternity.

His feet landed gently on the concrete floor and he stuck the brush into the pocket of his apron, ignoring how the paint instantly smeared over the material. Just another stain on the fabric. As he walked towards the large doors to his studio, the shimmering golden wings conjured from the celestial energy that powered all of them, flickered and disappeared into nothingness. The light that flowed from them fading as well and the whole studio space darkening with it. "Let them through!" He called. The men at the door didn't protest but simply stepped out of the way as Agil prepared to face his family together for the first time in centuries.

Kingo was through first. The man, true to his rich Bollywood lifestyle, was dressed colourfully and expensively. He threw up his hands and strode forwards for a hug before stopping and dropping his arms. "Agil! Come here! Wait, better not. I don't want paint on my new jacket". Then he was turning round to a middle-aged man in a suit standing behind him with a large camera. "Karun. This is Agil. He's where we get the myth of Angels, thanks to more of Sprite's stories. Back in the day he was our fierce animal tamer. Now he's a world famous artist operating under the alias Bird. Agil, tell us about yourself".

Agil stared at the camera with the expression of a gaping fish. "Um-"

"He is making a documentary on us", Sersi gave an apologetic smile as she approached. She hadn't changed since the last time he had seen her, back in the 1770s. She reached out and pressed a hand to his shoulder. "It's good to see you Agil. I like the piercings, are they new?".

Agil blinked and smiled. The silver bar through his eyebrow twitching at the movement and the hoop through his nose glinting in the light. When he grinned, a tongue piercing flickered inside his mouth. "You too Sersi. Yeah. Got them about a decade ago now. Sprite!" He waved, a small gesture. "Hi". She waved back but kept a careful distance from the paint splattered individual. "Thena! Gilgamesh!" He greeted, opening his arms. Gilgamesh gave a full belly laugh and ran forwards to scoop him o his feet. Only him not caring about the paint on his clothes as he swept the smaller man up and gave him a massive bear hug. Agil laughed joyfully as he was spun.

"Gilgamesh! You're crushing me!"

"Put him down before your break him Gil", Thena patted the man on the shoulder and Agil winced as he was set down. But the grin was quick to return at the sight of the blonde.

"Thena", he spoke her name so ly and she smiled at him. Agil's eyes crinkled and then he looked around, gaze landing on Ikaris who was greeted with a nod, before stopping. "Why are you here?" He asked. "And if there's a reunion, then where are Druig, Makkari and Ajak?" He looked around, half expecting the speed girl to appear with a trail of gold like usual.

"Agil". The way that Sersi spoke his name had his eyes landing back on her. There was a sadness, grief, in he expression. Grief and pity and sorrow.

It was Ikaris who spoke, his voice echoing round the vast and mostly empty room. "Ajak is dead".

For a second Agil was reeling. It didn't seem possible. Thousands of years and they had never died, not one of them. It seemed impossible for it to be Ajak, their leader and mother figure to be the first. He blinked for a second then raised his hands. The echo of his clap was harsh on their ears and was instantly accompanied by all the lights in the warehouse turning on. Everyone blinked at the sudden brightness that illuminated the place. The place which turned out to be massive, easily the size of two football pitches when it came to floor diameter. Before it had only been dimly lit by orange lights, leaving the majority of it in shadow so that Agil could use the glow of his wings as a flashlight to guide himself as he added extra details to the newest canvas. The canvas itself was a piece of canvas material thirty feet across and forty feet high. It reached all the way up into the rars where it was hung and ascended down over to the floor.

Around the rest of the room was canvases, some big enough to be walls, others small enough to fit in a suitcase. They were all stacked or hung up. Colours bright and eye-catching in the light.

Agil sighed deeply. The rest of them looking around as he absorbed the information just dumped on him. "This is amazing", the human who was holding the camera muttered. As he panned round the room, everyones eyes followed. Agil watched, seeing their eyes widen as they spotted depictions of themselves on the canvases. A green goddess wreathed in leaves and branches. A dancer in gold brandishing a spear as she leapt over fire. A man shrouded in purple cupping a sun in his hands. A broad warrior bracing against stone gates. A red haired child floating in a pool of water surrounded by dragonflies. A woman in red with trailing braids walking on water. A man with dark hair and golden eyes tilting his face to the sky as blurred crowds passed by. A woman in blue holding a cup of co ee and looking out of a rain blurred window. A man in blue falling through clouds.

For a second the Eternals were silent as they gazed round. Some of the images were small, A3 or A2. Others were unnaturally big. The depiction of Sprite in the water was life-size and partially hidden behind the wall covering canvas of Makkari skipping over the sea. The smallest canvas was the one of Ajak in the cafe, her face turned away from the viewer. Druig's was in the corner, Thena's and Gilgamesh's images covering parts of the canvas from sight. There was other images there too, but each immortal couldn't help but pick out the ones where they featured. In some they were recognisable in the background of a busy scene. In others they were represented by golden magic glinting in corners. Some of the paintings were old, decades old. Others were bright and new. There must have been at least a hundred stacked round the place, most hidden from sight by tarps or frames. It was stunning.

"Who's he?" Agil jerked his head at the man. His voice suddenly braking the silence.

"Oh this is Karun. He's my valet", Kingo responded with a shrug.

Karun grinned at him. "I am very pleased to meet you sir". Agil wasn't sure how to respond so he just nodded and turned to pull o his apron. The clothes underneath were a simple black tshirt and joggers. Both of which were still paint stained.

"I guess I should play the good host and o er you drinks", he muttered as he began walking. He then paused and turned to them sheepishly. "Ah. I forgot. My apartment is um kinda up there". Then he pointed up. The group trained their necks to look up into the distant corner of the rars high above them. A floor and walls had been built in the corner, making a collection of what seemed to be boxes. Agil sighed and began walking across the floor. "I guess I should find where I put the stairs".

"Let me guess", Gilgamesh commented. "You had Phastos build this for you".

"No", Agil called back as golden wings erupted from his back. So and shining and connecting smoothly through his tshirt to the skin beneath, similar to those of a butterfly's but created from glowing golden lines that interwove so thickly that they were almost real flesh. They beat once and a gust of air was pushing him up into the air. The wings fluttering like a fairy's as he rose steadily higher. "I actually had some architect make it for me in the forties. Phastos built the stairs for me though. Let me find where I put them". Then he was fluttering e ortlessly to the perch on the side of the box, a balcony of sorts, and pushing open the door to stroll inside. The wings fading from his back as soon as his feet were on the floor.

"I can see why you compared him to an Angel now sir", Karun commented.

"You should see him with bird wings", Kingo replied. "Though he never looked as angelic as they depicted him to be".

"Angelic?" Ikaris sco ed. "Now that's funny".

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