

Ten

AN: triggering themes this chapter. Obsession, depression, mentions of suicide and manipulation. Don't read the second part of this chapter if any of these trigger you.

1856 A.D England

"My sweet, sweet Angel", Alexi crooned as they lay amidst the soil and skin warmed sheets of his bed. The large four-poster half shaded from the morning light by the curtains but some golden rays escaped and lit up in lines across bare skin and tangled bedsheets. The curly haired blue eyed man was sprawled across the pillows, Agil on his elbows at his side. With a sex sated smile, Alexi reached out a sleepy hand and cupped it against Agil's face. "My lovely Angel".

"Don't call me lovely", Agil snapped, pushing the hand away. For a second it sounded too much like another black haired blue eyed man. Alexi just laughed, used to his harsh moods and dislike of vulnerability by now.

"Sweet, beautiful Angel. I can't believe you chose me". He leaned up to bite at the skin of Agil's shoulder despite the fact that marks never stained his skin. His skin was as smooth and bare as it was the first time he arrived on earth. Every injury healed without a scar by Ajak or his own advanced healing. It didn't stop this man from trying though.

Agil fiddled with his fingers as the young man brushed his fingers adoringly up and down his spine. His mind was away in memories and thoughts. Alexi looked at him like he had hung the sky and every single star. He tilted his head to allow Alexi better access to his neck and ran a hand through his hair. Love was a strange thing, Humans used it as an excuse to fight wars and cause chaos. They had such short lives, like a fire flaring passionately before burning out. Alexi loved him, he had told the eternal dozens of times. Agil knew that the human knew that they weren't the same species but he didn't know exactly what he was. There was only so much you could do when you didn't get hurt in any way.

Alexi had given him everything he could need to be comfortable. He had a studio and all the paints he could want. Delicious food and a room in the man's stately manor. Agil was pampered like a beloved king rather than the heir's secret lover. He didn't mind, it was easy to let the man love him. Alexi saw him as a Divine being and in some ways, he guessed he was.

"You are so beautiful", Alexi breathed, pulling back to gaze at him in the sunlight. The way Agil's golden toned skin lit up in the light and how his dark eyes held countless years. Alexi was handsome, for a human. Pale skin that flushed like a flower and bright blue eyes against dark curly hair. His eyes were like the sea on the beaches of Italy. Deep glittering blue, not the stormy blue of skies darkening that Agil remembered.

It was easy to lean forwards and capture pink lips in a kiss. He pressed a hand to Alexi's chest, feeling the fluttering of a human heartbeat under his palm. "Stop telling me how much you adore me and get up", Agil murmured as he pulled back. "These sheets smell and I want to wash up".

Alexi laughed, a bright noise, as he rolled out of bed and onto his feet. He strode round to the vanity where a bowl of water waited, completely bare. Agil watched, wondering if he should have the other pose for him again. Alexi loved it when he painted him. He loved every thing Agil created, every drawing and every painting wether they were of flowers or people. Sometimes his love was too much, cloying and smothering. Agil was no holy angel, no god. But no matter how much he argued, Alexi never listened. "Shall we go to the river today?" The young heir asked. "It will be warm and the waters will be delightfully cool".

"I wish to paint today", Agil stated as he rose. The floor was cool under his feet. "Could you pose for me?"

Alexi beamed as he reached out to wrap his arms around Agil's waist. "Darling. I will always pose for you". He pressed a deep kiss against Agil's lips and the Eternal kissed back. Physical pleasure a great entertainment.

1865 A.D England

"You do know I love you right?" Alexi's voice was desperate. It had been ten years since they had first met in Rome and the boy had become a man in his prime. When they first met Alexi was twenty one, young and bright. Now he was in his thirties and yet Agil was unchanged. His hair didn't grown nor did he age. Completely unchanged as he had been for thousands of years.

He looked down at where the human man was knelt at his feet, hands clutching at his shirt in desperation. "My sweet, sweet Angel. You will stay with me right? No one else can have you. I won't allow them. You're mine. Mine to worship and adore. I love you. I love you". His voice was wild and desperate, breath smelling of alcohol. Agil stared into those blue eyes. Once innocent and adoring, now holding a wild, obsessive gleam.

"Alexi. What are you doing?" Agil sighed as he pulled the taller man to his feet. The man looked a state, coat unbuttoned and shirt untucked. His waistcoat was stained and there was a redness to the man's face from all the alcohol he had been drinking. He was a whole head taller than Agil now, still slim but long limbed and heavier than he used to be.

"You're going to leave me", the man sobbed. "You're going to abandon me. I can't let you. I love you".

Agil let out a frustrated hu . "Alexi. I have been here ten years. The servants have already been spreading rumours about me. They think I am a monster. I don't change, I don't age. I need to move on". He placed a hand against the man's cheek as Alexi sobbed.

"You can't. You can't. I wouldn't know what to do without you. I can't survive without you". The man stumbled but managed to seize Agil's shoulders in his hold. "You are not allowed to go! I won't let you. My Angel, my sweet, sweet Angel".

Agil was growing frustrated now. He liked Alexi. The man had given him everything he could wish and had been an amazing and devoted lover. He didn't love him, but he cared and he had never cared for a human like this before. "I am not some godly being", He snapped. "I am not your Angel. I am my own".

"No", Alexi snarled, suddenly angry. Desperation and fear transforming into anger and rage. "No. I found you, I looked a er you. You are mine". His hands tightened their grip on Agil's shoulders and the Eternal frowned. It didn't hurt exactly, human strength couldn't hurt him much but he didn't like the touch all the same.

"I thank you for that. You gave me an enjoyable ten years but I can't stay here", he tried to reason again. This is what he got for allowing himself to get attached and spend too long with the humans. He should have continued to travel, should have le years ago before Alexi grew too obsessed. "I won't age. Do you want people storming the manor for the monster?"

"You are my Angel. My beautiful Angel. You can make me like you, can't you? You must have some sort of secret. Make me immortal so I can send eternity with you? Please?" Alexi was pleading now. Tears dripping down his handsome face and darkening his shirt collar.

Agil gazed at him with no expression. "I can't. I was simply born like this. I can't change you". It hurt to watch the man's face stutter, pleading shi ing into disbelief and then indignant rage.

"Why not? Did I not worship you enough? Am I unworthy?"

"I am not an Angel!" Agil shouted. "My name is Agil! I am not a being from a Christian god, nor someone sent to give you salvation. I am a Eternal. I can't make you like me no matter how much you beg".

"But I loved you. Without you, I'll die. You can't leave me Angel". Alexi sobbed brokenly as he wrapped his arms around Agil's waist. He pressed messy, distraught kisses to Agil's lips again and again.

"You're my sweet, sweet Angel".

"I am sorry". The words didn't feel enough. He had ruined this man. Their relationship was a mess of anger and toxic obsession. Agil didn't know what had happened. He never should have gotten involved with humans. He relaxed into Alexi's hold and let the man cradle him fiercely to his chest as if that would stop him from leaving.

"If you leave then I'll throw myself from the window", Alexi muttered into his hair. "I'd rather be dead then let you go".

"You can't stop me from going", Agil sighed deeply. "All humans die. I have seen civilisations rise and fall. You were always going to die".

Alexi stined and pulled back. He let him go and stepped back, face a picture of betrayal. "Did you ever love me?" The question came out a whisper.

Agil answered with complete honesty. "No. But I cared. Which is more than I have given most humans".

"I gave you everything!" Alexi roared. "My money, my love, my body. And now you expect me to let you go?" He screamed a wordless, angry noise and doubled over to clutch at his hair. Agil stood still in the centre of the bedroom they had shared for ten years. The bed that held many memories still unmade. The bookshelves full of things they had read together and paintings he had cra ed framed and hung on the red wallpaper.

"You can't force me to stay", Agil whispered back. He stared at the broken man sadly and with a bit of regret. This was what he had done and he had to face it.

Alexi turned and slammed his hands on the bedside table, making the items on top rattle. The vase of roses tipped o the edge and shattered on the floor. The white petals scattering across the rugs.

"This isn't fair! Do you not care at all?" His scream faltered and broke as he started bitterly across the room.

"I cared", Agil replied quietly. "I just don't know how to show it".

Alexi hung his head, long curly black hair brushing his jaw, chest heaving. Agil watched as he pulled out the drawer and took out a gun. The black revolver was chunky in his hands but pale fingers shook as he raised it. "You can't leave", Alexi repeated as he levelled the gun at Agil's chest. "I won't let you".

"You can't kill me", Agil spoke gently. He reached out his hands and stepped closer to the human man. "Alexi. You gave me a lovely ten years. I cherish the time I spent with you but I can't stay here". Alexi looked broken, shattered. Agil felt guilty for allowing this to happen. It made his chest hurt and wetness well in his eyes. It was strange, he had never cried before. Still, the tears did not fall. "Alexi. You still have several years ahead of you. Don't waste the rest of you life for me".

"How can I have a life without you?" The question came out small and pleading. Agil stepped close enough to touch and he reached out to cup the man's face in his hands.

"You can meet other people who make you happy, find someone to grow old with. Make a family. You can't do those things with me. Alexi let go of the gun", Agil kept his voice soothing, trying to recreate the same tone he had heard Ajak use on Thena long ago. Calm but firm.

Alexi's face so ened and the gun lowered. Agil stepped closer. Then a bang echoed round the room. Pain blossomed in his abdomen and Agil gasped, stumbling back and half falling to the floor as blood bloomed over his shirt. He pressed one hand to his stomach and it came away red. "You shot me". The shock and betrayal hurt more than the actual wound. He gazed up at Alexi with wide eyes. "You actually hurt me". He glanced down at the bullet wound as his skin began to itch with healing. There was no exit wound. The bullet was still in his stomach, which made this much more complicated.

"Oh my god", Alexi breathed. Agil grunted as he pushed himself to his feet. Skin knitting over the wound as they both watched. He scowled at the gun hanging from the man's hand. Under his gaze, fingers uncurled and the gun fell to the floor with a clatter. "My sweet Angel".

"Don't you touch me!" Agil shrieked as the man reached out. He stumbled back and turned to the window. His bloodied fingers slick on the metal latch.

"My darling Angel", Alexi sobbed, reaching for him again. "I didn't mean too. I am sorry. Please don't go. Wait".

Agil paused, one leg halfway out of the window. "I really did care Alexi. I am sorry that I couldn't show it". Then he was ducking painfully through the open gap and launching himself into the air. Alexi flung himself to the windowsill and peered out as golden wings burst from Agil's back and beat the air. He was carried up high, far above the manor that had been his home for the last ten years. Alexi watching as he grew higher and higher up into starry sky. It was only once he was in the clouds, bullet wound dripping weakly now, that Agil rubbed away the wetness in his eyes.

He never should have gotten involved with humans.

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unedited

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