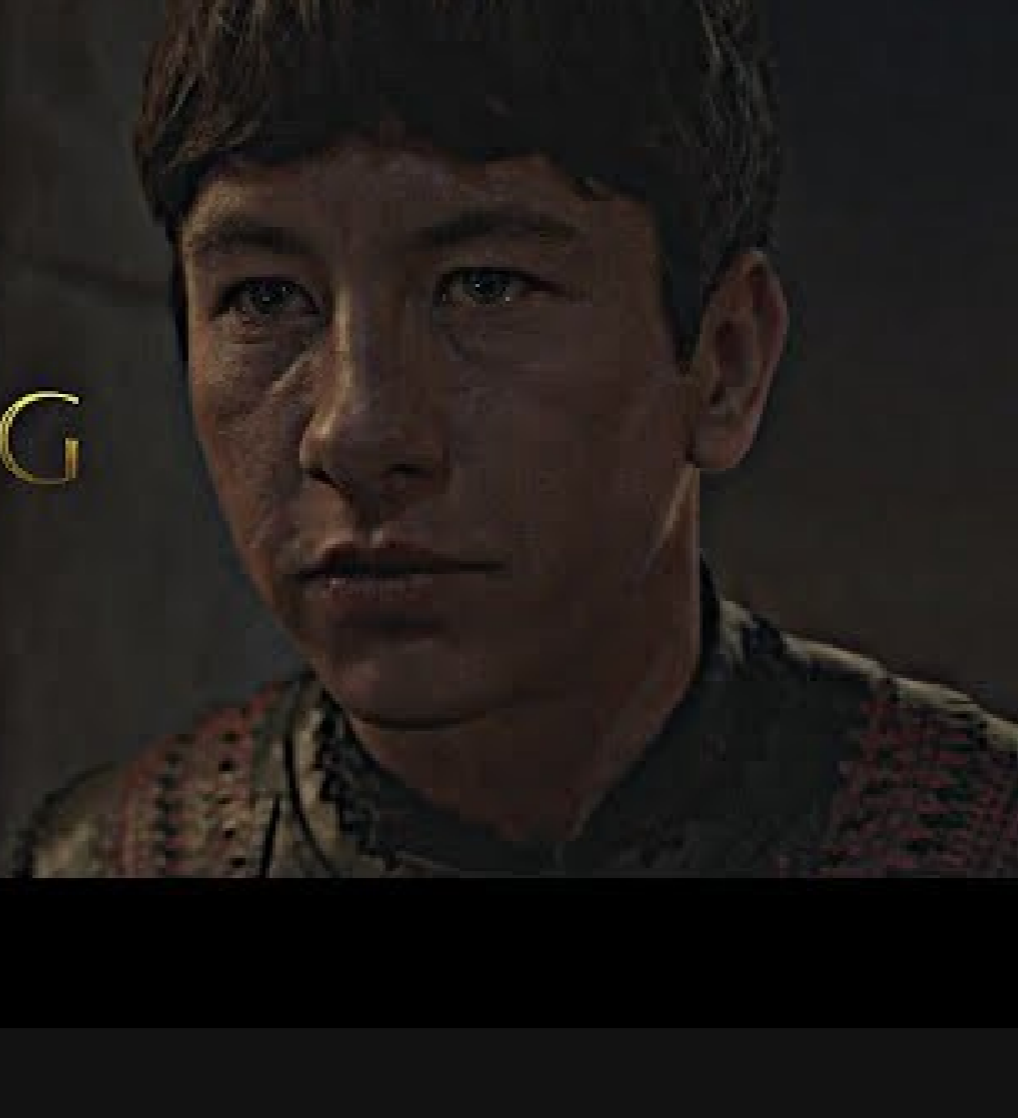


# DRUIG



## Twelve

### 1865 A.D Amazon rainforest

Agil woke the next day in a so bed. It was a different kind of bed to the one he had been sharing the last ten years. That one had been feathers and expensive sheets. This one was straw and cloth that was much firmer and poorer quality. The sheets were scratchy and rougher on his skin than the cotton ones. But still, the bed was so er than he expected. Grounding and comfortable. He had slept in many places over the years and this one wasn't the worst.

Druiig's settlement, his camp was village based just o the shores of the river. Houses of wood and stone and clay formed a circle round a centre clearing, the trees shadowing them like a shield from the world. Men and women of varying races worked round the village. They tended to crops and worked to sew clothes and cook food. Children ran round them all, giggling and delighting in their games. Agil watched this from the window of his room, sheets pooling round his waist as let the sunlight wash over him. Druiig had led him here last night, given him clothes and brought him a bath tub to wash in. A er that he had been allowed to sleep.

A knock at the door broke the silence of the room and the hinges creaked. "I brought you some clothes", Druiig's voice was gentle as he placed a pile of cloths on the bedside table. Agil kept his gaze out of the window, watching the people. They moved with such surety. Everyone knowing exactly what their role was and where to be useful. There was no tensions there, no arguments or disagreements. It was peaceful in a way that was rare for humanity.

"Agil", Druiig's voice broke him out of his thoughts. There was concern in his tone. Agil finally glanced away from the window and met his gaze. Druiig was standing in the shad of the room dressed in grey. He had his arms folded behind his back and those blue eyes were piercing. "Are you gong to tell me how you got that scar?" He asked. "And how you ended up here?"

Agil brushed his hair behind his ears and brought his knees to his chest. The sheets hanging o him rustled at the moment. "It is a long story", he murmured. He glanced back at the village outside of the window. "Is this what you've spent the last three hundred years creating?"

"What do you think?" Druiig's tone was curious as he stepped closer to peer with him out of the window.

"Your control of them makes them peaceful". The words were a mummer. "Humans are never so peaceful".

"Who shot you?" Druiig's tone was firm.

"I guess we gain scars when Ajak isn't around to heal us", came Agil's response, still in that muttered tone. Druiig shi ed closer and took a seat on the edge of the bed, torso twisted towards the other Eternal.

"Agil. Are you okay?"

"No. I made a mistake", Agil turned to him as his voice became small. "I allowed myself to become attached to humans. I trusted one, let him love me and have me. Then he tried to kill me. It was a mistake. Humans aren't trust worthy". He peered at the other man with wide dark eyes. "And yet you le us for them". The words took on a bite.

"Oh, you're angry at me", Druiig raised an eyebrow.

Agil glared at him. He had missed Druiig so much that it felt like a physical ache, yet now as he was finally in front go the man a er three hundred years, that ache was replaced by anger. "You chose humans".

"They are not the enemy, Agil", Druiig's tone held a undercurrent of warning and a frown creased his eyebrows. "You should not hold them all responsible for the hurt only a few have dealt you. Our mission was to protect humans from the deviants, watch them develop".

"The deviants are gone. Can we not go home now?" Agil pleaded. "I don't want to stay here any longer. I don't want to be alone anymore".

"You have been alone?" Druiig frowned. "I thought you would stay with the others, with Ikaris or Makkari. What happened a er I le ?" He reached out and took Agil's hand in his.

"Ajak gave us permission to leave. To find a purpose here. I tried and thought I found it, but it was not what I thought it was. I haven't seen any of the others since then". Agil leaned forwards and pressed his hand on Druiig's shoulder. "I missed you".

The smile that bloomed on Druiig's face was so . It was rare that he smiled a genuine, happy smile. But the teasing humour in his tone ruined it. "What's this? The immortal Angel admitting to missing dear old me?"

"Don't call me that", Agil snapped, pulling back harshly. He could still hear Alexi's voice in his head. Sweet, sweet angel.

Druiig reached out and tucked a lock of his hair behind his ear, fingers gentle on his skin. "My lovely Agil. Tell me". The longer haired man made a wounded noise and sank forwards to press his forehead against the other's shoulder, Druiig's arms coming round to encircle him as he melted into the touch. Druiig sighed deeply. "My lovely, lovely Agil. What did they do to you?"

Agil laughed as his tears wet Druiig's shoulder. It was not what they had done to him, it was had he had done to them. He was the reason Alexi ended up shooting him. He was the reason why their family fell apart, having seen what the centuries of observing had done to Druiig and done nothing. In that moment, at his lowest, it felt like everything bad that had happened was his fault. "I have watched them slaughter each other, I have watched them die of plague. I have passed from place to place and been unable to do anything. I cannot take down armies like Ikaris, Gilgamesh or Makkari. Nor could I cure a drought or poor harvest like Sersi and Phastos. I cannot bring peace like you or give hope like Sprite. I am no leader or healer like Ajak. I don't know why I am here".

"Oh my lovely, lovely Agil", Druiig murmured so ly as he cradled him close. "I wish I could take your pain away".

Agil looked up, tears in his eyes to meet stormy blue. Familiar, comforting, his. Alexi could never hold a candle to Druiig and he had been blind to even think about comparing them. He rubbed the wetness from his cheeks. "Have you always been here?" The question was a whisper. Druiig nodded. Agil was silent as they stared at each other. Some part of him was angry. Betrayed by the fact that Druiig had chosen humans over him and had been peaceful in this bubble while the world outside raged on. The rest of him was sad. This bubble was peaceful but it was restrictive .

"You can stay with me". The oer was sincere.

Agil considered it for a moment. Then he leaned over and connected their lips. The tension, the feelings that had been bubbling between them ever since they had exchanged names abroad the Domo thousands of years ago boiled over. He felt Druiig gasp at the touch and pressed closer. Mouth slipping open as Agil depend the kiss. Suddenly, Druiig broke away and opened his eyes. Agil blinked at him. "Is this what you want?"

"Yes. I am sure". Then he was reached out again and Druiig was letting himself be pulled down into another kiss. The morning sun reached through the bedroom as he pulled the other man in a gentle fall back onto the bed. Druiig's taller frame over him and Agil had never felt more safe.

The sun was high in the sky with midday when Agil rose from the sheets. Druiig's clothes were discarded on the floor and the pale skinned man sprawled sleepily across the mattress. His head hidden by the pillow and breathing deep as Agil removed his arms from around him and swung his legs over the floor. The dressed silently in the tunic and trousers that had been le on the bedside table, taking care not to wake the other. Druiig had always slept deeply, deeper than Agil did. He did not stir as the man combed his fingers through short dark hair and leaned over to press a kiss to his pale forehead. Agil took a second to gaze at him before turning and leaving the room.

The woman looked up as he stepped from the cottage. She had dark skin and hair braided down her back. She had been washing clothes in a large wooden basin as he walked over to her, feet in slightly too big sandals. "I need you to give a message to Druiig", he greeted before switching and repeating the words in Spanish. She nodded and straightened up fully. Agil inhaled deeply and opened his mouth for a second before closing it. Then he tried again. "[Druiig will see this memory later when he is awake. It doesn't matter what language I speak, he will understand](#)"The woman didn't answer, just listened and watched.

"Druiig. I can't stay. This is cowardice of me but I need to go. You care for humans and right now, I hate them. I can't be around them. It hurts. I shall be back when I no longer feel such rage for everything. I fear that if I stay, I will continue to blame you for choosing what was right for you. I am sorry. I can't destroy someone else again". Then his voice faltered and he swallowed. "I care". Then he was flushing, red creeping up his skin at the exposure. "Thank you". He nodded to the woman and she nodded confusingly back.

Then he was turning and striding into the centre of the clearing. The villagers all pausing to look up at him as golden wings burst from his back and he was launching into the air. The sun glinting o his frame as he ascended past the trees and into the sky. Glinting o his frame smaller and smaller as he caught the southern breeze and was gone. Back in the house, Druiig rolled over and opened his eyes to an empty space.

unedited

oof angst. vote, comment, and all that jazz.

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