



Twenty three

As the Domo approached the site of the emergence, the eternal's le on the ship gathered in the armour room. Agil felt the tense silence around him as they stood in their spots against the wall and let the golden energy condense over their forms. Familiar armour, as intimate to him as a second skin, flowing over his clothes and body. Cloud grey material with dancing silver lines tracing the breastplate and armour covering his legs as so grey silk brushed his knees, the slit down the right side of his skirt allowing for movement and agility. He held up his le arm and watched the others around the circled room do the same. The bracelets Phastos made to connect them to the uni-mind (He had won the argument over the name) clicking as the golden metal slid into place on their wrists. Sersi, Makkari, Thena, Gilgamesh, Phastos, Druig and Agil. Seven of them when there had once been eleven in total. It felt weird, almost hollow to be suiting up for battle without Ajax and Kingo at their sides. Even Sprite's absence was felt despite her lack of combat in the past. The threat of facing o with Ikaris coming over their heads.

"We're almost there", Phastos stated, voice seeming loud in the quiet as he stepped away from the wall. "We should be prepared".

"Remember. We are not aiming to kill anyone", Sersi reminded. Agil and Phastos both sco ed loudly, sharing quick unamused glances.

"Only if they don't try and kill me", Agil scowled. Bitterness about the betrayal sour on his tongue.

"Agil", Serie fixed him with pleading look and he glanced away.

"Let's go", Gilgamesh called. He was already heading for the door. Grey pallor not dampening the grin on his face. Makkari and Thena went a er him. Sersi glancing around at them all before following, Phastos on her heels.

Agil sighed and reached up to tie back the top half of his hair, the dark strands once again escaping from their hold. Black strands cascaded round his face, brushing his cheeks and the corners of his mouth as he tugged the hairband free. For a second he closed his eyes and let out a sigh as one hand finger combed the long strands out of his face. He loved his hair but hated it in his eyes, but for a moment he could bask in the curtain hiding his face from the world. Then the second was over and he opened his eyes and began pushing the hair back to retie it.

"May I?" A lilting voice asked. Agil held out the hairband wordlessly and Druig took it. The blue eyed man coming to stand behind him as gentle fingers ran over his scalp. The long haired man leant into the touch as the hairband was twisted around the tiny ponytail at the back of his head. As always, one treacherous strand escaped to hand over his forehead and Agil blew it away from his eyes. Druig smiled at the cute action and let out a small fond chuckle. It was so and the slightly smaller man didn't think as he reached up to cup the paler man's face and pull him in for a kiss. Both men melted into it. Druig's hands cupping Agil's waist as their lips moved. It was a reassurance, sensual and deep and loving.

When they separated Agil stared into smile crinkled blue eyes and felt himself smiling back as their foreheads pressed together. "What was that for?" Druig's voice was gently teasing.

"Just felt like it", he shrugged. "Do I need an excuse to kiss my.." The words dri ed o . Boyfriend was too small a word for them. Lover was too strong and similar to his previous relationship with Alexi. Partner, the just didn't seem to fit them either, too easily misunderstood. He wanted to state a word that claimed, old possessiveness that he had o en denied rising up. This was new and di erent and he wanted to hold it tight to his chest so it wouldn't shatter. "Beloved", he settled on a er a second, redness filling his cheeks at the word and voice a slightly embarrassed mumble.

Druig's smile grew bigger, if that was even possible. "What was that my lovely Agil? I didn't quite catch that". Agil flicked the other man's shoulder.

"I am not repeating it". He hu ed as he extracted himself from Druig's arms. "Come on. Let's go before they wonder where we are".

Druig's gaze was adoring as he followed the grey clothed man down the corridor. "Right behind you Beloved".

As the island of the emergence became visible through the clouds, their plan started. It was simple for them to slip down to the ground, Phastos' golden machines carrying them while Agil glided alongside. Thena le above in the Domo as Ikaris broke through the wall to board. As they landed, the group stared up at the rumbling and crackling volcano that dominated the horizon. Billowing smoke was pouring from the mountain and as they watched, golden light flickered like lightning and rocks cracked over the edge into a landslide below.

"It's time to put a god to sleep", Sersi stated. At her words they reached for their bracelets. The golden metal spinning and reassembling as it linked them all together. Agil felt the energy change in him, swelling as others joined it. It was a strange sensation. Golden light encircling them as each eternal was li ed from the ground to hover in the air. Agil closed his eyes as he felt it all connect. He could feel Sersi's and Phastos' energy to his right, Makkari and Gilgamesh to his le . Then Thena's was there, the light pouring from the Domo to join with them. It built and he could feel it pouring into where Druig was standing behind him. A dome of gold trapping them as the uni-mind began to work.

For a second he thought that this would work. That Phastos' plan could be achieved and that they could send Tiamut to sleep once again. Then with a sharp pain that laced through all of them, the connection cut o . Agil landed on his feet on the earth, eyes opening in shock, just in time to see Ikaris swoop down and snatch up Druig by the throat. "I should have down this five centuries ago". The words echoed down to them, angry and promising pain as the two figures were pulled into the sky. Agil barely had time to form taloned wings, golden forms exploding form his back, before Ikaris was throwing Druig. The man's dark form free falling for a second before golden lasers hit him in the chest and he was colliding with rock. Agil felt a scream of horror leave his throat as his beloved disappeared under the earth. Ikaris hovering high above them. The blue armoured man turning towards the rest of them.

unedited

Dori Sakurada is so pretty. Him as faceclaim for Agil makes me happy.

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