

## Six

### 570 B.C Babylon

Ajak wanted them dressed up in the clothes of humans for the marriage of Sersi and Ikaris. She had managed to find them cloths of similar colours to their armour and the villagers didn't mind showing them all how to wear it. Agil wasn't sure how he felt wearing their clothes. It made them all look more like one of them, it humanised them. He wasn't sure if he liked that. Humans were weak and vulnerable, so different of what he remembered of Olympia and their people. He didn't like being vulnerable.

"You're going to miss the ceremony if you stand there and pout any longer", Druig's voice interrupted his thoughts. When he turned, the mind controller was dressed in cloths of dark red and black. Some sort of black shirt with cloth wrapping over his shoulder and round his waist like a skirt. It looked good on him, made him seem so er and younger. For a second Agil stared then scowled. "You'd look more adorable, lovely Agil, if you didn't scowl so much. You're as bad as Sprite", Druig spoke as he entered the room.

Agil's room on the Domo had gotten some life and colour since they had arrived. The drawing the man had given him the week before was pinned to a board Phastos had made him, along with several sketches he had made himself. He was getting there but it was still nothing very good. Sersi and Ikaris had wanted the ceremony back in Babylon so they had headed back to the city. Agil was grateful to be back on their ship and have some space away from the humans. He spoke their language but still had no real desire to interact with them. "Sprite is far worse", he muttered back as he turned to glare at the clothes laid over his bed.

The material was beautiful. Pale cream with gold and silver designs lining the hems and dotting the silk. Druig stepped up to his side and flicked the braids singing one half of his head with a finger. "Did Makkari do this?"

"She insisted I looked as pretty as her for the ceremony", Agil muttered. "Can't I just wear my armour?"

Druig tutted. "No can do. We are under strict instructions from the happy couple and Ajak. Just get dressed. I'll help you with the sash".

He pushed Agil gently by the shoulders towards his bathroom. The smaller boy grumbled but grabbed the tunic and let himself be shoved into the adjacent room.

When he came out, it was with a frown. "It feels too light".

"That's because it's not armour", Kingo interrupted from the door. He strolled in and gave them both a glance up and down. "You're not even properly dressed Agil", he huffed before grabbing the sash from Druig. The blue eyed man stepped back but Agil caught a frown of annoyance on the man's face before Kingo blocked him. He stood still and let the purple Eternal wind the long piece of cloth over his shoulders as he chattered. "This is beautiful clothing. Ajak only got the best of course. Look how the silver brings out your beautiful skin tone Agil. Your hair looks so dark. Silver really suits you. Now turn. Okay, let me tuck this in there". He fumbled a few minutes before standing back and beaming.

"There. Doesn't he look good?"

Druig was leaning against the wall of his bedroom, watching with eyes the colour of the skies before a storm. Agil watched him as the man looked him up and down. "He looks lovely". The words were charged and Agil couldn't turn away as the gaze met his.

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The ceremony was as beautiful as intended. Sersi and Ikaris wore wreaths of pink flowers round their necks and hundreds of candles burned in the temple as the priest spoke his blessings. Agil stood next to Druig as they all watched the couple kiss. The man clothed in black was eating a bread roll as Ajak started crying. Agil frowned as the rest of their family beamed with pride and joy for their relatives. He shared a glance with Sprite over Ajax's head and they both shared an eye roll.

"Do you have another bread roll?" He asked in a whisper. He hadn't eaten that day and his stomach was finally making itself known.

"Nope. I ate it", Druig replied as he swallowed. He leaned closer. "I know where the wedding feast is being prepared though. Want to come and steal some with me?" He held out his hand and Agil took it. It was warm and slightly larger than his. Their fingers intertwined as the two of them took slow cautious steps away from the group. Sersi and Ikaris were too wrapped up in each other to notice and the rest of their family were too busy shedding tears of joy (Ajak) or gushing about the ceremony (Kingo) to notice. Phastos spotted them from the corner of his eye but by the time he had turned, Druig had dragged Agil round the corner.

For a second they stood there, the stone of the temple wall against their backs as they sniggered at each other. Druig blinked down at him and grinned before tugging their joined hands and walking down the corridor. Agil followed just behind as he was led through the temple to the kitchens round the back. The scents coming from the windows was heavenly, all spices and the scent of bread. He inhaled deeply as Druig poked his head through the open window and reached in. When he withdrew his hand, it was with two warm bread rolls in his hand. He handed one to Agil before reaching in again.

Agil took a bite and sighed at the softness of the still warm roll. He devoured it in a few bites and looked up just as Druig pressed further into the window. When he emerged it was with several fruits and rolls in his arms. Agil snatched some from the other's arms and studied them down his sash (he still didn't know what the locals called this clothing). "Someone's coming", Druig whispered in warning.

Agil grabbed him round the waist. "Hold on", he grinned. Druig's eyes widened and he opened his mouth but it was too late. Huge albatross wings sprouted from his back and they flapped once, twice. Agil pulled the taller man into the air with a gust of wind and they were in the sky and rapidly getting higher. Druig made a panicked noise at their rapid ascent and grabbed the winged man tightly. Agil chuckled as he expanded his wings and caught a current heading towards the river. They glided on it gently, soaring over the city below as the setting sun bathed everything in golden light. It shimmered on the golden magic of his wings and reflected them in glittering sparkles.

Druig's eyes were wide in an expression that was just like Makkari's when he had taken her flying, just with more awe and less joy. Agil took note of how tight he was being gripped and decided not to do any flips or spins today. It didn't seem like Druig would appreciate them. His wings flapped, sending gusts of wind billowing out around them and disturbing the sand on the river shores as Agil brought them down into a graceful landing. "Are you okay?" he asked as he let the taller man go.

Druig stepped back and looked around. "Warn me next time", he muttered as he took a deep breath. Agil waited for the man to calm down from the sudden shock and sat down on the grass. He pulled out the bread and fruits from his sash that they had pilfered from the kitchens and took a bite of a peach. It was ripe and juice dripped down his chin. Druig sighed and sat down next to him with a frown.

"Have you recovered now?"

"Yes. Pass me an apple". Agil tossed one over and the other Eternal caught it before tossing a bread roll. The white clothed man grinned and the black clothed one smiled back. "I understand why you love flying so much now. Everything seems so small from above. It's beautiful". The last words were quiet and Druig grinned at him. "Lovely, Agil".

Agil scooped and bit into his peach again. "Shut up and eat your food".

Druig chuckled and the noise curled round them as they sat and watched the golden sunset reflect on the gentle water of the river.

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