

Seven

1521 A.D Tenochtitlan

The city was on fire. The towering temples soot blackened and bloodied from the corpses of those who used to worship there. The smoke clogged the sky and Agil coughed as he glided over the carnage the Spanish were raging against the capital of what had once been the Aztech empire. Beautiful statues crumbled as the invaders pulled them down. Screams and shouts filled the air, echoing up to where he glided above. His wings shimmering in the firelight.

"Angel!" Some of the soldiers cried. The Aztec men and women crying under their blades. "Angel!" Others cried as they died, killed as the people who lived there fought back. The name made Agil feel sick and he had never hated the myths created on his image more than he did in that moment. Angels were not holy saviours. He was no one's saviour.

A flap of his wings carried him out over the forest on the edge of the city and he glided down to land in the branches. Wings shimmering and being replaced by a swaying monkey tail as he began to climb and leap his way from branch to branch. The thick and course fabric of the tunic and trousers he was wearing, courtesy of the locals who were now being slaughtered, irritated him and he missed his armour which had been left on the Domo when they left their ship behind. His journey through the trees wasn't very long and it was a minute before he spotted familiar figures. His feet landed on the earth without a sound and he padded over to where they were waiting.

Makkari and Thena had returned from dealing with the deviants to the north. They had grouped up with the five members of their team who were mostly noncombatant and all they were now waiting for was Ikaris, Kingo and Gilgamesh to return from their own battles. Makkari looked up as he came closer. "I dealt with the ones in the sky", he greeted. The black blood staining his white tunic was a testament to that.

"Good", Phastos pulled out the small holo projector he had created a few hundred years ago to show the movements of the Deviants. A little golden globe of this planet revolved over the disc. Only one dot remained. "Once the others have finished with the deviants here then we would have wiped them all from the planet".

As soon as his words were finished then gunshots began to echo through the trees. Everyone turned and in the distance Agil could see the fire of torches as the Spanish chased fleeing people into the forests. The sound of their guns loud in the night. Druig turned and took a step towards them but Ajak stepped up at his side and said something Agil couldn't catch. Druig's shoulders tensed and he stepped back into the group, face stony. Agil knew what he must be thinking, it had come up many times over the centuries. He couldn't imagine having the power to do something yet not being allowed to do it. He didn't have much empathy for humans but he had empathy for Druig and Sersi and the others in their group who loved humans. They had seen death and war and pain over and over again and yet it never grew easier.

"This isn't war", Druig spoke up, louder so they could all hear. "This is genocide. Maybe it wasn't a good idea to help them advance, Phastos".

"Technology is apart of their evolutionary process, Druig", Phastos' tone was annoyed. "It's not exactly something I can stop".

"No you can't but I can", Druig exclaimed. Agil sighed deeply and glanced around at the others. Makkari had moved closer to the argument but Thena was standing still with her eyes closed.

"Thena?" He called, stepping closer to her. He reached out to touch her arm but her voice made him pause.

"It's too late". She opened her eyes but didn't seem to see him. She was looking at something he could not see.

"Thena?" Sersi had turned and noticed.

"Everyone is going to die". Agil was close enough to her that he saw when her eyes glazed gold. Immediately warning bells went off in his mind and he took a step back.

"Thena?" Sersi hadn't seen the gold in her eyes yet. "Are you okay?" A spear of golden magic formed in Thena's hands and in a second she was swinging it round. Sersi let out a cry as Makkari grabbed her and pulled her out of the way. Agil wasn't so lucky. With Sersi gone, the blade arched round and he tried to dodge back. Thena turned and advanced on him, swinging the blade up and down in an arch as the others cried out. Agil looking on in horror as his big sister, someone who he had always felt safe with, attacked.

Phastos shouting her name. "Thena!"

"Agil! Move!" Druig called. He did, falling back and landing heavily on his but in the earth before rolling. The blade swung down and round, the pointed tip slicing deeply across his back. The pain blossomed like a fire and he gasped. Then Makkari was there and pulling Thena away from him.

Agil was bleeding heavily into the earth, breaths coming in gasps as his body sought to heal itself. If he was human then the wound would have killed him, even so his body was taking time to heal from such a grievous wound. He couldn't move, only breath in and out as he listened to the commotion. "Agil", Druig was dropping to his knees at his side and grasping at his arms. "Come here". He pulled the wounded man gently onto his lap. Agil let out a whimper of pain at the movement.

"Makkari", Phastos' voice. The man running over to where Makkari had fallen as Thena had stabbed her.

Agil listened to the chaos happening in the city and the panic in his families voices. He kept breathing as he felt his body try to knit the muscle and flesh back together slowly, eyes fixed on Druig's face above him. The blue eyed man was holding him gently despite the blood stinging his clothes, gaze fixed through the trees on where Ajak was trying to calm Thena. His hands pressing against Agil's wound and feeling the man breath in his hold. They both heard it when Thena broke free and pierced her sword right through Ajax's abdomen. The gasp she let out in pain.

Then the others returned. Gilgamesh running into restrain the warrior woman and bring her attention to him. Kingo went immediately to where Makkari was lying with Phastos while Ikaris went for Sersi. Agil listened as the man pleaded with Thena, then the loud thud as he was forced to knock her unconscious. Silence filled the clearing as the realisation of what had happened sunk into everyone's minds. Agil gripped Druig's arm and continued to focus on taking deep breaths.

"Hey", Ajak greeted as she knelt down at his side. Her stab wound was healed but weakened Makkari. "Let me just fix you up Agil. Could you turn him over?" Together, she and Druig turned him over. Agil only letting out a slight whimper at the movement. He heard Druig hiss at the deep slice through his back. It was deep enough that bone was just about visible through the muscle. Agil inhaled deeply as he felt the warmth of Ajax's magic begin to work. The itchy sensation of his muscle knitting together and his flesh creating new cells to over the area familiar.

Ajak sighed deeply when she was done and stood. Agil gripped Druig's arm as the man helped him to his feet. He felt a little woozy and light headed at the bloodless and sudden healing and leaned slightly on the taller man as their family converged closer. "Lets get to a temple", Ajak stated to them all. "We shall talk once she awakes".

"If she awakes as herself", Phastos muttered grimly. The shock of what had just happened, their sister turning on them like that, still leaving them reeling.

unedited

I love Thena. She's so badass.

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