

Nine

"Agil", Kingo greeted as he took the seat opposite him. The flight from Japan to the amazon rainforest was long and he wasn't able to get back to sleep as he woke from the memory. Gilgamesh had moved to a seat nearer the back of the plain to nap and his snores was loud. Ikaris was eating the snacks at the bar with Thena while Sersi muttered quietly to someone on the phone. Her boyfriend seemingly. Agil didn't know how she could date a human, with their short lifespans. She must know that it would end as nothing but tragedy, he had learnt that. Sprite was staring out of the window a few seats away ignoring the rest of them. Agil had been trying to do the same but Kingo had other plans.

With a sigh, Agil flicked to a fresh page in his sketchbook, the now finished picture of Druig hidden. "What do you want?" Karun trained the camera on his face and he flicked his dark gaze towards the camera lens, unamused.

"I just wanted to catch up. I haven't seen you since the time we bumped into each other at that art thing back in 1912". Kingo leaned forward with a grin. "So how are you? I kept up with your news headlines. Nice to see another member of the family out there getting fame".

"I never wanted fame. It just happened", Agil shrugged as he pencil moved across the paper. "I saw your movies by the way".

"What did you think?" Kingo asked excitedly.

"You weren't bad", Agil shrugged. "I preferred the Shadow warrior two over the first one. The cinematography was better and the colour palette was pleasing". The way Kingo's face lit up made Agil sigh internally.

"Yes, me too. You know how the shadow warrior fight against..". Agil tuned him out as the man started on a long winded rant about the making of the movies. He concentrated on his drawing, using Kingo's voice as background noise as he shaded the lines of coiled muscle along the deviant's leg. It was only once he was shading the curve of the figure's back that he realised that the other man had fallen silent. When he looked up, Kingo was watching him.

"What?"

"What are you drawing?"

Agil turned his book round to show him the page. Kingo, in full eternal armour was half crouched in a fighting stance. One arm pulled back as a ball of energy condensed in his palm, the deviant looming over him with claws outstretched. The recognisable outline of the city of London in 1435 in the distance. Kingo hummed as his eyes examined the picture. "I remember that fight. You and Ikaris taking down the deviants in the air. You were amazing to watch. You know I was going to make a film about you? I was making one about Ikaris before they came and got me. I have a scripted prepped and prepared for your one. I'm calling it, The legend of the Angel. What do you think?"

"As long as you don't relate me to religion, then go ahead", Agil shrugged as he turned the book back round and continued to work on the shading.

"You really are talented sir", Karun voiced.

"That's what you get after a centuries of practising".

"What happened to you?" Kingo burst, seeming unable to keep quiet about it any longer. "You never used to talk to humans and you always used to scowl all the time. Like all the time. The only time you weren't frowning was when you were flying or eating something you enjoyed. Now you're warm and relaxed, it's creeping me out".

Agil scowled at him and Kingo pointed at it. "There! That is the Agil I knew. Did you get that?" he asked the camera.

Agil turned his scowl to the camera. "I'm not going to answer you if you don't turn that off". He waited for Kingo to give the cut feed signal and for Karun to put the camera away.

"So", Kingo leaned forwards eagerly. "What changed you?"

Agil stared at him for a long moment before answering, so ly. The words true yet also a lie. "I fell in love". He had fallen in love, yet he had always been in love and had never allowed himself to realise it. What actually had happened was complicated and messy.

1855 A.D Rome

It was sunny despite the fact that it was a funeral. The sun did not care for misery or grief. It shone on despite the people weeping and the black clothes. The coffin gleamed with lacquer as it was lowered into the ground. The men gently lowering the swinging ropes as the box disappeared into the earth. It was a sight that Agil had seen many times before. His job as the keeper of graveyard allowing him to watch these scenes from afar as he tended to the stones. Today he was seated under the open wings of an angel statue, the stone woman extending a rose to the sky as her wings curved over the ground. He had his back to her feet as he sketched. Trousers and shirt grubby with dirt and hair half tied back. His coat folded next to him with his pack of pencils perched on top.

"It's too beautiful a day for such grief", The Italian voice made him look up. A young man, early twenties at best was standing next to the statue. He was dressed in formal mourning wear, obviously much more expensive than the clothes Agil was wearing. Not that the Eternal had cared much for riches. The boy looked down at him and he caught blue eyes and dark hair. Instantly the colours reminded him of Druig and Agil recalled the way the firelight gleamed on the man's face as he led them on that temple. He blinked and the memory was gone. The boy's dark hair was curly and his face wider than Druig's, angular and young.

"The weather cares not for grief", Agil responded. He had sent the last twenty years in this country and by now his grip of the language was as developed as a local's. He concentrated on shading the hat of the tall gentleman who was sobbing by the open grave. The young child at his side blank faced and quiet. "People die whether the sun shines or the birds sing. Death does not wait for rain and misery".

The boy standing over him cracked an amused smile. "Are you a poet as well as an artist?"

"No, I am merely a grave keeper", Agil responded. He closed his sketchbook and put his pencil back in the little pouch before tucking them both into the bag at his side. He rose and draped his folded coat over one arm. The boy was still watching him, not that he cared. Since he had led his family at the temple, he had travelled. Moving place to place every couple of decades, where ever the wind took him. He had been a grave keeper in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome for the past four years, having moved up from the south of Italy. He liked the job, it gave him peace and quiet and he didn't have to interact much with the local humans.

"What is your name artistic grave keeper?" The boy asked with a grin. It was a handsome but crooked grin. Human and innocent. Agil couldn't imagine being that innocent. He was too old, so old compared to this child.

"Why would a lord want to know the name of a grave keeper?" He responded. It was unlike people to notice him and he wasn't sure why he was entertaining this conversation. Maybe because this boy reminded him of Druig.

"Because I am bored", the boy stated with easy arrogance that came with money and power. It was innocent and much more deadly than Druig's similar brand of arrogance. Druig's arrogance could be backed with his skills and abilities, it was deserved and well used. This boy was nothing without his money and he held no power compared to the person he was talking too. Agil snorted. The boy's smile faded. "I am Alexi Louis Worthington, Nephew and heir to the Duke of Hastings".

"English", Agil stated as he flicked a strand of hair from his face. "I should have guessed the accent".

"Japanese", Alexi retorted. "You speak English with a Japanese accent". Agil tried not to laugh again. He had been here long before this type of Japanese accent.

"Agil", he stated. "No surname".

"Angel", Alexi repeated. Agil didn't bother correcting him. It sounded similar enough either way and he had heard that version of his name many times over the centuries. "That is a beautiful name".

Agil blinked at the flirtation. He shrugged. "It is the only name I have".

Alexi smiled, curiosity and intrigue mixing with lust in his eyes. "Tell me, Angel, how does a simple grave keeper in Italy know English so well? Where did you learn?"

"Here and there", Agil murmured. He didn't like humans much but the centuries alone had taught him how to appreciate individuals. As a race, he still dislike them, but every now and then an individual person piqued his intrigue. It was the same as the old man who first taught him to draw. Alexi was interesting, or at least mildly entertaining. "What is an English lord doing in Rome?"

"Travelling and learning the arts", Alexi smirked. "And on the subject of the arts, may I see your work? From what I saw earlier, you certainly are talented".

"It is nothing but a hobby", Agil shrugged. "A thing to pass the time".

"Want to pass some time with me?" Alexi smiled.

Agil decided that he had nothing to lose. "Why not?" The boy smiled at him, blue eyes warm and he tried not to compare them with ones that looked like storms.

unedited

I pictured Timothee Chalamet when writing Alexi. The human who encourages Agil to show that he cares. Agil has always cared, he just didn't like showing it. If you haven't guessed then he's a bit of Tsundere.

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