

Eleven

1865 A.D Amazon rainforest

Agil didn't care where he ended up as long as it le Alexi and their broken hearts behind him. He didn't love the man but it hurt all the same. Alexi had been a person he trusted and felt safe with. That bubble had been shattered beyond repair. His albatross wings caught the wing currents heading south and he flew. The air was safe and familiar. It kept him cradled in it's hold and sent him onwards. He flew for days, not needing to come down as his abdomen throbbed. Internal injuries healing as he glided over the ocean. Mind replaying the last few centuries in his head, ever since he had le his family in 1521. He had not been happy, not truly. Alexi had been a nice distraction from the loneliness and pain in his chest but that was now ruined.

Nausea forced him to make a sudden landing. He glided over the trees of a forest before flapping down into a small clearing. No sooner than his feet had hit the floor he was doubling over and retching. Bile and something metal spilled over the earth. The bullet gleamed in the sunlight between his bracing hands. Agil took one look at it and retched again. His stomach was empty but that didn't stop him from gagging until he shook. Dry heaving sobs and choking breaths shaking his shoulders as he allowed himself to finally cry over everything that had happened. Thena, Druig, the argument with Ajak, leaving, being alone for so long, Alexi. It all bubbled up in his chest and tears dripped into the puddle of sick on the floor.

He wasn't sure how long he sat there and cried. Long enough that the sun set and the night crept up on him. The moon was bight and full by the time he finally wiped his face on the sleeve of his shirt and picked himself up. He was a mess, shirt bloodied and stained with vomit. Trousers covered in dirt. He tucked his messy hair behind his ears and pulled the once white cloth over his head. The scar to the right of his stomach itched, skin red with recent healing and tissue growing textured. Ajak had always healed any scar they had gotten. He guessed that without her powers, his body would heal more naturally. The round scar, like a sunburst, was sore and bruised as he touched it and he hissed. Agil guessed that he would just have to deal with it until he got up the courage to go and see Ajak and ask her to heal it for him.

He le his shirt on the ground, not wanting to continue to wear something so horrible, and began walking. He didn't pick a direction, just walked into the trees. The rainforest was alive with noises of animals around him as he made his way through the bushes. Feet bare on the earth, he hadn't been wearing shoes when he le , and hair brushing his shoulders. The night passed and he continued walking as the sun rose. It was only once the sun was high in the sky that he heard the sound of water and headed towards it.

The river was large and wide. Agil inhaled deeply, feeling worn and exhausted. The crying had le his face feeling sticky and the blood dried on his skin round the new scar wasn't pleasant. He waded into the cold water and cupped his hands to pour the water over his head. As he rubbed his fingers over the blood to remove it, he became aware of figures on the opposite side of the bank. Humans were watching him. There was at least ten of them, men and women of varying races all standing on the opposite shore. Agil ignored them and dunked himself into the water. It was chilling and sobering. When he rose again, the humans were still there.

Pushing his wet hair out of the way, he glared at them. He really didn't want to be dealing with anyone right then. But there was something unusual about them. They weren't talking nor doing anything at all. They were only watching with vacant expressions that seemed familiar. Agil ran a hand over his face and considered them. The river was too wide for him to see their faces clearly but the way they were silently watching him was weird. It was almost familiar.

Large dragonfly wings formed from his back, golden and glittering in the morning sunlight. They blurred into life and li ed him up. He flew smoothly over the water and as he grew closer, familiar golden eyes gleamed at him. His legs stumbled as he landed and relief, bitter and sweet, rolled over him in a tidal wave. "Druig", he breathed.

"Hello lovely Agil", came the reply as the dark haired man emerged from the trees. Druig looked just as he had in 1521. His dark hair was swept aside over his forehead and a blue tunic covered his chest. Leather boots covered his feet and dark trousers were held up by a leather belt. He looked good, familiar and safe.

Agil stood barefoot in the mud of the river bank and watched as Druig gazed at him. Silence stretched out between them as stormy blue eyes trailed up and down over his figure. Agil knew that he looked awful. His rushed cleaning has removed most of the blood on his skin but red patches were still visible on his brown trousers. His feet were covered in mud and his hair was tangled and dripping. He was tired and hungry, the skin to the right of his belly button still pink with the newly healed scar. A wound that would have killed a human. Druig's eyes narrowed on the scar and a furrow of concern formed between his brows.

"Agil. Lovely Agil. What happened?" He stepped forwards, arms reaching out and Agil make a so noise before reaching back. He felt Druig hesitate in surprise as he caught the other Eternal in a tight hug. He had never been touchiest of their team so this sudden hug was surprising. Agil pressed his face into Druig's shoulder and shuddered as the man's arms encircled him comfortingly. "My dear Agil", Druig murmured. "Did you miss me?"

Agil laughed as his eyes welled with tears.

unedited

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