

Fi een

He found Druig in a small wooden cottage on the edge of the village. The door was partially ajar when he arrived and it creaked as he pushed it open. The first room was a living space. Kitchen in one corner with tables and chairs. In the other corner was a old green sofa and a box television. The lights were o and gloom from the waning a moon, emphasised by the shadows of trees, filled the space. The only light came from the cracks around a door on the far wall. Agil walked towards it and hesitated. This door was tightly shut.

"Just come in", Druig's voice called from inside. Agil released the breath he had been holding and turned the handle.

The room inside was a simple bedroom. Unpainted wooden walls and floor covered by a blue rug. A chest of drawers overflowing with clothes stood against the wall with a wardrobe in matching fashion. A double bed was pressed into the other corner, sheets messy and pillows discarded. Druig was seated on it, back against the wall and boots hanging o over the edge. The window behind his shoulders lighting the back of his head with the harsh white of winter a moon. He looked up as Agil stepped inside and with a shock, he realised that this was the very room he had le the other in all those years before. Updated, more modern, but the same layout and same placement of the window. Agil swallowed, unsure of what to say.

"How long would you have made me wait?" The question made him jump. Druig was watching him with stormy eyes. "How long would you have made me wait until you came back? Did you even want to come back?" His voice was devoid of emotion and those eyes seemed to pierce right though him. "If it had not been for Sersi and the others, would you have come back at all?"

Agil swallowed as he met his gaze. "No".

Druig's shoulders slumped and he dropped his gaze to his lap. "I see that I have been taken for a fool", the words were a defeated mummer. It broke Agil's heart.

"I would have come back", he voiced. "It hurt to leave".

"Then why did you?" Druig's eyes were back up and angry. "Why did you leave like that? I woke up to a cold bed and nothing but second hand apologies. Agil. Why?"

Agil took a deep breath and stepped closer to the bed, close enough that Druig could reach out and touch him if he wanted. The man didn't move. Slowly, Agil took hold of his tshirt and pulled the material up to expose the round scar just right of his belly button. "You hurt me when you chose humans over us. I understand why you did it, but still it hurt. For the first few hundred years I stewed in the anger and hurt. I distanced myself from humans as much as possible. I carried my jealousy of them like a torch. What made them so special that they could have love when I couldn't?" He drew a stuttering breath. Druig's eyes were watching him. Dark like a thunderstorm.

"Then, in 1655 I met a young man. I had been so painfully lonely that the sudden attention was a surprise. At first I wanted to push him away like everyone else, but he had blue eyes and dark hair and something about his manner reminded me of you. I guess it began as simple curiosity. What made humans so special that you would pick them over us? I wanted to know so I chose him. I let him love me and I grew to care for him in return. It wasn't love, but I did care. That was something I'd always had trouble with, caring and how to show that I cared". He broke o to breath for a moment, stinging in his eyes.

The bed creaked as Druig shi ed closer. His fingers as they brushed a featherlike touch across the scar, was warm. Agil inhaled deeply at the contact as the man peered up at him with deep blue eyes. "Was he the one who did this to you?"

He swallowed and when he responded, it was with a quiet, sad voice. "He knew a er a while, when I didn't age and every cut healed within the hour, that I wasn't human. I didn't tell him what I was, but I didn't leave either. That was something I regret. I never should have taken a chance on him. But by that point he was a friend and I was so scared of being alone. I didn't notice when his love for me turned into obsessive worship. He called me his 'Sweet Angel'. I guess that should have clued me in. But I liked him and I was lonely. A er ten years the servants had began to notice that I didn't age. Rumours began to spread and it was going to get dangerous if I stayed. Alexi just didn't want to let me go, even if he had to use force to make me stay". The last words cracked on a shuddering breath.

Druig was listening, hands gripping Agil's thigh as he stood above him. "That was when you came here".

"I was traumatised, scared and angry. Then you were there and Alexi paled in comparison. I realised why I could never love him back was because he wasn't you. For a day I felt like I wasn't someone that ruined people. That it wasn't my decisions that drove Alexi into madness. I felt safe and warm".

"So why did you go?" Druig muttered. Agil gazed down at him and reached out to cup his face. His voice gentle.

"Because you had a life and a purpose here. You had people who depended on you, who you protected. I couldn't be around humans without seeing all the evil they had done. I hated them then. The only time I decided to trust a human ended with him shooting me. I count explain that at the time, everything was too raw, too painful. So I did the selfish thing and fled".

"Why did you not come back earlier? Why leave it a hundred and sixty one years?" Druig's voice rose. Agil dropped his hand and squeezed his eyes shut in order not to cry.

"Because when I went back to Alexi, to get my things and check that he was alright. Because even a er he had shot me, I still cared. I found him dead with the gun still in his hands and I knew then that I had ruined him. I drove him mad, to the point where he would rather take his own life than live without me anymore. I was terrified. We fought monsters but I had never had to deal with things such as this. I was scared that if I returned, I would do the same to you or the people you protected. I am scared that everything I touch falls apart. That I don't deserve love because I can't return it in the way that they want".

Agil pressed his face into his hands and took a shuddering breath as he willed himself not to cry. His chest hurt and all his innards were exposed. It was terrifying. He heard Druig let out a long sigh, the hands on his legs gripping tighter for a moment before relaxing. "Oh my lovely Agil", the words were gentle. "I never knew that you were such a coward".

"I'm sorry", he whispered. He heard another sigh.

"No, I am sorry. I should have gone a er you when you le that day. Instead I let you fly o with a newly healed bullet wound. You have always been so hard to read. I appreciate you spilling yourself to me now".

Agil peaked wet eyed through his fingers to see Druig watching him with a so look. "You are not angry with me? I played with you".

Druig hu ed. "I am angry, but not at you. I am annoyed that I didn't make my love for you clearer, that I didn't fight harder for you. I am angry with the man who did this to you and le you thinking that you ruined everything you love. It has been thousands of years, I don't think that I am ruined yet!". He gave a quirky smile then leaned his head forwards to press his forehead to the rough skin of Agil's scar. "I am also irritated that Ajak is no longer with us to heal this for you". The sentence came out mumbled against skin. It tickled.

Agil breathed and deep exhale of relief and rubbed the moisture from his face. "Can we start again?" The question came out hesitant, vulnerable.

Druig looked up at him with a smile. "If you tell me when these thoughts in your head become too much. If you tell me when you want to show love but don't feel able to. If you promise not to leave like that again. Then yes, my lovely Agil".

Agil felt the smile bloom across his face slowly, tugging his lips up and crinkling his eyes. He bent down and pressed his forehead to Druig's. Eyes closing as they took a second to bask in the simple touch. For a second, he didn't care that it was almost the end of the world, all he needed was right here.

Then something crashed outside and people screamed.

unedited

awwwwww. cuties.

Agil's love language is time and acts of service. He finds it very hard to express love through touch or words of irmation, which is what most people expect. It is interesting to write someone who is quite a thoughtful and anxious person but appears quite stando ish and stoic on the outside.

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