



Eighteen

The second time Agil woke was once again to the so muttering of voices. There were hands checking on the wound on his side. He could feel the skin throb as gentle fingers pressed at the surrounding tissue, a so groan leaving his lips as the hand was drawn away. A so exhale and a so voice. "Sorry for waking you". Agil opened his eyes to Druig leaning over him. Blue eyes gazing at him as he blinked and moved to sit up. Hands reached out and helped him turn so that he was sitting on the sofa rather than lying on it. The movement was sore and he glanced down at the wound.

The deviant had le a long curving slash round the curve of his waist and almost to his belly button. It was about twenty centimetres long and from the scarring, must have been deep. He was surprised that he was still alive. Wounds like that had always been healed by Ajak before and none of them were sure how much their bodies could take without her. While their bodies healed much faster than humans, they could still be killed. The skin of the wound was still pink but it was closing up and the bleeding had long since stopped, leaving a scab in it's place. Agil held up his bloodstained and dirty tshirt as Druig wound the bandages back over the wound.

"Nasty", Gilgamesh peered over at his torn skin and hissed. "Reminds me of the time that Deviant got Kingo in the leg in Athens". The man's voice was weaker than before and he was still pale but it was a relief to see him awake.

"That was because he was distracted by the fabric stalls in the harbour", Agil smirked at the memory.

"I was not. Though the shade of the blue silk was rather fetching", Kingo voiced. "Shame the Deviant set it on fire". The man was lying back in one of the flight chairs with an eye mask over his head. For a second Agil thought him to be asleep but obviously he was not. Karun was breathing heavily in the seat next to him. Sprite had a huge set of headphones on and was watching something on her phone while Thena played with an elastic band. She was watching it stretch and snap between her fingers with an expression that seemed caught between boredom and child-like fascination.

"Does it hurt?" Druig murmured as he tied the bandages.

Agil shook his head. It did hurt, a aching as his body healed, but nothing alarming. He pulled a face at his tshirt, then at his stomach. "It seems I acquire scars", he muttered. Permanent scars were a new thing to them. He guessed that his fellow eternal did not have any since he had found that only deadly injuries seemed to leave their mark. Druig rubbed a thumb over the bandages covering his bullet scar as if he could brush it away.

"You need to be more careful", Gilgamesh chuckled. "I'm pretty sure I have scars where that deviant stuck it's horrible tendrils into my skin". He tugged at the neck of his shirt to expose a red round scar near the base of his neck. Agil winced.

"Kingo, im stealing some of your clothes", he stated as he stood up.

"Didn't you bring your own?" Kingo complained even as he waved a hand towards the bathroom door and the closet next to it.

"I didn't exactly get much forewarning".

Sprite snorted. She had pulled her headphones o but was still looking at her phone. "That's obvious by the man you had to kick out of your bedroom".

"Fuck you Sprite", Agil shot back as he pulled o his tshirt and dropped it into the bin. Luckily their bodies did not sweat in the same way human's did, so he didn't smell of anything more than dirt.

"Oh?" Druig's amused voice rose. "Been cheating on me have you?"

Agil scowled at the racks of ridiculous prints and loud colours before finding a black tshirt and pulling it on. Kingo was much bigger than him so it hung loose and he tucked the front into his jeans before reaching up to redo his ponytail. The silver eyebrow piercing flicking up as he frowned at the blue eyed man teasingly. "Did fucking human's count as cheating? We had a night over a hundred years ago. Are we suddenly in a relationship?" Druig arched an eyebrow right back, a smirk tugging at his lips.

"Why did you say that where we could hear?" Kingo whined. "I really don't want that image in my head. I'm trying to sleep".

"Druig in a relationship", Sprite whistled mockingly. "Never thought the day would happen. Someone look out the window and tell me if pigs are flying".

"Shut up Sprite", Druig flicked her the middle finger. "Come back when you're of legal age". She glared at them and vanished with a burst of golden sparks. Pleased, Druig turned back to Agil, who was now washing his face in the bathroom. "Relationship? Is that how we are describing it?"

"The kids call it Netflix and chill these days", Gilgamesh suggested happily.

"Oh god", Kingo groaned. "No. Gil. Just no. That is already out of fashion. They call it dating".

"Dating? Courting?" Agil thought aloud.

"Dating", Druig stepped closer and smiled down at him. "My lovely Agil. Do you want me to take you on a date?" He leaned down to press their foreheads together, eyes crinkled with visible fondness as Agil laughed.

"Ewwwww", Kingo drawled in a bland voice. "That's positively disgusting".

"Put your mask back on Kingo", Agil shot back without moving.

"I can still feel the sickening sweetness in that air. Yuck". The whining voice made Gilgamesh laugh. "You two are such arseholes that seeing you be like- that! Is just plain weird".

Agil sighed heavily and a tail of gold reached out behind him and wrapped around a blanket. It flicked it across the plane and the fabric fluttered neatly over Kingo's face, covering him entirely. Gilgamesh gu awed at the action as Thena smirked. Druig sniggered and Agil reached out to take the man's face in his hands. Blue eyes widened as they flickered back to him and he leaned up to press a chaste kiss to the man's lips before letting go and heading back to the sofa. He picked up his sketchbook and sat down.

"Did you look at these?" He asked as he flicked the pages open. Druig sauntered over with a pleased aura, like a cat who had just killed a mouse, and draped himself against the leather at his side.

"Yes. You have grown more talented over the years. You must really like me". He pointed to a page that held his own figure. The graphite Druig looking up at something unseen as eyes glowed gold and an arm reached out.

"I thought that was obvious", Agil retorted. "Stop looking so smug".

Druig's smirk deepened and he threw an arm around the back of the sofa behind the smaller man's shoulders. That was when the plane doors opened and Ikaris stepped in.

"Hello guys", the man greeted. "Look who we found". Then Phastos was stepping inside with a grim expression. He was just as they remembered except black glasses hung on his nose and he was dressed in a grey shirt with a cardigan over the top. He looked comfortable and the most human out of all of them.

"Hello. Good to see you again", Phastos looked around at them.

"Thena, Gilgamesh. Kingo. Sprite. Agil. Druig. It seems that nearly everyone's here". He nodded at each of them. Druig responded with a lazy flick of his fingers. Sprite had rematerialised in her seat and nodded back. Kingo pulled his mask o and sat up as Gil grinned and Thena nodded. Agil merely closed his book and stared. The last time he had seen Phastos was a er Hiroshima in 1946. This man wasn't grief stricken anymore.

"Phastos", he stated. "I guess we now go back to the Domo and Makkari".

"Seems like it", Druig clapped his hands and stood up. "Any food around here? I am starving".

Kingo gaped at him. "You literally ate all the chips we had not even an hour ago". Then he sighed. "There's biscuits and sweets in the top cupboard to the le".

"Any Twinkies?" Ikaris asked as the eternal all headed towards the sweets cupboard like children round an ice cream van.

"Haribo?" Agil called questioningly. A second later a bag of star mix came sailing through the air. He grinned and caught it.

unedited

Whenever I'm writing, I read Agil as Ah-gil. But when Druig says

Sprite got the myth of angels. Cute little fact for you.

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