xi - Just... confusion



The Amazon, 18th century

POLLO WOKE UP FROM MULTIPLE STRANGE DREAMS AND ONE NIGHTMARE Jn one of the strange dreams, he'd gotten bit by a snake which had lead him to face two Druig. As though one wasn't already enough. In the nightmare, Druig had also been there. He'd died. He'd gotten in a fight with Ikaris, which wasn't the first time it happened but still, and that seemed to have been the last straw for the warrior as he'd flew away with Druig before throwing him far away from them. He considered it a nightmare and not a strange dream because Druig's death had bring him a strange sense of dread. Dread that his death meant something much bigger than just the fact that he was dead.

Now, he wasn't quite if the fact he'd only dreamt of Druig had some hidden meaning, but he was much too tired to even think about it. Under his skin danced liquid fire, giggling at his pain. It was strange, the way he seemed to be both cold and warm at the same time. Had his powers gone horribly wrong, messing up with his temperature? His mouth was dry but his hands were wet. Only now did he noticed that his whole body was trembling. Trembling like the small of the candle right next to a bed that was most definitely not his.

He jumped on his feet but immediately had to sit back down, the whole room seemingly turning around him. It was made of wood, so he would have to be very careful with the candle, and was actually rather quaint. He'd thrown the covers on the floor and simply by looking at them he knew that he'd laid down on a single bed. However, the one flaw to this cabin was how awfully warm it was inside. It felt like the heath was crushing him, even making his lungs collapse. In a desperate attempt at feeling better, he lowered his temperature, a sudden rush of cold making him feel a bit better for the first time ever.

He tried standing up once again, this time much more carefully, and when he noticed he could stand on his two feet without stumbling, he rushed out of the house. He had no idea who'd put him there and while they might've been allies, he preferred not to take that bet. However, as soon as he put a toe outside, the sun blinded him, giving him a horrible headache at the same time. He groaned, waiting for his eyes to get used to the light. When they did, it really didn't get any better.

He was in some kind of village in the middle of nowhere. If that wasn't a red flag, he didn't know what was. He'd heard of stories about naive adventurers who were just a bit too trusty and ended up being eaten by a village of cannibals. He really hoped that those people weren't cannibals. He didn't like killing humans. Or being eaten, for that matter.

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He would never quite know whether it was just the headache getting worse or if he was having a panic attack, but the world started spinning again. The heath became even worse, so he tried to lower his temperature, but it was cold as well and he didn't quite know what the perfect temperature was. He was sweating and trembling, there were no doubts. He could feel himself slowly losing control, his heartbeat echoing in his head as he stumbled a bit. He was in danger. He knew it. Why would he suddenly lose control of his powers if he wasn't? Never before had ever been unable to find the perfect temperature. Yes, it had happened that he would get distracted, but he'd never felt this uncomfortable due to a humid warmth flooding his entire body.

His breathing became heavy as everything continued to turn around. Someone might have tried to talk to him at some point, however he was unable to make sense of the words that seemed so very far away from him. The only sound other than the one of his messy thoughts that finally got to him was a cracking noise just behind him. That's when he realized that someone was trying to sneak up on him.

With a swi movement of the wrist, a rope made of light that did not help his headache at all appeared. He turned around, throwing it in the direction of the noise, hoping it would hit its target and maybe even kill it. And it would have. Had he not managed to hear the gasp from his future victims and the one word that they spoke. Well, it wasn't really a word, more like a name, still it held much more meaning than anything else which could've been said at that moment. It was so important to him that in a short moment of lucidity he managed to understand who had spoken and what it had really meant to the both of them.

"Polly!"

He wasn't quite she's what Druig was doing here but he refused to hurt him with something that could make a Deviant's skin melt. He pulled the string back towards him, which did manage to make it avoid touching the other Eternal but resulted in him losing control of it for a second. The movement had been rash and obviously it couldn't actually be expected to be precise.

Pollo let out a small shoot of pain as he felt the scorching rope touch his cheek. He quickly made it disappear, nonetheless the feeling of a burning hot needle passing in his skin and trying to tearing it apart didn't leave him. Still, it did help him get a bit more control over himself. The world was still spinning but not quite as much, he could even manage to clearly recognize Druig approaching him. He first noticed his shirtless shirt and found himself wondering if he'd ever seen the mind controller not wearing long sleeves. Of course, he'd technically seen Druig without a shirt that one time they'd slept together, but he'd been terribly hangover and didn't remember much of that. Okay, maybe he did remember a bit more than he let on, however it still wasn't much. And even then, Druig hadn't been so muscular. Right?

He quickly shook those strange thoughts, blaming them on his headache as an actual question came to him. What was Druig doing here? This was the Amazon, the last place the Eternals had been together at. There were no way that he was here for sentimental reasons, a er all Druig was far from sentimental. He must've had some kind of utter motive. He always did. Or maybe he was held hostage by the cannibals? Unless he was a cannibal too!

"I'm not a cannibal," sighed Druig, passing his hand on his face tiredly as he gave his friend a judgmental look. "And I'm not being held hostage either. I swear I'll explain everything but first you need to sit down. We wouldn't want you to—"

He was interrupted by Pollo throwing up on his shoes. While he didn't try to hide the disgust on his face, he didn't say anything, patting his back with the tip of his fingers, probably fearing that touching him a bit too strongly would just make him throw up more. Pollo wasn't having a lot of fun either, of course. A er all, he was the one throwing up. On his friend's shoes. A er not seeing him for about two centuries. Because they'd le on rather bad terms. So yeah. Not the greatest meeting ever. Still, it wasn't the right time to think about what is and what isn't a good meeting. He was still burning up, incapable of controlling his temperature for whatever reason. He tried to lower it, repressing a shiver as he looked back up at Druig, a frown on his face.

The mind controller helped him stand up, still not trying to so en up the blow by hiding the obvious disgust that washed all over him. A sti smile made its way onto his face as he looked Pollo up and down. His body was tense but he wasn't in a fighting position, which was really all the trust that could be expected from the man who'd le the Eternals a er doing a whole speech about them being mindless soldiers.

Neither of them said anything, however Pollo didn't try stopping Druig from guiding him back to the cabin. He thought of pushing away his hands on his shoulders, but he did nothing of the sort. He was too weak for that anyway. He could've compared his touch to the burning pain coming from his cheek and might even have wondered for a second if his hands on him didn't make his powers go even more crazy, the heath getting higher than before. Once again, he used all his strength le to try and lower it, but didn't feel any change, except maybe for the fact that Druig's hand quickly le him, as though he'd just burned them.

"Get out of my head," growled the taller man in a low tone, trying to take a step back before he decided otherwise due to the world starting to spin around him at the smallest movement.

Confused, the mind controller scowled. "I'm not in your head,"

"Then how did you know I wanted you to stop touching me?" He closed his eyes for a second, hoping the world might stop turning, but when he opened them, they didn't leave the other Eternal's ice blue irises.

"I didn't know that," he replied in a dry tone, giving him one of his classic dark looks. "But your body was freezing and it hurt my hands."

If there had been any chance for their relationship to start over again on a better not, Pollo had ruined it. There were now back to being passive aggressive with each other. He couldn't believe that he'd managed to mess it up again a er barely three seconds of conversation. How did he always managed to do it? He wasn't like that with others. He didn't mess up everything with the Eternals.

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Well, technically he did mess up everything, but not as quickly as he always did with Druig! It's not like he wanted to destroy it all. Right?

"I'm sorry," he breathed out, refusing to meet the mind controller's eyes. "It's just... I don't understand what's happening. Why am I so warm? Why can't I control my temperature?"

Druig sighed, approaching his hand to Pollo's back before finally changing his mind and letting his arm fall next to his body. "I'll explain everything but come inside first. You're bothering the village."

He wasn't able to connect all the words that were spoken by his former friend, but Pollo was pretty sure that there was an insult hidden somewhere in there, so he let himself pout shamelessly. He'd never been one to hide his emotions unless they were so dark and painful that he even tried to hide them from himself.

His vision was blurry, still Druig's face stood clear to him. Then again, it might've just been because he knew his face so well that he didn't actually need to see it. He could tell you exactly how Druig was staring at him half judgemental and half bored, how his back was a little too sti and his shoulders a little too tense. He could tell you that they had a space between each other big enough to fit another person, because neither wanted to be too close to the other. He might as well tell you that the absence of a smile on his face did not mean that he really hated him. There might've been a strong disliking coming from him, however it meant nothing when it was Druig. His emotions could so easily shi between disliking and adoring.

While he wasn't exactly sure how he'd ended up here, Pollo found himself laying in the bed from earlier. Druig was standing at his side, hands behind the back and the harsh look from earlier still present on his face but slightly melted by a glint of concern in his eyes.

"You got bitten by a coral snake," explained the smaller Eternal, barely looking at him. "You didn't get here in time for us to give you the antipoison, but because you're an Eternal. You're safe and probably won't die, but you do have a fever. You need to stay in bed until it's gone."

"I probably won't die?" He raised an eyebrow and though he did seem a bit nervous, a teasing smile was still lighting his sick face.

"Don't worry, we'll have a very nice ceremony," joked Druig, sitting down on Pollo's bed. "I'll even have say a few words, if you want. About how... brave and strong you were, not to let yourself cry as you slowly and painfully passed away."

The smile on Pollo's face quickly became much more apprehensive, however he didn't want to hurt Druig's feeling as he, for once, let himself joke, so he tried not to bring down his mouth as he spoke. "It's very kind of you not to leave me to die or, y'know, to say something at my funeral, but I'm not dying. I'm not even sick. I can't be. Eternals aren't supposed to get sick."

"Well, they're not supposed to get poisoned either but you do love to prove us all wrong, don't you?"

"Only for you, my dearest Druig," he slurred, a confused smile on his face and eyes unfocused. A frown quickly took over his face as he seemed to really in his head what he'd just said. "I'm not quite sure you're my dearest. But I am sure that I am not yours. So why are you helping me? Why are you letting me stay here?"

Why was he? Pollo might've survived on his own. And even if he hadn't, he was right. He wasn't his dearest. Their relationship in the past had been... rickety. A few times they'd been cruel to each other and though they'd always forgiven one another, there was no reason for him to give so much attention to the taller Eternal. He'd given him his bed, his cabin, and now he was tending to him as though he cared. He refused to believe that he did.

"Contrary to popular belief, I am not completely heartless. I wasn't just going to let you out there in the middle of the night a er having been poisoned by one of the most venomous snakes of the Amazon," he tried to explain, mostly for himself.

The sick man hummed so ly, however it wasn't one of the melodies that were always stuck in his head, but more like a way of agreeing. He seemed lost in his thoughts but that might've just been the e ect of the fever. "Druig."

He'd breathed out the name, as though he was scared that if he spoke a bit too loudly, it would mean a bit too much. The mind controller waited for him to continue his sentence, however not another word le his mouth. The taste of the name rolling o his tongue had been too sweet for him to dare say another thing. Maybe it was the way the R made his mouth tickle every time he pronounced it or maybe Druig just had a funny name. All he knew was that he really liked saying it.

He waited a minute too long. That minute was fatal to both of them, because while the silence had been perfect, calming, it had now shi ed to a much more awkward one. Druig was about to stand up when Pollo's suddenly shot up, grabbing him by his shirt. He pulled him closer to him, so much closer that they could feel each other's breath against their faces. Pollo's was heavy, with the fever he had, this sudden movement must've exhausted him more than he would've that. That and all the other sudden movements he'd made since he'd woken up. Druig's breath was short, twitchy. It was caught in his throat as soon as the taller boy's hand had wrapped itself against his shirt. He wanted to pull away but something stopped him

from doing so.

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"Druig," spoke once again Pollo, this time seemingly more confused than before as he tried to remember what he'd brought the other Eternal closer to him. His eyes quickly wandered towards his lips before he blushed, bringing Druig even closer so that he wouldn't see his face darken. He placed his lips next to his ear, doing his best to try and control his heart. "Are you... are you sure you're not a cannibal?"

As soon as those words passed through his lips, the mind controller pulled away, a disgusted and o ended look on his face. A tired smile floated on Pollo's face while he tried to keep his eyelids open.

The smaller man hu ed, stepping away from the bed. "I really didn't miss you, Polly."

"Why not?" He enquired, titling his head.

"You're annoying," stated Druig as he looked for another reason that would explain why he'd said that. "And you never think before you act. If your thoughts weren't so loud, I might believe that you never even think."

For some reason, his stupid smile got brighter. "Thank you. I think you're annoying as well."

He rolled his eyes as he immediately walked to the door, not giving Pollo another chance to talk. Still, when he was about to open it, he hesitated, glancing a bit towards the bed where his friend laid. He'd lost the smile that had been on his smile only a few seconds ago and as he thought that Druig wasn't watching, he let sorrow wash over him.

"I..." his voice crackled so he tried to clear his throat, nonetheless it stayed weaker than he wished it had been. " Imissed you."

He closed his eyes, not wanting the light coming from the door to blind him. Nor wanting to see Druig's expression at his revelation. And then it happened. He could've sworn that he heard a so, almost nonexistent, ' so did I. But then again, it might've just been the fever.