

Together

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Together

by [N0ble0ak](#)

“Are you familiar with the vegetation that grows in the area?” At the sudden question Librom tilts his head to look over at Magusar, but his partner isn’t looking at him. “Not really. Why?” Magusar doesn’t answer, his unreadable gaze remains focused on the scenery in front of them. A sunset filled with a multitude of colors all impossibly beautiful. Red, yellow, orange, pink, and an indigo that would eventually bring on the darkness of night. The cliffs edge the both of them are standing on is a great place for viewing sunsets. Like this, they could appreciate the beauty of Icarus pasture.

Although perhaps his gaze was starting to focus on a different form of beauty. Librom hadn’t noticed until now just how nicely the sunset highlighted his partners features. Those golden eyes now brightly illuminated by the light of the sunset, the strong wind ruffling the older man's hair and robes, the unreadable expression on his face, all created a picture perfect scene. Inhaling quietly, Librom takes in every detail and commits this scene to memory. He’d sketch it out later.

Although now he realizes he might have been staring for too long so he quickly averts his gaze and shrugs, pretending to act normal and completely missing the small smile that comes to Magusar’s face.

They stay in Icarus pasture for a few days longer. Librom enjoys it here since he can practice spells while at the same time relishing a sense of freedom. Almost like the field dotted with wings around them that seemed to stretch on endlessly. Sneak attacks from monsters didn’t pose a threat since the area was so open. This meant getting sacrifices for Magusar wasn’t so much of a hassle and the curse that eats away at him was easily sated. This place brought a strange sort of peace to his soul.

On the morning of their final day in Icarus pasture, Magusar tells him he’s going on a walk. While his partner goes for a stroll, Librom has taken to sitting on a log, preparing to pack all of their supplies away. Sorcerers tended to pack light but that didn’t mean they don’t have a few items past basic necessities on them. Minutes blur as he focuses on getting ready to travel to their next location. Were they’d seize the souls of monsters once human and try to gain a memory that would give them even the slightest bit of insight as to how the chalice works and where to find it. Routine work made somewhat easier with the steadiness his partner brought to his side.

And speaking of his partner, it seems like Magusar has returned from his walk. Although for some reason he carries a different sort of air to him and the smile he’s wearing is different from any other he’s seen before. Mischievous, but not the sort that takes up his whole face. It was more like a smirk that subtly hid other intentions. As suspicious as Librom is he doesn’t have much time to think more on it since his partner is standing in front of him within mere moments.

“Look what I happened to stumble upon during my walk. I didn’t know things like this grew here.” Magusar says, voice low and feigning innocence. Librom tilts his head and hums curiously but let’s his partner have his moment. Slowly, Magusar produces a short stem full of small but sharp green leaves and tiny, white, star shaped flowers from his robe. The sorcerers black gloves make the flowers stand out nicely.

As Librom's eyes rake over it all he takes in details such as the curve of the stem, the shades of green and white, the few flowers on the stem that had yet to bloom, along with the faint sharp smell coming off of it. And before he knows it Magusar is reaching down for Librom's arm. His partner delicately places the stem in his hand and closes his fingers around it so that he's holding it securely but not too tight. "Why don't you hold onto that for me."

As Librom stares down with wide eyes at the stem of flowers placed in his right hand, his heart starts to race. Something in the back of his mind screams at him to stop this, to get rid of the object in his hands and think nothing of it. Surely the two of them as partners shared a gruesome fate that would only make this action far too painful to bear when looked back upon. That's just how the nature of being a sorcerer was. To be detached from others and make the job of stealing innocent souls much less painful. Not acts of sentiment such as this. At its core this world was cruel and unfair. He knows this, he's witnessed it countless times.

And yet, for some reason, despite all the warnings his brain was giving him, he refuses to comply with such a miserable existence. Because something in his heart tells him that this moment would never happen ever again. And that thought stung deeper than any wound could. Not being able to bear the thought of throwing away something so precious he decides to hold fast onto this moment. Tightening his grip on the flowers ever so slightly. Although now that he's come to terms with accepting the gift he thinks of its meaning. In truth, Librom is familiar with the growth in this area and the language of flowers. As a child he had always been drawn to books. Naturally leaning more towards nature or mythology themed books whenever he could get his hands on one. He'd only played dumb to see what Magusar had been up to.

Myrtle. Symbolizing love and partnership. The both of them had never put into words how much they meant to each other due to the worries that had crossed his mind earlier. But with this action it all became very real and true. In truth, Librom had only thought that he harbored feelings as strong as this. Had he really been so blind to the way his partner felt about him? Or had he been too scared to consider the possibility?

The answer was a mix of both. It was because they were so close that his heart chilled with fear and his very soul ached at the thought of changing their partnership in any way. But this... when he manages to push aside the fear and uncertainty that came with being a sorcerer, he finds that this change is a welcome one. Besides, hadn't he already decided to accept the gift?

The stream of thoughts and worries flowing through his mind like a river had only lasted a few seconds in real time. Magusar still thinks he doesn't know the meaning of these flowers. Seemingly amused and satisfied by Librom's reaction he starts to turn away to go and finish his own share of packing. A sudden thought comes to Librom's mind. Did his partner intend to be satisfied with keeping his feelings a secret? Never to be recognized? Satisfied with this one action that would still make him feel utterly alone? Just the thought of that made Librom's heart ache. He wouldn't be having any of that sorcerer code be damned.

Every time. Every single time he would always chase after him. He wouldn't leave him all by himself. He wanted them together. That is what he wished for them.

So he reaches out and catches Magusar's wrist in his hand before he can fully walk away. Magusar, not having expected this sudden movement, awkwardly takes a step backwards and to the side to balance himself. He raises an eyebrow at his partner, confusion and slight annoyance on his face. "What is it?"

However Librom doesn't answer just yet. Instead, he keeps tugging him closer until he's standing directly in front of him once more. Then and only then does he make eye contact as his hand slides down to hold Magusar's, thumb rubbing the back of his hand gently as he moves. Then he leans forward and gently presses a kiss against his fingers. The soft fabric of his partners gloves meeting his lips.

A sharp intake of breath is the only sound he hears from Magusar for several heartbeats that feel like hours to Librom. They're both watching each other intently, waiting to feed off of one of the others reactions. This is new between the two of them and quite terrifying but Librom doesn't back down. He needs to do this. To let him know that he isn't alone and that he feels just as strongly for him. Although it's kind of hard to keep his resolve firm when the silence starts to stretch on for too long.

A slight blush makes its way to his face, and with his partner staring down at him it makes him feel antsy and he desperately wants to run away. But thankfully the silence is broken soon enough. "Librom..." Magusar utters his name quietly, his tone full of worry. His partners eyes, beautifully golden, seemed to be filled with a plethora of conflicting emotions. However he hasn't let go of his hand yet so Librom takes that as a good sign, encouragement even.

"You still... haven't told me the meaning of these flowers." Librom mumbles around Magusar's fingers. "I believe you already know." The older sorcerer replies curtly. But Librom knows he isn't mad. A small smile makes its way to Librom's face and he closes his eyes. "I do... you managed to pick out such lovely flowers." His eyes reopen and flicker down towards his right hand where the sight of myrtle greets him. A surge of warmth flows through his chest and into his voice as he looks back up at his partner and says, "Thank you."

Magusar's eyes widen momentarily before a similar warmth glosses over them and finally, finally, he smiles.

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