

## And I'll love every version of you

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# **And I'll love every version of you**

by [thinginthewalls](#)

## Summary

And you're never truly gone  
As long as a part of you in me lives on

or,

Peter is immortal, Juno is not.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Chapter 1

Juno sucks in a breath, clenches his glass a little tighter.

“Who is that?” He asks Benzaiten. Ben shrugs.

“I don’t know. Everyone else does, though.”

That’s true. Everyone else is whispering behind their hands and drinks and hair. He stands amidst it all, not lifting his eyes or moving much at all. Juno thinks that simply won’t do. He begins making his way toward him.

He looks up. Juno stops.

He just stops. Not only walking, but breathing, blinking, everything except *feeling*. His eyes are dark, deep, almond shaped and beautiful. Juno feels like he could save the whole galaxy with someone looking at him like that.

He makes his way over, sauntering toward Juno with an easy confidence that makes his heart begin beating again, and faster. He offers his hand in greeting, and he takes it, presses a kiss to his knuckles.

“Hello.”

He smiles, and it’s the most beautiful thing Juno has ever seen. His cheeks heat and his heart pounds in his throat and somehow he manages to croak out a greeting. He takes his arm and they go for a stroll.

Everything that day flies by so fast. Juno remembers flashes of the flower stems he spins between his fingers before situating them in his hair, the sun bouncing off of his ruby necklace partially blinding him, the warmth of his smile as he laughed at his reaction, the intensity of his gaze as he simply looked at him.

And then it’s night, and Juno is left breathless and alone at the edge of his balcony, standing just at the edge of the world.

“Wait!” He cries. He stops, suspended over the chasm. He grips the railing and licks his lips. “I don’t even know your name.”

He smiles, like he knows it’s just a cheap attempt to spend more time with him. It doesn’t matter if Juno knows his name or not, though now he *is* a little curious.

“I can’t tell you that.” He muses, though he’s already on his way back to Juno.

“I won’t tell anyone.” Juno shakes his head as if to affirm his words. He stares down at him, contemplating, then lifts his hand to brush his knuckles against his cheek. He feels his eyes flutter shut, savoring the cool soaking into him. His palm replaces his knuckles and he pulls him close, pressing his lips against his ear.

When he tells him his name, Juno shivers. It fits him perfectly, and he knows how it would feel rolling off his tongue. He pulls back and he goes to repeat it, but he stops him with a kiss.

And of course Juno melts into it. Grips his tunic and twists his fingers into the fabric, pulls him closer and closer. His hands wrap around the sides of his neck and his mouth moves gently against his. When they part, Juno feels a piece of himself escape and chase after him.

# Chapter 2

## Chapter Summary

Ummmm. get rekt  
tw for looong drawn out major character death

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Juno sees him last, it is through tunnel vision and piercing pain. The war wages on for years, decades, centuries, and Juno is sure he's lived and suffered for far longer than any human ever should.

He heaves a rattling breath, feels his wound pulse, feels a gush of blood drip down his side. Benzaiten is gone. Buddy and Vespa and Rita and Jet are gone. And now he lays dying on the steps of the temple of the Angel, and he has never so badly wanted to live.

He gasps out a trembling sob. He wants to *live* .

"Please," he whimpers. "Please, please, I don't want-" Another gasp. "I don't want to die, *please* ."

He begs and begs. He drags herself to the center of the dais and lifts herself on her knees and prays, but still he grows weaker. Colder. Eventually he's laying on her stomach with his cheek against the floor, feeling like he's floating just outside his body.

Juno whispers one last time, offering up one last plea to the host of this house. His eyes flutter closed.

A flash of light burns behind his eyelids and he forces them open. He can't move, can barely breathe, and all he can hear is pounding footsteps heading in his direction. Juno twitches, a futile attempt to run from his pursuers.

Instead of violence, though, he's touched with gentle hands, guiding him into a seated position.

“ *Juno* .”

He can't lift his eyes, but he knows that voice. He knows those hands, the chest pressed against his back.

“Juno, look at me.” He is insistent, which is normal for him, but Juno can't listen to him this time. “Love, *look at me* .”

Juno manages to do so. He is just as beautiful as he remembers. He last saw him 15 years ago, when his locs were beginning to turn gray and *his* waves were as black as ever. His face hadn't changed. His eyes didn't hold wrinkles around them and his cheeks were as high as they were when they met. Juno knew he wasn't human, couldn't be, and ultimately decided he didn't care. He loved him either way.

Juno still loves him. His angel still loves him. And yet, his face is marred with worry and devastation and horror and *anger* , and Juno doesn't know who it's directed at. He's too tired to think. He just wants to lay against him and close his eyes and wake up with his hand against his cheek.

Instead, he shakes him awake, begging him to keep his eyes open. He lays a hand against his wound, pressing lightly.

He isn't sure what he's trying to do. Stop the bleeding, maybe. Heal him, hopefully. Looking up at him in this light, the roof of the temple haloing his angelic, worried face- there is no place he'd rather be.

He shakes and sobs and begs him to stay awake. Juno loves him so deeply and fully that it hurts. Actually, that might be his side, but mostly he wishes his angel didn't have to look so sad and desperate.

He hopes he'll be able to forgive him.

## Chapter End Notes

lol

# Chapter 3

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

he is the least of the angels, and yet, His eyes glare down at him as they have since he was created. he would believe he was a mistake, if not for the insistence that He did not make mistakes; but still, deep inside, he believes he was a mistake, and he knows it is because of this that He hates him so.

He wants to be angry. He wants to rage against Him and all His creation, he wants to burn it down and tear it up and watch as the fire flickers in His glaring eyes. It is also because of this that He hates him.

But he knows how severe the punishment for defiance can be- he has seen it as it fell from on high and crashed down with its two-thirds. Though he wouldn't dare to rebel in such a way, He has made it *very* clear not to, he still keeps a spark against Him in his heart, and he believes this is another reason that He hates him.

Now he, the least of the angels, a mistake, a mar in the perfection of the abode, kneels. With his chin to his chest he can see the body of Juno laid out on the altar before him. He hates him, but He loves all the rest of his creation, and he believes that He would not allow such a beautiful creation, such a devastating image molded in His own, to perish so violently.

he is right.

His glaring eyes soften when they turn upon Juno, and that softness lingers when He looks at him again.

They strike a deal. He will allow a sequence of lives for Juno, in return for his obedience.

he nearly questions Him, *what good will obedience do me?* , but Juno's life- *lives* - are on the line. There's no need for a formal handshake, no need for witnesses for He who sees all His creation. Any treaty, promise, deal, covenant made with Him are final.



Juno does not wake. Juno's life this time around is over. he does not know how long he must wait until he sees Juno again, but He made a promise, and he has hope.

For now, he waits. And waits. And waits.

## Chapter End Notes

Me when i'm supposed to be studying but my writer's block for this specifically lifts:  
ANGEL PETE PERSPECTIVE?

Also yes capital H he is supposed to be like God. but not necessarily. If you couldn't tell this is very influenced by christianity bc that's me babeyyyy

Also sorry i took forever to write this Barely Anything

And no this was not proofread so sorry if there are any mistakes.

Comments make me feel worthy <3

## End Notes

:) thank u

also if there are she/her pronouns for Juno anywhere, I'm sorry. My parents can't know these two are gay 🧑🏻

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