

“Could you be any more disappointing and useless to me?” Aineías asked, putting his glass down on the table, “Why don’t you go have me murdered and put me out of my misery?”

Eros laughed at him, simply sitting down, “Put you out of *your* misery, Aineías? You don’t know what misery is. A selfish, callous man, who throws a fit because for once, he has to see the world through the eyes of those who live in fear? My my, what misery. It must be so hard for you to not be on top of the world.” Aineías glared at him, teeth grit, anger flashing in those black eyes. He moved, charging after Eros, sick of his presence. He wanted to strangle him and suck every ounce of blood out of him - not caring if it made him a monster or a beast. He’d cave this once to wipe that stupid grin off of his face.

But before he could even strike, his breath was robbed and he was slammed harsh against the ground. It happened so fast that he was still reaching to strangle Eros when he finally processed the pain in the back of his head. Blinking, he felt his pride shatter at the scene before him.

Eros stood over him tall, boot pressed against his chest. His heel dug into his skin making him wince. Long brown hair reaching down to tickle his face. Part of him wanted to reach and yank it, but Eros was quicker than him and just as quick as he fell to the ground, that hair was tied up neatly above his head beyond reach. “Oh now Aineías,” he laughed, “You should know better than to do that. We’ve had this conversation over and over and you never seem to learn. You can hardly control your own hunger, your own powers, what on

Earth makes you think that you could challenge me?”

“You said yourself you’re a pathetic half-breed of a monster! When I learn to control this - whatever this is! Then you will see! I’ll clean my floors with your head and your body will be fed to the dogs.” Aineías attempted to move more. He threw a punch but Eros caught that. He attempted to kick and Eros only stomped on his leg making his release a miserable scream.

He was unable to do anything but lay there and watch the one above him taking far too much joy in how low he had fallen. Part of him wanted to reach and scream that had he not turned then he’d have killed him but logic quickly stepped in.

*He’s able to do this to you as a monster. What on Earth makes you think you could challenge him if you weren’t?*

But it was something that burned at his pride and left nothing but ashes. How could *he* of all people be weak to anyone? He was great and he was above the rest. His glory shone in every action of his like the mightiest god. He was a king of kings and he refused to be lowered like this.

But with every movement, Eros only continued to press harder and he was sure at this rate it would pierce his skin if he continued.

Yet, stubborn Aineías refused to cave and only continued to, desperate to prove himself worthy of a place on top of the world. This entire thing would not last long - he was certain of it. If it took a dozen lifetimes, he would reverse what was done to him and if he couldn’t then he’d simply burn down everything in his way until he rose to the top anyway.

A man like him was different than the rest of these dismal creatures. He carried radiance in every movement and wrote the songs of the heavens in each swipe of ink. His steps carried the answers to the most troubling turmoils.

At least, these are all the things he swore true for many years. People were but pawns and partnerships were never meant to be permanent and he was destined for the greatest of things.

“My father did say you were an amusing little thing. Then again, most humans seem to be. You think yourself an almighty god. But dear Aineías, you’re nothing but a pathetic creature at the bottom. And really, you’d better learn your place fast.”

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“What do they call you?” Eros asked, kicking the man hard onto his back. His heel dug into Aineías shoulder and he grinned watching him wince.

Still, he kept a bold expression and smiled through the agonizing pain that shot through him “They call me a god among man-”

He cried out as he was kicked - unsure if the crack noise came from Eros' heel or his own jaw. Unsure if a broken jaw would really do anything in this body.

"I didn't ask what you called yourself in the mirror when you lie about your worth to the rest of the world, I asked what *everyone else* calls you." Eros clicked his tongue, "What do they call a worthless nobody who thinks himself a ruler among men simply because nobody bothered to cut you down before? What wretched little name did they give *you*?"

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"And what if I am a halfbreed to you?" Aineías asked, "So what if I am not as strong nor as skilled as the rest of you? Does it make me less or more of a monster? Am I more or less of one simply because I am like you?"

Eros kept his eyes on the other, a flicker of light in them. He leaned close and reached for Aineías' chin, tilting it towards him. A smirk spread on his face and he tsked, gently shaking his head as he held it, "Is that still how you see me then, Aineías? A monster? I'd have thought by now you'd embrace what you are - who you are - and see that we are not all that different."

"I asked if I was more or less of one because I am like you," he said with a soft voice - something that seemed almost unnatural coming from him. Aineías wondered for a moment if it was even his own voice he heard, "I never said you were a monster."

"But do you?"

"Do I what?" he quirked his brow, tilting his head ever so slightly.

Eros leaned closer. His breath was against Aineías' ear and the silence between them was so loud that it was the only thing breaking the thickness of it. It pierced through the horrors of the night and the fears that came with daylight and when he smiled, Aineías felt it without needing to see.

He simply knew.

*"Do you think me a monster?"*

He pressed his thumb to the other's lips as he pulled his head back. He slowly dragged it down and chuckled at the way Eros' eyes followed it. *"No more than the rest of us."*

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