Death had never been someone to fret about one's look. Really, it didn't matter to him.

But on very rare occasions, when he didn't have to keep track of about a thousand things at the same time and could feel at ease, he would, sometimes, stumble over an object that would reflect his self and his eyes got caught.

The last of the Firstborn Nephilim would then step closer to a mirror, sometimes made out of glass, sometimes water, sometimes something entirely different, and then he would just look. Just observing his own outer appearance.

Like now.

Death felt another presence slowly stirring and in the process of waking.

People say beauty was in the eye of the beholder. But the eldest Rider was certain, that there was no being in Creation, who might call him beautiful, neither on the inside nor on the outside. Especially not on the outside.

Of course, he had a great physique, that was undeniable. How else would he survive this agony of live called Warrior of Balance?

But there are distinguishable properties of his body that were... a little peculiar.

Protruding collarbones were poking out of his foul colored skin, making him look sick with
diseases. His smeary raven hair hanged unkempt from his head and a highly prominent vertebrae pushed them to the sides. His waist was far too thin compared to the rest of his body to look healthy in any way. Including his unmoving bone mask his appearance was everything but beautiful. If there wouldn't be signs of a trained body, he could as well be declared a decaying corpse. None of his living brothers or his sister shared similar bodily traits to him. Good for them. Made it easier for them to find partners.

*Death heard the presence shuffling around, seeming to reorient itself.*

While he never thought of himself to be aesthetic, Death certainly knew someone else to be far more beautiful than just in the physical sense. Someone that he had seen growing from a pretty flower into a ferocious beast. A warrior worthy to be feared among all Creation and a conquerer ruling the battlefield with an unforgiving fist.

*Now Death sensed the presence approaching him, but it wasn't a threat, not yet.*

For Death the youngest Horseman was pure beauty. His movements, no matter if casual training or in a battle haze, were powerful and always precise; violent, yet careful. His way of honor was unmatched among their brethren and various other warrior races. His determination and unwavering heart in dire situations had been anchor to many. All of them were such endearing qualities.

Additionally, War, without doubt, always managed to grab Death's attention with physical attractiveness. His looks almost exhilarated the Firstborn Nephilim, adding to the flavor that was his brother and making him irresistible. Flowing white hair, muscular body and blazing blue eyes in an angular handsome face. War was perfect to look at. The complete opposite of his eldest brother.

*Death allowed a warm hand to sneak it's way to his right side. A thumb started to rub slow circles on his prominent hip bone and burning skin pressed against his naked torso.*

Honestly, he could hardly imagine anyone not finding War beautiful. The thought of beauty being different in different eyes was ridiculous. Death could clearly see it in the mirror. There were worlds between them. But this didn't matter. As long as War was with him, who was he to complain?

To not get Death wrong, his brother did have his ugly sides too, but...

... oh well, maybe he just thinks too much again and beauty was indeed in the eye of the beholder?

*White hair had tickled Death's left side of the neck and had destroyed his train of thought. He tilted his head and sharp teeth bit down. Sharp enough to draw blood, if there had been any blood left in the Firstborn's body.*

"War...", he sighed in an almost disappointed manner, being used to the throbbing sensation. "I told you not to do that."

But, as always, the younger didn't listen. Death let himself be snatched away and thrown into the large bed in his brother's bedchamber. Damn War's large build and pure strength. The elder was lying on his stomach now, buried between pillows, furs and blankets. A heavy weight settled on his tights and a hot breath rested on his left ear. The warm hand, that had caressed his side earlier, was now stroking through his messy and greasy hair.

"You are beautiful.", War's smooth voice mumbled, soothing Death's body and soul like no one else could. A tiny smile appeared on his hidden facial features. What an idiot War was. He always mentioned...
to Death being visually appealing, when he caught his older brother looking into a mirror. Every
time the Firstborn was certain, that his beloved brother was only rambling. The Rider of Death was
in no way beautiful.

Then Death felt soft lips brushing over his neck and out standing vertebrae. He got turned around
and little sweet kisses showered his strange collarbone. The kisses traveled on to his sunken
stomach, only to come back to be planted on his mask and bluish cheek.
The older had one or two mocking words burning on his tongue to sabotage the mood and ridicule
War for his strange tastes, when he was pulled by strong arms into a loving embrace and all
negative thoughts were brushed aside.

Beauty was really in the eye of the beholder after all, huh?
I haven't forgotten about my other work :) A few plots are already complete, but the words to make the musings readable won't come. They are hiding from me. For now I just really needed something fluffy and calming, because life is happening.

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