May The Steel Never Dull

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May The Steel Never Dull

by Gothams Only Wolf

Summary

REDACTED

ShinRa Regulation #113: A Summon's word supercedes a direct command by ShinRa superiors.

This Regulation has been repealed and replaced by Regulation # 229 henceforth.
The Valkyrie Mopping ShinRa's Mess

Chapter Notes

I honestly didn't expect for the Summon AU to grow on me as much as it did; to think it started out as two separate AUs! We've still got Professors Creepy to deal with, even if the main menace is gone. Also, more Ma Strife because the world always needs more BAMF Ma Strife, lbr here.

Enjoy~

Words with (*) will be explained at the bottom!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ma threw her broken woodaxe handle to the side as she made for Cloud, cradling his face in her hands, turning his face this way and that in concern. Lancelot cradled Fenrir's muzzle in his hands, using the edge of his blue tabard to wipe away the black gunk. It made Cloud snort in amusement, many a childhood memory a mirror of the present.

The rest of the Knights tended to disperse when there wasn't a fight and Lancelot preferred Ma's company over the rest of the Knight's Chosen.

"You gonna leave me hanging, Storm Cloud, or are you gonna introduce those nice, feathery gentlemen over there?" she prodded with a fond smile as she let go of his face. "The ones I'm pretty sure I just adopted."

"Ah, guys, this is my Ma." He introduced as all four of them gingerly stepped around JENOVA's corpse. "Ma, this is... They're my Packmates and, ah, also... my... umm..." Cloud flushed something awful but managed to finish. "My lovers."

A familiar platinum blonde brow nearly touched the kerchief she always wore before Ma smiled so brightly that Cloud blinked at her switch. "Family, then. I should've known with the way you five interacted."

"Yeah." He accepted Gen's canteen, tilting it back to wet his dry throat.

"Looks like you managed to snag all three of your heroes and an extra; ten-year-old you would be ecstatic."

Cloud choked on his mouthful of water, Seph gently patting inbetween his wing sets to help him through his coughing fit.

"MA!"

Cloud, his Ma and his Pack all sat down, the dinner table fuller than it'd been in years.

"Okay, what's next?" Gen posited as he turned a dumbapple in his hands.

"We have to tackle ShinRa." Seph murmured, his wing sets stiff.
"Actually, I think we need to deal with Professors Creepy first." Zack volunteered. At the raised eyebrows, he explained, "If ShinRa doesn't have them, then they can't make more SOLDIERs. Less SOLDIERs..."

"Less work." Gen finished easily.

"I second that; I would appreciate the chance to 'interrogate' our so-called 'creator' as to what would have happened had Aerith not removed JENOVA from our systems in time." Angeal rumbled, the snap of his wings only emphasizing his determined expression.

"I think we need to take care of the Reactor and the Mansion here in Nibelheim. Break it apart so thoroughly that by the time they realize they're in danger, it'll be too late." Cloud mused, "That could just be AVALANCHE talk but—"

"It makes sense, seeing as I was born in that Mansion. Clear it out and then burn it." Sephiroth agreed as his upper left wing tangled briefly with Cloud's upper right. "Would 'Nix be up for that?"

"You had me at burning the fire-hazard." Genesis replied with a wicked grin.

Aerith arrived in Nibelheim as planned but without Barret, her assigned partner, Tifa hopping out of the cab with Shiva in full shadow form*. "Uh, Teef? You've got..."

"I found my Thaw!" She cracked Cloud's back with the force of her hug.

Cloud's just glad she remembered his mid-wing set this time around before her words finally registered. «Aerith?»

Aerith had Minerva, also in full shadow form, and their Summons held hands when Aerith and Tifa's shadows touched each other.

"Barret made a stop in Corel for his wife's grave and Tifa already knew the way... Is that Her?"

Aerith made a face at the tarped and taped off corpse of JENOVA guarded by Lancelot and Typhoon.

"It is," Cloud returned Tifa's hug and released her, smiling as Tifa laced her fingers with Aerith's own. "my Ma and the Knights finished her off, really. Fen just made sure she was all dead, not just mostly."

"Hmm. Nothing lingers here but in the mountains..."

"We'll search after we're done with the Mansion here, if you'd like." Cloud offered as his Packmates made sure they were stocked up on gear and health items.

"If you wouldn't mind. I'm trying to get rid of Her entirely; I'm not giving her enough for a Reunion." The word sent a frission of inexplicable hatred through Cloud, his upper lip curling back briefly in a snarl. "Cloud?"

"Something tells me that word, whatever it was," he murmured as his Packmates brushed against him briefly with wing or shoulder.

"it's not something we want." Angeal finished as he mantled his double wing set. "Ready, Aerith?"

"I'll get rid of her. You and Genesis check the Reactor, please? Cloud, Sephiroth and Zack need to
check the Mansion. There's something important in there." Aerith suggested, her words saying more than she let on. "A few somethings, really."

Whatever was in the Mansion was important to one of them.

"Anything else?" Sephiroth asked, hold her other hand.

Cloud tilted his head to the side at a niggling thought but huffed when it failed to make an appearance.

"Don't read anything in the Library."

"Of course not; it's all ShinRa stuff anyway." Zack agreed.

They started at the top floor, working their way down through a horrible variety of both Nibel-native and invasive monsters. The amount of dust and files they'd collected made it clear that this wasn't a single day operation.

It was on the ground floor that Seph paused, his hand hovering over a locked door in deep green at the end of a long corridor full of dusty rooms.

"This... This was my room." Sephiroth murmured, the spike in Nibelweiss a bittersweet scent as Seph crushed the door's lock in his hand. "Fenrir broke this door many times but I never got more than thirty feet out of the Mansion until that last week."

The deep cracks in the door made sense in a heartbreaking way; Fenrir had tried his best to tend to both of his charges.

- I Fought Kujata That Week. I had Help From Bahamut, Which Was Something I Didn't Understand Then and Still Don't Now. He Rarely Helps Other Summons of His Own Volition. I Nearly Snapped the Summon Bond. Hojo Had No Choice But To Focus on His Own Summon Lest He Lose Kujata. The Rest Refused to Fight Me. - Fenrir mentioned as he padded next to them in his smaller form. Typhoon swirled around Zack as a lazy arc of water that almost looked like a ribbon if one didn't know the Summon's lesser form.

Typhoon said something that caused Fenrir to bark out a harsh laugh.

- Ty Asked If Bahamut Treated Me the Same as Lancelot. Certainly Not; He Expected Me to Fight as an Equal. -

The door swung open on well-oiled hinges and the dusty scent of Seph's pine-struck fear swept out in a rush of air.

"I'm going to kill Hojo," Cloud said matter-of-factly. "as slowly and as excruciatingly as possible."

"... You'll have to get in line."

Cloud was the first to react, throwing a sidewinder into the dark hallway.

He spun to the side to avoid it being thrown back, the wind ruffling his coverts as it whooshed past.

The blade made an awful -THRONG!- as it hit the wood of the door.
Cloud groaned internally at the thought of having to remove his blade from the wood.

"Hnn. You might have a chance."

Glowing crimson eyes emerged from the gloom, matched only by the red of the cloak that followed.

Chapter End Notes

Comment, complain, ect.

*full shadow form - A Summon uses their Chosen's shadow to manifest as a smaller version of themselves; a common sight after meeting the Summon equivalent of a soulmate.
Zack looked between Tsurugi's sidewinder to the person in red and back again before he whistled lowly. "Impressive. I'm guessing Hojo's on your shit list?"

"... I suppose you could say that," came the reply. "but judging by your vehement statement earlier, he's on your list as well."

Cloud grunted as he coaxed his sidewinder out of the door, "We could take—why'd you have to throw it so hard?—turns, if that's something—c'mon, c'mon—you're interested in?"

He freed the sidewinder at her last word, clicking it back into place and bemoaning the work he'd have to do to fix it.

"Phoenix did say he would provide enough Downs." Sephiroth added dryly.

The crimson lit up at that, the glow somehow even more intense. "Curiouser and curiouse; exactly how many people has Hojo angered past the point of reason?"

"I'd say over five hundred but uh, we've got a particular bone to pick, seeing as he put something toxic in us that left us with these." Zack pointed out as he half-spread his wings in the cramped corridor. "The wings are kinda only the tip of the dragon dungheap, if you get my drift."

"Indeed I do. My name is Vincent Valentine, formerly of the Turks."

"How can someone be a former Turk?" Cloud mumbled as he mourned the loss of his extra connector pieces to the door.

"When they're shot on the job and declared KIA by one Professor Hojo." came the dry response from Valentine. "May I be introduced to you?"

"Major Fair, formerly of SOLDIER." Zack chirruped. "You can call me Zack though; everyone does."

"Captain Strife, formerly of SOLDIER." Cloud responded as he gently nudged Seph, making sure his Packmate was okay in a place like this.

"General Sephiroth, formerly of SOLDIER—"

"Sephiroth? Born sometime in 1980?" Valentine cut in, the stricken agony there-and-gone again if Cloud hadn't been enhanced enough to notice.
"Yes. How do you know...?"

"... Someone I knew mentioned that she picked out that name for her unborn child. The due date was sometime in September, though I..." The hesitance was enough; this man had known Sephiroth's mother, however briefly it might have been.

Sephiroth inhaled sharply at that, his exhale shuddering out of him and his grip on Cloud's hand tightening to the point of pain before he let go a little. "My Mother, you knew her. My real one, that is, not JENOVA."

"Why would JENOVA be your Mother?"

"A creature of false morals, JENOVA spoke and she lied saying that my mortal Mother couldn't bear the sight of me. Captain Strife's Ma assured me that was a grave falsehood after she killed JENOVA along with the Knights of the Round." Sephiroth's shoulders got stiffer and his wings were starting to hike up again with the tension in his body.

"Your Mother killed JENOVA?" The incredulous crimson gaze swung to Cloud and he shrugged.

His Ma had always been kind of a badass, so why stop at Planet-leveling monsters?

"We attacked her and got in some good blows but yeah, Cloud's Ma finished her off and Fenrir made sure she wasn't getting back up." Zack cut in. "I'd love to continue this in a slightly less creepy venue and also, we need like, three days to get this all done in time for 'Nix to burn it to the ground. So, uh, Valentine, I need you to come with me to figure out of there are anymore papers in these top floors..."

Cloud would definitely be kissing Zack more after the mess that was the Mansion was cleared for the day.

Sephiroth wilted the second both of them were on the stairs, burying his face into Cloud's neck and inhaling slow but steadily.

"Remind me to thank Zack later," came the muffled request.

"Of course. Anything you need in there?" He asked softly as he gently carded his hands through Seph's feathers.

"If... If it's still there, I'd want it."

"Let's go get it together, okay?" He hummed.

"Okay."

They walked into the room together, wings barely fitting in the doorway.

Cloud flicked on the light, seeing as the Mansion ran on Reactor power and nearly choked on his next inhale.

The observatory glass stretched along two of the four walls, both of them reflected in it due to the cold mint of the entirely tile room.

The bed—though it barely merited the name—was in the corner, sheets still folded perfectly.

Sephiroth ignored the glass and lifted the bed one-handed, tearing into the clumsily patched mattress
with his left hand.

The cloth gave way with an echoing -SHRIIIIP!- and what fell out into his waiting hand made Cloud's jaw drop.

It was the stuffed Nibel wolf that Cloud had grown up with and had foisted off onto Seph the second he'd heard Seph didn't have one.

"You kept Fen-Fen?" He blurted out, wings fluffed in surprise.

"Of course. He was my first gift." Seph's fingers curled protectively around the small wolf, the bed lowered as his lover turned around to face him with Fen-Fen cradled to his chest. "The distinct lack in my childhood was made right in under twenty seconds by a gift from my friend. A friend who insisted that I needed another friend to take with me to Midgar."

"Huh." He smiled at the old plush, now some twenty years old, absently stroking the steel grey faux fur in the correct direction. "How'd you get him into the mattress?"

"There was a storm before I left, remember?"

"Oh yeah. The one none of the neighbors were prepared for when it knocked out the Reactor for a hot second. Ma an' I were laughing at them with our woodstove and shitty solar generator." Cloud chuckled as he remembered their neighbors paying for the tallow candles his Ma made in droves that month or so before ShinRa came out to fix it.

"I hid him then, knowing that they'd search my things before we left. But the fact that he'd been given to me at all... That I kept with me." Seph replied as they turned off the light and walked out into the lobby.

Zack was waiting with Valentine and both zeroed in on the tiny plush.

"Something important?" Zack prodded, using Aerith's words.

"Very." Sephiroth answered as he tucked Fen-Fen into his inventory. "I think a rest and recoup is in order."

"Yup! Aerith said that Gen and 'Geal said the same; we all need more time to get through the shit ShinRa left behind. Mmm, more of your Ma's meatloaf sure sounds nice." Zack wiggled his not-a-ShinRa-PHS and Valentine looked at it like it was going to bite him. "You coming down with, Valentine, or are you staying here in the gothic aesthetic?"

"... I'll be coming with you." came the stoic reply. "I've been here long enough."

"... You failed to mention that your Mother was Claudia Lance."

"Sharpshooter, you sly sonofabitch. I thought you died on me!" Ma chided as she embraced him in a hug, her tiny frame nearly swallowed by Valentine's crimson cloak.

"I did die. I honestly have no idea how I'm even alive right now but any blame should be laid at Hojo's feet." came Valentine's response, nearly as dry as a wrongly-cooked Dragon steak. "Since when were you a Strife?"

Ma chuckled and then replied, "Since Fenris finally spoke up about his feelings some twenty-odd years ago. Cloud's practically the spitting image of him." Cloud's wings flared in surprise. Ma never
talked about Papa unless she was up late at night going through their wedding album and with nearly half a bottle of mead in her. "I see you've met my other two sons."

"... 'Other sons?'" Valentine parroted with a risen brow.

"They're my son's Wingmates so of course they're family." She huffed out and oh, yeah, that was where he got his sense of humor.

Something clicked, however, at his Ma's casual reference. "Your Summon's Bahamut?!"

At that, crimson and slit green narrowed at the same time and his lover and this stranger said in stereo, "That's why Bahamut helped Fenrir."

"I think, perhaps, that an explanation is in order," Aerith murmured after she cleared her throat, Gen and Angeal both covered in dust. "Baths, dinner and a nice long talk."

"Definitely," Cloud agreed with a firm nod and a mantling of his wings.

Chapter End Notes

Comment, complain, ect.
Seated in the living room, everyone squashed into the available space, Aerith in Tifa's lap and Cloud perched in Zack's lap.

Cloud prodded Seph to start talking with his upper left wing, "Bahamut frequently helped Fenrir, even for things that Bahamut wouldn't... shouldn't do. A Summon's supposed to be protection and only one Summon per person but I can understand both. The only reason I'd be able to do that—"

Realization dawned, "Like the Knights and me, except Lance and I have a better understanding than most."

"You're not making any sense to the rest of us." Genesis pointed out, squished as he was between Seph and Angeal.

"You can understand your parent's Summon, just like they can understand yours. Built-in babysitters with the ability to talk to your parents, basically." Cloud spelled it out carefully.

Genesis chewed on his bottom lip instead of cursing and murmured bitterly, "Explains why 'Nix never interacted with my parents."

Sephiroth moved before any other Packmate could, hauling Gen right into his lap and wrapping the lower sets of wings around their beloved. "Then it was their loss, Gen, and our gain."

"You do realize that I can hear all of your Summons?" Ma offered wryly. Genesis's hopeful look was almost painful to see but she confided, "Even yours, Genesis; 'Nix is a most entertaining conversationalist. I claimed you for my sons and I meant it."

"Oh."

"Which leaves me asking; Sharp, do you think you're related to Sephiroth?" Ma prodded as she settled in her chair.

"Summons can obfuscate, certainly, but they cannot lie. Bahamut has been after me to wake for
some time now for the sake of my—as he puts it—'silvered seraph child.' You can imagine my surprise when I discovered not one but two men who fit the description in different ways. Your Cloud has silver feathers woven into the white while Sephiroth has what can only be blond ones woven into the black." Valentine replied with a heavy sigh.

Cloud arched his upper right wing at that, tugging it into the light of the candles and blinking at the sight of several silver feathers in his wing.

"When you say some time... How much?" Tifa questioned, ice twisting in fractals around her. Shiva must want to know as well, though she avoided Typhoon's smaller form.

"It was harder to track time where I rested—"

{SOME YEARS, HE SAYS. NEARLY TWO DECADES, VINCENT, SEVENTEEN YEARS TOO MANY YOU SPENT AT 'REST' FOR YOUR 'SINS'.} The deep grumble came from near Valentine, the smaller form of what could only be Bahamut draped across the man's shoulders. {NOW THAT SOMEONE ELSE CAN HEAR ME, YOUR LIFE WILL BE MUCH BETTER FOR IT.}

Valentine looked like he'd bitten into a sour cactus fruit. "Do shut up."

{BITE ME. YES, HE'S RELATED, OTHERWISE THAT ONE OVER THERE COULDN'T HEAR ME.} Bahamut motioned to Cloud, tiny black wings glimmering in the light of the fireplace. {SPEAKING OF RELATIONS, WHAT PATH DID YOU CHOOSE LITTLE WOLF?}

Cloud fluffed his wings as he thought about his answer, "I chose to join AVALANCHE for the sake of my Pack. It... didn't seem right to leave others to suffer the same fate we had in the path that was and would have been."

{YOU GRABBED THE WHITE THREAD UNRAVELLED AND WOVE IT AMONGST YOUR OWN TAPESTRY. I SEE.} Bahamut murmured thoughtfully.

Aerith laughed at that, Minerva a soft swish of pink scarf wrapped at her elbows. "No, Great Lord of the Skies, he repaired the thread unravelled with strands of his own. White was repaired with crimson, as was bronze, blue and black. Look closer still, please."

{INDEED, IT IS. CRIMSON WOUND AND UNWOUND, FREEDOM EARNED THOUGH STILL THREADS TO SNIP IN THE TAPESTRY. WE WILL HELP WITH THOSE, THE THREADS THAT BIND US STILL.} Bahamut murmured, vindictive pleasure creeping into the Summon's tone.

"What do you mean, threads that bind us still?" Angeal prodded, fingers buried in Zack's wings.

{THE ONES THAT HOLD KUJATA AND LEVIATHAN AS THEIR SUMMON.}

"I think he means Professors Creepy, which we agreed we needed to take out before ShinRa got anymore ideas on how to create SOLDIERS." Zack chirruped, his arms wrapped around Cloud's waist but freed one to gesture to the room in general. "Looks like we have more allies than we think, huh?"

"There's AVALANCHE, us and our SOLDIERs that still want to fight and now Mr. Valentine as well."

"First we have to finish with the Reactor and that fire-hazard that 'Nix is begging to burn to ash and
lava both." Genesis snorted. "Then we can plan from there."

"That and get whatever's in the Nibel Mountains that keeps hold of JENOVA's presence." Zack hummed as he pillowed his chin on Cloud's shoulder.

Valentine startled and then Bahamut licked his bonded's cheek, the forked tongue stealing tears as they flowed from equally crimson eyes. **WHAT RESTS IN THE MOUNTAINS IS SEPHIROTH'S MOTHER, THE ONE WHO GAVE BIRTH TO HIM AND GAVE VINCENT HIS GREATEST REGRET. HE WAS SHOT, YOU SEE, FOR TRYING TO GET HER TO LEAVE NIBELHEIM AND HOJO'S EXPERIMENT BEHIND.**

Aerith bit at her lower lip, green eyes glazing over as she communed with the LifeStream beneath their feet. "Well, the Planet says she's no harm and that her presence is self-sealed. It's harder to feel her but she's put herself to sleep deliberately, containing a majority of JENOVA, and has left notes in that regard, to the left and about six feet down from the Mansion."

"I'm not killing my Mother," Sephiroth stated flatly, "not when she rests to protect us."

Aerith nodded in agreement. "We don't need to and if we did, I'm afraid JENOVA might revive in her."

Cloud flinched and another wash of the events-that-were washed over him. "It's better if we leave her alone. We have bigger problems than someone who sleeps to protect us."

"Cloud?" Angeal questioned as he reached behind Sephiroth to cup the right side of his face. "What was it?"

"Events-that-were but aren't anymore. Something we'll need to deal with after ShinRa." He admitted even as he leaned into Angeal's touch and ran his thumb over the hand Zack still had around his waist. "Let's clear up any questions Mr. Valentine may have and then tackle the Mansion again in the morning."

"That is... agreeable." Valentine rumbled, his face a stony wall of limited emotion. Bahamut nuzzled and the man accepted but the walls he'd brought up, both physical and emotional, were reasonable after the discussion they'd had about Sephiroth's mother. "I shall take first watch."

"I'll join you, Sharp." Ma hummed, snagging her second favorite lance off the wall and joining him, blue pressing to crimson shoulder in support.

Chapter End Notes

Comment, complain, ect.
With the questions cleared up Cloud suggested, "Alright, one of us takes second with either Tifa or Aerith and the rest of us will take third."

"I'll take second," Genesis murmured, flexing his pitch wings and getting off of Sephiroth's lap, tugging their lover up after him.

"I'll take second," Aerith also volunteered, cradling Tifa's face in her hands and pressing a kiss to her forehead, each of her cheeks and then on her lips. "I think Tifa's taking second too."

Tifa pouted at the loss but snuggled up to Aerith to await the watch shift change.

"Damn right I am, my Thaw."

Cloud tugged Angeal, Seph and Zack into his old bedroom, the place converted into a pile of mattresses and blankets for their wings.

Both Sephiroth and Cloud turned on Zack, showering him in kisses for his earlier moment in the Mansion.

"Hmm, not that I'm protesting but why the extra lovin', guys?"

"Something between me an' Seph, Puppy." He answered.

"You saw the situation and made an executive decision to distract my Father from my room." Sephiroth murmured as he lifted his head from making a hickie just under Zack's jaw.

Angeal chuckled from behind Zack's back, his thighs engulfing Zack's as he dug his fingers into Zack's favorite wing spots, "Trust Zack to be emotionally savvy. He deserves all of the attention we can give him."

"Ooo, that's, hah, not fair-" Cloud kissed him, tugging on Zack's bottom lip with his teeth. "Oh fuck it."

Zack returned thier attention with equal fervor, Cloud double-tapping the floor so that Gen didn't feel
left out, the wash of a Silence and a 'come here' echoing along their bond as Packmates.

Genesis rose a brow at the sight they made but smiled as Seph and Cloud both reached for him, Zack's hand fisting in his sweater. "Mm, a much better way to pass the time and stay warm. Smart Puppy."

"You'll be the death of me-hnn-yet, Gen." Zack laughed breathlessly.

With Genesis cradled between them, the redhead sleeping soundly after second watch, Cloud and Angeal took third watch. Seph and Zack would be going last and waking everyone else come the morning, so for now it was just them.

"Cloud?" Angeal said quietly, a white plume of breath following his question.

"Hmm."

"Something tells me that in the path-that-was... I didn't make it. I died without Honor." He said, curling all the tighter around Genesis. "That we made a right mess of things."

Cloud mulled it over, murmured, "Mm, probably. However, that was the path-that-was, not the path-that-is-now. Things have changed for the better, Ang."

"Why do you say that?"

"Aerith's less sad, which means this is the right one, even if it is more difficult. Less death too, according to Fen." He admitted. "Besides, no sense or use dwelling on what was— better to look to what can be, if we do this right."

"Have you taken after Zack?" Angeal laughed faintly, jogging Gen slightly as he did so.

"Nope, just... flashes. I think," Cloud paused, shuffled so that he dug his fingers into Angeal's wings, and continued, "I think, even when the world went to shit, there was hope. Ridiculously small and almost squashed under destiny, fate, what-have-you, but still there thanks to Tifa and AVALANCHE. We beat the bad guys but at a cost that the Planet didn't like."

"Alex said as much too, y'know, that our path wouldn't have been a good one. That somehow, someway, I got the idea that I was a monster. That I wasn't worthy of honor or the Buster or... well, anything. Not even Zack, when I know that's wrong." Angeal sighed into Gen's hair, leaning into Cloud's touch. "It's been sitting too long in my head and it's rather refreshing to hear you refute it."

"I'm glad you told me. Thinking it is all well and good but internalizing it? Not so much. It's... not good for anyone." Cloud mentioned, a flash of blotchy, blackened skin and a wave of sadness only adding to his point. "Especially not me."

"The path that was again?"

"Mmhmm, only I was alone. Alone and sad and... it wasn't right but that's what I did. I should've leaned on what support I had."

~Self-punishment for a broken promise. It didn't help anyone, really, just hurt all of you worse.~ Fenrir pointed out as he laid on their feet, tongue lolled and relaxed. ~It is good to air out any thoughts like that. Discussion and removal of said thoughts is wise.~
"I take it you agree that talking it out is good for us?" Angeal asked Fenrir directly.

Fenrir nodded and then pillowed his cheek on Angeal's boots.

~REST WELL, LITTLE PACK. TOMORROW IS A FULL DAY IF YOU INTEND TO TACKLE THE MANOR. I WILL TAKE YOUR WATCH. JOIN YOUR PACKMATE IN SLUMBER.~

"Fen says tomorrow is gonna be a long day. He'll take the watch from here."

"Thank you, Fenrir." Angeal reached down and gently rubbed behind Fenrir's ears. "We'll rest well."

Chapter End Notes

Comment, complain, ect.

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