

As the celebrations ebb away, the details of the Final Summoning start to emerge; people begin to frown when they recognise him, and mutter, in a way they think is discreet, “I thought *both* guardians were killed in the fight against Sin.”

“You thought wrong,” he lies, scanning their guilty faces in the hope that none of them will catch the scent of pyreflies; that none will realise he hasn’t been to pay homage to Braska at the Farplane. They’ll have him Sent if they know, and he has to see that the boy is safe, as soon as he can stomach the thought of actually seeking out that wretched creature.