

BRASKA would bring the Calm, if he went into Zanarkand and offered himself; he would be pardoned his supposed heresy, and Auron would be welcomed back by the monks, his brothers, with open arms; and Jecht, perhaps, would learn what he needed to know about how he had made the journey to Spira, and how he might find a way back to the city he loved.

It would be the right thing to do, for everyone's sake: admit that Braska was willing to do this, let him go forth and see his name inscribed in the lists of High Summoners, watch his statue being erected in some temple a few quiet years down the line. But shamefully, selfishly, there were things Auron valued beyond all of this: the sparkle in Braska's eyes, the lightness of his smile – the warm beauty of his kisses, the way his body so perfectly occupied all the spaces left by Auron's own, the safety of his embrace – and all the reasons in Spira would never be enough for Auron to let him go.