

ANGEAL passes his fingers over Genesis' skin; even in the morning light, it's unmistakably grey now. Grey and chalky, as if it will crumble when he presses just a fraction harder, disintegrate under his touch even though his desperate fingers are trying to ensure the opposite.

He bends to kiss it, as gently as he can; and feels powder on his lips.

"I'm irredeemable," Genesis murmurs, his voice soft and low with exhaustion, sending vibrations through Angeal's chest.

"We'll find a cure," Angeal protests. And he keeps his fingers tight against Genesis, vowing that determination alone will keep him whole.