

“How does it feel?” says Auron.

Braska touches his chest lightly. He’s still sweating. “I can feel it,” he says. “Him. Them?” He laughs awkwardly. Everything has been awkward since this started.

It means the pilgrimage can begin, Auron thinks. There’s no turning back, unless Braska retires to one of the temples, but they’ll hardly let him do that anyway. From now on, there are more than just two of them on this journey.

“Will you summon?” he asks. “It’s a tradition, isn’t it, to call your first?”

“Oh, but not in the street, Auron,” Braska murmurs.

That wasn’t what Auron meant, but he feels himself grin at the thought. Braska has upset the citizens of Bevelle enough already. Calling an aeon in the middle of the road ought not to shock anyone at this point.

“I should show Yuna before we go,” Braska adds. “Maybe I’ll take her out into the fields. Would you like to join us? I suppose you’ll be seeing enough of it on the road, anyway ...”

Auron shakes his head. “I’d like to see.” It might help him prepare, at least – might help him get used to the fact that Braska is no longer an ordinary man.