

“SHOVE over,” said Jecht.

Auron looked up blearily. “What?”

“Shove over,” he said again. “Braska took the other bed. You don’t want me disturbin’ him, right?”

“This is the sort of thing that goes on in your Zanarkand, is it?” said Auron, rubbing his eyes.

“Where else am I meant to sleep?” Jecht replied. “The floor? Get real.”

The bedframe shook as he lay down; Auron’s head collided briefly with the headboard. “Ow,” he announced.

“Quit whining,” said Jecht. “There’s tons of room. Now, how about you shut your mouth and we get some sleep?”

Auron grunted in annoyance, but said nothing else. Jecht had stolen half the blanket, and he smelled. Not a bad smell, but a distracting one. His loud, laboured breathing bore the telltale signs of frequent tobacco use. He was warm, almost unbelievably so. It was strangely comforting to feel that warmth beside him.

He sat up. He had been on the cusp of sleep; that explained his last thought. In normal circumstances, he would never have reacted that way.

“Go to sleep, psycho,” Jecht murmured.

Auron lay down carefully. It was very important not to get too close to Jecht. He had to remember that.