

The following story is non-canonical and does not fall into the timeline of Superstition. It does include the full group though, so also enjoy a peek at what you can expect from future seasons, conditionally anyway.

I can hear the sounds of conversation drift into the room through the cracked open door of our bedroom. I snort to myself as I push my face further in the pillow, breathing in the familiar scent that didn't belong to me, but the woman next to me. I pop one eye open as I gaze at her sleeping form, her hair braided in two rows and then pulled into a tight resilient bun. She was tense, something that I believed came with sleeping with another body so close. In all the time we've been together, she still hasn't learned how to relax, either that or her instincts were still on high alert. To further prove my point, I reach out intending to push a strand of hair away from her eye. Before my fingers can even make contact with the hair, her eyes are open, and she draws away.

Two fierce amber orbs glare back at me in more of an inquisitive manner than an accusing one.

"What are you doing?" Sydero questions, batting my still frozen hand out of the way. I don't immediately respond, content enough with watching as she does a cat-like stretch. The sheets barely clinging to her nude form. I bite the inside of my cheek as part of the thin sheet drifts down, exposing the beginning of her breast and a peek at her cleavage.

"You'd think you got enough last night," she yawns, my brow raising since she wasn't currently looking at me. Therefore she couldn't see my facial expression and where my eyes had wandered.

"How do you even know?" I start, and she cuts me off with a smirk.

"You keep forgetting that I'm not just a cambion, I'm a succubus. Desire is rolling off of you in waves." She moves so that she was now straddling me, her eyes much darker than the usual gold and brown hue that I've become accustomed to. "And trust me, it's as intoxicating as any other time," she whispers, her fingers lightly caressing my jaw and working its way to my chin. Her lips meet mine softly, far more gently than the more recent times that she's kissed me.

"Well," I chuckle, "you're just as addicting, trust me." She hums against my lips before pulling away. She gives me a wink and walks towards the bathroom, my eyes following every curve of her body until they were staring at a closed wooden door. I lean back, willing my heart

to calm down, I hadn't even had a proper breakfast yet. Though, I could definitely see that being taken care of with the help of the woman currently occupying the bathroom.

I shake the thought from my head and grab some pajamas, throwing them on and then walking into the busy kitchen.

"Who made breakfast?" I question as I grab a plate, grabbing pancakes, fruit, and anything else my stomach urges me to seize.

"The only person nice enough at this table too," Rahim answers, sipping on what I presume is coffee. So, Amari then.

"Whoa, I helped!" Chris reminds, pointing his fork at Rahim in accusation.

"You talked her ear is what you did," Bradley snorts, "that's the only reason I got up as early as I did." He pauses and backs away from the table, clasping his hands together as he opens his eyes and puckers his lips. "Oh, Amari. What am I going to do for Valentine's Day? I have no idea if I should take Susan or Penny to the movies. And then what about Emily and Beatrice. I'm Christopher Richardson, and I have so many girls drooling over me that I'm at odds with myself." He says all of this in a deep, oddly uncomfortable voice.

"Shut it, brat!" Chris says, throwing his biscuit at Bradley, who ducks out of the way just in time.

"So wasteful," Zillah growls, "it's not like we have a dog to clean this stuff up." He pouts, and a malicious grin takes over, but Rahim stops him, telling him to stop and forget whatever insult was about to make it past his lips.

I take a seat, my mind on part of what Bradley had said. Valentine's Day was upon us, and I was trying to figure out what I should do with Sydero if anything. She's said on multiple occasions that she wasn't a fan of Valentine's Day, and it wasn't like we were even together. For all I know, she still saw us as casual lovers who couldn't get enough of one another. Meanwhile, I was trying to slap some sense into my forever falling heart, telling it to get a grip and that the woman it craved didn't feel the same. All the while, hoping she did.

"So, what are you and Sydero up to today?" Amari questions, scooting her chair closer to me and leaning in, fascination in her full, deep brown eyes.

I get ready to speak when Chris interrupts me, "nothing, I assume. Are you two even together?"

I get ready to answer that question when Zillah speaks first, “wait. You two still haven’t even talked about what you are? What are you waiting for? The end of the world?”

I lick my lips, ready to speak, but Bradley stops me and replies instead, “oh, they know what they are, they just don’t agree. Am I right?” I don’t even try to reply anymore.

“Right,” Chris barks in laughter, “for Sydero, you’re just a body to fuck. For you ...” he trails off, raising a brow as if wanting me to fill in the blank there. The others look at me too, all wanting to know what I thought.

“I ...” I start, my cheeks warming as my heart practically sings of how it feels. I get up and look down the hall at the room that I share with Sydero, even though she had her own room. The shower was running, so I was safe. I come back and sit down and lean in, the others doing the same, “is it weird? I mean, for me to feel *that way* about her?”

Zillah shrugs, “I’m guessing that when you say *that way*, you don’t mean tossing her off the side of a building like the rest of us.”

“You guys are horrible,” Amari chides, looking back to me, “it’s not weird at all. If anything, Sydero’s the weird one.”

“Yea, try telling her that,” Bradley laughs, “so you do ... love her?”

“Love is such a strong word, don’t you think?” I ask the two of them, ignoring the guys on the other side of the table who all share a snicker.

“Come on now,” Rahim says, unable to hide the blossoming smile on his face, “Sydero doesn’t do love.”

“Exactly,” Zillah backs up, “what you feel, Roe is something we all like to call lust.”

“Eh,” Chris begins, “that and probably whatever disease she gave you.” Zillah and Rahim both burst into laughter alongside Chris, and I roll my eyes, putting them back on Bradley and Amari, who seems just as fed up with them as I was.

“What do you two think?”

“I think it would be weird if you hadn’t developed feelings for her yet,” Bradley tells me with a shrug, “if you don’t want to call it love, fine, but you’ve been pining for her for a while now.”

“Yea. Maybe you should take her on the date you planned and bring it up,” Amari says next, and I chuckle nervously, this time the whole table decides to eye me in shock.

“Wait, you don’t have anything planned? It’s Valentine’s Day,” Chris points out, and I wave him away as I continue eating.

“She said she hates Valentine’s Day.”

“So what?” Bradley counters, “I hate Christmas, but I still expect each and every one of you to shower me with presents.”

“Shit,” I growl, “what am I going to do?”

“Just take her to a restaurant and a movie, keep it simple and cheap,” Rahim informs.

“Yea, no,” Amari corrects, and Rahim begins to retort when she stops him again and says, “who exactly is your valentine again, Rahim?” He closes his mouth, roughly punching Zillah when he laughs hard enough to choke on his water.

Amari ignores the two guys as they go back and forth, my focus already shifting back to her, “you need to do something special for the two of you. You know, something that means a lot to both of you.”

With an almost full mouth, Bradley turns to us, “and moo moo ant knew det?” We both look at him, waiting for him to swallow and then repeat himself, “and a movie can’t do that?”

“It’s just not romantic,” Amari grumbles, but I couldn’t think of anything else, nothing that Sydero wouldn’t immediately groan at. But the conversation inevitably ends there as Sydero walks in, busy with throwing her hair into a messy bun as she grabs a piece of bacon and comes to me, placing herself in my lap. I breathe her in, catching whiffs of her natural musk as well as the scented soap that she loves to use. A subtle enough hint of cinnamon with something else that I was never able to truly name, but something that always reminded me of her.

“So, what do you two have planned for today?” Amari purrs, shooting Sydero a smug smile that causes Sydero to recoil.

“Well, you know me,” she grins, subtly shifting, doing just enough to grind her ass deeper into my lap and causing memories of last night to flash through my mind.

“I always have an idea or two,” her eyes flicker to me as she slowly licks her lip and once again presses her butt closer. I growl as I finally have enough and reach for her hips. She rises as soon as I begin to react, walking back over to the stove as I curse her in every way I know how.

“So, you are planning to go out?” Amari asks, eyes wide.

“God Amari, do you want to hear about my sexual exploits next?” Sydero questions, grabbing my wrist, and checking my watch.

“Just curious,” she says deflated and disgusted.

“She’s not the only one,” I point out, “you told me that you hate Valentine’s Day. Now you’re saying you have something planned?” She sends me a look that I can’t quite decipher, but I let it go, feeling a blossoming of excitement as I try to figure out what it could be. She places her dish in the sink before turning to me, motioning for me to hurry up and get ready.

“I’ll meet you in the car,” she says before walking out, leaving without glancing at anyone still sitting at the table, staring after her in shock. I leave to take a shower and to get dressed, coming back out to see that everyone had mostly cleared out of the kitchen and either moved to their rooms or the living room.

“Alright, we’re leaving,” I call out.

“Make sure this isn’t some ploy to kill you,” Zillah shouts back, and I can hear Chris grunt somewhere in agreement. I roll my eyes, though I can’t disagree with them. Sydero didn’t even have the balls to call us a couple, wanting to go out on Valentine’s Day itself just didn’t seem like her speed.

I get into the passenger seat and glance over at Sydero who wastes no time. She puts the car in drive and we’re off.

“So, what’s really going on?” I test, raising a brow.

“Nothing. I just wanted to get out of the house and away from them, so I made it seem like I was taking you somewhere.” I visibly deflate, trying to tell myself that I had expected as much. What did I expect? That Sydero had actually planned something on this day of all days?

She glances at me and scowls, “you believed that way too easily. Jeez, aren’t these things supposed to be a surprise?” she questions. I don’t answer but I do give her a skeptical look, not knowing what to expect anymore.

She drives to a pop-up restaurant and I glare over at her, grabbing her arm before she can get out of the car.

“Why didn’t you tell me to wear something classier? I look like I’m about to go walking around the mall.” I take a quick glance at her apparel as well, raising a brow when I see that she was just as casually dressed as me.

“Come on,” she sneers, getting out of the car and leading us to the entrance to where the host is. He takes one look at us and looks ready to cast us back outside.

“Our bathrooms are only available to our diners. My apologies.”

Sydero leans forward with a wide and sardonic grin, “reservation for Dumbass.” The host bristles, at first refusing to do such thing until Sydero taps the list sitting in front of him. He does, and I watch as his face goes from confident to irritated.

“Now, where will you sit us?” she questions, and he gathers some menus before growling for us to follow him.

“Dumbass?” I question as we walk.

“Eh, telling you why I did that wouldn’t really be fun. See if you can figure it out before the end of the day, though,” she answers with a wink. I frown and don’t answer her as we walk towards the table away from all the other patrons in the restaurant. I thank the host who shoots me a scowl before walking off, and we both sit. A waitress soon later comes by to get our drinks, Sydero acting as if she was looking the menu over.

“Beer?” Sydero questions. I raise a brow but make no mention of how many times she’s told me about her disdain for beer.

“We don’t have beer,” the waitress tells her, trying to keep judgment from her tone.

“Of course, you prissy folks don’t,” she grumbles just loud enough for me to hear, and maybe the waitress. We both order water and the waitress walk away. I look back and I put my attention on Sydero, who, for the first time, looks nervous.

“What do people even do on these things?” she questions, resituating herself in the seat, gazing at the other couples who seem so at ease, “do you just stare at one another?”

“You really don’t know?” I question with a smirk, astonished when she looks away, fiddling with the tablecloth.

“It’s not like I’ve ever been on many of these, or any really.”

“Well, most of the time, on first dates anyway, you ask questions to better get to know the person. Like, are you a dog or a cat type of person?”

“Neither. Too much fur, it’s annoying,” she cocks her head, “seriously? This is what first dates are? Asking pointless questions that have nothing to do with having an actual relationship?”

“I wouldn’t say all that. Knowing what another like lets you know if you’re compatible.”

She waves my explanation away, “yes, because someone’s preference for animals will definitely make me recoil and never want to sleep with them.” I could see where this was going, and so I deflate, wondering if this entire ‘date’ was just going to be her refusing anything I offer.

She notices and, with a deep sigh, leans forward, “so, you got any others?”

“Um, if you could live anywhere, where would it be?” She pouts, actually appearing like she was just as curious as I was.

“In the mountains, I think, far from civilization. Someplace surrounded by nothing but trees and more trees. What does that say about me?”

“That you like peace and quiet, though I could’ve never guessed that. You like nature more than interaction with people.”

“And how would that turn someone off?”

“Well, if I’ve always seen my life in the city, surrounded by people and loud noises. It obviously means that our futures don’t line up. One of us would either have to give up our want, or we’d have to compromise.”

“And if one of us refuses to compromise, it could be a sign that we,” she pauses as she thinks, “that we’re just not compatible? But why does that matter?”

I chuckle and relax as I take a sip of the drink I had ordered, “not everything comes down to sex, Sydero. If so, then sure, I’m sure you can get past a lot of flaws and traits that people have. Here, for example, would you be here with Chris?”

“Ugh,” she laughs, “hell no.”

“Exactly. You’d probably have zero problem with fucking Chris, though,” I point out, trailing off when she chuckles and scratches the back of her neck.

“I actually wouldn’t.” My eyes widen when a light blush spreads across her face, the first one I’ve ever seen, “never thought about it either. I mean, that’s probably because he was always annoying, and you’ve always been far more entertaining to deal with. So, sure. I guess I know what you mean.”

“Did the mighty Sydero actually just agree with me? And about romance no less? This day is just becoming more and more shocking. I don’t know if I can’t handle it,” I laugh. “Tell me, though, what made you want to do this?” I question, and motion to the restaurant we were sitting in.

She nervously messes with the tablecloth, “you wouldn’t shut up about wanting to go to a pop-up restaurant, so I thought this would be nice.”

“On Valentine’s Day?”

“I just wanted to do something nice for you, it’s not a big deal,” she growls.

“And you not telling me to dress up or putting our reservation under Dumbass?”

“I told you, you’ll have to figure that out. I doubt you will but might as well give you a challenge.” I frown and sigh, attempting to go through all the possible reasons for her to do such a thing, and coming up short. Honestly, there were a few reasons she would, but none of them seemed important enough for her to make a challenge out of it.

I decide to continue asking her random date questions, chuckling at her responses, and how much she causes me to rethink everything I know about her. I prized myself on knowing more about her than anyone else in the house, even Bradley. And only now was I realizing that even I hardly knew anything at all.

“Do you know what you want to order?” the waitress asks, Sydero gazing over at me, curiosity in her eye. This was her seeing if I had caught on to whatever her challenge was. I

glance from the waitress to the menu, thinking about everything that Sydero has done so far. It doesn't hit me long after, and I smirk for not realizing it as soon as I heard her say what our reservation name was.

I close the menu and look at the waitress with a stern look, "I would like the cheeseburger, hold the cheese, please."

She glowers, "that's not on the menu."

"That sounds idiotic," I point out, "who put the menu together."

"Our head chef."

"Great," Sydero states and stands, "I'm going to have a word with them."

"Honey," I say in a mocking tone.

"No, I just think they ought to not discriminate certain food for no reason. Like I came here wanting a burger, how dare it not be on the menu?" The waitress looks lost and terrified all at the same time, and I make a mental note to give her more than just a generous tip after we fucked everything up.

I follow after Sydero as she walks towards the kitchen, one of the employees trying to stop her. By now, we have the entire restaurant's attention. I stay back, taking a seat at a random table and nodding at the couple that stares at me in disbelief.

"How much was that?" I question, pointing to what I hoped was an appetizer, no way someone would actually get full off of that.

"That's quite rude," the woman tells me, her voice extra haughty.

"What are you even doing here?" the man questions, staring down his nose at me, "there's a diner that would serve your needs better." I stand and place both of my palms against the table.

"It's people like you that are going to make all this worth it." I reach onto the man's plate and with a fistful of mashed potatoes, throw it across the room. It lands in a woman's hair, and she whips around.

"Harold," I shout, looking at the man in shock, "her hair didn't deserve that."

“You monster,” Not Harold’s partner shrieks, picking up her plate and launching it at me with as much grace as a newborn puppy. I easily dodge it, and it hits a waiter with food. He trips, and the food goes flying, spilling onto an entire table. It’s not long before the restaurant descends into chaos, food and drinks both flying. Sydero leaving the kitchen with wide eyes.

“The hell you do?” she asks once I find my way to her side.

“Harold was rude. Did no one tell him it was Valentine’s Day?” Before Sydero can answer, my attention is drawn to the kitchen, where it sounds like another fight is happening.

“The hell did you do?”

“I told him my date wanted a cheeseburger without cheese, and he just ... got mad. As if it’s my fault that Katherine puts her nasty little finger in all the dishes, Eugene is messy, and that Paul is a drunk and messing with the chef’s boyfriend. They have a lot to talk about.”

“Operation Fuck it Up successful?” I inquire.

“Indeed indeed.” I’m about to participate when the host that first spoke to us skids across the floor, stopping in front of us.

“You two!” he growls, and we take off, running to the other side of the restaurant before making for the exit.

We leave the restaurant in a fit, falling over laughing with only the other to support our weight as we go.

“You think they’ll ever let us come back?” Sydero questions, wiping a tear from her eye, glancing back at the restaurant where the host glares after us.

“Yea, no. They’ll probably put pictures of us on the windows, I’m pretty sure they got a perfect one of you when you ran into the kitchen.” My words cause us to go back to laughing hysterically. We round the corner, the car resting a few feet over when we take a break on the side as we pause to catch our breath.

“This was an amazing first date, Syd,” I joke, hip bumping her, “I don’t think I’d be against a second.” She doesn’t reply. Instead, she grabs my hand and looks down at our linked fingers.

“Seriously?”

“Yea, why were you worried?” She stiffens and shrugs her shoulders and nods, my smile vanishing as I look at her. She attempts to put on her mask, but upon failing, she seems to just go without it.

“I’ve never done this or even thought about it. I never cared about taking someone out on a date, wooing them, or showing them that I cared. But with you, I knew I had to make that effort. I don’t want you to think that you’re just some other character I view as a sex toy or something.”

“I know,” I whisper to her, moving closer to her, picking up her chin so that we were staring into each other’s eyes.

“How do these dates usually end?” she questions, biting her cheek.

“With a kiss,” I answer, but the energy radiating off of her wasn’t one that was interested in just a kiss. My heart thumps hard in my chest as my senses remind me where we were.

“Hmm,” I whisper as I back her into the brick wall of the building, blocking out any exits, “how about a reward?” She snorts, and though the action doesn’t shock me as much as it should, in a flash she’s gone, and my back is the one pinned up against the wall. Sydero’s power keeps me from moving as darkness appears in her eyes.

“You know better than to tempt me,” she growls.

“How long have you wanted to just do this?” I ask with a smirk.

“Since we woke up this morning,” she hisses, her tongue gently trailing across my earlobe before she sucks on it. I shiver, my body yearning, my heart aching, and my senses calling me an idiot.

“Sydero,” I say, realizing our situation, “we should move this to the car.”

“Can’t wait that long,” she chuckles. Her lips moving across my jaw, and her hands working their way across my body.

“The car is right there.”

“And, you’re right here.” Her lips are on my neck, my body shivering as she nips and sucks, doing just enough to want me to grab her and have my way with her. “If you don’t want anyone to find us, then keep quiet.”

EXPLICIT CONTENT WARNING

MALE

I tremble for two reasons. One is the fear of being discovered. I never stopped and thought about what would happen if we were ever found out, but that was because I’ve never put myself in the situation to be found out. Two, because Sydero’s hands were massaging my dick through my pants, adding enough pressure to make me groan. I move, remembering at the last minute that her powers were still holding me prisoner.

“Shit’s not fair,” I tell her with a scowl, and in response, she begins to work my pants down.

“Deal with it,” she laughs, devouring my lips with hers while her hand continues to massage my member. My hips sporadically buck forward, begging for more than just her teasing touch.

“Tell me what you want,” she whispers into my ear, pressing herself closer to me, her hand slowly moving across my member as I cock my head over to the side. I open my mouth to respond when her pacing quickens, purposely also including my sack as she goes. My member now fully hard as I imagine the many, though limited, things we could do.

“I want my cock in your mouth, now,” I bark, and even with my harsh tone, she obliges. Her eyes stay focused on me as she drops to her knees and works her mouth around my length, licking it before she takes it deeper and deeper. I fight against her hold on me, wanting to run my hands through her hair as I growl. The cold wind hitting my skin while her hot mouth was around my cock was a sensation, I never thought I needed. She runs her tongue alongside the underside, her fingers massaging my balls as I groan.

The release on me vanishes, and I practically pounce on Sydero. My fingers tangling in her hair as I pull her off my dick and to my mouth. She bites down on my bottom lip, doing so hard enough to draw blood that causes me to growl into her mouth. Her tongue trails against my bottom lip, licking the blood away and causing me to taste copper. I continue to kiss her roughly, switching our positioning so that her back was now to the wall. She wraps her legs around me, and I position myself outside her entrance. I drill into her, violently, as if

something had possessed me. She bites my neck and digs her nails into my back as I pump, my pace quickening as the moment takes us.

“You gonna cum for me?” she asks, her hot breath on the side of my face as she trails her tongue down my cheek.

“You ask like I have a choice,” I snicker, growling when she clenches around me.

“Just checking, I just want to taste you again.” I moan and tremble at her words. I can feel it coming, and before I can warn her, she unwraps herself from around me takes me back into her mouth, she purrs enough to send the vibration over my member, and I come undone. She sucks on my dick, cleaning it and running her tongue over every area before swallowing.

“You got something on the side of your mouth,” I tease and watch as her tongue flicks to the area and licks it away. This woman was about to make me do round two right here. I try to collect myself about to bring my pants up when she stops, grabbing my hand and pinning it to the wall.

“Syd,” I growl, hearing a group laugh and getting closer.

FEMALE

I tremble for two reasons. One is the fear of being discovered. I never stopped and thought about what would happen if we were ever found out, but that was because I've never put myself in the situation to be found out. Two, because Sydero's hands were massaging my clit through my pants, adding enough pressure to make me groan. I move, remembering at the last minute that her powers were still holding me prisoner.

“Shit's not fair,” I tell her with a scowl, and in response, she begins to work my pants down.

“Deal with it,” she laughs, devouring my lips with hers while her hand continues to massage my sensitive area. My legs tremble, begging for more than just her teasing touch. The pressure builds then falls continuously, I wanted to feel her inside me.

“Tell me what you want,” she whispers into my ear, pressing herself closer to me. I open my mouth to respond when she brings her fingers together and squeezes my pussy, my breath escapes for just a second. I was now wet, and I could imagine the many, though limited, things we could do.

“I want you to stop teasing me, take me,” I bark, and even with my harsh tone, she obliges. Her lips latch onto my neck, attempting to pull a loud moan from me as she harshly bites and then licks it as if to apologize. While her lips do that, her fingers move my panties out of the way and now slowly work their way inside of me, going in circular motions, back and forth, and then pushing deeper. I come undone before her, ready to beg if need be.

The release on me vanishes, and I practically pounce on Sydero. My fingers tangling in her hair as I bring her lips to mine. She bites down on my bottom lip, doing so hard enough to draw blood that causes me to growl into her mouth. Her tongue trails against my bottom lip, licking the blood away and causing me to taste copper. I’m about to pull away when she adds another finger, my moan swallowed by her. Everything becomes rough and harsh, both her fingers working on my clit and stimulating my clitoris as the other one pushes deeper inside of me.

“You gonna cum for me?” she asks, her hot breath on the side of my face as she trails her tongue down my cheek. I didn’t intend to, but if she continued to work me like she was, then I wouldn’t have much of a choice.

“You ask like I have a choice,” I snicker, clenching around her.

“True. I just don’t feel successful when I can’t make you reach that high.” I roll my eyes and give her a playful smirk, there wasn’t ever a time we’ve had sex that she didn’t make me hit that peak and orgasm. She draws back, though her fingers never exit me. Instead, her mouth joins her fingers, completely causing me to reach my peak. My legs tremble as I explode, the moan escaping though I try to hold it back.

“Let them hear you, baby girl. I want them to know what just happened to you,” she laughs, lightly nibbling at one of my folds as her tongue works its way around me, tasting and cleaning me up.

“Fuck!” she finally says as she finishes, drawing back and gazing up at me with admiration.

I try to collect myself about to bring my pants up when she stops, grabbing my hand and pinning it to the wall.

“Syd,” I growl, hearing a group laugh and getting closer.

END EXPLICIT CONTENT

“I have a question for you,” she says, all playfulness in her eyes gone, “do you think I only like you because of sex?”

My mind goes back to what the others had said during breakfast, and I wonder if she had heard us.

I blush, “it’s not like we do anything else or that you claim I’m more.”

Her fingers lightly trail across my jaw, the gentlest I’ve ever felt her touch, “first off you’re mine, I don’t put a label on it because I don’t see the point. But if you want it that bad, then fine. Secondly,” she nuzzles my neck and places light kisses, “sex with you is intoxicating, but I can honestly say that I love you for more than just that.”

I freeze as my breath escapes me, “did ... did you just say you love me?” Sydero places a kiss on my forehead and takes a step back.

“You might want to pull up your pants,” she tells me, walking towards the car. I’m reminded of the nearing group and quickly do as she says, right as the group rounds the corner. They give me an odd look before going back to their own business, Sydero laughing as I charge towards her. A good-natured smile on my face and an elated heart.