

Supplemental 2.5 - Quelling the Trepidation

"It's too early. He's not even been down there for one day." Voigt says, putting on his outdoor boots.

"I was inclined to believe you yesterday, but ..." Cal leans against the doorframe and ponders silently. "He's different today."

"That doesn't exactly fill me with confidence you know" Voigt adds dismissively. "If he's that unstable, he should be kept down there for a bit longer."

"I didn't say he was unstable. I just wonder if he's ... I don't know."

"What?"

"Damaged in some way, y'no? Like if all the aggression yesterday was just from the bloodlust, then what we saw today could be how he actually is."

"Or it's just a ploy"

"Stoicism would be a ploy. Or overconfidence maybe. Not bashful timidity and visible arousal."

"It could be" Voigt stands firmly.

"You make it sound like he's some mastermind spy." Cal derides humorously. "No, I've changed my mind on him. I think he's misunderstood, and I want to give him a chance. And you should too if you trust the master."

Voigt grumbles and puts on his other boot, tying up the laces. "Of course, I trust the master." He concedes, standing up. "But I don't have to like it."

"I'll keep an eye on him, and talk to Hess later."

"Alright." Voigt pauses. "It's good to have you back, Cal"

"It's good to be back. But I'll bet you're more glad the master's back" Cal grins and Voigt treats him to a laugh.

"I'll admit, having the house to ourselves was nice at first, we barely got a thing done on the first day."

"I'll bet." Cal expands his smile further, knowing full well what he and Hess would get up to.

"But we realised we'd go mad pretty quick if we did that every day, so we got back to chores and only had fun when we had a bit of spare time"

"How sensible of you both."

"Hey, I didn't say how often we had spare time" Voigt laughs again. "It got lonely after the third night though, so we were pretty glad you weren't out longer."

"Yeah me too honestly. It was nice camping out for a while, but I was so glad to be back on a real mattress last night."

"Ahh it's good for you. Being out in the wilderness like that, roughing it and having to be so efficient with what you carry. You know in the war -"

"Alright old timer, I've had enough of your stories." Cal giggles, cutting Voigt off before he rambles.

“Tsk, no respect” he groans and picks up his toolbox.

“It’s so nice to be back home” Cal hugs the grey wolf tightly and pecks his cheek.

Voigt clears his throat awkwardly and turns his face quickly, not willing to let Cal see his cheeks flush. He opens the door and steps out, catching himself smiling as he shuts the door.