

Auron had his life set out before him. He was a devoted warrior monk that was favored by Yevon's elite and was expected to take a high-ranking position among the clergy. But when it came time for the wedding to be finalized he backed out quickly. Just as fast, he lost favor with all of Yevon's elite and he fled. There was very few people he could turn to after that. In a world where the teachings of Yevon were everything – he was lost. That is until he met a man by the name of Braska. A man that had been cast out of Yevon as well for marrying an Al Bhed. It didn't take him long to agree to becoming Braska's guardian as he made his pilgrimage in hopes of releasing a Calm back upon Spira.

To be safe from Sin...

And so Auron journeyed to meet up with Braska once more. Along the way he ended up in the city of Guadosalam standing in front of an inn where he could stay the night. The city itself rests under ground in a cavern where the walkways and walls are made up of the twisted roots of trees extending from the Moonflow. It was a peaceful place between the Moonflow and the Thunder Plains that many people passed through, never staying long. If someone does it's only because the Guado are the race that precedes over the Farplane. Which is why normally he wouldn't stop in such a place, but today he found it rather peaceful – strangely calming even. As if he was destined to be in that place at that time.

He hurries inside and purchases a room. The Guado looked him over, unsure, until finally giving him a key to a room. It's not that he's scary looking, but he is rather intimidating. His eyes are a piercing dark brown while his black hair is pulled back into a rather low ponytail; strands hanging to either side of face. Not only that but his rather tall height and broad, well toned frame help. He wears a deep red haori that's kept closed by a thick black and blue strap with two brown belts wrapped around it. His left arm, however, is kept free from its confines. Additionally he wears black pants and shoes, that have brown straps and a metal plating on them. Beneath the haori is a black shirt that has a gray collar with intersecting brown straps.

Once in his room he leaves most of his things before venturing back out to retrieve something to drink – seeing as how he ate earlier. The darkness of the city encompasses him as he leaves the inn. With Guadosalam being a quaint little place, he's able to hurry back to his room in no time with a bottle in hand. But as he gets takes a turn off one of the roots to meet ground, he smacks right into a younger man.

He reaches forward and barely catches the other from hitting the ground. Instead Auron pulls him forward, the space between them quickly becoming nothing at all. It's as the man pulls back and looks up at him, that the man seems to be in some sort of distress. And it's not until the man takes another step back that Auron realizes just why that might be.

The young man is something of an enigma – something unseen or heard of. Of course being with the elites of Yevon, he *had* caught wind of a rumor. The man has the many features of a being a

Guado: The light blue hair with two long horn-like locks that run down his back, as well as an additional bang hanging over his face. Long pointed fingers and the prominent blue veins on his face are the most obvious. Yet in the same breath he oozes the qualities of a human. His ears are rounded and not long and pointed like the other Guado. His fingers, albeit they are long, are not as long as a normal Guado.

He's dressed rather casually underneath the dark cloak on his shoulders – obviously an attempt to hide who he is. Beneath the cloak is a sleeveless robe of light green lined a yellow and orange ornate trim. The lowest layer is robe of dark blue with dark orange trim that meets in the middle, cuffing together, with a dark green sash over the middle. As well he wears dark blue pants that appear black in the dim lighting and shoes.

Being just shorter than Auron, probably not having his last growth spurt yet, the man's eyes narrow – ready to fight or flee. As he goes to run away instead of causing a scene, Auron tightens his hold on the boy's wrist. With hardly anyone walking around, Auron draws him close, eyebrows drawing together. “Are you alright?”

The answer is a whisper – a quick one at that. “Yes, now if you'd please let me go.”

The furtive glances the man gives worries Auron considerably. “If you're in danger, you should seek someone you can trust.”

The statement makes the blue-haired man pause, as if demonstrating that he's quickly thinking up a new plan. “You must be staying at the inn. I'll stay in your company till morning.”

Those words cause the situation to flip; Auron stalling as the declaration sinks in. Taken aback is an understatement and for the first few steps he allows the young man to tug him towards the only inn in Guadosalam. The shadows of the bridges connecting the second and third levels of the city shroud them as they move. However, it makes it all the easier for Auron to snatch his hand away as his eyes narrow, prepared to scold the boy. “Strangers-”

“Can save peoples lives if they lend a helping hand when needed.”

“Strangers can get you in more trouble than you were already in.” Not wanting to promote the boy's prompt counters, but silently agreeing with every word, Auron strides past him, stopping after a couple steps. “Auron...”

The man turns quickly and moves behind Auron, “Seymour.”

No longer complete strangers, Auron takes him into the inn and back to where his room is. In seconds they're inside the safety of the room as the door shuts – closing them off from everything and everyone else. The room itself is nothing spectacular. In fact it's rather small. The bed, dressed in white sheets, is in the far corner of the room with a bedside table a couple feet away.

A lamp, turned on, sits atop the table and a chair in the opposing corner with a smaller table beside it.

Auron moves straight for the bed, plopping down on the edge as he opens the bottle of liquor. Taking a swig from it, he ends with a deep breath to cool the sting of the liquid scalding his throat. As he sets the bottle on the nightstand Auron glances at Seymour, “You should face your problems.”

Seymour turns his gaze to the side, not meeting Auron's eyes, as he stands in front of the door. “And you shouldn't give advice when it's not requested.”

A scoff slips past Auron's lips as he takes another sip. “It was an invitation to talk to someone if you wanted to.”

Silence swelters between them like the heat in the Bikanel desert. That is until Seymour slowly moves closer before finally taking a seat on the bed next to him. “My mother died... gave her life away. My so-called father called me here to meet with me. It's merely a ploy.” A soft sigh from the young man. “The teachings are wrong and a way to control the people of Spira. Life is meaningless in this cycle of Sin.”

The vulnerability catches Auron off guard as the bottom of the bottle clacks against the wood of the nightstand. He turns to Seymour, “I've rejected the teachings and will be meeting a name by the name of Braska soon. I believe he'll bring the Calm once more.” Auron drops his hand onto the bed, turning fully, and doesn't take notice that it lands on Seymour's. “I promise you, I'll make sure of it.”

Their eyes connect and suddenly neither can say a word – the air between them full of easing tension. The guards both have up seem to disintegrate as the space between them does the same. Auron seems to come around quicker and goes to turn his head away. But Seymour will have none of that. He lunges forward, his free hand grasping at the bloody red haori while pushing his lips against Auron's. The kiss is off just enough to make it messy as Auron attempts to pull away only to realize he doesn't want to.

Seymour pulls away, no intent to apologize on his face. His hand loosens its grip on the material, fingers sliding down it as he draws it back to his side. Realizing the man will surely have him thrown out, Seymour is proved wrong as Auron grasps at the hand still underneath his. Auron doesn't allow him to get far as he pushes their lips back together, his other hand reaching up to land on Seymour's shoulder.

The taste of liquor lingers on Auron's lips as Seymour slips his tongue out, licking at them. The lips part and before Seymour can even think of slipping his lips inside, Auron pushes his tongue into Seymour's mouth. A war of passion and lust wages between them, grasping at one another as they try to get even closer – the need for contact devouring them. The scales tilt further in Auron's favor as Seymour begins to lean backward, eventually laying back on the bed.

Seymour slips his hand from Auron's and wraps his arms around the older man's neck. The heat dwelling between them is welcomed as their lips finally part, panting heavily. Tugging the lapel of the haori to the side, Seymour brings his mouth down to cover a spot on Auron's neck. He kisses and teases his way up and down the tanned skin, finding his sweet spot with relative ease. The strangled moan turned grunts spur Seymour on as he makes his way back to Auron's lips, capturing them as he pushes the man over.

Both men, dazed from hidden desire, stare at each other as Seymour crawls atop him. For a second Auron draws a hand up, intending to stop the young man, but Seymour presses forward. The hand plants itself against Seymour's chest as their lips meet. The blue-haired man pulls back for a spare moment, lowering his lips to hover by Auron's ear, "Thank you..." is the whisper that twines with the heat of his breath and causes Auron to bite at the inside of his cheek.

It would be wrong to everyone else – the situation, the specifics, everything about their meeting and outcome.

Yet neither care as they pepper each other in kisses, pushing down on one another in an attempt to move their bodies together. The layers of clothes make it hotter and harder to breath, but all the more enjoyable to grasp onto each other and kiss once more. A leg wanders between Seymour's legs, surprising him. But he won't allow the control to slip from his advantage. He bites softly at Auron's neck as he slips a hand down the man's chest.

Their game of back and forth continues, neither ever truly having the upper hand. Somewhere along the line the lights dimmed and layer upon layer met the cold ground on the other side of the bed. But it didn't matter, since their hearts met to create enough heat and love to keep them busy throughout the night. For in the morning they would part, remembering the promise the elder had made and praying it to be true. Because once it was, they would see each other again.

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