

Fynn awoke before Cecil or Angel.

He was usually the first one awake, anyway, he has an amazing internal clock that always wakes him up to see the sunrise. It's become one of his most favorite things.

He sat up, the thick blanket covering him folding over onto his lap. Cecil and Angel are sharing the same thin blanket, "We'll cuddle for warmth," they justified, but Fynn knows that they just want him to be warm at night. It covers Angel more than it covers Cecil, but that's bound to happen when there's such a size difference.

He couldn't be more grateful for them both, but something swells in his stomach whenever they think of him.

He's only eight, but he feels eight-hundred. An ever-present guilt fills his chest whether or not he wants it to, he feels guilty every time Angel offers him the rest of his food, or when Cecil helps him get dressed because Fynn isn't quite good at it yet.

Fynn shakes his head, trying to force away those thoughts. Speaking of clothes, Cecil bought him new ones recently. He calls them 'pajamas,' Fynn's only supposed to wear them when he goes to bed. Angel found the idea of having dedicated sleep clothes silly, but Fynn likes them, so Angel can't argue.

It's a single piece of clothing, with flower-patterned fabric and white buttons that hold the front together. The fabric used to cover his hooves, but Angel cut the feet of it off. Fynn doesn't like when his withers are covered. Angel had to modify the back so Fynn's wings could stick out, and it made it much more comfortable. He felt guilty about that too.

Fynn stood up, stepping over Cecil and looking out towards the horizon. The sun just started to rise, peeking over the far-away mountains and beaming warm light onto the surrounding area. Fynn has always found the sunrise beautiful, and despite how it hurts his wide, perceptive eyes to stare directly at it, Fynn just can't help himself. He sits down on the firm sand, his legs crossed and hands in his lap. He feels the light breeze against his cheeks, against his forehead, up his snout. It sends a chill down his spine, through the long-gone feathers of his wings. Sometimes he wishes that he could fly again.

The loss of his feathers was probably what truly solidified that he was no longer the Fynn his parents wanted.

He flexes the appendages on his back, fluttering them in a silent prayer that he'll just magically grow his feathers back. He knows this is impossible, because not even the most powerful God can give a Godling its feathers.

He doesn't even realize that he's crying until he feels a firm hand on his shoulder. He flinches, his giant, watery eyes whipping up to stare at whoever's decided to sit beside him.

It's Angel, his bandana hanging from his feathery neck and the old hat he's been wearing ever since Fynn first met him sitting firmly on top of his wavy blond hair. Fynn wipes his eyes frantically, though they continue to fall despite his attempts.

Angel hums, gently grabbing onto Fynn's wrist and moving it away from his eyes, holding Fynn's tiny, thin hand in his own claw. He has scars all over the four fingers that sprout out of an otherwise average wing. Interruptions in the purple-black micro-feathers that covered the digits.

Angel brushed some of Fynn's mane away from his face, cupping the foal's cheek in his rough palm. He smiled crookedly at Fynn, with his funny goatee and long beak. It made Fynn giggle every time he saw him, and this was no different.

"Yer' up early, aren't ye'?" Angel asked, his voice even gruffer than normal due to how early it was. Fynn nodded, the guilt bubbling up into his mouth and escaping before he could even try to stifle it down.

"I'm sorry," He said, in his tiny voice that echoed with something older, "I didn't mean it."

Angel looked Fynn in the eyes, his golden irises searching for something in Fynn's massive white ones.

"About what? It's good to wake up early. It'll make you strong when you grow up." Angel ran his thumb against Fynn's pale cheek soothingly, and the colt melted into the touch, holding onto his claw with his own two smaller hands. Almost as scarred as Angel's, despite being so much younger.

"It's not good for me. I shouldn't be strong." Fynn mumbled into Angel's hand, hiding his face in the fatherly-like figure's palm.

Angel blinked, "Why not?" He asked, tilting his head slightly.

"It's... Gods hurt people when they're strong." Fynn explained, looking up at Angel again.

"But you aren't a God, are you?" Angel hummed, smiling again. Fynn blinked, confused.

"But- But I'm a Godling, don't I grow up into a God?"

"No," Angel said, prolonging the 'o' sound, "You grow up into Fynn."

"..But that's just me." Fynn said again, indignant.

"And what's so bad about being 'just' you?" Angel pressed a kiss to the crown of the boy's head.

"...Nothing, I think." Fynn mumbled again, though he didn't seem sure.

"That's right. You're a smart one, Fynn." Angel ruffled the boy's mane, and stood up.

"Let's wake up the old workmule and get him to give your hair a wash. You smell like dust."

Angel stretched his arms. Fynn got to his feet immediately, seeming reinvigorated.

"I get to play with the blue?" Fynn exclaimed enthusiastically, hopping up and down, his hooves clicking against the dusty desert floor.

"Mmhm. You get to play with the *water*." Angel corrected, gently.

“...I like ‘the blue’ better!” Fynn decided, running over to Cecil without even allowing Angel to respond.

Angel stared as Fynn shook the large Muletaur awake, a fond smile on his face.

It’ll be alright.