

Alone With Herself

By C. Jade Wyton

Genevieve and Genny are in a strange situation; two connected halves of the same soul, they are both individuals and one person at the same time. So they take a moment to sit together and find comfort in their wholeness.

~~~~~

Genevieve lay in her bed, alone with herself— Genny.

It still baffled her to think the lost piece of her soul had grown into its own person.... And it made so many things make *sense*.

That unyielding loneliness that nothing could comfort, the one that had haunted her all those years, was Genny mourning from her prison within their tomb.... But now, Genny was free... and Genevieve could finally comfort herself.

Arms softly wrapped around the small creature, Genevieve could feel the self-doubt spilling from her mind. And as Genny shifted to stare down at her own hands, Genevieve heard one clear thought:

*Ugly.*

‘No, you’re beautiful,’ Genevieve comforted; truly meaning it. She ran her hand under Genny’s chin, tracing a finger over the soft-and-bumpy texture of her skin. ‘Look at how amazing you are. Like one of Kordulf’s art pieces.... You look like our soul *feels* inside.... That’s not ugly.’

Genny gave a chirp, a humoured feeling creeping over the pair of them as she shifted closer to snuggle into Genevieve’s chest. She knew her other half was being genuine, and it was a reassurance as much as it was strange.

To love yourself; but only the part of yourself that had become something separate and new and different....

Through her inner doubts, Genny could feel Genevieve’s own pain: she barely felt at home in her new body. It was too young. Too... different from how she’d spent the last lifetime. Even if this body was *better*, technically, and there was no pain, it still wasn’t her original body. And she knew it.... It was new and different, and she was struggling to adjust. She swore she could still feel that strange sensation of the Scavenger’s fey powers melding with Plume’s life magic to bring her back to life.

She felt as transparent and faded as she had been in that realm, even with her body whole and solid again. And Genny could feel it, too.

So the pair held each other close, quietly, taking in the gentle reassurance of each other’s company and understanding.... It was peaceful. Relaxing. Calm.

Even when the door opened and Fungus pushed his way in to join them on the bed, he seemed to sense the peaceful air and lay softly over their legs instead of flopping down as he usually would.

‘Hello, Fungus,’ Genevieve greeted, her voice a tired mumble as her eyes slowly closed and she felt herself begin to drift....

A soft knock at the door caught her attention, and both she and Genny wearily lifted their heads to find Kordulf at their door.

*'Did Fungus leave this open?'* he asked, his voice barely a whisper, as if he was scared of frightening the pair. *'Do you want it closed?'*

'Yes, please,' Genevieve answered. Though, as Kordulf made to do so, she sat up a little more. 'Kordulf— Wait.'

He paused, re-opening the door a crack to address her. 'Yes, my love?'

Words escaped her as she met his eye, replaced instead by nerves. There was a long, patient pause as Kordulf waited for her to speak.

Though she found she couldn't.

A small chirp sounded from Genny, and Genevieve glanced over to her as she rose up on all fours and ran around the bed; Fungus grunting and jumping up with enthusiasm to join her.

They played a moment, Fungus catching Genny so he could nuzzle into her, and Genevieve heaved a sigh.

That love... that feeling.... It reminded Genevieve of *before*. When they lived in Haven and everything was easy.

'My love... may I join you?'

Genevieve's gaze moved back to Kordulf and, slowly, she nodded.

Closing the door behind him, Kordulf made his way into the room and joined the group on the bed. A soft kiss found Genevieve's cheek, and with a quiet habit pulled from a long-ago memory, she found herself curled up in Kordulf's arms.

It felt... *right*.

'I've missed you,' she finally spoke. It was followed by a sigh, and she buried her face into Kordulf's underarm and curled her legs up to her chest. Safe and secure, like she had felt all those years ago.

She felt the weight of Fungus flopping onto her, Genny wrapped in his own arms, and chuckled quietly.... Though it was brief before she sighed again.

'Should you tell Plume...?' she asked, weakly. 'Is she expecting you?'

'She will understand, my love,' Kordulf said, a small kiss finding the back of Genevieve's head. 'She is not without company, and she worries of you being alone.'

'Mm...' was all she could reply.

She sensed another kiss as it met Genny's cheek and couldn't help but smile. Then, she felt Fungus tongue slip up her shirt, making its way to her lips in only a few short seconds, and she rolled to try bat him away.

'Fungus!' she laughed. Then she squealed as his tongue slipped into her mouth. She rolled again, freeing herself from Fungus' playful grip, and wiped her lips as his tongue pulled back. 'Fungus! That's foul!'

He seemed to think it was funny and tried to do it again.

'Fungus,' Kordulf warned, blocking his phylactery with a hand. 'Let her rest. It's late.'

A low, playful rumble escaped the creature as Genny broke from his arms and squeezed into the space between Kordulf and Genevieve. He nuzzled them both before shifting to spoon Genevieve from behind; pressing her tightly into Kordulf and eliciting another giggle from her, and a happy chitter from Genny as she was also squashed.

Kordulf's arm reached around them all, holding them close and secure. 'There we are.... Are you comfortable?'

Genny gave a happy little squeak, and Genevieve made a similar noise of agreement that made both men smile warmly as they snuggled down into the bed.

It was so right....

And as they lay together, all of them had the same quiet thought:

*It was good to be home.*

—END—

If you enjoyed reading, please consider supporting me and my work at  
**[cjadewyton.com](http://cjadewyton.com)**

~~~~~

This publication is provided for free and may be redistributed as long as credit to the author is provided and no money is made from its distribution.

Permission to change this document to other ebook formats is given for the sole purpose of ereader compatibility.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, livings or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

No generative artificial intelligence was used in the writing of this work. Any use of this publication to train generative artificial intelligence technologies is expressly prohibited.