“Ah, there she is!” Paimon says, spotting Furina walking off in the distance.

Furina looks back, spotting the travelling duo that had only just taken her country by storm, and immediately quickens her pace.

“Hey, wait up!” Paimon shouts. “Why did you suddenly start going faster?”

Furina continues on her way, ignoring the Paimonial cries behind her to the best of her ability. She quickly realizes, however, that it would not be possible to outlast the famously strong traveler and her flying companion.

She stops, takes a deep breath bracing herself, and turns around.

“Ah, you finally stopped! Paimon almost thought you were trying to get away from us.”

“Oh, perish the thought!” Furina said, flicking her hair back. “How could I, the great Furina de Fontaine, ever feel the need to escape from someone?”

“The great? You know you’re not fooling anyone with that anymore – and especially not Paimon!”

Furina winces a little, reminded of what had occurred in the Opera Epiclese not long before.

“I guess the best travel guide in Teyvat isn’t *that* easy to fool,” she says, pulling herself back together.

“Haha, well, I suppose Paimon really is the best.” Paimon responds, laughing embarrassedly.

“Hey, wait,” she doubles back, realising the sarcasm, “that’s not a compliment at all! Ohhh, you’ve made Paimon mad now! One ugly nickname, coming right up!”

“No ugly nicknames, Paimon,” the traveller suddenly says, stroking Paimon’s head.

While Paimon’s looking confused, Furina tries to take back whatever initiative she might have mustered.

With a barely concealed sigh, she says, “So, what brings you all the way out here? Surely, you did not chase me down just to laugh at this disgraced archon?”

Summoning all the courage she could muster, Furina daringly looks straight into the eyes of her prosecutor, as if challenging her to do her worst.

The traveller looks right back at her as the tensions rise.

Then, she bows her head.

“I’m sorry for what happened at the Opera,” she says.

“Huh?” Furina stammers confusedly in response.

“Come on, you too Paimon,” the traveller than says to her companion.

“Huh?” Paimon stammers confusedly in response. “Um, well, Paimon doesn’t really know why, but Paimon’s sorry too.”

Furina stands still for a few brief moments in astonishment.

“Ha!” she then says, picking herself back up. “Have I really become so pitiful that even my fated rival becomes apologetic?”

The traveller doesn’t respond, and neither does the still a-bit-too-confused Paimon. Furina could see, however, the sadness in the eyes of the indominable traveller. While the pity was palpable, she could tell that, far deeper, there was a profound sense of remorse.

In face of that honesty, that vulnerability, even Furina felt she could drop the façade for a moment.

“I heard the whole story from Neuvilette,” she says. “You only did what you had to do.”

“Even so,” the traveller responds. It seems like she would say more, but nothing comes out. Instead, she reaches into her pocket, pulling out a wooden card of sorts, attached to a thin, purple rope adorned with a jade-coloured gemstone.

“While it’s nowhere near enough, I want you to have this.”

“A Realm Dispatch!?” Paimon pipes up, her loud voice bursting through the heavy atmosphere. “You barely have any of those left, don’t you?”

The traveller doesn’t respond, opting only to rub Paimon’s head again.

“It’s beautiful,” Furina, who’s received all manner of beautiful offerings in her time as archon, notes. “What is it?”

“It’s an entry to the Sereniteapot, the traveller’s magical pocket realm created by the Adepti of Liyue!” Paimon excitedly says. “It’s a reeeeaaallly beautiful place, where the only limit is your own imagination.’

“I’ve cordoned off a place especially for you, where I won’t intrude either. That way, you have a quiet place for yourself, away from the prying eyes of the people.”

While she didn’t say it, the traveller’s implication that she was, herself, included in those people was not lost on Furina. She stood speechless at being given such a rare and beautiful gift by her ‘enemy’.

“I don’t know if this is good for you at all, but,” the traveller trails off a bit. “This is all I can do for you now.”

Furina feels hapless still, faced with a bit of a whirlwind of emotions in such an unusual situation. After all, who wouldn’t be confused when the person that just tore you down comes to apologise, before giving you a rare and exquisite gift.

“I’ll take it then,” she finally says, retreating to her familiar façade as she snatches it from the traveller’s hand.

“Huh?” Paimon exclaims in offense at her casualness, “Do you even know how rare this is? You-”

“Paimon.” The traveler interrupts, sternly.

“Ah, sorry…’ Paimon says, looking a bit dejected.

“I hope it’ll treat you well,” the traveller continues, unfazed.   
“Then,” she says, pre-empting the Furina that still does not quite know what to say, “I’ll be going now.”

She makes to leave, but not before beckoning Paimon along with a, “You too, Paimon.”

“Ah, traveller,” Furina says in a bit of a panic, feeling like she couldn’t just let her go without saying anything – but without knowing yet what to say. “That is, well…”

“Thank you.”

Whether it be for the gift, for her help in saving Fontaine or something else entirely, that is what ends up coming out of her mouth.

The traveller only smiles reassuringly in return, before continuing on her way.

“What was that all about?” Furina can hear Paimon saying off in the distance.

“I’ll tell you later, okay?”

“Grr, you’re making Paimon mad, leaving Paimon out of the loop like this!”

The somehow almost-familiar sounding banter fades further and further into the distance, while Furina tries to come to terms with her feelings about possibly the first gift ever given to her, Furina, rather than to the ‘hydro archon’ – and about her ex-enemy who gave it to her.

“Cheer up, Paimon. How about we go all out and eat at Hotel Debord tonight?”

“Oh, oh, how about we call it a celebration and invite Navia and Clorinde and Charlotte and Wriothesley and Sigewinne too?”

“That’s a great idea, Paimon.”

“Haha, of course! But don’t think Paimon will forgive you so easily next time, okay? Paimon’s just in a festive mood today!”

Furina remains unsure, but, all things considered, she can’t help but show a reluctant smile – her worries at least a little less than they were before.