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Ruinous Sites,
see corrupted forms.
That plague,
as remains of her mistakes,
ensnared others with ceaseless capture,
fal'cie domain,
her fault,
again and again.
~~And ensnared with regret.~~
She's seen these plains,
endlessly maybe.
The same regret stalks them always.

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And they are burdened,
too,
with denied hope
it...

...reeks the air,
with smells of brands to cauterize faith.
But faith, she died and withered away.
Flesh decayed,
sand from blood,

soul eroded beneath.

This one,

smelt harsh,

regret woven skin moving.

But now, enveloped, within a personal jet stream.

Set loose from the ground,

by a 10 foot uppercut.

They found the air, then they found Pulse with padded thud, field deep into unconsciousness.

Vanille rushed, standing close enough to feel the coldness of their body. She whispered the sacred words needed to lull the Cieth into the beyond.

Violence certainly not a preferred means of subduing anyone, including Cieth. But, at least with Hecatoncheir they were capable of quelling ever larger, more dangerous Cieth. They were able to calm even more restless, more desperately bound beings.

Her words finished, the Cieth slowly disintegrated - becoming the wind as the pieces scattered energetically. A soft, under-breath sigh indicated that they were done for now.

She looked back,

up,

at Hecatoncheir - her Eidolon.

They'd been with Vanille for a year now, helping her remove those converted into Cieth to find peace.

Much progress had been made too. Cieth used to swarm fields aplenty, but now they're mostly accumulated amongst specific areas and scarcely found inbetween.

"Well, guess we're done for today huh, Hecaton?"

The massive being stood gazing into the horizon, silent at first before turning and walking off. Vanille watched wordlessly as Hecaton left, wondering if something was bothering them.

"If there's something wrong, Hecaton'll tell me. But for now..." She clasped her hands together, falling to her knees - another prayer - as she began blessing the land. To help present the lands back to Nature, prayers were made, offering what was once Her's to to Her. It was not a short process.

Approaching first required reverence, in the form of thanks and acknowledgements. Said at the onset, so as to present an as unpolished form, as unpretentious, as possible.

"...a Light that if withheld from us, would leave us only in Abyss. We respect and admire the graces that your Light offers..."

A certain mind-state was then needed, crafted through calm and focused mantras.

"...As you restore us, we return to you. To breathe your air, be cleansed anew..."

Then the ritual began. Initial statements were recited and all is repeated twice, so as to let the echoes fill the air.

"...to you, though distant, still present. We come to you, though distant, still present. We come..."

Restoring Her aegis on the lands requires the energy of the presenter, manifested in earnest words with deep considerations. Words carefully spoken, never rushed nor lost amongst, were offered as the wings on which her will and efforts would soar into the sky, into Her domain.

There was markedly different air as Vanille concluded with final words, silently pausing before opening her eyes. The initial flash of brightness distorted the world, the core of the sky and ground forming a darkened anti-halo, surrounded by a washed-out ring. Without fanfare, the two halves merged back into a unity. Still air helped keep the moment uneventful and relaxed.

She half-considered dwelling a bit longer here, utilising the calm to offer up a few more prayers. Perhaps another one of forgiveness? It never seemed as though any relief entered her upon these but...at least she was willing to offer.

"How can I feel relief though, when my sins are still on all our backs?" She thought

out loud, suddenly caught in a turn of mood. But her thoughts were quickly interrupted by a sudden voice from behind.

"So, you finished the ritual?"

Vanille stayed kneeling, stayed facing ahead and lightened her voice, "Yep!"

"Hm. Okay. I just about finished with my share for the day. What's say we head back to the camp and get some lunch? I think we're having fish?"

She pushed those thoughts back down for the moment and sprung herself up, act happy and you can be happy - for a time at least. Turning back to her old friend with a glowing smile, "Sure, Fang. But who's cooking today?"

Fang giggled, "Sazh."

"Oh, great! No wonder you're excited."

"That's right. Now let's hurry, better not lose out on the best portions. I know that Snow'll try to take those for Hope! I'm not gonna let him get them that easily!" She proclaimed, clenching her fist dramatically.