

Early morning in seclusion, daylight began to spread over the mountain tops and valley. The forest was starting to awaken with the world. Birds sang songs of glee while happily awaking from their dreams, whilst spiders hid away from the world, onlooking their dew covered art from the night prior. Herds of deer flooded the fields to graze and frolic, as foxes pranced and played with one another. The scent was soothing; the scent of morning dew and spring flowers filled the air, making everything feel safe in the world. It was what many would call 'blissful'... except for one.

High up on a mountain ridge sat a Snekket of black and white; a fallen angel. He looked down upon the valley, red tears streaming from his ocean eyes with blackened sclerae, while a gentle breeze blew against his soft neck fur, occasionally blocking sight of the blue rose and gilded crucifix embedded in his chest. In his paw, he held a black, cotton scarf, similar to the black silk ribbon wrapped around his tail, which was attached by another blue rose at the base.

The Snekket sighed, seeing such glee in the valley below him, he wiped his face free of tears before tying the cotton scarf around his face, acting as a blindfold. He stretched out his four large wings as wiping morning dew off of his midnight-black horns, then took to the sky, flying over the valley with grace, both his silk and cotton scarves flowing gently behind his path. He listened intently to all the creatures and sounds of the forest, hoping to keep peace between any animals that were fighting, or to save a small creature if need be, but there was nothing. Simply, harmony.

Attarius flew for a grave distance before giving up on his search for an activity, and looping back around to return to where he had claimed territory and made his home in the mortal world. Near the midway point, Attarius heard a frantic squeaking sound coming from one of the cliffs; a Squib cry. He flies over to where the sound originated from as fast as his wings can carry him and he hears pebbles falling off the cliff with a Squib's cry. He dove quickly, listening to the winds as he reached a point holding his arms out. With immaculate timing, the small Squib lands perfectly safe in Attarius' paws. The Squib's cry gets cut off as it's caught and it curls up in the Snekket's paws, moving close to his body while shaking terribly. Attarius looked his head up to the sky for a moment with a sneer as he spoke in a mocking tone. "You're not getting this one old man!" He looks his head back down at the little Squib in his arm, giving it gentle pets to try to help calm it. The poor thing was whimpering as it shook. "There, there little one. You're safe now. I'll take you back to my camp to make sure you have no injuries and I'll feed you some yummy food while we're there too."

Attarius flew the tiny Squib back to his territory, gently setting it on his makeshift bed as he untied his blindfold to inspect the little mushroom bean. "Hm, you're an interesting breed of Squib. I haven't seen one quite like you before since I fell from Heaven... Perhaps you're a new breed?... Ah that's not important right now." He checks every inch of the Squib to see the status of its health. "A few cuts and scrapes, but nothing too major. Quite malnourished though. Poor thing..." He looks at the little Squib in the eyes to make sure it understands. "Look at me little one, you have to stay here with me for a bit ok? I'm gonna make you all better and get you to a healthy weight." The Squib tilts its head, not really understanding the Snekket before it, and lets out a cute little squeak sound before hugging Attarius' face with its arms. Attarius sighs with a silent chuckle as he pets the Squib, picking it up and placing it on his back.

Attarius wanders his makeshift shack as looking for ingredients to treat the Squib's injuries. The little pink Squib snuggled into Attarius' neck fluff while watching everything he was doing while preparing the healing cream. With a Mortar and Pestle set, Attarius mixes several berries, herbs, and plants into a paste, and while he mixes, he uses his large tail feathers to lift the Squib from his back to the table. The Squib let out a surprised squeak as Attarius did so, then looked up at him with immense innocent curiosity. He used a cuttlebone to spread the mixture onto the wounds of the Squib, before giving the rest of the mixture to it as a snack. "That should help you heal good as new." He pets the little pink Squib as it began to eat. "That mixture is all natural and safe for Squibs like you little one. So no harm will come to you if you lick it off of your body."

Later in the day, Attarius had the little Squib stay close to him as he kept an eye on her. He was hugging her in his front paws as he looked over a cliff face at the valley. "Do you see all of this little one? I know you're probably much too young to understand, but the world is so much bigger than this little patch of land we live on. Creatures and cryptids populate every bit of land, and the world isn't always safe. For my time I served in Heaven, I saw many souls who lost their lives to dangerous creatures and situations. There's so much that can hurt a mortal soul, even an innocent one such as yourself, and had I not been there to hear your cry, you may just have very well gone to Heaven yourself. You're much too young for that fate, and I'm honestly thankful I was able to save you." Some of his crimson tears fell down his face as he leaned down and nuzzled the Squib who let out a soft, happy sound. "Listen, you're young, you're fragile, you're free of sin. I can't allow death to grasp hold of your tiny life. You don't deserve that fate little one, so I've considered it since this morning, but I've decided I'm going to adopt you as my own. I will protect you from the dangers of this cursed plain you mortals call Earth. I cannot bare to see you suffer at its hands. You're much too sweet for any of that... *In fact*, I may just call you Cinnamon-Sugar." He laughs to himself as petting the little bean. "Yes, I think I will. Dear, sweet, Cinnamon-Sugar. Your tiny mortal soul has brought me the first glimpse of peace since I've fallen from the Heavens. I will protect you until your day of age comes for death to take you from me, and in turn, you will forever grant me this feeling of serenity. Thank you, tiny Squib."