

When Nanami put the same blaring message on all of his platforms, it felt a little odd at first to suddenly have a wealth of free time. His message was brief. Content creation and uploads would resume when it was safe to do so, and since nobody had any idea when that would be, Nanami was now gazing into the eyes of a potentially several years long hiatus.

And any hesitation ebbed away when he hopped into his giant piles of blankets and pillows and relaxed. It was down to the bones, to the core of his psyche. He really was playing pretend for years and now that he had no obligation to, it was a deep relief to totally and unabashedly not give a shit.

In Stonewing, there were no ichor beasts. They tried to fly up, but the Dramask flocks had taken care of them with frightening precision, and with the floating island so far out of reach, there was no way that anything would make it. At least not reliably.

Still, he had heard Skire calling to him, and he snuffed that out as quick as it had come. He hadn't heard the call in centuries, and after all that he'd been through, there was no way in this world or any other that he would listen to Skire ever again. He didn't relish in its misery in quite the same way as Israfil did, but he could absolutely see the merit.

After a long nap, Nanami reached for his net phone and dialed Israfil's number. It took a long time for him to answer, and when he did, Nanami could tell that he was still green. His gravelly voice and heavy thrum made it obvious.

"You should come over," Nanami said, twisting one of his tendrils in his hands. "We're both off anyway."