

The Last Remaining Ancient 3

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Myess, I know, you're wondering why there isn't a second one. Well, that's because that Advent Children and I wanted to start on my own storyline: Recognition. In this one Sun realizes her past. Tell me if u likey!!!

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1 - Prologue

Prologue

Six years old. This was the most scary part of my life, but I don't realize that in the beginning of this story. This recurring dream is what I realize:

I was in a glass tube thing, with Hojo leering in at me every day and nights filled with cold and fear. The spherical object in the corner was brought in when I was six.

Guess what it was?

Yup. A mako condenser thing.

Six years old and I'm a science experiment.

See, Hojo wanted to see if his earlier results on humans in mako reactors would work on a survivor of the Cetra. It turns out Ancients are subject to a different type of result. That's how I was able to take on the appearance of a cat at will. Yes, I'm a deformity.

If I were you, I would close this tab now, or go to a different website. No, I'm not turning into Lemony Snicket. I'm just telling you that this may be the worst story I've written. Not because of the description, or the writing quality. Because of the storyline.

Oh, the cat form was how I met Zack-but that's not in this story. I haven't written that yet. I will, though.

Anyway, AerJun (or Aeris II) is my niece. Yup, Tifa and Cloud have a daughter. And so do Vincent and I: Windsong. The two were close from the start. AerJun had her long blonde hair in a ponytail at the end, like Tifa used to have it, and had inherited her blue eyes-lacking the mako sheen, of course-from her father. Windsong had wavy black hair and crimson eyes. (What is it with the girls and inheriting eyes and hair color from their fathers?!)

But this story's not about appearances-well, not physical ones, anyway. Curious? Well, then, read on.

~End of Prologue~