

Sense of Life

Final Fantasy VII

Von abgemeldet

Epilog: The last fragment

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"Teef? Hey Teef, here's somebody who needs to you!" Yuffie said, while running up to Tifa's room, holding little Tabris in her arms.

On top of the small child's head, there was fluffy, thin malt blond hair, and if you got the chance to look into his eyes, you would notice that they were a shade nice shade of hazelnut brown mingled with deep crimson.

Just in contrast to his sister. Little Caya had her mother's dark hair - even though it was not that thick yet - and her father's blue eyes, which were not as radiant as Cloud's though because of the lack of Mako.

Right now, however, not only Tabris' eyes were red, but also the area around them, as he was crying loudly, wordlessly demanding for his mother.

Yuffie rocked the small child while entering Tifa's room after a short knock.

The young woman had heard her son cry from afar, and was aware of what he longed for. At the most unfitting moment though.

"I guess he's hungry again, huh?" the young Ninja asked, while handing Tifa the child. She had grown very fond of not only him but also his little sister. Most of her time, she spent playing with the kids or watching Tifa nurse them, which was actually a large help for the young parents.

"Ya, seems like it", Tifa sighed, smiling before she pulled up her undershirt and started feeding the boy, who immediately stopped crying as he drank solemnly. "The little guy obviously inherited someone's sense for appearing in the wrong moment..." she added, smiling down at Tabris.

"Definitely..." Yuffie chuckled, casting a look at the white dress placed on the large bed at the other end of the room. Today was the 'big day'.

It had been planned for months - actually since the birth of the twins. Cloud had wanted to marry her as soon as possible, but she had wanted to wait until she would have gotten more or less used to her life, till the kids were old enough, and, for sure, until her body had regained the same form it had had before the pregnancy.

Which actually had happened sooner than she had ever expected. Possibly because she was even busier now than before, busier with changing diapers, feeding, cleaning...

She let out a small sigh, though still smiling down at her son.

Yet no matter how much work the twins might cause, how much stress and hurry, she

would never want to change a single thing. The twins were the best 'thing' that had ever happened to her.

And to Cloud, certainly.

He was a very proud father. And nothing could ever describe his feelings better than the look on his face when Tabris and Caya had smiled for the first time.

It might simply have been Tifa's imagine, though she believed to have seen unshed tears glistening in his eyes.

Suddenly, a thought came to her mind.

"Where, by the way, is Caya?" she asked Yuffie, gazing up from the small child to look her in the eyes.

The teenager grinned in reply.

"She's downstairs. Having a little crawling race with Marlene."

Tifa chuckled. Caya was definitely the more active one of the two. She used to crawl around, looking into bags that were standing on the floor, never wanting to sleep, just always being curious.

Tabris was somewhat unlike her. He liked just lying on his back and 'taking in his surroundings' - as far as that was possible at the age of 7 months - and slept a lot. He seemed to be more quiet. It was as if he always had something on his mind, as if he was always thinking about something.

Carefully, she let her shirt back down and handed Yuffie the now sleeping child.

"Seems like he's had enough", slightly sighing, she got up and walked over to the bed, picking up the dress and eyeing it nervously. "Just in time for me to start to get changed, I think."

Yuffie grinned, excitedly. "Yay! The time's finally come! I'll send up immediately, okay?"

After a small nod from Tifa, the young ninja rushed downstairs as soon as possible with the child in her arms, hardly being able to contain her anticipation.

"You okay?"

"I don't think so..."

"You're just nervous, that's completely normal."

"Ya, I think..."

Cloud Strife had stopped pacing the room and now stood in front of the mirror, critically eyeing his reflection.

"I almost forgot how much I hate wearing suits..."

With a deep, unsatisfied sigh, he started to straighten out his jacket and trousers, only to remain pacing the room afterwards.

"Hey buddy, just stop it, okay? You're drivin' me nuts!" Cid yelled from the other side of the room, a cigarette in the corner of his mouth. "I don't see why you're that outta you're mind. I mean, it's not like this is any harder or more important than like the fight against insane Sephi!"

Cloud slightly growled and shot him a piercing look.

"You wait till your own wedding and then say it again..."

"Okay okay...", Cid replied, raising his hands defensively, "no need to kill me just cuz of that... Maybe I rather leave ya alone now."

Shaking his head, he got up and left the room, abandoning the soon-to-be-married young man.

Walking down the corridor, if you came close enough, you could hear Cid mutter under his breath.

"Those young people nowadays... can't take nothing..."

Cyra ran her fingers through Tifa's hair one final time, adjusting the thin, long strands of silk worked in the thick raven hair.

Smiling, Tifa got up and swirled around in her dress, making it flow around her.

The young beauty wore a champagne-white colored dress that touched the floor, being about 3 feet longer in the back so that it gently swept over the floor. It was completely made of silk, the upper part leaving her shoulders bare so that her thick raven hair, which was slightly curled up, fell upon them. The skirt had a bell-like form with small diameter.

And although the dress was plain and simple silk, without any decorations, it simply looked stunning, contemplating her natural beauty.

"So, how do I look?" she asked, honestly interested in the other's opinions.

Her apprentice just smiled, nodding approvingly.

Yuffie gave her a thumbs-up and grinned.

"Like a goddess. You sure you wanna go out there like this?" she asked, smiling devilishly.

Tifa shot her an uneasy look, wondering what could be so wrong about her appearance.

"W-what? Why n-not?"

The teenage girl laughed in return, reassuringly putting a hand on the bride's bare shoulder.

"I'm just afraid that Cloud will forget to say the two magic words as soon as he sees you like that."

Tifa chuckled softly, friendly hugging the girl.

"Thank you so much, I really needed that..."

Obviously, the first signs of nervousness were finally kicking in...

Cloud was standing in front of the minister, the crowd behind him talking lowly, in anticipation. Although the two of them had planned a small wedding, it had turned out rather big in the end. Not too big for the garden of their house in Kalm, though, fortunately.

It was a nice, warm early autumn day, the sun gently shining down on them.

Yet Cloud barely noticed his surroundings. He could not even think.

His hands were shaking, his lips quivering as he waited for his fiancée to arrive.

With a nervous, nonetheless loving smile, he gazed over at the twins sitting in the first row with Shera and Vincent. His children seemed to give him a certain reassurance, keeping him from fainting at the spot.

All of a sudden, a murmur went through the crowd as all the heads turned backwards. And there she was. His Tifa. A goddess.

At once, his universe shrank to just him and her, he did not realize anything that happened around them. All he could think about was her, and how perfect she was for him. The realization of how much he loved her struck him once again, and he almost

forgot to breathe at the thought that they would finally belong to each other. That she was really his, and he was hers.

While she was walking up to him, lead by Barret, her dress, contrasting with her beautiful raven hair, flowing behind her, he could not take his eyes off her.

The way she smiled at him made his knees weak, and suddenly he was the little boy again, the same little boy who used to sit under Tifa's window with the hope to get a glimpse at her. Even though she seemed too far away from him, way out of reach. Back then, he had dreamed about what it would be like to be with her. Yet he had always considered her an object of admiration. Like a shimmering star up in the nightly sky, way out of reach. Something you admired from afar, but never got close to.

But now, he had reached his aim. He was literally in heaven, right next to his beautiful, graceful shining star.

Just two more words, and she would be his. Forever.

He looks downright handsome, she thought.

She had to chuckle about the expression on his face. It reminded her so much of the little Cloud in the streets of Nibelheim, looking up at her window, blushing furiously when she caught him spying on her.

Not that she had ever disliked it. She could not exactly tell when she had fallen in love with him. The feeling had just always been there, though most likely not recognized as love by children. She had never been able to imagine a life without Cloud. Even when he had left for Midgar to become a SOLDIER, she had always felt somewhat connected to him. Even though he had been thousands of miles away.

It didn't matter.

At night, she had used to gaze up at the stars, hoping he would be doing the same, looking at the same stars, and thinking about her.

He had always been on her mind, always with her, no matter where she had been, or what she had been doing. She had possibly felt alone at times, yet never lonely.

And from today on, she would never be alone anymore either.

It just needed those two words...

"I do..." Cloud said, his voice quivery, while he smiled at his Tifa.

With shaky fingers, they exchanged the rings - pure, platinum bands with ruby and shining blue lines in them - time almost standing still at the sight of the happy couple.

"You may now kiss the bride." They heard the minister proclaim happily before they finally gave in to each other.

For the very first time, they were not only emotionally one but they also belonged to each other. They were finally inseparably united.

In the background, the crowd was cheering, clapping, and even some laughs could be heard at how passionately the newlyweds were kissing.

They were lost in the moment, never wanting it to end, never wanting to let go of each other. They simply wanted to exist for each other.

However, there was somebody who was not pleased about that thought and immediately started proclaiming their opinion and making their presence known.

Tabris and Caya, the twins, had started crying loudly.

All Cloud and Tifa could do was laugh.

Somehow, they always found the 'right' moment...

The End (Finished: Wednesday, 09 October 2002)