

"Wren, how strong are you?" Sunnie asked as she looked out over the demon city.

They were sitting on the rooftop to one of the towers of Lucifer's castle. Well, at least Sunnie was sitting. Wren was lying down on his back, eyes closed with his hands behind his head.

"I'm not going to answer that," he replied.

"What? Why?"

"Because it's a stupid question."

"How can it be a stupid question?!"

He sighed, "I don't know the answer to your question. You've asked me before, like... three times."

"How can you not know?" she grumbled.

"You think I have nothing better to do than to find heavy things to lift?"

"To be honest Wren, you don't have anything to do."

"That is so not true, I'm doing things right now."

"Like what? Ruminating?"

"Har har, aren't you the witty one?"

"You never want to tell me anything about your powers..." she pouted, folding her arms.

Wren sighed again and sat up. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her up on his lap, holding her as he kissed her neck. "Why are you always curious about my powers, huh?"

"Well, they are a part of you, right? I want to know everything about you," she smiled as she leaned back against him.

"Fair enough, but I don't have many answers..."

"How can you not?"

"I never tested my limits," he shrugged. "Well... sort of. I mean... not lately, at least... Not since I killed Gale."

"Aren't you curious yourself?"

He shook his head, "Not really. I mean, what's the point? Who cares if I could lift an air-craft carrier with one or two hands, or if I have to snap my fingers once or twice to make a planet explode? The results are the same anyway."

"...you don't have to be so extreme about it. But I guess I get the point," she said as she combed his soft hair with her fingers.

He nodded, "good."

“...isn't that the same thing with General Mega?”

“General Mega? ...what?”

“Remember? You asked me once why he had to punch people twice in the face if he's supposed to be the strongest man in the universe?”

“Sun, I know you are a closet-nerd. But he's a fictional character. Of course he's gonna have to punch people repeatedly in the face! ...wouldn't make any good TV if everything just died on impact.”

“Like you?”

“That's why I'm not on TV,” he smiled.

“You'd just scare everyone off if you were. Ratings would be terrible,” she grinned.

“You are so mean,” he squeezed her tight, kissing her shoulder as she giggled. “How's your tummy doing?”

“Hehe, it's doing great!” she smiled and looked down on her stomach as Wren rubbed his hand over the very slight bump. “I'm so excited about this, I can't wait for us to have a kid of our own.”

“I know you are.”

“What do you think it'll be like?” she put her hand over Wren's caressing it slowly.

“He will be a good kid, don't worry. And I know you'll be the best mother in the world.”

“Thanks Wren.”