

DarkFictionJude Patreon by Thomas Bell

(03/January/2024 - 31/December/2024)

[WELCOME!](#)

[Jan 3, 2024](#)

This is a bit strange to me... I never thought I'd be in the position myself to create a Patreon for my creative works. (Also making a bit more work for myself haha). If you're here thank you so much! And as a thank-you here is a sneak peek I've episode 3 :)

The rest of the week in high school wasn't as eventful as your first day was...

...oddly enough James Hewitt was the cause of most of the talk during that first week.

... apart from him dominating the front page of high school drama there was also that thing that happened to the girl with pink Mary Jane's that tripped you.

[Episode 3 sidequests](#)

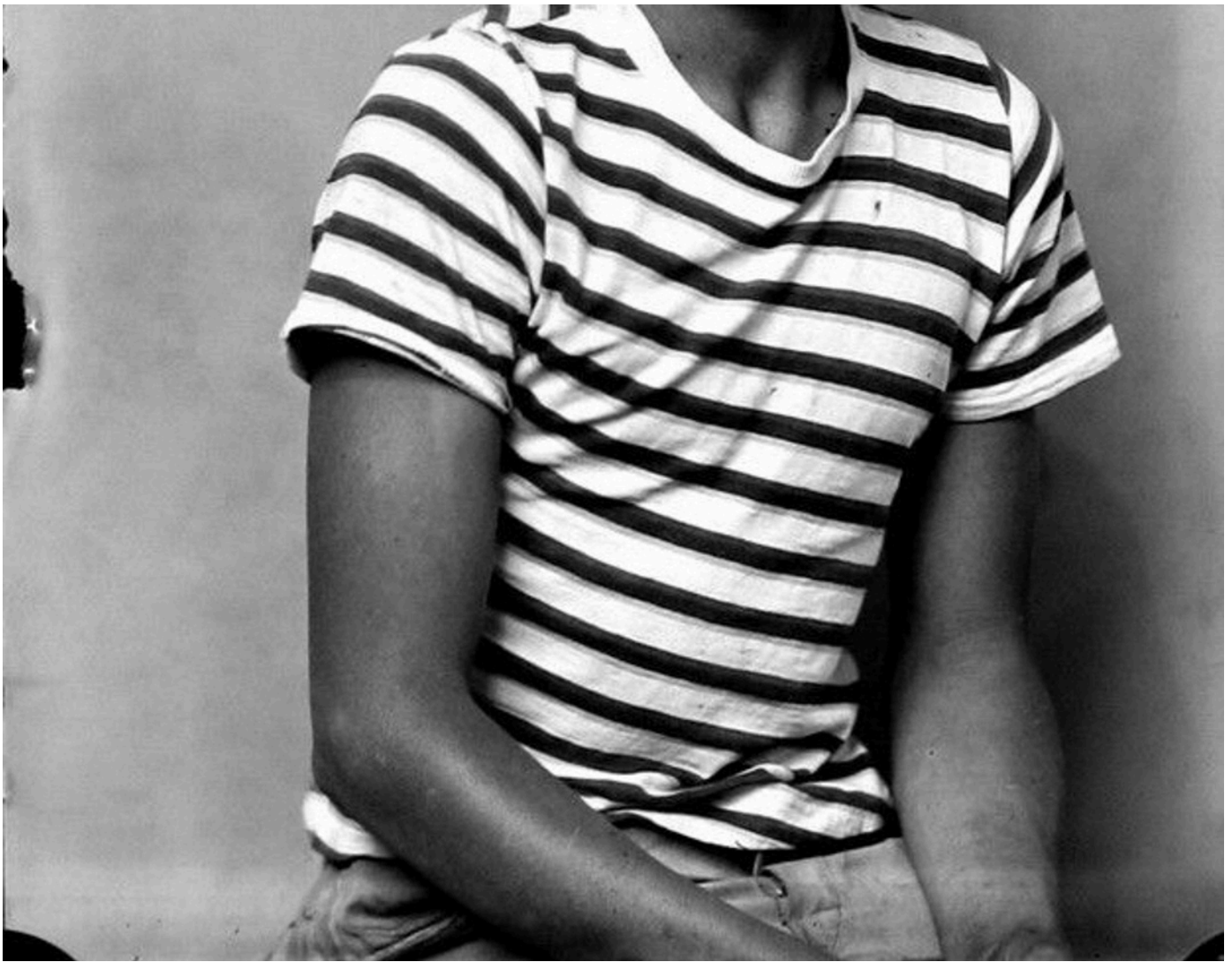
[Jan 5, 2024](#)



I found I have a love/hate relationship with these... on the one hand, it takes me longer to finish something away from the main storyline but on the other, I love exploring the town and all its oddities. Plus it's good character-building for Crown to be able to solve things without their big brother coming in and holding their hand.

But yeah, it's a bit slower going than I originally thought. But what's important is that it's GOING! I'm still writing at whatever pace but at least it's something. I feel like once I'm done with this section I'll be quicker since the rest is the main plot which I get so much motivation for <3

Yours truly, Jude



[Side story 1: Sally](#)

[Feb 1, 2024](#)

DECEMBER 17TH 1975

The boy hadn't expected this until New Year's Eve.

Mother had said she was going to give him another sibling. He already had two, he didn't understand why he needed another one. He didn't even know if his Mother's baby was going to be a sister or a brother.

He sat on his butt with his knees pressed to his chest outside the room. Mother had gone in there so long ago, he didn't know when but Father had woken him up and told him his Mother was having a baby.

His sister sat next to him, her little shoulder pressing into his arm. She was running her little hand over her doll's hair, she hadn't brought a comb and no matter how much she tried to make the hair stay, it kept popping back up. She was excited for the baby. She had said she wanted a sister to replace her dolls.

On her lap sat his brother. He had his head tipped back and was staring up at the ceiling with slow blinking eyes. The boy remembered that when his brother had been told that their Mother was pregnant, he hadn't said anything. He didn't look happy or sad. Had the same unchanging look since all those months ago when they were first told. His Mother told him babies aren't expressive. He doesn't know what that word means.

Every once and while they would hear a shout behind the heavy door their Father had gone into a long time away. Every time they heard this sound, the boy's brother would jump and seemed ready to barge in there. It was the boy's job to keep his younger siblings outside of the room. Father had gave this job, he had said it was very important and the boy's chest swelled up with pride.

Father would be so happy when he saw that he had done his job.

More time passed. After another yell from behind the room, his sister's stomach started to grumble. She laid her hand on her stomach and looked up at her big brother, telling him she was hungry. His other brother chimed in to say he was hungry too, in his unintelligible way.

But... Father had said not to move. He had told him to keep his sister and brother right there until he came out from the room again. He pressed his knees closer to his chest and said that Father would be out soon, and that after they saw the baby they would have a big lunch to celebrate this and the birthday. He thought his sister would like that.

He tried to ignore his siblings complaining in his ear. Father had said so. This was important. He was his right-hand man, the first mate of the captain of the ship and he needed to be a big boy.

Soon enough his siblings voices' died down and they were once again in silence, only ever interrupted by their yells behind the door that only years later would the boy understand were his Mother's. He didn't know how long had passed but when his brother leaned back against his sister's chest and his sister leaned her head against the boy's shoulder he knew it had been a very long time.

The boy patted his sister's head and now the screams met the snoring of his siblings. Soon his own eyes began to slowly close and as he was willing to give himself up to sleep the door opened. He quickly stood and his siblings fell over.

It was Father. He looked down at his son and placed a heavy hand on his shoulder. He said that the baby was here. Father told the boy to get his siblings up, awake and ready to meet the new baby. The boy dutifully helped his sleepy siblings stand up. He adjusted their clothes and wiped their drowsy eyes.

He grabbed his sister's hand, and she grabbed their brother's hand. All three together, they went into the room. Mother was laying on a white covered bed. The boy was amazed at how pretty she liked.

Different than she had when his brother was born. She looked like she hadn't had a hard time. But her eyes were wet.

The doctor was talking quietly to the boy's Father. His Father had a serious look to his face and didn't speak, after the doctor's mouth didn't move anymore, his Father nodded. Father asked the boy and his siblings to come closer. Father sat down on a seat and the children surrounded him and the small blanket he had in his arms.

At first the boy couldn't see anything. It was only white blankets. But the blanket began to move. He peered closer and could see a tiny little head laying in the blanket. His sister moved the blanket and they all looked down at the baby.

The boy was surprised at how small it was. More small than his brother and sister. It did look like a doll. It kept opening and closing its' mouth, the boy thought it was trying to talk. With his forefinger, the boy lightly touched the baby's cheek. The baby didn't make a noise. The boy had not heard it cry at all.

His sister asked if it was a girl. His brother poked the baby's palm.

He didn't understand babies. He didn't understand how a baby can grow and look like his siblings. But he did understand what pretty was and he thought the baby was pretty.

His Father called his name. The boy looked up at the hard look in his Father's eyes. Father said that he had to take care of his new sibling, more than his other siblings because the baby was so little.

Salvatore Crown promised he would take care of his sibling for the rest of his life.

[RO SIDE STORY - IMRE](#)

[Feb 8, 2024](#)



1980

Imre Alonzo Duran didn't want to go to school.

Alara, his mother had said that if he wanted to be a smart boy he would need to go to school because only stupid children didn't go.

He had protested. He had yelled. He had locked himself in his room. He had said he could teach himself education. It would've worked if his Father hadn't broken the door down by kicking it. It still hurts Imre to sit down.

With a sullen look, he followed the rest of the children as they filed into school. He already knew where to go, he could read perfectly and had a decent sense of direction. That's why he didn't need to go to school.

He shrugged off his coat and hung it gently on the hook. It was his favourite coat, he didn't want it to fall and be stepped on. As young Imre was carefully taking out his crayons, colouring book and Jules Verne's Journey to the Center of the Earth – he had read it five times now – he had accidentally glanced down the row of children putting away their things.

He looked past the sea of red coats, curly hair and little hands to see someone he had never seen before. He thought he had seen all the kids in town at the park, everyone went to the park.

This kid was standing still. Their mouth was moving and maybe they were talking to someone but no one was near them. Who were they talking to? Imre let his belongings dangling in his hands by his sides

as he stared at this kid.

Their mouth kept moving and he was sure now that they weren't talking to anyone. Then, the kid turned their head slowly to the side and looked directly at him. Their eyes looked like anyone's eyes. But there was something about them that made the young boy feel cold. Their eyes didn't shine like everyone else's.

The kid – their classmate – turned to their bag and took out their crayons. They walked away from the hooks and into the carpet area. Imre hadn't moved at all. He stood like a statue as the children around him were already going to the carpet too.

He felt cold. That was true but he didn't feel scared. The opposite, he got the same feeling from those eyes that he got when Aronnax, Land and Conseil fell into the sea and climbed the monster to survive. He zipped his backpack up and walked to the carpet area, sitting down between two kids and directly across from the kid with the dead eyes.

They seemed to not be looking at anything. Like daydreaming. That was fine by Imre as his mind raced with two thoughts. One, *this is what an angel looks like* and two, *I will know why those eyes have no light*.

[Writing Diary #2](#)

[Feb 12, 2024](#)

In writing a mystery in an IF context is interesting because sometimes certain information that you would love for the readers to get is based on choices they make. Given this they might miss some interesting facts about the whole mystery at the centre of the game.

Oftentimes I have to stop myself from later on adding that information in a piece of dialogue as it's not fair to those who do pick the correct options. Ultimately the story will go where it goes so I shouldn't feel like everyone needs to find everything because all will be revealed eventually.

Right now I've been writing the things that come after the end of the demo (obviously). It's going quicker than my writing progress has been for the past month in a half because of the side quests. The second part of the three parts of episode is interesting because it includes something I don't know if I'll keep.

It's also something that I don't see much in IF happening. I'll mention it closer to the drop date but it is of sexual nature – not too extreme but a first taste of the more mature sexual content the story is said to

have. Sexual content from my writing to be read by other people is also something very interesting that I haven't sat down and thought of how I feel about it yet.

Sincerely, the Writer

[Sneak Peak/Update](#)

[Feb 16, 2024](#)

I did think that I wouldn't finish episode 3 part 2 until March but by the way I'm going I think I could release it near the end of this upcoming week.

This part focuses a lot on mc investigating things and how they approach that which sometimes works in their favour and sometimes doesn't.

There is also a Nia appearance here. It isn't a big thing. You aren't have a complete full talk but it's make the beginning of establishing what kind of relationship you're mc wants with her.

Here's a bit of what's coming:

You notice that her pink lipstick has stained her two front teeth. "I was wondering if I could see Miss Stephanie Burrows' body."

"With what authority? You're just a kid. Don't look a day over fourteen."

You bristle at her comment. Sure a lack of good nutrition, experimental drugs, seemingly no ability to develop significant muscle mass and lack of vitamin D does give you the appearance of a dying Victorian child but that doesn't mean you look like an elementary schooler.

Yours truly, the writer

[A DATE NIGHT](#)

[Feb 24, 2024](#)



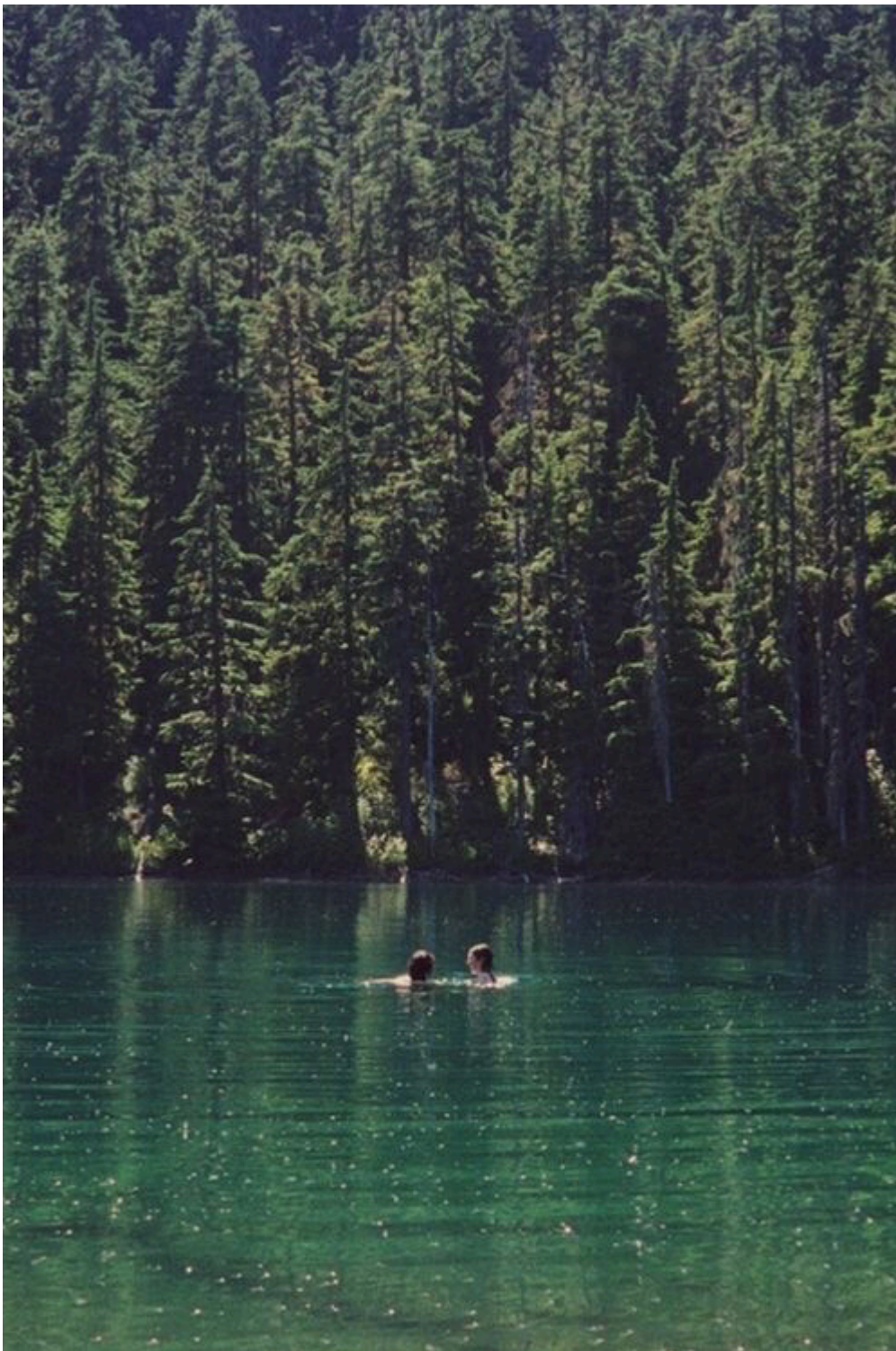
Enjoy a singular night with the man of many people's dreams years before the events of the same storyline. See who Sally is when he's not the big brother.

As always all my work is for a mature audience.

[Sally Date Night DLC.zip](#)

[Side Story - Percy](#)

[Mar 2, 2024](#)



JUNE 1986

He had hoped they would remember. He had told them. He had even drawn a reminder and put it up over the fireplace.

But Percival had awoken that morning of his 12th birthday, crept as silently as he could downstairs to the dining room, expecting an elaborate breakfast feast in his honour and was greeted with nothing.

Father and Mother were both seated along with his three siblings, eating in silence as is the usual form of greeting the day in this family.

His Father looks up from his plate and sees his son standing by the door, a blank expression on his face. "What are you standing there for, boy? If you don't eat now you'll wait until lunch."

His Mother sighs and gives her third-born child a tired smile, beckoning him to the table. Obediently the young boy sat in his seat and stared down at his empty plate. His Mother scooped some eggs on his plate and a piece of toast.

She paused for a second and brought over the salt. The food tasted like nothing as it went into his mouth, not even the salt helped. "Orla sit up straight" their Mother says and the little girl next to him complies with a scowl on her face.

Father finished first, mumbling about having work to do and left the house without a goodbye. Their Mother kissed Percy on the head and walked to go to the parlour where she spends most of her days.

Once his parents are gone Percy drops his fork loudly, enough to get his elder brother's attention. Salvatore raises his eyebrows, "do you want something Percy?"

Percy leans back in his chair and crosses his arms, hoping that makes him look more serious. "Does anyone know what today is?"

Orla shrugs a shoulder as she carefully peels his orange, his youngest sibling opens up their eyes really wide "are we going somewhere? To the park?" they ask that last part to Sally.

Sally smiles at them, Percy's inside's turn as he watches them. Sally looks back to his brother "not that I know of, what's today?"

"It's my fucking birthday you dick" Percy spits.

"Don't swear," Sally says sternly. Percy glowers at Sally as he wipes his mouth with a tablecloth, "yeah I just remembered this morning when I saw the sign" he adds.

Percy waits as Sally begins cleaning up his plates and utensils, crazypants – as Percy calls his youngest sibling when Sally isn't around to hear – quickly shovels food into their mouth. Orla delicately eats an orange slice, chewing as she watches Percy.

"Mother and Father are a bit busy today so I thought maybe we could go to the lake?" he raises an eyebrow at Percy. "Does that sound good?" Percy's heart leaps as he thinks of being near water.

A smile threatens to break out on his face but he holds it back by replying "yeah I guess that's cool." Crazypants finishes their food and Sally piles their dirty dishes on his plate, he reaches over for Orla's and she moves her arms off the table.

Sally checks his watch and says "alright we can go in thirty minutes, get your things—" the other three quickly get out of their seats and run up the stairs "don't forget towels, floaties and your sunscreen!" he yells from the dining room.

...

The Crown siblings all stand in row on the shores of the town lake. Oldest to youngest. Percy runs to the water and Sally grabs his arm “sunscreen.” Percy rolls his eyes as his older brother applies that heavy white lotion to his face, arms, torso and back. Percy tries to run back to the water and Sally grabs at him again “floaties.” Percy groans impatiently as Sally slides up the small plastic floaties to Percy’s arms.

“I’m twelve I don’t need floaties I look like a fuc—” Sally narrows his eyes at Percy and Percy coughs and says “I look like a baby.”

“It wouldn’t matter if you were 25, these waters are deep and things like grabbing people’s ankles. If I see you taking them off we’re going home” Sally warns.

Percy blows a raspberry at his brother and jumps into the water. Orla lays a towel down and then lays herself on it, sunglasses on her face and holding up a magazine. Sally looks around to make sure no perverts are looking at her.

Percy sees Crazypants on the shore, flopped down on their stomach and leaning their head over the edge to see their reflection in the water. Weirdo, Percy thinks. He rolls onto his back and stares up at the gray sky, the hazy sun shining down on him.

At this age he doesn’t think about the concept of peace but this is the feeling that floods throughout his muscles. His eyes close for a moment before he hears a loud splash next to him. Annoyed, he wipes the water from his face and twists to see Sally surfacing from the water.

His older brother smiles at him and splashes Percy again. Percy makes a face and pretends to be irritated as he splashes him back. Sally retaliates with a force that drenches Percy. The boy can’t help but laugh and tries to dunk Sally’s head underwater.

“Get any water on me and it’ll kill both of you” Orla says coolly from the shore.

Percy and Sally both exchange glances and grin at each other. They swim closer to the shore and Orla shoots up and tries to run before both of them push and push more water on her. She shrieks and slips on the grass, landing on her butt.

“Come and kill us Orla!” Sally taunts and Percy laughs out loud as he sees Orla’s hair dangly down her head making her look no different than a drowned cat.

“OH MY GOD!” Orla screams and rushes towards her brothers. Before they can react she lands on both of them and all three plunge down under the surface. Pushing aside limbs and hair, Percy resurfaces with a cough and soon his brother and sister follow.

They rub their eyes and look at each other. A moment passes before they all burst out laughing, finding it all so ridiculous. Percy laughs even as his stomach hurts. Sally’s eyes are red from laughing so hard

and Orla runs her hands through her hair, a big grin on her face.

Orla punches Percy on the shoulder and says “happy birthday you big baby.” Percy punches her back and she passes on that punch to Sally. Sally rubs his shoulder and he smiles softly as his eyes look from Orla and Percy.

“Happy-” he begins to say when his eyes wander over to where Crazypants is and his expression changes to that of alarm. “Sweetheart?!” he yells and quickly swims over to where their sibling has their face down in the water.

Percy and Orla watch as Sally reaches them and lifts their face out of the water. Crazypants begins coughing and Sally jumps out of the water and lays their head on his lap. They cough painfully a few times as Sally caresses their hair.

Crazypants coughing calms, only coming in short dry rasps. “What happened?” Sally asks softly.

Their sibling wipes their eyes with the back of their hands and blinks up at Sally “I don’t know. I wanted to see what it would feel like” they whisper softly.

Sally grimaces and cradles their head, whispering words of reassurance to them. Without looking at his two other siblings, he says “we’re going home. We’ll have the cook make a cake but we’re leaving now.”

The two kids swim side by side, their shoulders brushing. “They always have to be the poor little victim, don’t they?” Orla says between clenched teeth.

Percy shakes his head as Sally picks Crazypants up in his arms and makes them sit on Orla’s towel. A twisting feeling in his guts, but not out of anger, out of something else as he watches how Sally dotes on them.

“Always have to ruin everything” Percy replies.

[Writing Diary #3](#)

[Mar 5, 2024](#)

I usually give myself like a few days before I start writing again but since the update I have begun working on part 3. Usually because the hardest part in writing for me is the first sentence when there’s a scene change or when there’s a time jump of a day or so.

This section is my favourite part of the episode because the major cast so far convene in one place. Plus I like going back in time to see what movies were in during the backend of 1994. I picked three and they're a good selection, some real good classics.

One of the things I find myself doing is adding Percy in places he originally wasn't going to be in haha. I just really love his character so much and even though he isn't connected to the overall story yet he's a nice piece of comic relief and he's super blunt which is so refreshing.

I do want to finish this by mid point of the month just to finally be done with episode 3 because we still have 10 more episodes to go after this. MC of course can never have an entirely good time as you'll see in this last piece of episode 3.

[Tier change](#)

[Mar 8, 2024](#)

I really do not get tech sometimes. Anyway, I set the the the second tier the Crown resident one to 10\$, what it didn't tell me is that it automatically assumes it's in USD and it doesn't tell you 😭

So while I thought it would be 10\$ Canadian and like 8 bucks American. It's actually not that at all. So this is all to say I'm very tech dumb and that I'm deleting this tier and adding another one in its place that will be cheaper for anyone who wants it.

That'll happen tomorrow, with the release of the new side story.

Yours truly,

[Side Story: Orla](#)

[Mar 9, 2024](#)



May 1990

She almost cried as she tried to slip her strapped heel over her foot. As it came off it snagged on her big toe and she bit her bottom lip to stop herself from screaming.

She throws the heels, they scatter along the hardwood floor, stopping with two thumps against the wall.

She lays her ankle on top of the knee of her other leg and uses her fingers to gently lift her big toe. The edge of her nail is detached from her skin, she has a feeling that if she moves the nail, there's a good chance it'll come clean off.

Scarlet blood trails down her foot. Her other toe nails aren't in better shape. She presses the toenails of her other foot against the floor to test how sore they are and groans as the hot pain courses through her nerves.

Limping, she goes to her vanity and slumps on the chair. She flips the tiny switch on the underside of the table and the yellow bulbs aligning her oval mirror flicker on.

She leans her face closer, her arms folded in front of her. Her eyes were pink, her eyeliner had been irritating her eyesight all night. Her eyeshadow was smudged, making her look like she had two black eyes.

The dead skin of her chapped lips stuck out in bright red, the lipstick having traveled in a line below her bottom lip. She thought she had developed lines of her forehead.

Strands of her hair stuck to the sides of her cheeks and she tries to fix the hair-sprayed rat's nest that's become the elaborate hairdo her mother had insisted she wore.

She thinks she looks disgusting.

She twists off the cap of her to her facial cream. The soft white surface shows the telltale signs of daily use, a testament to how methodical and practiced her beauty routine is.

She applies a dollop of cream to her cheek and slowly rubs. Her eyes remained fixed on themselves in the mirror, a gaze that betrayed her exhaustion, loathing and disappointment.

She scooped a handful of cream into her other hand and mushed it against her other cheek. She rigorously spread the cream all over her face, rubbing both palms up and down to coat her entire face.

The cream burns her already irritated eyes and slips into her dry mouth. She uncovers her face and stares at the face looking back at her. She looks like a clown, her eyebrows and eyelashes completely bathed in cream.

She wants to scream.

Taking a small towel from her drawer she roughly wipes at her face, feeling the skin beneath the fabric ignite. Her face will probably be red and patchy in the morning.

She stands up, almost crying when she touches her toes to the ground. Gasping, she reaches behind her and unzips her dress. It lands unceremoniously around her feet. She quickly pulls off the stupid sash they gave her.

She looks at her for a moment and thinks of taking the scissors to this too. No, Prudence will surely make a fuss about that. She lets the sash fall to the floor.

She steps out from the pool of dress around her feet and picks up the scratchy, tight and sweaty pink gown she had been imprisoned in all night. She remembers going with Prudence to pick this out.

She didn't like the giant puffy slaves but Prudence had said that if she wanted to win she would need to be more beautiful than she was. *Your face isn't enough my darling.*

She holds up the dress to eye level, the fabric tightly grasped in her hands. She waits a second, just a second to think. But that's never mattered. Whatever she decides to ever do she always does it no matter what.

She jerks her arms out, hearing a loud and terrible tear. The rip stops before the dress can be severed in half. She moves her hands down the exposed seams and rips the last bit of resistance.

She lets the two halves of what used to be one whole of her dress sink to the floor.

She strips off her underclothes and crawls underneath her pastel pink blanket, she breathes in the familiarity of the smell. Clicking off the lamp on her bedside table she stares into the dark.

She'll have to make up a good lie to tell Prudence tomorrow. However, she might not care. She had done what Prudence had wanted, she had won. There's nothing more important than that.

She didn't feel anything about her win. Nothing when they announced her name, nothing when they crowned her, nothing when they had taken her picture and she smiled big for the camera.

As she gave her speech — thanking all those who voted, telling her family how much she loved them, mentioning her boyfriend by name — she felt a numbness within her.

It was just another thing. One more public display that told everyone else how beautiful she was. Lies on lies on lies on lies on lies

Now that this competition has been overcome, it has become as important as being called pretty by a creepy older man. Soon enough Prudence would find something else, another thing for her daughter to best the other more ugly girls at.

She couldn't deny that she got a sick satisfaction from beating down those who were physically inferior to her, her victory only counted if she got to look into the faces of those poor idiots she had triumphed over.

The sash, the crown, the floors, the cameras that was all just noise.

She could never convince herself she was the prettiest, the smartest and the kindest but she knew that she was at least prettier than most. The bar so low in a place like this.

Watching the defeat in their eyes gave her for a moment the small peace of knowing she was enough. It never lasted but she had spent her whole life just chasing those precious moments where she was. Where her struggle against herself quieted for a brief second.

The hours after, when she would come home and walk alone into her room were the worst. All those doubts, all those pressures would come forth with a swift cruelty that left her feeling like she wanted to die.

The title of Spring Queen had meant nothing, she had not gained new knowledge of herself and unbeknownst to her, was sinking deeper into that dark pit from where she would never escape.

[Writing Diary #4](#)

[Mar 11, 2024](#)

So I've been asked to include more options for speaking to the ROs. It's interesting to get different sides of their personality depending on what you choose. It's also exhausting to remain on one scene because you writing this dialogue for three people, but I wouldn't change it. I don't like the idea of giving the readers a copy and paste response no matter what they choose. It feels lazy, it feels like the characters aren't people but props for romance.

To me romance works because the characters feel real. They talk the way a person would and they respond differently to different things. In fiction I care about characters that could feel like they exist in the world somewhere.

Apart from ALL THAT, I'm on the second to last scene of the last part of this episode. This part is RO heavy. What's funny is that for some reason I feel like they've been featured a lot in this episode when in actuality apart from a brief moment with Nia, the mc and RO's haven't had a conversation. In the story they haven't talked in weeks. I guess the spirits of the ROs are felt even when they're not there which is why I feel as if they were. (Also because I've been staring at the episode outline for months).

For real though, I'm excited to finally finish this episode since it's been worked on since late December. Like I need to be refreshed with a new episode to work on.

Sincerely, the (tired) Writer

[Sneak peek - Romance Episode 3](#)

[Mar 13, 2024](#)

Imre friendly!romance: "answering my question with a question. If we both do that we'll spend the rest of the night talking."

Imre antagonistic!romance: "I'm partially offended that you would ever think I'm aiming to grow a white man's afro."

Nia friendly!romance: "I don't. It's a by-product of being you, Birdie. The people who least want attention always get it."

Nia antagonistic!romance: "nobody ever manages to humiliate you as you do yourself. In that area I would lose for the first time ever, my dear Birdie."

Lorcan friendly!romance: "spare me the 'we're alike you and I' talk. It's there and I don't want to look at it."

Lorcan antagonistic!romance: "you'd be the last girl/boy/person I'd ever be into, Crown. If I ever am, slap me."

[Writer aches](#)

[Mar 14, 2024](#)

Is there anything harder than writing dialogue without saying "says" or tense variations of that? Like that why don't we have more synonyms words for said???

You can say "declares, proclaims, asserts" but it doesn't evoke the same feeling as "said."

There's only so many ways I can make it engaging without repeating myself :,(((

That's why I use a cheat and describe what they do with their bodies a lot. Facial expressions and all that. It fills the scene, it adds padding and it also conveys things without characters needing to say what they're feeling.

Things were easier when we did oral storytelling. Fuck literacy :D

Sincerely, this-annoyed-writer

[Writing Diary #5](#)

[Mar 17, 2024](#)

So I'm currently writing a scene that is a continuation of the scene at the end of episode 1, where our four family players are once again in the same space and... you can imagine how they're interacting with each other.

Writing incredibly easily offended and cruel teenagers is so much fun. Like they go right for the jugular and it's so entertaining to witness. MC is literally not the problem in these cases, they're not the drama. Everyone else has baggage and that's some equality right there.

The completely fucked Scooby gang.

This scene actually took me longer than I expected because there's dialogue choices for each RO. As it goes, it's first a one-on-one interaction than the other characters come out.

I think I have one or two pages before I finish it and then there's one final scene before wrapping up episode 3. All goes well I could get out the early access by sometime this week.

Sincerely, the dramatic writer.

[Early Access - 3/3](#)

[Mar 19, 2024](#)

Anyway here it is. It probably has a lot of typos as I haven't done the sweep I usually do. I'll do that between now and next week. I do think some code might be fucked because I added a lot to the last bit and so many lines you miss things so if there's anything wrong just tell me :)

Password is: 2777

<https://darkfictionjude.itch.io/we-wretched-creatures>

[I guess just some random crap/ Writing Diary #6](#)

[Mar 24, 2024](#)

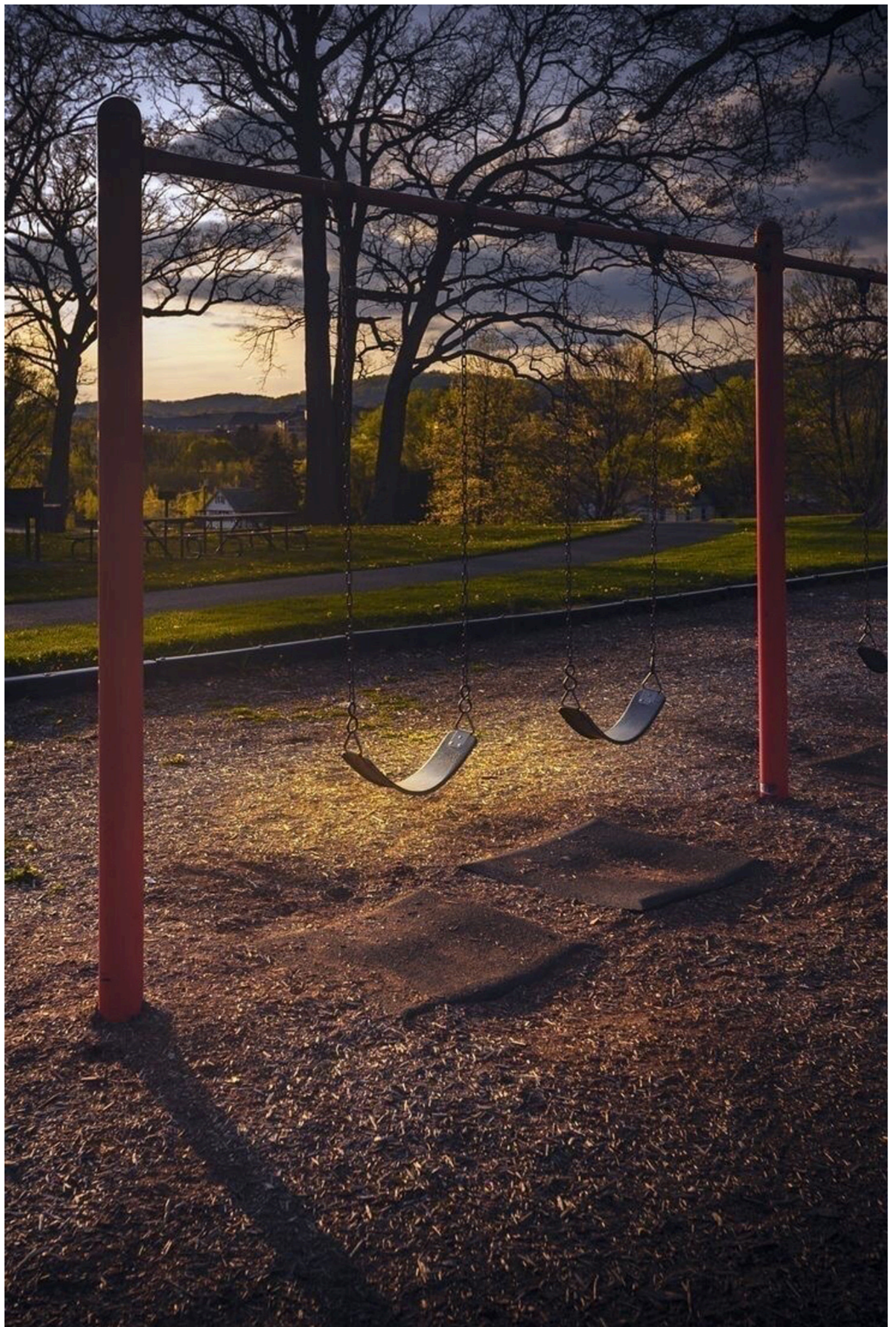
The public version is slightly different from the early access version. Not vastly different, just apart from correction of typos, some rearranging of words. The same story beats are hit so those who paid for it

didn't miss anything.

I haven't begun episode 4 since I'm taking a slight break. Feels good since I've been working on episode 3 since December. Now episode 3 I think is the biggest episode so far, not all are going to be so long (thank god). Episode 4 I think I can release in two parts.

I've been trying to calculate how to release episode 7 by September and October since it's the Halloween episode and a very long episode. Unless I decide to make the Halloween night last until episode 8. Between this episode and that I think the longest one for me to write will be episode 5.

Sincerely, this excited and tired writer



[Mar 28, 2024](#)

1979

She thought that her mother was bringing her to the park far too frequently. She remembered how a long time ago — she isn't good at giving a good estimate on time. It was probably a week ago — she begged to be taken to the park by the library.

Her mother had been so busy lately and she didn't know why. Her mother didn't have a job unlike her father.

Nia didn't even know what a 'job' was but she knew that her father would leave when the sun was low but, coming up and come back when the moon was out.

She asked her mom if she had a 'job' and she had said her job was taking care of her.

Nia thought she was too big for anyone to take care of her. She could tie her shoelaces all by herself and knew how to make a peanut-butter and jelly sandwich.

"Mom, look!" Nia yells as she raises her arms above her head, sitting at the top of the slide.

Nia's mother was rubbing her chin, her eyes downcast. Nia yells again, louder. Her mother looks up, her eyes searching throughout the park games. They find her daughter and she smiles quickly.

Something in Nia's stomach twists, her mom's smiles don't last long anymore. She used to smile so much that Nia would forget what she looked like when she wasn't. Now she can't remember what it looked like when she was.

Nia pushes herself down the slide, the hard plastic hurting her legs. She lands on her feet, moving aside as the next kid comes down after her. She watches as her mother looks down at the ground again, she doesn't look like she's thinking about anything.

Nia looks at the kid who lands on their feet a few paces away. The kid is dressed drably. In muted colours that make the deep indents under their eyes look even more pronounced. They rub their hands and look at her.

They both blink at each other before the kid runs off to the monkey bars. An older boy on the swings warns them loudly to not run or they'll fall. The kid doesn't look like they heard him.

Nia has seen that kid around. They are always with the older boy. They look the same, they must be siblings. Nia wishes she had a sibling, sometimes. but then that wish goes away when she thinks about sharing.

The kid looks like they're as old as her. Are they going to be in school together? She doesn't know if she'd like that. They don't seem to be like her. They don't even dress like her. Nia rubs the mesh fabric of her dress.

Even if she did want to be friends with them, Father would never allow it. He says he knows who his little princess should be friends with. Father knows best.

Nia looks back at her mother. People say they look alike. The same hair, eyes and skin colour. Nia likes that. She thinks her mom is the prettiest mom in the whole world. A queen from her fairytale book.

Despite her age, Nia knows mother's skin looks less alive than usual. Her hair doesn't look like she used a comb in days and Nia is sure she has been wearing that yellow dress for more than a day.

But Nia doesn't know what to say. 'Are you ok?' isn't yet in her vocabulary. She takes a step towards her mom when she's thrown to the ground.

Her cheek slides against the hard ground, her hip blossoms in pain. She lifts a hand up and sees tiny little rocks embedded in her palm.

She lifts her head up and sees the familiar figure of the kid laying on the ground next to them, their feet pointed towards Nia. Nia looks from them to the slide and stifles a little cry.

The older boy runs to their sibling's side. She doesn't pay attention to what he's saying, his voice does sound mad but worried. Nia sits up and looks to where her mother was sitting.

Is sitting.

Her mom hasn't moved. She's still looking down. Nia feels like she wants to cry now. She sniffs and dusts her hands. She flicks little rocks stuck to her dress. She moves her feet to stand up.

"Are you ok?"

A hand is thrust in front of Nia's face. She looks from that small hand, up the dull skin of their arm, to their shoulder, to their neck and finally to their face looking down at them.

The kid who pushed her down has a neutral look on their face. They don't look sorry. They don't even look worried. Nia wants to smile. Instead she picks herself up and stands at eye-level with them.

The kid drops their hand and says nothing. Nia tucks her hair behind her ears and places one hand on her hip.

"You didn't say sorry."

The kid doesn't react to this, their eyes briefly flicking over to their older brother who's standing a few feet away, watching them.

The kid looks down Nia's dress, zeroing in on a certain part. "Your dress is ripped," they say.

Nia looks down and sure enough there's a small tear. She presses her lips together. She looks up at the other kid's face.

"You ripped it. You need to pay for a new one" she says. The other kid blinks once. Nia can't tell if they are bored or plain dumb. She's never seen a kid with eyes that look like the eyes of her goldfish when he died.

"I don't have money," they reply.

Nia looks over at her mother who stands up and slowly — eyes still somewhere else — walks down the path away from the park.

"I'm going home but you have to do everything I say for one month" Nia says, not asking.

The kid follows Nia's eyes and sees the lady in the yellow dress becoming smaller.

"Ok."

Nia doesn't respond and tries not to run as she tries to reach her absentminded mother. The next day Nia comes to the park and she and her new assistant begin a month-long business agreement.

[Debating - Side Quests](#)

[Apr 3, 2024](#)

I originally had the idea to do side quests every other episode but now I have the idea to do it every episode but that does mean it'll take more time to release the beginning of episodes.

I don't know. I love them but they do take time to write (like almost everything :s)

Sincerely, this confused writer

[Update on the Side Quests/Sneak Peek](#)

[Apr 5, 2024](#)

Ok I've decided that I want to do it for every episode at least until episode 10 (exceptions will be episode 8 I think).

Sneak peak on those. It's three like before but instead of giving right into the episode, it happens before the main storyline.

1. Is a about a child with specific bloody dietary needs that asks for mc's help
2. A little bit of romance for the lovely gay community of the town
3. Jonestown cult lite

Yours truly, this inspired writer



[Side Story - Victor](#)

[Apr 6, 2024](#)

Disclaimer: brief mentions of child abuse

1958

Victor Crown knew what awaited him once he reached his home. Home. As if that cold, too perfect and trim place could ever be his home. The nice things within it deceived, its warm yellow light did nothing to quell the loneliness of it all.

The rich upholstery, the shiny vases and the rich foods on the tables were poor comfort for a boy who felt like he didn't belong in the family he was born into. His name held power, Victor, Victorious, Winner and King. A curse placed on his head since before he came out from his mother.

He didn't want it. He wanted his head to only hold his hair. He wanted to feel as light as the birds he sketches from outside his window. His father knew this and he made sure Victor knew that he knew.

He was reminded in every stitch of clothing, in the cars he was driven into school, in the tutors his father hired to teach him Latin, French, dance, math and rhetoric. The trips to Paris, London, Tokyo and Rome repeated it.

It was like a collar crushing his windpipe, a way no child could live. Sometimes he needed to pull at it for a moment, to be able to swallow freely the air that everyone else breathed.

That's why when Ashley Bennett suggested that they skip school and go to the park to read comics he had said yes. They had entered the school, went through it and escaped from the back doors.

The thrill of doing something out of the ordinary, an act that disrupted the daily routine of his young life and foreseeable future distracted him from thinking about the immediate consequences of the upcoming afternoon.

They had gone to the park, stopping at the dime store to buy some sweets. They gorged themselves on Peeps, bubble gum cigarettes and chocolate gold coins while flipping through sticky Captain America comics.

They left the bench full of wrappers, gone to play on the monkey bars, the swings, the slides and before he knew it, the school day was over. He could hear the school bell chime in the wind. In those days the town was much quieter, he would remember years later.

After parting ways with Ashley, he very slowly walked the familiar path home. He only ever took this path as many of the others had him go through the thick of the woods which he was warned off from like the other kids in town. Although at this moment he would rather take his chances with a ghost than his father.

The boy closes the heavy door behind him. He steps into the foyer, right under the glistening chandelier, the encrusted diamonds making the walls shine with thousands of impressions. "Victor."

The soft voice had come from his right, from the parlour room with the door slightly cracked open. He could see the flickering firelight. He grips his backpack as he walks to the door and lightly pushes it open.

The door swings inward to reveal his mother sitting in her knitting chair. Her hair is curled about her neck, all but one strand perfectly in place with that hairspray she uses that makes him sneeze. Her pink lips stretch into a warm smile and she holds out a hand.

Victor comes closer and falls into his mother's embrace. The smell of cinnamon caresses his nostrils and he feels his hammering heart warm. To him, she's like the feeling of being wrapped in warm blankets while listening to the patter of rain against the windows.

His father coughs.

Victor peeks out from under his mother's chin and sees his father sitting across from them. Crassus sits with both legs firmly planted on the floor, his big hands curled at the front of the armrests, a newspaper folded in his lap.

His father is a large man, not fat but tall and broad-shouldered. His dark and ironed suits strain against his upper arms. A stamped gold ring glistens red on his pinky finger. Crassus' eyes are hidden beneath the flickering fire on the lenses of his glasses.

"Your mother received a call from the school, your principal has accused you of truancy. Is that true son?"

Victoria rubs her son's little arm up and down. The boy stares at his father, his eyes beginning to water. His little hand bunches up the fabric of his mother's dress. Crassus lifts up his forefinger and coaxes his son to come to him.

"Oh, darling, must you?" Victoria asks, her voice pleading.

But it's of no use. When Crassus Crown decides something must be done, there is no power on Earth that can prevent it. "Father, it's not true" Victor whimpers, the feeling of hot tears coat his cheeks.

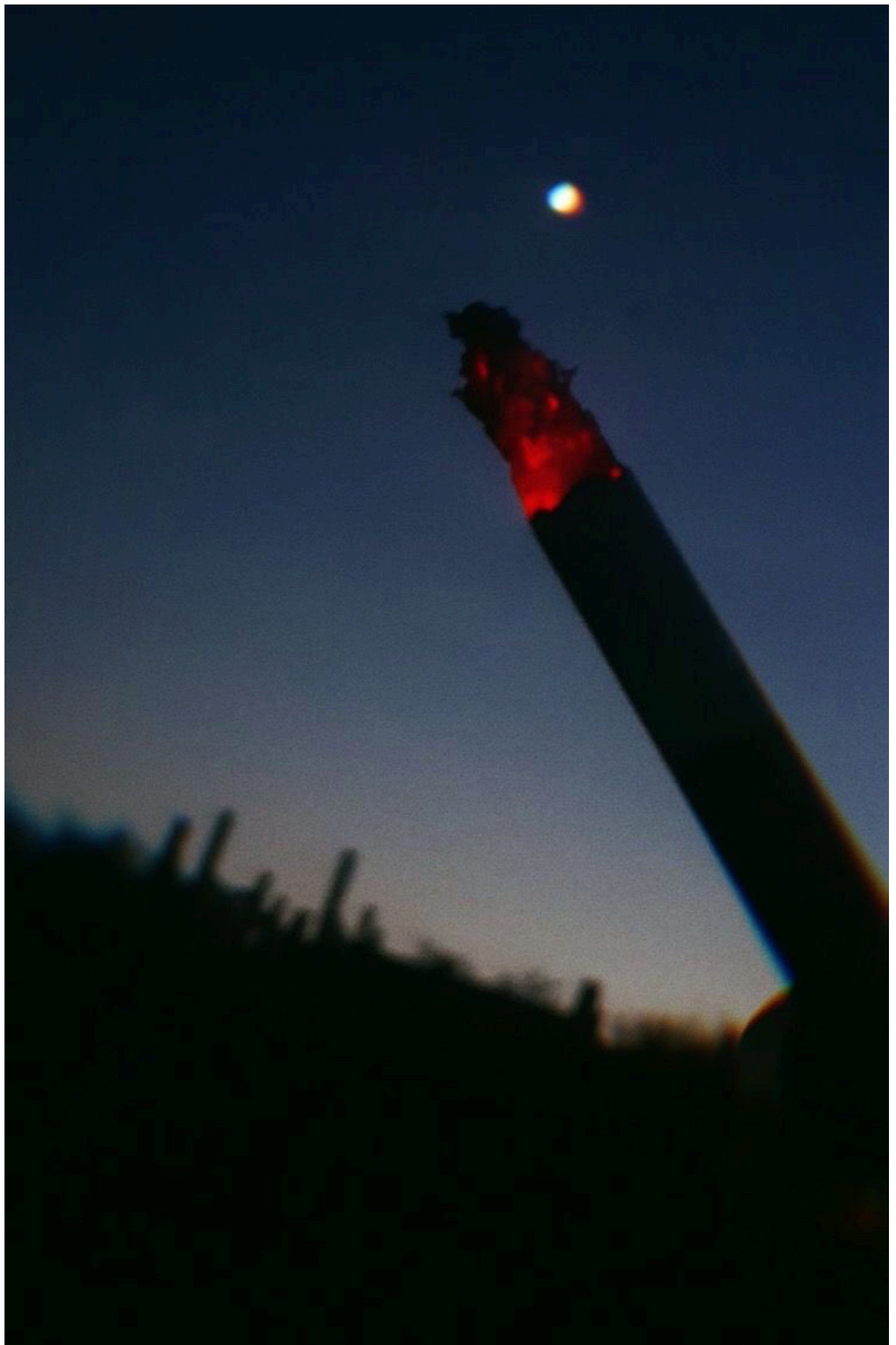
Crassus with his fire eyes, again beckons his son. Victoria rips her dress from her son's fingers and lightly pushes him towards her husband, "go on my love" she says in a sweet but shaky voice.

Victor stands in the middle of the two, legs paralyzed as he's caught in the fiery beams of his father's gaze. Crassus takes his son by the arms and drapes him over his knees. One hand flattened against the boy's small back and the other rolling the newspaper.

That night, after he hated cried until he could only gasp in the cold bath made to soothe his aching body, he was dressed in a dark suit and led down to the dining room. They had lamb, Victoria serving her husband, then her son and finally herself with what little scraps remained. Her stomach would growl that night as she read her son a bedtime story, trying to get him to look at her. Crassus was pleased when he would hear the noises of hunger from her stomach, he had made it clear he wouldn't tolerate a cow for a wife.

Victor Crown made two promises that night. One, that he would never skip another day of school for the rest of his life. Two, that he would be a better father to his own children.

I never do have a set day for when I release content, do I? At least I've done it every week. I'll be better when it's summer vacation



[Apr 14, 2024](#)

1982

It was the first day of first grade and he wasn't there.

He fought and cried and had a whole tantrum last night because he didn't want to go to school. It had worked the previous two years when his parents wanted to send him to kindergarten.

But this year it wasn't his father who put his foot down and was overruled, it was his mother. Apparently she "got a job" and "couldn't be there to teach him at home anymore." He had suggested that he could go to school at Grandma's house but it was an unequivocal "no, young man."

So here he was, throwing rocks at the big, fat rat that was creeping ever so near to where he was sitting on the bench behind the library eating the sandwich that was supposed to be for lunch.

He looks down at the crossword puzzle in his lap. Three letter initial for the 35th president of the United States.

He swallows the last bite of his sandwich and wipes the crumbs off the corners of his lips. Looking around to make sure no adults are around he puts his hand into the pocket of his jean jacket and pulls out the crumbled little cigarette.

He puts it in his mouth and takes out the small matchbox his mom puts on top of the fridge. It takes him a few tries and a few broken matches to get a flame. He brings it close to the head of the cigarette and hesitates.

He moves the flame to the front and then waves the match. He holds the cigarette in his mouth, the faint smell of tobacco tickling his nose. He watches and waits. He's seen his father do this hundreds of times.

He brings it out of his mouth and tries to blow smoke out but nothing comes. He looks at the cigarette confused and checks to see if it's actually boring. Hmmm.

"Sally says that's bad for you."

A small little voice causes Lorcan to look up and see a small little child standing in front of him. They have their hands gripping the straps of their backpack. The rat moves to chew on their shoelace.

"Who's Sally?" Lorcan asks.

The child watches the rat gnaw on their white lace and doesn't make any move to kick it away. "My older brother."

Lorcan puts the cigarette back into his mouth and watches the kid. They look familiar. Maybe he's seen them around town? They're small but they don't look much younger than him. They could be the same age.

The kid bends down and runs their hand through the rat's matted fur. Lorcan makes a grossed out face. The kid's hand moves down to the rat's tail and it jerks, making Lorcan inhale. An acrid taste fills his mouth and goes down his throat.

He spits the cigarette out and coughs violently. He hits his chest with his fist. The kid sits crouched on the ground as he continues his coughing fit. After spitting out globs of spit Lorcan swallows painfully and wipes his running eyes.

He locks eyes with the kid and expects them to taunt him with "I told you" so's, but they keep a closed mouth and an apathetic expression. Lorcan stomps out the cigarette and swears to never smoke again.

He puts the pencil to the crossword and tries to think of the word he had in mind before he was interrupted.

He looks up to see the kid still there in the same position, staring at him. Their eyes bug him. They seem to not look like the eyes everyone else has. But they have all the things eyes have. Nothing's missing. Weird.

"What are you doing?" they ask.

You look down at your crossword and then at them. "It's a crossword." They stand up and go back to gripping the straps of their backpack.

"What's the hint?"

You tell them and they look at nowhere for a second before saying, "it's JFK."

They turn around and walk away, not looking back once as Lorcan's eyes watch their figure get smaller and smaller. Once they're out of eyesight he writes down the letters and flips to the end of the book to check.

"Weirdo," he says.

He looks at the big clock mounted above the doors of the library. "Crap" he says and quickly shoves his things into his backpack.

He closes it and pulls up his backpack. His eyes randomly land to where the kid was standing and he sees a little plastic piece. He bends down and picks it up. He doesn't remember the word for this but it's

the plastic end to a shoelace. It was the thing the rat chewed off.

For some reason, he doesn't know why and he will never know but he puts the piece into his pocket. The first of many things that over the years he would take from them without reflection.

[Writing diary #6 \(?\)](#)

[Apr 16, 2024](#)

I'm currently working on the side quests. The first one is done, the second one has gone slower because it involves a lot of code like every other paragraph since your chosen gender affects the gender of the person you chose to help. Not that hard but just a lot of copy and paste of variables.

I want to finish the side quests by Thursday so I can get to the story proper. I'm thinking I'm going to release this episode in two parts so I would really like to see part one out before the end of the month. I have much more time since classes end this week.

What's funny is that last night instead of working on this I decided to work on an idea for an IF I've been swirling around in my brain. I don't know if it'll actually make an actual game for it soon or first see if people would like it. It's on the back burner though, I want to get out this episode and episode 5 until I start thinking of working on something else simultaneously.

Yours, this unable-to-sit-still author.

[Sneak Peek](#)

[Apr 23, 2024](#)

My delusional ass really thought that I'd have the part 1 of episode 4 out but finals week made it slower. Also it just works better to get content out faster if I divide an episode into 3 parts rather than 2.

Anyway the side quests are really great this episode because I decided to add some interesting mechanics to them. Each side quest has a different level of difficulty, of course it's not super hard, but relative to the pick and choose options I had for last episode there is a difference.

Side quest one is called “a certain hunger” and it’s about a vampire teenager. This is your regular pick a choice and don’t die the the previous ones in episode 3.

Side quest two is called “faking date 1994” and it’s about being the date of a queer kid to visit their parents. This one has timers. And so far it’s the longest side quest of the three.

Side quest three is called “stuttering Stanley” and is about helping a man get back his daughter. This one has a dice roll mechanism so even if the choice seems logical and right you might still fail based on pure bad luck.

I really hope maybe I can finish up the side quests completely this week and do the episode proper which I feel will be quicker writing than the side quests especially since my last exam is this week. Anyway an early access could be by the end of this week or next week

Ciao, this ready for break writer

[Early Access](#)

[May 3, 2024](#)

Here it is. I was really racing to get this done because I don’t like going more than a month without an update. *sigh* those damn side quests (affecionate)

Anyway: <https://darkfictionjude.itch.io/we-wretched-creatures>

And the password is **5888**



[Sally - Side Story](#)

[May 8, 2024](#)

1986

Sally shrugged on his jacket, he adjusted his collar and moved his shoe from left to right to see if the light would catch a dirty spot. Nothing.

He thought the outfit looked good enough, he had gone through multiple iterations of it for the past hour. He had been trying to find the balance between casual attire and upper-class. He was aware that he didn't quite look like the other boys.

Boys his age wore colourful blazers, denim jeans and — odd to him at least — piano keyboard ties. They had their hair layered and swooped up. He preferred a regular cut, something clean and simple, he liked slacks and dress shoes. His ties had no designs and the 'funnest' colour in his wardrobe were a pair of light pink socks that were once white but got mixed up with Percy's underwear in the washer.

He looked at the time, he was always punctual but he also knew that going too early to a party was seen as lame. He would leave in ten minutes. He would dry normally which means that he would arrive thirty minutes after the set time. That's good.

He went downstairs, his plan was to go to the car and sit there listening to music. But as he passed the parlour he saw two of his siblings. Percy was throwing a plastic basketball at the wall and his youngest sibling was seated on the carpet, hugging their knees and watching Percy.

Percy notices Sally by the door and says, “take them with you.” Percy looks at them sitting on the carpet and sticks out his tongue, they only blink. “You see? I don’t want them following me around all night like a freak.”

“They’re too young to go to a party. They don’t even bother you, they just like looking,” Sally says.

“Why didn’t you make Orla take them with her?”

“You know why. Anyway Orla is at a sleepover, they shouldn’t spend the night somewhere else,” Sally replies.

Percy grumbles and throws the ball at them, it hits their chest and they watch as it rolls down their body, across the floor and under the couch. “Ow,” they say.

“Percy be nice. If I get home and I see even the tiniest bruise I’ll tell Father,” he warns. Percy’s face stiffens and he glares at Sally. Sally looks at his youngest sibling and smiles.

“Be good, ok?”

They answer in monotone, “when am I not good?”

Sally doesn’t know if that’s a joke or not but he grins anyway. “Percy, if you have an emergency I left the house number of where the party is for you, ok?”

They retrieve Percy’s ball from under the couch and he rips it from their hands.

“Percy” Sally says.

His little brother says, “yeah I heard ya.”

“Good.”

Before leaving he points to his eyes and then at them for Percy to see and Percy rolls his eyes but nods.

Sally’s stomach twitches as he gets into the car, turns it on and backs out of the batch of dirt the family parks their cars in. He hasn’t been to a party in a good while. There’s always things his father has to deal with, the kids always need someone there for them. He doesn’t think he minds it so much.

.....

It’s loud.

Teenage voices yell above the pop music. He can’t catch exact words, just an indistinguishable noise that goes up and down. The girl next to him has been talking for the past five minutes. She’s pretty. She’s on the student council with him. He can’t remember her name.

He also can't hear a word she says. Sally just nods and smiles whenever he thinks she finished a sentence.

He takes a sip from his red cup and grimaces. Cheap beer that someone probably paid their older brother to get from the convenience store. Everyone in the room is either in pairs or small groups.

There's boys playing poker on the coffee table, hangers-on stand on the armrests on the couches. People slightly swaying on what looks to be the dance floor. One couple is practically dry humping as a way of dance.

His eyes pass so many couples kissing. Wandering hands and liberal tongues. Sally looks at these displays of affection and doesn't understand why people feel the need to do it. The way his friends talk about sex is foreign to him. He doesn't understand why it's such a big deal for everyone.

He likes it though. The chaos he doesn't need to care about. He's having a good time.

He feels a hot breath on his ear, "do you want to go somewhere more private?"

The girl's stinky breath makes his nose twitch. He gives her a quick smile that looks willing. It's not that he hasn't had sex before. He's not craving it but he finds he has nothing better to do.

"Sally!" a boy playing poker yells.

Sally nods to him and he responds, "wanna play? Brad is awful and I want some real competition."

The boy named Brad punches the other boy in the arm. Sally looks from that prospect to the girl trying to look seductive by his arm.

"Sally!" another voice somewhere in the room.

"Sal!"

Sally raises his voice over the noise, "here!"

A red-headed boy spots him and walks over. "Your brother's calling dude."

Sally nods and makes to go to the phone. He turns back and shoots an apologetic smile to the girl who huffs and turns away to talk to another boy. Sally shrugs and pushes past sweaty teens.

When he picks up the phone and tries to greet Percy the first thing he hears is, "mom and dad are leaving and they said I can't take care of them by myself."

Sally closes his eyes and curses mentally. He looks over to the poker table and wistfully sighs. Maybe he could play a round and make it home on time?

"Are they leaving now?" he asks.

"Yeah dummy, Father is already outside honking the horn at mom," Percy replies.

Sally licks his lips and his fingers press tightly against the receiver. No, no. He shakes his head at himself. *You love your siblings, and no one else can take better care of them but you. If anything happened to them you would just die*, he thinks.

And he repeats that over and over in his mind like a mantra all the way home.

[New Perk Idea](#)

[May 10, 2024](#)

So I've been thinking how I could give you guys updates quicker. The way I write episodes is that I break it down in scenes so episode four has 7 scenes and each update is usually 2-3 scenes. What I'm thinking is that instead of you guys waiting for me to finish 2-3 scenes each time I finish a scene I give it to you guys.

You'd get shorter updates but quicker ones meanwhile the public would still get the regular 2-3 scenes when they're finished. So for you guys the updates for this episodes would be 4 while for the public it's two. It'd only be for the higher tier

It's just to give you guys content you're impatient for haha

Sincerely, this big-brained author

corbis



[Side story - Imre](#)

[May 15, 2024](#)

1981

The day Imre learned what life was truly about occurred on a day like any other.

It was recess and he was sitting with a group of his friends, talking about an episode of their favourite tv show. He didn't like television but he smiled and nodded, a practice he found worked for his mother.

A secondary group of boys were playing on the grass, wrestling. His attention was occasionally drawn to the shouts from them. A boy named Adam was the biggest one of them, he towered over everyone in the grade.

Adam was mean, he pulled girls' hair and punched boys randomly in the arm, hard enough to bruise. He never got in trouble. Imre didn't think of him much since he left him alone.

Until that day.

As Adam threw a small boy down hard on the grass, Imre's and his eyes locked. Imre looked away but it was too late. He saw from the corner of his eye as the other boy's huge figure stomped towards him.

Imre's friends grew quiet when they noticed Adam making a beeline for Imre. The bigger boy stopped right next to him and Imre noticed with disgust how dirty his white shoes were before looking up.

"Why are you looking at me?" Adam asked.

Imre blinked and smiled the kindest he could, "I wasn't."

Adam kicked Imre in the leg and the smaller boy winced. "Are you calling me a liar?"

Imre rubbed his leg and tried to stand up, a good and amicable answer already forming on his lips. "I'm not say—"

Adam raised his fist and punched Imre in the chest. The boy went down, the wind knocked out of him and the spot where Adam's fist hit him burst into red hot pain.

Adam laughed and Imre could see from his watery eyes how big the boy was, how he seemed ten feet tall standing over him. "Stupid!" he called him and left.

Imre was sent to the nurse's office and then sent home, but not before his parents were called. He wiped his eyes all the way home in the back of the limo.

When he got home his mother received him. She bent down and hugged his small body tightly her chest, murmuring reassurance as he cried into her shoulder. When his father came home he found his wife and son sitting at the dining room table, she was pressing ice to his chest.

"Leave us," he commanded.

Imre's mother glared at the man, "he's hurt. He doesn't need any scoldings from you."

"He's my son, I get to decide what he needs. Leave us now."

Imre looked down at his shoes when he heard his father coming closer. He heard his mother yell as she was yanked from her seat. He didn't look up as her screams went further into the house and up the stairs.

His father came and sat opposite him. He grabbed the fallen ice bag and pressed it to Imre's chest. With his other hand he grabbed the boy's face and forced him to look into his eyes. Blue on brown.

"Did you start the fight, Imre?"

Imre shook his head, which was hard as it was held in his father's huge and strong hand. "Use your words."

"No, Dad."

The mayor's gaze was unblinking and penetrating. Imre always felt that when he looked at him he could read his thoughts.

"Then why did he hit you?"

Imre's jaw was beginning to ache. "I don't know."

The man used one of his rough fingers to wipe away his son's tears. "Stop crying, you know that crying helps nothing."

Imre sniffed and wiped his eyes as best he could. "You know why he hit you, tell me the truth."

His father's fingers were digging into his cheeks. The boy wanted to tell him to let him go but he knew he wouldn't. He answered, "because he wanted to."

"And why did he want to?"

Imre sniffed again. The ice bag was making him shiver now. "Because I'm small. He hits boys that are small."

His father nodded, a strange glimmer in his eyes. "Do you know what small is?"

He knew but his dad always said the opposite of what Imre was thinking so he said that he didn't. "It means little. Little means weak. Weak means nothing. He saw you as nothing and he is something and so he could hit you," he explained coldly.

Imre's lip quivered but he didn't let any more tears escape. "Some people, son are born little and remain little all their life even as they grow. Those people are worthless, they're naive and easy to hit because they never decided to be something."

"Do you want to be something? Do you want boys like Adam to never hit you again?"

Imre's eyes flickered. "Yes."

The glimmer in his father's eyes grew and he let go of his son's face. "Good. He won't ever hit you again. You will hit him but not with your fists. With this," he pointed to his son's forehead and told him what he needed to do.

.....

It was spelling bee day. The teacher would select two students to come up in front of the class and whoever spelled the word correctly would win a chocolate bar.

Adam was set to go up against the small boy he had pushed down the other day when Imre had been watching them. Imre had talked to the boy, he asked him to pretend that he had a sore throat, that he would help him to get back at Adam. Alphabetically the next student in line to do the spelling bee was Imre.

The class watched in rapt attention as the two boys stood up in front of the class as the teacher told them to spell 'Milieu.'

Adam looked frightened as he saw the little timer count down from ten. He looked frozen in fear as he stammered, "M-I-L-L-U."

"Wrong, Imre?"

He quickly answered, "M-I-L-I-E-U, Milieu."

"Correct!"

The kids seated at their desks clapped as the teacher handed Imre the chocolate bar. Imre smiled and cleared his throat as Adam's face began to turn red.

"He's stupid!" someone randomly yelled out, as Imre had planned.

"Adam's stupid!"

"Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!" the chant began to spread throughout the class. Adam bit his lip as his eyes frantically looked around him.

"Everyone settle down!" the teacher said.

“He’s so stupid!”

Imre watched as Adam squirmed, eyes trying to find salvation in something. But nothing came to rescue him.

Imre unwrapped the chocolate bar and broke off a piece. He offered it to the embarrassed boy. Adam looked at Imre like he had just thrown him a pool floatie.

He took it and shoved it into his mouth. Imre shook his head at his classmates and they all grew quiet. Adam looked at Imre, uncertain. Imre smiled sweetly. Adam smiled back, relieved, his teeth smeared with chocolate.

Adam wasn’t so tall after all. Actually, he was rather small.

[Sneak Peek/Update](#)

[May 17, 2024](#)

So remember how you can choose how MC’s views anger?

This is MC describing a certain incident if you chose that anger brings you delight:

“You remember saying you didn’t remember. The feeling of his head caving in under your strength made you feel alive for the time since you had gotten to that hospital.”

If you chose protection:

“You were only defending yourself. If you’re hands went too hard it wasn’t your intention. You just wanted it to stop. No one really knows how to control their strength. Anger is protection.”

Also the new addition of you guys getting the scenes as I finish them is coming. This is what I call scene four of episode 4. It mostly has to do with phone calls. After this I need to do three more scenes (these are longer) and that wraps episode four.

Scene four comes out next week for the Croun Townies :)

Yours truly, this yawning writer

[Update](#)

[May 21, 2024](#)

Hello lovely readers. Basically what I said last week this is scene four.

Password is 3737

Ciao.

[Update](#)

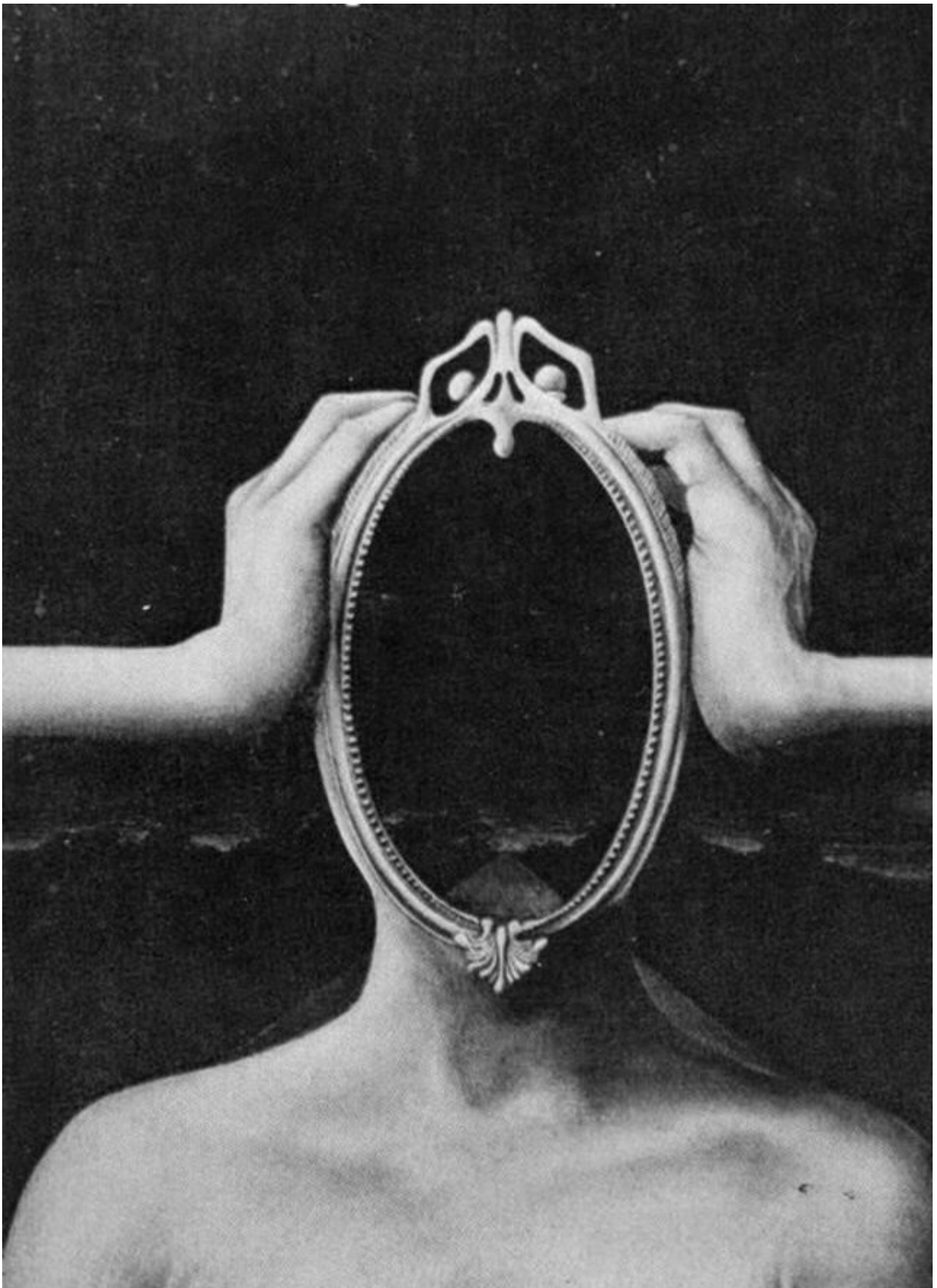
[May 23, 2024](#)

So I didn't think I'd finish it so quickly but yeah. Scene five is done and I updated to to itch.io. There's no password input as you only needed to do it for scene four.

Anyway cheers.

[Side story - Orla](#)

[Jun 5, 2024](#)



1983

Ballet classes had been cancelled for that day. Ms. Day said it was because she had caught a cold but Orla was sure it was because she had drank too much from that water bottle that makes her breath smell gross.

She had forgotten the number for the manor and Arthur would only come when ballet class would be done, that is an hour from now. So that's why Orla had walked home.

That's why she had gotten home when all her siblings were out and she was witness to whatever new row her parents had gotten into. She didn't hear anything at first as she took off her pink sandals.

As she threw her Barbie backpack on the floor she heard a scream. She froze as she waited for another scream. Sally had told her about being wary of strangers that would come into homes to steal stuff. Or strangers who would offer girls like her rides. Strangers in general. Criminals. She thought of slipping her sandals back on and running out the door.

Then she heard the unmistakable cry of her mother. It was higher than her normal voice. Reminiscent of the voice she would take on when she would dress Orla up in frilly sparkly dresses. But this one was only reserved for when daddy was being mean.

She heard a door slam open, a pair of footsteps and then her tall father run down the stairs. His tie messed up, a red face and an agitated look in his eyes. He made for the door and nearly ran into her, his eyes not taking her in until she yelped.

He was startled and looked down at his daughter, his face monetarily annoyed. Orla folded into herself, hoped he would see her as too insignificant to throw his ire on. He'd never touched her but she felt like when would get angry he would.

Victor cleared his throat and his lips twitched. "Orla, why are you home so early?"

A squeeze voice that didn't sound like the confident and bratty voice she'd usually employ said, "ballet was cancelled."

Victor's expression looked a bit impatient, he laid his heavy hand on Orla's shoulder, she felt her body sag lower under it.

"Yes, well..." he trailed off and stepped aside, opening and closing the door quickly.

Immediately, Orla raced up the carpeted steps. She practically tripped on her own socked feet as she threw open her mother's door, breathing heavily.

Prudence laid on the floor by her side. Her body turned away from the little girl. Orla slowly walked over to her mother, reaching her, she knelt down and laid her chin on her mother's arm. She felt cold, she was trembling. Her manicured hand covered her face.

"Mommy?"

Prudence sniffed and said in a hoarse voice, "aren't you supposed to be dancing?"

"Ms. Day drank too much of her funny juice."

Prudence made a noise in her throat that Orla hoped was a laugh. She tried to peek at her mother's eyes but her long fingers concealed anything that could tell her how sad her mother was.

"She should be more responsible," said Prudence. "I should be..." she sighs and uses her other hand to push herself up, Orla grabs her mother's arm and tried to help her too.

A hand still covering her face, Prudence stood up on unsteady legs. Orla grabbed her mother's hand with both of her small one and Prudence gripped it tightly, painfully. Orla bit her lip from crying out as her mother's nails dig into her soft skin.

Prudence sniffed deeply and stumbled her way over to her vanity. She plopped down on the chair and finally took her hand away from her face. Orla saw the dark lines going down her mother's cheeks. She knows it's from eyeliner.

Her mother grabbed a series of napkins from a box and began running the dark lines from her cheeks. She inhaled to clear her stuffed nose and started deeply into her own eyes. "Sweetheart, pass mommy her purse."

Orla obediently went to the bed and brought her mother's alligator purse. She liked coming to her mother's room to feel it.

Prudence grabbed it and rummaged in it. She got out her black case and used her long nails to open it. She sticks a cigarette into her mouth and lights it. Inhaling deeply, Orla smelled the warm sharp smoke, it reminded her of fire places.

Prudence looks at herself in the mirror, her scowl deepening, she takes the cigarette out and blows the smoke at her reflection. Tapping the cigarette against a glass ashtray her eyes in the mirror find Orla's.

"Come here."

Orla walks until she's next to her mother. They both look at one another in the mirror. Orla is Prudence's spitting image. A fact, Orla knows, her mother is very happy about. Prudence takes another drag of her cigarette and blows it at both their reflections, Orla coughs.

Prudence's bloodshot eyes soften and she cups her daughter by the chin. Forcing her face closer to her, cheek to cheek.

"You're so beautiful," Prudence said.

Orla didn't know what she was supposed to have said to that. She had begun to just understand what it meant to be a pretty girl.

"This face, is a golden ticket my love," Prudence said. "A woman who is born with a face like this, can do anything, be anyone."

Orla's jaw ached and her eyes were watering from the smoke. She coughed out, "a ballerina?"

Prudence nodded, "yes. A ballerina. As long as you are pretty, you will always be ok. You will have pretty things."

Orla wanted to say, prettier than what you have. But instead she said, "like you mommy?"

Prudence nodded, "even better than me. I'll show you just how much pretty things you can get by being so pretty. That's the only thing that will ever matter in life Orla. A pretty woman is everything."

"What about not pretty womens?" Orla asked, her words mushed between her pinched cheeks.

Prudence let go of her daughter's face and took another drag, "they don't count. Not the way you do. Boys, boys that can give you pretty things don't like ugly girls. Remember that."

Orla left her mother, staring at the mirror.

[Side story - Nia](#)

[Jun 13, 2024](#)



1988

She wrapped the towel closer to her trembling shoulders. She hated the smell of chlorine. It reminded her of false cleanliness. Artificial mimics of smells always made her uncomfortable.

Clarissa Lepore pushed herself up out of the water. She sat at the end, her pale legs dripping. Her friends immediately came over to her.

Their voices echoed in the pool room, girl voices mingling together to come out distorted and akin to a loud wave.

Clarissa briefly looked at Nia, sitting on a bench across the room. She giggled and whispered to her friend next to her. The girls laughed, stealing glances at Nia.

She jutted out her chin, enveloped the towel around herself, stood up and walked into the changing rooms.

She began talking off her cold one piece. The note staring back at her, tempting her to reread it again. Mrs. Clausonn telling her that she didn't pass tryouts. To try next year.

Clarissa did pass. She had said since tryouts began that she would beat Nia for a spot. She said it was because 'black girls can't swim good. Your hair looks ugly wet anyway.'

Nia folded her swimsuit neatly into a clear bag and placed it in her duffel bag. She heaved the thing up and left the changing room. She hoped she could make it outside without bumping into Clarissa or any of her friends.

She nearly bumped into her as she came into the pool room. Clarissa backed up as if Nia had the plague and maintained her distance. Her friends were all crowding behind her.

When she noticed it was Nia, Clarissa's smirk grew. Nia prepared herself for more of the same.

"Nia I heard you didn't make the cut, that's soooo awwwffuuuulll!" Clarissa said with mock sympathy. Her whiny voice grated Nia's ears.

"I'll make it next year, Clarissa," Nia responded in a monotone manner.

Clarissa's smirk hardened. It seemed she wanted Nia to play along, to thank her for her sorrys that weren't sorrys.

"Yeah. Well we wouldn't want you to drown. That big African hair would weight you down," she snarked.

Nia's fingers tightened around her straps, her face, however, showed nothing.

Instead she merely said, "the driver's waiting for me. You should hurry, don't want to miss the bus. We know how dangerous your side of town can be after 4."

Clarissa's fake smile dropped, she glared openly at Nia and spat, "there aren't any blacks around for that."

Nia shrugged and side stepped Clarissa and her groupies. She was the picture of perfectly placidly as she entered the limo, arrived at the mansion, did her homework, dined with her father, had her father check her work and went to bed.

But as she laid in the darkness of her room, staring up at the ceiling, the plan had formed.

....

The next Monday, Nia was taking her books out of her locker. Her best friend was laying against the locker beside her. They were chatting aimlessly about nonsense preteens talk about.

While Nia answered a question her friend gave her, her mind was preoccupied with the swimming pool.

If her information was correct, Clarissa would be in the pool today after school to work on her strokes as Mrs. Claussen instructed her to do. Many of the members of the swim team caught the flu and so practice was canceled.

Clarissa was the only one going to use the pool today.

"Nia?"

The girl looked at her friend, her friend looked confused, "what?"

"Is it just me or It's like you're somewhere else?"

Nia smiled and closed her locker, "it's just you birdie."

The bell rang and they walked to class. Nia looked at the mounted clock.

....

She got the call from Imre that night. She had been playing kunfu master. She quickly brought the phone to her ear, holding it between her shoulder and her ear as her fingers furiously clicked the buttons.

"Querida, how's your night?" The boy's smooth voice entered her ear.

"Pretty normal. I'm playing right now."

Imre made a tsk sound, "did you know video games send wavelengths to your brain to kill brain cells?"

She snorted and replied, "I told you to stop reading those conspiracy magazines. They pay scientists and medical professionals to say some ambiguous shit and then paraphrase that shit."

Imre sighed, "yes, you're quite right. But they're so fun."

Nia smiled. They were so different in nearly everything but it worked.

“Did you hear the latest gossip?” he asked.

Nia cursed at the screen and answered absentmindedly, “no but you called to tell me.”

Imre chuckled and said, “Clarissa’s in the hospital.”

Nia dropped the controller, getting up and sitting on the bed. She asked calmly, “what happened?”

“She went swimming in the school pool. It was ok for a few seconds but then she started screaming. Her friends didn’t know what was wrong. Her skin started cracking and opening. Bloody tears were running down her cheeks. Her face was red and swollen. They said her skin was slipping off like a snake,” Imre told.

“Oh shit,” Nia replied.

“Yes. She couldn’t breathe. They thought she wasn’t going to make it. But it looks like she’ll pull through.”

Nia felt her heart pounding in her chest. She wanted to vomit. She wanted to scream.

Imre paused and said, “you really hated her didn’t you?”

Nia gripped the receiver and tried to keep her voice levelled, “what does that mean?”

Imre went silent on the other end. He didn’t speak for several seconds. Finally his voice took on a light tone.

“Everything has a silver lining. At least now you’ll be on the swim team! Unfortunate thing really but we can celebrate quietly at my house,” he proposed with joviality that was entirely sincere.

Hearing how light and airy his tone was, made Nia angry. It was a big joke to him. Biting back words she knew would hurt him she just exhaled.

“Maybe later.”

Imre hummed in agreement, “of course. It’s best to keep appearances. Bad taste in celebrating when the poor girl is still in the hospital.”

Nia said a hasty goodbye and set the phone down. The dial tone sounding loudly in the quiet room. She laid on her carpet, on her knees.

She felt her dinner trying to make its way up her stomach. Her eyes hurt and her mouth felt as dry as sandpaper.

She dug her shaky hands into the fabric of her jeans, the pinching pain of her nails in her skin doing nothing to help alleviate this wave of disgust.

Disgust at herself.

She felt she was losing control. She didn't know who she was without it. She looked around her room for something, anything that could keep her tied to the earth.

"What did I do?" A tiny voice that didn't sound at all like her came out her ajar mouth.

Her eyes landed on the photo of her and her father on her desk. She struggled to get up, but she made it to the desk. Bringing the photo to her chest and went back to the bed and laid down on her side.

Knees raised up she trembled as she pressed the picture hard against her chest.

She thought of how proud he would be when he saw that she made the team. The words he would say: *'I never expected less from you, my love. A winner like your father.'*

She repeated the last part. She was a winner like her father. She was a winner like her father. She was a winner like her father.

Over and over again. Her glassy eyes never allowing her tears to fall.

[Writing Diary \(#7?\)/slight sneak peakish](#)

[Jun 16, 2024](#)

I really though limiting myself to 10 pages per route during the investigation/interrogation portion would be easy.

I just finished up Lorcan's solo route (it's the first one I've finished so I have four more) and tell me how it ended up being 30 pages? THATS WHY I SHOULD ALWAYS ACCOUNT FOR BRANCHING!!!

But anyway I feel like if I keep this up I could be finished this scene/portion of the story by the end of next week to release it here. After that there's only one scene left and that completes chapter four.

What's interesting about this route is that mc has the chance to get high :p it ends the investigation a bit early but it was very fun for me to write. With Imre's solo route mc would get the chance to get drunk. The Sammy routes won't have that since the parents just lost their kid so it's mainly sad

Toddles, this tired/excited writer

[Writing diary/the DL on the next update](#)

[Jun 30, 2024](#)

So I finally finished the two solo routes. Honestly life has gotten a bit in the way. Also just enormous sections (it won't seem that enormous to you guys) just seem to work for me when I'm the good headspace to do it. I've done more work on it in the last week than I did most of June.

I'm half way through the third route which is the Imre-Sammy route. I figure if I can finish it today. I might be able to finish this section entirely by Thursday/Friday.

After that is the last section which will be talking place at Croun Manor mostly.

What's really great for me about this witness interrogation section is the initiative MC can have and the development of the relationships whether platonic or romantic. I actually feel the platonic relationships are developing quicker than the romance ones.

Also the other night I was writing and I don't know what happened but Twine went wonky and it started deleting my passages :(like it deleted four with a lot of dialogue and I was this close >< to crying and like rage quitting my work for a month. Thank god someone had a similar issue years ago and asked it on the Twine forum :D

Anyway if ~life~ doesn't happen y'all will get the next section this upcoming week

Yours truly, this writer

[Update/Password](#)

[Jul 10, 2024](#)

Scene 6 is mostly ready. Basically the last quest, having all three go to Samuel Palmer's house is still under construction, it's almost done but I want it playable only when it's completely done. But the four other paths are ready.

Password: 8497

[Last route](#)

[Jul 15, 2024](#)

The final route with Lorcan, Imre and MC going to Samuel Palmer's house is now completed if you want to play it.

The password is the same as before.

Cheers, this writer

[Update](#)

[Jul 17, 2024](#)

And the final scene for episode four is out. I hope ya'll like it :)

This part is at the house as those of you who played the last scene now but something interesting happens with Mother...

[Sneak peek of something new...](#)

[Jul 20, 2024](#)

So in between writing the new update I also started working on the poll winners from that poll I did for new IFs.

I haven't begun plotting them exactly but I know what they're about.

The mafia one is called Excellent Cadavers and there are four ROs, two male and two female.

The Hollywood one is called O, Your Heavenly Stars! (Yes with the exclamation always). It has four ROs as well two men and two women (one of them is trans).

For those I have no set date for a demo but I hope to have a demo before the year is up. Of course it'll be here for you guys first

With love, Jude

[3 sneak peeks](#)

[Jul 26, 2024](#)

We wretched creatures, episode 5:

You're walking in the grass.

You've been walking for a while you suppose.

Your feet hurt, they must be dirty as the earth leaves the ground with the soles of your feet every time you lift them.

You take a step backwards, thinking it's best to retrace your steps when something interrupts that heavy silence.

Excellent Cadavers game post

**Excellent
Cadavers**



By: Jude R.

This interactive fiction novel is intended for mature audiences, reader discretion is advised. TW: blood, death, sexually explicit content, drugs, weapons, torture, extortion, abuse.

Story



"They got it wrong you see, it's not like in the movies. To be born into this kind of life you have to be able to look someone in the eye and shoot without hesitating."

"Can you do that, Luce?"

On New Year's Eve 1976, your life changes forever.

hesitating."


"Can you do that, Luce?"

On New Year's Eve 1976, your life changes forever.

Characters



- **Dante** Greco: the heir of your father's "friend's" rival family. 25 years old. Ruthless, trigger-happy, obsessive and brutal. RO.
- **Carmen** Greco: the eldest daughter of the rival family who should've been heir. 26 years old. Charming, frivolous, envious and merciless. RO.
- **Lazlo** Fisher: your father's official heir. Not your brother, almost viewed your father as his, but he never thought of you as family. 21 years old. Kind, strong, tormented and distant. RO.
- **Charlotte** "Charley" Das: assigned to you to be your bodyguard three years ago. 28 years old. Precise, fair, loyal and protective.
- Samuel/Samantha "Sam" Flight: your fiancé/e.
- "Luce": that's you. 22 years old, almost 23. Normal.



CMA PRESENTS:

O, YOUR HEAVENLY STARS!

DIRECTED, WRITTEN
AND PRODUCED BY: JUDE R.

Ladies, gentlemen and other folk who see themselves outside those groups, please be advised! This is not for the faint of heart. TW: racism, sexism, bigotry, parental abuse, exploitation, alcoholism, smoking, swearing, sexually explicit content. Very much of the time period.

Script

After a life of general obscurity, you come out of hiding to star in the biggest production in Hollywood history. Hopefully, your own demons, those imagined and those very much real don't tear you apart before the closing scene!



Cast & Crew

Cast & Crew

Greer Monroe 🎭

Your co-star. With beginnings in comedy, he's trying to be seen as a serious actor. He's everything a person believes a leading man to be. 29 years old.

Preference: ~~he's an actor, of course he's had gay sex~~ men or women.

Magenta Wey 💎

Your other co-star. After a recent... scandal she's seeking to move past that event with a new role. A classic blonde bombshell. 25 years old.

Preference: women.

Jack Harlow 🎤

A singer. Wishes he could sing his own songs instead of giving the best ones to bigger artists. Handsome in his way, just not as flashy as those on the screen. 27 years old.

Preference: men.

Ashley Booker 🎬

The director. Hit it out of the park five years before and after a serious of failures, seeks to make a comeback. Everyone says Ash is good-looking, but Ash doesn't like the image in the mirror. 32 years old.

Preference: is partial to women but is curious about men.

You ✨

Your last name is Skylark. Do you want to be famous? Is it to fill void inside? It's far too late to make anyone proud.

Ta-ta, this writer

[So I wrote...](#)

[Jul 28, 2024](#)

I wasn't gonna write anything pertaining to the two new IFs but I decided to have no self control and so both have prologues now.

And I'll release the O, Your Heavenly Stars! Today and Excellent Cadavers tomorrow :)

Here it is:

https://darkfictionjude.itch.io/untitled/download/Xd_DZAUvSfXV6fi7XXAqupAu7iwnKDhHhYI7GpW9

And it also asks for a password when you download the game, it's 1938

[EC access](#)

[Jul 29, 2024](#)

Here's the prologue for Excellent Cadavers.

So it requires things called "keys" which are just special links. There's like no other clean way to do it so here's 25, if one doesn't work go to the next.

<https://darkfictionjude.itch.io/untitled-2/download/aDr9Ds11Wwb5bHzyHZBu88Dfa-t2bJkjrUEmeqoyHxeYt8uzmjZk7h>

<https://darkfictionjude.itch.io/untitled-2/download/5MQ6kxgFvkGLh2BF4ZBu88Dfa-W1ANofLq5ShSKdp55TRCTEAvxyrp>

<https://darkfictionjude.itch.io/untitled-2/download/LWoEJtWmLMxAWi4eTZBu88Dfa-LxZkCyhNbtND3JueutUESRc7L8x>

<https://darkfictionjude.itch.io/untitled-2/download/xeUFqoL5kAdZy327YZBu88Dfa-iRavV5HTXDo13BfYMT3FESTFecAp>

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<https://darkfictionjude.itch.io/untitled-2/download/FJ2jBcYnzAmCHgsypvbKbfTTYP-tKfHUSsg2yp4XdpVASyDrBwxgGc>

SIGH, your writer

[Adventures in Jude's technological boomerism](#)

[Aug 1, 2024](#)

I'm making EC public and I was working on the page and I did something and accidentally deleted it 😂
😂😂😂😂😂😂😂

Anyway this is just to say that the version some of you downloaded is slightly different from the version going up tomorrow but not by much I just wanted to display my utter ridicule in the face of modern technology.

Hopefully the OYHS launch will go better (doubtful)

Sincerely, this writer who has no patient

[Update](#)

[Aug 6, 2024](#)

It's a short scene, for the beginning of episode 5. Buts it's an important scene.

Password: 4546

Byeeeeee, the writer

[Side Story: Percy](#)

[Aug 14, 2024](#)

1983

"Do you promise you're coming?"

Victor moved aside a page and began reading the one beneath it. Small glasses were perched on his nose, a pen in his hand was raised, poised, ready to sign wherever he needed it.

"Dadddd you said you'd come," Percy whined.

His father picked up the page he was reading and squinted. He made a noise and swiftly wrote his signature, an elegant 'V' that Percy liked.

Percy stood next to his father in his office. The man had been in there all day, going through pages and folders and answering calls with words Percy didn't understand.

"Dad—"

"Yes Percy, I said I would be there. Now leave me alone or I won't come at all," Victor chided.

Percy beamed. He ran from the room towards his. His backpack laid on the bed. He had haphazardly thrown his basketball uniform in. His shoes were at the foot of his bed, dirty, scuffed and the bottom was coming off the shoe but they worked fine. Percy had wanted to ask for new ones but his father had said that it was wasteful.

As he shoved the shoes into the bag he heard a honk. It was Mrs. Gallo, Junior's mom who had come to pick him up for the game. She only did that when Sally didn't have time to walk him to the school as Arthur had taken him to the city with their younger sibling for a dentist appointment after the local dentists Mr. Johnson pulled out and ate all his teeth.

When Percy had asked why he did that, Sally said that dentist's get stressed too. Percy vowed to never be a dentist.

He zipped up his bag and ran down the stairs, nearly crashing into the butler. Mrs. Gallo was waiting in her green minivan, she smiled when she saw Percy rushing down the front steps.

Junior threw open the door and said, "hey dude!"

Percy and Junior slapped hands. After he got in, Junior began to talk excitedly about the match against another middle school from Winchester. Percy was abuzz too.

"My dad's coming to the game!" he told Junior.

Junior looked surprised but said, "that's cool dude." He exchanged a glance with his mother that Percy pretended not to see.

oooo

Percy watched almost in slow motion as the ball flew to the net. The noise of the room died away, the mouths' of the crowd moved but no sound came out, he could feel his heartbeat but not hear it. Junior stood a few feet away from him, looking from the ball to his friend.

And then... the ball hit the white netting. And the sound came back.

The first noise he heard was the scream of triumph from his own mouth. "YEAH!" Junior yelled. Percy smiled at his friend and then gasped as little hands lifted him up. Junior joined the rest of the boys to heave Percy up and down.

Percy grinned and laughed, his eyes searching over the heads and limbs and other adults cheering from the stands. He carefully scanned the parents of his team members and his heart almost burst out of his chest when he saw a man wearing a suit and tie.

But the man moved his face from behind the waving arms of a woman in front of him. Percy's smile wavered as he realized it was the father of someone else. The boys under him kept screaming and whooping. But he didn't feel it anymore. Junior's eyes turned worried and he tried to get his friend to smile and smile he did, but it didn't reach his chest.

All the sound had gone again.

The sound remained muted for Percival when he was getting his things, when he got back in Mrs. Gallo's car and all the way home. Mrs. Gallo tried to engage Percy in conversation but the boy only responded curtly. Junior asked Percy if he wanted to get a pizza but he didn't respond.

When Percy threw open the door of the van, he gave a terse wave at Mrs. Gallo and Junior without turning around. He slowly walked into his house and the moment the cool air of the foyer touched his

face he felt the tears spring from his eyes.

He wiped at them furiously and threw his bag on the floor, the maid can clean it up for all he cares. He stomped up the stairs and furiously came to the door of his father's study which was as opened as he left it.

His father wasn't there. That made the boy even angrier. If he was still working that would at least be an excuse. Percy imagined his father drinking with his friends at one of their houses.

Percy found himself swiping all his father's papers off his desk. He imprinted the bottom of his dirty shoes on the pages, he tore entire folders with his hands but the thing that would get him a spanking later would be when he unplugged the antique lamp on the desk and threw it over his head onto the floor. Pieces of colored glass dispersed all over the floor.

Percy pulled out the cabinet without a thought as to what he wanted to do with it. Its heaviness surprised him and his hands gave out. Hitting the ground, his father's wallet slid onto the floor. Glass crunched his feet as he crouched down and picked it up.

The face looking back at him was his older brother's in one of his school pictures. Percy was about to chuck the wallet with everything else he saw something peeking out from a compartment within it.

He pulled out a faded, old bill of twenty dollars. The figure on it looked him in the eyes as if telling him *take me, you deserve me*. He looked around the room at the mess he had made. He knew he couldn't take it back and he wasn't sure he wanted to. Might as well.

He slipped the bill into his shorts and laid the wallet on the desk.

He will go get that pizza after all.

[Episode 5: scene 2](#)

[Aug 18, 2024](#)

So like I have no idea if all your saves are broken with this update because of the fact that I added and changed code from the first episodes but I'm sure you can still play the new added scene as if nothing.

I would say you could just replay everything now to get it all over with before the next scene drops which is an important scene it's the reason I changed so much code for trans/enby Crownies but you can do it anytime you want really as long as it's before the next update so you don't miss out and get missing text

Anyway scene 2 is now live.

Yours, the-nervous-about-code-writer

[Sneak Peek, scene 3/Writing Diary](#)

[Aug 21, 2024](#)

That's usually you and if you can't you wait in the bathrooms until it's cleared up. But in biology, Imre passed you a note — this raised some eyebrows — which said to wait by your locker. He signed it.

The cold metal of your locker, cools your head, your back and your legs. Your \$holder lays by your feet and your arms are crossed over your chest. You observe the activity around you like a detective. Which, is technically what you now are.

Romance

Imre:

Imre taps his fingers impatiently on the wheel. There are moments where his hand hovers over the center of the wheel but he doesn't beep the horn.

Running his hand through his hair he feels his eyes on you and slowly looks at you. Mainly your clothes, and given that his expression lets nothing out you don't know if he's judging your style.

Lorcan:

Lorcan is not doing much better. His nose is red from the cold, pale strands of hair cling down his face and his chin trembles. Occasionally he swears under his breath. He looks kind of like a wet cat, which is a thought better kept to yourself unless you want to be pushed into a puddle.

A car speeds past and it throws a splash of dirty water on you two. Lorcan lets his hands fall from his armpits and screams, "motherfucker!"

So originally I wasn't thinking of having a kiss in this episode, I was gonna spread the kisses out depending on character and romance flavor but for one of the them it felt right this episode. So be aware of that.

Scene 3 has entirely to do with the boys. Well as in Crownry is with them but it actually has a lot to do with Crownry themself. They make revelations. I was also writing this scene while listening to Wicked

Game which is quite a mood-setter haha

Honestly I'm making good time with this scene I could likely finish it by Friday. Which means ya'll could get it on Friday which, fingers crossed.

Ta-ta, your writer

[Episode 5 Scene 3](#)

[Aug 24, 2024](#)

I know there's going to be bugs in this one omg but it's done AND I did get it as close as I could to releasing it on Friday EST I was off by an hour and a half :p

Anyway remember that this part relies on code specifically for those who are trans and enby

Also if you did the side quest with Sally back in episode 3 that has new code for those who got a hair cut or piercing and so you might want to go back and see that or not

Cheers, the sleepy writer

[Lorcan - Side story](#)

[Aug 27, 2024](#)

1986

The yelling could be heard over the booming of his music. He had felt it this morning during breakfast. His parents fought a lot nowadays. He knew it was a bad day when his mother would place his father's plate on the table in a *certain* way. It wasn't slammed but it wasn't gentle, it wasn't the way she would serve him his breakfast.

And then his father, he would refuse to look at either of them. He would busy himself away with his newspaper, pretending to be engrossed in the stories. He would leave for work without a word, his footsteps heavier than usual.

His mother would crack a forced smile, she never liked for him to see how dire things were in those final weeks. At the time Lorcan thought it was normal, he knew other kids' parents fought, Orla would go on and on about how her parents hated each other.

But deep underneath, Lorcan felt that something was coming. That him and his family were hurtling towards a hole so cavernous and dark that they would never be able to find their way out. But what could he do? He was a child. How could he arrange the right words to stop what his father would eventually do?

His father sat down in his room the night before it happened. He hardly ever did that but he knocked and Lorcan lowered down his boombox. His father was a big man, he could barely fit into a normal sized hallway without his shoulders brushing the walls. When Lorcan opened the door his father blocked out most of the door frame.

"Dad?" Lorcan asked.

His father's face was obscured by the darkness within the corridor. Only his grey eyes glimmered in the light of Lorcan's lamp.

"Son, can I ask you something?"

Lorcan felt a tight knot of fear in his stomach, the voice that came out from his dad's mouth wasn't the usual voice he used to talk to him. It was odd, as if someone else was talking with his father's face.

"S-sure," he replied and moved aside as his father with his heavy footsteps walked into his room.

He sat on the bed, the bed frame creaking under his weight. Lorcan didn't know what to do, where to sit. He didn't want to be near his dad but the man patted the spot beside him. Lorcan trembled as he neared the bed.

He sat at the edge of the bed, his legs ready to spring up at any moment's notice. His dad asked, "if someone had done something bad, very bad, what do you think should happen to them?"

His stomach dropped. He was in trouble. Probably one of his teacher's had called his dad. Lorcan started going through anything he had done lately — he had skipped school, thrown a box of pencil crayons at Lily, stolen Michael's comic book, told Mrs. Tyler to bite him, got into a fight with Sa—

"Because you know what I would do?" his dad interrupted his thoughts. He was looking away from Lorcan, towards the window.

"What?" Lorcan squeaked.

His dad didn't answer for a moment. "I would punish them." He slightly turned his face to his son, not completely, Lorcan could only see the side of his father's eye.

"That's what people who do bad things deserve, boy. Especially ungrateful ones."

Lorcan's dad had never hit him. Well, he had but it was usually a slap on the head or an ear tug. Not as bad as he knew other kids were hit by their parents. His dad wasn't a violent man but his yells did freeze Lorcan to his core.

He didn't know which action he preferred.

He wanted to apologize profusely, cry if necessary to his dad, make promises of the 'I'll never do it again' nature. The words were at the tip of his tongue when his dad spoke again, "I love you, son. Never doubt that."

His father stood up, and almost robotically walked out of his son's room. Not once did he look at him. Lorcan felt so cold. He had expected some reaction, this detachment made him shiver. Maybe tomorrow at breakfast his dad would lay into him and that thought made him dread.

But somehow he was able to sleep. Except for a brief moment a scream woke him up but he was far too groggy to not think it wasn't a dream. And so he didn't wake up until the sun had risen high above the houses.

When he looked at the clock and realized he had missed half a school day he shot out of bed. Hastily threw on his clothes and poked his head out of the door. He listened carefully to the movements in the house. He heard regular creaking that all houses do but no radio or TV, no voices.

Even so he tipped toed out, stopping whenever the floorboards creaked under his shoes. He made it slowly to the kitchen and peeked around the corner, expecting to find his mom there, either sipping coffee on the table or by the stove.

But she wasn't there. He walked freely into the kitchen and looked around. The kitchen was clean. Too clean. Usually the plates from breakfast would still be on the table. Something left over for him. Lorcan's stomach growled and he moved a chair up to the fridge, reaching for the cereal.

He would probably walk around town, try to waste the day until dinnertime when he would have to face the music.

He went to the park near his house which was just a slide that's shaky and one swing, the other one still on the ground from when it broke off last fall. He passed the arcade and thought of going in but he had no coins and he was always bored with watching other kids play.

Orla would be mad he skipped school. She would do this thing where she would pretend he didn't exist and each time she did it it would go on for longer and longer. It made him feel like he was a ghost.

He walked and he walked. He walked so long and he thought about his mom and dad and Orla. For a brief moment he thought of Orla's little sibling. They were in the same homeroom and they were weird. Orla didn't like them, Lorcan didn't understand why. They never talked to anyone. Didn't bother anyone.

He had heard from a few kids that they liked beating people up but that didn't sound real. Of course they had said that thing at the parent-teacher meetings and he had been mad about that but that weeks ago.

As twilight started over the town, Lorcan grew anxious as he started the way home. He was so wrapped up in his culpability that he hadn't noticed the police cars racing by. He hadn't noticed the whispers that began from other people.

He delayed the walk home as much as he could. But when he got on the street he forced himself to look up from his untied shoelaces and he saw something he didn't understand. There were police cars all over the front of his house. Their lights were flashing red and blue. The neighbours were looking out from their windows, their lawns and were being kept back by officers.

Lorcan blinked, not knowing whether to go on or turn back. He watched dumbfounded as everyone seemed to wait. Wait for what? The officers had their hands on their guns and watched the front door attentively.

That very front door swung open and out came a big man that even in the dying light of day Lorcan recognized. He was being escorted by four other officers towards one of the squad cars. He was looking down. His hands behind his back.

Lorcan didn't know what he wanted to do. Lorcan didn't know where to go. Where was his mom? Should he call his grandma?

As if Lorcan had yelled for him, his dad's head jerked up and he looked right into his eyes down the street. His dad smiled at him with such unbound glee that Lorcan had never seen nor would be able to ever unsee again.

He was put into the car and somehow, even though no one had told him nor had he seen her boy, Lorcan knew that his mother was dead.

[Update scene 4](#)

[Sep 1, 2024](#)

As the title says. This one is short but really it all ends up adding up doesn't it?

Have a nice chat with Arthur tertiary character MVP

Byeeee, JUDE (the writer)

[Sep 2, 2024](#)

Someone on Tumblr asked for this so...

"Ow!"

She shushes you with her eyes. She tries to lightly file your nails but it's not easy when you keep flinching away. After the fifth time you do it she sighs and sets the filer down.

"It's like trying to beauty up a wild animal," she says.

Bringing your hands to your chest you reply, "I thought you were going to file my nails not rub them off."

There's a twinkle of amusement in her eyes. "I wouldn't have to sand the tips of your fingers if you didn't bite them so short, it's a bad habit never mind the amount of bacteria under a person's nails."

You roll your eyes, "whatever you say, Doctor Nia."

She begins to smile at that, bringing her fingers to your lips she asks, "can you say that again?"

"Say what?" you mumble behind her long nails.

"Call me doctor," she says with a low voice.

Smiling you press your fingers against hers and repeat, "Doctor Nia."

"It would be Doctor Mir," she corrects cheekly.

You hum, your mouth vibrating the tips of her fingers that smell of lavender. She slides her hand down, sweeping past your collarbone and settling on your lap, gently gripping your hand. Looking into your eyes she says, "but you make my name always sound perfect, Birdie."

1970

The fragrant perfume of the rose made her head spin. It's sickly sweet smell so overpowering she felt she had to sit down. She spotted a nearby bench and rather unladylike in her mannerisms she collapsed on it.

Her legs splayed, slouching. She could hear her mother's voice in her head, telling her to close her legs and sit up straight. She took off her wind-brimmed hat and fanned herself with it. She had thought she would look gorgeous out here with her sundress, her white heels and her pearls but she could feel her sweat stains.

She looked around her, at the people walking along the garden. Couples hand in hand, perfect children with rosy cheeks, soft piano music was coming from somewhere. Her eyes searched for her sister. She had said she was going to see the lilies but that was fifteen minutes ago.

The truth is all this bored Prudence. She hated polite conversation, soft satin dresses, these heels made her feet hurt and she wanted to pull out all the pins of her hair. What stopped her was her mother's disapproving eyes even though she had been dated for eight years.

A lady must never tell her secrets with her face, she must be mysterious yet friendly. Helpful but not a maid. Talkative but not gossipy.

Her sister was better at it than her.

A gust of wind came from somewhere behind her and the hat flew out of her hands. She swore as she got up and raced after it. Just as she reached it another gust of wind flew it further away. Gritting her teeth she quickened her pace, imagining how she would rip it to shreds when she got her hands on it.

It landed on one of the many gravel pathways and she sighs in relief as someone steps on it. It'll ruin it but at least it won't fly off. "Thanks," she says without much conviction as she makes to bend down for it.

Just as she does the person who stepped on it crouches down and grabs the hat from under his elegant shoes. Prudence sees a big watch on the wrist of the hand that grabbed her hat and she looks up to see a pair of eyes brightened by the sun staring back at her.

They both stand and the man hands her the hat. She practically rips it from his hand, "thanks."

"You already said that," he replies with a mischievous smile to his face.

She dusts her hat off and gives him a haughty look, "I didn't know someone could be such an ass as to count thanks's."

The man — although he looks more like a boy — grins and bends his head slightly, "I'm sorry. I should not aim to displease such a pretty women. Although I do say you were nicer a few minutes ago."

She raises a thin eyebrow, "what the hell are you talking about?"

The man-boy's smile lowers and she can read confusion in his eyes. "Don't you recall the fountain? You had thrown a penny in?"

She plops her hat on her head and replies, "let me guess you ran into someone who has my same face?"

The man-boy nods. Prudence gestures to her dress, "does this look like a pink dress to you? Am I wearing pink heels with flowers all over them?"

He looks between confused, slightly miffed and stunned. "No?"

Prudence rolls her eyes and decides to have mercy on him. "The girl you flirted with was my sister."

"I did not—" he begins and stops himself when she gives him the 'oh really?' look. Grimacing her answers, "and you must not be as nearly as nice as her."

This time Prudence smiles, "I can be nice. Especially when I'm courted by a handsome man."

The man-boy slowly smiles again, this time his mouth taking on a playful edge. "Only an blind idiot would refuse to court such a lovely creature," he says in a smoky tone.

He holds out his hand, "I'm Victor Crown."

She takes it and responds, "Prudence Faragild."

When Victor guides Prudence away from stranger's eyes, leading her to a secluded place by the bushes, she allows herself to be taken. It is sinful. It is immoral. It is everything she is not supposed to do.

But as Victor kisses her throat, slowly working down her thin dress from her shoulders, as she guides her hand to the zipper of his pants she can't seem to remember why this is so bad.

Later on, when she's shimmying her underwear up her legs and he's buckling his pants she believes she'll never see him again as all the others and she starts walking away. He grabs her away and pulls her to him.

"We will see each other again," he says. It's not a question. It's a demand.

She's taken aback by the cadence of his voice and a bundle of nerves bound through her chest as his hand grips her tightly. "I-I don't know."

He pulls her closer and says coldly, "yes we will."

"We don't even know each other."

Victor seems unfazed by that, he grabs her hip with his other hand and replies, "we will. You are going to give me your telephone number, tell me where you live and tomorrow I will visit you."

Something about the way he was talking made a sliver of fear penetrate her stomach. A quip dies on her lips and she suddenly realizes how bad of an idea it was to come out here in this secluded place with a man she just met. But she gave him what he wanted, he doesn't have to take it again by force?

"Ok," she mutters.

He lets her go and smiles once again like he did before. Kissing her on the cheek he waves her off with a, "until then my love."

As Prudence walks away she continues to look back at the strange man. She smiles at him but picks up the pace as she turns the corner and starts sprinting. She runs for the exit not caring that people around her are staring.

She sees her sister standing by the gates, looking lost. Prudence runs up to her, practically scaring her.

"Pru? Where were you? I was looking for you everywhere," her sister asks in a worried voice.

Prudence shakes her hand and pulls her sister along towards the exit, "not here. I'll tell you when we get home. I just met the worst fucking freak."

"Pru..." her sister admonishes.

Prudence huffs annoyed, "look after you hear the shit I'm about to tell you you'll be swearing too."

And when the girls get home she does speak. But something curious happens. The more she recounts the tale to her sister the more she finds herself embellishing the details. She hadn't been running after her hat, he had seen her from across the grass and bowed as he introduced himself. She hadn't had sex with him like a floozy in the bushes but rather they went arm in arm along the flowers, talking about romance. He hadn't forced himself into seeing her again, he had kissed her hand and asked to court her with their father's blessing.

Her sister 'oohhed' and 'awwed' at the correct moments. She told her how romantic and dreamy it all sounded and Prudence felt a warm feeling of triumphant within her that she started to believe that is how it all happened.

An ability she would find herself doing a lot of the future Mrs. Crown.

[So since I'm thinking of doing snippets on here...](#)

[Sep 6, 2024](#)

Who should be next? And after that I might make another poll asking what kind of snippet

Imre

33%

Nia

29%

Lorcan

33%

Non-RO

4%

Poll ended Sep 7, 2024 · 24 votes total

[Update: scene 5](#)

[Sep 7, 2024](#)

The penultimate scene of the episode is finished!

Fingers crossed that there aren't missing crap (there def will be)

Cheers, from the writer

[SNIPPET POLL PART DEUX](#)

[Sep 9, 2024](#)

So Imre and Lorcan both won that other people (ya'll didn't make it that easy for me huh /s) so I'll do Imre first and the other one after.

Anyway what kind of snippet do you want for Imre?

Fluff

4%

Angst

17%

Slight NSFW (it's the implication that matters)

79%

Poll ended Sep 10, 2024 · 24 votes total

[Snippet - Imre \(NSFW\)](#)

[Sep 10, 2024](#)

Note: I KNEW YA'LL WOULD CHOOSE THIS :p

You have never breathed so heavily out of your mouth before. God. Is this what marathon runners feel? One of your hands is pressed to your sweaty chest, you can feel the erratic beat of your heart under your pecks/breasts.

You open your eyes, trying to swallow up the gasps that escape your throat. Your brain is slowly returning to its place. Where did it go? What you've been doing or better yet, what's been *done* to you could've lasted minutes or hours.

"Is that it?" your voice comes out hoarse, your throat is parched from all the screaming.

Imre lifts his head from in between your legs, he chuckles, his breath tickling that very sensitive zone.

"I'll try to not take offence to that question or that tone, nena/e."

You wipe your forehead with the back of your hand. "I didn't mean it like that, I just wanna know how long you've been at it."

He checks his watch and then grips your knee, "that hardly matters. I can do this all day if you want me to."

You roll your lips. That sounds like a delightful and delicious idea. As a response you lay your head down and you feel his breath *there* once again.

[Sneak Peek \(s\), Final Scene \(aka for those who love Nia as a friend or not\)](#)

[Sep 11, 2024](#)

...you're stunned when Nia herself appears in front of you.

At a momentary loss for words you say, "you're here."

She quirks an eyebrow, "I live here."

Stupid. You clear your thoughts and ask, "since when do you open doors?"

"I saw that it was you and so I dared to dirty my hands with peasant work," she says drily.

"Saw?"

She leans out a bit and points to the corner of the porch. You squint and barely manage to see the tiny camera concealed within the black wood.

"It feels strange," she says. She points between us, "doesn't it?"

"I know you don't like it—"

"Then why are you asking?" she interjects.

You shrug, "you asked me. Unless you have any better ideas?"

She rolls her eyes, landing on the piano at the corner. She looks like she smells decay. Even so, she gets up, her feet go pitter-patter on the floor.

[Update, episode 5, scene 6](#)

[Sep 12, 2024](#)

Ok this is the final scene, we've made it to the end I really didn't think I'd finish so early and then yesterday I just started in the morning and went till late afternoon

So I went back and added so code in episode 4 that I thought to bring back for the final scene with Nia and this code is important for how Crownly views Sally so perhaps you might want to go back and replay episode 5

Anyway... congrats to me and to you

Sincerely, the writer

[So like I already know which one is going to win but this is a democracy](#)

[Sep 16, 2024](#)

Lorcan snippet poll

Fluff

Angst

NSFW (IMPLICATION)

50 votes total

[Lorcan snippet \(NSFW\)](#)

[Sep 17, 2024](#)

"Shhh," you coo, sliding your hand along his sweaty cheek.

He makes a noise strangled noise. His words at this point, long turned incoherent. He looks so beautiful like this, beneath you. At your mercy.

You never tire of it.

Your hand gently touches his thin gulping throat, you feel his heartbeat hammer like a caged bird under his bony chest.

You feel his stomach muscles contract as your fingernails lightly rake over them. His imploring eyes alternate between looking up at you and following the trajectory of your hand.

When you do finally *grip* him, he whimpers. Squeezing his eyes shut and bucking against your hand.

{Here you go you heathens), the writer

[Poll: side quests episode 6](#)

[Sep 22, 2024](#)

No I haven't begun writing it. But I thought that it would be cool to see what ya'll want to see or better phrased what supernatural element

Note: some of these could have NSFW elements if you so choose ;)

Note: the top three winners will show up in next episode

Vampires

Ghosts

Werewolves

Shapeshifter

Succubus

Dream invaders

Witches

Faeries

Zombies

Changelings

52 votes total

[Poll: POV stories](#)

[Sep 23, 2024](#)

Alright so I've gotten through all the background stories I wanted to tell. Now it's finally time for POV stories taking place in the current time line.

The first of these will be RO POVs of the night Crownny had their homecoming party, question is... who goes first?

Imre

Nia

Lorcan

53 votes total

[Imre - POV \(Homecoming Party\)](#)

[Sep 25, 2024](#)

He likes drinking as much as the next person, never to stupidity but he enjoyed a nightcap and the usual social drinking. As much as he gained energy from being surrounded by admirers at his own parties, he felt it ruined because as social custom dictates... he must allow others to speak.

But really, who recounts tales in a more interesting fashion than him? The problem with people is that they retell things in such monotone ways. The point of a story is to make yourself look better, whether that betterment comes from heroism or comedy.

He found that most people talk his ear off to impress him. Which, how boring.

This night he has never felt more alone in his way of regaling a crowd than having to hear some *girl* who took a liking to him and has not departed his side all night. He has enough experience in pretending to

listen that, he smiles every time she finishes a sentence. She's talking about... horses? Did he hear that right? From what he remembers the conversation began with the weather.

He takes a sip of his champagne, eyes scanning over the rim to the multitude of people crammed in this small room. Most are couples. Older than him and constantly throwing him smiles as a way to ingratiate themselves with his father.

He had hoped Nia would save him from this girl but she's downing champagne as if she were lost in the desert and the alcohol was an oasis. Every time she looks over she has a mocking expression in her eyes. She likes watching Imre get caught in his own social webs. He loves and hates her for it.

He had to drag her to this party, when she first heard who it was for she declined quicker than he could finish asking her to be his plus one. Imre didn't quite know what went on between Nia and the youngest Crown but he knew Nia would get this rather sour look in her face when he tried to bring the subject up. Only with her can Imre contain his natural curiosity.

She must've left him in the clutches of this girl because she's still miffed that Imre went to her father to tell him about the party so that she'd be forced to come to keep up appearances. It was a selfish thing, he admits. But Imre has the sinking suspicion that Nia will be more of a thorn in his side if she figures he's harming her precious friend in her absence. At least now she will see that that isn't his intention.

Well... if they do get harmed, he can live with that. A pity, though. He remembers thinking he also found them much more interesting than the regular townie bumpkin. And if they can help him as he believes they can, he might even consider doing things that won't push them entirely into the abyss.

But that's all secondary.

First he needs to get this girl away from him. Margaret. That's her name. She clearly looks like one.

"They don't have a wig on for goodness sake," Imre says blasely.

"Uh everyone knows that when you go crazy you pull out all your hair and like scratch your face off," she replies in a nasally voice.

"I beg you not to gawk if that is the case, we're guests here. If they are as insane as you claim then maybe it's best if you don't give them reason to attack you, Margaret," he advises.

Margaret just huffs, annoyed that he's not commiserating with her over the town's residence sideshow attraction.

He's not heartless, he feels for those unfairly maligned but if he's not mistaken, from the corner of his eye he can see someone hiding by the parlor doors. He can see a sleeve peeking out from behind the wall.

He can't be sure it's them but just in case he should make a good—

They come out from behind the wall, entering the parlor with a set clench to their jaw. The clothes they choose fitting in a way he finds flattering. He can see the way their fingers lightly twitch against their thighs. He internally grins.

The orange glow of the fireplace bathes them in a warmth that adds life to their dull skin. Their hair could be better and their posture conveys a severe lack of comfort in their surroundings. Not a triumphant entrance, actually quite pathetic. Really, he can't even tell why he was always so impressed by them.

They look like a child. And as Sally guides them around the room, introducing them to all the upper crust of Crown society, they look more and more lost. Like a puppy around wolves. And Sally oblivious to what he's doing to them.

Imre's eyes minutely watch their hands, the look in their eyes as they're introduced to each person, the way they shuffle about. The way their shoulders seem tense, the bones moving under the fabric. Margaret's chatter dulling in a way it hadn't all night.

They moved throughout the room as a wisp of smoke, not really touching anything. A ghost forced even in death to play nice. He never understood until now how it must feel for someone who doesn't like the attention. Who's voice cannot regale others with fanciful tales.

They could still make an effort. It's a bit insulting to not even try.

Imre, who has always managed to follow everyone in a room with his eyes as if they were all little ants under his microscope can't seem to take his eyes off of them. Nothing of what they're doing is particularly astonishing or strange but they have something that pulls his eyes to them like a beacon.

And as the hour goes by, he sees them escape a group of passive-aggressive gossipers and sit down at the furthest edge of the couch, near the fireplace. The fire dances across their skin. *Alluring.*

"— and she's like 'Marg they only come in blue!'"

Margaret laughs like a hyena, making Imre wince internally. Instead of answering her as he wished, he grins in that way he knows melts those around him. "Margaret? You'll have to excuse me, I think I'm going to greet the host."

Margaret looks at them, her smile immediately turning into a scowl. "They're not even the host! Sally is!" Her nasally voice turns shrill.

Before she can start a scene, Imre brushes his fingers against hers. Margaret's voice dies as she looks at her hand. Her eyes go wide, a blush blooming on her cheeks. Imre gives her a flirt smile and whispers in a low voice, "why don't you come to the mansion tonight?"

She's irritating but he's seen her nude and so it's a small price to pay to be allowed time to enchant the baby of the Crown family.

She's still staring down at her hand, as it's frozen in the position he left it in. She nods dumbly and Imre swiftly excuses himself, his eyes trained on the only person he truly wants to speak to tonight.

[Nia Snippet - Alright I know which one it's gonna be but still...](#)

[Sep 27, 2024](#)

perhaps you will surprise me

Fluff

Angst

NSFW (Implication)

50 votes total

[Nia Snippet - Angst](#)

[Sep 29, 2024](#)

"Say something!" Your hands twitch, wanting to shove her, to shake her, to do anything.

She stands imobile, just within reach but unreachable to you. Her eyes boring into yours without a hint of emotion.

Or care.

You huff, feeling like you want to cry but it's like pushing a boulder.

"What do you want from me, Birdie? For me to fall at your feet declaring my love?" She asks with words that are cruel but coming from her mouth sounds like nothing.

Stuck, unsure of how to make her see -- no not see but feel what you do. You just stare at her desperately, willing her to have mercy on you.

But she just steps away.

[Nia Snippet - \(NSFW\)](#)

[Sep 30, 2024](#)

So both angst and nsfw huh y'all like pain and pleasure

Every time you try to sit up she gently but firmly pushes you back down. You grunt each time she does so and in response you see a sly smile on her luscious lips.

"I asked you to sit still, Birdie," she says with a smooth voice.

"Can't I just-"

"No," she says with a firm edge to her words that melt any will you have, especially when this feels so good. There's an incredibly softness in her eyes as she looks down at you.

"Now..." she trails off, her hand flat on your stomach. Her other hand reaches for yours and guides it to her breast.

All protest of unfairness dies on your lips as she begins to sway her hips.

[Writing diary #8](#)

[Oct 1, 2024](#)

So I just finished the detailed outline for episode 6 and wowzas is this gonna be a long one it's like eight scenes

Like always the most complicated scenes are the emotional ones, there's a scene in here with Crownly reflecting about their family and I think it's gonna be good angst

Also instead of showing up in the last scene, Nia shows up mid way basically (if you so choose as you don't have to see here although it will eliminate one scene overall)

There's also some revelations this ep that at least answers one major question concerning Crownny and another character

What I really like about this episode is that it also focuses on Crownny's internal feelings towards negative emotions it really does give insight into their beliefs and how they view the world

Anyway that's that. I don't know how long this one will take it could be fully done in mid November but we'll see...

Sincerely, the writer

[Lorcan - POV \(Homecoming party\).](#)

[Oct 5, 2024](#)

This fucking shirt is itchy. Every time he slightly moves it drags against his skin like tiny little ants. More than once Lorcan thought of ripping off the sleeves. Have these uptight mannequin-looking rich fucks get a load of that.

It wasn't only that. The whole suit was too big. When Sally had asked him — nah — had told him he needed to come he couldn't actually say no. Not to that guy. It was even worse to have to ask him if he had a spare suit.

His granny probably had his dad's old clothes somewhere but that man was like a solid brick wall. Lorcan at least almost fits into this suit, with any of his dad's shit he would've been dragging the bottom of his pants on the floor.

Still, he didn't look that shit. Just stupid. And on top of that he had to be around these damn people who either didn't know who he was or sneered at his clothes. The last thing he wants is to be stuck in this hell. Even the people who he doesn't even know the name of he hates. He hates how hot the room is, he hates the champagne, he hates the little tiny meat on crackers on the trays.

But he hates something more than everyone else. Well, someone.

That's what makes all this so fucking stupid and unbearable to him. He has to endure all this and see them? What karma is he paying? He really thought he wouldn't have to ever see them again. Fuck, they could rot in a straitjacket all their damn life for all he cared.

They probably got more annoying too. Or maybe they got a lobotomy, which... if only he's so lucky.

Course at least dealing with them meant he wouldn't have to stay in this house with these boring motherfuckers. Crowny he knows, Crowny he can deal with.

A part of him, a tiny little part shoved deep into his head wonders what they'll look like? Are they the same? Will they try to be nice to him? Yuck. If he can't tell Crowny to die and have them either laugh or tell him to die then his night will officially go from bad to awful.

So as his eyes fly to the parlor doors he braces himself for what he sees as they step out from behind the wall.

They're wearing some fancy-shmancy clothes. Typical. Always wanting to draw attention to how their "looks." He rolls his eyes.

They also look totally fucking lost. Lorcan wants to grin. He feels the familiar muscles in his face clench, harden and slide against each other to create the expression he has always reserved for them.

A look that tells them to make no damn mistake. He hasn't changed. So if they wanna be the Bigger Person they can fuck off cause it doesn't matter if it's two years or twenty, he's not forgetting.

Their eyes meet his and he can't read the expression in them as they look away. Hey, maybe they're scared. He finds that idea gives him a pleasant warm feeling. He doesn't look away, like a hawk he makes sure the full heat of his angry eyes penetrates deep into their stupid face.

He grips the champagne glass, watching with increasing disgust as Sally guides them around the room. Like they're someone important. Like they matter. Pfffttttttt. The only one is this family who could do this shit right and look good while doing it was Orla.

He would be awestruck as he would watch he mingle with people. She looked so graceful. Like her skin was radiating the sun out. When she smiled at him, it made him feel like there was no one else in the world but them two.

While Crowny looks like a flopping cold fish from the deepest parts of hell surrounded by demons. HA! He forces himself to keep that same sullen air, but his chest jerks with inner laughter as he watches how they're forced to play nice with their own kind.

Before he really knew Crowny he thought that rich people were just born with the ability to speak solely to each other and only be able to tolerate one another. That's why he thought they hung out with each other but seeing Crowny confirms what he always knew...

They suck and not even their own people can stand to smell their shit.

Heh, turns out this night ain't so bad for Lorcan. But after the fourth time he watches them try and fail to respond to a question like Sally would he grows bored and sighs annoyedly. He needs to talk to the idiot but he doesn't want to have to risk getting the attention of the vultures. The ones who know his family history will immediately pounce when they hear his last name.

So he stands there in the corner, gripping his glass and glaring all the while at their nemesis. He almost goes up to them when they finally detangle themselves and sit on the couch but as he steps forward who else does he see but another pain in the ass?

He leans back against the wall and glares as he sees the pretty boy try to use his — Lorcan doesn't even know what it is he does — thing to make them go all starry-eyed like he does with everyone. Lorcan can't see their face from this angle but he sees that Imre barely lasts there long enough and goes back to his other friend, the scary one.

Crowny looks around, not noticing him in the dark corner. They get up and slide out of the room without notice. Lorcan looks around too. He sets down his champagne glass and briskly walks to the exit.

He catches Sally's eyes but he ignores what he sees in them.

[Snippet - Poll](#)

[Oct 9, 2024](#)

Imre

Nia

Lorcan

Non-RO character

53 votes total

[Perhaps Q&A's?](#)

[Oct 10, 2024](#)

I've always liked the idea of a character answering questions. So I think it would be cool that at least once a month you guys send me questions for a character. It will be order of appearance on the game post so Imre, Nia, Lorcan, Sally, Orla then Percy (even though he's not on the game post) or if no one wants Orla just Percy after Sally

Just tell me what you think :)

[Nia Snippet - Fluff](#)

[Oct 12, 2024](#)

(Missy won and so I'm going to give her the fluff cause she recently got the other two)

"What?"

You tilt your head to gaze into her eyes, which haven't moved from your face in five minutes. You're both laying in her bed, you had been occasionally talking about this or that. Nonsense, really. But you liked moments like this, and you know she does too.

"You have a nice side profile," she replies.

You snort and are about to laugh when you see how serious she is. With a puzzled face, you say, "ok. How nice?"

A warmth enters her eyes and she leans over to kiss your cheek. Her lips are plump and soft, if slightly sticky because of her lip gloss.

"Very nice."

Cheekily, you ask, "on a scale of average townie face to god/goddess of beauty?"

You feel her lips move by your cheek. "I'm not going to inflate your ego for you. Then who could stand you?"

You smile and she kisses your cheek again. Leaning her head against yours she says lowly, "so nice."

[Nia - POV \(Homecoming Party\)](#)

[Oct 13, 2024](#)

Medically there is no gene that makes you tolerant to alcohol. Of course addiction can be an inherited trait but the "advantages" of being an alcoholic such as high tolerance and ability to stomach things that taste like piss aren't something a person can get from their progenitors.

Although tonight, Nia might be more inclined to believe in some pseudoscience bullshit tonight.

She's been downing champagne like it's her *damn job and for some fucking reason I'm as sober as I was when Imre dragged me here.*

Speaking of Lucifer incarnate, she knew he was trying to catch her eye from across the room where Margaret Porter was desperately talking his ear off. Poor girl. She's seen this before. And it all ends the same when someone likes Imre.

That's preferable than Imre setting their eyes on someone. Now that person, Nia would pray for.

Her father's clipped voice can be heard to her left. She appreciates this brief reprieve. He's been scolding her all night. For her drinking, for her lack of socializing, for her sour expression.

Nia is usually good at maintaining a face that shows neither cheer nor distain so that people can crowd around her and blab. But today, in this house her grip on herself is slipping. She's angry at herself.

She should be more in control. She knew this day would come. She had thought she had prepared herself but not even she can control everything. Pesky things, feelings. Right now, more than ever she wishes she had never made friends with them. Because now she's hysterical and making a fool out of herself.

She wants to bolt. Go home and never have to say a word to them again. Because really, what could she say? How could she explain? And they would look at her with those eyes, reflecting back to her a failure they must believe she committed.

Damn them, and damn everyone.

Why should she feel guilty? Why should she feel like she did something wrong? Birdie is not her victim.

Birdie. She could just laugh. She always found nicknames so gaudy. Someone's name was fine, she hated when people tried to endear themselves to her by trying to come up with something clever. Her name was a three letter word, what possible nickname could she be called?

She liked her name. It was short and to the point. However, she did hate how it sounded coming out of most people's mouths. But not them. They said it in a way that made it feel as if it were a nickname, a special secret between both of them.

She had her own reasons for calling them Birdie, one of them was that it made her feel like they belonged to her. That no one could take them from her. That they wouldn't disappear and leave her like that woman did.

Ironic, she was the one who left Birdie. Her long nails dig into the mahogany table. No, she's different. Her reasoning was valid, it's not the same. Her mother left because she was—

No she already has enough to set her on edge, she doesn't need to throw herself off the cliff.

She looks to the parlor doors, and then past Imre who also seems to be scanning his surroundings, she grimaces when she sees Lorcan in the corner with a suit two sizes too big for him. Only someone like him can make her most classist ideas come forth.

The clock over the fireplace ticks by slowly. She glares when she sees she's only been here a little over an hour. She imagines slipping out. Undetected by her father's eyes. But not her best friend. Imre would notice this and with a shit-eating grin inform her dad.

She knew that he knew she would likely slap him after the party was over. Small consolation. She sighed and momentarily closed her eyes. Even if she could leave she knows it's best not to. Imre was oddly interested in this party.

In a way that made her suspicious. He had never expressed any interest in Birdie apart from a few remarks her and there. He treated them as if they were this new lake amphibian he just had to label and open up.

Of course she didn't want to think about it too much. Anyway, at least with her here, Imre won't be able to do something to Birdie. It's funny, she's worried about someone she's fucking terrified of.

What are friends for.

She plucks another champagne glass from a tray and is about to swallow it in one gulp when she sees a hand peeking out from behind the wall. As if no time has passed, she recognizes immediately who it is.

She clenches her jaw and quickly swallows. She refuses to look their way as they enter the room. She schools her face into something resembling indifference. She forces the horrible bundle of bees in her chest to flatten under a fist of ice.

Their eyes look around the room, not staying in one place too long. They don't want to be here. Nia almost grins, at least that hasn't changed. From the corner of her eye she catches glimpses of them. Her shoulders stiffen as Imre sits down next to them.

She can't hear what they say but she does turn to face him and catch his eyes. He pretends to not notice her. Asshole. But he does eventually deign to meet her eyes and excuses himself.

When he comes over to her, he does so with a gentle smile. The image of calm. She looks at him from under her eyelashes, her arms crossed. "What are you planning?"

"Do you remember what I told you?" his smooth voice asks.

She wants to shake her head. He tells her a lot of ridiculous things. But the glint in his eyes reminds her of the only other time she ever saw that particular look in his eyes.

But she played dumb. "That doesn't narrow anything down, you yap more than a unmarried fat aunty."

Imre grins, "let's not fight tonight, querida. I don't want to make your mood worsen. I know tonight hasn't been easy for you."

She fingers a curl, her anger with him slightly lessens. His perception annoys her most of the time but it's nice when she doesn't need to say anything for him to understand. Her eyes wonder to the couch.

They're not there. She looks around the room and doesn't seem them with Sally. Lorcan isn't here either.

"Shit," she whispers to Imre.

Imre had followed her eyes and with the same grin on his face he offers her his arm, "let's end this night with a good deed, shall we?"

She gives him an unimpressed look but takes his arm and lets him escort her out of the house.

[Imre - Snippet](#)

[Oct 14, 2024](#)

(I don't think I've ever done fluff for Imre so let's see also him and Nia tied in that poll)

You laugh as you try to escape from his embrace. His strong arm has an ironclad grip around your stomach.

"Imre," you say in between laughs. "Sally will freak if I get home late."

Imre pulls you tightly against his side. He forces your head to lay against his shoulders. "Sally gets to have you home every night, he can spare to give you up occasionally."

You try to tickle him but apart from a slight jerk on his abs, his grip doesn't loosen. "No, but seriously Imre. I'm going to get a whole ass lecture about spending the night at boys' houses and the dangers of teenage sex."

Imre kisses the top of your head and speaks, his voice slightly muffled by your hair, "my condolences. But I've decided that tonight I'm keeping you. Sally will have to cry himself to sleep."

"That's not funny."

"I know. I'm sorry." You can feel the smile on his face.

"But you're still not leaving."

[Episode 6](#)

[Oct 15, 2024](#)

Just wanted to say I've started, this one brings back the side quests so I haven't started on the main plot obviously.

I want to finish this portion in two weeks although side quests are notoriously the longest part for me to write because more code goes into them than any other part.

But yeah episode completion still is looking like it's going to be in November.

Toodles, the writer

[Q and A - Imre](#)

[Oct 19, 2024](#)

If you have any questions for him, put them here 😊

[Sneak peek \(kind of\)](#)

[Oct 22, 2024](#)

Do you guys remember at the beginning of episode one where the POV is third person? A narrator is describing the town and then Crownly?

Well they make an appearance again hehe specifically to see Crownny outside you playing them and try to decipher their motives without being in their head. It works the unreliable narrator angle

It only happens for one scene but I really like that choice to create a mystery surrounding why Crownny does something hehehe

Cheers, the evil writer

[Episode 6 Update](#)

[Oct 23, 2024](#)

Honestly don't know how the code will hold up with this part cause it has a lot of it.

Anyway password is 0707.

AND: the second and third side quests are still being written so you have the first side quest and the fourth you can do.

Bye, I'm a tired writer

[Imre's Q and A](#)

[Oct 25, 2024](#)

1. Do you actually care about Crown?

Of course I do. I care about everyone, especially those who are more vulnerable and Crownny is a good friend :) (chat... is he capping?)

2. Outside of paleontology, what other career/discipline/area do you have interest in? And what prospects does Crown have for a paleontologist?

I have always been interested in anthropology. I think human beings are the most fascinating creatures, and our complex brain activity is unlike any other. Paleontology is ultimately the study of the past

through things like fossils. The land that Croun sits on is older than the town itself, I can only imagine what's underneath.

3. What would you change about your relationship with Lorcan, Crowny and Nia?

I wish I could make Nia see what I see. I want Crowny to trust me more than anyone else because in time they'll see how I'm the only one who is looking out for their best interests. With Lorcan? Nothing. Although I would be interested in observing how murder affects the development of a half orphaned child. But I don't need to change my relationship with Lorcan for that.

4. Besides the murders and Crowny, what is the most interesting thing in town?

Everything. We cohabit an island with all types of supernatural races. One could spend their whole life here and never stop learning. I have a particular fondness for the lake dwellers.

5. What is your relationship like with your father? is it hard to be the son of the mayor?

My relationship with my father is my business and I don't see why that concerns you. I'm sorry if I sound rude but I frankly don't see why that matters. There's drawbacks to everything, so is life.

6. If you could exchange bodies with any person for a day who would it be?

Someone born with a physical disability. I wonder how their day to day is and if I could adapt. Well, I could adapt but I'd like to see how quickly.

7. Is Imre's skin tan natural or artificial?

I think self-tanning is a waste of time. I could be doing anything else. My tan is an inheritance from my father's people.

8. Crowny is becoming the problem-solving expert in town. However, they seem to deliberately avoid letting you know what they are doing, especially when dealing with supernatural issues. What are your thoughts on this?

Crowny is dealing with the supernatural? I thought that was a rumour. You're right, they haven't mentioned it.... I'll have to inquire as to why that is, thank you for this information :)

[POV - EPISODE 2](#)

[Oct 26, 2024](#)

Alright so pick a scene any scene from that episode

The cafeteria scene

What the characters were doing that morning before they saw Crownny (not an actual scene but it could be insightful)

Individual meetings scenes (Nia excluded so it'll be what she did for the rest of the day)

Other

55 votes total

[Small announcement](#)

[Oct 26, 2024](#)

Side quest two is now available :)

[Episode 6: scene 2](#)

[Oct 28, 2024](#)

Amazing thing my lovelies some how I finished this scene super quickly. I guess I'm more energized when I go back and forth with the main storyline and the side quests.

This one is a Sally one.

Some of you will like it, others will hate it. Juicyyyy.

Peace, the surprised writer

[HALLOWEEN DLC](#)

[Oct 29, 2024](#)

Just something quick I came up with to give you guys something as you wait for episode 7 :)

It was his favorite time of day. In the morning it was far too busy to hear himself talk and in the afternoon he would be home and his home felt very quiet. But right now, the voices trampling over each other, the eyes he felt on him and the words slipping out of his mouth like syrup gave him a joy like no other.

In another life he wouldn't been an actor. But he doesn't like makeup on his face and his interest in acting only lies in that others don't know he is, being on a stage takes away all the fun.

The cafeteria smelled abysmal. He didn't know if it was the food or the room itself but there was always this stench of onions. Sometimes he has to breathe through his mouth but then they all ask him why he's being so quiet?

Imre sat at the head of the table. Although there was someone at the other end, everyone knew that they needed to look his way. Nia sat by his left. She was moving her fork along her salad. Barely paying attention. He used to try to inject his stories with more drama so that she could one day listen as attentively as the others did, it just made her yawn.

Today he was retelling the story of when he went to New York City and was nearly mugged outside broadway. He was saying that he was trying to reason with the man. That he felt bad for him because he was obviously homeless and in need of psychological help. He even added a little spiel about the homeless crisis in the country,

"And then... he pulled out a gun," Imre says.

His crowd 'ooohhhsss.' Their eyes go wide with wonder and he notices how they lean against each other, trying to move closer to him. He is the center from which all springs. He doesn't like being so inflated with his own sense of importance — at least that's what he tries to tell himself.

"Did you fight him?" a girl asks.

"He had a fucking gun, why would Imre fight him? Are you stupid, he would die. Obviously he got help from the cops," another boy says.

"Please, insults aren't required. And you're wrong anyway Tony, there weren't any officers around. I did think of fighting him as ridiculous as that sounds," Imre responds.

"Ridiculous is a word I would use," Nia says snidely, "but not just for that."

Imre smiles at her. "Actually I talked him down."

"Holy shit, how?" someone asks.

"Patience, I'm getting there." Imre looks around at his rapt audience and he savours the words that begin slipping out of his mouth. Until he can't.

There are few things in this world that can take away the deliciousness of his public speaking. His father and mother are two of those things. He didn't know there was a third until they walked into the cafeteria looking as lost and displaced as he saw them last.

He kept talking but his eyes followed them. They got in line, their gaze vacant. When they got their tray they looked around, to all the tables. When they caught his eyes that were already looking at him they began walking.

He didn't know what he was saying anymore, his mouth on autopilot. They passed so closely that he could swear he smelled their laundry detergent. But he didn't lose the thread of his story. He ended it on a high note, like all the times before.

Nia was stabbing into her salad he face tilted downward. He noticed her tightly her lips were pressed together. They were behind him somewhere. He wouldn't turn around.

Everything was soiled. He kept focus on him but he couldn't enjoy it because his mind kept going back to them. Knowing they were in the same room as him made him feel... like what he was doing wasn't important. It was juvenile. He never felt more like a teenage boy.

They've lived a life he couldn't ever imagine. They had scars and god knows how many stories that would shove his own aside like a sad imitation. A prickle of jealousy entered his heart, along with something else.

He was so wrapped up in them that he hadn't caught onto what some of the people at his table were saying until lunch was nearly done. A girl sitting a few seats down from him, the type to wear pink Mary-Jane's to school. He only caught the end of whatever conversation she was having with those nearest to her.

They're such a freak, maybe this will make them never show their face here again.' He saw Nia look in their old friend's direction. They had passed by him early, they would likely pass by him again. In the perfect place for the girl to do what she planned.

Imre had seen how cruel his friends could be. He never partook in it but he didn't much care to stop it. This was high school, just like in the adult world there were hierarchies and he didn't want to give his up. So he let them enjoy themselves with whatever poor bastard caught their eye.

They intrigued him, he had felt the tension in the police car. He was glad when he came out of the interrogation room and saw them. He wanted to know so much more about them. That was all true.

But that didn't mean he would change or give up his place. If they endured all that the rumours have said they did, then this will be fine.

As he predicated, he smells their detergent as they pass by him and he sees the girl's pink shoe slide into their path. It all happens so quickly. One moment they have their tray in hand and are doing their best to look forward and the next their legs give out from under them and the tray clangs like a loud slap on the ground, hugged to their chest.

Imre could wince as he knows how much their face will hurt. He feels movement on his left and before he can say anything Nia rushes over to them. She grips their arm and tries to help them up.

Damn it, he thinks.

They look around them wildly, their nose looks swollen and watery mucus is crippling down their nostrils. They seem to be disoriented. Looking, looking... for what? It's like seeing an animal get caught in a bear trap, trying so hard to survive. They say something to Nia who moves back.

They look around them room again and stumble away. Everyone follows their erratic running as they push open the doors and disappear.

He hears laughs and then an explosion of voices. He has maintained his face friendly and open this whole time. Internally he's trying to see how he can salvage this. There are many personas he could play.

He thinks about being truthful, maybe that will get them to trust him when he gets the chance to talk to them. He scoffs, *please*.

[Writing diary #9 \(?\)](#)

[Nov 6, 2024](#)

Haven't done much writing this week cause I have an assignment and a test due tomorrow but hopefully I can get some game work done and get the Nia cafeteria scene done soon.

I been thinking about doing the NSFW alphabet thing or just prompts soon..I

[Nia - POV \(Cafeteria scene\)](#)

[Nov 9, 2024](#)

The food she brought looked as unappetizing as the disgusting cafeteria slop that grunting lunch lady served. She had only ever ordered for food once in this school and it was the first day of ninth grade. She had seen it twitch and immediately throw it into the trash.

She brought her own lunch now. Always something healthy. Apart from the unhealthiness of the sugar, carbs and trans fat in the fries and burgers her peers eat, she always didn't really like the taste of junk food. Could no one taste the processed chemicals?

The only thing that she loved and hated how much she loved was white chocolate. Oh, how she loved those squares of pure health-inducing illness in a wrapper. On the most stressful days she found it harder to resist gorging herself on some until her stomach hurt and she could forget all her problems.

Like today. It wasn't as awful as the party at Croun manor. She had seen them. Interacted — a very loose use of that word and came out the other end no worse for wear. Once she had gotten back from the police station and laid under the covers of her soft blanket she had found she couldn't sleep a wink.

The image of their face had refused to leave her mind. The dead girl too. But the latter wasn't her problem and the former could be avoided. Birdie wasn't stupid. They knew Nia had no intentions of renewing their friendship.

They had passed by their lunch table and gone to a solitary one, hunched over their tray and had no looked up since. But Nia couldn't help herself. She finds her eyes constantly going in that direction. She scolds herself, chastises her weakness.

They always did have the ability to push things out of her that she didn't like. She stabbed at her food, rolled it around with her fork and had tried to bring it to her lips but then would let it fall back to her tupperware with a clang.

No one around her noticed her mood. They were all too business nearly trampling over the others to ask Imre questions, to show him how much they loved him to feed the never full monster that is Imre Duran's ego. Cindy 'ohs' and 'ahs' were louder than the others and Nia has a picture in her mind that shows her throwing her salad at that girl. Someone who wears heels to school does so to be noticed. And poor Cindy was being noticed far too much for Nia's worsening mood.

She feels Imre's eyes on her again. He had tried to talk to her about that night for days now and she had skived the questions. She knew he wouldn't go blabbing about her problems, he never has through all those years of friendship when her only solace was laying her head down on his shoulder after pouring out all that was troubling her.

But she knew that he wanted to know not only because he cared for her but because he wanted information. He talks about the dead girl as if it were a gift that fell to his lap. She's used to how emotionally cold he can be when it involves the lives of other's. No... cold isn't the right word.

It's more like he stops seeing people as people when their misery achieves a higher purpose for him. Her, on the other hand was a different story. She couldn't help but feel for the girl. For all the girls that had been dying. She might be bleeding heart for wanting to help people but she's fine with that, it's not like anyone would know.

She picks up her fork again and resumes her work of rolling her lettuce around and around. Her stomach squeezes as she realizes it almost looks like the atrocious shit Birdie had on their plate. A round of laughter came from far away. She sees Imre's gesticulating arms lower back to his plate. She leans back into her seat, crossing her arms. She watches the faces around her.

It all feels like it happens slow. Like when she was 8 and feel down the monkey-bars. She swears it felt like she was falling for thirty seconds. She sees Birdie get up. She doesn't try to look away, they're not looking there's no harm. They start walking back the same route they had taken. That meant they would walk past Imre. Would they look at her?

Does she want them to?

Nia doesn't see it. She would've noticed if she was on top of herself today. Cindy's voice was so loud. But she doesn't see what's happening until it's too late. This happens quickly, as if God turned the switch the other way and now the cafeteria is double the speed.

Cindy looks at Birdie, makes a move that Nia can't see from where she is and Birdie trips and falls forward. Their tray and body thumping on the linoleum floor. She doesn't think. Pure instinct makes her practically run to them. When her hands grip their shoulders her fingertips tingle. She knows she can't possibly feel their skin under their clothes but the heat from their body warms her palms.

She has no time for that. "Birdie, are you ok?" the voice she uses for the patients at the hospital comes out unbidden. It sounds artificial. She helps them get up and she tries to make eye contact but they're moving too much for that.

She expects them to glare or lunge at Cindy but she can barely keep them in her hands. They're jerking around wildly. Their eyes panicked. She thinks she says their name. Maybe that works because they look over their shoulder at her, as if finally noticing she's there.

When they do they move away from her. They leave her with her hands still open as they dangle by her sides. Standing, and out of place. The only one who came to help. *The only one who exposed myself*, she thinks. Before she even has time to properly regret it Birdie takes off. Bolts out of the cafeteria quicker than she has ever seen them run.

Before the double doors even close the laughter of so many students fill the silence. She doesn't even know if they are laughing because they really find it so funny or because they feel awkward. Almost bad

and want to divert any bad emotions into positive ones at will. She could blame them but she wants to do the exact same thing.

She sits back down next to Imre, putting the lid on her tupperware. She feels as if she'll go walking around like a zombie all day. Lost in a sea of tormenting thoughts. He holds out his hand to her. All the other kids are already moving away, throwing out their food.

He smiles at her. The smile he gives solely to her. It says *'I understand, I can't make it go away but I understand.'*

She inhales deeply and takes his hand.

[Nia Q&A](#)

[Nov 10, 2024](#)

If you have any questions for her leave them here. Or if you're shy you could send me a private message :)

[Side quest 3 - episode 6](#)

[Nov 10, 2024](#)

Finally done with that one, available now :)

[Sneak Peek - Scene 3](#)

[Nov 11, 2024](#)

"That's literally crazy and unnecessary," you state.

Imre lets out a sigh, "you were there before. Some staff must've seen you, then you randomly disappeared. They'll remember you because you're you and will likely keep a firm eye on you. You need to be left alone with Nia."

"How do I even know she'll show up? She wants to be a neurosurgeon not a bone doctor," you say.

"Orthopedist," Imre corrects. "Nia is into anything having to do with the human body. She's allowed to shadow anyone. Add to that fact that she won't resist coming to see you I'd say it's a small sacrifice in service of the greater good."

[Episode 6 - scene 3 update](#)

[Nov 12, 2024](#)

Really didn't think I'd finish this so soon...

But last night I couldn't sleep for some reason so I kept writing haha. Anyway it's there :)

Cheers, the writer

EDIT: reported bugs are fixed.

[Intimate Alphabet - Imre \(X-Rated\)](#)

[Nov 13, 2024](#)

A = Aftercare (what they're like after sex)

He's very into aftercare. It makes him feel like he can still be a gentleman after savagely fucking someone. He brings the towels, the water and just caress his lover's hair.

B = Body part (their favorite body part of theirs and also their partner's)

He likes his chest. He thinks it's a solid section of muscle. He's also into other people's chest, but that's mostly because he likes playing around with nipples.

C = Cum (anything to do with cum, basically)

He doesn't cum a lot. A few trickles and he prefers it that way he doesn't like the texture of his semen. He likes finishing on someone's stomach.

D = Dirty secret (pretty self explanatory, a dirty secret of theirs)

He does like sniffing his partner's used underwear.

E = Experience (how experienced are they? do they know what they're doing?)

He's pretty experienced, he knows what someone with a penis or a vagina needs to feel good.

F = Favorite position (this goes without saying)

Doggy. He likes how fast he then has to flip them around to cum on their stomach.

G = Goofy (are they more serious in the moment? are they humorous? etc.)

He's very serious. Any smile he gives is malicious. Laughter has no place in sex for him.

H = Hair (how well groomed are they? does the carpet match the drapes? etc.)

He does keep it controlled. He did once leave it unattended and it got out of control so now he trims neatly. His hair down there is a bit darker than his brown hair, but it is still brown.

I = Intimacy (how are they during the moment? the romantic aspect)

He's hardly romantic there. But as he's hitting someone, he will use his other hand to gently run it down their body.

J = Jack off (masturbation headcanon)

He doesn't like masturbation. He 99% of the time doesn't do it. With Crownry, he does it once and it's a moment that hasn't happened yet (when that episode comes I'll either tell you or *show* you on here).

K = Kink (one or more of their kinks)

Strangulation, spanking, hair pulling, slapping, restraints, praise, public sex.

L = Location (favorite places to do the do)

A dining room table, his father's desk, his car, his bed.

M = Motivation (what turns them on, gets them going)

Ambition. He just really needs someone to be as excited and determined as he is to get him going. Also bending over.

N = No (something they wouldn't do, turn offs)

No piss, no shit, no vomit, no baby play.

O = Oral (preference in giving or receiving, skill, etc.)

Prefers receiving but will give in fairness. He's good enough in giving but he is amazing in receiving (throat fucking).

P = Pace (are they fast and rough? slow and sensual? etc.)

Roughy and past. Very brutal pace.

Q = Quickie (their opinions on quickies, how often, etc.)

Thinks they're vulgar. He loves them.

R = Risk (are they game to experiment? do they take risks? etc.)

A big risk taker. He will try anything once.

S = Stamina (how many rounds can they go for? how long do they last?)

He give/do three a night. He edges himself so he can last over an hour.

T = Toys (do they own toys? do they use them? on a partner or themselves?)

He owns toys but only uses them on others. Vibrator, anal beads, nipple clamps.

U = Unfair (how much they like to tease)

A lot. He almost finds it as good as sex.

V = Volume (how loud they are, what sounds they make, etc.)

Regular. He's not screaming his head off but not making any noise either. He moans and in a low voice murmurs some Spanish vulgarities.

W = Wild card (a random headcanon for the character)

He likely had his first sexual experience when he was 14 with a succubus.

X = X-ray (let's see what's going on under those clothes)

So I said I was never going to say this... but I've grown as a person... and it really doesn't matter what size someone is as long as they use it well. He's a bit bigger than average, so like around 6 inches.

Y = Yearning (how high is their sex drive?)

Normal, like he can have sex everyday but the ideal for him is 3-4X a week. He doesn't think about sex unless something in front of him reminds him.

Z = Zzz (how quickly they fall asleep afterwards)

He waits until the other person is asleep.

[Episode 6 - scene 4 update](#)

[Nov 14, 2024](#)

Yes yes yes i finished this in record time.

So this scene is only for those who went into the hospital. Those who chose not to skip this entire scene so there's nothing new for the ones who stayed outside that will be scene 5 (I mean there an added little something at the end of scene 3 for the ones outside but it's short). Also to the person who wanted to be able to regret going into the hospital if that meant breaking your finger, I put in the option :)

One thing about me is that when I first started out I used to be obsessed with giving the same length of scene for whatever choice and then I realized that would only lead to pointless filler. Now I feel more comfortable just letting choices lead to their natural conclusions.

Yeah so this scene entirely with Nia. After this there's 3 scenes left. The rest episode is familial trauma part 58447

Ta-ta, the insomniac writer

[Episode 6 - scene 5 update](#)

[Nov 16, 2024](#)

My writing schedule is erratic. Some weeks I can barely manage to write 1000 words for the game. Then the next week I can write 3000. I just go with the flow of how I'm feeling. That's all to say that episode 6 could be done by the next weekend or not, we'll just have to see ;)

This update is some good old mommy issues

Bye, trauma writer

[Nov 16, 2024](#)

Note: I wouldn't say this has spoilers but it might create theories.

He was putting his ass on the line. He had done some stupid shit in his life but this really is up there. *Fuck*. But the cross country team for god knows what reason had decided to have their practices at lunch two times a week and if Mr. Boulder saw Lorcan loitering at the back doors of the old choir room he would get another suspension.

The only reason he hadn't been expelled is because of his grandma. She knows when to turn on the sweet old lady charm, she even has a floral floor-length dress for it. Principal Sanders probably comforts her because he wants to get her out of his office.

So it's either detention or suspension. Lorcan usually never goes to detention so it doesn't matter much. But the problem is that when he gets in trouble they keep on an eye on him for the next week and he can't sell on school grounds.

His clients don't like going to Cam and they don't want to risk their parents seeing him at their front door. So school it is. To lower his chances of getting caught he changes his location everyday. Today it's the cafeteria. So far he's sold a few grams to some football players.

He leans against the windows and watches people file in and sit down. Everyone is talking at once he can barely hear himself. But he likes that. It makes him invisible and it keeps the thoughts he doesn't want to think at bay. Which lately have been harder for him to ignore.

It's all that asshole's fault. He has to do it but that doesn't make it easier. Every time he sees them he feels boiling pit of anger in his stomach. Why do they get to live while Orla doesn't? Why do they get to go around as if nothing happened when he can't? His mother is dead because of them and they don't even care.

It's like he can sense them without seeing them because he just knows the moment they step into the cafeteria. He doesn't look directly at them but always who's ever closest. He gets strange looks from a girl right behind them and she whispers something to her friend, then her and her friend both stare at him and gossip. He doesn't give a shit. He's very good at not giving a rat's ass about what any of these motherfuckers in this town think.

Well, mostly everyone.

He finds everything they do annoying. The way they pick up their tray, the way you order food, the way they walk past Imre's and his ass kissers' table. Even the way they sit down. He also gets pissed off at how slowly they eat. *Like if you're going to waste money on food don't be so fucking delicate about it for fuck's sake.*

He should just kick their ass.

"My dad said he's going to talk to the Principal to get that piece of shit out of this school," one of Imre's lackeys says.

"Good. How wants to go to school with a murderer? Makes me scared to go to class knowing they could pop out of nowhere and stab me," another one answers.

It seems like there's a queue for kicking Crowny's ass. Lorcan grimaces. It's not like he cares if someone kicks the shit outta them. It's just that the reason he wants to hurt them is different from the reason they want to hurt them. And he doesn't want to let anyone talk his chance.

"Why don't we show them not to fuck with us?" a voice suggests. Female.

Lorcan perks his ears up and tries to find the owner of that voice sitting at Imre's table. "How?"

The female voice giggles, a rich girl giggle. An annoying giggle that makes Lorcan wince. "Just watch." The voice sounds familiar but he can't see which one of them said it. Fuck Imre for having too many friends.

The bell rings and Crowny gets up. Lorcan knows something is about to go down. He crosses his arms and watches as the lamb goes to the slaughter. That's how that saying goes right?

It happens really fast too. Crowny walks past a blonde girl and they fall out of view. Lorcan pushes off the window and tries to peer over the many heads of other's who want to see what happened.

He's surprised when Nia gets up and crouches down. He still can't see what's going on but he hears the comments people make. The jeering and laughter that people are doing a poor job at containing. Nia helps Crowny get up and their nose is runny. It doesn't look broken — he's an expert at that — but their shirt is stained and they're looking around wildly like a small forest animal caught in a trap.

They run out of the cafeteria and even before the doors fully shut behind them the laughter breaks through and it's complete chaos. Lorcan pushes past throngs of people and quickly gets to the doors.

In the hallway he looks around to see where they went. He catches the edge of their shoe disappearing behind a corner and he starts jogging after it. They're fast but he manages to keep up. When he turns into an older hallway he sees them push in a door at the end of the hall.

He slows his jog into a brisk walk and then a slow one as he nears the door. He stops in front of it and tries to hear anything. At first there's nothing but the old piping in this part of the school.

He's about to walk away when he hears something. A sound. Gasping? Why would they be gasping? He could understand crying although he's never seen them cry but gasping? Sounds they're drowning, the fuck?

Lorcan followed them for two reasons and one of them was to enjoy their suffering. But now he's just confused. He backs away from the door, thinking that he'll have to come up with another plan when his back grazes against something solid.

He looks behind him to see the last person — apart from Crownny — that he doesn't want to see.

Imre has his hands in his pockets. "Are they in there?"

Lorcan turns to face him and asks, "why do you give a shit?"

Imre puts a finger to his. He goes to a side door and opens it. Lorcan can hear sounds from outside. Imre looks back at him and says, "I think we should have a conversation."

Lorcan snorts, "why the hell would I wanna talk to you?"

Imre pushes the door open even more. His back is to outside. The day light outlines his face so that Lorcan can barely see it shrouded in shadows. But he can tell he's smiling.

A smile that makes Lorcan feel uneasy. "Because I know and I think I can help."

[Episode 6 - scene 6 update](#)

[Nov 18, 2024](#)

This one continues the family trauma incredibly enough. I have prolonged this one bad night haha

Toodles, family-trauma-therapist-writer

[Nia - Q&A](#)

[Nov 19, 2024](#)

Why did you open the door for Birdie when they showed up unannounced? Were you tempted not to? I thought you didn't want anything to do with them anymore.

Why did I open the door? Because I'm an idiot. I was very tempted not to. But, who are you to state something about me as if you know me?

Why are you so opposed to Imre investigating murders? Would you react the same if he was investigating supernatural things instead?

Look, I'm not a monster. I think the death of all these girls and that little boy is sad. I just Imre has an inflated sense of self and he thinks that throwing himself in danger situations is ok because he's 'so smart' and he can outwit anyone. I don't want him to die nor Birdie. If the adults haven't figured this out or done anything why would a bunch of kids have any luck?

What is your favorite film or TV show?

I really like Rocky Horror. I'm into horror that blends "science" into it. I think Dr. Frankenfurter is hot and it's the only musical I can stand.

If you could leave the town, what would you want to do in the outside world that you can't do in Croun?

Be myself.

Which country would you want to live in if you could choose?

I don't care about the country, I care about the cities. I like big metropolitan cities. Tokyo, New York, Toronto, Beijing, Shanghai, Buenos Aires, Mumbai, you get the gist.

Do you think of Birdie as weird like the others? What is your thought on their "illness"?

I think Birdie is weird, but I've always known that and liked it. I'm not aiming for psychiatry but I do believe that patients shouldn't be judged, good bedside manner is key. I think their illness is probably hereditary, their family has a history of being mentally ill. I don't know enough to diagnose

Isn't it unfair that birdie lost the only person on their corner when they most needed it? Would you've done it differently?

I wasn't the only person in their corner. They weren't the only ones having a shit time, ok? It's unfair that they get compassion but I'm supposed to suck it up. Is that what friendship is?

Do you want to restore your friendship with birdie?

She just stares at the asker

[Episode 6 - scene 7 update](#)

[Nov 20, 2024](#)

Alright we finally got the finish line :)

This one has all the main cast. I think it's lighter in tone than the rest of the episode haha

Yours, the finished writer

[POVs - Episode 3](#)

[Nov 21, 2024](#)

I might do all put this could be for what order they come in

The movie scene

The dropping off scenes

Sally's POV for the *ahem* interrupted handy

other

61 votes total

[Sally - POV \(Episode 3\)](#)

[Nov 26, 2024](#)

The chair never felt right. Sally didn't know if it was because the leather was too worn or because it was too compact to ever slump in it. He supposed that a chair meant to be in a home office wasn't to slump in.

He wasn't prone to slumping anyway. He always imagined a piece of wood for a spine. He was always rigid even as a child. He felt like slouching gave the impression that he was hiding. His father told him men don't hide even when they're scared.

A good piece of advice. Something his father doesn't do him anymore. He sighs as he reads the amount on the page. Water bill. Gas bill. Electricity bill. He doesn't know if he hates this type of mail or the lumber mail the most.

It's moments like these when he has opened and discarded all these letters on the desk that he feels the most weight on himself. Most days it's easy to ignore the fact that everything is on him. It's only when it's quiet that those thoughts creep in.

He doesn't like them. They lead to other thoughts. Suppositions. Hypotheticals. Wishes. Desires. But all empty. He thinks of a life away from here but what would he do? Who could he be? Get a job in a big city? It sounds like generic things anyone says. He doesn't know.

And it does no good. This is his place. It's fine. It's honourable. His father couldn't do it but he can. He'll make it right again. Not only for them family but the town because the town is the family. A legacy his ancestor left him. It won't end at 150 years.

He rubs his face, a yawn hits his palms and he can't remember how long he slept for the night before. He takes the nearly empty coffee mug and the last cold drops hit his dry tongue.

He's been feeling out of sorts lately. It's not only that his sibling is back when they shouldn't be but it's also about the girl that died near the manor. What shit luck. As if he needed more eyes on the family. The other families hound him. Asking him questions he can't yet answer.

They offer a solution to his headache but he can't risk that. No. They can all keep going on as they have. He can fix the mistake that his father made. He just needs time. He slams his fist down on the desk, scattering some bills to the floor.

Time. He thought he had enough but it's already been weeks. He hasn't found the one. And he hasn't been paying attention to his siblings. Percy is hard. He's stubborn and obstinate, immature and a thief. He only ever talks to Sally to ask for money he no longer has. Of course he loves him. Percy is just lost. He doesn't understand the importance of being a Crown.

And as for his baby sibling? They're so young. He knows they're of age now but in his eyes they are forever too young. They seem like a lamb in a world full of wolves that look to sink their teeth into them. Maybe he was too protective. Maybe he was too scared that he made them scared too. What will happen to them if he isn't around? It makes him sick just to think of it.

They've been gone for two years and he hasn't even spent the time he wanted to with them. He wishes he could tell them what's been bothering him. To explain it in a way that won't terrify them. But what he fears could pass won't pass. He'll make sure of it, so why worry them?

"God," he whispers to himself and rubs his forehead. At moments when he feels like he's being stretched thin he can't seem to think of any simple next steps. Should he keep pouring over these bills? Should he go to the office in town? Sleep?

Maybe he could turn off his brain and watch a nice movie.

He stops rubbing his forehead. He gets up and steps over the fallen papers. He feels the idea crystallize in his mind before he opens the door. It's just what he needs.

There's practically a pip in his step as he reaches out his hand for the knob but as his fingertips touch the cold metal he stops. He hears a strange... noise.

His heart picks up as he tries to put his keen listening skills to the test. A part of him, somewhere deep down feels like he shouldn't, he can't explain why but he goes ahead anyway. Is there someone in the room with them? Or they in pain? Should he barge in?

He tries to distinguish what the sounds mean but either the door is too heavy or his sibling's voice too low to know what kind of noise it is. It's quiet for a few seconds and he moves his head closer to the door.

What if...

Sally has heard about how people who are mentally disturbed often hurt themselves. What if his sibling is dragging a knife through their arm and he's just standing here like an idiot?

With that fear piercing his heart he doesn't bother even knocking before calling out their name and opening the door.

He tries not to throw open the door but as soon as he sees them his eyes frantically search their body from head to toe for signs of blood. He looks at their arms which lay folded on their stomach.

Did they cut somewhere he couldn't see?

"What are you doing?" he hears himself ask suspiciously. He bites his tongue. The last thing he wants is to seem angry.

"Studying," they respond.

He doesn't believe them. He doesn't believe them at all. Ever since they've been back there's a little voice in his head that second guesses things they say to him. Even though there's no reason for them to lie to him.

But how is he going to accuse them of that and then invite them to the movies? He knows from dealing with Percy how well that goes.

No. Percy and their sibling aren't the same. Still, he's basing his suspicions off of nothing. All this stress is getting to him. If there's a pure and honest thing in this world it's his sibling.

He has to believe that. He has to make the others believe it too.

[Intimate Alphabet - Nia \(X-rated\)](#)

[Nov 30, 2024](#)

A = Aftercare (what they're like after sex)

She immediately gets up and goes to shower, if you want to come you can. If she's feeling particularly horny she'll let you rest for ten minutes but you can't get dressed

B = Body part (their favorite body part of theirs and also their partner's)

She loves her legs. Likes how tall she is. How smooth they are. On others she likes thighs. She likes holding onto them for dear life

C = Cum (anything to do with cum, basically)

She does gush a bit. Likes to do it on someone's mouth

D = Dirty secret (pretty self explanatory, a dirty secret of theirs)

She likes anal

E = Experience (how experienced are they? do they know what they're doing?)

More experienced than Imre, especially in pleasing others

F = Favorite position (this goes without saying)

Cowgirl, no matter the gender of whom she's with she likes being on top

G = Goofy (are they more serious in the moment? are they humorous? etc.)

She's serious, no bullshit. She's far too focused to find anything funny

H = Hair (how well groomed are they? does the carpet match the drapes? etc.)

she has a bush, she just cuts it a little to keep it at a manageable length, her hair is the same color as her pubic hair

I = Intimacy (how are they during the moment? the romantic aspect)

Her seriousness can be seen as romantic. She's only ever rough when she's about to cum other than that she doesn't like to leave many marks

J = Jack off (masturbation headcanon)

She doesn't do that, she has sex instead. Anytime she felt the need to with Crownny she just called up a fuck buddy

K = Kink (one or more of their kinks)

Velvet ties, multiple orgasms, golden showers, voyuerism, quickies

L = Location (favorite places to do the do)

A bed, or any stable service really.

M = Motivation (what turns them on, gets them going)

Intelligence. It doesn't need to be book smarts either. Crudeness

N = No (something they wouldn't do, turn offs)

no feces, no hitting, degradation

O = Oral (preference in giving or receiving, skill, etc.)

Prefers giving and is very talented with her tongue and fingers

P = Pace (are they fast and rough? slow and sensual? etc.)

Alternates but most of it is slow and sensual she's almost making love

Q = Quickie (their opinions on quickies, how often, etc.)

Loves them, especially if her lover can be heard but not her

R = Risk (are they game to experiment? do they take risks? etc.)

Only if she knows she has more chances of liking it. As long as she doesn't end up bleeding or something awful

S = Stamina (how many rounds can they go for? how long do they last?)

She gone go from sunset to sunrise with some breaks. Boundless energy

T = Toys (do they own toys? do they use them? on a partner or themselves?)

Vibrator, she likes using it on herself first then her partner but not clean off her juices. Dildo, she'll use it on herself and her partner

U = Unfair (how much they like to tease)

Not much. She gets annoyed

V = Volume (how loud they are, what sounds they make, etc.)

She's very loud. Doesn't like it but she can't help herself. Screams.

W = Wild card (a random headcanon for the character)

She had sex before she ever had her first kiss

X = X-ray (let's see what's going on under those clothes)

Well her vagina doesn't protrude. Her ass isn't huge but it's bubbly. She's a C cup

Y = Yearning (how high is their sex drive?)

Kind of high during her time of the month. She wants to do it every day. The rest of the month is fine, she can go without it for days

Z = Zzz (how quickly they fall asleep afterwards)

She stays awake for a while, just thinking even after her partner has fallen asleep.

[Episode 7 - no I haven't started yet](#)

[Dec 1, 2024](#)

But I have the outline for it ready

And also that episode will finally tell you why orla hates you so much

I think I could possibly start real work on it this week...

[Dec 5, 2024](#)

A = Aftercare (what they're like after sex)

He's depleted. He lays there trying to catch his breath, he might even be teary from the climax. You'll have to clean him up

B = Body part (their favorite body part of theirs and also their partner's)

He likes his shoulders, they slope in a way that's delicate. On his partner he likes their clavicle

C = Cum (anything to do with cum, basically)

His cum comes out in spurts. It's slightly bitter. He likes to finish inside someone

D = Dirty secret (pretty self explanatory, a dirty secret of theirs)

He likes to lick sweat he actually prefers it

E = Experience (how experienced are they? do they know what they're doing?)

Not that experienced. He'll need to be guided

F = Favorite position (this goes without saying)

Missionary

G = Goofy (are they more serious in the moment? are they humorous? etc.)

He accidentally makes it humorous cause he might ask the most random things like of you cum too much he'll freak out and ask if you peed

H = Hair (how well groomed are they? does the carpet match the drapes? etc.)

He doesn't grow a lot of hair down there. It's in patches. The color is as pale as his hair

I = Intimacy (how are they during the moment? the romantic aspect)

He is romantic. He's delicate. He touches softly.

J = Jack off (masturbation headcanon)

He does it frequently. He once got so angry at crowny he got a boner and that was confusing so he took care of it thinking of Pamela Anderson

K = Kink (one or more of their kinks)

Breeding, degradation, handcuffs, slapping

L = Location (favorite places to do the do)

On a bed. But if he's horny he'll literally do it on the ground

M = Motivation (what turns them on, gets them going)

A peek of skin like around the stomach, perhaps bending over and seeing that person's ass crack

N = No (something they wouldn't do, turn offs)

He doesn't like public sex and he doesn't like being called daddy or having to call someone else that or mommy nor threesomes

O = Oral (preference in giving or receiving, skill, etc.)

He prefers giving. He's not that good but he is eager

P = Pace (are they fast and rough? slow and sensual? etc.)

When he's penetrating he is slow and sweet, he makes love

Q = Quickie (their opinions on quickies, how often, etc.)

Gets frustrated because he can't cum that quickly

R = Risk (are they game to experiment? do they take risks? etc.)

Not really. Apart from the kinks he's kind of too scared to try other things

S = Stamina (how many rounds can they go for? how long do they last?)

If he's been edged he doesn't last that long. Usually can go for 30 mins and does need a bit of rest time. He'll go for two rounds after that he's too tired

T = Toys (do they own toys? do they use them? on a partner or themselves?)

He doesn't own any but he would use them on himself and his partner if they asked

U = Unfair (how much they like to tease)

Doesn't like to at all cause he'll just want to fuck

V = Volume (how loud they are, what sounds they make, etc.)

He's basically silent with occasionally soft moans

W = Wild card (a random headcanon for the character)

He almost said yes to a blow job from an older woman when he was 15

X = X-ray (let's see what's going on under those clothes)

Grower not a shower. It's 5' flaccid. Kind of thin. Small butt.

Y = Yearning (how high is their sex drive?)

Kind of low. He is fine with doing it maximum 2 times a week he prefers affection to sex

Z = Zzz (how quickly they fall asleep afterwards)

Pretty quickly but he cuddles

[A non game update - writing diary 11 \(?\)](#)

[Dec 7, 2024](#)

Did not get to work on episode 7 this week cause certain ~ life ~ developments took up all my time I really should just become a complete hermit to complete this project but I really do wanna start some work on Monday

Usually I do a side story today but the life stuff pushed everything forward so that will be out tomorrow instead I think what I'm going to do is do POVs for the ROs from each event so

1. Imre will get the convo he has with Lorcan after they drop off Crownny
2. Nia will get the scene of when she's dropped off at home
3. Lorcan will get him at home scene after Imre is gone

Peace my homies, Jude

[Dec 8, 2024](#)

Note: slight spoilers read at your own discretion.

He saw them disappear into that decrepit house. How can anyone live there? His father once told him that before Imre was born, Croun Manor used to be quite a sight to behold. He can't imagine what it would look like in a better state. *Perfect home for creepy individuals.*

He could feel Lorcan staring at him. He had leaned away from him as much as the car would allow. For someone who prided himself on his reputation for delinquency it amused Imre to see how much of a... coward Lorcan is.

Imre turns the signal as the car reaches the end of the dirt path and into the main road.

"So?"

Imre felt his lips quirk, "the fight was little too much I would say."

Lorcan huffs, "Crowny didn't think so. Nia didn't either and she's the suspicious bitchy one."

"Hey," Imre side eyes Lorcan, "don't speak that way about her."

Lorcan rolls his eyes and rolls down the window. "Anyway I did good and I was the one who got my ass beat."

Imre assents, "you didn't do as horribly as I thought you would. But there is a fine line between anger and ridiculousness, my friend. Our odd peer isn't stupid."

Lorcan lights a cigarette. "You totally thought they would be huh?" Lorcan mumbles.

Imre cocks his head, "I never thought they were as glazed-eyed as everyone else in this town but they do have a keen eye. They see the smaller things, it makes for a great detective."

"But a shitty thing for us," Lorcan adds.

Imre taps the steering wheel.

"What are we trying to do anyway? Convince them to accept? No one in their fucking mind would be so crazy even that psycho," Lorcan says.

Lorcan looks at Imre through the smoke.

"It's either to convince them or lead them," Imre replies. "The former is much kinder but I'm not above the latter. It's less chaotic without emotions."

Lorcan blows out smoke from his nostrils, "we don't even know if we're right, Duran. Are we fucking them?"

Imre looks at the boy, "since when do you care about them? Haven't you sworn to end their life because of a perceived slight?"

Lorcan taps the ashes out the window, "it's not a fucking slight and you know that." Lorcan's voice tinges with that edge he gets when his parents are mentioned. Imre had known that Lorcan blamed them for his mother's death but only recently did he get the full story.

He didn't believe that they were at fault. Everyone knew Mr. Stark was a disagreeable man with bouts of anger. He had heard more than once the question by others as to why had Clover married that man? If Imre's information is correct, Cian and Clover were high school sweethearts, everyone had expected them to marry.

When the affair was exposed no one was that surprised but they did start chattering about how long it had gone on for at the time. They died 11 years from 1975, hadn't they?

Imre studies Lorcan's face, the only illumination in the car was coming from the radio. Lorcan looks at him.

"What?" he asks.

"Do you want to drive around a bit more? It's not so late," Imre suggests.

Lorcan sucks on his cigarette. "Can't. Grandma's got me coming home before 12. Says she'll kick my ass if I don't straighten out."

"What will happen to your business activities?"

Lorcan shrugs. "I can't sell at school no more. I can't sell after 12. I gotta start doing it in the day."

"Didn't you say the last time you were arrested was at 17?" Imre asks.

"Yep."

"You do realize that if you get arrested now with marijuana or any of the other drugs you sell, that you'll face serious charges and likely be sentenced?"

Lorcan snorts, "gotta raise my street cred."

Imre sighs, "you're being sardonic and childish. I told you that if you needed—"

"Yeah yeah yeah I'm not taking your money," Lorcan interjects.

Imre clicks his tongue. "You people are too prideful."

Lorcan blows out smoke and throws the cigarette onto the street. "It ain't that. I just know it'll wanna pay you back. And I don't wanna owe anyone anything."

"You do understand that that is pride?"

Lorcan yawns in response.

Imre turns into the trailer park. He's been here more times in the past few weeks than in all his life. Usually at a late hour or at the crack of dawn — which is not something Imre is keen to do often since Lorcan's sour mood prevents any meaningful discussions of plans.

Although, even Imre can admit that they do talk about other things. They've become closer. Lorcan was to Imre that deviant kid with a dead mother and murderer father. Sad, pathetic and with much baggage.

Imre volunteered and hosted fundraisers but truthfully he never cared for the causes of the less fortunate and so the plight of the poor in town glided over him like a rock in a stream. He wouldn't say he's a champion for them now but he does find himself feeling... an almost... pity.

Perhaps you can only ever care for things when they affect you. He knew all those activists were liars.

Imre slowly drives the car along the dirt, rocks bounce off the metal of the car. Lorcan's grandmother's house has strong porch lights. Nearly blinding. Likely installed to prevent her grandson from conducting his affairs close to the house.

Imre barely comes to a stop before Lorcan opens the door and steps out into the night. He leans down and says to Imre, "do ya really think it's them?"

Imre replies without hesitation, "I'm almost completely positive."

Lorcan thinks for a moment and then nods. "Hope you're right. They already fucked it up enough cause they were wrong."

"We won't be," Imre promises.

Lorcan looks at him once more, uncertainty in his pale eyes. But, he lightly slaps the hood of the car and shuts the door and walks off.

Imre tries to quiet the little doubtful voice in his head.

[Dec 12, 2024](#)

Much simpler to figure out what I want snippets/drabbles to be when I have an idea around them so here's a prompt list. Tell me which one and with which character you want it with

Let's go with romantic ones for now

- All I've ever wanted is for you to see me."
- "When did you stop loving me?"
- "Just please open your eyes."
- "Wake up. You have to wake up. Please. For me."
- "Just please, don't leave me."
- "When was the last time you said you loved me, and meant it?"
- "Why does everyone always leave?"
- "It hurts so much. Why does it hurt so much? I just want it to stop."
- "Forget it. Just like you forget everything else."
- "I never ask for help because I'm not sure I know how."
- "It's alright to feel broken every once and a while. And it's alright to take time to heal."
- "I feel like I'm falling apart."
- "What is it about me that isn't good enough?"
- "I wish I was brave."
- "What's the point in trying if only one of us is willing to?"
- "You almost died and you're making jokes?"
- "I'm scared."
- "I don't need you to tell me who I am!"
- "I don't miss you. I miss us."
- "I thought I'd never see you again."
- "I can't lose you." "You already did."
- "Don't look at me like that." "Like what?" "Like you still love me."
- "Will you even miss me at all?"
- "You weren't there...why weren't you there? I needed you! I needed *you*! And you weren't there!"

- “I would give up everything for the chance to hear your laugh again. To see you smile. To see you happy.”
- “If I never see you again, just know that I love you so, so much.”

[Q and A - Lorcan](#)

[Dec 12, 2024](#)

Ask away in the comments peoples :p

[Drabble: Orla x Crowny AU](#)

[Dec 13, 2024](#)

As requested. This is a look into what they would be if they loved each other.

"Just sit still you brat."

*If Crowny has naturally long hair**

You try to elbow her but she jerks to the left, pulling your hair in the process. "OW!"

Orla grins and continues fiddling with your hair. You don't know what she's doing but she's practically barged into your room and told you to come with her.

You eye the posters on her walls. Boys, models and ballerinas. She always gushes with you about the ballerinas, she used to daydream about what she would do when she was a famous award-winning one.

"Orla?"

"Hmm?"

"Why did you stop dancing?"

Orla gently runs her hands along your strands.

You shake your head but that just makes her yank your hair once again. "I MEAN why didn't you go to those fancy dance schools?"

*If Crownny has naturally short hair**

You try to elbow her but she jerks to the left, she knees your back. "OW!"

Orla grins and continues fiddling with the wig she plopped on your head. You don't know what she's doing but she's practically barged into your room and told you to come with her.

You eye the posters on her walls. Boys, models and ballerinas. She always gushes with you about the ballerinas, she used to daydream about what she would do when she was a famous award-winning one.

"Orla?"

"Hmm?"

"Why did you stop dancing?"

Orla gently runs her hands along the strands of the wig.

"I dance here," she responds with a light tone.

You shake your head. "I mean why didn't you go to those fancy dance schools?"

*

"The school will always be there. Sally can't take care of you and Percy by himself," she says.

"But mother and father—"

"And there it is!" she interrupts. She grabs your hand and leads you over to her mirror. She grabs a hand mirror and places it behind your head so that you can see what the design looks like.

It's a braid but with many rows. You wrinkle your nose, "it looks like a fish."

Orla smile drops and she flicks your cheek. "OW!"

"It's supposed to you little brat."

[Drabble a.k.a. prompts - Lorcan](#)

[Dec 17, 2024](#)

He tries to reach from your arm but you slap his hand away. Fury prickles like tiny needles in your face and you know if you could cry from rage you would.

He can though. You can see the telltale signs of desperate tears formulating in his eyes. His hand is still outstretched, he's begging for you.

"What? Hmm? What can you possibly fucking say to me? For years I was your monster, the one who did something horrible to you. Yet, you had no leg to stand on," you reprimand.

His mouth opens and closes. He looks like a suffocating fish.

"What?" you ask, your voice filled with unbridled rage. "You don't want me to leave so what do you want? What do you want to say Lorcan? How can you make me stay?"

He blinks and a tear drops down his pale cheek.

"I can't lose you," he says in a broken whisper.

"You already did. You're good at that," you respond coldly and walk away.

[Nia - POV E3 \(home\)](#)

[Dec 21, 2024](#)

Why did she say that? Has she lost her mind? She should've walked inside faster, not have let them catch up to her. But she stopped. Why? Nia has always prided herself on maintaining control over her emotions. She's been called a bitch for it, an ice queen, a cunt.

But she feels as if it allows her to have control over her life. Yes, she knows life is inherently chaotic, especially in a town like this. But if there's one thing that belongs only to her, it's her actions.

She had a plan. She would keep her distance. She would be courteous, she would be composed. In one single night that all went to shit. She talked to them at the movies, she told them why she calls them Birdie.

It's just... they unnerve her. If Nia had to explain herself and her in one image she would say that she imagines herself standing on a platform, thousands of feet in the air. The wind blowing her long locks around her face. Her feet are firmly planted. She doesn't tip over.

But ever since they came back she feels herself sliding ever closer to the edge. To plummet down to the ground, to splatter like a bag of blood is what awaits her if she keeps letting her rein loose. Nia shuts the door behind her, her heels echo off the walls. The chilliness of the night seeps in from who knows where.

She waits and listens. She hears footsteps, the usual ones she's recognized since childhood. The help is always here. Although they follow her father's rule of being neither seen nor heard unless called upon. Her father...

She walks with purpose towards the elevator her finger already outstretched to touch the button. She awaits with her arms crossed. She uncrosses them. She pushes her hair back over her shoulders. She taps her thigh. She sighs. *Stop it*, she can hear her father's voice reprimand her in her head. She lets her arms hang by her side and the elevator dings.

She walks in and hits the button for the third floor. The house was a hotel for many years. A business venture by her great-grandfather. A rather stupid one she thinks, on average how many people come to this shithole?

From what her father told her, her grandfather wasn't much better. He managed the hotel but his true passion lied with the arts. She's seen his paintings, she doesn't know much about art but they're rather mediocre. The only thing her father ever thanked his family for was his name. The Mirs were one of the first families to come to this town. Her ancestor Bijan Mir was apparently good friends with Josiah Croun.

Growing bored with thoughts of her dead relatives she thinks of Imre. Of what Imre told her. She just can't bring herself to believe it. Everyone says this town is haunted. That fairytale creatures abound. Small town superstition if you ask her, she's never seen anything out of the ordinary. It's all just tales from people who have far too much time of their hands.

The elevator dings open. She makes her way to her father's study and knocks once on the dark wood.

"Come in," a bored voice says.

Nia slowly opens the door and sees her father sitting at his desk, neat piles of paper around him. He doesn't look up as he's writing, "you're late, daughter."

Nia feels herself grimace but she quickly composes her face. "I'm sorry. Imre thought it was a good idea to drive half the town home."

"Is that hyperbole?"

Nia doesn't answer. "If Imre keeps bringing you home later than is prudent, I'll have to see about getting you a fulltime chauffeur."

"It won't happen again father," she replies a bit too quickly. He raises an eyebrow and in a more calm voice she adds, "I'll talk to him."

"You're adamant about not wanting a personal driver makes me think you're doing things you shouldn't," he accuses.

Nia's hand grips the doorknob. "Imre is a boy who has a lot of friends. The drives are one of the only times I can spend with him without other kids from other families trying to get into his good graces."

Amir twists his pen and sets it on the table. He clasps his hands in front of him and looks up at his daughter. "It's fortunate he's taken such a liking to you. I thought it would never happen when you constantly passed him over for your other *friend*."

Nia grips the doorknob tighter. "We did go to the party to keep up our relationship with the Crowns. It would be good if I renewed my friendship with [name] Crown, wouldn't it?"

Amir's face is expressionless as always. He says in monotone, "we went out of respect to Salvatore and his father. I never liked your friendship with that child, it did you no good."

She has the urge to look away from his penetrating black eyes but she manages to maintain her calm demeanor while her fingers hurt from the death-grip she has on the knob.

"The Crowns aren't as powerful as they once were. The only reason our kind still deigns to treat them as equals is because they founded this town but Victor ruined any chance of that family of ever gaining back the influence and authority they had. All that is left to them is their name and if things are as dire as I'm hearing, not even that will be enough," he explains.

Nia's curiosity is peaked but she holds her tongue. Her father looks at the small clock on his desk. "Inform Marcel that we're ready to eat," he orders.

"Yes, father," she replies and steps back into the hallway.

"Nia," he interjects.

She pauses and he says, "I don't want to hear that you're seeing [name] Crown. You have far more important friends. Now more than ever do we need the Durans' friendship."

She nods once and closes the door.

[Sneak Peek - E7](#)

[Dec 22, 2024](#)

//December 17th 1985//

There had never been more screaming kids in Croun Manor than there was today. For 364 days a year, the Crown children maintained a quiet existence to prevent the wrath of their parents.

Well, Orla never did. She walked through life as if it bowed down to her. Mother and Father never reprimanded her for it. But today she was especially //persistent// in her attention-seeking ways.

At least that is what it looked like to you. It wasn't a slight against her. It was a fact that Orla shined brightest on her birthday and she knew it. A light that burned retinas.

....

It didn't happen immediately. Years wore on your relationship like a overused ring that oxidizes from lotion, water, weather leaving a finger green. Was it because you simply grew apart? Because she couldn't understand you? Because she was frightened?

[Update scene 1 - E7](#)

[Dec 23, 2024](#)

Here it is!!

Password is 3912

Ta, ta

[Drabble a.k.a. prompts - Nia](#)

[Dec 24, 2024](#)

You feel violent. You feel as if you want to hit her. You hate how you can be imploding but she's just standing there, having opened the door for you after you banged it frantically moments ago.

What's even more infuriating is that she looks pretty. Put-together even though she told you that you woke up her up.

"Are you going to say something or do you want to just stand there looking like a kid who's about to have a temper tantrum?" she asks drily.

Her obnoxious smile makes you shake with rage. You couldn't take her in a fight but it would feel nice to get all this bottled up inside you out. And she knows you would never hit her in this state. That's why she's so calm.

You swallow thickly and force your voice to not cower as you ask, "**what is it about me that isn't good enough?**"

She quirks an eyebrow. This she hadn't expected, the little victory of having surprised her feels hollow against the torrent of feeling inside of you.

"What?"

You exhale from your nose and reiterate, "is it because I'm not rich enough? Not sane enough? Not cool enough? It's that embarrassed to be seen with me?"

"What are you—"

"I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHY! WHY CHANGE ME FOR IMRE FOR YOUR OTHER FRIENDS?! WHY DID I DO WRONG?!" you scream.

Nia looks down, letting out a small sigh. Shaking her head, she gives one thing: sorrow.

[My Christmas gift for you](#)

[Dec 25, 2024](#)

So, I had originally planned to write a Christmas thing but I didn't have much time and I thought "well I'll try to write Episode 7 quickly during this time as a gift" but I also want to give something more...

For those of you who want to know the remaining titles of the episodes for the second half...

- 8: When we pretend that we're dead
- 9: The world was on fire and no one could save me but you

- 10: Don't say a prayer for me now
- 11: Heaven beside you, hell within
- 12: Bitter sweet symphony, part 1
- 13: Bitter sweet symphony, part 2

HAPPY HOLIDAYS MY GENEROUS SUPPORTERS (p.s. I think another scene is going to be released this week)

[Writing diary — 10](#)

[Dec 29, 2024](#)

The side story is coming later today. I sadly haven't worked on the story cause for some reason I had the idiotic notion that I could get to writing this week while I had to pack for a family trip, get on planes, unpack and get situated.

I feel if I lock in I could get out scene 2 either Monday or Tuesday

Jude

[Lorcan - POV E3 \(tea\)](#)

[Dec 29, 2024](#)

3...2...1

He slowly moves the door an inch closer to the threshold. He winces when it creaks. He forgot he was going to crease the damn thing with oil.

He counts down in his head again.

3...2...1

He doesn't let the knob slip from his fingers. He manually turns the knob to the left, his impatience fighting with the nerves that are making sweat form on his forehead. Or maybe it's the heat. His grandma likes to keep the house unbearably hot.

He breathes out a sigh of relief when the knob rights itself. His slim fingers climb up to the latch and he starts sliding it.

"You're much louder than you think, my boy."

Lorcan's heart jumps and he curses. "Stupid fucking door."

"What was that?" his grandmother asks.

Lorcan latches the door and faces her. She stands at the threshold across the small living room that leads to the rest of the house. Her frizzy red hair is tied up in a ludicrous knot that's higher than her head and she wears her bright pink fuzzy night robe.

"Nothin' grams, I didn't want to wake you," he responds and sits down on the lumpy old couch.

She walks over to him as he takes off his heavy boots. He can barely feel her sit, her body is notoriously thin, that's why she's always so cold. He used to be that way before dealing, he got used to waiting outside people's houses in all kinds of weather, sometimes up to half an hour.

She watches him throw his boots on the floor with loud thumps.

He shrugs off his leather jacket and leans back into the couch, sighing. He knows her all too well. If he starts talking it'll just end in a fight so he bites his tongue — and extremely hard thing for him to do — and waits.

His grandma takes off her green sea-shell glasses and starts wiping them with her robe. "Where did you go?"

"Went to see a movie," he answers succinctly.

She raises her eyebrow, "really? What movie?"

Lorcan starts searching in his pockets. "It was—"

He furrows his eyebrows. What the fuck? He doesn't remember shit. That's what he gets for going to see a movie he doesn't want to see cause Imre asked him.

"It was about a guy," he replies and fishes out his packet of cigarettes.

"A guy," she echoes.

"Uh huh, a guy who did a thing," he continues and puts a cigarette in his mouth.

He reaches over to the coffee table for the ashtray. "You didn't have time to come up with a better lie, honey?" she asks and puts her glasses back on.

Lorcan peers at her and she has a small smile on her face. He doesn't like what that means. He flicks on his lighter and brings it to the tip, "ok, where do *you* think I was grams?"

She lets out a small laugh that makes him give her a suspicious look as he blows out smoke.

"Well you did say that you kept running into that crown-" she begins.

"Oh my goddddddd," Lorcan interrupts with an eye roll.

"Hey I'm innocent," she raises up her hands, "you're the one who can't stop talking about them. At first I thought it was the same thing you always do because you've never had anything nice to say about them but now you talk about them differently."

Lorcan answers her with a puzzled look. "What does that mean?"

"Ah, the kettle must still be hot, do you want tea?" she inquires and gets up.

Lorcan sits up, "grams what does that mean?"

She waves him off, "just let me get our tea."

Lorcan grumbles and leans back down.

When grandma Stark does come back he's stewing and after she sets down the tea on knitted placemats she lightly pinches his cheek.

She takes her time adding her sugar cubes and sipping all while he watches her with exceeding annoyance.

She slurps loudly and it makes his eye twitch. She tries to hide her smile. She always found him adorable when he got angry.

She swallows and sets the tea down. "You used to talk about other things apart from your hate but now you only talk about them and you do it with so much passion anyone would say that you're- OH LORCAN REALLY?"

She shakes her head as her grandson covers his ears, blowing cigarette smoke out his nose. "Are you 12?"

She tries to one of his hands off but he holds steadfast so she takes out his cigarette. "HEY!" he exclaims and tries to reach for it but she throws it in his piping hot tea.

Lorcan stares at it for a second before reaching for his cup, fishing out the blackened stub, throwing it somewhere on the floor and sipping his tea.

"You're a strange grandson," she observes.

He slurps and looks at nothing. She can tell that he's not inclined to talk to her, he'll probably keep this up at least till breakfast.

"I just don't know why you think they were responsible-" she tries again.

"I don't want to talk about that shit, grams," he interjects.

"Until when, my boy? it's been years. It's not good for the soul to keep things bottled up inside," she stresses.

He gives the tea a withering look, his mouth sloshing the tea around.

She sighs and lays a gentle hand on his knee. "Sometimes things happen and we have to accept them. You can't take out your grief on someone else."

"I'm not doing that," he protests stubbornly.

Grandma Stark stares at him. In this light, he looks so much like her it makes her chest ache. She should've been smarter, got him in to see a therapist but she thought she could love him enough to make it all a distant memory.

He's harming himself, she thinks. While it's nice to hear him get animated even though it's due to his hate towards a child that seems to have gotten the short-end of the stick like he has, it is also making him relive the pain of Orla's death. What better way to self-harm than spending time with his dead girlfriend's sibling?

She wishes she could say more but the words die in her throat. He could fall in love again, but she doesn't know if that's more good than bad.

[Drabble a.k.a. prompts \(Lorcan\)](#)

[Dec 31, 2024](#)

His fingers wiped your cold sweaty cheeks gently. He had first tried to shake you. Then he thought of slapping you. But nothing, *nothing* he did worked.

He didn't know what had happened. You two were having fun, shooting the shit, as he liked to say and then you just collapsed.

He wiped strands of matted her from your eyes. It was matted because of him because like an idiot he started crying and his tears fell on your beautiful face.

He pressed his forehead to yours and silently whispered, **"wake up. You have to wake up. Please. For me."**

Similar words of plea slipped from his mouth, he didn't even listen to what he saying. He was just blabbing like a scared little boy. He tried squeezing his eyes shut so as to stop the wave of tears but they still managed to escape and drip down onto you.

"If you die-"

"You'll die too? Is that *really* what you were going to say?"

Lorcan shot back up as if he'd be shocked and with bewildered eyes looked down at your already moving body. You groaned and sat up, slapping your hand to your forehead.

"Jesus. Too many shots," you sighed.

Lorcan stared at you, his mouth hung open. You let your hand drop and raised an eyebrow, "what?"

"You're ok," he said breathlessly.

You grimaced, "duh. I was just too drunk. Let's not celebrate New Year's so hard next time-"

You didn't get to finish what you were saying before Lorcan tackled you, smothering your mouth with his.