

DarkFictionJude Patreon by Thomas Bell

(02/January/2025 - 29/May/2025)

[Update - scene 2 \(E7\).](#)

[January 2](#)

GAME UPDATE

Two days off from what I said but in my defence it was new years and I have a lot of family 🤔

This part is a little lighthearted I would say. Kind of nice.

HOUSEKEEPING

Some changes this year. For instance, I said this a while ago on the blog but now the way I'm going to do Patreon main story releases and public story releases is different.

For WWC, beginning with episode 8 what will do is that when an episode is completed I will only release it publicly after I start working on the next episode so that means the patreon will be an episode ahead of the public demo. Perhaps even more if I decide to wait until episode 8 - 10 are completed to publicly release them at the end of 2025. Either way you guys would get it first.

For OYHS and EC, that won't apply yet as I'm just planning on releasing one chapter for each this year. But instead of a week it'll be longer for the public demo to be updated. You will get them a month in advance.

Now this year I do want to try my hand at mature stories. Bear with me here though haha I've never done it before so I think those will be once a month for each RO starting in February.

That's all.

Until next time, the new year new writer

[Side stories - E4](#)

[January 3](#)

Ya'll know what time it is....

Given that Nia doesn't show up in this episode, you'll read about her suffering through hanging out with other people she hates :)

For Imre it will be the Prudence bedroom scene from his POV

For Lorcan be Daryl scene POV (for those of you who don't remember, it's Stephanie's creepy boyfriend)

I think I want to do a Percy story too, maybe with his girlfriend...

[Update - E7 \(3\)](#)

[January 6](#)

So this one was originally two different scenes but I felt like I wanted to make the scenes in the episode shorter in amount and longer in content.

And I did really just want to get to the party already.

Yeah, so I would be ready for Crownly to suffer (like always) and it's just the beginning for the shit that goes down in the party.

Byeeee, Jude.

[Drabble - Imre](#)

[January 7](#)

The insects lie forever suspended in formaldehyde, their bodies unable to return to the Earth from which they came. Imre finishes adding the label for his newest acquisition: a wolf spider. Of course he always uses the Latin name.

"Do you like it?" he asks.

You slide up next to him and watch it in its prison.

"Why do you like this so much?" you ask.

Imre gives you a confused smile. "What's not to like? They're perfect specimens forever preserved at the prime of their lifespan."

"Do you wish you could that to humans?"

"I wouldn't mind keeping you forever as you are," he says and it looks like he's joking but he's so good at lying.

"All I've ever wanted is for you to see me," you whisper.

"Did you say something?" he asks.

You shake your head. "I like them."

He hugs you closer but it feels like you're looking at him through the green glass of the jars.

[Writing diary #11](#)

[January 8](#)

I don't know why I never wanted to write the story on an actual writing program. Insane. I actually have been writing the story right on the twine app.

Hence the grammatical errors.

Decided to not do that and it is much cleaner now.

Also I changed it up. You see I used to force myself to finish one aspect of a scene even if it was boring. It's much more fun to jump around. Now I start with the cold writing first (pages with no choices) and although there aren't much compared to the ones with choices it's nice to get quick progress. Then I work on one route for a day, finish it and work on the next route the next day.

Scene 4 is looking to be quick. There's more drama in here and some spice. Except for the Lorcan route haha

The scene I am dreading as I formally went back to add some things in the outline is the final scene 6. Cause it's the longest scene in the game (around 24 pages). Which will make it the longest to write and I think it's fitting since it is the last scene of part 1.

Sincerely, Jude.

[Update - E7 \(4\)](#)

[January 11](#)

This one is more drama and might be controversial...

We'll see, Jude

[Imre - POV \(E4\)](#)

[January 12](#)

He expected the outcome of this night to be much different than how it's going.

He doesn't like surprises of this kind. The *familial* kind. It was already bad enough to have to sit through the victim's family interviews with all the crying and emotions. Now he has to sit here and take care of this messy of a woman because their child doesn't seem so inclined to.

He knows his inner thoughts make him sound heartless. Other people would have more empathy for those who have lost a loved one, grief is a powerful thing. He's felt it.

But he just can't seem to care about the grief of others. Especially when it's an obstacle in his path. He would rather shake the person to their senses. He looks at them. Or shake them into reacting in a way where they leave their trauma at the door.

It's not like he doesn't know what it's like to have bad parents. But he's able to push past that. He can keep his anger and his hatred in a box within his mind and open it at convenience. Is it too much to ask for everyone else to do the same?

He watches them look through their mother's things. Perhaps this is the first time they ever had the chance, Mrs. Crown has a... reputation. That's as nicely as Imre can put it. He's heard the other town mothers and their unsolicited opinions about her parenting.

His mother felt differently though. She always tried to defend Mrs. Crown whenever the subject came up in her old tea parties. She would say things such as: *"it's hard being a wife to a man like that"* and *"some women don't want that many kids."*

When he was a child he used to not understand why his mother was like that. She was the kindest person he had ever met. Hardly ever had a bad word to say about anyone, even his father and he gave her plenty of motives. Imre felt that the world didn't deserve that kind of grace.

Now he still doesn't understand it but he envies it. There are times when he wishes he could see the goodness in people that she does. Not view everyone as either a target or a tool. Could let emotion dictate his logic every once in a while. Or maybe he just hates his father enough to not want to share any traits with him.

But those moments are few and far between. He has encountered nothing that can compete against the thrill of seeing someone fall under his spell. Perhaps it's an addiction.

He looks at them again, sees the agitation on their face. How they cope with it. He can tell they aren't doing that well. This investigation is taking a toll on them and each day they seem to be sinking beneath the weight of its enormity. He knows it's his fault.

But he would do it again if he had to. He can't let one person get in the way of something this important. And if he's right, they will be rewarded beyond their wildest dreams.

As Imre was lamenting the debt in his evening plans Lorcan came in with the first aid kit. Imre didn't even bother to ask them if they wanted to heal their mother and Lorcan would faint.

He knew that he was biased. Not everyone had an amazing mother but he couldn't lie to himself that it did bother him that they seem so unwilling to help their mother in this state. Mrs. Crown inspires pity in him and he rarely feels it.

It must be hard to lose a child. If anyone is proof of unconditional love it is Mrs. Crown with Orla.

He finished bandaging up her wound quickly and was about to suggest continuing with their initial course of action when Mrs. Crown began stirring and for a second it irritated him because he didn't want to anymore delays.

December loomed ever closer.

But then he heard her. "Orla." That name opened up another pathway within his mind and he felt his lips quirk.

When she reaches for them Imre nearly grins. He can't deny he isn't impressed when they react so quickly to the pretence. He'd never admit this but he is gaining more respect for them as time goes on. He values efficiency.

Is it a paradox that insanity breeds it within the youngest Crown?

Imre focuses on the scene at hand. He can obsess over his colleague later.

And he does it at the most fortunate moment.

Yasmine Mir.

As they get up and walk to stand in between him and Lorcan, Imre smirks. He almost feels giddy. A way to intice Nia just fell into his lap and he didn't have to do anything.

Perhaps God does exist.

.....

"What do either of you know of Nia's mother?" he asks.

"That she was a bit," Lorcan makes a swirl with his finger near his temple.

"Well, yes," he replies and looks at them.

They shrug. "I think I saw her like one time when I was 4. Nia never talked to be about her."

"With me neither. But that could work to our advantage," he claims.

They look confused and suspicious. It thrilled and annoyed him when they didn't trust him.

"How?"

"Nia wants to know. Regardless of what she claims she has never gotten over her mother leaving her. Parental wounds cut deep," he responds.

"What if she does know and just didn't want to tell by one?" they ask.

He considers this. "That could very well be true. But it's a risk we have to take, it's the only true lead we have."

They don't look convinced. He finds the urge to shake them again. If only their insanity was linked to psychopathy.

Lorcan yawns. "Yeah whatever let's do this shit tomorrow I'm tired as fuck."

Lorcan gave him a look while the other one wasn't looking. He knows that Lorcan wants to talk about Nia. He knows he's nervous about her. If he's too nervous he could tell the others everything.

He doesn't want to consider what he would have to do to stop Lorcan if it were what he needed.

[Update - E7 \(5\)](#)

[January 14](#)

As the title say it is what it is.

This one is for all the James lovers.

Yours, Jude.

[Sneak peek \(E7: S6\)](#)

[January 20](#)

"Where are going to put the body?" you ask.

"Where all the dead go."

oooooo

By the time the lights of the house were swallowed up by the darkness it was down-pouring. Your fingers threatened to slip from the handles multiple times. All your costumes hung heavily on your slick bodies.

oooooo

You're all in a circle, standing five feet away from the body. It's so strange how quickly a person can adapt. You don't even see James laying there. It's a corpse.

[Drabbles - Nia](#)

[January 21](#)

Even though you know it's futile. You called so many times already. You can clearly see when you're not wanted. But it's Nia. Your dignity goes out the window with her and you can't leave without saying goodbye.

The ringing stops as it's done countless times in the past week. The robotic voice asks you to leave a message. As if all you felt for her could be encapsulated in a telephone voice message of a minute.

But even if you can make her know a fraction of it it'll be worth it. When your friends with someone you love, you think you'll have enough time to tell them. You thought you were given decades.

"Hey, Nia," you say into the phone. "I'm guessing you're not home. I just wanted to call to tell you that I'm leaving tomorrow morning. I don't know when I'll be back. I just wanted to say... I don't know what you think of me now but I need you to know what I think of you. I don't know when it happened or why..."

You roll your eyes and sigh. Closing your eyes for the fall off the cliff you say the words that have lived in your mind for years.

"If I never see you again, just know that I love you so, so much," you confess. And it feels like a bullet through your heart.

You hang up quickly, already regretting your choice but what's done is done. You wish you could hope she hears it and calls you back or better yet comes to see you one last time to tell you she feels the same.

But when Nia does come home from a shift at the hospital and eagerly goes to her answering machine hoping to hear her Birdie's voice, to give her that push she needs to tell them everything; she finds that she's received no messages.

[Update - E7 \(6\)](#)

[January 25](#)

Here it is!!

Totally thought I'd finish this next week. I locked in.

Congrats, Jude.

[Nia - Date \(E4\)](#)

[February 1](#)

Content warning: body-image issues, eating disorders

"Fat bitch," Connie giggles.

Nia moves her fries around her plate. Connie's eyes follow a random girl sitting two tables down from them.

"Lower your voice," Nia chastises. She doesn't do it with her usual menace though.

"I don't know why these *people* have to eat here with us. Can't they pig out at home?" she asks in a nasally voice.

Nia closes her eyes and tries to force her annoyance down. She takes a fry and shoves it in her mouth. It tastes awful. Reheated processed shit.

"Look at her! Disgusting!" she gags.

Nia thinks about throat-punching her. It would give her a reason to be disgusted.

But she breathes in deeply and opens her eyes. The fry sloshes around her mouth, she can't bring herself to swallow.

"If I was that fat I would kill myself," Connie says a little louder.

"Why wait?" Nia responds in a low voice.

Connie shakes her head at the girl and goes back to her salad. Nia looks at her arms, the skin straining against the spaghetti straps, the stomach bulge she hides by wearing high-waisted shorts. She could say so much if she wanted to. But Nia always found fighting fire with similar fire to be pathetic.

Connie looks greedily at Nia's toned arms, her thin collarbone and tilts her head to peek at Nia's sculpted ankles. Nia knew how girls envied her body. Occasionally she would hear from someone else that they thought she looked like a man. She pretended it didn't get to her.

But right after she would hear comments like that she would go home, strip and stare at her body for half an hour, pinching the parts of herself that seemed too masculine. She would get over it when she

would flip through an old magazine and see FloJo.

She hated that she wasn't above this. She also hated that that belief came from thinking she's not like other girls. It crapped all over her feminism.

Nia swallows the gross flavourless remnants of fry in her mouth and watches Connie stare listlessly at her salad. Connie, with her hair color and her obsession with making her salads taste good reminds Nia of Orla Crown.

She hadn't thought of that girl in years. She refused to but her face came unbidden to her mind. Nia remembered how much she hated her and everything she represented about young girls. She was fickle, swallow, vain, egotistical... neurotic, doubtful and insecure. She had heard that Orla would eat a pizza at lunch and then go throw it up in the bathroom.

She never saw it herself but it doesn't surprise her. Birdie once told her that Orla would spend hours in front of the mirror just staring at herself, pulling at her skin.

Poor girl. She wasn't worse than any of them. Of course Nia wasn't mean to people who didn't deserve it like Orla was but she does have a constant conveyor pelt of insults in her mind for everyone around her. To be fair, most of her 'friends' are stupid.

Although Connie isn't exactly a friend. Nia thinks about how much she blushed when Nia kissed her in the car on the way over here.

Nia did it because she wanted to see if she felt anything. She didn't. She hadn't felt anything when she kissed anyone anymore. Sex felt good still, but just the physical stuff. She finds it irritating to be cuddled.

*If Nia is romanced**

She knows perfectly why. A face in exact detail appears in her vision. She could draw that face from memory. She knows everything about it. She used to be able to enjoy things more with the people she dated before Birdie left.

Nia sees them less but they're more present in her mind than ever. She constantly wonders if there's something going on between Imre and them or Lorcan and them. It sours her mood. She shoves the plate of fries toward Connie.

She'd rather be somewhere else.

*If Nia is a friend**

Nia doesn't get why people say romantic relationships are stronger than any friendship. That's not fucking true. Everything that happened with Birdie has affected her more than any heartbreak she ever had with partners.

Deep down she wonders if her love life will go on like this if she doesn't fix her relationship with Birdie. *Are they will Imre right now?* That thought forms a pit in her stomach. Platonic jealous? Ugh. She shoves the plate of fries toward Connie.

She'd rather be somewhere else. She can admit she'd rather Birdie be across from her than Connie.

*

Connie looks at the fries as if they're about to jump up and bite her.

"You can have my fries," Nia says.

"Uh, I already have food," she replies.

Nia snorts. "Do you really want to eat that salad?"

Connie looks at her salad and frowns. "Yeah?"

Nia arches an eyebrow. "Really?"

Connie groans. "Nooooo."

Connie looks once at Nia, then at the fries and reluctantly takes one. She hesitates to eat it but she eventually does after more cajoling.

"You're going to ruin my diet," Connie says as she chews. Nia grimaces at the display. Why did she say yes to this?

"It's a special occasion," Nia responds.

Connie considers that and takes another fry. Nia leans back and looks at the girl Connie was insulting. She's wearing running shoes. An athlete? Nia does like athletes.

Nia looks back at Connie who's demolishing the plate. She glances at the clock hanging from the food court ceiling. This date is dragging. She should ask for more shifts at the hospital. She finds she's at peace there nowadays. Dealing with other people's problems is much more easier. A broken leg has more logic in it than a broken heart.

When they leave the mall, stop near a back road from Winchester to Croun and Nia takes off Connie's shirt she realizes that sex is now ruined too. She goes home having felt like she wasted her day.

She listens to her answering machine and curses when she hears Imre's voice. Why the fuck is did he call her so late?

"Nia, I know you're listening to these voice messages. Listen to me, this is about more than the girls now. I can't say much over the phone, believe me when I tell you that you'll be very interested in what

we found out about Prudence and your mother. Call me back."

At least that's what the full message said. Nia deleted it right after the second sentence.

[Writing diary #12?? + suggestions](#)

[February 2](#)

So everyone knows going to start working on EC and OYHS. Chapter 1s are usually the easiest to write because they're introductions to the MCs and world. With good time they could be done by Mar/April.

I'll start writing WWC sometime in May/June I think.

Anyway I did say the mature stories will begin this month. The thing is I'd like to know if you guys have an specific requests as in not only which character you want put also the scenario that leads into the explicit content for me to get a feel for the scene

You could leave a comment here or if you don't feel comfortable do it by anon on tumblr.

Sincerely, Jude.

[Lorcan - Drabbles](#)

[February 5](#)

You didn't know the picture was there. You thought most of Orla's things were still in her room, as intact as when she last left it.

But here it was, as clear as day. Whenever you cajoled Lorcan to come over he always insisted to come to the attic, he says that the walls are too thin and either one of your brothers could listen in.

You two would go through things just out of curiosity. Lorcan is holding the polaroid so hard it's crunkling under his fingers.

"Lorcan?" you say, reaching out a hand.

He shrugs you off and throws the photo on the floor. "FUCK!" he yells and starts kicking the boxes.

"Lorcan! Calm down!"

"It hurts so much. Why does it hurt so much? I just want it to stop!" he screams as glass figurines shatter against the panels.

"What?!" you ask in alarm.

He pivots around to look at you. His face is anguished. "HER! I WANT HER TO STOP SO THIS STOPS FEELING LIKE THIS!" he points from him to you.

"Feeling like what?" you ask in a small voice, already dreading the answer.

"Wrong!"

[A Great Film - Imre \(Mature\)](#).

[February 8](#)

The mother in front of you was covering her teenage daughter's eyes. The girl was complaining and trying to push her away.

"I can't believe you wanted to come here alone!" her mother chastises. An older man near them glares at her.

Imre fingers squeeze your knee. You look at him and the light from the screen illuminates parts of his face, showing deep crevices in his chiseled bone structure.

"I didn't know this *uninspired* film would be this scandalous," he claims.

"They're finally allowed to lean into the sexiness of Dracula," you reply.

He hums. His fingers squeeze your knee tighter. You look back at the screen. It is a very erotic scene in spite the fact that Dracula looks more like beast than he does man. There's an inherent wrongness about the thrusts his monstrous form are inflicting upon his willing victim; she's writhing in ecstasy.

*If Crownny has a vagina**

You feel a slight throbbing in between your legs. You rub your thighs together as the wetness of your underwear sticks to your folds.

*If Crownny has a penis**

You feel the warmest part of you strain against your pants. You rub your thighs together, trying to create friction. The tip of yourself creates a wet spot.

*

Imre moves his hand up your leg and when you think of where he could be going you immediately think of the shame you would feel at being masturbated at the movies. But for your relief – and slight disappointment – he grabs your hand.

Oh he wants to be romantic, you think.

He moves your hand away from your leg, over the arm rest and lays it against himself. You're eyes widen when you feel the hardness under your palm. "Definitely not romantic."

"Hm?"

You shake your head. Imre presses your hand against his arousal. You can feel the curvature of his shaft. He radiates heat. You side-eye, you're not able to directly look him in the eyes in moments like this yet.

He's staring passively at the screen.

"Imre," you warn.

"I was inspired by what just traversed on screen," he states. "This is what you wanted isn't it you little pervert."

You swallow. You know how he likes to degrade you when he's turned on. He calls you all sorts of things and you won't deny it makes you feel dirty. So dirty. You lick your lips as your eyes slowly trail down to the tent of his trousers.

"Imre there's pe-"

"Get on your knees and suck me off. Now," he commands in a low voice.

You throb again. You look at the mother ahead of you. She's still arguing with her daughter. Everyone else has their eyes glued to the movie.

"Nena/e," Imre intones. "Don't make me say it again."

Part of you wants to disobey him, to have him force you down and make you choke until you vomit. But you acquiesce and slide off your chair onto the carpeted floor. Your hands immediately make contact with sticky spots and singular popcorn pieces.

You swivel over to face him. Your hands splayed on his legs.

He's not looking at you. His face is as nonchalant as ever. But with one hand he unbuckles his belt. You know what to do next. You've spent so much time on your knees in the past few weeks he doesn't need to direct you as much. Although, it was sexy how he taught you how to suck him off.

You slowly unbutton his pants. His cock strains against the zipper and you swallow. You zip him down and palm him through his boxers. The only reaction you get from him is a blink.

You peel off his boxers and his cock nearly hits your nose. You take in a deep breath. His precum and musk mix together in a delicious cacophony.

You take a moment to take in his hardened shaft. You gently touch his tip with your finger.

"Put it in your mouth," he orders.

He doesn't say it angrily but you can feel his impatience in the way his fingers tap against the arm rests.

"Yes, Sir," you reply sweetly.

At that Imre grabs your head and shoves your mouth roughly on his cock, you engulf it in one go. You nearly gag when it hits the back of your throat.

His fingers grip your hair and refuse to let go. You can barely breath, his public hair tickles your nose. Still, the feeling of having no control over your body. Just knowing that he will make you swallow and re-swallow on his dick until he cums makes you moan.

"Are you alright?" he has the audacity to ask.

You manage to nod your head slightly. He doesn't loosen his grip.

You rise your mouth up until his tip is nearly out. He immediately pushes you back down. Your muffled groans make him pull your hair up and along with it your mouth again. Once again, before his cock can fully leave your lips he slams you back down.

He guides you like that. Up and down. Your saliva spills from your mouth and coats his shaft, sliding in trails to blanket his balls. You think he's going to guide you until he orgasms but after five minutes in which your mouth is used as hole and nothing more he lets go of your hair.

"Make me cum, my little whore."

You don't have to be told twice. You bring your hand to cup his balls and start pumping your mouth up and down in a frenzy. He pops out of hole with an audibly 'pop' and for a second you remember there's people around you.

Imre caresses your hair to tell you it's ok.

You hungrily devour his cock in a perfect finesse. You can't enough of his taste, his scent, how it vibrates against your lips every time you moan. Just knowing you're giving pleasure might be enough for you to cum without touching yourself.

You forget that you're not alone, that what you're doing is illegal and just focus on getting him to the finish, to feel that creamy-

His legs tense beneath you and he grabs the back of your head for purchase as he keeps your mouth to his base. "Dios," he curses.

Your tongue tastes his sweet sperm. It shoots along your tongue, under and over it and finally hits the back of your throat. It slides into your body in a thick ropery texture that makes you gag but you resolutely keep your mouth closed, refusing to let any out.

"Look at me," he commands.

You do, giving him an innocent look that you know he likes so much.

He looks down at you with superiority as if he conquered the world. He swipes your bottom lip and says gently, "open your mouth, cielo."

You flirtatiously comply, cum slides down your chin and Imre wipes it on his thumb and not looking away from you he sticks it in his mouth.

You close your mouth and deeply swallow.

"Practice has paid off, hasn't it?" he asks with a smirk.

"Yes, sir."

He snorts and cups your face. He forces you to stretch up and kiss him.

Author's note: I felt so embarrassed writing this XD But practice makes perfect and I need to get used to it if it's ever going to appear in the game

[Valentine's Day - Imre](#)

Author's note: yeah it's early. Nia's will be on Thursday and Lorcan on Saturday.

You watch him expertly pour the crystalline champagne.

Your hands are clasped in your lap. Imre had his staff pepper the table with roses, glasses and plates of steaming food. It made your mouth water.

You didn't know what to expect on your first Valentine's Day together. Imre is traditional in some ways. He told you he wanted a dinner with you. The box of chocolates with a red silk bow that he handed to you when you first arrived, lies in your backpack.

You don't know how these things are supposed to go but you're grateful that Imre didn't decide to take you out to a fancy public restaurant.

"I hope it's to your liking," he says.

You take the glass and swirl it around. You sniff it first and he smiles. The first sip makes you slightly wrinkle your nose at the unfamiliarity of its taste. Fruity.

"I hope you don't expect me to start using fancy words about it 'cause I don't know shit about champagne," you confess.

Imre grins and lifts his own glass. "To us."

You do the same, clinking yours against his. "To us."

You watch him take a small sip and then take up his utensils.

What you have in front of you is a nice steak. Since you've been dating Imre, you've eaten foods you haven't since early childhood.

"I wanted this to be a surprise and I also wanted to find things you would like to eat," he explains as he cuts into his steak.

"Beggars can't be choosers," you reply.

Imre pauses. "I'm not trying to buy you."

You roll your eyes and cut into your steak. You stab it with your fork and stick it in your mouth. You could moan and you think you do by the way Imre looks at you. You could blush, you have ideas for what awaits you tonight.

"I don't think you're trying to buy me, Imre," you respond.

He nods. "Good. I know the optics are not the best."

You chew and then ask, "what optics? You mean that I'm at the poverty line and you're way above it?"

"I just never want you to feel as if I'm flaunting," he says.

You grin, "but you kind of are."

He has the audacity to look confused. "Why would you say that? I always cover the cost on our dates because I know you can't afford. I'm not a monster."

You snort. "That's not what I'm taking about. I mean that you like to impressive me."

Imre chews on his steak for a good minute. You take a moment to look at his clothing. He's wearing a burgundy suit and his cologne constantly wafts into your nose. It smells like money.

"It's hard to impress someone who doesn't seem to be impressed by anything," he says, a slight annoyed tone to his words.

That amuses you. "Are you saying that I'm a challenge for you?"

Imre smirks, "you always were."

You quirk an eyebrow, lifting your glass. "And do you like that?"

He tilts his head. "Depends on the day."

The air feels thick with the weight of the conversation, and as you savor another bite of the steak, the tension begins to settle into something more comfortable.

There's something about his expression. Half amusement, half frustration. It sparks a curiosity inside you. Imre never seems to show his full hand.

He's always a little guarded, a little too cryptic.

"So," you say, leaning forward just a tad, eyes locked on his. "If I'm a challenge... how do you plan to keep impressing me?"

Your words almost playful, but there's an edge of truth underneath. You don't know why you don't want him to see that.

Imre doesn't respond immediately, and for a moment, the only sound is the soft clink of your silverware against your plates.

Then, he sets his glass down with an intentional slowness and meets your gaze, his lips curling into that smirk again.

"Keep you guessing," he says, a challenge in his own voice now. "Keep you wanting more."

You take in the subtle change in his demeanour, the way his words carry that little hint of something deeper, something almost dangerously confident. But that's not unusual with him. His pride always hides something eerie.

You wonder how long he's been planning this. "And how long are you planning to keep me on my toes?" you ask.

You know the answer is probably as elusive as he is.

"For as long as you permit," he says, his tone unwavering.

"Are you playing me?" you inquire, a smile follows that's as sharp as his.

"Playing you?" he repeats, a soft chuckle escaping his lips. "I think you're giving me too much credit. I don't always play games, not everything has a secret motive."

You raise an eyebrow, intrigued. "So you're telling me this is all true?" you ask, watching closely for any sign of hesitation.

For a brief moment, he doesn't say anything. He just watches you, focused on the way your lips chew. Then he leans in slightly, his voice quieter but still sure.

"I'm not playing. But I do like the chase," he admits almost reluctantly. Like this is a secret he's not used to sharing, nor really wanting to. Is it too much to hope that you disarm him?

Can he be the knight in shining armour he pretends to be with everyone else? How he pretended to be when you first fell in love?

"And if you catch me completely?"

He has a mischievous smile. "Can you be caught?"

You pretend to ponder his question, taking a slow and deliberate sip of your champagne.

"Never."

"Well then, mi amor, I could spend the rest of my existence trying," he replies softly.

You can't help yourself and you lean over the table – not caring that things fall to the floor with loud signs of breakage – and press your lips to his.

Before he can return your kiss you lean back a bit and repeat, "to us."

"To us."

And then he reels you back in, the food and champagne supplemented for a much more tastier meal.

[Valentine's Day - Nia](#)

[February 13](#)

You pop a popcorn kernel in your mouth. It's coated with butter. Nia is not usually the one for unhealthy fats but she would need to be force fed plain popcorn.

You run your fingers through her thick curls. You're fascinated by how they fit around your finger. The screen distracts you from your task when someone starts viciously shooting.

"Did I already say this is a very romantic choice for a movie?" you ask.

"Five times, Birdie," she replies.

"I just want to reiterate that you're crazy," you respond.

"I'm not sitting through Meg Ryan ugly crying for that ugly man," Nia explains.

"You know there's more romantic movies than Meg Ryan movies, right?"

She moves her head to eye you, "and you want to watch them?"

You snort. "You would totally love me less if I said yes."

She nods and looks back at the screen. "This movie has a romance plot anyway."

"Spoiler."

"I'll reimburse you," she says.

"I was wondering when you would start buying my affection," you joke.

She scoffs, "you're so pussy-whipped by me I could spit on you, throw you out and you'd look at me like sunlight comes out of my ass."

You mockingly put a hand to your heart, “you know just what to say, my Romeo.”

She takes your hand and puts it back on her hair. You begin your caresses anew. You try to pay attention to the movie but she’s so beautiful. Sometimes you have to remind yourself she’s all for you.

“I couldn’t you know,” she says suddenly.

You’re absentmindedly humming while stroking her hair. “What?”

“Love you less,” she says simply. Your breath hikes. She continues watching the screen as if she merely told you a basic fact. Perhaps it is to her.

“Really? There’s nothing I could ever do to make that happen?” you ask, not knowing why you want to push this.

She looks at you. “If you planted a bomb somewhere in a terrorist attack I would punch you.”

She looks away, “although I would visit you in prison.”

You laugh. “I think that’s the most lovey-dovey you’ve ever been. What’s gotten into you?” You lay your palm to her forehead. “Are you sick?”

“I’m sure they say love is a disease,” she says.

“No cure?”

“Unfortunately. I think it’s terminal. Symptoms include mild stupidity, sweaty palms, nausea and brain fog,” she sarcasms with a neutral tone.

You poke her cheek. You feel her smile form. “And when did you get afflicted with this terminal disease?”

She rolls her eyes and rolls back to the movie. You grumble and in protest you refuse to play with her hair. She tries to grab your hand but you move it further away.

“I’m not going to give you a love confession,” she claims.

“It’s Valentine’s Day,” you protest.

She sighs deeply. “This day isn’t any more important than other days. I could tell you I love you at any point in the year.”

“But you don’t,” you point out.

“Oh for fuck’s sake,” she sits up and turns to face you. Her face is inches from yours. “We were never friends.”

Your eyebrows raise, “yes we were.”

She puts a hand to your cheek. Her palm feels soft and you smell roses. “Neither of us ever acted like it.”

The soft silence that follows settles around you, the screen's flickering light the only thing breaking the stillness. You can feel her breath close to your face. It's warm and a little ragged, as if what she said has caused a stir beneath her usually calm interior. Your heart picks up pace.

“I don't know when it started, Birdie,” she admits. Her thumb brushes the corner of your mouth lightly, sending an electric shock through your body.

“I can't give you that,” she continues. “It happened without me knowing it.”

She smiles, a flicker of something... maybe amusement, maybe something else dances behind her eyes. “You snuck up on me.”

“Like a virus,” you joke, your voice slightly quieter, more self-conscious.

“I don't do cliches,” she adds.

“I don't do cliches either,” you say, but your voice seems a bit higher, betraying you. “You know that.”

“Hmmm,” she says, her thumb sliding along your jaw.

Her touch is deliberately slow. Just enough to make your mouth to feel dry. You can feel the heat of her skin against yours, the way her fingers graze your jaw as if she's memorizing the shape of you.

It's a small, intimate gesture, but it feels like it's her way of conveying what she can't with words. So appropriate and right for her.

“Hmmm?” you repeat, voice a little strained as you try to regain your composure.

She tilts her head, her eyes locking with yours in a way that makes the world outside of this moment seem distant and unimportant.

“You're not as good at hiding things as you think,” she murmurs, her voice teasing. It's a statement, but it's not an accusation. It's more like an observation, like she knows you in a way that's both thrilling and terrifying.

Your pulse quickens. “I don't hide anything,” you say, but it sounds more defensive than you intend.

Her thumb continues its path along your jaw, sending little tremors through your stomach.

“Really?” she asks, her lips curving into that faint smile that always makes you lose track of all but her. “Because you look like you're hiding the fact that you're way too into this.”

You blink, caught off guard. There's something about the way she says it, so casual but the weight of her words makes your chest tighten.

"I'm not-" you begin, but you stop yourself. You know it's useless. She's too sharp, too perceptive.

Her smile deepens.

"You don't have to pretend, you know. It's just us here."

You let out a slow breath, forcing your gaze to shift away, if only for a moment. "You always make it so hard to keep my composure," you say, you follow it with a nervous kind of laugh.

She leans in just a little closer, and you think she's going to kiss you but she moves to your left. Her lips brushing against the shell of your ear.

"Maybe that's the point," she whispers, her voice an invitation, or better yet a challenge.

"Yeah?" you ask. "And what's the point, Nia?"

She doesn't answer right away. Instead, her thumb strokes your skin once more sending a shiver down your spine.

"Maybe the point is to make you feel everything," she finally says. Her tone is soft, almost too soft. "To make us not run from it."

You're not sure if she's talking about this moment or about something bigger. Something deeper, between the two of you. Maybe it's about all the times you've both have run from it?

Either way, you know she's right. There's no running from this. You're already in too deep, and you don't think you ever want to find a way out.

[Valentine's Day - Lorcan](#)

[February 15](#)

Lorcan picks out another yellow jelly bean and hands it to you. He makes that face again. You add it to the pile you have on your lap atop a napkin.

He shoves handfuls of candy into his mouth. You don't even know if he chews them. Still, in your eyes he looks adorable.

A couple walk hand in hand in front of you two and their judgmental faces zero in on Lorcan's peculiar eating habits. He hands you the bucket of candy and gets up.

"You got somethin' you wanna fucking say to me?" he challenges. You grab his sleeve and try to sit him back down.

"Lorcan-"

"Come say it to my fucking face!" he yells as the couple look back with puzzled expressions. They pick up their pace.

"Lorcan!" you chastise and pull him back down. You take a handful of candy and hand him the bucket back.

"They think they're so much better than everyone else cause they're in love and need to rub it in our faces," he grimaces.

You snorts, "I thought you would be less crazy today knowing that you have a Valentine."

He looks at you and his annoyance softens. He takes your hand raises it. He almost brings it to his lips but then a moment of conflict on his face makes him release your hand.

"It's not about that. I just think this whole fucking day is corny as shit. Like people really like showing off they have money they get the chocolate, the flowers and hearts and all that bullshit," he says bitterly.

You smile, plopping a gummy heart into your mouth. "So you hate the commercialization of Valentine's Day?"

He scowls and hands you the bucket, crossing his arms.

You eye him and he refuses to look at you. "Or do you hate the fact that you can't afford all the 'bullshit?'"

He glances at you quickly and looks away, seemingly sliding lower into the bench.

You roll your eyes. "Lorcan, you know I don't care about those things."

He shakes his head. "Your boyfriend can only get you some candy from the dollar store to show you how much he loves you and that's cool to you?"

You scoff, "because I'm rolling in money, aren't I?"

"Your family wasn't always so poor. Your name is important in this town. I just..." he trails off.

You put a hand on his shoulder. "What?" you ask gently.

He sighs and looks down. "I just want you to be proud that I'm your boyfriend," he mumbles.

You let out an incredulous laugh. "You think I'm not proud of you?"

"I just know I'm not good enough."

You put a hand on his mouth. He looks up at you and you lean in so close your noses are touching. "Listen to me, dummy. I'm with you because I want to be. If I thought you weren't good enough you really think I would spend my Valentine's Day here with you?"

He says something muffled.

You lean in even closer, a soft smile tugging at your lips as you look into his eyes. "I'm here because I want to be with you. You don't need to prove anything to me, Lorcan."

He shifts uncomfortably, clearly still battling his insecurities. You take a deep breath and gently lift your hand from his mouth, your fingers grazing his chin. You thought as time went on they would lessen but it's like prying moss off of a window.

"You are good enough," you add, your voice firm. "In fact, you're more than enough."

His eyes soften for a brief moment, there's a flicker of vulnerability there. Then he shakes his head slightly, looking away again.

"Why do you always do that?" you ask. "Why can't you just accept that you're exactly what I want?"

He huffs, but there's a reluctant smile tugging at his lips now. A mix of irritation and something warmer.

"Because you deserve more than... whatever the fuck this is," he gestures vaguely to the cheap candy and the half-empty bucket. "Than... me."

You raise an eyebrow, "I think I can decide that for myself."

Lorcan looks back at you, the defensive walls he's built up over the past few minutes slowly starting to crumble. His gaze lingers on your face, a mix of tenderness and uncertainty in his eyes.

"You really mean that?" he asks softly.

You give a small nod, your hand brushing against his. "I do. Now, are we gonna finish off this candy or what?"

Lorcan's gaze shifts down to the candy between you two, but it's clear his mind is elsewhere. He shifts a bit and leans back against the bench. A little more at ease now, though still trying to fight the softness of the passing moments.

He reaches for another handful of jelly beans. But his movements are slower, less frantic.

"You know," he begins, voice quieter than before. "I never really thought someone would like... want to stick around, ya know? Like, actually want to be with me."

You feel a pang in your chest, hearing the uncertainty in his words. You give his hand a gentle squeeze. "Lorcan, you're not just someone to me. You're *you*."

He looks at you again, a hint of disbelief creeping into his expression, as if your words are too good to be true.

For a long moment, neither of you speak. The sounds of the street fade into the background, and the two of you are just there sitting together and surrounded by the mess of half-eaten candy, and garbage strewn along the sidewalk.

"You're a lot better than you give yourself credit for," you add, your voice soft but firm.

Lorcan exhales a heavy breath that's part relief and maybe part frustration. He finally looks at you, really looks at you and there's a vulnerability there. Raw and unguarded. He doesn't look away this time.

"Maybe I just need to get used to it."

You laugh lightly, nudging his shoulder with yours. "You will. I'm not going anywhere."

He finally smiles. "Happy Valentine's Day, babe."

He kisses your cheek. "Happy Valentine's Day."

"Guess I'm lucky, huh?" he murmurs.

You give him a friendly shove. "I could say the same about you."

He pulls back slightly, glancing at you with a smirk. "You better. I'm pretty fucking great."

You laugh, reaching for another gummy heart. You throw it at him and he catches it in his mouth. You smile and he throws his arm around your shoulders.

You manage to finish the bucket and even though he moans about how much it'll suck, he leads you home to watch what he terms, "boring crying bad corny rom-coms."

[Excellent Cadavers Update 1/4](#)

[February 16](#)

This is the first part of chapter 1. I hope you like what you see. It's short but it gives tidbits of Luce's life.

The password is 5429 and like always you find it on itch.

Bye, Jude.

[Excellent Cadavers 2/4](#)

[February 17](#)

So yeah I decided it would be better to cut it up to 4 parts instead of 3. This one has an added 2500-3000 words.

It's pretty sad tbf 😭😭

But you get to meet Luce's family

Condolences, Jude

[Thoughts?](#)

[February 18](#)

I was wondering what you guys think so far of excellent cadavers. Most people say that no comments means people like it. But I would like some confirmation of that if you could or at least like this post if you like the story so far and don't feel comfortable commenting :)

[Imre - drabble \(fluff\)](#)

[February 18](#)

Imre leans casually against the doorframe, a playful grin tugging at his lips. "This reminded me of you," he says, holding up an old weathered book with a cover that screamed vintage-classic-that-will-likely-

horrify-slash-excite-you.

You raise an eyebrow, eyeing the book with suspicion. "A book? Are you calling me old?"

Imre's smirk widens as he shrugs. "No. The comparison comes from the fact that it's a mix of charm and trouble."

Still eyeing him, he walks into the room and hands you it.

"Of course like someone I know," he says, his gaze lingering on you. "It's all mystery at first, but in the end, it's got this way of surprising you."

You couldn't tell if he was just messing with you or being serious. Imre always had a knack for deflecting, turning everything into a show of his verboseness. But there was something about the way he said this — casual but with a hint of something underneath his words—that made you wonder.

"You're impossible," you concede, feeling the heat of his stare.

Imre chuckles, his confidence unwavering. "Maybe, but I think you'll like the book as much as you like my *impossible* nature."

[Excellent cadavers update 3/4](#)

[February 19](#)

So I knew this chapter would go fast because it's the first chapter that's always the least work because it's an introduction

When I finish I think I'll wait until march to release it publicly, by then you'll likely have OYHS

In this you'll meet the ROs but you'll only get to really talk to one of them because he's annoying. You'll see more of Antonio and Sam

Ta-ta, Jude.

[Excellent Cadavers 4/4](#)

[February 23](#)

I really liked how fast this chapter feels. To me it's like a continuous beat. Which is par for course for action genres.

In this one you have three different endings. One with a character death which of course will affect how chapter 2 goes and also the rest of the game.

Dearly, Jude.

[Nia - drabble](#)

[February 25](#)

It was late, the golden hour was fading into dusk as you sat on the porch. The soft hum of the breeze moved the leaves above you. The world outside felt still, like an old photograph. You always thought time moved differently in this place. Which knowing this town, that wouldn't be a wrong assumption to make.

Nia stands by the open door, leaning against the frame of it. Her silhouette a perfect contrast to the warm light spilling on you. Her presence was always like that; quiet, almost as if she existed in a world entirely in her command, never bending to the sounds you mere mortals make. You never ask what she's thinking, you don't need to.

She had been like this for as long as you could remember. Distant, enigmatic, a storm held inside a calm sea. You will never fully understand her, but that's part of the draw.

"Do you remember when we would sit on the big oak tree sometimes after school? The one on the south side of town?" Nia's voice broke the silence, low like the breeze, like she was somewhere else when she said it.

You nod, unsure of where this was going.

She steps forward, her gaze lifting to the dusk. "The sunset reminds me of you," she says.

The way she spoke left you with a strange, inexplicable pang in your chest. It wasn't an explanation or a confession. Just the kind of thing she would say. Out of the blue, disconnected, but somehow it made everything feel as though you were tied together by threads you couldn't see.

"Are you calling me pretty?" you ask, half in jest.

Nia's eyes squint as the sun slides down her face. "That and then some."

Nia sighs, and before you can respond, she was already walking away. Disappearing into the fading artificial brightness of the house. Leaving you with that lingering sense of something unspoken, just out of reach.

[Writing diary #13](#)

[February 28](#)

I finished the outline for EC chapter 2 and OYHS chapter 1. Obviously EC isn't going to have a chapter 2 until much later but I wanted to keep in mind the few endings of chapter 1 that game has.

I like the structure of OYHS ngl, I've never done a story where you start at the birth and then go through major life events until present day. Don't worry though it's not one where you have to stay in childhood for many chapters, you go through 23 years in chapter 1.

Finally figured out how to do the music ngl it was annoying how I couldn't figure it out. I found a nice groovy one for EC.

I also changed the look of EC I just needed it to fit the vibe I was going for, for me. Anyway that's all. Expect some OYHS content soon as well as wwc POV story tomorrow

Yours, Jude.

[Favour!](#)

[February 28](#)

So somehow when I was changing up the template for EC I lost one passage.

If any of you have the game downloaded from before today's new changes on itch.io I would love if you could send me the file. You can message me privately it's just one passage but I'd like to have it in-game

[Lorcan - deed \(E4\)](#)

[March 1](#)

This is for Lorcan's solo route, when he and Crowny visit Stephanie's boyfriend

Through the hazy smoke of his damp cigarette he could see Daryl's trailer. The gross fuck had left the door to it open when he went to Alice's. Just because everyone in Camelot is dirt poor doesn't mean people don't steal all the time. Lorcan once made the mistake of leaving his window ajar and someone slipped their hand in to take his radio.

But, it's not like Daryl has any shit to steal anyway. Lorcan snorted. He sucked in hard on his cigarette and kept it in his mouth as his mind wandered to the frequent visitor of his mind lately. *Crowny*.

What's their deal? He might not know much about how to 'read' people like Imre does but he knows Crowny has been spending too much time with him. He has to stop that. Try to get them as far away from him as possible.

Spending more alone time with them means that he'll get used to them. He'll not flinch or feel angry when they're near anymore. And he can't have that. For his mom. For Orla. Today when they weren't looking at him, he was looking at them.

He's starting to notice things about them he doesn't want to. How soft their cheeks are. How effortlessly cool their hair is. They smell nice too. Clean like sunlight on water.

"Uggggghhhhh," he groans and drops his cigarette. He presses his palms into his eyes. He can't stop seeing them.

The swirling of guilt restarts in his stomach. At first he just thought he was getting sick or that he hated Crowny so much he couldn't bear it. But now...

He drops his hands and looks up at the stars. Is Orla in heaven? Is she looking down at him and judging him for his thoughts? He lets out a shaky breath. What's wrong with him? He doesn't even believe in all of that crock of shit.

He's so weak. Just having them near him is threatening to ruin years of hatred. And that's not fucking fair. They shouldn't get off so easy, they never even fucking apologized.

"I wouldn't even accept it," he grumbles to himself. He runs his hands through his hair and kicks a nearby trashcan angrily.

No, it can't be what he's thinking. He could never. It's just because he's lonely and they're around so goddamn much. He's confused. Yeah. Also, Daryl was being a fucking asshole to them and he always hates bullies like that.

His eyes open wide, as if a light bulb when off. FUCK YES! He doesn't like them at all! He just feels bad for them. Duh! He hits his own forehead and looks around, his eyes landing on Daryl's trailer. He just needs to stop feeling so bad for them. Then everything can go back to normal.

Lorcan leans back against the wall of his house and ponders. He could get Daryl in trouble for something. Young girls? Lorcan clicks his tongue. Yeah that shit is gross but not illegal if the girls are like 16. At least that's what he heard.

A word slips off his tongue: "weed."

Lorcan makes a face. He sells pot too. And he hates the cops. The no-snitch rule is supposed to be sacred. On the other hand, it would make the market a bit larger and more importantly it would make him stop thinking of that weirdo with marble eyes.

Lorcan goes back inside. He passes his snoring Grandma on the couch. A late night soap is playing on the old TV. He opens the door of his room, "ew." It smells like old socks and something gone rotten in here. In his defence, he hasn't spent that much time here in the past few weeks.

He walks on top of his t-shirts, jeans and coats. He grabs a tin can on top of the mounted miniature bookcase over his bed. He plops down on his rumpled bed and opens it. His stash is intact, grandma hasn't gotten into one of her clean-freak episodes yet.

He shifts through pills, some crystals and then his last quarter. He grips it in his hand. "Damn it," he curses. "Damn them." He shuts his tin, and gets up.

Even though it gets super quiet here at this hour, everyone is practically still awake. Lorcan keeps to the shadows, moving past the rusted trailers with their dim porch lights and cracked windows. He knows the paths between them like the back of his hand, stepping over old beer cans and discarded cigarette butts.

The night air is humid, clinging to his skin, and he feels the weight of his plan settle heavy on his chest. He tells himself he doesn't care. He has to do this or his life is going into more shit than it's already in.

Daryl's trailer is just ahead, the open door a dark mouth waiting for him to step inside. He checks his surroundings. No one is watching. The usual night owls are either drunk, high, or too wrapped up in their own problems to give a damn about what he's doing.

With a final glance around he slips inside.

The inside of the trailer smells worse than his room. Stale beer, sweat, and something rancid lingering in the air. He holds his breath as he steps over a pair of discarded shoes and an empty pizza box.

His fingers tighten around the bag of weed in his pocket. All he needs is the right spot.

The kitchen counter is littered with beer bottles and a half-eaten sandwich, but it's the open cabinet above the sink that catches his eye. He pulls it open wider and half-hardheartedly smiles. A mess of clutter.

Old receipts, loose change, an empty prescription bottle. Perfect. He shoves the bag of weed into the pile, making sure it's just visible enough if someone were to go looking.

His heart is pounding. He needs to get out. He moves quickly, slipping back into the night. But he doesn't let himself relax just yet. The next part is just as important.

He makes his way back to his house, slipping inside and grabbing the old landline. He rips off a strip from his grandma's dish rag, wrapping it around the receiver like he's seen in movies. His fingers shake as he dials. It rings once. Twice. A voice picks up.

"911, what's your emergency?"

He swallows hard, deepens his voice as much as he can. "Yeah, uh—there's this guy dealing drugs out of his trailer. I heard he's got a bunch stashed away. Daryl Perkins. Lot 17, Camelot in the Meadows."

"Can you give me your name?"

He hangs up.

Lorcan leans back, dropping the phone onto his lap. His breath is uneven, and his hands feel clammy. He tells himself this is the right thing. Daryl deserves it. This will fix everything.

Then why does his stomach still twist with something that feels a hell of a lot like doubt?

[O, Your Heavenly Stars 1/9](#)

[March 4](#)

An introduction to your MC and their mother...

Password: 3619

[Dante - drabble](#)

[March 6](#)

"Fuck," you whisper.

He chuckles behind you. That dry laugh. A one that indicates he doesn't even find it that funny anymore, he's just doing this to remind you how sad he finds your display of precision.

"Go fuck yourself," you snap, not bothering to look behind you.

"Mmmmm," he replies. "I would love to but I have to be here see you being a total fucking putz."

You let out a tired growl, dropping your arm to your side, the gun felt so heavy in your hand, A sign of your failure,

"I don't think I've ever seen anyone screw something up that fast before," he continues, a cruelly jovial tone to his voice.

You throw a glare over your shoulder. "Maybe if I try to shoot you I won't miss."

On his stupidly handsome brown face you find a devilish smile that's equally makes your knees wobble and your eye twitch.

He walks up to you, bumping your nose with his. He grips your hand in his and presses the barrel of the gun to his chest.

"Cuore mio, I can't think of a better petit mort than being shot by you."

[Nia - Mature](#)

[March 8](#)

Your thighs flex as the heat growing in between your legs augments. The itch to move, to touch, to rub was so intense you felt as if you'd explode if you didn't bring yourself to orgasm.

"Birdie, remember what I said?" she asks from the foot of the bed.

You inhale sharply. "How much longer?" you ask in turn.

She gives you a faint smile. "I've told you that sex is better when you prolong the tension."

You groan impatiently. "I want to fuck now, Nia. I can't take it anymore. Please," you beg.

She looks down at your crotch and trails a long red fingernail along your tensed thigh. She looks up at you from under her curly eyelashes. "You want to cum?"

"Yes," you whine.

*If Crowny has a vagina**

"You want my fingers inside your pussy?" she asks.

"Please," you cry.

*If Crowny has a penis**

"You want to be inside of me?" she asks.

"Please," you moan.

*

Her smile turns wider, her plump lips glisten with her gloss. You love when she kisses you when she has that on her mouth, the stickiness transfers to you and you lick it with your tongue savouring her taste.

"What will you do for me if I let you cum?" she inquires.

"Anything," you groan, thrusting your hips upwards.

She trails her fingernail along the plain between your nail and your genitals. Your hips jerk again.

"Would you pee on my face?" she asks.

You just writhe and look at her with a mouth slightly ajar at her request. "What?" you ask, thinking you didn't hear her right.

*If Crowny has a vagina**

She moves her fingernail to your other thigh. "I'll eat you out if you put that little cunt over my face and pee on me."

*If Crowny has a penis**

She moves her fingernail to your other thigh. "I'll suck you off if you put that thick cock above my face and pee on me."

*

You blink several times in quick succession to try to understand what she's asking. Is she bluffing? Nia plants a light kiss on the side of your knee and you let out a small grunt.

She looks at you. "Well?"

You pull yourself out of your stupor. "I didn't think you'd be the kind of person to like *that*."

"Do you have to look a certain way to want your lover's hot urine splashed on your face?" she asks, her face completely serious and a tone slightly accusatory to match.

"Um.... no?" you reply, feeling slightly awkward about what to do but also keeping in mind that you want her to make you cum.

She smiles at you once more and pecks your taint. Your head jerks back and you close your eyes, wanting that sensation to last. But you hear her clear her throat.

You sit up and she's on her knees. She reaches behind her to unclip her bra. Her breasts fall, slapping against her ribs. You suppress the urge to fondle them.

You crawl towards the end of the bed and stand up. She looks so small, kneeling before you. When she looks up at you with her sultry eyes you feel the need to climax just there.

*If Crownny has a vagina**

She moves your thighs apart and wedges her face in between them. She inhales the waves of musk coming off your vagina. You lift your thigh and gently step on her shoulder.

Her eyes remain attached to your cunt, her hot mouth blows air onto your sensitive lips.

"Do I just pee then?" you ask, your voice doubtful.

"Open your pussy lips a little," she instructs.

You bring your hand down and spread your wet lips. Her breath enters your folds and your knees wobble.

"Now?"

*If Crownny has a penis**

She moves your thighs apart and wedges her face under your dick. She inhales the waves of musk coming off your balls.

Her eyes remain attached to your cock, her hot mouth blows air onto your sensitive tip.

“Do I just pee then?” you ask, your voice doubtful.

“Hold your cock against my lips,” she instructs.

You bring your hand down and guide it to her slightly open mouth. Her breath tickles you and makes the blood in your shaft pulse.

*

She nods. You let out a breath of uncertainty and let your muscles loose. A stream of nearly clear liquid trickles onto her awaiting face. It falls onto her mouth, her nose, her cheeks. It dribbles down her chin to drip onto her heaving breasts.

It makes them glisten as if she had lathered them with oil—your arousal spikes at this despite your own initial misgivings about it.

She opens her brown eyes and looks at you. It’s the most intimate look she has ever given you. You would feel as if you were naked under her gaze if you weren’t already naked.

She gets up and walks over to her desk, plucking Kleenex from a wooden box. She wipes her face and her tits. She walks back to stand in front of you and kneels.

“Did you like it?” you ask.

*If Crownny has a vagina**

She starts wiping your lips and you bite back a moan. When she sticks a finger inside you jerk back. She raises an eyebrow and you bring yourself closer again.

“More than I thought,” she replies.

“You’ve never done this before?” you ask, hissing as she continues her precise cleaning of your vagina.

*If Crownny has a penis**

She starts wiping your tip and you bite back a moan. When she uses her thumb under the Kleenex to roll her thumb around your sensitive hole you jerk back.

She raises an eyebrow and you bring yourself closer again.

“More than I thought,” she replies.

“You’ve never done this before?” you ask, hissing as she continues her precise cleaning of your penis.

*

"I've heard of it and I've seen it in porn when I was a kid," she says.

You're the first person she's ever asked, you realize. It warms your heart. Nia has more experience than you, there are very few firsts to have with her.

She throws the soiled Kleenexes in the trash and pushes you down on the bed. She climbs on top of you, her natural scent mingled with what you just did to her. It's so nasty it makes you rub yourself against her.

She bites her lip as your genitals make contact with her pussy. She rakes a hand down your chest until she finds what she's looking for in between your thighs. She slides down your body and hikes your knees up.

She likes once, tortuously slowly. You grip the pillows. She rolls her tongue around you, not missing any inch of skin.

She looks up at you, her brown eyes turned pitch black.

"I hope you're ready for pain because I'm going to make you cum until it hurts," she proclaims and dives down, invading you with her entire mouth.

You throw your head back and let out a long moan.

She makes good on her promise. Two hours later your ribs are sore and she has completely stopped listening to your half-hardheartedly protests.

[Another RO - OYHS](#)

[March 8](#)

It's an oversight on my part. But I realized that there is no female RO for a masc!Sky who wants to date a cis woman. There will be minor flings in the game but that doesn't account for a romance so which option sounds more interesting to you?

A journalist (runs a gossip column)

13%

A madam (procures sex workers for Hollywood elites)

53%

A fixer (makes scandals go away)

33%

Poll ended Mar 10, 2025 · 45 votes total

[Writing Diary #14](#)

[March 9](#)

I'm surprised that the madam option is winning. But it's a nice surprise. I've never written a character that's in the sex trade and it'll be cool to go into the morality of procuring women for sleazy men.

In other news, I'm almost done the next part of OYHS. It's so fun to write how Sky experiences school based on their sex. The societal norms for girls and boys is very much present here.

Also I'm thinking of certain stats I want to apply here. One of them is either going to be called Ego or Confidence which will influence what choices Sky could have the chance to make.

I am also thinking of adding stats to EC. I already started adding the stats to WWC, I just haven't updated it yet because I'm also planning a grammar polishing of that in the upcoming months.

Anyway I hope Niamancers found the mature story... interesting I've never written kink like that so it was a nice challenge trying to make it hot and I hope you enjoyed the Dante drabble. The EC POV stories will come when I reach episode 7 of WWC

Bye, Jude.

[OYHS 2/9](#)

[March 10](#)

The first time jump. A lot of code so I'm guessing there'll be errors but as Mallory says "c'est la vie."

What's so interesting about writing a character like Mallory is that she's a mother but she's also now 19. So because she gave birth so young she's stunted, she immature and childish. Pairing that with Sky

who's a literal child is so cool to see

Till next time, Jude.

Edit: alright NOW it should work

[Carmen - a childhood story \(aka a longish drabble\)](#)

[March 12](#)

1967

You were ready to pull out your hair. Every time you thought you got the sand out, you could feel those miniscule demons crusting on your scalp.

You tsk and you around for your nylon bag. Half-submerged in sand you haul it to you and rummage inside. Sunscreen, sunglasses, change of clothes. You take out of book and frown. *How did that get in here?* You're not a bookworm, actually you find it super goddamn boring.

"You didn't bring one, kid," a voice interrupts your musings.

Carmen's laying on her towel, arms at her side and body glistening. She gave you and Dante specific instructions not to bother her while she's tanning. You can't see her eyes from behind her heart shaped sunglasses but her face is clearly toward away from you.

"Didn't bring what?"

"A comb," she replies in a distant voice. She sounds drowsy. But she wouldn't be caught dead ruining her tan.

"Huh?"

She sighs, "you keep repeating 'comb, comb, comb' like an idiot. You didn't fucking bring it."

You start at her blasé use of the F word. You say it sometimes around your friends but never with family. Although, the Grecos are in a weird place where you wouldn't call them your cousins but they're not really your friends. Especially Carmen who treats you like you're 12.

"Can I use yours?" you ask.

She curls her lip. "And get your gross sandy hair all over it? No thanks, kid."

You never know who you want to punch more, her or her brother. At least Dante treats you like you're almost his age.

"You don't have to be so mean," you grumble.

Carmen lets out a dry laugh. "If you think I'm being mean you would probably wet your pants if you heard me talking to someone I hate."

You raise an eyebrow. "I thought you hated me."

She lowers her sunglasses onto the slope of her nose. She peers at you with languid eyes. "Don't use hate for annoying kids, Luce. You have to use 'hate' for someone who really pisses you off. A real piece of work deserves hate because hate equals death."

You look at her in confusion. "I hate sand in my hair, doesn't mean I want to kill the ocean."

Her eyes fill with judgement at your perceived stupidity, "in our world it-"

She props herself up on her elbow. Her eyes track along the shore. You lean forward a bit.

"In our world... what?"

She sits up and starts fluffing her hair. She adjusts her sunglasses and then moves around her bikini top. You look away in mild embarrassment when you see how pronounced she's making them.

She stands up and starts strolling to the shore, her hips swaying in a way you know is fake. You squint and see a boy, no older than Carmen walking along the wet sand.

"Oh course," you say. You see her bag and reach over for it.

"Touch it Luce and I'll shave your eyebrows off," Carmen shouts. You look over your shoulder and she isn't even looking your way. Her arm is looped lazily around the boy's torso.

"Witch!" you shout back.

[Imre - room \(E5\)](#)

[March 16](#)

Imre shrugs off his coat and hands it to the maid who greets him upon entering his home.

"Anything I should know?" he asks.

The maid shakes her head. "Master Duran has been in a sour mood today."

When is he ever not? Imre thinks.

"Mother?" he asks.

The maid handed him a small towel which he used to dry his face. "The attitude you saw this morning is still the same. She even picked up her watercolours," the maid announces with a friendly smile.

Imre nods and hands her back the damp towel. "Set a plate for her at the table tonight," he orders.

"But Sir, do you think that's prudent? The last time she was well and we brought her down for dinner-"

"Bring her down, please," Imre says dryly and walks away. "I would like a coffee as well."

Imre's room was on the third floor, and this change has been a recent thing in the past two years. It was the furthest he could be from the respective rooms of his parents. He had wanted to be closer to his mother in case she needed anything but she had more bad nights than good; it was torturous trying to sleep with all the yelling. Imre already forewent sleep as it was most nights of the week, he needed at least 3 nights a week where he could get at least 5 hours.

He takes out a small key and unlocks his door. He pulls out the chair to his desk and sits down. The calendar nailed to the wall stares back at him with a warning. A bit over two months till. His little friend was proving to be stronger than he initially thought.

Perhaps he could allow himself to be honest if they figured it out before the rug was pulled out from under them. But would they accept? He knew he would take the chance to become a God if he could. Even if it was a risk.

He ran a hand through his wet curls. He needs to minimize that risk or else he'll be back at square one in a worse position than he was this time. Lorcan believes. That surprised him. Imre is the one who has faith in the unexplained, the beckoning void and the blood it takes to get there.

Lorcan's wholehearted belief must come from desperation and guilt. It can't all be for nothing, right?

Imre thinks about their conversation in the car. How distant the world seemed in the moment. Imre enjoyed the world, he didn't know who he would be if he wasn't connected to it, being isolated with no one to see him felt undesirable. What's the point of power without witnesses?

But that isolation with them felt... oddly pleasant. He knows that they are unwilling or scared to be a part of things. He knows he can only meet them in their loneliness. At first, it irritated him because he thought it belied a weakness.

Can it be a strength? He'll have to test that theory.

*If Crownny held his hand**

He moves the fingers of his palm. Caressing that skin and trying to remember what it felt like to have them touch it. When was the last time he held someone's hand? Was it with his mother?

He can't recall. The feeling of their hand in his is fading quickly but the warmth of pleasure he felt when they gave into him hasn't. He's always liked obedience. It's a sign of pride. In the whole of his life, he had never craved another's submission like this.

This one's complacency is almost intoxicating like squeezing a defenceless bird. It sparks desire in the pit of his stomach.

*If Crownny kissed him**

He touches his lips with the tips of his fingers. He can still taste the flavour of their mouth mixed in with the rainwater it tasted like a clean river. Quenching. He had thought about it before.

He knew that desire was the easiest route to having someone eat out of the palm of his hand. He was bored with how successful that tactic had been for him since he hit puberty.

But they had held out. At certain points, he even began to think they might not want him and he despises doubt. The kiss surprised him. They clearly hadn't done that before. But it wasn't giving in, they kissed him with anger, resentment and perhaps a bit of hatred. He wondered if it would be the same next time.

*

He smiles faintly. The maid comes in with a tray of coffee and sandwiches, Imre thanks her and watches her leave. He locks the door and opens the top drawer of his desk. He takes a pen from his inside and presses it underneath the drawer.

The inner bottom of it rises and he takes out the yellowed folded paper. He unfolds its crinkly edges, smoothing it against the straight surface of his desk. He rereads the faded text.

'Messrs. Croun and Croun christened 'Sea Byrd' at London Port.'

He leans back in his chair and ponders. He already checked the town records, spoken to some of the older residents and discreetly looked through the boxes in the attic of Croun manor while the other two were occupied bickering.

Josiah, it seems wanted to erase his previous life. He briefly entertained the idea of going to London. But he wouldn't be able to explain his absence amid an ongoing investigation and his father has eyes everywhere.

Yasmine Mir is his only hope. He always believed that she wasn't insane but that the secrets of her marriage and this town overwhelmed her.

He sips his coffee and his lips purse. "Disgusting," he murmurs but he feels the pull of sleep and his nightmares are no conciliation and no use.

However, if his dreams promise the attractive face of his friend he might not be so reticent to waste his time. He lifts the newspaper to eye level.

I applaud you for your genes, Josiah.

[Lazlo - drabble](#)

[March 18](#)

Your eyes retraced the same voyage of his face. His red hair that seemed especially fiery today. His pointed nose, his pink lips. He had scatters of freckles along his cheeks and the bridge of his nose.

You roll to your side and lightly trace those faded brown dots. His eyes twitch and you freeze. A small sigh comes out of his slightly ajar mouth. You go back to tracing.

He told you he used to hate them because it reminded him of mud. You always found them beautiful as if his face had a wave of stars on it. People don't appreciate stars as they should.

Your finger lightly moves along his bottom lip. His warm breath against your finger tickles you. It makes you want to wake up him just to feel that breath in your mouth from a kiss.

You're about to lean forward and fulfill your desire when he yawns loudly, rolling to his back and stretching out his arms. He opens his eyes just to press them closed as the sunlight hits them.

He grumbles and searches around with his hand, completely blind. He finds your arm and rolls to his side, scooting over until his face is pressed against your chest. He hugs you and plants a light kiss to your sternum.

You laugh softly, "Laz."

"Shhh," he says before snoring thirty seconds later. You run your hands through his soft hair and breathe in.

[March 19](#)

I've been alternating between writing OYHS and doing a grammar sweep of WWC. I'm done episode 1 of wwc and damn I wrote a lot for this for game. I'm aiming to finish the grammar sweep by mid-April.

OYHS could possibly be done by early April or mid-April, depends because I'll be in exam season that month.

I've also been looking for ambient tracks for wwc and honestly I'm excited for the tracks I've found I think it fits the vibe I have for that game.

That's all and here's the sneak peek:

*if Sky is amab**

You wipe your hands on your pants. You've hardly ever talked to girls. The schools mingle a few times a year but the priests and the nuns are always there to force the girls of St. Agnes to talk to the boys of St. Andrews.

But this is a dance... you'll be allowed to talk to girls and touch them.

Brother Mark spent weeks teaching you boys how to sway and do a simple two-step. You pull on your collar as you follow Roger along the corridors.

*if Sky is afab**

You feel your stomach churn with nerves. "He's with all those boys. Isn't it too forward to go to him? Shouldn't I wait for him to come to me?"

Olivia shakes her head and smooths your hair back. "You're not doing anything untoward. Boys at dances are less mean than when you see them outside of school."

"Why?"

[March 20](#)

I added a Lazlo scene and some additional scenes for the club scene :)

[The Hungry Boy - We Wretched Creatures \(a lore story PT.1\)](#)

[March 23](#)

So long ago, it has been forgotten by time...

According to the boy, there were only 9 people in the world. Himself, his six siblings, his father and his mother.

They lived on a hilltop, overlooking vast swathes of green grass. He and his siblings spent most of their free time playing in those fields. It seemed like each day they invented something new to try.

It was easier to grow bored as they aged. Days were filled up each year with more work to keep the farm going. His hatred for doing what he deemed 'menial' work was like a bottomless well. He felt his hands were made for more than the dirt.

One day, the boy – near adulthood – saw another person for the first time. He had joyously gone to them, excitement running through his veins at seeing another face that wasn't those same nine faces he had etched in his mind.

But they were too far away from him, when they saw him running towards them they fled. He made to follow but a shout from his brother stopped him.

The boy's brother looked nervously back at the farm, hoping their father hadn't seen what the boy was about to do.

The boy trudged back to his brother, his head hanging low and a burning in his eyes.

The boy's brother gripped his shoulders and said in a language that no longer exists, "what were you thinking?"

The boy had an urge to throw his brother's arms off. This surge of violence was not new, he has had flashes of it all his life. It does surprise him though, the intensity of the feeling and how long it takes him each time to stop feeling it.

"There are other people out there, Soris," the boy told his brother. "I think it was a man I saw."

Soris stared gravely at his brother, his fingers dug into the boy's warm shoulders — burnt by the sun. "Forget it, Brother."

The boy shook his head. "It is not just these walls we will know, Brother. There are other things out there beyond the grass. People—"

Soris put a finger to his lips and stole a glance towards the house. He threw his arm around his brother and started leading him away from the house. In whispers, he said, "I have seen them too. Our other siblings have as well. We have agreed to let it be forgotten."

The boy looked at his brother, "why? We could speak to them—"

Soris shushed his brother. "No, Father would not like that."

His brother suppressed a growl. "Until when must we do as Father commands?"

Soris sighed. "Father gave us this life, he has fed us and clothed us. If he believes we should remain here, then so it must be."

The boy threw off his brother's arm and deigned to get angry with him. "Can you not see will we die in this place without having ever lived? There is a world unlike the four walls of the farm out there."

The boy gently cupped his brother's cheeks, "at our fingertips, Soris. I am brave and you are smart, we could survive out there."

Soris looked down at the grass in between his toes. "And our siblings?"

The boy's smile slightly dropped. "They are younger than us, they would not survive without Mother and Father."

Soris gently lowered his brother's hands from his face, "I cannot so easily abandon our family. We are like a body, all parts must work in tandem to live."

The boy curled his lip and walked away from Soris. He abruptly turned around and said furiously, "a body will die if you do not cut the rot."

Soris called the boy to come back, but he was enraged. He walked without direction, along those fields of grass he knew like the back of his hand. He thought of going, as unreasonable as that choice would be with only the clothes on his back.

He laid down, laying his head on his crossed arms. He looked up at the blue cerulean sky and tried to make things out of the clouds. But they all looked like things he had never seen before. Perhaps they did not exist.

Mayhaps they existed out in the world, somewhere.

He would not give up, he would convince Soris. His brother loved him, he would follow him so as to protect him from the unknown dangers.

But he was mistaken before. He would need to bring his siblings as well. They did not deserve to be slaves to the Earth. Not with their gifts.

He would wait. His younger brother Cuwoltus could only hide his fingers at first. As the years went by and he practiced he could make most of his body disappear for minutes on end.

His sister could invade the world of sleep, make anyone see what she wanted them to. Initially it was out of her control; once she left the family donkey in dreams for a year.

The rest of his siblings had strange talents as well. No talent was the same nor did they progress the same. Soris was the most advanced of them all. His talent suited him.

The boy grew bitter as he watched his siblings play with their gifts. This was a game he could not partake within the grass. They would openly mock him with their eyes, only once did they dare throw their superiority in his face. He made them pay dearly for it.

Father would punish his siblings cruelly if he caught them exercising their talents. He said, *those things are not of God. They are of sin.*

In spite of being the only one without any odd talent, his father did not love him for he could see the hunger in his son's eyes. The yearning for other than what life had given him. His father believed this trait could be beaten out.

But no matter. He would satiate the desire within him. **All** desire within, gobble it up like bones and crunch it between his carnivorous teeth.

[Lazlo - drabble](#)

[March 25](#)

Some of you asked for this on Tumblr.

Lazlo had noticed Luce wasn't there. He had been watching them throughout the entire day. It was an embarrassing habit. Antonio has been giving him these looks lately every time he's caught him looking at Luce. It makes him uncomfortable.

But Laz can't see Luce the way his surrogate father wanted him to. He's tried. He followed Luce and Dante with his eyes until they'd gone inside. He periodically looked at his watch. Luckily, Antonio wasn't paying attention to him right now.

Ten minutes. They were in there for ten minutes. Laz let out a relieved sigh when he saw Luce come out. Dante came back to the table and decided to spend the rest of the hour chatting up Luce's cousin.

When people started to drift back into the house, Laz had to stay near Antonio as he and Mr. Greco started talking shop. Laz tried to pay attention, but he couldn't take his eyes off Luce, who was talking to a few of their cousins. He particularly noticed the way their smile looked in the setting sun.

"Couldn't hurt a fly, right?" Dante slid up to Laz and threw an arm around his shoulders.

"What are you talking about?" he asked.

Dante pointed to Luce. "I know Luce's kind of your sibling and all, and this might be gnarly to hear, but they're pretty naughty."

Laz looked at Dante, who was grinning salaciously. "Why are you saying this?" he asked, a rising anger in his voice. Dante pressed Laz closer and whispered in his ear.

"They made out with me not even an hour ago," Dante affirmed.

Laz felt his stomach drop. The denial was already on his tongue. "Luce wouldn't do that," he attested.

Dante tilted his head playfully, "how the hell would you know? Thought they hated you. Shit, you don't even talk to them." He slid his arm off of him and shrugged. "But cool, rock on with your delusion."

Laz stonily watched as Dante trudged back to Luce's cousin. His eyes wandered back to Luce, who was laughing as they told a story.

He looked down and noticed how tightly his hand was clenched.

[OYHS - Update \(3/9\)](#)

[March 26](#)

This was a bit of a tedious one since I have to add so much code based on Sky's gender. But it's also kind of cute. It feels weird writing a story where technically nothing really bad has happened. It all feels a bit lighter.

Also I kind of wanted to give you guys the choice of later on picking your full artistic names. So I went back and not only allowed you guys to pick your own last artistic name but also have your birth name (first name) possibly be different from your artistic first name later on in the first scene of chapter one when Martha/Mallory is asked what the baby's name is. I still like the nickname Sky for MC so I decided to keep that as a middle name. That means it's best if you replay :)

Bye, Jude.

[OYHS - update](#)

[March 26](#)

Lowkey this game might be cursed cause why is it that every time I upload multiple bugs appear?????

Anyway it's working (fingers crossed). Sugarcube doesn't like when things have similar names it seems to gets its little head confused.

Thanks for those who reported the bugs!

[Nia - Soft \(E5\)](#)

[March 31](#)

She has debated ripping this newspaper to shreds. The eyes of her mother seem to mock her. Laughing at her for the power she still holds over her all these years later.

Nia wishes she were stronger. She wishes the coldness she's able to show the world would penetrate deep within her heart and ice out the memory of her mother forever. Why does she deserve her thoughts?

Nia's arms hurt from holding up that newspaper above her sprawled body on the bed. She traces her mother's name with her finger. It's not a loving caress. More like an examination. Perhaps if she touches those black letters enough, her mother will reach out from the pages of this yellowed old newspaper and tell her all her secrets.

She hears the heavy footsteps of her father and barely manages to hide the newspaper underneath her pillow before he comes in. She feels a flare of irritation pass by her face; he can never knock.

Her father gently closes the door behind him and walks towards the bed. His clasped hands displaying a thick gold band he wears with the Mir family sigil. She has one herself, long, thrown into the back of the drawer on her nightstand, collecting dust.

She sits up and straightens her dress. "Yes, father?"

Amir looks at her. His cold, dark eyes penetrating her face. A strange thought appears in her mind: *can he read what I'm thinking?* When she was younger, she did believe he could. He always knew everything. Every subpar grade she got, every swimming competition in which she didn't place first and every interaction she had outside the confines of her home. It was jarring.

His eyes didn't leave her face, and she suddenly felt like her mouth was dry. She felt as if he would strike if she moved. Her father was a difficult man; sometimes she did fear him. But it was fused with admiration and gratitude.

"Tell me what those children were doing here," he demands.

The lie slipped from her tongue before she could stop it. "We have a group project together. They were here to polish the details."

He arches an eyebrow, "really? For what class?"

She tries not to let any hint of agitation show on her face. She does despise lying directly. "We have to do a presentation on Dante's Inferno for English."

His expression doesn't change, "you took your required English course in the summer."

She pressed her teeth together.

"I don't like being lied to, Nia. And to think, you, my daughter, could fool me is an arrogance you haven't earned," he states coolly.

Nia suppress the urge to twirl her fingers around her locks. Her cheeks feel warm with shame. Amir slowly sat on the edge of her bed and did not alleviate her of the visual assault her was giving her.

"You think you're smart? That you and Imre Duran know all? You're adolescents without a single idea of how much bigger this is than you and your wishful fantasies," Amir continues, a look of judgment in his eyes.

She feels the edge of the newspaper by her palm and leans back, the crinkle of the paper makes her want to freeze. But her father's attention hasn't wavered from her scolding.

"I don't know anything, Father. Whatever—" she pinches the bridge of her nose, "I don't care about what's going on. I just want to continue our university plans. Imre, Birdie and Lorcan can get into trouble for all I care."

His eyebrow lowers, his eyes move around her face. "You still use that dreadful nickname. How am I supposed to trust the extent of your involvement with this matter if you still seem so fond of 'Birdie,'" he says with a sneer.

She looks down at her hands, running her thumb over her nails. "If they want to kill themselves, that's their problem. I'm not their keeper anymore and there is no one in the world that will look out for me except for you."

She feels the bed shift and almost flinches when her father gently caresses her hair. "I don't like being harsh with you, azizam. But the mayor is a dangerous man. He has placed all his ambitions for our final try and I can't let a group of children meddle with it."

What if the children are more important to this thing than the grownups? she thinks, but she dares not voice it. Nor does she wish it to be true. She let her father caress her face, she gently puts her hand atop his and looks up.

His stare is still impenetrable but she senses the immediate storm has passed. She doesn't know what he'd do if he knew of the newspaper currently burning a hole on her ass. Ugh, horrible metaphor.

He lets her go and stands. "For your sake, Nia, I hope you don't get dazzled into this. Your heart is far too trusting and soft toward those around you, whether you admit it or not. Emotions have no place in future doctors."

He leaves her, shutting the door softly. Nia pulls out the newspaper and lies back down. She begins tracing the name again. She can't see it yet. It would make her mother too real. She would betray her father. She already is by keeping this and entertaining the idea of saying 'yes' to the noname brand Scooby gang.

She sits up and crumples the newspaper into a little ball. She reaches for her trashcan and throws it in. She pulls on her drawer and takes out some matches. She lights one and dangles it over the flammable contents of the trash.

"Throw it," she orders herself. But her hand isn't commanded by her brain, and she waits too long. She swears as the flame burns her, and quickly blows on it. She takes out the newspaper, throws the burnt match in and cautiously smooths out the paper. She presses it to her chest and focuses her might on not crying.

Don't you dare.

She sighs. **Soft.**

[Charley - drabble \(canon\).](#)

[April 1](#)

She pushes up the window and ties up the curtains. The smell of cigarettes makes her stomach churn. She has never understood such a nasty habit; the smell lingers in rooms. Nearly all her colleagues do it, and they seem to get pleasure in annoying her.

She made the cardinal sin of being a woman, and with dark meat to boot.

She endured their 'jokes,' their lingering stares, and their too confident touches on her body because there are things that matter more to her than that. It's the same everywhere, here and over *there*.

The loud ringing interrupted her typing, and with a slight twist to her mouth, she picks up the headset.

"Charley," she greets simply.

"Hey cool cat, where might you might you be?" a smooth, happy voice speaks through the telephone.

"Sir/Ma'am," she replies. Tucking the phone between her cheek and shoulder, she starts shoving her papers into her briefcase. "I'm sorry, I woke up late."

She hears a chuckle on the other end of the line. "You, LATE? I'd have sooner see pigs fly. You know I'm gonna bother you about this, you dig?"

Charley smiles, "I do Sir/Ma'am. Don't worry, I'll be ready in two shakes, so you can have your fun."

Luce's face looks back at her as she shuts the briefcase.

[Lorcan - Mature](#)

[April 5](#)

****if Crownny has a vagina***

His hot breath on you makes you squirm. You so badly want him to reach up with his pale pink lips and take you the way you're begging him to.

"Crowny," he groans as you open your thigh wider to envelop his senses with your musky scent.

"What?" you ask, innocently. You resist the urge to blow caution to the window and plop your cunt onto his panting mouth. He sighs and the air makes your folds quiver.

He looks up at you with those big grey eyes of his. "I don't know—" he sighs again and you bite your lip from moaning.

"Don't know....?" you press.

He looks at your thighs and lightly trails a finger down your spasming muscle.

"How to... y'know," he gestures at your crotch.

"Lick a pussy?" you finish.

"Y-yeah," he admits, shamefaced.

You lean back at the admission, splaying your hands on his thighs. You weren't even thinking of that. He told you he wasn't a virgin and maybe you thought his experience included more than penetration.

"It's ok, y'know," you reply. "There's a first time for everything."

Lorcan looks at you. "You're not just sayin' that are you? 'Cause I feel like a fucking loser."

"I'm not the sex god around here either, dummy," you respond.

Lorcan pinches your thigh, "fuck off I'm serious."

You lean forward, spreading your thighs wider and sitting up on your knees so that you're towering over him. You smile at him, "I'm serious. Suck me off, bitch. Give it your best shot, stick your tongue deep into my pussy."

Lorcan's eyes widen as filthy words slip from your mouth. "Show me how well you can fuck me with that warm, wet tongue."

That's all it takes for Lorcan to shed any inhibitions he has and press his lips to your eager labials. You grip the headboard as he starts off slowly, almost timidly to explore.

He gently licks the surface, as if he were presented with an ice cream scoop. The licks are short and not nearly enough to finish you off but... god, they're good. His tongue trails down, he grabs handfuls of your ass and nudges you forward.

“Lorcan what are—”

He laps at your asshole and you gasp. He spreads your cheeks letting cool air mingle with the warm wetness of his saliva before attacking your sphincter again. You don't move. This sensation is foreign to you and your thoughts fill with how nasty this is, which makes you even wetter.

Obscene wet sounds reverberate throughout the room accompanied by your breathless groans.

Before his tongue leaves your rectum he circles around your rim and then finishes off by planting a quick kiss on it. You feel as if he wants to end it there and you don't mind, the rimjob was good enough.

He guides your hips back and you follow his wordless command until your cunt is above his mouth again and he opens your folds and spits on the opening.

“Lorcan—”

He starts sucking your reddish moist skin as if his lip depended on it. Kneading your ass in turn. He alternates between rapid licks, fervent sucking and kisses.

Your wetness slips into his mouth and he rolls it around as if it were the most delicious treat. “Lorcan...”

He stops and your dazed eyes see him licking his finger and you feel it caress your asshole. He moans as he renews the assault on your lips. You moan out his name again, throwing your head back, and arching your back.

“Lorcan!”

“Tell me I'm your slut,” he whispers in between noisy lapping.

“You're my slut. You're my dirty whore,” you growl as he sticks a finger in your ass.

His tongue is clumsy and sometimes he bumps his nose on your pussy but he more than makes up for it through his enthusiasm.

Your hips twitch and you know you're close now. “Disgusting fucker, lap up my pussy like the little pig you are,” you order.

His moans against your folds make your stomach quiver. The power you have over him is the greatest high you've ever had. You straighten your back and look down at him excitedly eating you out as if he'd like to drown in your cum.

And so he will.

“Naught boy,” you pull on his matted hair. He groans and his hands gripping your cheeks, tightening.

You grind yourself on him, not caring that you could be suffocating him. Right now your thoughts are on that peak, the top of the mountain he's hurtling you towards.

His finger pistons in and out of your ass, your hips buck as your lower stomach muscles tense.

"Pathetic, no good little—" you scream as your whole body stiffens and you feel wet liquid spew from between your legs like peeing. Your asshole clenches his finger.

Lorcan makes a noise in his throat and with lidded eyes you watch as your clear orgasm gushes down onto his mouth, nose and cheeks. He slowly takes his finger out of you.

Your body loses all its strength and Lorcan has to grab your hips and slightly raise you to lick his lips.

He gently throws your leg to the side and you slide down the bed, face pressed against the pillow.

You breathe in and out and you feel the telltale signs of exhaustion but you force yourself to move your head sideways and look at him.

He wipes his face with his hands and licks his palms. Slurping up the juices; he looks at the mess you made on his face like a gift.

When he's finished he looks at you and asks, "did I do it good?"

"Fuck you," you reply tiredly.

He raises a pale eyebrow, "what?"

You let out something that sounds like a laugh and a sigh. "You made me waterboard your face and you're asking if you did it good?"

He shrugs, "thought that was normal."

You chuckle and prop yourself up on your elbow. "Why did you finger me?"

"Was it a bad thing?"

You shake your head. "It was a surprising thing."

He ponders before answering, "I just felt like it. Whenever I fuck you from behind I always see it and I wanted to know how tight it was."

"And?" you raise an eyebrow.

He rubs your arm. His face is very red. Slick sweat pools on his clavicle. "I kind of wanna penetrate you there. When you jizzed all over my face, your hole was so tight I thought it was going to take my finger off."

You laugh, “jizz?”

He smiles and playfully bites your shoulder, “I don’t know what girly jizz is called.”

Chuckles vibrate in your throat as he plants soft kisses along your neck and down your chest. “Would you let me do it?”

He bites the skin above your belly button. “You’re a pervert.”

You feel his cock press against your leg. He places a gentle kiss on your mound and moves your knees apart.

You look at each other. He looks up at you from under his eyelashes, and you look over the highs and lows of your body to him.

“If you make me cum again I’ll make you fuck my asshole until it’s gaping,” you threaten.

He grins, “game on.”

****if Crownny has a penis***

His hot breath on you makes you squirm. You so badly want him to reach up with his pale pink lips and take you the way you’re begging him to.

“Crownny,” he groans as you open your thigh wider to envelop his senses with your musky scent.

“What?” you ask, innocently. You resist the urge to blow caution to the window and plop your cock into his panting mouth. He sighs and the air makes your shaft twitch.

He looks up at you with those big grey eyes of his. “I don’t know—” he sighs again and you bite your lip from moaning.

“Don’t know....?” you press.

He looks at your thighs and lightly trails a finger down your spasming muscle.

“How to... y’know,” he gestures at your crotch.

“Suck a dick?” you finish.

“Y-yeah,” he admits, shamefaced.

You lean back at the admission, splaying your hands on his thighs. You weren’t even thinking of that. He told you he wasn’t a virgin and maybe you thought his experience included more than penetration.

“It’s ok, y’know,” you reply. “There’s a first time for everything.”

Lorcan looks at you. "You're not just sayin' that are you? 'Cause I feel like a fucking loser."

"I'm not the sex god around here either, dummy," you respond.

Lorcan pinches your thigh, "fuck off I'm serious."

You lean forward, spreading your thighs wider and sitting up on your knees so that you're towering over him. You smile at him, "I'm serious. Suck me off, bitch. Give it your best shot, stick my cock into your fucking throat."

Lorcan's eyes widen as filthy words slip from your mouth. "Show me how well you can take my face-fucking."

That's all it takes for Lorcan to shed any inhibitions he has and press his lips to your eager erection. You grip the headboard as he starts off slowly, almost timidly to explore.

He gently licks the surface, from the base to the tip, as if presented with a lollipop. The licks are quick and not nearly enough to finish you off but... god, they're good. His tongue trails down, he grabs handfuls of your ass and nudges you forward.

"Lorcan what are—"

He laps at your asshole, and you gasp. He spreads your cheeks letting cool air mingle with the warm wetness of his saliva before attacking your sphincter again. You don't move. This sensation is foreign to you, and your thoughts fill with how nasty this is, which makes you even harder.

Obscene wet sounds reverberate throughout the room accompanied by your breathless groans.

Before his tongue leaves your rectum, he circles around your rim and then finishes off by planting a quick kiss on it. You feel as if he wants to end it there and you don't mind, the rimjob was good enough.

He guides your hips back and you follow his wordless command until your cock is above his mouth again and he guides it down to his lips and spits on the tip.

"Lorcan—"

He starts sucking your reddish moist skin as if his lip depended on it. Kneading your ass in turn. He alternates between fervent sucking and deranged kisses.

Your precum slips into his mouth and he rolls it around as if it were the most delicious treat.

"Lorcan..."

He stops and your dazed eyes see him licking his finger and you feel it caress your asshole. He moans as he renews the assault on your lips. You moan out his name again, throwing your head back and arching your back.

“Lorcan!”

“Tell me I’m your slut,” he whispers in between noisy lapping.

“You’re my slut. You’re my dirty whore,” you growl as he sticks a finger in your ass.

His tongue is clumsy and sometimes he bumps his nose on your shaft but he more than makes up for it through his enthusiasm.

Your hips twitch and you know you’re close now. “Disgusting fucker, lap up my dick like the little pig you are,” you order.

His moans against your folds make your stomach quiver. The power you have over him is the greatest high you’ve ever had. You straighten your back and look down at him excitedly swallowing you as if he’d like to drown in your cum.

And so he will.

“Naught boy,” you pull on his matted hair. He groans and his hands gripping your cheeks, tightening.

You push yourself in deeper, not caring that you could be choking him. Right now, your thoughts are on that peak, the top of the mountain he’s hurtling you towards.

His finger pistons in and out of your ass, your hips buck as your lower stomach muscles tense.

“Pathetic, no good little—” you groan as your whole body stiffens and you feel wet liquid spew from between your legs like peeing. Your asshole clenches his finger.

Lorcan makes a noise in his throat and with lidded eyes you watch as your clear orgasm paints his face in white ropes. He slowly takes his finger out of you.

Your body loses all its strength, and Lorcan has to grab your hips and slightly raise you to lick his lips.

He gently throws your leg to the side, and you slide down the bed, your face pressed against the pillow.

You breathe in and out, and you feel the telltale signs of exhaustion, but you force yourself to move your head sideways and look at him.

He wipes his face with his hands and licks his palms. Slurping up the sperm; he looks at the mess you made on his face like a gift.

When he’s finished he looks over at you and asks, “did I do it good?”

“Fuck you,” you reply tiredly.

He raises a pale eyebrow, “what?”

You let out something that sounds like a laugh and a sigh. “You made me explode on your face and you’re asking if you did it good?”

He shrugs, “thought that was normal.”

You chuckle and prop yourself up on your elbow. “Why did you finger me?”

“Was it a bad thing?”

You shake your head. “It was a surprising thing. I usually do that to you.”

He ponders before answering, “I just felt like it. Whenever you fuck me it feels good and I wanted to know what that was like.”

“And?” you raise an eyebrow.

He rubs your arm. His face is very red. Slick sweat pools on his clavicle. “I kind of wanna penetrate you there. When you spunked all over my face, your hole was so tight I thought it was going to take my finger off.”

You laugh, “spunked?”

He smiles and playfully bites your shoulder, “It sounds cooler than sperm.”

Chuckles vibrate in your throat as he plants soft kisses along your neck and down your chest. “Would you let me do it?”

He bites the skin above your belly button. “You’re a sicko.”

You feel his cock press against your leg. He places a gentle kiss on your happy trail and moves your knees apart.

You look at each other. He looks up at you from under his eyelashes, and you look over the highs and lows of your body to him.

“If you make me cum again I’ll make you fuck my asshole until it’s gaping,” you threaten.

He grins, “game on.”

[Writing update \(14?\)](#)

[April 8](#)

School work has had me swamped but I have managed to carve some time in for OYHS. And let me tell ya there is possibly some nice gay panic going on and it's cute/sad.

I really want to finish this chapter before the end of the month. Like yeah I know I update pretty quick especially chapters that usually take longer in the IF community but for my work ethic it feels slow for me to do it haha

The thing is getting into that rhythm. Or the "zone." If I don't force myself to sit down and write I'm always dreaming about the other works and when I'm working on the other works I'm dreaming about working on this haha it's a vicious cycle

But I got into the zone today and I like this portion of the chapter because sky is growing up and discovering things about themselves, the world and their mother's job

Hopefully I can update later this week.

Thanks, Jude.

[Sneak peek - OYHS](#)

[April 9](#)

You practically run towards the front doors until you realize how'd it look and slow down. You stop by a mirror and straighten your tie. You slick your hair back and pull on your blazer.

You take a deep breath and walk down to the lobby of the school. You hear echoes of adult voices before you see them. Brother Sebastian shakes hands with the man standing next to your mother.

You barely glance at the man, your eyes solely for her. She takes up a room, doesn't she?

Your mother stands in her tall heels, her long fur coat, her curled blonde hair and a gasper in her mouth. Practically blowing smoke in Brother Sebastian's face.

You raise an eyebrow. Talking is not something Mallory Skylark does. Your conversations have never gone beyond safe, forgettable topics, and you're sure she likes that about your mother-son/daughter relationship. She doesn't have to do any serious parenting.

“WHAT? You want me to do WHAT?”

[Musings on realism](#)

[April 11](#)

So I'm almost done this part of OYHS. Nearly there and I'm not going to lie it's hard writing about a Sky who is mixed.

Yes, I don't have to be realistic. I'm not being forced. But at least for me, my personal goal in writing historical fiction games is to not romanticize the past. As someone who loves history I see we tend to get blinded by the clothes, hairstyles and art. Which isn't a bad thing. But I've never liked the trend of people saying the “good old days” and “I was born in the wrong generation” and “X year was the best time to be alive.” They tend to forget that most of what we think is “good” were ads made to promote consumerism and imperialism.

I don't begrudge authors who write historical fiction and don't add these elements because they don't need to nor should they have to. It's nice escapism to play a person who isn't white and not be bombarded with issues the world has with you. It's good and I think those stories are important too.

It's hard writing slurs, it makes me feel gross but I want it to be for something, to **matter**. I want a mixed Sky to matter as half African/half East Asian/half Caribbean etc., person. Not doing so erases the struggles that minorities have faced for most of modern human history and how much they fought to be taken seriously in areas like Hollywood.

There's only one slur I can't ever write. I don't know why this one and not the others but I simply can't. The thing about bigotry though is that hateful people come up with many names to belittle and humiliate so I can use others instead. I know you guys know why I focus so much on accuracy in my games as you've read wwc but I just wanted to reiterate it again.

I've also added a warning at the beginning of OYHS because of this. That's not to say every chapter will have just blatant horrible -isms but it will come up in an offhand manner from some characters. I also think I'll add a “history” section to the menu to explain the place of POCs and WOCs in Hollywood during the time of the game.

Also a glossary for slang.

Anyway that's all I wanted to vent about haha.

Sincerely, Jude.

[OYHS - Update 4/9](#)

[April 12](#)

Me: oh I'll be done this early. It's just copy and pasting what I have on the doc sheet into twine no sweat.

Me: *8 hours later* fucking coding....

Since this game is bewitched I know code will likely mess things up so tell as always.

This is the longest section so far. You get to see more of who Sky is growing into and their relationship with their hits a big climax

Cheers, Jude

[Writing diary \(#16\) + musings](#)

[April 14](#)

So I've started on the next part of OYHS. The hardest part I've found is describing Los Angeles. You see with wwc it all comes from my head, with EC the places still hold similarity to what they looked like in the 70s. With OYHS it's harder because Los Angeles is a character in itself, and so your girl is looking at 100 year old reference pictures and damn cities are confusing. Also, that should give you an idea of what's in story for part 5. This chapter is longer than I originally anticipated. But this section is easier since I'm not using code to rewrite whole scenes based on Sky's gender. Now it's just flavour text.

Something about Sky I noticed. So it's a case of character leading the writer. When I started writing them I didn't set out to make them a believer. Going to catholic school doesn't necessarily make one religious but it came unconsciously that yeah Sky would believe. It makes sense as well in the early 20th century in the western world it was common enough to just automatically believe in a God. But it's nice when characters end up surprising me.

This section could be finished this week or early next week.

Bye, Jude.

[Sneak Peek - OYHS](#)

[April 14](#)

“Oh! Greer, come meet my son/daughter!” your mother exclaims, waving over someone behind you.

You look over your shoulder to see a man, a bit older than you, lounging on a lawn chair. His body oiled slick. A tight red swimming trunk with a white belt hugs his lower half. Your eyes widen at the sight of his tanned chest. You’ve never seen a man this undressed before.

[Roger & Olivia - drabble](#)

[April 15](#)

He watches the other boy’s eyes flit from sentence to sentence. The other boy is not doing anything interesting, just reading, and yet he finds he can’t look away. When the boy suggested that it would be good to take advantage of the nice weather, Roger thought it sounded like a bore.

Unless he’s playing Rugby, he doesn’t find anything fun to do under the sun. But now, as he sees his best friend lie there, an arm tucked under his head, eyebrows slightly pushed together in consternation and a smooth face brightened by the sun, he retracts his statement.

“It’s not working,” the boy says.

Roger blinks. “What?”

The boy smiles, “you keep staring at me. No matter how much you pout, I’m not going back inside. The sun is good for you.”

Roger’s cheeks colour. “Oh, right, the sun.”

Her hair is so smooth. Many of the girls on their floor have a habit of asking Olivia to do their hair since she's so swell at it. She doesn't mind, she feels good being kind, and it's satisfying to see a job well done.

But above all else, she loves doing her girlfriend's hair. Olivia bites her lip from smiling. No, not girlfriend, she has to remind herself. Girl friend. The spaces in between those two words are unpleasant. But she didn't quite know what to do to connect them yet.

"Olive," she says.

Olivia stops her humming, "yes?"

The girl smiles in the mirror, "you haven't done anything, and it's been 10 minutes. My hair is untangled to perfection, thank you."

Olivia laughs sheepishly, "sorry. I was somewhere else."

[OYHS - update 5/9](#)

[April 19](#)

Nearly broke my fingers to finish this today.

Anyway we finally get to see more of the outside world. Sky gets to go to their first real party. Things ensue.

I would say this part is when the "dark" aspect of Hollywood that I want to write about starts. So keep that in mind

Thanks, Jude.

[Lorcan - water \(E5\)](#)

[April 20](#)

"Fuck me," he says as he looks at his wet leather jacket. Usually it's a hulking badass thing that has the added benefit of making him look bigger. Now it's just a droopy mess. He doesn't know how the hell to even wash this shit.

He'll have to ask Gran and she'll be all noisy and start with those damn questions. She'll lose it if she finds out he walked Crown home.

He throws the leather jacket on the bed and starts stripping off his wet clothes that uncomfortably stick to his shivering moist skin. He hates tight clothes, it makes him feel more naked than actually being naked would feel. He would know, he streaked through the school once for 20 bucks.

He walks to the bathroom and turns on the water. He steps in and lets the water run down his head, making sure it's near-scalding. The gentle sensation of water running down his scalp makes him sigh contentedly.

He loves showers. He loves how it can work like music and block out everything else. Most people are keenly aware of their bodies when they wash themselves but he isn't. It's like he's a formless being whose existence is confined to the parameters of his small shower tub.

His mind wanders to the usual fantasy he gets when he's in here. Fingers gently slide down his back, making his shoulders flex. They stop before his hips and hug him, pressing his back to their chest. Circular motions caress his stomach muscles that flinch pleasantly.

He smells her scent, the one that no matter how much she would shower would always cling to her skin. Only here can he vividly sniff the aroma as if she were right behind him. He has tried so long to describe it but words fail him as they usually do. She always said she wished he was more romantic.

How could he begin to tell her the depths of his feelings for her? Did such words exist? He might've been too stupid to know them. He tried to write them but it would always turn out pathetic. Would it have been enough to say that his love for her was indescribable?

Nah, she would've thought it was a copout. But still he imagines she must know now. Don't some religions believe that? Everything he's doing for her, she has to know now. Maybe that's why she's here.

A smaller voice in his head tells him he's delusional. She's not really here and she won't be here ever again but that voice makes the arms around him feel cold, it makes his eyes hurt and his throat close. Can't he just have this little moment of peace before faced with the cold water of reality?

Please.

He covers those cold hands with his own and brings them up to his lips, placing tender kisses on her fingertips that taste of blood and mud.

Why? He presses his mouth to one and stays there trying to understand why it doesn't taste like her. The fingertips are rough, not her usual smooth skin. He puts a fingertip in his mouth and licks it.

It makes his penis twitch and he tries to push that desire down. Not everything needs to be about sex. But he misses her so much and her fingers don't taste the same but that's ok because he will love her no matter her flavour.

"Orla," he whispers into her palm.

She digs her fingers into his skin and he sighs. A smile stretches on his lips and he turns around. Sometimes if he tries hard enough he can see her for a brief hazy moment as the water slips down his eyelashes.

His mouth forms her name once more as the image he desires appears before him.

Their skin is much duller, the hair not as vibrant and the body is marked with scars of all kinds, a jagged one collects water within its deep crevices.

His mouth falls open on the 'O' of his lost beloved's name. They stick their fingers in his mouth and through the watery visage he sees their shoulders shake. A weak cackle pierces the sanctity of his shower.

Before he can say their name, he blinks and the image disappears. He freezes for a split second before he rubs his eyes with his knuckles and pushes his hair away from his forehead. The shower is empty except for him.

The happiness he felt turns as cold as the water has. He turns it off and with shaky legs steps out of the tub. He almost slips and throws out a hand to clutch the sink. He lets out a shaky breath and gropes for the folded towels.

His fingers tremble so bad the towel around his waist keeps slipping off his hips so he has to just hold it around him as he rushes to his room. He slams the door behind him, thinks for a moment and locks it too.

He sits on his bed and stares at the wall opposite him. A poster for Alice in Chains looks back at him. He lays down and hits his head off the wall.

He hisses, "fuck me."

His hand clenches into a fist and before he knows what he's doing he punches the wall. Pain goes up his hand and he just grunts, taking it.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," he growls, pressing his tender knuckles down onto his thigh.

He covers his face with his hands and sits in contemplation. He doesn't want to think what this could mean. He doesn't want things to change. He doesn't know if he will survive the path he's going down but he knows who he wants to wait for him at the end. And it's not *them*, no matter how much they try to stick their hooks in him.

He has to be strong, he has to hold on. It won't be long now. He waited two years for this. He can hold on. He can do it.

He'll hold on. Please, please, please.

[Imre - drabble](#)

[April 22](#)

The fire crackles low between you, painting gold on the walls and shadows across Imre's face. You can't stop watching him. The way his smile curls slightly more on one side, like he's always on the verge of confessing a secret or committing a sin. You've known him long enough to guess which it might be, but never well enough to be sure.

Which is something he must savour. Of all the plates he has tasted in his life, you were cooked to the exact temperature he prefers.

"Prometheus gave his liberty to gift fire to humanity and yet you squander that sacrifice by feasting your eyes on me," he says, his voice no louder than the spits from the logs.

You lower your eyes and he touches your chin, lifting your eyes to his again. His deep blue eyes look pitch black. The fire dances within them and it sends a shiver down your spine. Who's to know if it's from desire or fear.

"I didn't tell you to stop," he states.

"Don't people admire you enough?" you ask, and add an awkward chuckle for good measure.

One of his dimples appears on his cheek, giving his smile the appearance of indulging in a joke you aren't a part of.

He leans in, and your breath hitches as you feel the whisper of his lips on yours.

"They do," he speaks against your mouth, "but I want you to admire me until you decay. And perhaps even then I wouldn't let you rest in peace. I'd have you adoring me forever, mi amor."

Before you can come up with a quip he closes the space between you with a searing kiss.

[April 24](#)

...she says what you hadn't expected. "I love you."

If she had said that to another person, perhaps it would've been received better. But she didn't. She said it to you.

"I really need to go," you stress as you buckle your belt. You look down at him, his hair matted to his forehead. A spot of blood on the sheets.

There's this flavour text I'm writing for Sky's who have 3 points of Rebelliousness (these stats are hidden right now I might make them public later) and GOD they can be a real asshole :'(

[Percy - POV \(Orla's death\)](#)

[April 26](#)

As requested. :)

1992

Percy hated walking up earlier than 12 PM. He just graduated high school last month and he wanted to spend the rest of the summer sleeping in, not only because he deserved it but also because he wanted to avoid his father. He couldn't stand the incessant questions hurled at him every morning.

What are your plans?

Percy, do you expect to be a freeloading bum all your life?

It's either college or lumber, what's it going to be?

Percy always answered these questions with sarcasm, even though he knew how much it set his father off. He touches the bump on his head, courtesy of a plate being thrown on his head when he told his father that selling his sweet young ass sounded like a good career path.

That's all to say that to have a good day he needed to start it away from his family. Sally with his poor imitation of their father, Orla who lately looked like a ghost roaming the house, and Crazypants who's brain should be dissected after they die to see what the fuck is up with all of that.

He liked seeing his mother's face bright and early but even he couldn't stomach her morning breath tinged with liquor.

And so this day has turned out to be the worst of the summer. For one, his father is here and yelling at the officer in the main foyer, secondly, his mother's face is anguished, thirdly, Sally looks shaken and fourthly, Crazypants is staring blankly at nothing with their hair wet and a blanket around their shoulders.

He tried to talk to them for his own enjoyment but they had the audacity to not notice him at all. He waved in their face, yelled in their ear and pulled their hair and nothing. Still, his sibling was always weird and that was normal enough for him to sit beside them, occasionally hitting their leg with his to see if they'd react.

"Well then search again goddamnit!" his father yells.

"Mr. Crown, we've searched the boyfriend's house, her friends' houses, the school, and we've sent patrol cars up and down the street. Are you sure there is no other place your daughter could be?"

"What's the big fucking deal?" Percy complains under his breath. So what if Orla didn't sleep here last night? She did whatever she wanted. Fuck, he did too. His parents never called the cops when he stayed over at someone's house without telling them.

Maybe Orla finally got herself a better boyfriend than that creepy little shit who hangs around her. Percy, like everyone else, didn't understand what she saw in him. They were as mismatched as a pink fuzzy sock and a black dirty sock with holes.

He once asked her why she liked him and she had just laughed.

He's more useful than you think, Pernickel.

If something has happened to her, they should probably check that freak's basement. Probably has her tied up in a hole like that cannibal movie he saw last year.

Percy takes a sip of his orange juice and then waves it under his sibling's nose. "C'mon, loser, don't you want some?"

Once again, they didn't react. If they didn't blink every once in a while he would think they were turned to stone.

"Hey, idiot, you should drink something. Orla's giving a headache already, you don't have to take the spotlight from her," he says and nudges them.

They give him nothing. Percy growls and has half a mind to forcefully make them drink.

"Go fuck yourself then," he spits.

Sally steals a glance at the youngest sibling but makes no move to come over. The Sally Percy knows would be all over Crazy pants, practically hyperventilating because they're unresponsive.

What is going on with this family?

"I don't give a damn how long it takes! You search every nook in this town if you need to. Don't forget who you're talking to, I could have you out of a job by the end of the day," his father threatens, poking the officer on the chest.

The officer doesn't look at all intimidated as he replies, "I understand this is a very difficult moment, Mr. Crown. Rest assured we're doing all we can to find your daughter."

His mother goes up to the men and grips onto her husband's arm. "Victor, tell him to search the horrid boy's house again! He probably has her."

"Pru, he's already at the station. If he has her they'll get it out of him," his father responds. Although he doesn't sound too sure that Lorcan has much to do with this.

"If you'd excuse me, I need to check the radio. We'll see if there's any progress," the officer says and walks out. His father watches the officer walk to his car and then immediately turns around, pulling his arm away from his wife.

"Sally, she needs to be found soon, son," he says, holding the boy's shoulders.

Sally swallows thickly, "I know, father. She will be found soon—"

Sally breaks off and starts crying. Victor looks at his tears and cups his face, pulling him up to look him in the eyes. "Son, don't break on me now. You're my right-hand. You're strong, you're the future of this family. You know what it takes to be a Crown. To be a man."

Percy takes a big gulp of his juice, his eyes glowering as he looks at the **tender** scene.

"Dad I can't—" Sally says in between sobs.

Victor lets go and looks away in disgust. Sally covers his face with his hands.

Prudence wrangles her hands together and starts speaking in a low voice to her husband. Victor doesn't respond, his eyes focused on the patrol car.

The officer rushes back, a grave expression on his face. Percy stands up.

In a huffed voice, the officer says, "Mr. Crown, could you please come with us?"

◆

The family waited in the foyer. Percy held now-empty glass in his hands, his knuckles white from the force of his grip.

Prudence had begged to go, but Victor threw her off of him. Percy didn't even have time to tell him off. Now his mother was chain-smoking on a chair he had dragged from the dining room. Her eyes were as lost as her youngest child's.

Sally kept crying, but now his tears were silent as they escaped his eyes. He leans against the wall, his eyes glued to the phone.

A thorny coil of worry has sprouted in Percy's stomach. He didn't want to believe anything awful had happened to his older sister. Orla was badass, shitty things had happened to her and she came out better. Meaner, even, which he could respect.

When she was stabbed, instead of laying down to cry over never being able to dance ballet again she had gotten full into physiotherapy. What would take other people longer, she recovered in a few weeks. She never cried when her nerves would start hurting and the painkillers weren't enough.

If anyone was gonna be ok, it was his sister.

He's thinking he needs a drink. Badly. His mother is too fucked to care if he steals from her room anyway.

Just as he's thinking this his sibling finally reacts.

A noise bursts from their throat, a weird strangled thing. Percy looks at their face and their eyes look crazed, their pupils blown up where he can barely see their irises.

"Are—" he begins but they start laughing. A laugh that stretches their mouth to the point of pain. A horrible cackle that makes Sally look at them again.

The phone rings and Sally looks between it and his sibling before going to the phone.

He picks it up and says, "Crown resi—"

He stops talking as the voice on the other end speaks loudly and quickly.

All the colour drains from Sally's face as he listens. Percy hisses and looks down at his hand, the cup has broken and pierced his palm.

Prudence gets up and rushes towards Sally, she tries to take the phone from him but Sally hangs up and grabs his mother's arms.

"What is it?! Did they find Orla?! Sally! Tell me! Where's my girl?!" she screams as he grips his shirt.

Sally's eyes form new tears and he just shakes his head at her. "Mother..."

Prudence lets out a scream that Percy has never heard before. She collapses to the ground and Sally goes with her, holding her tightly in his arms as he squeezes his eyes closed.

Percy feels so cold. He can't comprehend what he's seeing. Because it can't be real. Sally didn't say anything and so it can't be real. Orla is fine, maybe hurt and in the hospital but she's fine.

Yeah, that's what it is. "I'm going to get a drink," he informs his sibling who's still laughing although quieter.

Yes, he's going to go get a drink, to celebrate the fact that Orla's fine. She's fine. Just a bit banged up. But ok. As always.

[OYHS - update 6/8](#)

[April 27](#)

I meshed two sections together. So that's why it isn't out of 9 anymore

Also I would suggest starting from the beginning cause I tweaked some code. I also added a few features like historical facts, glossary and I've made it very clear which options raise Rebellious and Obedient points

This section is about transition, change and the two most important relationships in Sky's life.

Any coding issues, you know what to do.

Yours truly, Jude.

[Writing diary \(#16\)](#)

[April 28](#)

So what did Jude do today?

She decided to fuck with the UI for OYHS. I just really got obsessed with the idea of making it look more Art Deco. And then some little decorations here and there.

So I have two exams this week so I don't know how much OYHS writing I'll get done. I want to get out another update by the weekend since we're so close to the finish line.

This update will have a bit more varying codes because Sky is either still receiving money from Mallory or not depending on your rebellious/obedient points

[Greer-adjacent Drabble](#)

[April 29](#)

Note: canon

1929

"I'll have that one," you say to the seller.

The man hands you a yellow magazine with tasteful red letters announcing its name: *Photoplay*.

The boy — no the man — who graces its covers stares directly at you with his piercing gray eyes. You'd thought they were blue from the way they looked in the picture you saw last night.

Handing the seller 10 cents you absentmindedly start walking along the sidewalk, flipping through the paper pages.

You get to the page you're looking for. **A Chat with the Star of The Rowboaters!**

Tell us Mr. Monroe, or those muscles real or is it good movie magick?

Very real, dear. I was a farm-boy you see, and there's plenty stacks of hay to throw. Of course, it's much better to use those skills with the ladies than it is for the farm animals.

Did you always know you wanted to be an actor?

Not at all. My father is very old and my mother is helpless without her children. I was going to do my Christian duty and stay to help my old man.

Thousands of readers want to know: is there a special lady waiting for you at home?

Ha, ha, ha. While I would love to marry and have children of my own one day, however, I'm far too young for that. There is no special lady, yet. But I'm a romantic at heart and I hope to find her. It'd be the cat's meow if she were reading this right now.

(Author disclaimer: about 90% fabricated)

[Sneak peek - OYHS](#)

[May 1](#)

Rebellious Sky

It takes you the better part of an hour to make it 175th street and then to Loew's theatre, your thin coat doing little to protect you against the onslaught of cold air. Maybe it was a bit too reactive to throw out most of the clothes your mother gave you just to prove a point. But, it felt good at the time.

Obedient Sky

If you don't let them down you'll be letting your mother down. Your mother who has never changed her mind about what she thinks about you acting, your mother who doesn't know that you're still acting.

Every time you speak on the telephone it gnaws at you that you're lying to her.

Oh how you hate letting anyone down.

[OYHS - 7/8](#)

[May 2](#)

How did I manage to write and also do 2 exams this week? Who knows. I was possessed or something.

Anyway this one is a bit more a time jump and Sky is finally an adult. Well... kind of. I would say a rebellious or obedient Sky both have issues with that

You see some people you already now in this part and a bit of context of what Sky has been doing this whole time

We're almost to the end which I think might catch some people by surprise 😬

Thanks, Jude.

Edit: technical issues like always ughhh I'll announce here when it's fixed

Edited 2: ok now it seems to be working fine

[Pygmalion - Imre \(mature\)](#).

[May 4](#)

Note: this one is *sick*. I don't know why I suddenly got this idea, but it's a Frankenstein-inspired semi-AU. Crownny is the undead creation. So... yeah... read at your own discretion.

He had done it. A dream that began when he was a child and first read Frankenstein had finally come to fruition. The man had given life to a creation of his own making. Imre Duran was a person who fought till he got what he wanted.

Even if he had to resort to less than ethical methods.

They laid on the cold slab of the table. He dragged a fingernail along the surface of their icy skin. Their chest did not rise, their eyes did not move behind their lids and he could feel their breath as he moved his mouth above theirs.

He had not intended to stitch a body to his liking. He only sought to prove he could do the unimaginable. But seeing them as whole instead of wrapped limbs in a freezer made something inside him burn.

He had already done an immoral thing by taking the bits and pieces of other bodies to create them. Would it be so unquestionable to partake in acts of the more carnal nature?

He did give them a brain, after all. Did the brain of the person it originally belonged to know what pleasure was? Did the genitalia he gave them, ever feel another's touch?

Questions, questions, questions.

"Awake," he commanded.

Their eyes instantly opened. Cold, undead, and unblinking as they stared up at the ceiling. He walked over to stand near their face and bent down once more.

"Look at me," he ordered.

Their eyes slowly moved to the side to stare at him. It felt like a mannequin gazed back at him. It sent a pleasurable shiver in between his legs.

"Do you know your name?" he asked.

They paused for several seconds before they answered. He would need to fix that. They nodded once.

"Use your words, my love," he said.

They opened their mouth, moved their tongue around their teeth and across their lips. He saw the cords move under their throat.

"Nene/nena," they said.

He faintly smiled. "Very good."

Their face twitched. They seemed to want to mimic his own expression but it looked confused and painful. He'll need to fix that too.

Their tongue laid out of their mouth, a droopy sad piece of meat. He wondered what it would feel like to stick himself, that thick and currently growing limb in that cold cavern. Would they know instinctively what he wanted them to do?

But he knew himself too well. He would be rough with them and that is not the first impression he wanted to give them in the first few minutes of rebirth.

Instead, he put his finger to their tongue and pushed it inside their mouth. He felt around that moist, cool place. He could justify it by saying he was checking their teeth but by the tightening of his member against his trousers it would be rather pathetic to lie.

He would not rut inside of them like an untamed beast however. Not yet. But he needed something, a taste of what it will lead to.

So, he pulled their bottom lip down and planted a kiss on their pink wet skin. They did not close their eyes, they followed his movements clinically.

Their lips chilled his own as he moved his hot tongue along their gaping mouth. He did not care that they didn't respond. In fact, doing to them as he wished made his loins ignite furiously.

He coaxed their limp tongue and said against their mouth, "follow me."

Immediately they moved their tongue along his, with confidence but clumsy. He sucked it into his mouth and took their hand to press it against his aching cock.

He moved it up and down a few times and let go. They rubbed him as if they were feeling a texture they never had before.

He grunted, something he is not known for. He'd lose control if he kept on like this. A popping noise came from rapidly sucking their tongue and moving his head back, letting it fall back against their mouth.

He unbuckled himself and quickly pulled out his erection, placing it into their waiting hand. Their cold skin made him tremble, their fingers moved around his dark trimmed pubic hair. They learned fast.

He slid his tongue down their chin and placed small bites along their neck. He felt their muscles tense under his caresses. They reacted to desire... or was it a simple reflex? He would need to further investigate this.

He licked a wet trail down their chest and rolled his tongue around their pebbled nipple. He felt their back slightly arch. When he looked up at them their eyes still showed no emotion whatsoever.

He brought the sensitive nub between his teeth and bit. That made their stroking hand clench him, he moaned against their skin.

He moved away from that nexus of nerves and placed small bites along their stomach. He felt their muscles twitch and he smirked.

He would pull on their skin just to see their body jerk. Their hand could no longer reach him in this position so he decided to take matters into his own hands, slowly but roughly.

Most people are born bathed in their mother's blood. His creation would come into this world bathed in his cum. How delightful.

When he got to that area of hair, right before the generous genitalia he gave them he stopped. A good teacher gives lessons in increments to not overwhelm the student. There would be enough time for everything he wanted to do with them.

As well, he felt the telltale signs of orgasm underneath the skin of his scrotum. He moved his red tip to their face and looked into their soulless eyes as he let out a silent sigh.

His cum spurted out onto their obedient face, coating those eyes he was enamored with. Streams of semen fell onto their nose, their forehead and more importantly their open, waiting mouth.

He put himself right and then said, "clean yourself off with your fingers and eat it."

He wondered how well they understood basic concepts such as nutrition. He did make sure the brain was from a mature subject.

They did not remove their eyes from his as with a stiff movement they brought their hand to their face and swiped at the sticky whiteness. They dabbed their fingertip with some that had landed on their cheek and stuck it into their mouth.

Their uncontrolled tongue lapped at their sustenance and swallowed. He smiled and placed a kiss on their forehead, tasting the salty gift he had given them.

"Well done. Do finish your meal, I provided it with much love," he directed.

"Yes, master," they responded.

He patted their head before sitting down and taking up his notes. He began detailing the recent experiment. Looking up every now and then to see if they were still eating.

It would be wasteful if not, wouldn't it?

[Mallory - Drabble](#)

[May 6](#)

Aka: a piece of a whole

1912

The coins burned a hole in her pocket. She knew the whacking her momma would give her when she opened her purse tomorrow and found the money missing.

But she hadn't gone to the pictures in so long. How could she pass up the opportunity now? She could endure the belt and some ear pulling if it meant sitting in front a screen 50 feet high.

A magical thing happens to her whenever she's at the theatre. She gets lost in the moving images. As vivid as it were true she sees herself enacting the roles on screen.

She forgets where she is and can finally be someone else. Not boring old Martha with mousy blonde hair and old dresses that hang off her like the sacks of grain her father stored in the shed when he was alive.

She dreamed of having enough dresses that she would go a year without ever repeating an outfit, of soft bedding, dolls with big doll houses, all the cake she could eat and all the pictures she could watch before she went blind.

People said she had a nice face. If she has the acting talent to back it up she could go far away from Indiana. Never have to see her momma nor be Martha ever again. She would be someone else with a fancy last name like Fitzgerald.

She could fall in love like the stars do. Sometimes she dreams of a boy who will come into her room and take her away. That love must be real because why would the pictures ever lie to her?

No, they're the only thing she can trust.

[Sneak Peek - OYHS](#)

[May 8](#)

The final coherent thought of a person a second away from an oncoming disaster can be anything really.

You don't know what to do with your hands. Is that stress? It began on the airplane. You began to feel acutely aware of your physical existence and state of being. It bothered you so much you began fiddling your fingers. Tapping them on things.

You count the seconds it takes for someone to answer. It takes long, you start thinking that no one is there because why would there be?

[Imre - MOTHER \(E6\)](#)

[May 11](#)

Happy Mother's Day ya'll

When he arrived home, the ruckus could be heard from the outside. He found his mother wandering the halls, tipping things over as she went. Imre went to her, caressing her hair and whispering words his mouth was unused to.

He had stopped being surprised at how lightweight she was when he carried her up to her room. Her clothes hung off her as if she were made of paper-mache. The nurse helped him tuck her into bed.

“What happened?” he asks.

The nurse, Rosie, replies, “I don’t know Sir. I went to the bathroom for a few minutes. I thought she was asleep.”

Imre pressed his teeth together to prevent from scowling. He reminded himself that Rosie had been a good nurse to his mother for the past 6 years. She had put up with much and she had been paid handsomely for it.

He pinches the bridge of his nose and says, “that’s quite alright. She hadn’t acted out in the past few weeks. It’s expected she would sooner or later.”

Rosie let out an internal sigh. Imre knew he frightened her in a way. Ever since she first came to this house. Some people seemed to see things about him he didn’t want them to. It irritated him — but also gave him a twinge of pleasure.

“I’ll sit here with her for a bit, if that’s alright with you,” he says, while already dragging the chair over to the side of her bed.

“Of course, Sir. Will Misses be dining with you tonight or in her room?” she asks.

“We will both dine in this room,” he says with an edge to his words that leave no room for discussion.

She bows and scurries out of the room. Imre grabs his mother’s thin, cold hand.

“How are you, mamá?” he asks.

Her pale blue eyes seem to look right through him. The only sign of life is her slow blinking. She sleeps more than he likes. Perhaps, her dreams give her relief? Could it be that in that muddled world, her mind is finally free?

“Where did we last leave off our conversation?” he asks her.

He feels her hand move a fraction. He thinks it might be the way she communicates with him. He believes in science as much as he believes in superstition. He was told that she would never be the way she was. His sweet beautiful mother, how safe he felt in her gentle arms. How she could protect him from the dark.

Sure, that could be true in the human world full of its rationality and defeat. But in that other secret world, he knew he could find her again. Grasp her hand and return her to the cold light of morning.

“Oh, yes. I remember. We were talking about my new friend,” he says. He rubs her hands in his, “they are coming along nicely.”

He could practically hear what she would say to that. *You can't talk about people like they're tools, honey.*

"I do mean it as a compliment. I find most people are rather useless, they have little function and my faith in Darwin's theory is shaken when I see the kind of people allowed to breathe the same air I do," he responds.

Did you think like that about me?

"Never."

What about them?

He smiles, "no. But in a town like this, there are many shining stars. They didn't shine as bright as others I had interest in."

But now they do? Why?

He didn't answer as quickly as he had before. He seems to mull over the best way to reply to the piercing eyes of his mother. "I've gotten to know them better. They were a bit of a recluse before."

That's all?

His smile turns into a smirk, "can't my motives be that of a young man?"

You're a lot like him.

Imre's smirk evaporates. "That's not very kind, is it, mamá?"

Her glassy eyes blink once. But it isn't her fault. It's not as if she has said those words. She's just a reflection of what he wishes.

He places a small kiss on her hand and lays her hand back on her chest. He leans back in his chair and props his elbows on the armrests. He clasps his hands under his chin.

Everything is falling into place. After much pestering and bemoaning, Nia finally gave in. She's not as unfeeling as she wishes she was. Lorcan could be a problem, he should have another talk with him. He seems to forget the stakes.

And then there's them. He doesn't know how much control he has over them. When he feels he's pulled them close, they try to escape his grasp. It's equal parts enticing and inconvenient. He's not interested in the act of people pretending to play hard to get when he can clearly see their enthrallment in their eyes.

Or is it a reflection of myself?

He grimaces. That doesn't work. He's never given over control to someone and he won't start now with someone who knows neither where they stand nor where they're going.

Sometimes he feels as if he could lead them to where they need to go, and they would accept it without the need of duplicity. Other times... he sees those pesky morals get in the way. How gauche, it often leads to unfulfilled potential.

He knows they'll end up where the others intend them to. What intrigues him is whether they will go with relish or fear? In those final moments will they beg to be released or hold their chin up high and take the risk of destruction in order to perhaps taste true power?

He would be disappointed if after all they've endured, they would lie down to die instead.

He needs to corner them, somehow. See what response they naturally give in dire straits: freeze, flight, fight or fawn?

He rubs his top lip with his finger. Then the idea forms and he feels his lips stretch once more. Yes, he is like this father. But even with one's enemy, one must concede that they are a valuable opponent, if not they would not hold such worthiness to be deemed that important.

He stands up and bends down to kiss his mother's head, his lips making contact with the thick scar hidden under her wheat-coloured hair.

"Te quiero," he whispers before leaving.

[Update - OYHS 8/8](#)

[May 12](#)

It's finally hereeeeeee

I hope y'all have liked this first taste of OYHS. We're at the precipice of it all...

Congrats to me and you, Jude.

[Magenta x Sky - drabble](#)

[May 14](#)

She grimaces as she unfurls one of her rollers that happened to get tangled due to the events of last night.

She hears groaning behind her and continues trying to save her curls. Soft steps hit the floor behind and she feels a pair of warm arms around her neck.

The girl presses her temple against Magenta's face. "Why are you slipping out of bed so early?" The girl asks.

Magenta looks at the clock on her vanity. "It's not early. It's nearly 12. I have a meeting with my agent and publisher."

The girl hums and places a light kiss on Magenta's neck. Magenta doesn't recoil at the gesture, she feels a fluttering in her chest.

"Why?"

Carefully unfurling the last curler, Magenta turns around in her seat and slowly kisses the girl. A morning kiss, a sweet kiss of lovers who are accustomed to spending their mornings waking up together in each other's arms.

Magenta pulls back only slightly. "It's because of you. They think I spent too much time with you and the rumours are starting once more. Therefore, the meeting."

The girl smiles and pecks her partner on the lips. "I love those rumours."

"And I love that you love them," Magenta replies and kisses the girl again.

[Writing diary \(#17\)](#)

[May 15](#)

So I haven't started writing episode 8 of wwc yet but I have created the outline. I think I'm gonna start this upcoming week

This one is 5 scenes long but it has a nice bed sharing with each RO ;)

[Nia - POV \(E6\)](#)

[May 17](#)

Why the hell did she agree? Imre had tried to convince her since 1992 and she hadn't budged. He would try to entice her with ominous phrases that promised a grand reward.

But she had resisted him every time because she didn't want to believe in fairy tales. She saw how the world worked everyday. She knew that sneezing was a way for a person's body to try and dispel a virus. She knew that shooting pain down the left arm meant an oncoming heart attack. She knew a mosquito bite itched because the body was trying to fight the foreign invasion of the insect's secretions.

All you could ever possibly need to know about how the natural order of things is found in a textbook.

The things people say they see or have interacted with in this town are fanciful creations said by an isolated, superstitious and frankly stupid bunch who remind her of old civilizations that explained the sun through their gods.

For someone as smart as Imre she was always baffled by the fact that he did believe in all of this. With a fervor that made her think he could easily join a cult.

She had never seen any of the things the townies claimed. Imre said it was because she refused to open herself up to it.

She called bullshit.

"Third eye," what a load of crap.

But unless she agreed to be all in he refused to tell her anything. That is until he had dropped off Lorcan and Birdie after their meeting at the Lodge.

"Where to begin?" Imre pondered.

"If you're trying to get me to join a new age sect I will walk home," she said.

Imre snorted. "Well, it doesn't sound that serious when you describe it with those words."

"What else would you call whatever the hell you hinted at?" she asked. "It's corny and childish and I wonder how the hell this town hasn't gone to the shitter."

"All things you don't comprehend you insult, you lower as if that will protect you from the dark," he replied in a calm tone. "It's one of the few things that bores me from you."

She scoffed. "Great strategy for trying to get me to join you. If this is how your posse treats level-headed women I don't think it's for me."

He gripped the steering wheel. "It's not my posse, they don't concern me. It's a means to an end. I need them for now, they don't know how much they need me. They will figure it out, but perhaps it'll be too late."

The smugness in his tone made Nia think he would be delighted to get be unable to help them with whatever it is. Her best friend loves offering a hand and withdrawing it when someone finally acquiesces.

"Ok. Let's say I choose to join you and you tell me all the details. Will you tell Birdie too?" She asked.

Imre cocked his head, "I'm not sure. It all depends."

"On?" She pushed.

"Them and also I haven't yet been able to decipher a key component of the puzzle. Your bird might need to give their consent based on other similar events I've studied," he admitted.

Nia leaned back in the seat and tried not to roll her eyes. "I don't know how you want me to be on your side but you refuse to tell me anything more than that."

He didn't reply. He surveyed the road in front of him.

Nia felt a prickle of worry. Yes, she didn't believe in anything involving otherworldly things but she also knew Imre was stubborn and if his mysterious plans involved Birdie, they could get hurt.

"The only reason I'm here is because of my mother—"

"You've made that clear—"

"And Birdie," she cutted him off. She stared at him coldly for a few moments and when she caught his eyes he had a blasé look in his eyes. "Whatever the fuck it is you have planned for them, I'm telling you right now I'll put a stop to it. They aren't a toy for you to use in a whim. They're a person and they've been through enough shit to be fucked over. Leave them out of it."

"I can't."

"I don't care. I don't know what's going on but I will make your life a living hell if you hurt them," she threatened.

"I wasn't the one who broke their heart," he responded. He showed no signs of malice, he said it as a fact with no judgment. Still, it made Nia's jaw clench.

"You know why I did that," she snapped.

"I do, querida. Make no mistake, I don't think ill of you for it. Under that icy exterior you have a big sensitive heart. What you saw that day, it can make any good person go mad," he said kindly.

She shivered as an image appeared in her mind. She pushed it away and turned the heating knob. "I'm trying to get over it."

"I see that and I applaud you for your bravery. Few could ever try to repair a relationship with someone they think is a monster," he said.

She glared at him, "stop putting words into my mouth."

"Didn't you say those very words 2 years ago?" He asked innocently. "I'm only trying to sympathize."

She let out a breath.

"Yeah. I did." The words felt acidic in her mouth. "But my emotions were running high. I was scared and I said things I didn't really feel. It's basic trauma response. That was then, not now."

They turned into her neighborhood.

Imre glanced at her with a sly smile on his lips. "You're a good person," he commented although his words sounded mocking. Or maybe that's what she thought? The past few days have left her unbalanced. Suspicious. On edge.

"Eat shit," she replied wearily.

Imre stopped the car in front of her house and she aimed to get quickly. This is not the person she should have this discussion with. He cared little for anyone, even her. She had little doubt no matter his flirting with them, he could never feel anything resembling love for any person.

She got out and slammed the door. As she was walking up to the door she heard him say, "you can't deny what's in front of your eyes forever, Nia."

"I'm not denying anything," she said under breath.

Who knows if she meant it.

[Writing diary #18 & sneak peek](#)

[May 20](#)

So I've been slowly grinding. Nearly 3K words for episode 8 already!

An update might come this week or next week. Emphasis on "might" cause I never like to give a concrete date unless I'm 100% sure.

It's cool to see the flavour text for the morality and worth paths. I've spent time adding the emojis and necessary code for the 7 episodes.

Anyway here's your sneak peek:

How much is enough? Is there ever a sufficient time frame to pay for a sin you would consider the most wicked? Who is the punishment for? The sinner or the sinned?

"Worse Halloween ever," Lorcan complains.

"It hasn't been so bad," Imre replies.

"Freak."

"You're always so lovely and succinct, Lorcan," Imre snarks.

[Ashley - drabble](#)

[May 21](#)

You liked watching her at the end of the day. She would take off the makeup she had dared herself to wear around the house. She still wasn't so used to looking this way in front of you. But you thought she looked lovely.

She's rubbing her cheeks with cream and she spots you looking at her. She smiles and continues rubbing off her powder.

In order to make her feel comfortable you also wear clothes you wouldn't normally wear outside in the daylight. It feels liberating to be your unabashed selves in the privacy of your home.

Your home. Full of such happiness that you thought was not meant for you. You two still fight over her camera's. She doesn't like them moved she says. She has a system to them, she says.

You get up behind her and undo the laces of the corset. You got it made especially for her. It feels down her thin torso and you place a kiss at the base of her neck. She momentarily squeezes your hand.

"Did I look pretty all dolled up?" she asks.

"You look pretty always, my love," you respond.

She doesn't know how to respond to such unabashed compliments so she just smiles.

[WWC - PSA](#)

[May 22](#)

I'm very close to finishing scene 1. But I did rework a lot of code.

Please replay from the beginning cause old saves broke. It seems I could end up updating tonight or at the very latest tomorrow.

I'll announce it here but for right now, I urge you to catch up once more to be ready.

Thanks, Jude.

[Update - wwc \(1/5\)](#)

[May 22](#)

It's timeeeee! *mariah carey voice when Christmas comes*

So this part is all about getting out of the woods and encountering a friend (?)

The password is 1070. Also for passwords I will be changing it each time I update the game now.

Cheers, Jude.

[Lorcan - POV Smoke \(E6\)](#)

[5 days ago](#)

"Pack of Luckies," Lorcan says at the counter.

The acne-scarred clerk takes the money Lorcan had slammed on the counter and uncrumples it.

"Sir, this is five dollars," he says.

"Oh shit yeah, gimme a second," Lorcan says and fishes in his pockets. He pulls out a fistful of spare change, lint, a nail and random scraps of paper.

He slowly counts with his finger while the person behind him coughs pointedly.

"... and ten," Lorcan says and hands over the change with the lint.

The clerk doesn't even react and opens the cash register. He retrieves the pack and hands it to the boy who's already flicking his lighter.

The person behind Lorcan coughs again. "Alright, alright," Lorcan says and moves out of the way. He rips open the packet and sticks a cigarette in his mouth.

He's lighted it even before he steps outside.

He hangs under the awning of the convenience store and does what he does best, people-watching.

He can't remember the first time he ever smoked. Maybe he was 12? He does remember he stole it from his gran. When she found out she slapped him. She never did something like that again but he knew from that slap that he had done something bad.

And it became addicting. To do things that could get him into trouble. It made it so he would be thought of as the burnout criminal instead of the kid

whose

dad is in prison and mom is dead.

The only one who had it worse than him was crownny. At least he knew his gran loved him and although she was strict she accepted her grandson for who he is.

Crownny's parents are assholes and Sally freaks Lorcan out. It used to be without much reason but ever since Sally appeared on his doorstep last year to talk to him about a "proposal" he had been creeped out by him.

Lorcan sighs and leans his head against the glass. He's thinking about them again. They're in his thoughts almost constantly now, whenever he's alone with his memories they appear and trample all over what he wants to think about.

Orla hasn't shown up in his thoughts for a few days and that scares him. He writes her name on his forearm in marker to try and remind himself to think about her.

But it doesn't feel the same. She used to come to in as naturally as breathing. It always left a feeling of warmth and melancholy but those feelings reminded him that she had lived and had loved him.

Now she's disappearing and it's making his stomach hurt. What if he forgets her completely one day? What kind of shitty boyfriend would he be? It's one thing to not remember your girlfriend as time goes on and it's another to replace them with her sibling.

He doesn't even know what he feels when he thinks of Crownny anymore. There's annoyance but it's more directed at the fact he's thinking of them not at them. They don't make him feel warm, sad or happy. They make his head hurt and his insides twist. A wholly unpleasant experience.

Does he hate them? He wishes it was a quick answer. He wishes it was yes. He tries to hold onto the fact that they killed his mom. He tries so hard but he's mom is disappearing from his mind too.

A car pulls up in front of him and interrupts his thoughts. Rolling down the window, Sally leans over from the driver's seat to peer up at him.

Speak of the damn devil.

"Hello Lorcan," he says with a friendly smile.

Lorcan suddenly feels uncomfortable and takes a drag of his cigarette. "Sup?"

"I thought we could have a short talk?" He asks, his voice sweet.

Lorcan's muscles contract and he feels as if he's a mouse caught in the sights of a snake. Any movement and he would be eaten.

"Why?" He asks, trying to stall.

Sally blinks, the smile frozen on his face. "We haven't talked in a while and that's not every good for our plans."

"It's cause I have nothin' to report," Lorcan replies.

Sally's eyelids lower and the plastered smile on his face makes for an expression that sets the blond boy's teeth on edge.

"That's not what I heard." Sally pushes open the door. "Do you know what Dr. Mir just told me?"

Lorcan shakes his head.

"That his daughter was looking through his ex-wife's things. She doesn't know that he knows and if she suddenly finds out I would be very disappointed in you," Sally says.

Lorcan gulps and takes another drag of his cigarette, "I won't say anything."

"That's a good boy. But I'm not here to talk about that. I'm here because I want to know if she's read the diary," he says.

Lorcan shakes his head.

"Has Imre read the diary?"

Lorcan shakes his head again.

"Has my sibling read it?"

Lorcan thinks about shaking his head again but instead answers, "no."

"Have you read it?"

"No! We haven't even opened really," he explains.

Sally waves Lorcan over. "You can explain it more to me while I drive you home. Your grandma is worried about you being out all the time. She thinks you're up to your old dealings."

Lorcan's heart skips a beat. He's been at my house. He's talked to gran.

Sally nods in understanding when he sees the panic in Lorcan's eyes. "That's why you should get home. I won't do anything but the others are nervous. They say you aren't committed. I told them you deserve a chance. You loved my sister, I know that. You still do. You would do anything—"

"OK!" Lorcan interrupts with a high-pitched voice and throws his cigarette on the ground. "I'll come." He slides inside the car and shuts the door.

With shaky fingers he buckles his seat belt and Sally turns up the heating. "Well that's good. I knew you could still be trusted."

Lorcan presses himself to the door, one of his hands on the handle just in case.

"Now I want you to tell me everything you talked about in your meeting."

[Yesterday](#)

“Just stand still,” she says.

He huffs and tries to keep his body loose because he hates when she gets mad at him. He prefers being punched.

Her eyebrows are furrowed and her tongue is pressed in between her teeth. Right then as the sun goes down it lights up her hair and he nearly forgets to breathe.

“There,” she says and steps back. Lorcan looks at himself in the mirror. He rolls his shoulders.

“Do you like it?” she asks.

He could say *‘it feels too tight’* or *‘tie feels like it’s choking me’* or *‘this isn’t me.’*

Instead he says, “look cool.”

She smiles and it makes his insides warm. God, he would say anything for that. Even endure night in this awful get-up.

“We’re going to look so much better than everyone else, L,” she asserts and presses a quick kiss to his cheek.

She leaves the room and he presses his hand to his face.

He groans as he thinks about spending the night trailing after her and rubbing elbows with people he hates. But as always, he’d do anything for his Orla.

Author’s note: thought to show a bit of their dynamic

[Sneak Peek](#)

[21 hours ago](#)

“I don’t wanna be ready or anything but I need to ask, what have you kids been up to tonight?” Arthur asks with an awkward chuckle. “You look like you’ve been having mud fights.”

—

Nia's eyes shift away from the window and she says sternly, "Lorcan. You can wait until you get home."

"No I can't!" he snaps and aggressively starts tearing at his jacket.

You, Imre and Nia exchange looks.