

Augusta Von Ravensburg



Haunted Obsessions

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by

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The sun rose over Ravenwood forest, illuminating the surroundings with a playful yellow light.

The castle surroundings, however, were still under the shadow of the decaying structure. A cold and ruthless castle that has seen better days. The love that once lived here is now gone, and only its ghosts remain.

In the darkness of the main hall, one young man awoke and slowly opened his eyes.

Lucian was the only surviving heir of the Blackwood lineage, one of the oldest -yet unknown- in the country.

Their roots could be traced back to the proto-Indo-European peoples from the old continent. But not all of them.

Lucian's mother's origins had remained a mystery, and the taciturn woman would rarely speak to her child anyway.

Since he was a little boy, Lucian grew up in the family home, away from society.

A way of life that has been sustained through centuries by the elders of his lineage, until this day.

Today -he'd been told-a new inhabitant would arrive.

The servants seldom informed Lucian of the happenings. His uncles and aunts, of which he knew very little, would occasionally stop by and organize a lively event, to which young Lucian was of course, not invited.

He only ever knew of their presence because on the next day, the servants would be cleaning up the detritus of the party.

While most people his age would've given in to the temptation to explore the

mysteries of the manor, Lucian rather enjoyed his books.

From his private quarters he could observe everything in perfect secrecy and pretend to be part of the real world, while being comfortably hidden away.

He grew up in solitude, and that was the lifestyle he was contempt with. He was more familiar with the ramblings of Socrates than the face of his mother.

And while the rest of the world saw in colors, his life has always been a monochromatic painting.

As his tutor was the only woman present during Lucian's upbringing, the boy's education was rather limited to the ideal of what a lady of royal upbringing should know. But a lady seen only through the eyes of lords.

The Blackwood lineage had the tradition of raising their male heirs as women until the age of 20, so as to prevent any sort of rebellion and keep a perfectly peaceful household when the day of the arranged marriage came.

Only then would they be educated in the arts, and therefore the skills and behavior needed for a nobleman.

Lucian only had a vague idea of why, and he cared little for the reasoning of his elders. All he knew is that he was content with his life.

In his mind, all the other boys grew up the same as him, acting as pretend girls until the day of adulthood came, and the girls -the actual girls- would grow in trees, as far as he cared.

"Lady Lucia?" A soft voice called from beyond the door.

"Oh!- Y-yes?" He answered while still in his sleep, as he rolled out of his bed.

"Young master. It is time to receive your uncle."

Breakfast hasn't even been served. Lucian's abdomen felt empty like a cave. Why the urgency? he wondered.

" Let me get dressed first!" He exclaimed as he glanced at the wardrobe to check if the nightgown was fitting enough. He knew well enough

what happened if he resisted, even a little, the instructions of his servants. To him, the word "servitude" held a different meaning than for the rest of the world.

The Family's employee mindlessly chose a dress and placed it on the bed. She need not say any other word for him to understand.

He began undressing but the Lady didn't leave the room. This was also a common procedure.

Lucian didn't even know the reasoning behind this, but his intuition told him it was related to a certain impulse he'd been having for a few years now.

As Lucian removed his final layer and looked for the corset, something happened.

His lower region woke up and stirred. The mere sight of his male body did things to him now.

He'd tried to dismiss it before, by willpower, and to no avail. It just generated an unpleasant feeling, some

sort of revulsion that he'd learn to repress. He'd stare at the male servants, their manierism, their speech patterns, their clothes, and couldn't help but wonder how it'd feel to be like them. Or look like them.

He tried to shake off the thoughts, while the maid stared blankly at him.

"My lady, I think I've seen my hair grow."
She pointed, emotionlessly.

He hated these comments with all of his might, but he had always been told that the adult's observations were for the family's own good.

And that was all that mattered. The family. He was but a speck of dust in the continent that was his lineage. He alone didn't matter.

Yet, he was afraid of the female servants and found them quite repugnant for the lack of a better word. Perhaps the fear was due to his family's warnings. Who knows.

Even the very few times he'd seen his mother she'd made a quick impression

of an intimidating, statuesque figure that dangled between reality and the world of fantasy. She was always there, as a threat. Her silence and stern demeanor was enough to freeze any sign of opposition in the bud.

"F-Forgive me..." He apologized.

"Hmph, it looks to be true, my lady."

"c...can we overlook it for now, until my uncle leaves?"

"We have discussed this already, my lady. You must cast the hair away, as your elders have commanded."

Lucian's eyes gleamed as the maid crudely grabbed his arm and guided him to the cleaning facilities attached to his room.

It was nothing but a white room that for whatever reason, always had kegs full of water. He never saw anyone filling them but they were always full.

The maid grabbed a strigil and the oils (Blackwood bathing rituals hadn't changed at all since the Roman empire) and "cleaned" Lucian while he stood

there, still like a doll, holding his breath in hopes the blades wouldn't cut him this time. It was common sense that if he got hurt during the bathing process, it would be nothing but his fault.

After the cleanup, and while he still stood there in the cold room, the maid sprayed him down with alcohol.

The smell of the dried herbs that hung around the room mixed in the air with the strong aroma of the antiseptic and produced a sensation of cleanness. Painful, painful cleannes.

The maid pulled him back into the room and finished dressing and grooming him. Her hands were cold and her movements violent, but he could sense a level of enjoyment in her demeanor now that his skin was tinted red and his body recoiled in pain at her touch.

Lucian was now ready to meet his uncle.

The uncle didn't seem to enjoy the room's ambiance, however.

Lucian could see his face, ever so clearly, in disgust, as he gazed at the intricate murals and the faded golden inscriptions in the ancient walls of the dining room.

Uncle Lysander hadn't grown up in the castle, but his family line still obeyed some of the rules and traditions of the main Blackwoods.

He'd been allowed to attend a boarding school, dress as a male, learn hunting and play with friends his age. Naturally, the grim walls of the castle soured his mood.

He looked at his younger nephew with a mix of pity and contempt. Lysander, despite being a worldly individual, obeyed tradition and knew the ways of the main bloodline. He knew Lucian was nothing but an instrument, a doll. Not much different from the allegedly malformed Habsburg children. He may have been as beautiful as a porcelain doll, but his childhood was intentionally

wasted and dedicated to the destruction of his soul.

Still, he put on a fake smile and patted the young boy's head.

"How do you enjoy the spring, Lucian? I hear the area surrounding the castle is beautiful during the season."

"Yes, the roses and the dandelions are a delight, uncle." He replied with an apathetic tone of voice. It was the voice that years of solitude and isolation had carved in his throat.

Lysander noted that the boy never took his sight away from the floor.

"What does a dandelion look like, Lucian?" asked the man.

"it's... some sort of green flower, dear uncle."

Of course Lucian only knew about dandelions because he had read about them in books. At most, he'd seen a black and white picture of one in an ancient tome.

"My! So you've never seen a blue dandelion? It's a rare breed, the only

one that ever existed was the one your mother planted in her garden, many years ago."

The young lad's eyes lit up upon hearing those words. But he said nothing.

Lysander saw an opportunity. "Have you ever seen a blue rose?"

"No, I have not." Lucian answered, as a glimmer of curiosity shined on his blue eyes.

"Well, the blue rose, Lucian, is the symbol of miracles."

The young boy's lips formed a faint smile. The first one his uncle had ever seen.

"The rose is the representation of the love you and your sister will share. What a beautiful flower it is."

Lucian's brain suddenly went blank.

"What do you mean, uncle?"

"your sister. Lucian."

Lucian's mind was at a standstill. His brain's gears were spinning and grinding, trying to make sense of the word his uncle had just spoken.

"you never knew."

The uncle turned to the window and sighed.

years ago your mother heired another child. It was soon after your father passed away.

It happened in secret, away from the castle and the public eye. For the rest of the world, the girl was a stillborn, and the child was sent to a convent.

She's unfamiliar with our tradition, but we made sure she still grew up in some sort of isolation, just like you.

She's around two years younger than you. And right now she's here, at the castle."

"Why haven't I met her yet, uncle."

Lysander couldn't look at Lucian in the face.

"That was the choice your elders made. It's how it is."

"I want to see her." Lucian demanded.

A servant soon approached, and Lucian knew he had overstepped. He corrected

his words before the punishment could arrive:

"May I be allowed to meet her, dear uncle?"

"Of course. Let me make the arrangements, Lucian."

Lucian could no longer hold it in. After the servant left the room, his uncle was surprised to see how happy the boy looked.

"my boy, you are trembling"

Lucian held his body still but couldn't hide his smile. He compensated by lowering his head so much it appeared as if he was sleeping.

"What's the matter, my lady?"

"Forgive me, dear uncle, the emotion is too great."

"Are you happy?"

Lucian tried to nod while still facing the floor, and his long hair covered his face completely.

Lysander hesitated, he almost wanted to tell the boy that he was allowed to be happy, but he knew damn well that the

castle staff held birch saplings not only for the children.

"Well... let's wait and see what the future will bring, shall we, my lady?"

In one of the many gardens of the property, Lucian's alleged sister awaited. As her new governess introduced her to her new surroundings, the young maiden felt both frightened and excited. The castle grounds were old and moldy, and the manor itself loomed over the gardens like the tower of London, intimidating and grim.

Still, Lucian -or Lucia, as they'd told her- was excited.

She had grown up in a convent away from civilization, and the sight of the wild fauna and the multicolor flowers fascinated her.

Back at the convent, her duties included caring for the garden, which she'd done diligently for over ten years.

But what she had imagined would be a dull, ordered field was really an endless forest of untamable plant life.

Wild violets sprouted between the cracks of the paved paths, the rosebuds bloomed like an explosion, and the

sound of birds chirping in the distance was a blessing to her ears.

Evangeline looked up and smiled as the warmth of the sun caressed her face. It was a new feeling. She imagined the marvelous days her brother would have spent on these fields, and she felt a slight envy that she soon repressed.

She had grown under the teachings of the benedicts and was taught selflessness and humility.

Perhaps this was the reason why she was the only one of the two children to be aware of the reason for their existence.

The governess continued the tour and showed the maidens' bedroom.

"You'll be sharing quarters with Lucian from now on. Do you like the room?"

Evangeline nodded. In her heart she was grateful, for her whole life she only ever shared a room with her nun classmates, but never with a companion.

The idea of sharing with a man was bothersome, but she trusted this arrangement was made for the best of both of them.

The tour continued, and the governess showed her the place she would take her daily walks, the kitchen where she was allowed to request food or beverages, the bathrooms she could use. Everything seemed to exist only for the two of them in the entire world.

"Will my uncle also live with us?"
Evangeline inquired.

"I'm afraid the Ravenwood castle is destined for the main bloodline use only"

"oh but... I am not of the main blood line!"

Evangeline, despite not being allowed outside the castle, knew a bit of the customs and traditions.

The servant ignored this last comment.

"There is one more thing I wish to discuss, young maiden." said the

governess, while sitting at the edge of the bed.

"From now on, Lucian is your own kin."

"Yes, I already know, mistress... sorry, did you say..."

"Lucian is your kin, until death. Remember that."

The woman's tone of voice had shifted to a dead serious, and for a moment, Evangeline was put off by this. But from where she came from, there were nuns and priests ten times more intimidating than the woman in front of her, so she knew, by experience, how to defuse these kinds of situations.

"Lucian is my kin." she answered.

"Good, girl."

The tour was complete.

Lucian and Uncle Lysander awaited in the dining room.

He didn't really know what to expect, but the idea of meeting someone new was such a surprise, such a foreign thought, that his brain was going into overdrive

trying to fit the girl into his nonexistent life's plans.

For a moment, he believed what he wanted did matter...

His fantasies went as wild as to imagine living together with her, away from the castle, living like a couple. Of course, she'd want to marry and live with her husband, so they'd move on to a bigger house eventually. That wasn't important. What mattered was that he'd no longer be alone.

He imagined them sitting together and reading a book.

he imagined walking with her, touching her, and suddenly his own existence felt validating.

He imagined the two of them talking late at night while the family held their celebrations.

Suddenly, the doors of the dining room opened.

"Lucian, stand up to greet Lady Evangeline"

The young boy stood up and faced his sister for the first time.

She was a stunning maiden. The long, black hair, the bright brown eyes, the pale skin, her body was exactly like he'd expected. She was the splitting image of his mother.

Evangeline was a bit confused. She'd expected this young man to have a stronger complexion, proper of the child of a rich family, not the emaciated body of the beggars the convent regularly aided.

As soon as he opened his lips and his soft voice resounded in the room, Evangeline was taken aback.

This person was, in fact, her brother.

Lucian, for his end, couldn't control himself anymore and moved closer to Evangeline.

She flinched at first, and then the two siblings stared at each other, both trying to put a name to their feelings. One trying to control himself out of self preservation, the other out of politeness.

That night the celebration was grand. Wine was flowing, and the guests were dancing as the band played song after song.

While his sister humbly socialized and greeted the guests, Lucian stood in the sidelines. This was the first time he had been allowed to even be in the same wing as the guests. The servant's eyes, for once, were not centered on him, and the room was filled with so many noises and smells his senses were obstructed. At any moment -he knew it well- a servant was to strike him hard for making a mistake, but he didn't know what that was in the context of a large social gathering. He of course, had read about them in books, but he never registered that information as something worth remembering. Once the book was closed, the wisdom within it was closed too.

"Hey, boy. If you wanna drink, you gotta ask the lord for a favor first." said one of the guests, a fat, corpulent man who

wore an expensive ring adorned with a green gemstone on his left thumb. He seemed to be his uncle's friend and was currently sitting across from him.

"oh? I-Is that true?" said Lucian, trying to spot the servants with the corner of his eyes.

"Ignore this drunkard, Lucian. He wants to trick you into obscene acts."

Both Lysander and his friend threw their heads back in laughter. Lucian didn't understand this, and he wasn't interested in alcoholic beverages anyway. He soon realized that, regardless of how curious he was about this event, he just wanted the party to be over.

"kid, why don't you ask your sister for a dance?" asked the rotund man.

"ask her." replied Lucian's uncle.

This took him by surprise, he, of course, had no idea how to dance.

Evangeline had approached the group without him noticing, and to his horror

she said "oh, Lucian, that would be marvelous!"

"Did you learn to dance at the convent, my lady?" said the fat man. "I didn't know benedictines were that much into the arts"

The fat man seemed to know a lot about Evangeline, and she responded to him in a way that gave the impression of familiarity. Lysander noticed a hint of sadness in Lucian's eyes.

"Well, your sister was taught the fine art, Lucian, and it is polite to honor tradition and the conventions of society, so you should have her teach you the steps."

Lucian stood there, feeling dejected.

"Are you going to waste more time, boy? Go to her now."

The young maiden waited. In her mind she couldn't grasp why her sibling, for the first time after their introduction, had turned so cold and sour.

She was, although, perceptive of the fact he had grown in isolation, and this made her feel for him. She didn't feel

much for him yet, but he still inspired her compassion.

Evangeline took his hand and guided him to the dance floor, where she held him so close that she could whisper in his ear: "don't let the old man Quibblebottle get to you. He doesn't know about your situation."

The words of reassurance felt like a dagger to Lucian. It was as if his sister already considered him a being to take care of. That put her above him, perhaps even on the same level of authority as the servants.

Regardless, her hands were on him, these aren't the cold, violating hands he was used to. It was a warm embrace, and her body smelled of something his brain had no words for.

Before he could process the meaning of it all, the next song began and Evangeline guided his feet through the floor. During the dance, the sister asked him questions but he couldn't register any, it was as if he was dancing in a

dream. Eventually she gave up, sensing her brother was already giving his all and just looked at his eyes. He had the gaze of a woman buried under a very masculine brow. Had he grown up in another circumstance, he'd have made for a pretty handsome young man.

"You have beautiful eyes, you know?" she said.

"Thank you, sister."

The dance was over and Evangeline invited him for a coup of wine.

A servant served them, much to Lucian's despair.

"what 's wrong?"

His sister asked, her face was a mix of confusion and concern.

"Did you... have wine back in the convent?"

His sister let out an honest laugh. "we occasionally had it. Nuns are allowed to drink, it's being drunk which counts as a sin!". Lucian analyzed the liquid carefully. "So, have you ever been

drunk?"-said the boy. "never"-led
Evangeline-"it just wasn't allowed".

This reassured Lucian a little. At least
when it came to drinking, she was just
as innocent as him.

"I never thought I would get out of it."
said the girl. I thought I would eventually
become a full on nun and spend the rest
of my days looking after the garden. But
then old Quibblebottle came in with a
message from the family, that my
presence was required in Ravenwood."

Evangeline had made Lucian sit on the
same couch next to her, both their
dresses were touching, and if he had
moved his foot a little, it would have
touched her ankle. Suffice to say, Lucian
was focusing on this instead of the
conversation.

"You have become my savior, Lucian"

"I..."

The boy was caught by surprise, and his
mind instantly returned to reality. He
wasn't used to holding conversations for

this long. Still, he tried to imitate the normal people he'd read about before.

Only that he didn't know what accounted for normal, so he instead repeated the behavior of the classical males in his books.

"Our father had a chance like this as well, but he didn't use it"

He took a sip of the wine and continued: "and here you are. I suppose that's what matters."

Evangeline found her sibling's behavior off, but the boy's voice had a charming vibe to it, perhaps the lack of interactions made him a little awkward, so the girl simply brushed it off, like one would if the cat bit your toe instead of purring.

"Did you know our father well, dear brother?"

Lucian found these words more intoxicating than the wine, and he was already pretty drunk from the four or five sips he had taken. He resolved himself

to look as interesting as possible in front of her sister, even if he had to lie.

"No, not at all. I wish I had."

Evangeline nodded and looked down.

He felt the need to add something, to please her.

"He was a great man."

Lucian tried not to stare, and looked away, noticing a painting on the wall.

"Who 's that?"

"Lord Ravenwood"

"Oh?"

Evangeline found this funny. She had heard of the awkwardness of young boys in the presence of women but she never expected it from a brother in front of his sister.

"don't act so surprised! He's our ancestor."

"Really, who's he fighting?"

"a dragon? A demon? No, I think the text says 'a dragon'"

"Do you think it's meant to represent something?"

"Yes, of course. Plage control."

Evangeline threw an earnest laugh, Lucian felt a sparkling sensation deep inside him.

"The dragon is a symbol of sin, you know?"

"The sin of an infested house?"

The two laughed.

"what do you mean?"

"I don't know. When I lived at the convent, my classes weren't that interesting. I mostly just went to the garden and read."

Lucian's eyes opened wide. "Have you read about Greek mythology?"

"Of course! The convent's librarian would let me take anything. She was truly invested in educating the sisters."

"That's funny, I have a lot of books about that subject. Would you like to see them? Perhaps read them? ...together?"

The wine had an odd effect on the boy.

"I'd love to!"

It was his time to offer a sincere, yet awkward laugh

Evangeline looked at him, as if she was analyzing his every reaction. The poor boy, did he have any friends?

"I'm sorry for not having much to offer" he said, as the laugh died. Evangeline didn't know how to respond, so she just placed her hand on his and smiled, as if trying to tell him he could be safe around his own sister. Lucian would treasure this memory for the rest of his days.

Lucian had the habit of talking to the castle paintings. He feels art is more easy going than humans. After the arrival of his sister he started whispering to them about the whiteness of her hands, the darkness of her pupils, and the shine on her hair. Lately, the castle rules had relaxed, and he was allowed more time away from the servants. Maybe this was due to the presence of his uncle, maybe it was because Lucian was reaching the age of a Blackwood male. Both siblings were allowed an unusual level of freedom, and after a

few weeks, it was as if there wasn't any servant left in the house.

Lucian took the chance to explore his own garden, using it as an excuse to spend more time with his dear sister.

Evangeline knew herbology but was not allowed to use it in the castle. It was a duty for the servants, and the servants only. But she'd still sneakily grab some weeds and teach her brother about them. Lucian then would secretly show the plants to the paintings.

The two of them were often in the attic, which was Lucian's private room, full of books. She would often go to his room, and the two would read in his bed. The castle was almost empty, the servants were nowhere to be seen and it was as if the brother and sister were the only ones living there.

But what Lucian treasured the most, was when his sister would use the excuse of showing him her new dress, or her hairstyle, and the two would just

spend an entire afternoon watching themselves in the mirror and talking about how they'd improve their looks.

"if I cut my hair a little shorter, I'd look like a fine lord."

Slowly, Lucian had become more cocky around Evangeline. She wondered if this had something to do with his coming of age.

"What kind of men do you find more attractive, dear sister?"

This was a strange question coming from his mouth.

The truth was, Lysander and his friends had started paying visits once or twice a week, and Lucian had been wondering about his own appearance. For some reason he had developed a sort of crush on his own uncle.

"Well, as a woman, I've been taught we should like men with clean, gentle faces," she said.

"oh?"

"so someone who doesn't seem too violent would suit my tastes"

Lucian looked at the mirror. Even in the frilliest of dresses he was still, unmistakably, a man.

"Do you find myself a feminine looking man, dear sister?"

" I suppose" she smiled. He smiled back. She found her opportunity to boost his confidence and said "I believe my dear brother is the most beautiful lad in the entire land."

She watched him suddenly leave, his face flustered. Truly, he was getting better at socializing, but still had troubles.

Evangeline

She had felt a faint note of his smell as he passed her.

She couldn't figure why, but her body felt light and her breathing heavy.

It was the first time in years that she had felt desire.

The scent of her brother seemed to linger on the pages too.

Evangeline put her best efforts into focusing on the reading material, but she found it so dull she had to stop and re-read every few sentences:

In days of yore, where shadows crept,
A valiant knight his promise kept.
"could it be that he feels the same as I
do?"

He donned his armor, noble and bright,
To face the dragon's fiery might.
A beast of scales, with eyes of flame,
"Dear Lucian's eyes, when he stares at
me..."

The dragon's roar his fears would claim.
It soared above, in the twilight's gleam,
A nightmare born from the darkest
dream.

The knight approached, his sword held
high,

"He has a sword too."

Determined heart beneath the sky.
His steps were firm, his purpose clear,
To quell the dragon's ancient fear.

With clash of steel and flash of fire,
They battled, in a realm most dire.
"I battled once, with a man, before."
The knight struck hard, his blade did
bite,
Yet the dragon's strength put up a fight.
Amidst the roars and embers' dance,
A dance of fate, a perilous chance.
The dragon's breath, a torrent vast,
"once I sinned I knew it'd only get
worse"
Seared the air and shadows cast.
Yet with a final, valiant blow,
The knight brought down his mighty foe.
In swirling mist and fading light,
The dragon yielded to the fight.
A kingdom saved, a hero's tale,
The dragon's reign would surely fail.
"I vowed I'd forever be his sister".
The knight stood strong, triumphant still,
A legend formed on a distant hill.
Though fierce the battle, dark the plight,
A noble knight brought forth the light.
Through clash and fire, his courage
shone,

A hero's legacy, forever known.

Evangeline must have read the poem three times, but she could still not remember what it was about.

The prevalence of the word of god in her thoughts had diminished since her arrival at the castle, and Lucian was the first male to become so intimate with her. They seemed to do everything together, like good siblings, but she couldn't ignore the fact that he was a man and she was a woman. This wasn't a matter of two innocent children growing together.

A castle was a lonely place, a castle full of the souls of the departed was even lonelier.

She knew he had never kissed a woman before, even in this sense he was more pure than her.

Her heart raced, as she had never felt so compelled with desire.

"I want to know more about him... as a man." she said to herself.

She dropped the book and closed herself in her private chambers.

"I am a sinner." she accused herself.

At the same time, in his own room, Lucian's mind had gone out of control. Who would have thought that the idea of his own flesh finding him desirable would entice him this much.

He lied in bed and savored her words over and over, he never cared much for his looks until now, he'd never reflected on if he was attractive as a man, but now he truly felt like he was the most beautiful lad in the entire land.

He has had some time to get acquainted with his sister. He believed she was the most beautiful creature he's ever seen, and this feeling increased every day.

But he really had no way to express these feelings.

"Young master."

Lucian heard a familiar voice from the door. His servant was back.

"How can I help you?"

"Come, it's time for you to learn the rites of passage."

"What?"

"You are a man, aren't you?"

"That does make sense, I suppose"

Lucian walked to the servant's room. The room where the servants slept was a small one in the castle. They barely used it anyway, as they preferred to sleep around Lucian and his sister.

Lucian was led to a bench and forced to strip naked. The servant gave him a good look. This would be her last chance to have him for herself.

"Your hands are bigger. There's more muscle, yes. You have the right proportions, the right skin, and the right cock. You will have no trouble impregnating a woman. Are you happy?"

"I don't understand what is happening."
He said, trying to control his emotions.
"It's okay." She said, "You will be a proper man soon, but first I'm having you for myself."

The servant ordered him to lie on the floor, she noted that he was already hard.

"For how long has this been happening to you? you diseased boy?"

"diseased?" trembled Lucian. "It shouldn't be getting hard like this, it's gravely diseased." responded the servant.

"no...no! please..."

"we should have amputated it long ago, now it's sure that you're going to die".

Lucian's eyes teared up.

"I don't want to die, please, Seraphina!"

The woman slapped his face with the back of her hand. Naming the servants was prohibited.

"You stupid, stupid kid."

His cock had begun getting soft, but she grabbed it with one hand and began to stroke it.

Lucian's head began to hurt from the confusion, but he felt a shivering sensation as she rubbed his penis.

"You don't even know how to control yourself, do you. See, this is how a man does it"

She put his hand on her dress's skirt and started to rub her vulva, making her feel warm.

"See, is this what you've been dreaming of, is this what your body wants, you wretched little fucker"

Lucian could feel the wetness of her privates, he tried to picture the shape of what he was touching but couldn't.

Seraphina grabbed him by the hair and forced him to turn around, his ass was now exposed to her.

He could feel her tongue licking his anus. The sensation was too intense, his body convulsed and his legs couldn't stand the pleasure.

He was confused, what was her intention, was she helping him? Was she trying to kill him? his cock was only getting harder and harder.

She licked him more and more, faster and faster, Then she pulled out a rod and slowly introduced it into his hole. The pain was great but the arousal even more.

He could feel his own cum shooting through his body, and landing on his face.

Seraphina grabbed his face and made him stare at her eyes. "There, now you're cured. You should be thankful."

His legs felt as if the bones had suddenly evaporated.

She carried him to a chair and forcibly made him sit.

"Now. Don't ever, ever, EVER tell anyone that happened. We will never talk about it again."

"yes..."

His skin was covered in sweat and cum.

"Clean it up, you maggot." She said and left the room.

Lucian cleaned himself up. He had a burning sensation inside his lower half and couldn't really stand up.

As he lay on the floor, he began to wonder if all the things Seraphina said were true. Could it be? Was he diseased? Why did he get aroused by all of this? Why did he feel such a good sensation as she licked him? Was that normal? Did she know more about his body than himself?

After a little while, two masked men entered the room.

"We've come for you." they said.

Lucian was lifted by the men's arms and taken downstairs, to a place he didn't even know existed.

There, behind a heavy metal door, hundreds of caped masked figures standing in a circle. In the middle there was some sort of bed made of stone, and a man stood next to it.

One of the cloaked men turned to Lucian:

"It's now time to initiate you into manhood."

"Where are you, Seraphina?" whispered Lucian.

"Seraphina is here, within our group."

"Are you punishing me because I did something wrong?"

"We are awarding you for reaching maturity." And with this, they chained Lucian to the stone bed.

The man turned to the people and screamed. "Today we sacrifice this lamb for the glory of our country!". and a big roar was heard in the dungeon.

One by one, the masked people approached Lucian, pulling his hair, forcing fingers inside his mouth, grabbing and groping wherever they pleased.

"This boy comes from an ancient lineage of virgin blood, untouched until now"

the members of the cult seemed hypnotized by the man's words

"and the dragon knows who is the purest virgin in the land!"

One by one they entered him and ejaculated inside, a hundred throbbing cocks entered his mouth, and a hundred women violently jumped in his lap, stopping only to make sure he was still breathing. His screams would be nothing more but muffled sounds in the darkness of the night.

Then, Seraphina presented herself before the priest, and the massive assault had suddenly stopped.

"Here, I give to this man a sacrifice of the blood of the pure, for the dragon of the north, the white beast, the demon of fertility. Accept this body, accept this blood, accept this sacrifice, and bring this land and its people prosperity!"

"I receive thee and the soul of this child" said the priest, and he took Lucian's hair and cut his throat with a scythe.

The next morning, Evangeline's first thought was her brother.

Lucian had never let her enter his room, so she had no idea what he was like when he was asleep. She imagined his peaceful face, his hair messily spread on the pillow, his cute, pouty mouth. But as she crossed the corridor to check on

him, the first thing she noticed was the smell.

When she opened the door, the smell was even stronger. Like rotten meat.

She noticed a red trail coming from the room.

Imagining the worst, she opened the door and found her brother, with his neck covered in bandages, standing still next to the window. Staring at nothing. His long hair was cut up to his shoulders, and in the bed lay the proper garments of a man. The dresses were gone, forever.

"Lucian, my dear brother, what happened?"

"I am fine" said Lucian, and stared at her, as if his eyes were looking far beyond her.

"No you're not. What happened? I have to know"

"You may not"

"If something happened to you, I have the right to know"

Lucian was not sure if this was a mere delusion, or if he really was back in his room, with his beloved sister.

Regardless, he couldn't stand the idea of furthering his humiliation by having her know what happened the night before.

"You see that, my dear sister? in the bed, my first male outfit."

"brother..."

"I must warn you, I may look slightly different."

"I beg you to listen..."

"I'm quite nervous, I've never worn male garments before."

She approached and hugged him:

"It's okay, dear brother. I'm here for you."

Without his corset on, Lucian could feel his sister's breasts in his ribs. They were rather soft. He never dreamed they could be this soft.

"Did I ever tell you, my Evangeline..." he began caressing her hair "that you look just like our mother?" Evangeline turned

her head up and saw her brother was still staring deeply into the nothing.

"you're a woman now, it's time I treated you as such. It's time for you to experience the feelings I have." words would come out of his mouth without him moving it.

"brother?"

"I don't know much about women's feelings, and yet the very few moments I've touched your body, I couldn't control myself, like a starving man devouring the very thing that keeps him alive."

He held her in a tight embrace. Evangeline didn't want to believe his words, she suddenly felt like whatever happened to him, was related to something she had done.

Had he, by any chance, tried to take his own life after realizing his feelings for her? she felt herself a sinner, a damned soul, she feared that the filth in her thoughts had somehow leaked into the mind of her beloved brother.

"Please, you should have some rest. I will prepare your clothes." she muttered. He still had her in his arms, she struggled a bit, and he took her hand to his penis.

"I'm sorry, I need you to satisfy me. I won't force you, I swear, but if you truly love me, you would satisfy me."

Evangeline's eyes were blinded by tears. She was filthy, she was a sinner. So much that everything around her became impure.

"Yesterday I was shown the ways of a man."

Luckily for Evangeline's soul, Lucian fainted right there and then.

The servants soon came and helped him get into bed and cared for his wounds. Evangeline stared at his bandaged neck. Her brother seemed to have fallen asleep with his eyes open.

A deep, unknown sensation began to consume her heart. What could it be? Could it be regret? Could it be despair?

the servants left him alone to sleep, but she took a seat near him and sat there, in silence

A full week passed and Evangeline seldom left his side, she'd change his bandages, altho it was hardly ever necessary, and she'd spoon feed the poor creature that lied as a corpse in front of her.

Every once in a while his eyes moved around, focusing on random parts of the room, it was impossible to tell what he was thinking.

She'd often find him staring at her, without saying a word, he was like a sick dog waiting for its owner, she wondered if he felt her presence, or if he was even capable of feeling anything.

At nights, the castle seemed like a different place. As Evangeline's thoughts grew louder and louder, the more she'd fear her own reflection in the mirror.

It had all been her fault, she thought. God had punished him because of her corruption.

Her feelings for her brother were so deep it felt like drowning every single moment of the day. She felt that if he hadn't fainted, she would have surrendered to him right then and there. It might have been an angel sent by god who struck him with a coma in order to save them from an eternity in hell.

"Why did I have to be born such a miserable creature?" she lamented, as her head burned in tears and her hands turned to fists.

"It's not his fault," she cried, and punched her chest repeatedly.

Lucian regained his conscience after three weeks of lying still in his room, and the first thing he noticed was the sensation of his sister's breasts against his own. She would hold him for hours

as he slept and he'd wake up as she held him close.

He stared at the ceiling. How long has it been? Was he still alive? had all of this been an illusion?

The night of the initiation was to be forever burned in his memory, how could it be possible that he survived such a thing?

He tried to call for Evangeline but the only thing that went through his mouth was air. It was frustrating, but it made sense, as his vocal cords had been slashed. What didn't add up for him was how he was able to speak to her before.

Weakly, he moved his hand to her head and began caressing her.

Shocked she called for him, he noticed her worried face. He was not sure what to do, what would she think of him now? What did he look like? Was he still beautiful to her? his neck still felt sore.

"brother. Can you hear me?"

Lucian's mouth would part a little and Evangeline felt encouraged to talk to him.

She'd been starting to read passages of the bible in the last few days, and she conceived that maybe this was what helped him come back into consciousness. Thanking the powers above, she covered his face in kisses.

As Lucian regained conscience, he began to regain feeling in his limbs as well. The room felt foreign to him, why was Evangeline reading the bible, when she seldom grabbed it from the library? it made no sense.

She would lie by his side and hug him all night. He wondered what would happen if his sister found out how aroused he was. He wasn't sure of when it started, or why, but his penis seemed

to be constantly hard when she was around, and it was hard to ignore.

He constantly thought about Seraphine's word about his illness, about how he could die from being aroused like that, it drove him insane sometimes, having Evangeline so close to care for him and still being unable to tell her what he desperately needed.

Sometimes he'd imagine being taken by her, as he once was taken by Seraphina, his arousal would make him reach for her arm and rub his groins with it, sometimes she would wake up and find her brother's penis in her hand, her face would burn red and Lucian would have to act asleep for her to not catch him. This had the unexpected effect of torturing the young maid's mind as she thought she was doing it herself, unconsciously.

"My poor brother, I am a demon" She thought, but she refused to leave his side.

One night, Evangeline dreamt she was trying to catch hares in the forest, when she thought she had finally grabbed one, the black hare looked back at her with shining, red eyes, as if they were lit on fire. She woke up with her hand wet, confused, she looked around, but as she got up, she noticed her brother was awake, staring at her, his neck was still covered in bandages.

as she realized, with horror, that her brother had been rubbing his member in her hand, the shame consumed her completely.

Lucian, still half asleep, reached for her arm and grabbed it with force:

"Evangeline..." came out of his mouth, once again without him having to move his lips. His eyes shining like a cat's in the darkness. "I might die, Evangeline." and he reached out to kiss her in the mouth.

Evangeline tried to resist and escape her brother's sudden affection, she begged him to stop, and in the first opportunity that arose, she ran outside the room, crying.

Lucian was in such a trance that he barely noticed, he just lied there, staring at the ceiling, his member throbbing, still covered in bandages, and decided to touch himself for the first time. The sensation was strange, and as he was reaching his climax he noticed his sister wasn't there by his side. He released his seed over her side of the bed, and went back to sleep.

The next day, Evangeline did not dare to enter her brother's room. Lucian awoke to a strange sensation in the bed, was that urine? Why was everything wet? Was his bladder full? It had been over two months since he took care of his most basic needs, so he was not sure of his current condition.

A servant soon entered the room, not Seraphine, but a man he'd never seen before.

He took notice of the mess Lucian had done with his sister's side of the bed, but didn't acknowledge it.

"Young master, we are sure now that you'll survive the ritual, soon it'll be time for you to begin the education reserved for the head of this household."

Lucian's head began to throb, why was everyone talking to him like that? Was it the ritual Seraphina talked him about? did they fail to kill him? Did that mean

success for him? He didn't fully remember what happened after he passed out, but he remembered the voices and the music that started to play.

Lucian's father died before his birth and Lucian is the one to replace him.

The outside world suddenly faded from his perception as he realized something.

His father was dead long before Evangeline could be conceived.

Evangeline grew in a convent, raised as a nun until her 18th birthday, after which, she was brought to Ravenwood to take her place as his sister. Could it be that his mother's supposed death was just her being sent away because she carried the child of another man within her?

Was his mother even her mother? Were they really brother and sister?

A sudden realization consumed him. She might have been brought here under false pretenses, just as he was raised as a fake girl, and now that the ritual had passed her reality was about to change too.

Evangeline still avoided him like the plague. But she had to know something, maybe even more than him.

It began to annoy him that every single person surrounding him held more knowledge over his life than himself.

The truth was hidden right in front of his eyes. He tried calling for his sister, but he could not speak.

The frustration within kept growing. And the unknown servant was still blabbering instructions in front of him.

"My lord, from now on, I'd be the one to assist you in your daily hygiene"

This phrase brought Lucian back to reality. His reality. But rather than dissipate his frustration it only augmented them into rage.

He found himself unable to control his movements, everything happened in the blink of an eye.

With a single arm, he grabbed the servant's face and threw him across the room.

"Nobody shall touch me with their disgusting, bloody fingers."

The servant lied still, the back of his head had broken like glass when it impacted the wall. his eyes wide open, looking like a lamb's.

He wasn't moving. Lucian thought that, maybe, he had killed him.

The sight of death became a very unfamiliar sensation to him.

What could it be that drove him into such a violent action? Was this his sickness? or was this him breaking free from his restraints and letting out all his anger?

The idea that he may have killed a human being without even wanting to do it seemed preposterous. What was this newfound capacity?

The sight of the blood dripping from the wall, and the wide open, terrified eyes of the corpse aroused him.

And before Lucian could control himself he began touching himself while staring at the man's lifeless body.

When his cock was hard enough, he forced the servant's body into a submissive position and ripped off his clothes.

The sight of that man, completely naked, face on the floor, his back exposed to

him, made him feel so hard his member was almost painful.

He didn't think too much about it, nor did he feel regret. He was acting on instinct.

Lucian's mouth began salivating, he wanted to feel that ecstasy he once felt with Seraphine, he wanted that thing in his body.

Another servant entered the room to find his master piercing the insides of his dead comrade, and he left the quarters in a hurry to inform Lysander that the initiation had been of an unprecedented success.

Lucian felt the semen coming out of his member all over his new servant, as his insides clenched in pleasure he couldn't help but to bite him.

A strong impulse he didn't understand guided his tongue into the flesh. And Lucian began consuming the flesh in the man's neck.

The taste was indescribable. And he soon began devouring his entire back and neck.

He couldn't stop until there was no more left.

Evangeline found the room with its doors opened. But didn't dare to go inside, in her mind she was still the most perverse being in her brother's life.

"Am I an experiment for you, Lysander? Is that how you perceive me? Am I like a pet in a cage for you and your people to toy with me? Is that it?"

Lysander couldn't help his tears anymore, his life was in his nephews's hands. He knew damn well the metamorphosis of the ritual's survivor, he'd seen it before, in his brother, when his duties in the castle were the same as Evangeline's. Only that this time he wasn't under its protection.

"My Lord, forgive me. The education that was arranged for you. your future, the manor. It will all pay off eventually." He made an effort to seem submissive, yet in control.

Lucian looked him right in the eyes. his own were like a cat's."You disgust me, Lysander." He wet his lips before continuing: "I know you were there. You all disgust me."

Lucian walked out of the library, Lysander didn't follow, he knew his Lord was right.

The tutor had arrived earlier. In the middle of the main hall he made a deep reverence.

He was an older man with long, white hair, his features were very sharp, and his eyes looked gray, as if he hadn't slept in days.

Lucian did not make eye contact. nor did he respond to his gestures of respect.

"My Lord, from today on, I shall be the one to accompany you in your path to knowledge" The man took a seat across the room. "The lesson I planned for today is..."

"Herbolary." interrupted Lucian.

"s...sir?"

"Today we'll study herbolary" came out of Lucian's open lips, still unmoving. his temple resting on his fingers.

Lucian had never stepped outside the castle.

Evangeline had. And would go out into the forest when Lucian was sick, as Lysander allowed it as an activity.

Lucian had been conscious of herbs and its medicinal properties from a young age, but had never been out to pick them himself. and didn't really want to, that was Evangeline's activity. And the

most he could offer was feign interest in order to be gifted with her attention.

Now, after killing a man, he was determined to see how it felt like being out there, alone, with the smell of life all around. He understood little could be a menace for him now that his servants, the most powerful beings in his universe, were afraid of him.

The tutor guided his pupil out of the property for the first time.

Lucian could sense all the small changes that occurred in nature, the light breeze, the insects and their smell, he knew where they were just by hearing. Disgusting little things, they were.

The trees, the ground, they were like a living organism to him, as if the world surrounding him was alive. In that moment he felt a part of everything, like he was touching nature against its will.

Lucian walked ahead of his teacher.

His senses were so sharp he could not understand how humans managed to communicate.

All their blabbering and noises came to him so amplified and distorted he could not stand it. Every sound that came from a living being felt like a fly buzzing violently over him.

Only Evangeline's voice sounded clear, it felt soothing, even though what she said often came so distorted, the way she expressed herself felt pure to him.

Lucian's tutor soon realized that his Lord was in a place where he could not follow. "I sense it would be best to finish the lesson today" he proposed.

"Go back to the castle and tell them to send me Evangeline." Lucian responded, indifferent.

Evangeline's relationship soon became toxic to her, but she couldn't escape her brother's grasp. and even if she could she'd probably never leave his side.

Lysander was the one in charge of the servants for a while, until a few months ago, when he went out on his own. She had been informed that this was due to business, but, as of late, she wondered why they never specified what kind of businesses these were.

The relationship Evangeline held with Lucian would resemble that of a child and its toy, Lucian's emotional needs were hers to fulfill and she could never deny him anything.

Lucian's growth was accelerated after the ritual, he could now be compared to a normal 20 year old, and would develop physically more as the year progressed. It had come to such a level that Evangeline could sit on his lap and her feet wouldn't reach the floor.

His sickness had never completely vanished, it only got worse with time.

His mood changed over time, he'd get violent and sexually frustrated. and Evangeline would always disappear instead of fulfilling her role.

Lucian began studying alone, although sometimes he'd ask Evangeline to sit with him while reading his times. Before, he would use books only to keep his

mind away from reality, but after his transformation he became as hungry for knowledge as he was for his sister.

He'd often be found in the library with a servant under him. He had little patience left for any activity that was neither study nor fornication, and would often have his servants as sacrifice. Their numbers never seemed to decrease anyway, one would "go" and another would take its place immediately, as if they were standing in a line outside the castle, waiting for their turn.

The tutor could notice that his Lord's libido grew alongside his height. Which was understandable, as a 20 year old with the body of a strong male adult could never contain himself. But Lucian's urges were stronger than those of a normal man. And he'd often need two or three persons at the same time, just to satiate himself.

When it came to Evangeline, he always had a different kind of craving. He wanted her by his side as a nurturer, as a comfort blanket, and she was the only one allowed to refuse his advances. She didn't know of the servant's situation, but she was neither blind nor stupid and knew something was happening to them.

Evangeline would get frustrated. Lucian's needs became too great. And, to avoid being with him, she'd sneak out of the property and visit the villagers.

It was odd to her how the castle's personnel had shifted policies about what the siblings were and weren't allowed to do, she never experienced the hardships her brother went through, but she did feel a sudden shift between the rules of the convent and the constant presence of other people in the room while she was at the family home.

Lucian had moved in entirely to the library, and had stopped using doors entirely as he grew too tall and it became impossible for him to accommodate his body to their structure.

Evangeline, seeing her brother's change, would instead get curious about the villagers and their culture, as if she was trying to escape in spirit what she couldn't escape physically.

She would often walk into the woods, dressed as a beggar woman, as Lysander allowed it out of compassion for her. He too had been in her place at some point, anyway.

She didn't speak to anybody, she would just walk in the market, looking at the food items, the clothes, and, mostly, the people

Her interactions were limited to a young man of 16 or 17, she didn't dare to make contact.

He, too, found a familiarity in the beggar girl who wandered about the village, he began putting coins by her feet on her walks around town, and would even buy things and give them to her.

Lucian noticed the change in his sister's behavior, and feared it wasn't his physical presence the thing that kept her in the manor.

"Why are you not here, Evangeline? I feel so empty when you leave".

His sister wouldn't respond, and he had long ago gotten so used to the smell of her fear that he no longer felt it.

"Is there something outside the castle, Evangeline? Something I don't know about?"

She wouldn't respond to Lucian's calls, nor his touch. Whenever she felt his fingers near her breasts she'd just shift her thoughts to the villager boy.

He would spend days longing for her, even if she was right there, in the room. He had abandoned all hope of possessing her like a normal man would a woman, his member having grown big enough to kill her. But he still had a tongue, and he dreamed of going over Evangeline's entire body with it. Lately, he had found female servants twitching when a certain part of them was caressed by his mouth; the idea of Evangeline's small body, trembling from pleasure, drove him insane.

He'd take her little hand to his mouth and kiss it desperately, like a dog demanding affection, but she was no longer mentally with him, and it was painful.

One afternoon, she came back from the village emanating an unfamiliar smell.

"My Lord... the human body has many peculiarities' ' The tutor would explain as Lucian stared at Evangeline's growing body with a mixture of lust and anger. "Especially the female body, which changes every month..."

"Don't try to protect him." spouted Lucian.

"L...lord?"

"the boy, the animal she's been encountering. don't try to trick me into thinking his scent is just a bodily function."

This brought Evangeline back to reality and she turned to face the being she once believed her brother.

"Tell me" continued Lucian "what pleasures could you derive from him that you couldn't get from me in droves?"

The woman didn't respond, but her eyes widened like a prey animal.

"Answer me" he whispered as he put his hands over her chest and the woman began trembling. "Does he stimulate this part of you better than me?" he began moving his palm in slow circles while staring at her in the face.

The woman's fear began building up and Lucian's erection was immediately provoked by her.

"I...it feels different" she tried to explain "there are certain parts of me, which..."

"What parts?" He whispered by her ears, his lips touching her earlobe as he simulated normal speech. "this one?"

and he began caressing her privates.

"No!" She said, trying to push him away. "different parts! it feels different."

"why?"

"i dont know!" She started walking away from him, until Lucian grabbed her wrist and immobilized her

"then let me try." he put his hands on her crotch and Evangeline felt so much disgust she couldn't move.

"I can feel your heartbeat through your pubis, sis. " he let out a faint laugh.

Evangeline didn't want to scream, her brother had once been her everything, but his touches became less tender with each passing day, and he didn't seem to care that the tutor was still in the room with them.

She threw him a glance that silently screamed for help, but he was in as much of a shock as her.

"I want to drink your juices, my beloved Evangeline."

The tutor excused himself and left immediately after Lucian expressed his desires.

"my sweet sister" Lucian whispered "you're trembling. What's the matter? you should be used to my caresses by now."

She was hyperventilating as she struggled to keep him away, and he responded with laughter

"My poor baby sister, can you not understand? I've wanted this for so long." He sat her over the library's desk and stood on his knees, as his member, the length of a leg, would stand hard and tall. "I need you to do it as you do with the villager's".

Evangeline stared at his cock, trembling with fear, Lucian saw this and began rubbing the tip all over her thighs.

"see sis?" he moaned "your fear turns me on"

Evangeline felt her brother's member pulsate as it slid its way down her calves and onto her shoes. "I will make love to you, Evangeline." His breath becomes more heavy "and you will learn to live without the villager". He then positioned himself so his erection would lay on top of her legs and began moving it back and forth as if he was making love to her.

"Lucian... please" she sobbed.

Lucian's penis, the length of her legs, laid on her belly as he rubbed its girth on her private parts. He began moving faster and faster, his sister's clothes soaking in his juices.

"Evangeline. I will make love to your whole body."

and he began caressing her face and the tip of his member would touch her cheek.

His fingers felt like sandpaper against her skin, and the contact with her face's saliva made his breath heavier

"I will use your lips, your chest, your armpits... I want to possess you the way you possess my soul. I am to become your sole owner, do you understand that?"

His member had reached her head and he had begun sliding the tip over it.

Evangeline tried standing but Lucian pushed her back against the desk "this is what you will bring me to, dear sister, my lust and desire for you have been amplified with my growth, as well as my abilities to possess you." He smiled while looking down on her, tears rolling down her face "you will be my concubine."

"Let go of me, brother, I implore you..."

"You will birth me sons, Evangeline" and his erection throbbed "I'm sorry" Lucian would tell her, as if an apology would've changed his course of action. He pushed her down again, but this time stood up, and with a swift movement of his hands he ripped the fabric that covered her chest

he had become so tall it would've been easier for him to just sit on her.

He began fondling her breasts as if he had the instincts of an animal. "you are the only thing I ever desired".

Evangeline had given up and she just lied, immobile, not unlike a doll.

"don't cry, Evangeline" he'd whisper to her while taking one of her nipples in his mouth and beginning sucking it like a babe "it breaks my heart, Evangeline, my sweet baby sister, stop crying"

"Lucian.. p...please stop" her voice would come out shaky as she'd shed tears. "it hurts"

her breasts were being devoured by a giant.

"you feel so warm, Evangeline" Lucian would respond, a mixture of lust and tenderness to his voice.

He would begin playing with his sister's nipple, flicking his tongue all over its tip,

it was as if Lucian didn't know how to make love to a woman.

Lucian stopped when his body reacted to the feeling. "AH! NO!" and his seed was spread all over the place, and all over his sister.

"NO! Evangeline, look what you did!" he exclaimed.

His semen would cover her breast and Lucian felt ashamed

"It's so easy to get off, you vixen!"

Evangeline, frozen by the fear she felt towards Lucian's being, would lie in his bed, not moving a muscle

Lucian then stared at the cum that fell on his sisters bosoms and felt an urge he couldn't contain

"let me lap at you, sister, just this once"

"brother... please" she sobbed.

he would then begin licking her breasts, his big tongue making a mess over her skin. Evangeline trembled at the feel of its rough surface. "I wish you could feed me with the juice of your breasts, I wish I could become your babe".

Lucian was enraptured by his sister's smell and would lick her everywhere, his libido had begun acting up and his breathing became heavy and loud.

"Do you remember the times we shared clothing, Evangeline? the moment you turned around, I would bury my head in your dresses"

Lucian was now covering his sister's entire body with his own saliva. his erection had gotten impossibly bigger, Evangeline feared that he'd try to enter her.

"my cock would pulsate just like it does now, Evangeline. you always drove me crazy."

Lucian was now biting Evangeline's nipples, his breath hot on her skin

"I'm your destiny, Evangeline, please stay by my side, always. You'll be what remains of my soul"

his sister's crying, while a turn on for him, began getting tiresome.

"What if I rip off his dick? it would feel so good".

"Lucian? what are you..."

"The villager, I could rip it off and put it inside you, like a toy. I would then rip his head off and pierce his neck with mine. That way we'd both share him, like we did with the outfits."

The woman's cries became uncontrollable. "Why must you say these horrible things?".

Lucian, realizing his mistake, decided to shut her up. "Evangeline, how could you not desire me too?"

"You must take responsibility for all these feelings you bring to me" he roared. "for the pleasure you bestow upon me".

The voice that came out of his mouth quickly transformed into that of a beast, and it was as if under it, another thousand voices roared with it. He started scratching the floor like an animal, and three servants stormed in to distract him from Evangeline.

They were easily pushed aside and Lucian grabbed Evangeline by her wrists. "Do not leave me. I shall become you and you shall become me, if you leave. I will hunt you and penetrate you the way your villager would, and your cunt would be the last thing my eyes would see".

Evangeline cried, Lucian was a monster. And her chest still felt the burn of his lips. The love she had for him had finally evaporated and all that was left was a hate as deep as the entrance to hell.

"You could've become my friend," she spat. "All I wanted was someone by my side. Why did you have to do this? Why didn't God allow you to love me like a sibling?"

Lucian stared at his sister's eyes, and, for the first time, he could feel her fear and disgust as his own. He stood still for what seemed like hours.

"Am I still beautiful to you? my dear sister?" he said.

The woman didn't reply and he would extend his hand and caress her cheek with the tip of his finger

"we're both monsters." he stated, looking into his sister's eyes.

He was bigger, yes, but Evangeline could see him.

Evangeline began feeling pity towards him. "it doesn't have to be like this, Lucian".

Lucian began crying and so did his sister, but while Lucian's crying was a sign of pure agony, Evangeline was able to move.

"I'm sorry, brother, that I turned you like this with my body" she sobbed while exiting the library. "and I'm sorry I failed you as a sibling"

From that night on, Evangeline couldn't be found anywhere near the castle. Lucian was driven to a mania, a madness so great that he'd spend days locked in his room, drinking wine, masturbating and fantasizing about Evangeline's body and the villager.

His mind couldn't let go of his sister and he'd spend all night imagining her naked, as his fingers slid their way to his privates. He'd think of her nipples, her

vagina, and every time he felt himself getting closer he'd stop

"why won't you give me release, Evangeline?, why won't you come back so I can love you like I deserve?"

"Take responsibility!" he'd cry."Take responsibility for the body you gave me".

Evangeline had moved in with Lysander, who even though knew he had a mission, felt an obligation to his poor successor.

After the event, the servants were so distracted trying to control the beast that she disappeared without being noticed, and she managed to reach the village before fainting.

The villagers, for the first time in centuries, felt pity for a member of the Blackwood family and sent her to her uncle, who rather than taking care of any business, was hiding away from his nephew.

He recognized Evangeline instantly and welcomed her to his house. He had been so terrified he had refused any human contact and had forgotten of her existence.

He had also never visited the castle ever since, and he knew almost nothing about Evangeline's business, and cared little. He would treat Evangeline as if he felt in debt with her, which made her feel anxious.

One day, Lysander called her to his quarters and poured her a coup of wine. "This might be against the rules, my dear, but I'd find it dreadful to let you live in ignorance, as my ancestors made me do." The woman stared intensely at him, as she had been waiting for this day long ago, when things spiraled far beyond her comprehension.

"It all started" Lysander began "eons ago. Long before the Greeks began stealing concepts from the Sumerians,

before the constellations had names and pictures to accompany them." The man took a drink from his cup. "There were two twins, both kings. Have you hear of Romulus and Remus?"

Evangeline nodded. "but they were Roman, uncle"

"The Romans stole their stories from the Greeks, and the Greeks from the Sumerians, and the Sumerians stole them from us."

"... from us... from our family, uncle?"

"from our people, from our country. We supposedly marry only within the family, your Lucian is supposedly the son of two cousins. But our family has prevailed for millions of years, dear Evangeline. Do you know what happens when families marry within for too long? Have you heard of the Habsburg, honey? That's what happens, and you should know Egyptian pharaohs only

married within siblings and their kin were born deformed and ill. But you don't see any of that in the Blackwood family, correct?"

Evangeline remembered as many family members as she could, she had been in very few family reunions, but she never saw any difference between the health of her people and the health of other nobles.

"we are not a single family" continued Lysander " but a whole race, a nomadic kind. We have been the link that transmits information between kingdoms ever since the dawn of humankind. And back then, the costumes were different.

Kings now, those supposedly of royal blood, before the great empires took over, had a stronger responsibility towards their people. You could say they still do, but that's just politics..."

Lysander's face was getting red. Evangeline had a little trouble imagining what could convey more responsibility than the duties of a king.

"Back then, a king would give its own blood to the gods to guarantee its people fortune. That's why they were so important, that's why they lived surrounded by riches, it was their compensation for the labor that was bestowed to them.

Two twins would be born, one was born to lead, the other to be sacrificed. Eventually the sacrificial lamb was turned into a completely different thing, I'm sure you can tell what, but the principle of dying to protect the commoner's stayed.

Our nation descended from these ancient kings. And with us we carry the

responsibility to feed our blood to the gods.

Evangeline didn't know what to make of this, she assumed it could be the wine getting to her uncle's head, so she kept an inexpressive face until a thought hit her like a stone.

"All the suffering Dear Lucian went through..." She muttered

"That's right, my dear, it was for the good of all Europe. All of these riches, all of the land the Blackwoods possess, it's tribute the kingdoms of the continent sends us to give our children away to the heavens."

"That means I was taken out of the convent to act as Lucian's twin?" Asked the woman.

"My dear, you were always his twin. His actual twin. Your mother could never recover from when we took you from her hands and slowly drifted away. We gave

you away to a convent to grant you the best education the christians can give to a woman."

"So we... we do all this for the benefit of christianity even if our family is not..."
She tried to reason.

"We do it for them, before we did it for the Romans, for the Greeks, for the egyptians. This is the family business, as old as prostitution, you see."

Evangeline had suddenly lost the ability to emote or feel entirely. What Lucian did to her was already painful, but the thought that they were actual, real siblings only made it worse.

"The servants too, are part of our race, they throw their lives away in the name of prosperity. And you'll have to admit, you won't find happier villagers than ours!".

"I loved him, uncle, I came to love him as a man."

"But you didn't succumb to him like he did to you, correct? you are the one who was born with the strongest will, it's why you were chosen to lead the family one day".

"What ever was of my father, uncle Lysander?"

"What do you believe happened, my dear? The same as poor Lucian. His childhood was devoted to destroying his spirit, to mutilate his soul so that the gods could enter his body. What remained of him was nothing but flesh. Once he grew too large, we sacrificed him and feed his parts to the commoners, as should always be the fate of a true king."

Evangeline stood silent for a moment. For a second she wanted to believe it hadn't been her brother who raped her, but the cruel, unforgiving gods that

possessed his body. She still wanted to believe him as innocent.

"I must see Lucian" she whispered

"My dear, that's not allowed! the gods have not finished with Lucian's training! if you were to go near him, he'd murder you with his love and we'd lose my successor, and the pain would drive him to madness, maybe even suicide! The decades-long ritual would be ruined, and the people would suffer for as long as it takes us to start again!" Lysander's tone became hysterical. "My dear Evangeline, that boy is no longer my nephew, he is no longer even human, remember this. The Lucian you cherished is gone and can never be recovered"

"Am I to replace you as their leader?"

"Yes, my dear, and I can say I couldn't have hoped for a better replacement. The god's picked well when they chose

you to live over your actual brother. Now, leave me, I'm in desperate need of sleep, I'm growing old". Uncle Lysander stumbled over to his bed, and lied there as if Evangeline wasn't there.

The patrons all over Europe were fascinated by Lucian's size. They'd been keeping an eye on him from birth, without him even knowing. They'd sneak their spies inside the castle walls and eagerly listen to what they had seen through the paintings.

The last Blackwood king had brought a great harvest, but the current one would surely grant decades of fertile lands and economic development.

This king moved around his library, unable to fit through the door, and his roars resonated through the neighboring areas.

He'd spend his days devouring sacrifice after sacrifice, and the patrons would delight in hearing how he played with his prey beforehand.

Lucian developed a liking for servants similar in appearance as Evangeline or Seraphine. He'd rape and torture the

sacrifice each day, making the accountants worry that they wouldn't have enough blackwoods for his sacrifice.

But something about Evangeline made him feel nostalgic, her body brought him memories he couldn't place, but he felt a deep attraction to her.

The servants knew of Evangeline's effect on Lucian, and they knew he'd do their best efforts to try and convince her, through letters, to come back and try to placate him. Every time she'd refuse, they'll then try to convince Lysander and be denied too.

Then they'd go back to asking Evangeline.

One of the servants would sometimes pretend to be her to placate Lucian and get him close to an orgasm before being disemboweled.

Evangeline would feel a tremendous guilt, but she knew she had to act carefully. She didn't know what to make of her uncle's words. On one hand, it answered several questions, and she was presented with evidence every month when the patrons sent informants to his house. Evidence of the transaction, that is, not of the world depending on her race's blood spill.

On the other, she couldn't comprehend how did uncle Lysander, whom she had such a soft spot for, let his nephew undergo such torture and suffering.

On nights like this, as the servants brought Lucian yet another sacrifice, he'd cry.

"Evangeline, are you here?"

"It's my sister! Is she with me? Are you with me?"

"have I gone mad?" He'd cry " am I really a man? Am I a monster?"

The sacrificial lamb had almost lost all of his senses, and he'd become impossible to handle after that. The servants felt pressured to find a solution for this. He might be the greatest king since generations ago, but he was losing himself too quickly.

"I want Evangeline" He'd cry " bring her to me and I will be your slave".

Lucian was growing larger and there was a risk of him dying of organ failure soon, a human body could only handle so much.

After a certain point, it was decided Evangeline would go back to the castle, but not before she was shown the ways of the ritual that she'd most likely have to perform.

Uncle Lysander was against the idea of his nephew having access to her, but he knew she'd be able to tame the beast

somehow, as that seemed to be his last, desperate wish.

They'd use the help of heavy drugs to calm him down in her presence, and they sent him all over the world to collect the sacred herbs of multiple civilizations, for the gods inside him needed to be respected still.

Evangeline's arrival to the castle brought her memories of all kinds and colors. Of the Lucian that was her beloved, and the Lucian that she hated the most. She wondered why she'd have to kill both at the same time, why couldn't she just return to the days they spent together.

She tried to remember Lucian's features before he changed. But when she tried to imagine him, all that appeared in her mind was the giant that terrified her.

There was still an important part of the ritual, the successors of both her and her brother needed to be found, so her

first mission was to ensure Lucian would survive for as long as possible.

The idea of the two babies came to her mind. Two innocent children, one of them set to a life of misery. She remembered the first impression she got of her brother, how sad and emaciated they looked. Was he ever allowed to enjoy the riches the Blackwoods earned with his suffering?

But what would be of her if she refused to follow through? Could the nobles ever forgive her, would her people grow poor again, would Europe as she knew suffer?

Evangeline's mind was too heavy to deal with any of this, so she took a walk to the Raven Woods garden. She couldn't find a blue dandelion anywhere.

In the convent, she had learnt of the sacrifice of Christ, she never even tried to think of what would have been of the

world if he had refused, as the mere idea felt as a blasphemy to her.

These past months, though, she had decided to judge everything she had been told by authorities in her life. There

was only one truth and it seemed to be the natural sciences.

It was the 17th century, so she knew these ideas were blasphemy already, but she could find no more strength to respect the catholic church and its decadent, uninterested monarchs.

Evangeline felt trapped, she couldn't refuse the gods for her brother's suffering was not his fault. The gods supposedly used him to spread prosperity through the European peoples, and Lucian had been condemned to such since the beginning of times.

She didn't feel like she loved Lucian anymore, only a distant nostalgia. But she knew that after him would come others, and the idea made her sick to her stomach. The days she spent with her uncle she had the chance to observe his lifestyle, he was nothing like the worldly dandy her brother once

imagined. Instead, he'd spend the days getting drunk and longing for her long deceased father. Sometimes she wondered if he ever loved him as she did younger Lucian.

"Maybe we, as a nation, are destined to live and die in degeneracy. Perhaps we won't get out of this whole ordeal unscratched." She hoped there had to be some kind of justice in the cosmos.

One day she was asked to finally meet Lucian.

She feared for his size, her brother was so tall he had to crouch even when sitting to fit inside, she had already heard from his accountants his organs were becoming too large for him to withstand their weight.

She was led inside the library where he was waiting, sedated. His eyes were so swollen she doubted they could see anything.

His figure was now like a caricature of what she had seen the first time she arrived. His skin had the texture of a porcelain vase, his articulations were swollen beyond their original shape, but his cheeks were sunken and his eyes baggy. In that moment she realized she could never stop feeling compassion for this creature. She couldn't really know how much he was responsible for his actions, if it was all his, or the spirits inside him's fault.

Lucian's mind was a prison by that point. He could hear and perceive things, but had no control of his thoughts and emotions, he could hardly remember his own past.

Evangeline was to give him the sacred herbs, and as she placed them in his mouth, their smell slowly calmed him down.

He still couldn't help to emit a bestial growl when she approached him, which

only made her want to run away and hide, but the servants made her understand through gestures she had to continue.

"My dear brother, remember the time I stood on your bedside?" She whispered while trying to caress his face.

She could sense in him a faint recognition.

"Remember when you asked me to read with you?"

Evangeline had planned what she would tell him beforehand.

Lucian started letting out a soft noise that resembled a crying. He was still unable to respond verbally, and only a few phrases got out.

A multitude of voices came out of his gaping mouth.

"release us' ' They demanded.

Evangeline was terrified when she heard them before, but now that she had an idea of what they were she had to fight the urge to steal some of the herbs for herself.

" release us from this prison you keep us in!"

"we can't leave until Lucian dies, and there's nothing left for us to devour here! Release us, or bring us another servant to consume!"

Evangeline was paralyzed in fear and could not answer.

"You should leave on your own." she responded.

"we can't, sister, you see, we are also bound by rules"

"I want my brother to go back to who he was before you." she muttered, emotionless.

"My dear, there was never a soul in his body, save from the dieties that came inside, little by little, since his torture started.

You see, contrary to what your priests have told you, suffering doesn't make one's soul greater, but it expels it from the body and leaves only demons."

Tears started rolling down her cheeks. "I want the demon that loved me back, the one I was happy with".

"We could all be happy together, my dear. but the people of the earth would have to suffer" Replied the voices.

Lucian started vomiting the herbs, the demons had taken control of him again, so the servants signaled her to leave before he became feral.

"Well to hell with them all! damned they be! the kings, the queens and the princesses! Let the apocalypse come

and show them the pain my Lucian has gone through!" She cried.

Her brother opened up his eyes and focused them on her. His stare felt as cold as the arctic ocean.

"You had the opportunity to calm him down." uncle Lysander screamed from outside. "You have not seen him without the sacred herbs, they had to inject him with such large amounts his body had to give up! He can hardly eat anymore! My dear Evangeline, the time he has left is days only!"

Evangeline knew Lysander was right, but at this point she was crying so hard she couldn't control herself. It was as if all the pain came back to her in droves and chained her to her brother.

She ran away as fast she could, her uncle called for her desperately, and the servants tried to help Lucian calm down.

Evangeline spent the rest of the night sobbing and drinking, the scene had filled her mind and she was unable to concentrate on anything else.

She had a dream of God coming into the room and comforting her, his sweet caresses and kisses felt so real she woke up and tried to touch the face of a servant sleeping next to her, just to realize her dirty never existed.

Lucian had always had his eyes open.

He would still mutter his wish to see
Evangeline, so he could remember he

was still a human among humans, not a demon trapped inside a giant vessel.

She could not bring herself to go near him anymore, so she would simply look at him, hoping a trace of his old self could surface from behind his monstrous figure, and he'd start to talk to her as before, in sweet, delicate words.

Evangeline knew that no matter what, there was no bringing her brother back.

Lysander felt sorry for her, but his duties towards humanity were a priority, so she found herself spending days and days alone, locked in her chambers.

In her solitude she felt the world outside grow ever more distant, until all her senses were taken away and she was only left a consciousness she felt would soon be gone.

Then came the night Lysander invited her to eat dinner in the garden.

"The day has come, my dear. The successor twins have been found."

Evangeline didn't feel joy or melancholy, or even grief, just a vast nothingness that felt as if swallowing her whole.

"Tomorrow morning you will be asked to go to the twins. If you accept, I'd like you to consider the consequences to Lucian's wellbeing, as you may know by now his time is coming to an end."

"So I have to approve of the children that must now suffer"

"Correct, my dear, this shall be your first duty as the leader of our kind."

"Do I really have no other option?"

"Unfortunately not." uncle Lysander would answer, not quite knowing if he told the truth, he knew of Evangeline's deep connection with her brother, and his love for her was the only thing keeping him alive, despite the deities.

The woman thought of this while staring into the abyss. The garden that once brought her a sense of adventure now seemed menacing. As if behind every strand of grass, there was new, horrendous information about what was to come.

The idea of going away once Lucian dies came across her, she felt a terrible fear at the sight of the stars, too. They were so small and insignificant compared to the infinity of the cosmos, the immensity seemed to stretch itself to infinity and back again.

The same questions kept plaguing her mind, did all Blackwoods struggle to this point with their thoughts? Was there really no escape from the cycle?

One day uncle Lysander announced Evangeline would finally be meeting with the children.

They looked so much like her brother it made her think, maybe, this is how he and she looked like as babies. It was easy to deduct that, if Lucian and her descended from the last sacrifice, the servants had to ensure to save his seed and "provide it" to fertile women until one of them conceived two children.

She gave the babies her blessing without making any expression, none of this mattered to her anymore. Humans can only cry so much.

That night Lucian asked for her.

"have I not pleased my gods?" he said
"am I not the greatest king to reign since centuries ago?"

Evangeline could sense his sadness, which, unlike before, didn't move her. She hated herself for being so heartless, she knew this could very well be the last day her brother would live to see.

She felt a mixture of sadness, fear, and emptiness, as if the world had suddenly lost its colors.

Something had finally broken inside her. Maybe it was her soul, maybe her mind. Maybe her pain had allowed the entry of other souls into her body.

As she now was allowed to go as she pleased, she devoted her days to forage and prepare herbs. She kept her findings to herself, and nobody ever showed interest. Her uncle seemed to be washing away after his retirement, as if he too couldn't handle the situation anymore. He had seen his brother die, and he was to experience this pain once again.

Evangeline had the feeling of living through someone else's body, as if everything that happened and was to happen had no more meaning.

Her mind only recalled what she perceived with her five senses, the colors in the books and the smell of the herbs.

Everything was ready, The people that had violated Lucian's body appeared once again, wearing his robes but not their masks. Within them, Evangeline recognized her villager and Seraphine, and even some of Lysander's old friends.

A banquet would be served before the deed, and in the meantime, the music would drown the screams of the king.

Evangeline had spent the months after Lucian turned into a beast to think about how the end would play out, lately she had become more proactive with the planning of events. She sat at the table, and with a lack of expression, invited everyone for a toast.

"To the family, to eternity! and to our immortal souls!"

And as the guests drank, she wondered if Blackwood had always been the family's name. She doubted it. It didn't sound old at all.

The entire room was soon filled with the groans of thousands of agonizing dinner guests. Even the servants, who Evangeline insisted had to be included in the toast, crawled on the floor, vomiting blood. Their suffering surely would please the gods.

She walked towards the library, light as a feather. Her brother lay on the floor, grunting. The voices from inside his mouth screamed at her.

"My beloved, you may not carry these burdens alone, anymore. I made new vessels for them to inhabit."

"What have you done, sister?"

Evangeline extended her arms to the sky. "Do the gods not accept my offering? a thousand vessels for the price of one!"

Lucian's consciousness started fading. The demons inside him started screaming for her head.

"The family has betrayed us! the apocalypse is here, sister, we are not done yet with you"

"To hell with your apocalypse! Let it come and kill the kings and the queens, all of them!"

The gods then left Lucian's body in droves and were carried inside the comatose bodies in the dining hall. Not quite dead, not alive. They threw insults and curses as they passed Evangeline.

"Cursed be you, Evangeline, cursed be the witch!"

"may you forever rot in hell!"

Evangeline looked at them and grinned.

Lucian still lay on the floor, mute without the aid of vocal chords or spirits. Trying to understand what had happened.

Evangeline's eyes were set on him.

"Right now, my dear brother, you look as beautiful as ever."