

# Dakota Smith Patreon by Thomas Bell

## (14/October/2021 - 05/December/2023)

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[Luci Short Story](#)

[Oct 14, 2021](#)

*Luci is given neutral pronouns here!*

They're not sure when they began to regret the way things went down.

Maybe when they heard rumors of you crying in the bathroom? When you would come to class with red-rimmed eyes and ignore their gaze? Or when they finally, finally, realized they missed you and tried to talk to you right before graduation?

You had left. Fled at the sight of them.

Luci was well aware that Cameron had always been uneasy about the situation. The new Chosen One had a soft heart and wanted to reach out to you, but feared doing so.

They can't say they've never doubted their actions, either. They have since the day they left your side at their parent's behest. When you had fled with fear in your eyes was the final nail in the coffin.

Now, they were stuck watching you from across the campus, laughing with Viktor and looking happy.

You deserve to be happy. They wish they could still be the one to make you smile, but they ruined their own chance at that quite thoroughly.

They accept that. They won't try to make amends. You made it clear you didn't want that, and they know they don't deserve it.

Still, despite knowing it was foolish to hope, they can't help but think one day could possibly right that wrong. It feels impossible after everything that happened; they can still see your face the day you moved out, with your bags on the floor and empty eyes that stared at nothing.

You hadn't let any tears fall then, even under their parent's cold gaze.

Every room of that house was haunted after you'd left; you'd been there so long that Luci could see you in every space and corner. They never really forgave their parents for that; for forcing you to leave and

encouraging their child to break something precious beyond repair.

They stopped caring for their family's approval quite a while ago. The summer before they left for university they had made the decision to go no contact. It was exhausting, spending time dodging desperate calls from their father and angry letters from their mother.

They had finally confronted the fact that their parents didn't see a child, they see an heir and a tool to advance in upper society.

They tear their gaze from you, turning their eyes back towards their alchemy notes below them.

The words blurred together.

### [Orion Short Story](#)

[Jan 19, 2022](#)

His feet are sore.

*Don't come back.*

His lungs ache.

*Don't come back.*

The capital looms before him, and his horse is so tired he has to nearly drag her through the gates of Valrin. The guards cast him curious looks, because why wouldn't they. A thirteen year old with little more than a sack of clothes? What exactly does he think he's going to find in the heart of Leydon?

Nothing. He thinks he'll find nothing. It's still better than home though.

Not home, he corrects himself. Not anymore.

*Don't come back.*

The letter from his father burns a hole in his pocket, and he begins to search for the knight's barracks. Surely it can't be that difficult.

*"You'll find the King's Knights in Valrin. Maybe if you can serve Leydon you'll be of some use to the family. Just don't come back."*

His mother's words rattle around in his head. Is she even his mother anymore? Disowned but allowed to keep his family's name. How pitiable. Almost as pitiable as being born without magic in a family like House Morosov.

His gut twists. Even as a knight, what could he possibly do? Leydon hasn't had a high general that wasn't also a battle mage in over a hundred years. He'll be front line fodder. Maybe his parents would prefer that, after all. Dying might bring shame to their family name, but it would also get him out of their hair for good.

"Hey! Watch out!"

Something knocks him on the side and falling in towards his horse. She lets out a whinny, quiet and tired, and he makes note to find her an apple later. First, though, he turns his attention to the boy in front of him.

He looks maybe a few years older, his hair and eyes dark and his skin pale, flushed from running. He's breathing heavily, implying he was likely running *from* someone, but he looks mildly concerned at how lost Orion looks.

"Are you okay?" The other boy's brows crease, "You look a bit out of it."

"Oh...yeah." Orion blinks, "I'm just...looking for the knight's barracks."

The boy perks up immediately, "You're going to be a knight?"

"Um, hopefully." He pulls the letter from his father out and waves it, "A sponsorship from House Morosov."

The boy whistles, "Prestigious."

It wouldn't be as impressive if he knew how Orion *got* the sponsorship, but he's going to keep that to himself for now.

"Down that way, past the market, near the castle." The boy glances back with wide eyes at the sound or armor clamoring, "What's your name by the way?"

"Orion." He shifts on his feet as he responds. Is he talking to a criminal? A murderer? Is that why the knights are after him?

"I'm Aleksandr." He smiles widely.

"Your highness!"

"Prince Aleksandr!"

"Where is he?"

The boy's head snaps over at the ruckus he he waves a sharp goodbye before darting off into the crowd, a group of confused knights rushing after him.

Was that...the *prince*?

## [Eli & Mari Short Story](#)

[Jan 29, 2022](#)

*A short featuring Mari and Eli, two of the ROs who are gender selectable. This story features F!Mari and M!Eli.*

"This is wrong."

"Piss off, Eli."

"This is wrong, Mari!" He bursts out, watching the girl's face shutter and become cold, "Please, listen-"

"I thought I said piss off?" She sneers, "You act so high and mighty, but you don't know anything."

"I know going on some crusade isn't the right way to handle your grief." He says firmly, "Marion, what happened to your parents was awful-"

"Don't." She says quietly, dangerously, "Do not talk about my parents."

"You're fifteen and going to land yourself in prison. Is that what they would've wanted?"

She looks down at him, lips pulled back in a snarl, "Well I know for a fact they didn't want to be shot in the head. So I'll repay the favor and gut Hendrick while I'm at it."

"You can't beat him." Elias presses, "He's got all of Norwick under his thumb. The guard could help you-"

"The guard doesn't do shit except arrest poor people for stealing food and patting the rich fucks who robbed them on the back." She snaps, "Get your head out of your ass, Eli."

"I don't want to be your enemy, Marion." He pleads.

"Then don't be and stay the hell out of my way." She shoves past him, "I don't need your help, anyways."



"Mari!" He shouts after her, "If you go down this road, that's it. I can't...I won't be friends with a criminal. Not when I'm joining the guard."

"We'll, that ties this up nicely then, hm?" She says, not looking back at him, "Good luck with life, Eli."

He clenches his fists, watching her go. Fifteen is too young to lose his best friend. Fifteen is too young for her to end up at the bottom of the bay.

His heart aches. He can't change her mind, he knows that, but he wishes fiercely that he could.

### **[Disenchanted Patreon Demo by Dakota](#)**

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/disenchanted-patreon-demo>

### [Disenchanted Ch 1](#)

[Apr 3, 2022](#)

Password: PATREONKEY

The first chapter of Disenchanted is here! Haven't set a public release date yet, but here's the Patreon version of the demo.

Word count w/ coding: 22,012

Word count w/o coding: N/A (working on it)

Have a nightmare and wake up for your move-in day at college! Meet your best friend, Viktor, and roommate, Theo. Also meet Charlie, Viktor's roommate, and Penelope, a siren and fellow student. There's also this upperclassman that's uncomfortable around you named Harlow.

Oh, and Cameron and Luci. They're...also there. Unfortunately for you.

If you encounter any glitches or game-breaking errors (praying you don't my friends and I beta'd the crap out of this) just let me know over on Tumblr or here on Patreon.

### [Wraith Short Story](#)

[May 2, 2022](#)

*Wraith won the April poll, so here is their short story. It's short and perhaps a bit cryptic, but that is the nature of someone who can't even remember their own name.*

It's cold, but that's normal.

It's dark and endless and an utter void, and all of those things are normal, too.

At least, it used to be. Then their world was shattered with light and they were dragged into your nightmares and eventually your life, though they're not certain there's much of a separation.

You don't know they're there, but they are and they're watching. You look sad so often, they wish they could change that but you don't even know they exist.

They wish desperately that they could speak. Grab your attention just long enough for that light to shine directly on them. Maybe then they'd feel the warmth again, the warmth they haven't felt in so long.

All they remember from life is the pain of needles and scalpels, the harsh scent of antiseptic, the slow beeping of machines that haunted their every waking moment. They've become more of a ghost of their circumstance than a ghost of themselves; they can't even remember their own name.

They know your name, though. They think they know some of your pain, too, if that could be possible. Your souls, both tattered and worn, seem to be made of similar material.

They hope they can save you, in the end. They know you deserve it, they just have to figure out how. How do they save a person destined to die? How do they save a person whom death lingers with so intimately?

They'll try, though. That's all they've ever done, and that's all they know how to do.

[Fallen Lights Patreon DEMO by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/fallen-lights-patreon>

[Fallen Lights Ch 1 Pt 1](#)

[Jan 2, 2023](#)

Password: JANPATREONUPDATE

Here it is! This is the first part of the Fallen Lights update! We made it despite me locking myself out of itch.io and having to reset my account lmfao.

This is the first part of the January update, as the second had some major bugs discovered that I'm ironing out. If you notice any issues with this version, please let me know.

For now, enjoy beginning your quest and starting to break down Emil/ia's shields (if you want to, of course). You also get to have a brief chat with your mom, which will be expanded upon in the second version of the update.

Coming (hopefully) sometime either tomorrow or Tuesday, we'll explore Florian and your relationship (romantic or otherwise), fight some bandits, have expanded convos with both mom and Emil/ia, and make it all the way to Myrine!

I've also edited some earlier scenes with Ezrah, making it possible to look more like your brother and have it commented on by others. For my trans readers who wanted Ezrah to be able to help pick your new name, that's coming next update as well. There's just a bug in the coding menu of the names that I can't figure out quite yet.

Keep an eye out for that later Monday or early Tuesday!

### **[Disenchanted Patreon Demo by Dakota](#)**

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/disenchanted-patreon-demo>

### **[Disenchanted Ch 1](#)**

[Jan 17, 2023](#)

Password: DISENCHANTED23

Here is the full chapter one update for Disenchanted! Some things are kind of rough towards the end due to coded variables, but that will be corrected shortly.

Experience the aftermath of finding a body with your friends!

### **[Reaper's Bay Patreon Demo by Dakota](#)**

[Will you take your throne back or die trying?. A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/reapers-bay-patreon-demo>

## [Reaper's Bay Demo Release](#)

[Jan 20, 2023](#)

Password: RB2023

It's here! Begin developing your heir, meet the most dangerous criminal in Norwick, choose your profession, and figure out why you're getting assassins sent after you!

## [Fallen Lights Patreon DEMO by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/fallen-lights-patreon>

## [Fallen Lights Ch 1 Pt 2](#)

[Apr 28, 2023](#)

PASSWORD for ITCH.IO: APRILUPDATE

The full Chapter One release is here guys!!!

✨ Kiss a prince! Once or twice...

✨ Or kiss a knight, that's always an option.

✨ Deal with your pretty complicated family life.

✨ Also deal with your pretty complicated friendships!

✨ Make it the city of Liris and run into some old strangers.

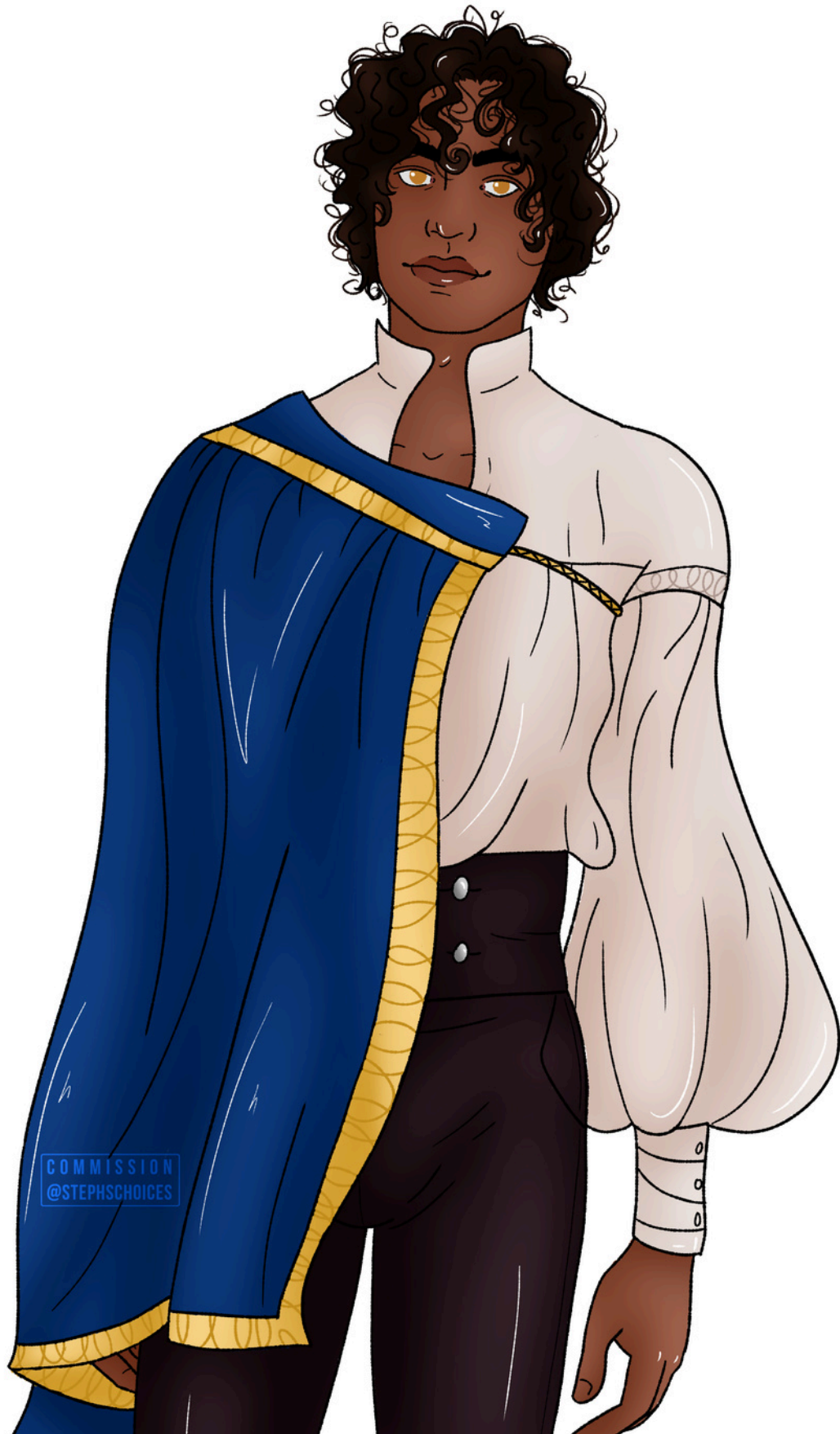
This update has added roughly 31,000 words since the last, and things have been cleaned up and edited from the prologue to early chapter one. Again, as always, if you find any errors feel free to send screenshots!



[Marcella Early Access](#)

[Jun 1, 2023](#)

Done by the ever amazing @stephschoices! Here's Marcella in her quest clothes, looking much different than in full ceremonial armor.



[Jun 2, 2023](#)

Done by @stephschoices again!

Florian in his traveling attire, including his cape that Marcella ridicules endlessly.

[Jealousy - Florian](#)

[Jun 5, 2023](#)

Florian quite literally wishes he could wither away at this point.

You're all cooped up in some backwater inn, far from home, and he doesn't have any real jurisdiction right now. He has no guards to order this man dragged away, and he's uncertain if his intervention would even be necessary. You've yet to notice the scarred sell-sword leering in your direction, so why does it make his skin crawl?

You say something to Marcella, the both of you two cups deep, and your laughter is uninhibited and beautiful. That's when the man finally stands, sauntering his way over with the stench of overconfidence and an inflated ego.

You're still laughing when he plants a hand on the table, directly positioning himself between Florian and you. Florian can't see his face but can nearly imagine the sleazy smile, dripping with no-good intentions.

You and Marcella both freeze, looking at the man with cautious confusion.

The sell-sword reaches a hand out toward you as if to touch your cheek. Florian's heart is pounding to the point he nearly feels dizzy and-

You smack it away. Your expression is torn between confused and affronted, your nose wrinkled in what Florian hopes is disgust.

"Aw, c'mon, sweetheart." The man croons, "Don't be like that. I just ain't ever seen someone like you around here."



"Don't presume to touch strangers." You say, voice clipped and cold, "In my case, I assure you it isn't welcome."

Florian's heart flutters a bit at your tone. You're stunning to watch when you're angry, as long as you're not angry at him.

He sees Marcella coil, prepared to pounce at the first sign of aggression. Florian is looser and more relaxed in comparison. He knows full well you'd put this lout on his ass without a second thought, and the prince would relish watching every second of it.

"Don't be like that, sweetheart." The man keeps going, leaning closer, "I promise my touch could be more than welcome if you let yourself enjoy it."

Your face screws up then, your disgust no longer subtle. Florian can't help but smile.

"Leave us alone." You say firmly, "Or I'll make you wish you had."

Florian can see the man tense, and he almost expects you to have to lay him flat. But no, instead of lashing out like expected, the ass upends his drink over your head.

Marcella's shock fades quickly and she's up out of her chair, but Florian beats her to it. Elemental magic flares to life at his fingertips and the man damn near turns blue in an instant as Florian suspends his airflow.

"Get out of here," Florian hisses quietly, "Before I do something I won't regret."

Because, truly, Florian wouldn't regret watching the life choke out of this oaf. Not when he sees you, drenched in stinking ale and looking furious and shocked all at once. He feels your eyes on him, burning and curious, as he manhandles the man by his collar to push him away.

The buffoon stumbles away, gasping as air returns to him. He doesn't even go back to his table or the bar; he exits the inn altogether, fleeing into the cold night.

Florian turns to meet Marcella's gleeful grin and your soft gaze. You're smiling at him, gentle and warm and wholly different than how you've looked at anyone else this evening.

"We should..." Florian's words catch in his throat, "I'll go order a bath for your room."

You stop him with a hand on his arm, and you smell of stale alcohol when you kiss his cheek. He treasures this moment above all others regardless.

[The Unseelie Patreon Demo by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/the-unseelie-patreon-demo>




## [The Uneelie Ch 1 Pt 1](#)


[Jun 11, 2023](#)


PASSWORD: DEMODROP

Return home to Nipa Beach for the summer from college...and discover far more than you ever wanted to.

 Meet your mother and old friends.

 Try and fail to deal with your grief.

 Meet a very adorable yellow tabby cat named Waffles and a loveable german shepherd named Luna!

 Decide your past relationships. Did you have a partner that was tragically taken from you too soon? Or were you entangled in a now-failed friends-with-benefits relationship that's bitter with regret?

This is the first part of Chapter One: The Beginning of the End. It currently sits at around 13,800 words.

As always, if you come across any errors or typos, feel free to send me some screenshots!

## [Jealousy - Viktor](#)

[Jun 12, 2023](#)

Viktor is no stranger to jealousy. He tries not to fall prey to it, but it sours his stomach and makes fire course through his veins regardless. Unfortunately, he can't fight his nature in this case.

It doesn't help that he cares so fiercely about you. Sometimes the jealousy and protectiveness build up in his chest with no place to rest and he wants to just call your name until your eyes are back on him.

He doesn't, though. Perhaps it's because he's civilized enough to know it's a foolish notion. Or, maybe, it's because he wants you to *want* to look at him before anyone else.

So he bites his tongue, hiding his feelings for fear of losing you. If there's one thing he wants more than your love, it's your companionship. He will be content with your presence and not ask for anything more; you being near him will have to be enough.

It's hard sometimes, though. Like right now.

You're sat together in the back corner of the cafeteria, sharing an Intro to Alchemy book as you both study over pizza. The only issue is that Viktor can't focus because this Nephilim will *not* stop staring at you. His eyes are dark with what Viktor believes is attraction, or at the very least interest, and the Draca fights back a sneer.

You can't see the other guy, your back turned to him as you jot down transmutation equations. Viktor watches him closely, however, and tenses when the winged bastard stands up.

You finally notice his discomfort, still unaware of the feathered nuisance approaching, "Vik, you okay?"

"Fine," He grits out as the Nephilim finally comes to stand at the edge of your table.

You cast your fellow student a startled glance before looking at Viktor with a silent plea to handle it.

He takes your unspoken request and runs with it.

"Can we help you?" The Draca asks with perhaps more venom in his voice than necessary.

You give him a startled look. Alright, so it was definitely more venom than necessary.

"Just wanted to see if I might catch a date," The Nephilim gives you a smile, dripping in conceited entitlement as he completely ignores Viktor.

Your eyes widen, astonished. Viktor forces the acrid words down that threaten to creep out his mouth. If you want a date, you should go on a date. You deserve it...you deserve happiness.

"With...me?" Your voice is incredulous, as if you can't comprehend the possibility that someone would want you.

Viktor wants to shake you until you realize you're wrong. That you're perfect and fuck what any oracle has to say because he would choose you over anyone.

"I'm sorry but-" Your gaze darts between him and the Nephilim, and sharp satisfaction pools in his gut when he realizes you intend to turn this guy down.

"I mean, I'll be the talk of the campus with the Unchosen One on my arm. You understand the politics of it all, I'm sure. Any press is good press, after all."

And just like that, the feather-brained bastard ruins everything. Your face falls, disappointed despite your intention to reject him regardless. Before that comment it was a harmless invitation; now, you're once

again being shuffled into that same old damned role that haunts your every move.

“Okay,” Viktor stands from his chair, feeling heat crawling through his veins once again, “Time to go.”

The Nephilim blinks at him slowly, “And who are you-?”

“The person who’s about to light those pretty wings up if you don’t walk away.” Viktor says, deadly serious.

The Nephilim pales, shooting him a scandalized look. Viktor holds firm, raising an eyebrow. His eyes flash gold in a blaring alarm that warns of danger. The other man pales and wisely flees within seconds of the threat, not even pausing to and backtrack.

Viktor turns to your, expecting to find you distressed, but instead your lips have curled into a barely-there smile.

“Thank you,” You say quietly, looking down at your lap.

He bites his cheek to stop himself from saying anything stupid. He then pushes his notebook over for you to look at as he sits back down.

“Could you check part two of problem three? I have no idea what I even wrote.” Viktor sighs.

That’s a lie. He knows exactly what the answer is. It distracts you in the end, though, so he’s counting it as a mission accomplished.

[Jealousy - Emil](#)

[Jun 13, 2023](#)

Emil has no right to feel the stifling jealousy wrapping tight around his throat, depriving him of both oxygen and reason. He has no use for it, no need; it is the byproduct of emotions dead and gone.

He doesn’t need to dig this grave up, he tells himself. The ghost of what could’ve been haunts him enough as is.

Still, he watches you from across the rickety inn you all had reluctantly agreed on. Or, more specifically, his eyes dart between you and someone else whose gaze is locked on you.

You sit, drink in hand with a small smile blooming on your face as you chat with Florian and Marcella. A man at the bar has been staring at you for quite some time; he's half drunk and appears cocky enough, which is probably why he stands and staggers your way.

You all tense at the same time. Marcella and Florian both narrow their eyes as the man leans down to crowd into your space, planting himself between you and Marcella. Emil feels his jaw tighten as he clenches his teeth; honestly, it's a miracle he hasn't done damage to his molars yet.

"You don't look like you belong 'round here," The man says, a slight slur to his speech, "Would you like to go somewhere else?"

You purse your lips. Emil is sitting across the table and can smell the alcohol on the man's breath, so he can hardly imagine what it's like for you.

It's a miracle things haven't devolved into violence yet, because Emil's hands twitch with the desire.

"No," You say bluntly, "I think I'm alright."

You're normally willing to talk to anyone and everyone. He is ridiculously happy that doesn't extend to drunk, flirty strangers.

"C'mon, now," The man tries again, "I know I can show you a better time than any of these suckers."

The drunk glances around the table for emphasis. Emil doesn't restrain himself from glowering. Then you decline yet again, looking highly uncomfortable, and he finally allows himself to step in.

Emil doesn't want this man flirting with you. That doesn't matter. You not wanting this man flirting with you? That's *all* that matters.

Standing, he leans over the table and throws his entire glass of wine in the man's face. The lout stumbles backwards, blissfully away from you, and nearly snarls at Emil.

Summoning every bit of haughty condescension his parents taught him, Emil raises an eyebrow, "I do believe one rejection is more than enough. Requiring two is just borderline pathetic on your part."

For a brief second, it seems like the man wants a fight. Then white mist flickers at Emil's fingers and shatters the empty glass in his hand, his magic summoned by his anger. The idiot quickly changes his mind.

A wise decision, certainly. Emil has never been overly fond of violence, but he certainly feels like having a spirit pluck the man's eyes from his skull. At least then the drunkard might never make you uncomfortable again.

Marcella says something, and Florian responds with what vaguely sounds like a quip. Emil doesn't hear the words, however. His ears are ringing, and he's looking only at you.

You're looking at him, too.

Your brow is furrowed a bit, confusion in your eyes. Gods, but he loves your eyes. Then your lips tilt up, the barest whisper of a smile decorating your face, and Emil feels vaguely as if he's been punched in the chest.

Florian and Marcella are standing to leave, he notices suddenly. They scamper off upstairs, exchanging grins, leaving the two of you behind. Emil is confused; you, apparently, are not.

You move around the table, taking his hand in your gentle grasp. His heart is beating in his throat, but he still attempts to remain visibly neutral.

"You have glass all over you," You say gently.

Emil freezes at the concern before brushing it aside, "For a worthy cause."

For you, he silently says in the meaning between his words. For you.

Your eyes brighten, and it appears you understood regardless of if he really wanted you to or not.

"You should go bathe," You say, averting your eyes for a moment like you can't bear looking at him.

He can't relate. He could never imagine not wanting to look at you.

He doesn't say that.

"Alright," He says, pulling his hand from your grasp.

He realizes he mourns the loss of your touch more than anything else in his life. Then he turns around, quickly going up the stairs to his room.

He's not fleeing. He's not.

[Jealousy - Emilia](#)

[Jun 13, 2023](#)

Emilia has no right to feel the stifling jealousy wrapping tight around her throat, depriving her of both oxygen and reason. She has no use for it, no need; it is the byproduct of emotions dead and gone.

She doesn't need to dig this grave up, she insists to herself. She doesn't. Not when she's the one that dug it to begin with. Not when the ghost of what could've been haunts her still.

So she watches you from across the rickety inn you all had reluctantly agreed on. Or, more specifically, her eyes dart between you and the barmaid who has no issue staring at you as if you're water and she wants to drown.

You have a small smile curving your lips as you chat with Florian and Marcella. Finally the barmaid approaches, drinks in hand, and passes them out accordingly.

"And for you," She says, giving you a wink, "Dinner's on the house...and anything else you'd like."

She moves uncomfortably close as she speaks, and you avert your eyes. Her point comes across well enough and it makes Emilia dig half-moons into her palms with her blunt fingernails.

"I'm alright with paying," You say, your words kind but not inviting.

The woman blinks, frowning. Her grip on your cup tightens.

"Not very polite to turn down the hostess," She says, her voice a touch colder.

Your eyes widen, and you glance around the table as if looking for help. Marcella is frowning now, and Florian gives the barmaid a hard side-eye.

Emilia feels her jaw tighten as she clenches her teeth; honestly, it's a miracle things haven't devolved into violence yet, what with the look on Marcella's face. A rule of thumb; never trifle with this particular knight's friends. It never ends well.

In this one case, however, Emilia can sympathize. Her own hands twitch with the desire to throw a blast of magic or two at the attitude. Or, actually, maybe it's not the attitude. Maybe it's because she wants you, and Emilia doesn't want her to even have the possibility.

"Not very polite to insist, either. The, uh, offer was kind. I'm simply not interested." You say neutrally, giving a feeble attempt to de-escalate.

You're normally willing to talk to anyone and everyone. Emilia is ridiculously happy that doesn't extend to pushy, rude strangers.

"Well, if it's like that." The barmaid sniffs, obviously offended, "How about you give me another silver for the ale?"

Florian nearly spits out a mouthful of his own drink, giving the woman an incredulous look. Marcella and you don't fair better, your eyes widening in disbelief.

Emilia, however, doesn't restrain herself from glowering. At this point, she'll finally allow herself to step in.

She doesn't want this woman flirting with you. That doesn't matter. You not wanting this woman flirting with you? That's *all* that matters. And you've made it abundantly clear that her aggressive flirting isn't welcome.

Summoning every bit of haughty condescension her parents taught her, Emilia raises an eyebrow, "I do believe one rejection is more than enough. Requiring two is just borderline pathetic on your part. And a sore reaction to boot...that's even worse."

For a brief second, it seems like the woman wants to say something else. Perhaps collect the silver she demanded for your ale, or perhaps to try and put Emilia in her place.

Then white mist flickers at Emilia's fingers as she takes a slow drag of her wine, her magic reacting to her anger. The mage keeps her eyes locked on the barmaid the whole time.

The woman falters immediately, muttering something about forgetting the silver, and flees back to the front.

A wise decision, certainly. Emilia has never been overly fond of violence, but she certainly feels like having a spirit pluck the woman's eyes from her skull. An overreaction? Certainly. Does Emilia care? Not in the slightest.

Marcella says something, and Florian responds with what vaguely sounds like a quip. Emilia doesn't hear the words, however. Her ears are ringing, and she's looking only at you.

You're looking at her, too.

Your brow is furrowed a bit, confusion in your eyes. Gods, but she loves your eyes. Then your lips tilt up, the barest whisper of a smile decorating your face, and Emilia feels vaguely as if she's been punched in the chest.

Florian and Marcella are standing to leave, she notices suddenly. They scamper off upstairs, exchanging grins, leaving the two of you behind. Emilia is confused; you, apparently, are not.

You stand and move around the table, taking her hand in your gentle grasp. Her magic had rattled her glass, spilling wine over her hand and down her cloak. Funny, she hadn't noticed.

Her heart is beating in her throat at your touch, but she still attempts to remain visibly neutral.

"You have wine all over you," You say gently.

Emilia freezes at the concern before brushing it aside, "For a worthy cause."

For you, she silently says in the meaning between her words. For you.

Your eyes brighten, and it appears you understood regardless of if she really wanted you to or not.

"You should go clean up," You say, averting your eyes for a moment like you can't bear looking at her.

She can't relate. She could never imagine not wanting to look at you.

She doesn't say that. She can't; not out loud.

"Alright," She says, pulling her hand from your grasp.

She realizes she mourns the loss of your touch more than anything else in her life. Then she turns around, quickly going up the stairs to her room.

She's not fleeing. She's not.

[Jealousy - Ilaria](#)

[Jun 13, 2023](#)

Ilaria is not prone to jealousy. At least, she doesn't think she is. She doesn't exactly have a lot to go on, having only brief flings before she met you. Now she's reluctantly burdened in matters of the heart, even if she hasn't yet informed you. Perhaps that changes things, but she never pegged herself to be a jealous person.

Then, as you're passing through town, a man gets far too close for comfort. Her hand is on her knives immediately but she falters. She watches, carefully, as he speaks to you with a cocky grin and the air of a man who has always gotten what he wanted. A rich man, she surmises from the state of his dress and the stupid looking hat perched on his head.

Those are the worst kind of men. Ilaria knows that well.

She waits to see if you welcome the advances. She has no claim over you, not right now, not when she can't bring herself to admit the way you make her feel. She cannot stop you from doing what you wish, even if what you wish is playing a fool nobleman for all the money he's worth. She can't even entertain the thought of doing so.

Maybe it's because she knows she has no right. Despite the fact that seeing someone else touch you so familiarly feels like she's plunged one of her own daggers into her heart, she's not delusional.

She knows you deserve better than her. That damned scar lingers over your chest, just shy of your heart, and she was the one that put it there. How can she feel entitled to make decisions about the very life she almost ended?



Then you tense, your lips purse, your hands clench into fists at your side. It's enough for her to justify what comes next.

In an instant a knife has been loosed from her hand, striking the man's foolish hat and pinning it to the wall behind him.

He freezes, horror filling his face, and he must understand the truth of the matter when he sees her. He knows that she is not someone he wants to have this little dance with, because it won't end in petty words and political jabs. It will end in his blood.

She stalks forward. With each step she takes, he stumbles backwards, looking for all the world like he's facing the reaper itself. He's not far off; it wouldn't be the first time she's been called Death.

He cowers for a second before standing and trying to hold his ground, the gold in his pockets giving him some modicum of strength.

"And who are you, exactly?" He speaks with a trembling voice, "I could have you thrown in the stocks for that little stunt!

"If you're not dead before you reach the guards," She says coldly, toying with another knife in her hand.

That saps any of his confidence, and he huffs before making a tactical retreat. She watches him go before turning to you.

You're already looking at her, your eyebrows raised.

"What?" She snips, probably sounding more than a little defensive.

"Nothing." A small grin curves your lips, growing wider when you glance at the wall, "He left is his hat!"

You break into a fit of laughter as Ilaria rips her knife from the wall, letting the hat fall to the dirt.

"Good. We did him a favor." She says bluntly, "That thing is atrocious."

She turns, walking away at a brisk pace to avoid any more dissection under your eyes. You catch up quickly, however, and your shoulder brushes with her own.

"Thank you," You say quietly.

"It was my pleasure, trust me." She rolls her eyes, "Men like that are pathetic."

"I won't argue," A chuckle escapes you as you shrug, "And he was quite gross, so thank you for handling it."

"You could have just as well," She dismisses, "I've seen you fight before, remember?"

"It's nice to not have to though," Your words are quiet, "Sometimes I get tired of fighting."

Then you walk ahead, angling for the tavern in the distance where you've both rented a room. Her heart, meanwhile, has dropped to her stomach.

You won't have to fight if you don't want to, she tells herself. Ilaria is perfectly capable of doing the dirty work for you.



[Emilia Early Access](#)

[Jun 15, 2023](#)

Done by @stephschoices again!

Emilia in her traveling clothes this time!



## [Emil Early Access](#)

[Jun 15, 2023](#)

Done by @stephschoices again!

Emil this time, also in his traveling clothes!

## [Jealousy - Theodore](#)

[Jun 15, 2023](#)

He's not jealous. He's not.

It's just that he had gotten your text to meet for lunch and it had made his heart run a marathon in his chest. Theo had ditched his Alchemy homework without a second thought and walked over to the dining hall to look for you.

So, here now, he starts to scan the room for you. You prefer sitting in the back, so he checks there first. Lo and behold, there you sit. With another guys standing at the corner of your table, leaning down into your space.

So maybe he's lying. Maybe he's horribly jealous to the point he feels sick with it. All that excitement and hope came crashing down around his poor, pathetic heart and he's just going to have to deal with it.

What's the alternative? Running this random guy off? You barley have enough friends as is, there's no way Theo could do that to you. Even if the alternative means he has to sit at lunch with you and your new pal, gagging internally each time you flirt.

Theo steps forward, grin in place while he prepares himself to give an Oscar-winning performance. Of course he wants all the details of how you met, and of course he's totally excited for you. It's his role, and if you want him to play the part then he will.

Then you flinch. It's a small jerk backward, a slight flutter to your eyes that speaks of fear. The sight of it makes Theo feel hellfire burn through his veins.

His steps quicken, and he doesn't give a shit about the wide-eyed stares sent his way as he storms to the back corner of the cafeteria.

He catches the tail end of whatever shit this bastard is spewing.

"I mean, really, can you afford to be this picky?" The guy says, leaning into your space even as you shrink back with a stricken look.

He gets closer to you, and closer, his hand grasping your shoulder. Theo feels like doing something stupid.

So he does.

He grabs the jerk by his shoulder, roughly spinning him around. He stares at Theo, seemingly in shock from the interruption, but the cambion doesn't give him any opportunities to recover.

Theo's fist collides with his face in seconds. A satisfying smack comes from skin hitting skin, a crack from his knuckles smashing this asswipe's nose.

The guy stumbles back, stunned, his nose sluggishly dripping blood. Theo reels him back in by his shirt collar, leaning close and sneering.

"You have ten seconds to get the fuck out," Theo hisses quietly, his fangs becoming bulky in his mouth as his rage grows, "And if I ever catch you around either of us again, I swear it'll be more than a punch."

He bares his teeth, his wicked sharp canines on display. He's sure his eyes are pitch black at this point, too. Cambions quickly lose most traces of their humanity when mad, and Theo is pissed.

The coward doesn't even stutter out an excuse, merely tucking tail and running as soon as Theo releases him. The cambion then casts a dark look around at all the students staring.

Their gazes are quickly averted.

Swallowing, he tries to get a hold on that bitter ire that lingers in his blood. It feels impossible until a hand wraps around his bicep carefully. When he turns, you're there with your soft eyes and a slight smirk.

"Fangs away, guard dog." You say quietly.

The fire and fury flee him in an instant.

Theo raises an eyebrow and his grin tugs at his lips once more, "Woof."

You laugh slightly despite yourself but sober quickly when you glance around and wince.

"Can we just go?" You whisper, "I don't want to be here anymore."

"We can order pizza in," Theo suggests immediately, "I'll even let you choose the toppings."

"Sold." You say, grabbing your bag and books from the table, "In return, I'll let you choose the place."

"Ohh, decisions, decisions." Theo says as you make for the exit.

All eyes are on the two of you. He notices the way you tense, your lips pursing. His wings flutter slightly, blocking their gazes. You shift closer, your eyes stuck on the floor, but your hand grazes his.

He links your pinkies together, shooting you a wink.

"As far as guard dogs go, I'm a pretty good one, right?" He asks, only half kidding.

You slip your hand fully in his, looking reluctantly amused, "Yeah. Pretty good."

The rest of the night, at the very least, seems to be looking up.

### [Fallen Lights: RO POVs by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/fallen-lights-ro-povs>

[Florian's POV: What Happened While Packing...](#)

[Jun 17, 2023](#)

Average play through is about ~1,500 words and is Florian's POV of the kiss that happens while MC is helping him pack.

Let me know what you guys think ✨

Password: POVJUNE

[Spicy June Poll](#)

[Jun 18, 2023](#)

A new kind of side story that's exclusive to the Wraith and Fae tiers...

 **Spicy Side Stories** 

Here is the first poll for June! It's happening a bit late, but we'll work it out lol!

Any gender-selectable character will get a version for each btw. And drop in the comments who you'd like to see on the poll next month, as well!

Florian Vasil

25%

Theo Parker

45%

E Renaud

15%

Marcella Dumont

0%

Kiran Patel

0%

Kai Martens

0%

Mari de Klerk

0%

Adri van Herten

0%

Dimitri Volkov

10%

Ari Novik

0%

Charlie Ortiz

5%



## [Jealousy - Theodora](#)

[Jun 18, 2023](#)

She's not jealous. Most certainly not.

It's just that she had gotten your text to meet for lunch and it had maybe gotten her hopes up. Theo had ditched her Alchemy homework without a second thought and walked over to the dining hall to look for you.

So, here now, she starts to scan the room for you. You prefer sitting in the back, so she checks there first. Lo and behold, there you sit. With another girl standing next to you, leaning down into your space, her elbows planted on the table.

So maybe she's lying. Maybe she's horribly jealous to the point she feels sick with it. All that excitement and hope came crashing down around her poor, pathetic heart and she's just going to have to deal with it.

What's the alternative? Running this random girl off? You barley have enough friends as is, there's no way she could do that to you. Even if the alternative means she has to sit at lunch with you and your new pal, gagging internally each time you flirt.

Theo steps forward, grin in place while she prepares herself to give an Oscar-winning performance. Of course she wants all the details of how you met, and of course she's totally excited for you. It's her role, and if you want her to play the part then she will.

Then you flinch. It's a small jerk backward, a slight flutter to your eyes that speaks of fear. The sight of it makes Theo feel hellfire burn through her veins.

Her steps quicken, and she doesn't give a shit about the wide-eyed stares sent her way as she storms to the back corner of the cafeteria.

She catches the tail end of whatever shit this asshole is spewing.

"I mean, really, can you afford to be this picky?" The girl says, leaning into your space even as you shrink back with a stricken look, "I can make things very difficult for you, you know. I think it'd be easier to just give in..."

The girl gets closer to you, and closer, her hand grasping your shoulder. Theo sees her palms burn with magic and feels like doing something stupid.

So she does.

She grabs the jerk by her shoulder, roughly spinning her around. She stares at Theo, seemingly in shock from the interruption, but the cambion doesn't give her any opportunities to recover.

Theo's fist collides with her face in seconds. A satisfying smack comes from skin hitting skin, a crack from her knuckles smashing this asswipe's nose.

The girl stumbles back, stunned, her nose sluggishly dripping blood. Theo reels her back in with a fistful of hair, leaning close and sneering.

"You have ten seconds to get the fuck out," Theo hisses quietly, her fangs becoming bulky in her mouth as her rage grows, "And if I ever catch you around either of us again, I swear it'll be more than a punch."

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"Fangs away, guard dog." You say quietly.

The fire and fury flee her in an instant.

Theo raises an eyebrow and a grin tugs at her lips once more, "Woof."

You laugh slightly despite yourself but sober quickly when you glance around and wince.

"Can we just go?" You whisper, "I don't want to be here anymore."

"We can order pizza in," Theo suggests immediately, "I'll even let you choose the toppings."

"Sold." You say, grabbing your bag and books from the table, "In return, I'll let you choose the place."

"Ohh, decisions, decisions." She says as you make for the exit.

All eyes are on the two of you. She notices the way you tense, your lips pursing. Her wings flutter slightly, blocking their gazes. You shift closer, your eyes stuck on the floor, but your hand grazes hers.

She links your pinkies together, shooting you a wink.

“As far as guard dogs go, I’m a pretty good one, right?” She asks, only half kidding.

You slip your hand fully in hers, looking reluctantly amused, “Yeah. Pretty good.”

The rest of the night, at the very least, seems to be looking up.

## [Jealousy - M Kiran](#)

[Jun 18, 2023](#)

Kiran was used to putting up with people gawking at you. Since high school it was the usual, even if you were trying to avoid attention.

To be fair, Kiran knows why they stare. Hell, he’d be lying if he said he didn’t find it hard to pry his eyes off you at times himself.

Still...you’re so much more than that. Regardless of how you look or how you act, the fact remains that you’re all that’s left of his heart. When everything else is stripped away, you’re still there. You’re a part of him, for better or worse. His anchor, his reason.

Sometimes, on particularly sad nights, he dares to hope he’s the same thing for you.

So, all that is to say, jealousy is not a foreign concept to him. He usually brushes it off like he does everything else, but something about this time...

“C’mon, not even your number?” The guy croons, narrowing his eyes as he takes a step closer to you.

You had asked Kiran to come along with you to the grocery store; your mom had been tired after her night shift and left a list, so you decided to go for her. It’s the usual for you two, anyways. You’re roommates, so you usually hit the store together regardless.

Kiran left for five seconds to check out the bakery, damn his sweet tooth, and comes back to this. Some random asshole looming next to you in the fucking soup aisle of all things. Who actually does shit like this? Hits on people while they’re grocery shopping?

It's weird as hell.

You give the guy an unimpressed look; it's sharp, per usual. Even when you're scared, even when you're nervous, your eyes always somehow cut to the bone.

"Maybe not right now?" You say dryly.

The weirdo sighs, reaching for your arm. Your eyes widen and you take a step back, bumping into your shopping cart.

Kiran takes several long steps to get to you, grabbing the guy by the bicep and yanking him back. He nearly trips as he goes, almost crashing into Kiran, before turning around with wide eyes.

"What the actual fuck are you doing?" There's a slight growl to Kiran's voice, "Did you wake up and think it'd be wise to harass people in the grocery store?"

"I-" The guy is frozen, staring at Kiran with an alarmed look, "I wasn't-"

"You were." Kiran's lip twitches in disgust, "Maybe get the fuck away from us while you still can, yeah?"

It doesn't take the man anymore prompting. He's out of the aisle in seconds, turning the corner and disappearing who knows where. Kiran sighs, turning back to you.

"Can you start wearing a bag over your head when we go out?" He raises an eyebrow, a grin playing on his lips, "I mean... 'cause this shit is getting old."

You grab the tomato soup your mom wanted, tossing the cans in the buggy with enough carelessness that they rattle on impact. Then you close the space between you and Kiran, your steps brisk.

You lean in, and for a moment Kiran thinks he's going to pass out. Then you press a brief kiss to his cheek.

That's new. You've...never done that before.

You pull away, giving him a gentle smile, "Why should I? I don't have to worry with you around."

He prays desperately that his blush isn't visible.

"I...yeah." Kiran clears his throat, "You also could have laid that guy flat."

You huff out a laugh, your eyes crinkling in amusement, "Again...I don't have to bother with that when I have you around."

And you're right, is the thing. Kiran would never let some asshole bother you if he could help it.

"You've always kept me safe, after all." Your eyes go soft as you turn back to the cart, "Even if I don't need you to."

Something warm curls up in his chest, and it feels like his whole heart has turned to goo. He stays at your side as you finish up shopping, your shoulders and arms occasionally brushing.

Once you load Kiran's tiny car up with bags in the backseat and you're on the way home, you hand brushes his leg and squeezes. He meets you there, lacing your fingers together, relishing your touch.

He glanced over at you, finding you looking down at your lap with a small smile as you hold hands. He feels a rush that leaves him dizzy as he finally realizes that, yeah, maybe he means as much to you as you mean to him.

### [Jealousy - F Kiran](#)

[Jun 18, 2023](#)

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Still...you're so much more than that. Regardless of how you look or how you act, the fact remains that you're all that's left of her heart. When everything else is stripped away, you're still there. You're a part of her, for better or worse. Her anchor, her reason.

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Kiran takes several long steps to get to you, grabbing the guy by the bicep and yanking him back. He nearly trips as he goes, almost crashing into Kiran, before turning around with wide eyes.

He blinks at the sight of her, starting to scoff, and she tightens her grip until her nails dig into his skin. He winces, flinching back.

"What the actual fuck are you doing?" There's a slight growl to Kiran's voice, "Did you wake up and think it'd be wise to harass people in the grocery store?"

"I-" The guy is frozen, staring at Kiran with an alarmed look, "I wasn't-"

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She glances over at you, finding you looking down at your lap with a small smile as you hold hands. She feels a rush that leaves her dizzy as she finally realizes that, yeah, maybe she means as much to you as you mean to her.

[Jealousy - Lucien](#)

[Jun 18, 2023](#)

He has no right to jealousy. None at all. What right does he have to your life after the way he treated you?

Still, it eats at Lucien’s heart. You were the most important person in his life...if he’s honest with himself, you still are. There’s a pedestal in his heart and he’d tried desperately to knock you off of it to no avail.

Now you’re a stranger he loves dearly, and he’s a stranger you can’t stand.

The jealousy he’d like to deny still lives there, burning in his heart despite how he’d like to deny it. It’s even worse at times like these.

You’re walking only steps ahead of him. It’s a coincidence; you both have an afternoon class and you live in the same hallway, after all. There’s a guy walking beside you, and Lucien can tell it’s not Viktor. The lack of horns is a dead giveaway there.

He leans toward you, your shoulders brushing, and he turns his head. Lucien can see the smile curling his lips as he leans down into you space and says something.

Heart lurching in his chest, he tries valiantly to keep his head down and continue marching on. He hopes against hope that you don't glance back and see him; he knows he's the definition of pathetic at the moment.

Then, the second after the guy leans into your space, you cringe back and shuffle a few steps away. Lucien realizes then just how tense your posture is, and how your fingers are curling around your keys like a weapon.

No. He can't...this can't happen. They'll rake you over the coals for an assault even if you're just protecting yourself.

Lucien promised he wouldn't intervene in your life anymore for your sake. This, though? He's doing this for you, too.

"Hey!" He barks the word out, watching the both of you freeze in place.

In a few long steps he finds himself a few measles feet away, and he realizes he knows this guy. His name is Daniel, and for the life of him Lucien can't recall his surname. They're in the same Elemental Theory class; Lucien had thought he was decent, even gave him notes when he was out sick.

Bitter regret and disappointed sickness sour his tongue.

"Oh, hey, Rivera!" The guys grins lazily, "We were having a chat while we walked. Care to join?"

You're frozen stiff, eyes wide and locked on Lucien. He realizes Daniel thinks Lucien is his friend here. Then, with bile rising in his throat, he realizes you think the same thing.

"A chat?" Lucien repeats numbly.

"Yeah," Daniel gestures to you, "Mind telling your, uh, ex here to give me a chance? I know you ditched 'em for a reason, but I don't mind sloppy seconds."

Lucien jerks backward as if the words are a physical blow. Eyes wide, he glances between the two of you, his nausea growing.

Daniel reaches out again, slinging an arm around your shoulders, addressing you now, "I mean, do you really think many people are willing to give someone like you a chance?"

The words ring in Lucien's ears. He takes a halting step forward, and Daniel blinks in confusion. The asshole still doesn't let you go.

So Lucien pulls his fist back and then slams it forward into Daniel's face. He feels the crunch of bone beneath his knuckles and satisfaction soothes his sickness.

Daniel stumbles back, his nose bleeding furiously. He tries to stem the flow with his hands, but only succeeds in making a mess. He stares in shock, in betrayal, as if he can't believe Lucien of all people



was the one to hit him.

"I'm not your ally here," Lucien grits out between clenched teeth, "Leave. Now. If I ever see you around again, you'll find out just how hot seraphic magic can burn."

Daniel sputters but ultimately tucks tail and runs. Lucien dreads facing you, but bolsters his courage and does it regardless.

Your eyes are wide, staring at him like you've never seen him before. Your hands have fallen out of their clenched state, limply hanging at your sides.

"I-" He croaks before thinking better of it and instead quietly muttering, "Goodnight."

He goes to speed walk past you, but is stopped by a hand on his wrist. You hold him loosely, as if giving him the option to pull away and leave you again.

He can't bring himself to do it.

He turns, dread curdling his stomach, and he finds you far too close once he's facing you. Your lips are pursed, but your eyes aren't angry.

He remembers how you used to smile. He wishes, fleetingly, that he might see it again. It's a fool's hope.

"You didn't have to do that," You say.

Lucien swallows, "I did."

You release his wrist, eyes fluttering in confusion, "Why?"

Because he still loves you. Because you don't deserve all the shit you get. Because he regrets being part of the problem, even unwillingly.

"He was an asshole." Is what he says instead, because he would never say any of his real reasons to your face.

Your brows furrow, like you don't quite believe him. The you reach out and grab his right hand, the one he'd punched Daniel with. His knuckles are swollen already, and Lucien can tell they're going to bruise.

You hold his one hand in both of yours for a moment, looking conflicted. Lucien, however, knows exactly how he feels. He savors the touch, but hates it at the same time. Hates it because he knows he can't seek it freely, hates it because he ruined the only good thing in his life.

"Thank you," You whisper, dropping his hand and stepping away.

You turn, walking toward the dorms at a much faster pace than usual. He watches you go, longing, regretful...maybe, against his better judgement, hopeful.

## [Jealousy - Lucia](#)

[Jun 18, 2023](#)

She has no right to jealousy. None at all. What right does she have to your life after the way she treated you?

Still, it eats at Lucia's heart. You were the most important person in her life...if she's honest with herself, you still are. There's a pedestal in her heart and she'd tried desperately to knock you off of it to no avail.

Now you're a stranger she loves dearly, and she's a stranger you can't stand.

The jealousy she'd like to deny still lives there, burning in her heart despite how she'd like to deny it. It's even worse at times like these.

You're walking only steps ahead of her. It's a coincidence; you both have an afternoon class and you live in the same hallway, after all. There's a girl walking beside you, and Lucia can tell it's not Penelope, the siren you'd become so friendly with. The absence of her curly locks is a dead giveaway there.

She moves further toward you, your shoulders brushing, and she turns her head. Lucia can see the smile curling her lips as she leans down into your space and says something.

Heart lurching in her chest, she tries valiantly to keep her head down and continue marching on. She hopes against hope that you don't glance back and see her; she knows she's the definition of pathetic at the moment.

Then, the second after the girl leans into your space, you crinkle your nose and shuffle a few steps away. Lucia realizes then just how tense your posture is, and how your fingers are curling around your keys like a weapon. Then Lucia spots the culprit; the girl is a sorcerer, and flames lick at her fingertips.

No. She can't...this can't happen. They'll rake you over the coals for an assault even if you're just protecting yourself.

Lucia promised herself she wouldn't intervene in your life anymore for your sake. This, though? She's doing this for you, too.

"Hey!" She barks the word out, watching the both of you freeze in place.

In a few long steps she finds himself a few measly feet away, and she realizes she knows this girl. Her name is Danielle, and for the life of her Lucia can't recall her surname. They're in the same Elemental Theory class; Lucia had thought she was decent, even gave her notes when she was out sick.

Bitter regret and disappointed sickness sour her tongue.

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You're frozen stiff, eyes wide and locked on Lucia. She realizes Danielle thinks Lucia is her friend here. Then, with bile rising in her throat, she realizes you think the same thing.

"A chat?" Lucia repeats numbly, eyes falling to Danielle's hands, which previously flickered with flames.

"Yeah," Danielle gestures to you, "Mind telling your, uh, ex here to give me a chance? I know you ditched 'em for a reason, but I don't mind sloppy seconds."

Lucia jerks backward as if the words are a physical blow. Eyes wide, she glances between the two of you, her nausea growing.

Danielle reaches out again, slinging an arm around your shoulders, addressing you now, "I mean, do you really think many people are willing to give someone like you a chance?"

The words ring in Lucia's ears. She takes a halting step forward, and Danielle blinks in confusion. The asshole still doesn't let you go.

So Lucia pulls her fist back and then slams it forward into Danielle's face. She feels the crunch of bone beneath her knuckles and satisfaction soothes her sickness.

Danielle stumbles back, her nose bleeding furiously. She tries to stem the flow with her hands, but only succeeds in making a mess. She stares in shock, in betrayal, as if she can't believe Lucia of all people was the one to hit her.

"I'm not your ally here," Lucia grits out between clenched teeth, "Leave. Now. If I ever see you around again, you'll find out just how hot seraphic magic can burn."

Danielle sputters but ultimately tucks tail and runs. Lucia dreads facing you, but bolsters her courage and does it regardless.

Your eyes are wide, staring at her like you've never seen her before. Your hands have fallen out of their clenched state, limply hanging at your sides.

"I-" She croaks before thinking better of it and instead quietly muttering, "Goodnight."

She goes to speed walk past you, but is stopped by a hand on her wrist. You hold her loosely, as if giving her the option to pull away and leave you.

She can't bring himself to do it.

She turns, dread curdling her stomach, and she finds you far too close once she's facing you. Your lips are pursed, but your eyes aren't angry.

She remembers how you used to smile. She wishes, fleetingly, that she might see it again. It's a fool's hope.

"You didn't have to do that," You say.

Lucia swallows, "I did."

You release her wrist, eyes fluttering in confusion, "Why?"

Because she still loves you. Because you don't deserve all the shit you get. Because she regrets being part of the problem, even unwillingly.

"She was an asshole." Is what she says instead, because she would never say any of her real reasons to your face.

Your brows furrow, like you don't quite believe her. The you reach out and grab her right hand, the one she'd punched Danielle with. Her knuckles are swollen already, and Lucia can tell they're going to bruise.

You hold her one hand in both of yours for a moment, looking conflicted. Lucia, however, knows exactly how she feels. She savors the touch, but hates it at the same time. Hates it because she knows she can't seek it freely, hates it because she ruined the only good thing in her life.

"Thank you," You whisper, dropping her hand and stepping away.

You turn, walking toward the dorms at a much faster pace than usual. She watches you go, longing, regretful...maybe, against her better judgement, hopeful.

[Spicy Emil & Florian Short Story](#)

[Jun 19, 2023](#)

[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

"He's late." Emil sighs, "Again."

From your spot perching on Florian's ridiculously large bed, you glance over at Emil, "He had a meeting with Councilor Janvier. It was bound to happen."

"I hate that man." The dark-haired mage rolls his eyes, unclasping his cloak and tossing it over one of the velvet chairs by the fireplace, "He talks far too much yet says so little."

"The life of a councilor," You grin.

"Says the advisor." He says as he approaches you, sprawling back on the bed at your side.

His hair pools around his head like a halo, and you know the shoulder-length locks are as soft as they look. You lean back, propping yourself up on one elbow as you slowly run your fingers through his hair. You move your hand down to cup his cheek, enjoying the way he turns his face to press further into you.

He's come so far from when you all first became an item. The Emil of old would squirm when being shown physical affection; now he leans into it wholeheartedly.

You lean down, brushing your lips over his, enjoying the small gasp it elicits from Emil as he tries to push ever closer. His hand buries itself in the hair along your nape, tugging you down. The kiss devolves into something messy and hungry, and when you finally break away the both of you have ended up panting.

Your hands are dislodged from him when he rolls over onto his stomach and carefully places his head squarely in your lap, looking up at you with a soft gaze. Running your thumb over his still-slick lips, he catches your hand and holds it there. He places soft kisses on every finger and all over your palm, and he delights in watching your pupils dilate.

The both of you are strung tight like bowstrings, waiting to be loosed.

"Wren," Emil breathes, and for a split second, your mind is blank.

Then the door crashes open.

"Sorry, sorry!" Florian says as he bustles into the room, "I know I'm late! Janvier wouldn't *shut the hell up* and-"

He freezes as he finally lays eyes on the both of you, your thumb still halfway pushing into Emil's parted lips. Your gazes hold his as he blinks slowly, once and then twice, trying to commit the scene before him to memory.

"Am I interrupting?" He asks, stupefied.

"Well," Emil sighs, sitting up once more and looking particularly captivating with his mussed hair and flushed face, "If someone wasn't late, we wouldn't have had to keep ourselves busy."

"I said sorry!" Florian insists before faltering, his gaze running up and down each inch of you both, "By all means, though, please continue. I love to watch both of you together."

It's true, he does. Any time you and Emil are talking, kissing, or even just standing near each other, Florian watches with a soft gaze and besotted eyes.

"Absolutely not," You scoff, throwing a hand out and motioning him over, "Get your ass in this bed effective immediately."

"You've been far too stressed lately," Emil drawls out, a lazy smirk tugging at his lips, "We thought we might remedy the situation."

"You're both incredibly bossy, you know that, right?" The king complains, but in the end, it doesn't take much convincing.

He draws near with haste until he's at the side of the bed, shedding his embroidered coat and letting it fall to the ground. You grow impatient quickly, grabbing both of his hands and tugging him down. He tumbles forward, landing halfway between you and Emil.

Emil wastes little time, tossing one leg over Florian's torso until he's straddling the king with practiced ease. Florian's hands came to rest comfortably on the other man's hips, trying to get impossibly closer.

You cup the king's face with both hands, holding him gently as you pepper his face with kisses, "Ah, ah. Have patience."

Emil makes quick work of his clothes, briefly parting from Florian to shimmy from his pants and strip himself of his tunic. Both you and Florian have eyes locked on Emil's bare hips and the way they move; graceful and fluid, so much more comfortable in his body than you can recall ever before.

Florian tires of having patience rather quickly, even for him. His hands find Emil's hips as he stifles a little choked-off whine in the back of his throat. Emil smiles down at him pityingly, though it's more of a smirk than anything else.

The mage then holds out a hand to grip you by your shirt and reel you in closer. This kiss turns messy even faster than before. You end up practically crawling over Florian as Emil drags you closer, his tongue finding yours in a move that leaves you giving a moan muffled by the mage's own mouth.

When you glance down, Florian is watching the both of you with bright, attentive eyes. One hand leaves Emil's hip to stroke a burning path up your thigh and ass; it's as if he has to have at least one hand on each of you at all times.

Emil then leans back, helping you tug your shirt over your head and relieve yourself of your pants. All your clothing ends up kicked to the floor in sloppy motions as overeager hands reach for equally overeager limbs once again.

“Not that I’m not thrilled to watch this,” Florian says, his breathing heavy as he drags both your attention back down to him, “But if I don’t touch one of you soon, we *might* have an accidental tornado in my bedroom.”

His eyes are far more golden than usual, his magic flaring as it usually does when he’s in a state of emotional or physical turmoil. Although, this turmoil is certainly better than any other kind he might suffer from.

“Poor little king,” You coo as you and Emil both lean down over him, “You want more attention?”

Florian props himself up on his elbows, fervently pressing his lips to your own in a scalding kiss. He sits up fully, breaking away from you only to strip his shirt over his head and toss it to the floor.

Emil, meanwhile, makes himself busy by sliding down between Florian’s legs to help him out of his pants. Then Emil bends at the waist, swallowing Florian’s cock with the ease of someone who’s never had a gag reflex. His thin fingers dig into Florian’s soft but lean thighs as he does, and Florian’s surprised moan reverberates in your mouth.

Half choking on a moan as he breaks the kiss, Florian pulls away from you to run a distressed hand down his face, “Gods, *please* give me some warning...”

Emil pulls off, looking up at him with half-lidded eyes, “No. It’s more fun this way.”

Things devolve from there. All clothes are stripped away as the three of you end up in a tangle of limbs on the bed. You’re perched on top of Florian, rocking against him, while Emil is pressed against his side and kissing a line down his jaw.

“By the Gods, do the two of you plan on teasing me into an early grave?” Florian groans, trying to simultaneously lean into the both of you, “Or do you intend to actually fuck sometime in this evening’s proceedings?”

“Florian?” You glance down at him.

“Yes, dearest?” He responds, batting his eyes up at you.

“Shut up.” You and Emil say at the same time, giving each other a smirk.

The thing about pleasure is that it makes Florian curiously obedient, and he does actually shut himself up. It probably helps that Emil is pressing his lips against the king’s to aid in his effort.

Finally, once oil has covered all the necessary body parts and just about everything else as well, you slide down Florian with a cut-off gasp. The king groans, his hands wrapping around your hips and digging his thumbs into the dimples at the base of your spine. He tilts you how he likes, manhandling you on his lap as you make little keening noises atop him at every movement.

You scramble to grasp the sheets beneath you as Emil presses up against your side, reaching down to grasp you in hand and stroke you firmly. You can't communicate in words, only gasps, as you twitch between both of your lovers.

It doesn't take long for Florian to finish, and you come right along after him. Emil is still pressed against you, watching with a hungry gaze, and you follow his earlier example and bend to take him into your mouth.

He wasn't expecting the move, and neither was Florian. They both groan as if they've been wounded, and Florian has to shut his eyes against the sight for the briefest moments. His gaze is drawn back to you both again, however; the sight of you both is his true north, and he's loathe to lose sight of his loves.

Emil's breathing is heavy, a slight wheeze caught in his chest as if he has to force his lungs to cooperate. His long fingers tangle in your hair, gripping you tightly as you gag around him. His hips buck up to meet you, his arms trembling as any semblance of control he had begins to slip.

His hips begin to move with more force, and you know you'll likely have a sore throat. Luckily, that's something magic can heal, so you let him move with abandon.

"Oh, W-Wren-!" The mage stumbles over your name, eyes clenching shut as his back arches.

Florian slides behind him, wrapping him in an embrace as he shakes through his peak. The king runs soothing hands up and down his sides as Emil's world goes blank. His eyes are hazy as he groans out your name one last time and spills down your throat, his entire body quivering from the force of it.

You take all he has to give, used to the routine by now, before gently reaching up and removing his hands from your hair. You tangle your fingers together instead, sliding up his body. Caressing soft and sweat-soaked skin with an approving gaze, you come to fit yourself on his lap and curl against his chest, your legs wrapping around his waist.

Florian is at his back, effectively pressing him between his lovers as the king whispers endearments to the mage and lavishes your thighs with comforting touches. You're shaking a bit, oversensitive, and as Emil comes back to himself he squeezes your hands still wrapped in his own.

You're all folded into a shared embrace atop Florian's fancy blankets that have been rather efficiently soiled. You try not to think too hard about the servant's gossip that will result from this.

"Would anyone else like to volunteer their bed for sleeping?" Florian mutters tiredly, his voice hoarse, "Mine is rather...screwed if you will."

Emil smirks, "No, that was Wren."

You snicker slightly, pressing your nose into the mage's shoulder to hide your smile, "Come on, Emil, your bed is even bigger than Florian's. We can crash in your room tonight, right?"



You pull back, blinking up at him pleadingly.

He lets out a sharp breath, glancing away from you, "Damn your eyes. Yes, alright, my room it is."

"Great." Florian sighs, slumping down to rest his head on Emil's other shoulder, "Glad we have that settled. I don't think I'm going to be moving anytime soon, though. My legs feel like jelly."

"But you're relaxed, right?" You give him a coy grin across Emil's shoulder.

"Might you two *please* shut up so I can bask in the afterglow a bit longer?" Emil sighs, slumping back against Florian and dragging you with him.

"You were talking, too," Florian points out, "More than me, actually."

Emil snakes a hand back and pinches him in the side. The king chuckles, pressing a kiss into the mage's neck.

"Bossy as ever." Florian says fondly, his eyes slipping closed as you all lay twisted together in some manner or another, "Alright, I'm shutting up."

"A miracle," Emil says into the silence.

None of you ever actually get up to go to Emil's room. Florian just finds one blanket that had been spared amidst the chaos and tugs it over the three of you, calling it a night.

## [Jealousy - Charles](#)

[Jun 20, 2023](#)

He's not the jealous type. Or, at least, he never was before. Now it feels like acid in the basilisk's veins to watch some other guy give you a coy smile as he leans next to you on the lab counter.

He already hated Intro to Alchemy, and now Charles finds himself hating it even more.

Everyone is still standing around, waiting for the Professor to show up as students slowly file in. The lab room is spacious, plenty of places to stand, yet this asshole had to plant himself right next to you.

Charlie hangs his bag on one of the hooks by the door, grabbing his notes and goggles before walking over. You're his lab partner, after all, and he has his place at your side to reclaim.

As he approaches, he hears the guy blathering on about this new pizza place that opened up downtown. You nod, distracted, and glance up when you hear Charlie approach.

Your expression brightens instantly and he feels victorious when he sees the guy's face fall.

"There you are!" You grin, "I was about to text you."

"I was running late this morning," He explains, "Also, tell your bestie he forgot to refill the Brita."

You shake your head in mock disappointment, "Vik has committed a most heinous crime. I'll inform the council."

This so-called council only has two people on it; you and Theo. It'll be fun to watch you both heckle Viktor at the very least. Not because Charlie dislikes Viktor, far from it actually. It's just that you and Theo raising hell is always funny as long as he's not the one on the receiving end.

"Um," The guy cuts in, glancing between you both with narrowed eyes, "About the pizza place?"

"Pizza?" Your brows furrow in confusion before you realize what he's referring to, "Oh, yeah, the pizza."

Charlie is trying so desperately hard not to laugh right now.

The guy frowns, looking miffed, "Were you even paying attention?"

You blink, a bit taken aback, "Listen, I'm sorry, but-"

He reaches out, lightning quick, grabbing you around the forearm, "You know, at the very least, you could show some interest when people try and talk to you."

Charlie's eyes widen and he steps forward with both hands raised, "Hey, that's not cool. Seriously, hands off."

The idiot just kept on talking, "I mean, have you considered this is why people don't like you? Because you have a snotty attitude despite being a literal pariah?"

"And have you considered you're pathetic and can't take a hint?" Charlie scoffs, moving close and slamming his heel down right on the guy's exposed toes, "Oh, by the way, no sandals in lab. I think you might need to go change."

The guy drops your arm and you frown, shoving him backward. He stumbles a bit, nursing his injured foot as he glances between the two of you with wide eyes. You glare, holding up your middle finger.

Charlie can't help but snort, "Hey, since you're so bad with subtlety, I think that's about as clear a rejection as you'll get."

The asshole flushes red, storming to the front of the lab and grabbing his bag. He pushes out the door right as the Professor walks in.

The woman blinks, watching him go before she addresses the class, "Well, I suppose he forgot proper footwear. Is everyone else ready for lab?"

A mutter of assent goes through the student, and as you flip open the textbook you shoot Charlie a smile.

"Thanks," You whisper lowly so you don't interrupt the class, "That was...pretty funny, actually."

Charlie shrugs, his smile lazy, "I'm not at you and Theo's level yet, but I have my moments."

Your muffled amusement is music to his ears. As lab goes on, the two of you stand closer than is strictly necessary, your hands grazing and shoulders brushing.

When class is finally over, you both trail outside. As soon as you turn to him with that smile and mischievous glint in your eyes, he knows something is up.

"Hey, Charlie, how do you feel about pizza?" You ask, you face dead serious, "This new place actually opened up downtown."

The basilisk doesn't even bother trying not to laugh.

[Jealousy - Charlotte](#)

[Jun 20, 2023](#)

She's not the jealous type. Or, at least, she never was before. Now it feels like acid in the basilisk's veins to watch some other girl give you a coy smile as she leans next to you on the lab counter.

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The basilisk doesn't even bother trying not to laugh.

[Jealousy - Penelope](#)

[Jun 20, 2023](#)

Penelope is well aware of her flaws. She knows she's jealous and at times territorial, but she tries not to let it get in the way of her friendships.

Specifically, her friendship with you.

Yes, she likes you in a way that goes well beyond platonic. Is she ready to tell you that? Absolutely not.

Still, her gut twists sharply when she leaves the athletic center to find you outside with a nephilim standing far too close for her comfort. The winged girl isn't even subtle, which almost makes it worse. She gives you a coy smile and bites her lip in a way that has surely worked on others before you, twirling her hair between long and nimble fingers.

Penny takes a deep breath before letting the door swing shut behind her. The noise catches your attention immediately, and your eyes find the siren's at once.

"There you are," Your smile is soft, "Forget a towel again?"

Her hair is still hanging damp around her shoulders, looking a bit frizzy as it air dries. Penny frowns at it momentarily; she's not used to chlorine and the havoc it wreaks on her curls. So much in the mainland is so complicated, including hair care.

"I was in a rush," She says, not admitting that she cut her time in the pool short so she could see you sooner.

"That hungry, huh?" You take her bag from her, ever polite, "Wanna hit the mess hall instead of going into the city, then?"

"No," She says immediately, "I think I can withstand the twenty minute drive."

Penny loves the city; she'd never pass up getting the chance to go, especially with you. You had shown her Central Park for the first time, and Broadway. They were memories she'd always cherish, and she fully intended to create more with you at her side.

Then the nephilim girl clears her throat, ruining the moment as she looks at Penny with a small frown, "You kind of interrupted something just now."

Penelope laughs slightly, partly at the audacity she has, pinning her with a cold look over your shoulder.

The winged girl turns to you once more, her smile curving back into place, "So, like I was saying, what about lunch one day?"

You always insist you're an outcast, a social parish, and Penny wants to scoff at the thought. Despite all you claim, these vultures circle waiting for their chance to snap you away from her. Unchosen One or not, you're attractive; she supposes that's something no one can deny, including those who would shun you for every other reason.

"Okay, first, she wasn't interrupting, so watch the tone with her." You raise an eyebrow, unimpressed, "I was literally waiting *for* her."

The girl's eyes dart toward Penny as you begin speaking, her jaw tight with humiliation as she realizes her mistake.

"Besides, I'm pretty busy most days," You say, glancing away as you fish for excuses, "I, uh, appreciate the offer, though."

Just like that, the girl's hopes are dashed. Penny can't help a victorious smile and the girl pales when she catches sight of it. Two rows of razor sharp teeth stare the nephilim in the face and Penelope can

pinpoint exactly when the girl loses her courage.

“Whatever.” She waves away your excuses with narrowed eyes, “Didn’t even want to hang out that bad, anyway. Especially not with you.”

“Aw,” Penny gives her a mocking pout as you gape in confusion at the sudden turn of conversation, “Didn’t go the way you thought it would? Nothing better than someone who turns to insults the second things go awry. What a way to show you’re just a bullet to be dodged.”

The girl clenches her jaw before realizing this is a fight she doesn’t want. She turns sharply and speed walks away, her wings fluttering nervously. You watch her go, confused, before turning to Penny.

“What just happened?” You ask, brows furrowed, “I feel like I just missed most of the context in that conversation.”

“You did.” The siren informs you breezily, “No need to worry, just the usual idiots. Now, lunch?”

“Yeah, sure.” You blink at the space the nephilim occupied before she left in a huff, “It’s just, she was so nice at first, though.”

“People usually are until they don’t get what they want.” Penny shrugs as you begin to lead her to your car, “Come on, I shouldn’t have to be giving you mainland lessons.”

You chuckle, “To be fair, my social experience isn’t the typical one.”

“Yes, well.” Her mouth twists slightly, not voicing her theory about how pretty your face is, “As I said, idiots.”

The drive does end up being worth it. On the way there, you play your music with the windows down and the cool fall air catches your mutual laughter on the breeze. Your sun catcher dangles from your mirror, and the afternoon light hits it just right. She admires the way the rainbows curve across your cheekbones and lips.

Once you reach the city, you both eat on the patio of a nice Thai place before you begin your ill-advised schemes again. The scheme being your attempts at teaching Penny to drive, of course. She doesn’t hit any stop signs this time, which is a marked improvement.

On the ride home, she shares the music she’s found she enjoys since her time on land. Your smile as you watch her sing along make her heart do little flips in her chest.

Yeah...what she feels definitely isn’t platonic.







[Jun 21, 2023](#)

Here's the art for our favorite alchemist 🪄

Done by AgusZebrowskaART

[Disenchanted Ch 2 Pt 1](#)

[Jun 25, 2023](#)



Edit: Switched back to passwords from keys just for ease of access on the Patron end!

🕯️ [Patreon demo is here](#) and password is JUNEUPDATE 🕯️

This update added 40,000 words to the demo.

You can...

- ♥️ Finally face your ghost...
- ♥️ Figure out what to do about a certain body.
- ♥️ Attend Weekend of Welcome.
- ♥️ Get Unchosen-napped there at the end by a certain RO...

I hope you all enjoy it! There are a couple of scenes pending involving some other ROs at Weekend of Welcome that were giving me fits writing-wise, so I might post a little mini-update around Wednesday to include those.

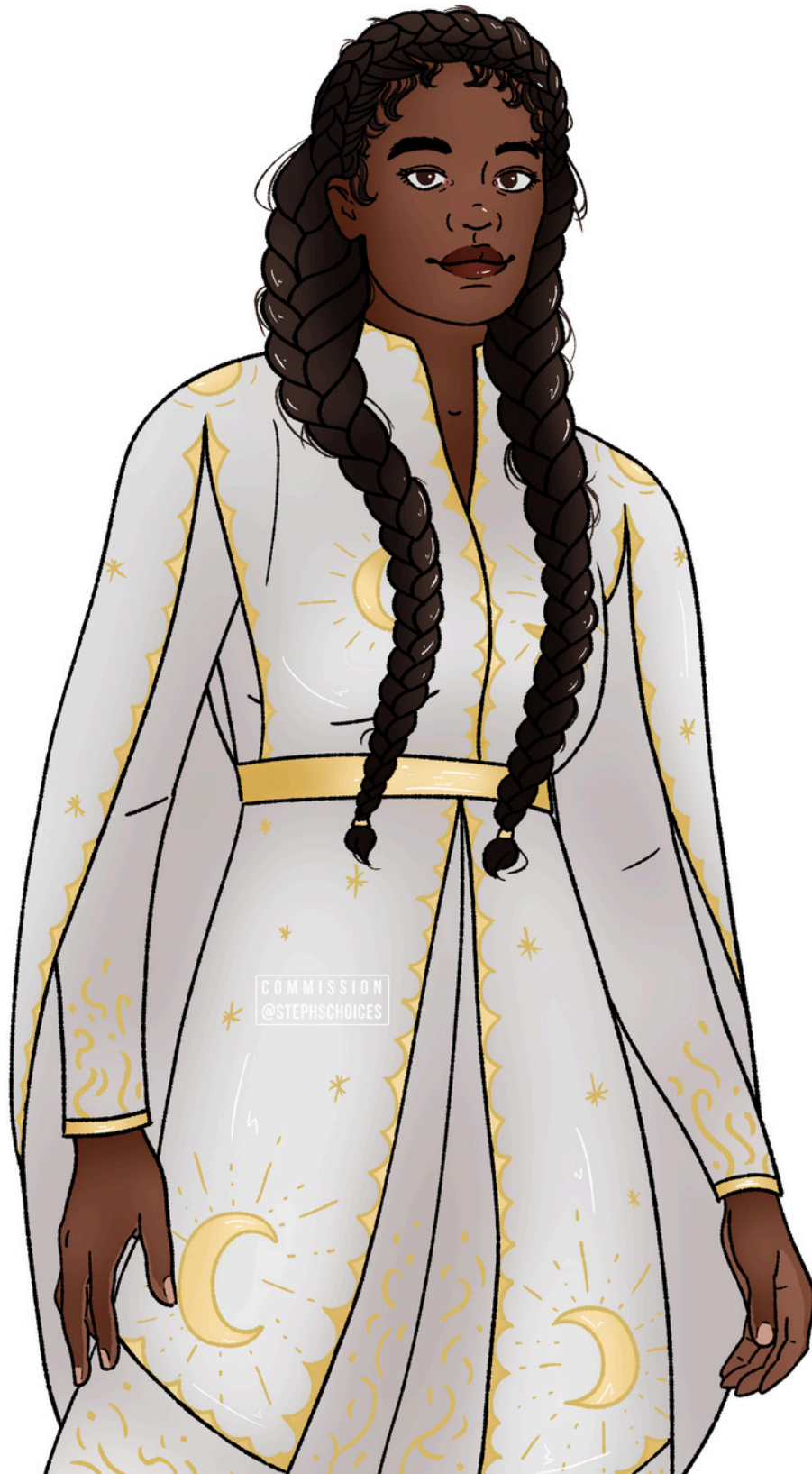


[Dimitri Early Access](#)

[Jun 25, 2023](#)

Done by @stephschoices!

Dimitri in his favorite teal shirt <3



## [Ari Early Access](#)

[Jun 25, 2023](#)

Done by @stephschoices yet again!

Ari in her priestess-in-training robes. I love love love the gold detailing on these so much!

## [Jealousy - Orion](#)

[Jun 29, 2023](#)

Orion isn't sure what he expected to see when he turned around, but this wasn't on the list.

This past week, you've apparently come to enjoy watching him train. Your arm is still healing from a wound, so you can't simply join him like usual. Still, you claim to like sitting on the sidelines and staring at him while he hacks away at dummies.

So he turns, expecting your eyes to be on him. Maybe it's a rush, if he's honest. He likes knowing you want to be around him, you want to see him.

Except your eyes aren't on him this time. A knight stands by where you sit, talking his head off while you watch him with furrowed brows.

There's an ugly urge stirring in his mind; Orion wants the knight away from you, wants to smooth the disconcerted crease between your brows out with his fingers. He wants your eyes back on him.

When the knight moves closer, looking like he might sit beside you, Orion sees the small grimace you try to hide. The expression on your face is clear; this isn't what you want to be doing.

Your eyes dart over to him quickly, pleading, and he's nothing if not at your beck and call.

The knight notices him immediately as Orion approaches, wooden sword still in hand. The man pales, snapping upright.

"General!" He says, eyes wide, "I was, uh, just leaving. I bid you both a good day!"

He practically flees, and you're at least courteous enough to wait until he's beyond earshot to burst out laughing.

"I didn't even say anything," Orion automatically defends himself.

"The look alone was enough," You pat his cheek gently.

Orion leans into your warm touch, satisfaction curling deep in his chest. He's been hunting for light his entire life yet you seem to have an endless supply to grace him with. A treasure in a world where he finds little has any actual worth.

You huff at the reaction, an amused noise, and both your hands are on his cheeks then. You tug his face toward you, pressing a kiss to his brow.

"I did not mean to scare him away," He says, just in case he had misread your intentions.

You raise an eyebrow and he knows that wasn't the case.

"You did me a favor," You say drolly, "If I was to hear another word about the man's new custom made arrows, I'd have needed to ask for one to be put between my eyes."

"You spend too much time with Rowan," Orion sighs, but can't help the chuckle that escapes a moment later, "Well, I suppose I'm glad I ended your misery before you were forced into more drastic measures."

"Quite," You say, grinning, "Speaking of Rowan, I don't think they'd be pleased to have to reanimate my corpse again."

He rolls his eyes at the crude joke. He hardly likes thinking about your literal corpse, but humor seems to help you cope. At least you don't wake up screaming anymore. Those early days, before you fell into each other's beds, were made harder by his want and simultaneous fear of comforting you.

He'd been taught vulnerability was weakness. You showed him the opposite; brilliantly soft and emotional yet terrifyingly powerful. A combination he wasn't sure could exist before, but you do seem to have a knack at making him believe.

"I do fear he might have soiled himself, however. I think I saw his soul leave his body when he caught sight of you." You continue, head tilted in coy amusement.

"He'll be fine." Orion says, deadpan, as you take him by the hand and pull him along.

"Come, now, you're having a bath and then we're making dinner." You inform him promptly, "I'm showing you the secret behind croissants today."

"Do you even know how to make those?" He asks, glancing at you curiously as you walk on.

"No," You say briskly, "But Kira does and she described it once, so I think we'll figure it out."

You had said the same about tea cakes, yet there was almost a small fire in the kitchens on that evening. Regardless, he tries to keep his hopes high.

"Of course," He agrees easily despite the knowledge of your past failures.

Perhaps luckily for the cooks, the two of you never make it to the kitchens. Warm water and slick skin end up being far too distracting to think of being elsewhere.

## [Jealousy - M Cameron](#)

[Jun 29, 2023](#)

Cameron doesn't like to admit to jealousy. It's not something he's felt often before, and he hates the way it bubbles up in his throat to leave a bitter aftertaste in his mouth.

Especially with you. Always with you.

Because, back then, he didn't have enough backbone and was too scared to ever open his mouth. Because he couldn't pull his head out of his ass at sixteen and realize fear isn't an excuse.

He knows that now, though. He screwed up the best thing he'd never have before he even realized it, and now the ghost of something that never existed haunts him.

Still, it hurts despite the fact it shouldn't. To see a guy next to you in the lecture hall, leaning down to talk to you, his arm nearly brushing yours...

Cameron wants that touch. That proximity. Anything but cold distance and harsh radio silence. An almost-friendship turned into a bitter rivalry that he never wanted.

He staring, and he realizes that when he jumps at the sudden movement. You jerk back, jaw tense, looking ready to lash out at any second.

No one else sees the sudden change. Or, if they do, they say nothing.

The guy grabs for your wrist, and Cameron can tell a scene is about to be made. That's...that's not good. He can't claim to know you all that well anymore, but you hate attention. You hate the stares that go with it even more.

He slides from his seat as kids slowly file in before class, moving with haste to where you sit.



"Because I asked nicely first and you want to be an ass about it," The idiot is saying in a low tone, his eyes narrowing as his grip on you tightens, "Do you really think anyone is believing you? My dad-

Cameron moves before even thinking. Lightning quick, he reaches up and grabs the guy by the back of the neck. It's something that could be misconstrued as a friendly gesture unless someone looked a little too close.

"You should go sit down," He whispers quietly, cutting the other guy a sharp glance, "Or, better yet, drop this class."

You're staring at Cam, wide eyed and mouth only a few inches away from gaping. The idiot in his grasp opens his mouth again, and Cam sends a spark of electricity down his spine.

Not enough to paralyze, but Cameron feels the instant his knees go weak and he wobbles in the Chosen One's grasp.

"Understand?" Cameron asks, his voice edging on angry.

The guy nods, stumbling from Cameron's grasp before he's limping down the stairs and right out the lecture hall's doors.

The immediate aftermath is silent. Only the background chatter and shuffling breaks it, and the quiet is killing him. Your silence is deadly.

Turning to you is the hardest thing Cameron has done in months. Your expression is closed off again; cool and distant, it's a careful wall constructed to protect you.

"You didn't have to do that," You say, bordering on emotionless, but Cam still hears the waver beneath the words.

His mouth twists, his gaze dropping to the side, "I did. I'm a slow learner, but I get things eventually."

There's a twitch in your brows, a wobble to your lips, a visible Achilles heel. You purse your lips in confusion, silently demanding an answer with eyes that haunt.

"I've been quiet too long," His voice drops further, half ashamed and half embarrassed, "I'm not going to do that anymore."

Your venom is always at the ready, however, "I didn't ask for that."

"You didn't," Cameron agrees, "And if you tell me here and now that you never want to see my face again, I'll do my best to give you that. I won't let them drag you through the mud anymore, though, even if I never speak to you again."

He nearly holds his breath. You're silent, and he thinks this might be what a spiritual experience is like. At the very least, he feels resurrected.

He offers a small smile, and he could swear your lips twitch in return. The door opens, then, and the professor walks through to sit his things at the podium up front. Cameron is almost mad at the man for a split second, but he moves to return to his seat regardless.

He glances back at you, though. You're looking at him, conflicted, and he's never before found so much hope in turmoil.

## [Ezrah - The Beginning](#)

[Jul 4, 2023](#)



"When is he coming back?" Ezrah asked, watching his mother work from across the room.

The apothecary was more barren than usual. Gutted, devoid of life; just like her. Her eyes, the same brown as Ezrah's own, seemed dim in comparison to his memory.

"Never," She says, the word clipped, "Quit asking, Ezrah, please."

"But he was nice." Ezrah protested before stealing a glance at the small crib across the room, "And doesn't he want to know his own-?"

"Enough." The word was stressed as if she was teetering on the precipice of her patience and was about to be pushed over, "He left. Get over it."

His shoulders slumped as he watched her continue to sort herbs. Perhaps he was going too far, but...

Ezrah pouted slightly, "He reminded me of dad."

The glass jar shattered in her hand, and a long string of curses followed soon after. Blood dripped to the floor, each splatter a ricochet. Ezrah stared, wide-eyed and shocked, as she turned an angry gaze on him. He'd never seen her look so mad, not in all his seven years alive.

"When I say enough, I mean it!" She snapped, her volume growing as she cradled her injured hand, "Do you understand me?"



He nodded quickly, meekly. In truth, he wanted nothing more than the return of his former mother, the woman who treated him with care and gave sweet smiles and soft touches. His new mother was angry and venomous and she scared Ezra far more than he cared to admit.

She seethed for a minute at the pain until the door flew open, revealing Annetta.

"Celia!" The young baker gasped at the sight of blood, "We heard shouting, Lia, what's wrong-?"

"It's fine." His mother turned sharply away, anger still boiling just behind her eyes, "Nothing a salve can't fix."

"Don't you think-" Annetta began, only to get ruthlessly cut off.

"I think Ezra should go outside with the baby." His mother responded, her mouth twisted in annoyance.

It was always the baby. Never your name. He wondered quietly if she even knew it. Ezra had told her the name he'd chosen for you, but was she listening when he did?

Sometimes he doubted she even saw you as her own child, despite the fact that she birthed you a scarce few months ago. Still, despite his reservations, Ezra scrambled to stand and rushed to your crib to collect you.

You didn't start crying once during all that, even with the sounds of shattering glass and yelling. You're exceptionally quiet for a newborn, at least that's what Annetta said. He thinks that might be for the best; at least you'll get mother's disregard over her anger.

It always shocked him, each time he picked you up, just how light you were in his arms. He spared one last look at Annetta, but she only tilted her head quickly toward the door. He fled as directed, the sound of the baker trying to soothe his mother the last thing he heard before the door swung shut.

He carried you to the edge of the forest and sat on one of the hills there. Kesdon was visible in the distance, and when the afternoon sun went down the stars would be beautiful. He held you close; terrified to drop you, but also scared he was gripping you too tight.

"She's not usually like that," He whispered down to your sleeping form, "Annetta says she's just sick right now. I don't know what with, but she'll get better soon."

The words tasted bitter, and his hope was slowly curdling in his stomach. Would she get better? He hoped so. He wanted his mom back, for both himself and you. She had been so happy when she first found out about you...

He bit his cheek to stop himself from crying. He couldn't cry, not while he held you. Until mom was back, he'd just have to take care of you in her place.

Your eyelids flutter, opening to see Ezra and the sky above. He smiles despite the tears he holds back.

"I love you, little star." He said, because you needed to know someone did.

You only yawned, ignorant of anything outside the arms holding you. His face crumbled and his shoulders shook as you gave a toothless smile and made a cooing noise, too young yet to even babble incoherently.

He realized you deserved more than this, yet he couldn't provide it. He could give you all he had and it still wouldn't be enough, but he had to at least try.

He heard footsteps behind him, but he already knew who it was.

"Is she still mad?" He asked quietly as Annetta came to sit on the ground beside the both of you.

She reached over and stroked gentle fingers along the wisps of hair at the crown of your head. Her lips were pursed; it wasn't a good sign.

"Yes," She sighed, "Yes, she's still quite upset."

Ezrah's brow furrowed in confusion, "I thought you said--"

"I know what I said, kiddo." Her hand fell away, her face tight with tension, "I shouldn't have promised that. I'm sorry."

"So she won't...she won't get better?" His eyes widened as he glanced down at you, "Not at all?"

"I'm not saying that." She corrected as she looked down at her hands, "It's just...it's complicated."

"Complicated..." Ezrah's nose scrunched at the word and this wasn't like any anger he's felt before, "Doesn't seem very complicated."

Her gaze dropped to the baby in his arms and she bit her lip as she looked away, "I know. I'm sorry."

"Not your fault." Ezrah shrugged as he tugged the blanket up over your ears when the breeze grew stronger.

It was quiet for a moment before Annetta spoke again.

"Have you been doing everything?" She asked, her voice strangled with some emotion he couldn't place.

"She still cooks." Ezrah blinked, a bit confused.

"With the baby." Annetta clarified, "Diapers, feeding...that kind of thing."

He paused, realizing, "Oh. I guess. The midwife showed me how to swaddle and soak bread in cow's milk when mom wouldn't wake up that night."

The woman took a deep breath, her hands curling into fists in her lap. Finally, she looked up, giving Ezra a sad look.

"If you need anything, my door is always open. Okay?" She said gently, "I mean anything."

"Okay," Ezra said, but he didn't feel reassured at all.

If Annetta thought she had to offer that, what did it mean for his mother? What did it mean for you?

She left shortly after, but Ezra stayed there until the sky turned dark and prayed. He received no answer; the stars were beautiful but empty, and the breeze carried no comfort.

### [Disenchanted: Spicy Sides by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/disenchanted-spicy-sides>

[Theo's Spicy Side Story](#)

[Jul 6, 2023](#)

[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

Here it is! Hope you all enjoy 🌶️

Itch.io Password: THEOSPICY

In-game Password: theospicy



[Florian V2 Early Access](#)

[Jul 7, 2023](#)

Our boy in some proper winter clothes! Still looking ridiculously fancy, of course.

Art by @stephschoices per usual ✨



## [Julian Early Access](#)

[Jul 7, 2023](#)

Jules in his traveling gear! Ready to have a great time in Oclesia (note the sarcasm)!

Art done by @stephschoices ✨

## [Spicy PROMPTS!](#)

[Jul 8, 2023](#)

Heading to McDonalds to steal their wifi to upload Fallen Lights because my hotspot was not, in fact, enough.

However! After I get Fallen Lights uploaded, I will be doing some casual writing and wraith/fae commissions tonight, so as a treat, I'm posting a NSFW/spicy prompt link here. Comment a character from any of my IFs + a prompt below and I'll choose a few to do out of the comments!

If anyone is interested, just tell me the prompt number and the character/poly below. One at a time, please, lol.

[Here are the prompts on tumblr!](#)

## [Fallen Lights Patreon DEMO by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/fallen-lights-patreon>

[Fallen Lights Ch 2](#)

[Jul 8, 2023](#)

# Patreon Update

IT'S HERE!

Itch.io Password: GettingGoing

In-game Password: onaquest

Reminder! Please refresh and start a new save if you have any; a lot was updated in the earlier code, which *did* break saves.

The full update is here, despite the issues I had actually getting it uploaded. This one branches a lot based on prior interactions, so it was a lot.

✨ Meet a mysterious man at the tavern...

✨ Deal with asshole nobility, of course.

✨ \*gasp\* Flirt with Emil/Emilia?!

✨ Sleep in the same bed as Florian or Marcella...\*wink\*

✨ Offer to punch some dads.

✨ Leave Liris to begin the journey to Oclesia.

✨ Get attacked on your way, of course...

✨ ...Lose a companion?

I hope you all enjoy this full chapter! As always, if you find any typos/bugs, feel free to message me on tumblr or use the bug-reporting channel in the patron discord server!

[FL Guide: How to Flirt With E in Ch 2](#)

[Jul 9, 2023](#)

First guide! Whoo!




Okay, so some people were asking me how to unlock E's first flirt option. Emil and Emilia, as a whole, are very complicated. Their route reflects that. There will *obviously* be more options later, but at this current time, you have to...

- Accept the reins in Chapter 1
- Choose Emil/Emilia as to who you're thinking of towards the end of Chapter 2
- Offer to switch rooms

This will lead to their first flirt option!

### [July Q&A Question Post](#)

[Jul 10, 2023](#)

Drop your questions in the comments below! Or, if you'd like to remain anonymous, just message me here on Patreon 

The questions will be chosen and then answered on the 25th!

### [Jealousy - F Cameron](#)

[Jul 11, 2023](#)

Cameron doesn't like to admit to jealousy. It's not something she's felt often before, and she hates the way it bubbles up in her throat to leave a bitter aftertaste in her mouth.

Especially with you. Always with you.

Because, back then, she didn't have enough backbone and was too scared to ever open her mouth. Because she couldn't pull her head out of her ass at sixteen and realize fear isn't an excuse. She screwed up.

She knows that now, though. She screwed up the best thing she'd never have before she even realized it, and now the ghost of something that never existed haunts her.



Still, it hurts despite the fact it shouldn't. To see a girl next to you in the lecture hall, leaning down to talk to you, her arm nearly brushing yours...

Cameron wants that touch. That proximity. Anything but cold distance and harsh radio silence.

She's staring, and she realizes that when she jumps at your sudden movement. You jerk back, jaw tense, looking ready to lash out at any second.

No one else sees the sudden change. Or, if they do, they say nothing.

The girl reaches out to grip your wrist, nails sinking into your skin, and Cameron can tell a scene is about to be made. That's...that's not good. She can't claim to know you all that well anymore, but you hate attention. You hate the stares that go with it even more.

She slides from her seat as people slowly file in before class, moving with haste to where you sit.

"Because I asked nicely first and you want to be an ass about it," The girl is saying in a low tone, her eyes narrowing as her grip on you tightens, "Do you really think anyone is believing you? My dad-

Cameron moves before even thinking. Lightning quick, she reaches up and grabs the girl by the back of the neck. It's something that could be misconstrued as a friendly gesture unless someone looked a little too close.

"You should go sit down," She whispers quietly, cutting the other girl a sharp glance, "Or, better yet, drop this class."

You're staring at Cam, wide eyed and mouth only a few inches away from gaping. The idiot in her grasp opens her mouth again, and Cam sends a spark of electricity down her spine.

Not enough to paralyze, but Cameron feels the instant her knees go weak and she wobbles in the Chosen One's grasp.

"Understand?" Cameron asks, her voice edging on angry.

The girl nods, stumbling from Cameron's grasp before she's limping down the stairs and right out the lecture hall's doors.

The immediate aftermath is silent. Only the background chatter and shuffling breaks it, and the quiet is killing her. Your silence is deadly.

Turning to you is the hardest thing Cameron has done in months. Your expression is closed off again; cool and distant, it's a careful wall constructed to protect you.

"You didn't have to do that," You say, bordering on emotionless, but Cam still hears the waver beneath the words.

Her mouth twists, her gaze dropping to the side, “I did. I’m a slow learner, but I get things eventually.”

There’s a twitch in your brows, a wobble to your lips, a visible Achilles heel. You purse your lips in confusion, silently demanding an answer with eyes that haunt.

“I’ve been quiet too long,” Her voice drops further, half ashamed and half embarrassed, “I’m not going to do that anymore.”

Your venom is always at the ready, however, “I didn’t ask for that.”

“You didn’t,” Cameron agrees, “And if you tell me here and now that you never want to see my face again, I’ll do my best to give you that. I won’t let them drag you through the mud anymore, though, even if I never speak to you again.”

She nearly holds her breath. You’re silent, and she thinks this might be what a spiritual experience is like. At the very least, she feels resurrected.

She offers a small smile, and she could swear your lips twitch in return. The door opens, then, and the professor walks through to sit his things at the podium up front. Cameron is almost mad at the man for a split second, but she moves to return to her seat regardless.

She glances back at you, though. You’re looking at her, conflicted, and she’s never before found so much hope in turmoil.

[Jealousy - NB Cameron](#)

[Jul 11, 2023](#)

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They nearly hold her breath. You’re silent, and they think this might be what a spiritual experience is like. At the very least, they feel resurrected.

They offer a small smile, and they could swear your lips twitch in return. The door opens, then, and the professor walks through to sit his things at the podium up front. Cameron is almost mad at the man for a split second, but they move to return to their seat regardless.

They glance back at you, though. You’re looking at them, conflicted, and they’ve never before found so much hope in turmoil.

[M Kendall & F Rei Short Story](#)

[Jul 12, 2023](#)

*Another commission I'm sharing, this time featuring M Kendall and F Rei from The Unseelie!*

“Babes, I don’t know all that much about cooking,” Rei calls from where she’s slouched over on the kitchen table, “But I’m pretty sure cake batter doesn’t need to be whisked into oblivion.”

“Shut up,” Kendall interrupts her with a sharp hiss.

You resolutely ignore both of them, staring down at the mixing bowl below you. You’d like it if you had a one-track mind right about now, if you could wholly focus on this task and nothing else, but you’re not so lucky. The doubts creep in from all angles, and you wonder if you could have done something different.

Perhaps something that wouldn't have left you with another scar, something that wouldn't leave you with blood beneath your nails that you can never get out. No matter how hard you scrub, your hands are still stained with it-

"Hey..."

The word is quiet, hushed, spoken into the vacuum that your thoughts have created. You look up to see Kendall hovering next to you, brows furrowed and hands twitching from holding back.

"Yeah?" You ask, your nonchalance bordering on desperation.

His eyes drop to the already-healed wound on your shoulder. His is still bleeding sluggishly through the bandage wrapped around his shoulder and upper arm. You wonder, briefly, what kind of freak heals faster than a werewolf.

You, apparently.

He doesn't ask if you're okay, instead reaching his hand out in a silent offer. You see the way his fingers tremble; it's not easy for him, either. Neither of you express affection like Rei, with her easy touches and gentle hands.

Your nod is stiff, and his hand rests on the small of your back with painful devotion. Rei has come over as well, leaning against the counter and tilting her head to see your face.

"The cake won't bake itself," You insist, forcing a sort of positivity you don't really feel into the words.

But it's *fine*. It's fine. You'll *make* it fine.

Because if you show your emotions now, what lies beneath the veneer, you won't be able to stuff it all back in. Your guts will spill all over the floor, bloody and messy and raw, and you're not sure you'll be able to stitch yourself up yet again.

"And my hand won't hold itself either," Rei pouts slightly.

Kendall sighs, "Please, for five seconds-"

"No! I saw a bit of a smile, so shut up and let me work!" She leans across you to shove a hand in Kendall's face.

He bats her away with minimal annoyance, too used to her antics to be anything other than fond. You can't help the laughter that spills over, and Rei's smile is so bright and *pleased* it feels like you've been punched in the chest.

"Let me finish this," You say, "And then-"

And then. Then what? Then you'll lay on the couch while the oven timer ticks down slowly, holding two of the people you love most with blood-soaked hands?

"Fine," Rei sighs gustily, "We're waiting, though!"

She drags Kendall off to the living room, and he goes without complaint. You realize that, yes, you are going to hold them. Carefully, so as to not leave claw marks in something so precious, but you will hold them. You *will*. But something still makes you pause in the doorway, watching them for a moment before you enter.

The way Rei practically lays on top of Kendall, blabbering on about something that happened two weeks ago that she's told you both about four times already. Kendall listens all over again as if he's never heard the words, though, nodding as he strokes a hand up and down her back.

You take a step forward and pause. They've heard you, though, and they're both looking up with hopeful eyes. So you force your feet to move again, one foot after the other before you carefully sink down to join them.

There's a bit of shuffling as legs tangle together and bodies shift. Kendall is half on top of you, and your head is pressed against his shoulder while Rei remains comfortably situated on his chest.

Your eyes feel heavy, but you stubbornly keep them open, both so the cake doesn't burn and so you don't miss a moment of this encompassing warmth.

[Jealousy - Amrit](#)

[Jul 16, 2023](#)

Amrit Singh has never had cause to be jealous of anyone. If anything, his past partners were typically jealous of the attention he got as the heir of his family. He never really understood it aside from that; his partners knew he would never have eyes for anyone but them, so why were they jealous?

He's eating his words now as he sees a guy leaving the lecture hall with you, walking so close that your shoulders brush.

What makes it worse is you're not his partner, so he doesn't even have a leg to stand should he go and interrupt. Still, he's watching intensely, thinking maybe his stare could make the guy spontaneously combust or something.

That's when he notices the tight grip on your wrist, and soon after that he sees the tense line of your shoulders. The closer he looks at the situation, the more something feels off. As an aspiring journalist, he's quite good at trusting his gut.

So he abandons the picnic table outside the Student Center, leaving his bag and all, and races down the sidewalk to catch up with you both.

"Hey!" He says brightly as he gets closer, "I've been looking for you all day!"

You spin around, eyes wide at his sudden appearance. The guy breaks his grasp on you so he can turn as well, and Amri recognizes him almost immediately. Daniel Rhodes, a sorcerer in the same Intro to Alchemy class as him.

"Singh," Daniel raises an eyebrow as Amri approaches, "What are you doing here?"

Amrit notices you inching away in the corner of his eye. Daniel tries to reach out subtly to grab you again under the guise of reaching for your hand, but you dart away and slide closer to Amri's side. Your fingers are gripping around your keys like they're a weapon, and Amri can see the magic sparking behind your eyes.

A surge of pride wells up in his chest; you'd teach this bastard a good lesson if you got the chance. Unfortunately for Daniel, Amri's going to save you the trouble. This asshole's life is about to become a whole lot worse and you won't even need to lift a finger.

He's quite good at raising hell for a nephilim, after all.

"Oh, just interrupting this friendly chat." Amrit takes a step closer, brushing a wavy lock of hair from his eyes, "You don't mind, do you, babes?"

His eyes slide to you, and you startle at the sudden term of endearment. Daniel also sneers, glancing between the two of you like he's stepped in something particularly disgusting.

"Listen, I'm only angling for a night or two with them. You have nothing to worry about, Singh." The sorcerer scoffs, "Besides, I don't think even the Unchosen One deserves to be associated with you. You're so good at social suicide, you did it for your entire family."

He can hear his heartbeat pounding in his ears. A night or two? Social suicide? Does this dumbass even know when to quit talking? Amri sneers, stepping closer as his hands radiate a brilliant white light in the fading afternoon sun.

Daniel's face whitens immediately at the sight; he talks a big game, but Amri isn't weak by a long shot. It's clear the sorcerer is aware of that by how he scrambles back, but that's not enough to save him.

Amri slams his palm straight into Daniel's chest, sending the sleaze bag back a few steps with the force of the blow, light scattering around them as seraphic magic sizzles hot in the air.

The sorcerer staggers but manages to stay upright. What a pity.

Striding forward, he grips Daniel's shoulder tightly and leans in. His eyes are glowing with a white ring around his pupil, nearly turning his entire iris a stunning silver. The sorcerer shudders under his grasp, still twitching with the burning sensation of taking so much seraphic magic in a hit.

"Mention my family again and I'll show you just how little it takes to come up with enough dirt to ruin someone." Amri says, a deceptively pleasant smile in place as he delivers his warning, "And if you ever touch them again without their permission, you'll lose the offending fingers. Understand?"

There's a heavy pause, and Daniel's breath is shaking. Amrit realizes too late that he'd let his anger slip; his wings ruffle as flames spark on the very edges of his feathers, creating a halo of fire around him. It's easy for other supernaturals to forget that not every nephilim family is descended from an archangel.

He shakes his wings, the movement smothering the fire. When he releases Daniel, the sorcerer flees on down the sidewalk and into Robinson Hall, off to find another poor soul to harass.

Amrit huffs slightly, before turning back to you. You're staring, eyes wide, and he feels heat rushing to his face.

The first thing you ask, because damn his luck, is...

"Why did you call me babes?"

He swallows, giving a sheepish smile, "I thought it might annoy him. I'm sorry if it was unwelcome."

You don't give any visible reaction one way or the other to let him know, so he suffers in silence. You step closer, nudging a charred spot on the sidewalk with furrowed brows.

"You...catch fire?" You ask slowly, "I never saw Lu-uh, any other nephilim do that."

He bites his cheek to keep from chuckling at your slip up.

"The Riveras are descended from an archangel," He explains your unasked question, "I'm descended from a seraph. Vastly different choirs of angels, you see. Seraphim are known as the burning ones... though, I must say, not enough people take that name as literally as they should."

"Clearly," Your lips twitch, amused, "And do you only catch fire when you're mad? Or does it happen other times, too?"

He just barely stops from cringing in embarrassment. He shakes his smoking wings preemptively, giving you a dry look when you laugh.

You chuckle, "Alright, so it happens other times, too. Noted."



"No," Amri shakes his head, "Not noted. Don't note anything, especially not how to make my wings burst into flames!"

"Too late," You hum, "I can't unlearn it."

Your smile is, frankly, unfair. Amrit has never been this flustered in his *life* and it's ridiculous that you can reduce him to schoolboy with his first crush so easily. Regardless, he opts out of wallowing in his own pity for the time being and instead offers you his arm.

"So, pizza?" He asks, "I'll buy."

"Well, how can I resist an offer like that?" You shrug slightly, accepting his arm.

He keeps a very tight grip on his emotions as you both walk to the dining hall, but he still sees smoke wafting in the air from the corner of his eye. He would pray that you haven't seen it, but God has never been particularly fond of him and he can already see your smile growing as you smell a hint of ash in the air.

## [Jealousy - Amrita](#)

[Jul 16, 2023](#)

Amrita Singh has never had cause to be jealous of anyone. If anything, her past partners were typically jealous of the attention she got as the heiress of her family. She never really understood it aside from that; her partners knew she would never have eyes for anyone but them, so why were they jealous?

She's eating her words now as she sees a girl leaving the lecture hall with you, walking so close that your shoulders brush.

What makes it worse is you're not her partner, so she doesn't even have a leg to stand should she go and interrupt. Still, she's watching intensely, thinking maybe her stare could make the girl spontaneously combust or something.

That's when she notices the tight grip on your wrist, and soon after that she sees the tense line of your shoulders. The closer she looks at the situation, the more something feels off. As an aspiring journalist, he's quite good at trusting her gut.

So she abandons the picnic table outside the Student Center, leaving her bag and all, and races down the sidewalk to catch up with you both.

"Hey!" She says brightly as she gets closer, "I've been looking for you all day!"

You spin around, eyes wide at her sudden appearance. The girl breaks her grasp on you so she can turn as well, and Amri recognizes her almost immediately. Danielle Rhodes, a sorcerer in the same Intro to Alchemy class as her.

"Singh," Danielle raises an eyebrow as Amri approaches, "What are you doing here?"

Amrita notices you inching away in the corner of her eye. Danielle tries to reach out subtly to grab you again under the guise of reaching for your hand, but you dart away and slide closer to Amri's side. Your fingers are gripping around your keys like they're a weapon, and Amri can see the magic sparking behind your eyes.

A surge of pride wells up in her chest; you'd teach this asshole a good lesson if you got the chance. Unfortunately for Danielle, Amri's going to save you the trouble. This asshole's life is about to become a whole lot worse and you won't even need to lift a finger.

She's quite good at raising hell for a nephilim, after all.

"Oh, just interrupting this friendly chat." Amrita takes a step closer, brushing a wavy lock of hair from her eyes, "You don't mind, do you, babes?"

Her eyes slide to you, and you startle at the sudden term of endearment. Danielle also sneers, glancing between the two of you like she's stepped in something particularly disgusting.

"Listen, I'm only angling for a night or two with them. You have nothing to worry about, Singh." The sorcerer scoffs, "Besides, I don't think even the Unchosen One deserves to be associated with you. You're so good at social suicide, you did it for your entire family."

She can hear her heartbeat pounding in her ears. A night or two? Social suicide? Does this dumbass even know when to quit talking? Amri sneers, stepping closer as her hands radiate a brilliant white light in the fading afternoon sun.

Danielle's face whitens immediately at the sight; she talks a big game, but Amri isn't weak by a long shot. It's clear the sorcerer is aware of that by how she scrambles back, but that's not enough to save her.

Amri slams her palm straight into Danielle's chest, sending the sleaze bag back a few steps with the force of the blow, light scattering around them as seraphic magic sizzles hot in the air.

The sorcerer staggers but manages to stay upright. What a pity.

Striding forward, she grips Danielle's shoulder tightly and leans in. Her eyes are glowing with a white ring around her pupil, nearly turning her entire iris a stunning silver. The sorcerer shudders under her grasp, still twitching with the burning sensation of taking so much seraphic magic in a hit.

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The first thing you ask, because damn her luck, is...

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[Quick Weekly Update!](#)

[Jul 16, 2023](#)

Some of you might already know, but my friend was in the hospital for emergency surgery this week, so things were a bit chaotic. Everything is all good now (we hope) so here's what's coming today!

🕯️ Avery, Harlow, and ???'s jealousy stories! They're written, just need to edit them at this point.

💀 Wraith tier commissions! If your commission was due this past week, it should be making it's way toward you sometime this afternoon.

🌟 Viktor won the spicy poll and Theo won the RO POV poll!

📖 Theo's RO POV will be posted TODAY (tomorrow at the latest)! Yay!

🌶️ Viktor's spicy side story will be reaching your screens on his birthday lol! July 20th, this Thursday, is when it will be posted.

🔪 The Disenchanted mini update (that's NOT so mini anymore lol) is now officially projected for July 23rd!

⚓ Reaper's Bay (the full chapter one) will also reach you guys the weekend of the 29th. I'll update more when I have all the specifics!

The poly side story poll is ongoing, and Wraith tiers and up have also been voting on art. It looks like Vik/Luci is winning the poly poll, however, and Disenchanted is winning the art poll!

I'll also be posting Taisiya and Mikhail's first side story for Wraith tier and up sometime this week!

If anyone has any questions or concerns, *please* feel free to reach out! Also, if any Wraith or Fae tier is wanting to claim their commission this month and you haven't already, please message me your request on Patreon by the 24th.

### [Disenchanted: RO POVs by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/disenchanted-ro-povs>

[Theo's POV: In Your Bed...](#)

[Jul 17, 2023](#)

The average play-through is about ~1,300 words and is Theo's POV of MC asking them to stay the night in their room...

Let me know what you guys think ❤️

Password: theobedpov

### [Disenchanted Ch 2 Luci's Update](#)

[Jul 19, 2023](#)

Discover more from Harlow about their wails and be confronted with some old ghosts...metaphorical this time, of course.

[Play Here!](#)

Password: **LuciUpdate**

This is part of the mini update while I try to fix some of the siren code in Penny's part, which comes after this along with Amri. It threw a very unexpected wrench as I was adding flavor text lol. That will also hopefully come today since my beta is reading it when she wakes up lol <3

## [Disenchanted: Spicy Sides by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/disenchanted-spicy-sides>

### [Viktor's Spicy Side Story](#)

[Jul 22, 2023](#)

[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

Vik's Story 'By the Horns' has now been uploaded! It took a bit longer cause I added more at the end lol, it now sits at around an average of 1,500~ words per playthrough.

Hope you all enjoy 🌶️

I've also added little descriptions of the kinks included in the story under the stories themselves in the selection menu.

Password: VIKBIRTHDAY

### [Jealousy - M Wraith](#)

[Jul 25, 2023](#)

In truth, he doesn't know what name to give the bubbling feeling of upset and spite that stirs in his incorporeal gut. He has no beating heart, yet his chest aches. He doesn't breathe, but he feels breathless. He's but a ghost, a wraith, yet he feels more alive at this moment than he can ever remember.

And while it is true he can't remember all that much of anything, the point still stands.

The living mortal, a sorcerer, walks beside you as you leave class. You don't enjoy his presence, Wraith knows. Even if he didn't live inside your head, your body language was screaming your discomfort to anyone with half a brain. Then again, this sorcerer didn't even seem to have *that* much, so perhaps he's holding the mortal to standards too high.

You don't want this sorcerer near you. Is that why he's upset at the sight of him walking next to you? So close-

So close that his arm brushes yours, skin touching skin.

He realizes then that jealousy is what he feels, white-hot and ugly. Because even if you don't want this idiot near you, even if you don't want his time or his touch, he's still *capable* of it. If you wanted those things of Wraith? He couldn't. He wanted to, he wanted to so desperately, but he still *couldn't*.

You finally manage to escape into the lecture hall of your next class, clearly uncomfortable and jarred. Wraith watches the man go and wants to rip his beating heart out not only for disturbing you but for having the capability to even do so.

Inquisitive thoughts brush against his mind and he winces at the sudden intrusion. You're looking right at him, the only living being capable of seeing his ghostly form, and he allows his lips to twitch up into a smile for your sake.

*You're angry*, your thoughts whisper as the professor enters the room and you're forced to look away.

"I am," He agrees out loud.

It's not like anyone else can hear him.

*Why?* You pose the question gently, prying at the bitter envy he's keeping tucked close to his heart.

"That man. The sorcerer." Wraith sneers, "I dislike him."

You cough to hide a laugh as you stare down at your textbook. He takes momentary satisfaction that his words, as truthfully resentful as they are, can ease the tense line of your shoulders. You tap your pencil against the desk, clearly fighting the itch to turn to him fully. He wants you to, wants you to see him... wants proof that he's really here.

God, why is he here?

Your brows twitch, furrowing, and your eyes dart in his direction before returning to the front of the lecture hall. He'd been thinking that a bit too loudly, then.

*You're here*, you think softly, the words a caress. *You're here and I want you to stay here*.

That last thought hits him hard in a very soft spot. He remains quiet for the rest of your class, and your worry is tangible. As he drifts out of the room next to you, you make a point of leaning in close. You brush through him instead of actually knocking your shoulders together, but he can almost imagine your touch in his head. He can picture what it would feel like, what *you* would feel like, and he cannot eat but he now knows how to describe hunger.

Your thoughts are messy and hard for Wraith to detangle, but he thinks he understands the core of the emotion that lies within them. Concern, yearning, worry...



He cuts himself off from analyzing any further. There's no point in trying to begin something; forget crossing the finish line, he doesn't think he could even manage the start of it.

So he pulls back despite your concern, returning to the recesses of your mind despite how you call out for him. He wants to call back, but he won't. He can't.

## [Jealousy - F Wraith](#)

[Jul 25, 2023](#)

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So she pulls back despite your concern, returning to the recesses of your mind despite how you call out for her. She wants to call back, but she won't. She can't.

[Spicy Orion & F MC Short Story](#)

[Jul 26, 2023](#)

[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

The two horses kick up snow in their wake, flying down the Oclesian trails at speeds that would be dangerous for inexperienced riders. Luckily, you're far from inexperienced.

You're also going to win this impromptu race.

Your horse gallops across the predetermined finish line seconds before Orion, and you twist in your saddle so he can see your celebratory smile. He isn't cross with you; instead, the look on his face is fondly amused.

Jumping down from the saddle after seeing Orion do the same, you tie your steed to a nearby tree before turning to the general. His dark hair is pulled back for once, only a few shorter strands framing his face. His tanned brown skin is stained a deep red from the cold and wind, and you see a thin cut along the curve of his cheek as he comes closer.

You raise an eyebrow at the sluggishly bleeding wound, "How did you manage that?"

"What?" He raises a gloved hand, prodding at the small scratch, "Oh."

He pulls his hand away, looking at the blood staining the leather. He glances back up at you, shrugging.

"A hanging branch, maybe?" He suggests, "We were going so fast I barely noticed."

"Come here," You beckon him closer, removing your gloves and tucking them into your belt.

Your fingertips glow golden as they reach for him, and the cut is gone in moments. The skin stitches itself back together with ease, and you carefully wipe the blood smear away with a cloth from your saddlebag. You're a talented healer, but Orion knows best of all that your hands can do grievous damage just as easily. He's seen it happen in his defense, after all.

"Rowan is terribly jealous of how easily that comes to you, just so you're aware." He smiles slightly, cupping your bare hands in his gloved ones.

"Rowan can level entire towns just by breathing," You roll your eyes.

Orion scoffs, "And you can't?"

"Details." You say, "Besides, could you imagine Rowan as a healer? They'd be terrifying."

"That's true," He squeezes your hands before releasing them, "I much prefer you to any other healer, regardless."

"As you should," You sniffle in the cold, rubbing at your nose as you trudge forward.

"I truly hate to ask, but do you know where, exactly, we're going?" He asks, glancing around the terrain, "I see no steam."

"It's below, if I recall. This path down, and then over by a cluster of evergreen trees." You gesture down the rocky slope.

"Don't fall." He warns, clutching at the back of your cloak as you both begin to descend.

"You almost fall off a cliff, over a year ago mind you," You insist, "And they never let it go."

"Your argument might have more merit if you remained safe after I grabbed you by the scruff to stop your tumble," Orion responds dryly, "But did you remain safe?"

You fight back a pout. The both of you know the answer to that is a firm and resounding no.

"Exactly," Orion says as you reach the bottom of the slope down.

The steam is hard to spot amongst the refracted light of the sun hitting the snow, but you grew up in Clearwater. Hot springs are something you've known the ins and outs of since you were a child.

You tug Orion forward by the hand until you're both standing before a large pool of crystalline water. It lies hidden amidst the rock and trees, large enough to fit at least a dozen comfortably, and the two of you have it all to yourselves.

"Undress," You nudge your companion, already shedding your own layers.

The redness on his face grows, but he slowly moves to follow your lead. You use the evergreens as hangers so your clothes don't get wet with snow as you take a dip in the warm water. When you finally nudge your shoes off with your pants and undergarments, you're all too eager to escape into the warm water to soothe the chill of your skin.

Orion doesn't share your urgency. He lingers, standing bare with his knees pressed together, his eyes locked on you. You wade to the edge of the pool, the water lapping around your shoulders as you smile up at him.

"Get in," You say, the command hidden in the guise of a request.

It's clear he understands he doesn't actually have an option. He steps in, one foot after the other, shoulders relaxing under the calming warmth. He takes your hand, letting you draw him closer.

"See?" You say, gesturing to the lack of goosebumps, "Not so cold, right?"

"It's odd," He frowns slightly, "There's snow five feet away from us, yet I feel as if I'm sitting by the fireplace."

"Hot springs are magical," You say with an air of wisdom, "My old town made some good money off tourists thanks to them."

"I can imagine," He says, tensing as your hand strokes up his arm.

You can't fight back your smile, spinning him around in the water and pushing him to set on a small dip in the rock. You prop yourself up in his lap, enjoying the heat from both his body and the spring. It's enough to give you a heady rush, like the best kind of fever you could ask for.

"What are-" He begins, exasperated, but falters when you bring your lips to his jaw.

"What was that?" You pull back, smirking, "Were you saying something?"

"I-" He bites his lips as you squirm in his lap, "I-"

"Come on, dearest." You prompt, teasing, "Use your words."

His dark eyes are intense as they trace your every move, yet he still makes no move to stop you. You nip at his collarbone, enjoying the way his hands come to grip at your hips with a sharp gasp.

"I'm assuming you've never been intimate in the hot springs, then?" You ask, grabbing his hands and moving them even lower, "I haven't either, but I've heard great things."

You gasp as he takes the hint, his thumb brushing across that sensitive bundle of nerves that lays right at the beginning of your entrance. His fingers are long and just as graceful as the rest of him as he pushes inside you.

You rock against him, your head rolling forward to lay against his shoulder, your foggy breath dancing across the sensitive skin of his neck. He shudders against the feeling, his movements remaining gentle even as yours become more aggressive.

"More," You gasp.

His movements picks up speed as you tremble, your arms coming to wrap around his shoulders. Your fingers tangle in the thick of his hair, pulling the red ribbon loose. You grab a fistful as the wavy locks come spilling down and pull tightly, forcing his head back. His fingers hesitate for the briefest moment, his breath stuttering.

"Did I tell you to stop?" You whisper the question against the pulse of his neck, lavishing a kiss across the sensitive skin.

Your ears strain to catch the quiet whimper as he dutifully continues, his fingers going even deeper than before. You reach a hand down, grasping the hardness that lies against his belly, and squeeze.

His moan is loud, reverberating in the quiet of the forest, and his hand jerks inside you until your noises echo his. Those long, deadly fingers find that place inside you that has stars bursting across your vision and you speed up your own movements.

He chokes on on a whine, his forehead dropping down to rest against your own. You bring your free hand up to cup his cheek.

"Eyes on me," You breath out, feeling the pressure building in your abdomen as you slowly approach your climax, "You heard me the first time, dearest. Eyes on me."

He obeys, eyes sliding open. They're bright with pleasure and want, and he looks so beautiful with his golden skin flushed and his broad chest heaving with desire. A dangerous man, a horribly deadly man, brought to heel by you in his lap. The thought sends desire bolting through you.

"That's it," You praise, watching the way his pupils dialate and breaths come quicker at your words, "You're so pretty when you finish."

It's silent for a beat. He clenches his jaw, his eyes pleading.

"Do it now." You whispers, stroking him hard once and then twice, "Finish for me. I want to watch."

He does so almost immediately, your words pushing him over the edge. He falls, breaking into a thousand pieces against that now-familiar tide of satisfaction, and the sight has you following right after. You lean against each other in the afterglow, basking in the contentedness that comes so easily with love.

"Did you have that planned this whole time?" He finally speaks, voice raw.

"Hm," You grunt non-committally, "Perhaps."

He sighs deeply through his nose, "I should know better at this point,"

"You really should," You agree lazily, "Any time I can get your pants off-"

He cuts you off with a quick, if rather chaste, kiss. You giggle slightly, moving to wrap your arms around his waste and hug him close.

"You're troublesome." Orion says simply, as if he's discovered some forbidden knowledge of the world.

"You knew that the moment you met me," You laugh outright now, "And you kept coming back for more! I think that says something about you and not about me."

"That I'm a fool?" He rolls his eyes, "Yes, we've long established that."

"My fool," You correct, pinching his cheek lightly.

You delight in the way he instantly melts under your touch. For all his bluff and pretense, for how hard he tried to deny his feelings at the beginning of it all and play the act of a cold bastard, he fully defrosts under your attention now.

You wouldn't have it any other way.

## [Emil Short Story](#)

[Jul 27, 2023](#)

The ale burns your throat as it slides down. That makes sense; after all, you'd requested the tavern's strongest brew. Being sent on quests wasn't unusual at this point, and it's certainly not the source of your current distress. Emil being present, however, *is*.

The Queen has become fond of sending you off to do odds and ends for her with either Florian or Marcella, or both if the situation demands. She believes it instills discipline in her son, despite the fact that it most certainly does *not*. Regardless, she's of that opinion and is not one to be dissuaded.

Of course, since you're going on quests for the crown, that means the Renauds just have to poke their heads into matters and force their heir to tag along, too. Hence your current predicament; you're tired and away from home with no one but Emil for company. Well, him and your ale, now.

If you're being honest, the ale might be a better companion.

It's bitter thinking, to be certain, but you can't bring yourself to care. You sit your glass down on the table, careful not to send amber liquid sloshing. Emil sits across from you, pushing around carrots and beef like he's lost all his appetite. He's been quiet this whole time, barely speaking a word outside the necessary. It's something you've grown used to; the talkative and borderline bossy boy of your youth is gone, replaced by a ghost wearing the same face.

Your mouth twists. He glances up. It remains quiet.

Drink after drink comes and goes; ale for you, water for him. Perhaps you'll regret it in the morning, but you can't deal with this right now. The feelings, the emotions, the memories; they need to be gone, if only briefly, if only for the night. You want to be numb.

"Maybe you've had enough," Emil suggests quietly.

You look up and realize you're crying. Looks like the ale was a rather shitty companion after all.

"You don't get to tell me when I've had enough," You choke out, "You don't have any say in anything I do."

His mouth moves, wordless. Then his lips press together firmly and he's staring down at his hands. Your eyes drift down, too, and you see the myriad of scars that mar his fingers and palms. Your heart twists violently but you force yourself to tear your gaze away.

You don't care. You don't care.



"I don't care," You slur slightly, jaw clenched.

Emil hesitates, glancing up, "About...what?"

"You." The word shoots from your lips, heedless of its impact.

And it *does* have an impact. His eyelids flutter, a flinch of disbelief, and you see his throat bob as he swallows his grief. You turn your own teary gaze down, regretting the words but not enough to take them back.

"You never cared about me," You mourn, "Why should I care? Why do I *still* care?"

"Daisy-" He tries to speak, voice hoarse.

You practically recoil at the old nickname; it's a reminder of braided flower crowns, of time spent in the gardens and fields. Back when you would pluck daisies and twist them into dark hair with childlike joy and wonder.

You don't need any more reminders.

"Don't call me that," You plead, "Not after what happened. Not after you left me."

His face twists, like he's in pain, and you're almost happy he finally feels what you've been feeling all these years. Then, immediately after, the regret sits in. It's not as if he's been the picture-perfect heir all these years; he's falling apart visibly, barely holding himself together at the seams.

Is it an excuse? Is it a valid reason for that old concern and empathy to be bubbling up your throat again, as acidic in your mouth as bile?

"Please." His eyes slip closed, "You're drunk. Please stop."

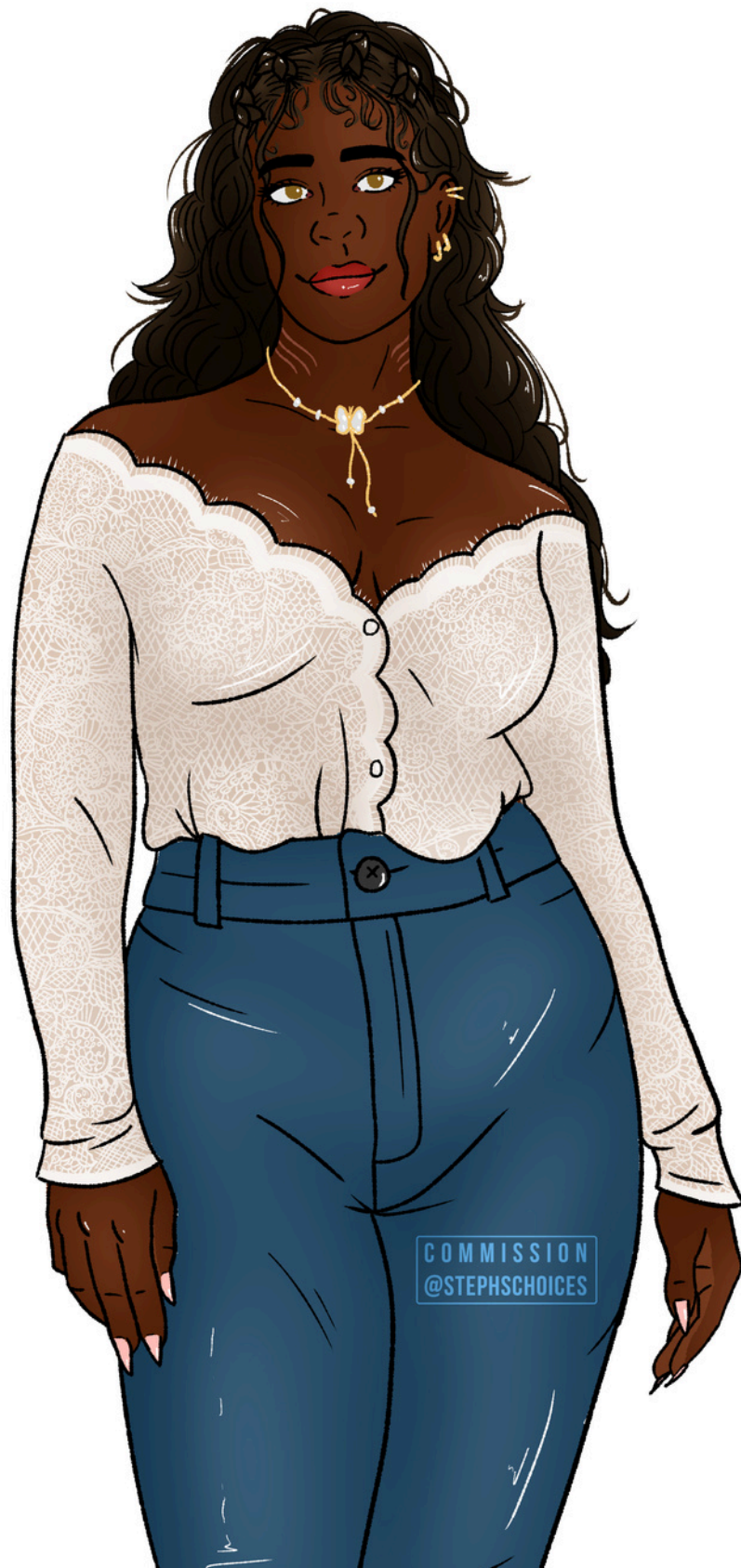
And just like that, hearing your name on his tongue, you're breaking apart. Your lips tremble and the tears fall faster, hitting both the table and Emil's heart. Maybe if you pretend, maybe if you don't look up and see him breaking, too...

Maybe then you can ignore all the signs that point to mutual destruction.

"You should go to bed," He says, his eyes far away.

You hardly notice. Your mind is just as gone. When he stands and guides you carefully by the arm, you follow like a shade. You enter your room and let him close the door before you lean against it and slide to the floor, heart empty and aching.

Maybe he isn't the only one who's a ghost wearing the face of someone who's long gone. Maybe you are too.



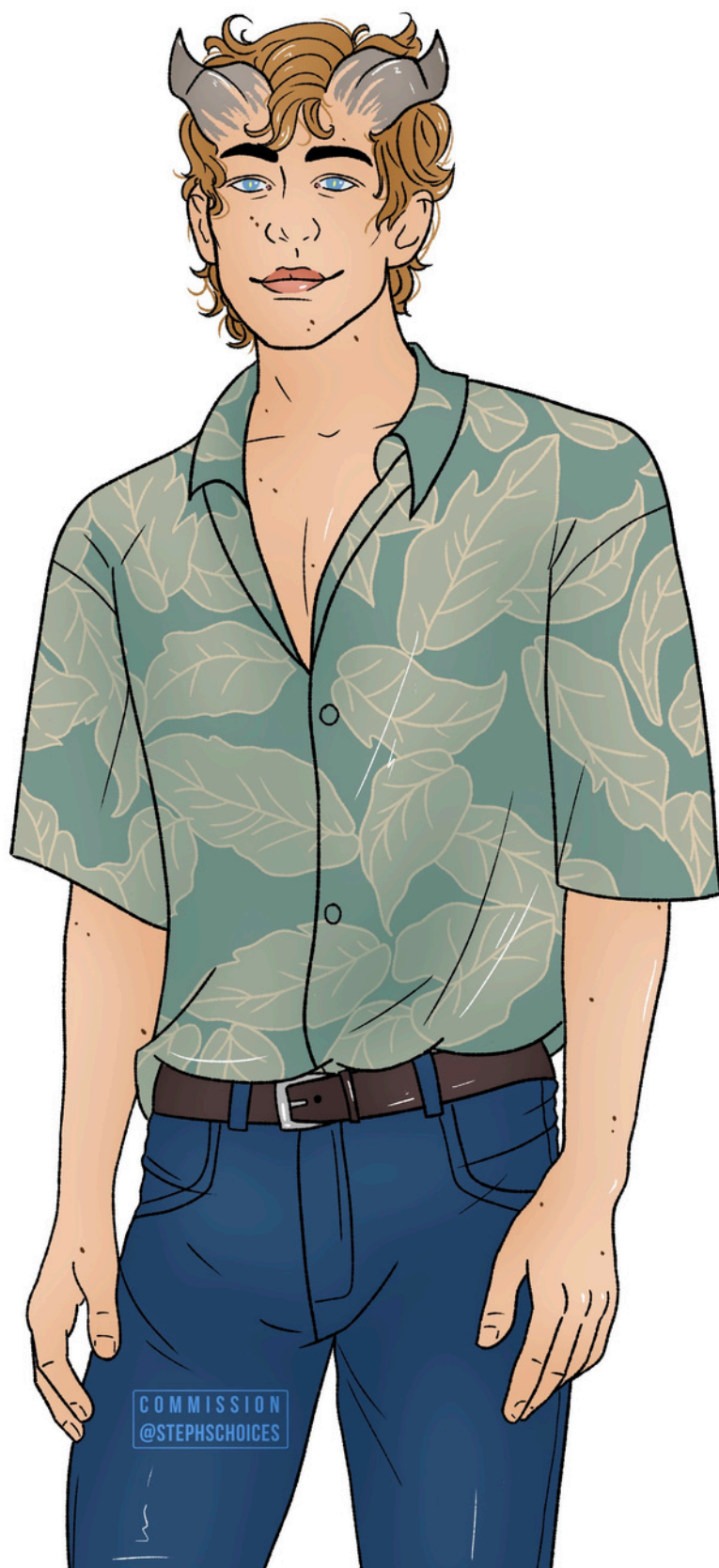
[Penny Early Access](#)

[Jul 27, 2023](#)

The Disenchanted art has begun! Penny and Vik are up first as the two gender-locked ROs, and then we'll vote on the rest from here on out!

Here's Penny, our beloved siren, with her love of butterflies and lace and her very sharp claws.

Art done by @stephschoices ❤️



[Viktor Early Access](#)

[Jul 27, 2023](#)

And here's Vik, our dearest draca!

Art again done by @stephschoices ❤️

### [Spicy Marius & F MC Short Story](#)

[Jul 29, 2023](#)

[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

This was a fool's errand from the start. You're dull, it's a simple fact, and no attempts at spicing things up will ever change that undeniable truth. Lingerie won't change it, and the brief period of mania in which you thought this was a good idea certainly won't change it.

You'll admit, however, that holding the soft lace in your hands and feeling the slip of it against your skin as you slid it on had you feeling good. You, for however brief of a second, felt attractive.

Then you looked in the mirror, and it was all over.

In all fairness, it's not the lingerie's fault you're insecure. The pattern is intricate, and the lingerie is far finer than anything you should be able to afford. You aren't exactly raking in coin by being a bookstore clerk, but Marius is only free with his money when it comes to you. You had asked for the gold, not mentioning the reason for fear of melting into an embarrassed puddle, and he provided without question.

You're no longer royalty in any sense of the word, but sometimes he acts like you are.

Quality isn't the issue here. You are. The lace clung to your soft curves and stomach in ways you didn't really enjoy, so you'd thrown a light dress on to cover up your shame before rushing out the door.

Shifting slightly at his side now, your second guesses and hesitations rear their ugly heads once more. You cast a sidelong glance at his profile; the strong jaw, sharp brown eyes, his dark curls that shift with the breeze. You resist shifting in discomfort at the insidious little voice inside you that whispers you'll never be good enough for him.

He's Marius de Klerk, the Snake of the Bay, and you're...what? Washed-up royalty?

You swallow hard, biting your cheek. Telling him your intentions is out of the question at this point. You'll go home, forget this ever happened, and mourn the money wasted on the stupid lingerie that Mari never even got to see.

"We won't be long here," His hand brushes over the small of your back as he looks over to give you a tilted grin, "Then we'll grab lunch like I promised."

"Who are you meeting?" You ask, looking out at the bay and the murky water that stirs beneath the dock.

"One of Kumar's men." He frowns slightly, "Sorry for not giving you a warning; it came up suddenly."

"It's fine." You shrug slightly, biting at your lip.

Heaving a small sigh, Marius turns to gently cup your cheek in the palm of his left hand. Long fingers caress the skin there, and you feel heat rushing to your cheeks. Fighting back the blush at this point is futile.

"Susette," He says, voice hushed as he speaks the name your mother gave you, well aware of those who might be listening in, "What's wrong?"

You pout slightly, "Don't give me the full name treatment."

He rolls his eyes, dropping his hand to rest it at your waist, "Don't avoid the question."

"Just anxious." You look down at your hands, "That's all."

He opens his mouth, likely to try and pry, when you hear bustling behind you. You both turn at the same time a deckhand passes by with three cargo boxes stacked in his arms. You each move to the side, but the man still ends up knocking against your shoulder as his foot catches a stray rope.

You see Marius's face pale as you fall backward, and suddenly you're beneath the water. It enters your nose and mouth as the shock has you gasping. You taste the briny water, feel it weigh you down, and you know you're not the first body to be pushed off these docks.

Your sister wasn't the first. Laurie wasn't the first. They weren't the last, either, but they still died here. They died in this bay and you-

You can't breathe.

Arms flailing, you finally reach the surface and heave as you spit up bloodstained water, shivering at the gruesome imagery your brain cooks up. Hands hold you by forearms, and you look up to Mari kneeling down on the dock with pursed lips.

"Susu," He barks, stress making his words harsher than he intends, "Hey, come on, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," You cough, your nose and throat sore from suddenly inhaling the water, "I promise, I'm fine."

Planting your hands flat on the dock, you pull yourself up. Your dress weighs you down a bit, and you're suddenly glad you hadn't opted for anything heavier. Mari steadies you on the slick wood, and you wipe

your damp hair from your face with clumsy and shaking hands.

You hate this dock and this bay. It's determined to kill you, just like it did your sister.

"Hey," Mari looks into your eyes, "You promised."

Your attention snaps to him, and you nod slightly, sparing him a smile. He brightens at that, helping you push blonde curls away from your neck and shoulders.

"Uh, um, ma'am?" The same man as before stands off to the side, the boxes stacked by his feet as he looks at you with cheeks stained bright red, "Your, uh, your dress--"

You realize what he's talking about as Mari finally looks down at your body, his eyes widening. Your cream-colored dress is obviously soaked through, revealing the lace lingerie beneath. *Only* the lace lingerie, to be specific, because that's all you put on in way of undergarments this morning.

Before you can do anything outside of fumbling for words, Marius has ripped the coat from his own shoulders and tossed it over you. He's taller and broader, and the thick material is warming your wind-chilled, damp form quickly. You tug it tight around your front, hiding as much of yourself as possible while trying to scurry from the deckhand's eyes. Mari notices, turning toward the man with a deadly glare.

"Get the fuck away from us." He snaps, teeth bared in a deadly smile, "Or they'll be fishing you from the water next."

"Mr. De Klerk?" The man's face whitens rapidly as he takes several quick steps back, "I swear, I didn't mean to--"

"I couldn't give any less of a fuck what you meant to do." Mari says, his voice dark, "I did tell you to *leave*, however, and I would suggest you listen."

The deckhand clearly doesn't need another *suggestion*, as all present know it would likely involve a bullet. He scatters in seconds, abandoning the cargo he'd been carrying in favor of his life, and Mari turns to pull you close as if hiding you from the world.

"That was mean," You chide.

"I'm mean," He counters, "And I'm also not worried about that right now."

You avoid his gaze, but he only shifts to maintain eye contact.

"I'm sorry," You say, sheepish, "I know it was a waste of money."

"I'm going to give you a pile of gold the size of your head," He says, voice even and clear, "And you're going to buy whatever lacy, silky items you like. Then, should I be so privileged, you'll show me yourself in them."



Freezing, you look at him, "But I-"

"If a single word of self-deprecation comes out of your mouth, I'll have to find something to occupy it. You know I can't stand lies." He draws closer, his lips barely brushing your own, "Luckily, I know just the thing."

You're not sure who tilts forward first, but his lips are warm against yours. His hands move down your waist, brushing against his own coat as if he's imagining the lace that lies beneath. He draws you closer until your bodies are flush from chest to thigh, and you feel his hardness against your hip.

You shudder slightly as you pull away. He watches you, eyes hungry, and you damn near have to press your knees together against the surge of heat that washes over you.

"We're in public," He mutters, pained.

You shift against him, making him close his eyes and bite off a moan.

"Then let's not be in public anymore." You say, kissing his neck, "My place is closer...um, if you can just ditch Kumar's messenger like that, of course."

"Fuck Kumar," He hisses.

He says nothing else, only taking you by the hand and tugging you forward.

That's how you both end up in your small apartment above the still-open bookstore. The owner waves at the both of you, blissfully unaware of your plans. You sheepishly wave back before dashing past the customers and heading up the stairs.

You're stripped of his coat and your dress upon entrance, leaving only the damp lace to adorn your skin. He pushes you up against the wall, the kiss greedy and demanding; in the end, you can't help the moan he rips out of you.

"Again," He whispers, "Make that noise again. Let everyone know how good I make you feel."

His hands drift south and you throw your head back obediently. You think of the customers downstairs, of the owner running the shop for the day, and the embarrassment that pools in your gut only worsens your arousal.

The fingers withdraw after a moment, leaving you to whine at the loss. Then he drops to his knees, hikes up your lacey little slip around your waist, and replaces the digits with that damned quick tongue of his. The feel of it has your knees quivering as a sharp gasp is wrenched from you, the noise wanton. Mari's hands grip the back of your thighs as he swipes his tongue across your clit before going even deeper.

You very nearly slide down the wall, only stopping your descent by bracing yourself against the credenza next to you.

"Mari," You whine, voice high pitched and breathy, "Please, please, Mari."

He runs a hand over your legs as he quickens his movements, bringing spit-slick fingers up to push into you as well. Your hips buck, desperate as you teeter on the edge, and when he hooks a finger inside you just right and hits that spot-

Your eyes slip closed, pleasure shaking your body as you fall over the edge and give in to the familiar pleasure. He takes you into his arms, carrying you like one would their bride, and you bury your burning face in his neck.

"Did that feel good, love?" He asks as he opens the door and carries you inside, "Want me to make you feel better?"

Groaning slightly, you squirm in his grasp. He lays you on the blankets covering your bed, shedding his pants and working on the buttons of his shirt. His right hand falters, his fingers twitching, and you lean forward to undo the last few buttons for him. You glance up and see how his face has softened as he leans down and pulls you into a burning kiss.

You fall backward with him on top of you, feeling his length brush against you. Trembling, you move to untie the lace but he stops your hand with a quick movement, eyes dark with desire.

"Leave it." He says, leaning closer, "You look so pretty like this."

He brings a hand up to your chest, running a thumb over one lace-covered nipple. You gasp, leaning into the touch as he grinds against your thigh.

"Marius," You whimper, wanting to press closer until he's finally inside you, "Mari, now."

"Now?" He drawls out, smirking slightly, "You want me now?"

He chuckles at your face, gripping you by the hips and dragging you closer. He presses against you, sliding in as the feeling has you struggling to breathe in the best way. You keen sharply, hips bucking as he enters you fully. You try to grab his shoulders and pull him closer, but he wraps your fingers in his own and pins your hands to the bed.

He's still holding your hands as he thrusts sharply, jolting your body in a way that has your head rolling back. You cry out, but he swallows the sound in his own mouth as he captures you in a kiss. He's merciless as he takes you apart methodically; he enjoys watching you fall apart under his hands, likes to see you crumble under the pleasure.

"Love you," You gasp as he presses even closer, pushing even deeper, railing against your body even harder.

"I love you," He says in response, "So, so much more than I thought myself capable."

Tears build up behind thick lashes, trembling as he strokes against that spot inside you with each thrust.

"You're more than you think you are," You heave for breath, emotions strangling you, "So much more."

"Just for you," He rests his head against your collarbone, releasing your hands to hug your body against his own, "Only you."

You feel him break as he reaches his climax, the warmth inside your body sending you tumbling into your second orgasm of the evening. You take a deep, shaking breath as you card your fingers through his curls, cradling him against your body as you let the afterglow wash over you.

He tremors against you, his hands bunching up the lace between his fists, something other than pleasure making his shoulders shake.

"I love you," You whisper once more.

The sob finally rips its way out of his chest, and you just keep a tight grasp on him, soothing him through it as he whispers his devotion into your tear-slick skin.

[Disenchanted Ch 2](#)

[Jul 30, 2023](#)



♥ Password: CH2JUL ♥

[PLAY HERE.](#)

SAVES **ARE** BROKEN. **PLEASE BEGIN A NEW GAME.**

🕯 Meet your ghost.

🕯 Attend Weekend of Welcome.

🕯️ Interact with a past best left buried.

🕯️ Remember...or don't. Can you?

🕯️ What was the fire...what was the knife?

🕯️ Why are they missing...or are they missing at all?

**Warning:** This chapter features heavy mentions of blood and has light mentions of gore. Also mentions a house fire and burning alive. Stay safe!

### [August Spicy Side Poll](#)

[Aug 1, 2023](#)

Pick who you'd like to get the next spicy side story! 🌶️

These choices were selected by you guys in suggestions post! ❤️

Florian Vasil (FL)

Emil Renaud (FL)

Kai Martens (RB)

Amri Singh (D)

Luci Rivera (D)

Cameron Fletcher (D)

Ari Novik (FL)

Kiran Patel (TU)

Morgan Byrnes (TU)

Julian Fortier (FL)

Charlie Ortiz (D)

Orion Morosov (FL)

124 votes total

## [Jealousy - M Avery](#)

[Aug 1, 2023](#)

He's not quite sure when he started feeling this way. Somewhere between residual distrust and the bitter misunderstandings, his heart softened and the walls he'd built up crumbled to dust. Was he always meant to end up here, at the mercy of someone he once thought was born to kill him?

Because he is. At your mercy, that is.

Just looking at you from across the room, he feels his heart racing in an uneven rhythm. He's glamourised right now, hidden, unable to reach out lest you both face the consequences. It kills him to be stuck on the sidelines and only able to watch as the show plays out; he's used to changing the plot as he pleases, not being a device of it.

You, though. God, you're working these Council assholes like a pro. Your jittery nerves and panic are long gone, replaced by unsettling certainty and a cold determination as you watch them all play right into your hands.

You might be the Unchosen, a pariah...but something about you pulls people in regardless. A kind of magnetism that exists even when you're going through hell and uncertain you'll make out the other side.

He appreciates that about you. Respects it, even. Still, bitter anger stirs in his gut as he sees the wolves circling you, watches the vultures ready themselves to swoop. You don't just affect him, but all of them, too. They all want you just like he does and it makes him want to scratch his skin till it bleeds.

A young man, an upcoming politician, leans close to you. You laugh so naturally, but the anger in your eyes brings him comfort. You hate these people just as much as he does, he reminds himself. This is solely for information, not because you enjoy being around these bloodsuckers.

The man hovers a hand above your shoulder. Avery's blunt nails draw blood from his palms.

When you finally draw away from the small group of tittering assholes, you catch his eye and go toward the bathroom. It makes a chill run down his spine; you can always see him, even when no one else can.

He slides through the door right after you, locking it behind him. As the glamour ripples away, falling from him in rivulets, your eyes drop to his marred palms.

Your eyebrow twitches up, playful, "What happened there?"

"They were too familiar," Avery says quietly, not able to look directly at you.

From his peripheral, he sees you huff a quiet laugh. You draw closer, your hand sliding in his own wounded one, and he goes stock still.

"You don't need to worry about that," You say quietly, "We both know why we're here."

It's a strange dichotomy of emotions that arise at the reminder. Anger towards those that have failed so many, but relief that you're here beside him. Disgust, because he himself failed as well, and-

And love. Love for you. For how you never failed, how you never could fail, even if everyone else claimed otherwise. You're the closest he'll ever be to holy and he's okay with that.

Love, if only he could let himself.

Your hand squeezes his, grounding, and he finally accepts the truth as you stand there next to him. He's a cliff crumbling to you, to the sea below.

He glances over and you smile, gentle despite the blood on his hands. The anger of his youth is gone, replaced with something that tastes like regret, but you sweeten the bitterness.

"Ready?" You ask, eyes pleading.

"Ready." He confirms, bending farther than he thought possible.

Because that's what you do. You make him bend. He always wanted to make the world better, but you make him want to be better.

He follows you out the door, once more hidden from prying eyes, yet still your gaze falls on him and your body turns toward his. Like he's your north, like you've seen him and now cannot possibly unsee him.

Maybe, he considers for a moment, you were born to kill him. Maybe he'd let you.

[Jealousy - F Avery](#)

[Aug 1, 2023](#)

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[SURPRISE! Moros Early Access](#)

[Aug 3, 2023](#)

The male version of one of our dearest primordial horrors...

His name is Moros, but he goes by Mor ❤️

Art of course is done by @stephschoices

## [Disenchanted \(Rest of Ch 2\)](#)

[Aug 5, 2023](#)

[PLAY HERE](#)

Here's the rest of Chapter 2, which will make the tie into Chapter 3 much easier.

SAVES WILL BE BROKEN! Please do not use an old save file. The social media coding broke a few things.

♥ Go grocery shopping with the besties.

♥ Find a drunk angel in the hallway.

♥ Meet...a **horror**?

I really hope you all enjoy!!

🕯 Password: AUGCH2 🕯

## [Jealousy - Elis](#)

[Aug 5, 2023](#)

Araselis has read a lot in their thousands of years being alive. They were there when Homer wrote his epics, when Shakespeare crafted masterpiece after masterpiece. They've read about love, betrayal, jealousy...

They never really knew how it felt, though.

They are bloodshed and violence. The proof of it is marked on the side of their face, shown in the claw marks dragging a line down the bottom half of their cheek and along the curve their jaw. They are fire and fury, they have no place in civilized society.

They want it, though. They want it so very badly.

As much as they know about mortal concepts of affection, the finer details sometimes escape them. They watch others to learn, but ache too badly to continue their studies for very long.

What they *do* know is violence. That is one thing they never had to study; it is engrained into their very being so much as they might loathe it.

So they watch, sipping what that cambion friend of yours calls a frappe. It's sweet and tastes like chocolate coffee, which soothes the bitter edge. They enjoy it.

What they don't enjoy is watching the man standing next to you at counter. The campus coffee shop is small, and Elis can see the whole thing. See the way the man grips your wrist, see the way your frame tenses for retaliation.

Elis knows all kinds of violence well, including this kind with all its subtle intricacies.

So they stand, drawing closer. They can hear the whispers, the hushed grating voice of the man making their ears twitch. You say nothing, only watching him with rage in your eyes. They're proud of your fire.

You needn't do anything, however. The coffee shop is empty, the barista in the back brewing another pot. Elis slide up to the man's other side without a sound, relishing the way he startles upon noticing them.

He had held onto you tight. You'll likely bruise.

Grabbing the man by the jaw, Elis forces him to look them in the eyes. The bloody red of their gaze is unsettling, and they see the sweat breaking out along the man's brow.

Elis doesn't say a word. Nothing changes in those few seconds aside from this one man's mind. Horrors and war and fighting and bloodshed; he sees it all. Elis projects every bit of it into his head, and they happily watch the scum break under their grasp.

Elis might loathe it, but they know violence better than anyone else. Certainly, it's one game where they're consistently the victor.

The man stumbles away; shaking, gasping, crying, he lurches toward the exit. You watch him go, stunned, before turning to face them.

"Why?" You ask.

"It'll wear off." Elis shrugs, not looking you in the eyes.

They see your lips purse in their peripheral, "That wasn't my question."

"You don't deserve that." Their glance cuts down to your wrist, where red marks remain from the man's grasp.

They know violence, and they know they never want you to experience it. Not like they have.

Your hand twitches, coming to rest gently on their arm. They stiffen, startled; brutal actions don't typically beget softness in return, they've come to learn.

They finally face you. They never understood, when reading Homer, why Penelope waited decades for Odysseus to return. Looking into your eyes, they think they might finally get it.

## [Jealousy - Moros](#)

[Aug 6, 2023](#)

The bookstore smells like cinnamon. Moros quite likes it; a comforting scent, one that reminds him of those candles Elis is fond of burning as they read.

He lurks back behind the shelves, still a bit conspicuous even when using a glamour, and waits for your friend. The basilisk...Moros can't remember the name. Your friend, regardless, and the one who currently has a hold of a very important folder.

You're up near the front of the store, and his eyes linger on you as you lean against the counter. His chest does an odd little flip, and he doesn't understand the feeling.

He doesn't understand much about feelings in general, he's come to realize. Apathy is his default, but he wants to feel more. To feel the deep fury and sadness and guilt his siblings do...he's just never been able to.

He's numb, or at least he was numb until you decided to worm your way into his heart.

Aside from emotions, Moros doesn't know the finer details of mortal interactions like Elis does. He's not sure what the subtle glances and touches mean, and don't get him started on trying to parse out the meaning of your words.

It's a nightmare.

So, when he sees a man brush close against you from where he leans against the wall of the bookstore, he figures it's a friendly gesture. Your other little mortals do things like that all the time, after all.

Then he reaches for you, trying to slide an arm around your shoulders-

That's not friendly, Moros quickly realizes. He has never before felt this way as he watches the scene play out. This feeling, this digging in his chest, like some beast is tearing him open to devour his heart.

You've reared back before Moros even has a chance to approach, your elbow slamming into the man's face and sending blood spraying across the counter. Luckily, the store is rather empty in the early mornings.

"What the fuck?" The man spits, blood dripping down his mouth and chin, "What was that for?"

He goes to push you, perhaps to shove you back into the counter, but Moros has had quite enough of him in general. A hand clasps down tightly on the idiot's shoulder, depthless black eyes staring down in warning.

"You have one chance." Moros says, smiling in a way that's more unsettling than anything else, "Leave."

The man scoffs. It makes Moros want to twitch.

"I'm not afraid of a cambion," The man sneers, before glancing back at the feathered wings, "Or...a nephilim."

Wrong on two counts. Moros nearly sighs.

People mistake him as the merciful one. Elis is waspish, and Moros calms them more often than not, so others don't realize that Elis is really the one with the soft heart.

Moros, on the other hand? He wants this man to become nothing more than atoms. He could do it, too. He and death have a complicated relationship, it's true...he's seen things he wishes he could forget.

But, ultimately, death is the tool he knows best. He wields it like a weapon, and he rarely loses.

He could rend flesh from bone, turn this man's blood into nothing but mist. He'd watch it paint the walls, cover his hands...

It'd cover you. Most of all, he wants to see you wearing this swine's blood and nothing else.

He refrains, though. Your little basilisk friend would have to clean it all up, and they seem to turn pale at the sight of blood on a good day.

Moros bares his fangs, licking along the sharpened canines with a black forked tongue. The skin around the left of his face becomes hazy, turning to black smoke and revealing the bones and teeth in his jaw.

"Leave," He hisses, "Or stay, if you want. You could provide us some amusement."

If the words themselves are frightening, the promise that lies beneath is enough to make the man stumble back. He's off without even a muttered word, and the acrid smell of urine lingers in the air behind him.

You raise a hand to his face, and his skin solidifies beneath your touch.

“Are you alright?” He asks, voice low.

“Fine,” You say, “Better after watching a grown man piss his pants.”

He chuckles and covers your hand with his own clawed one. He didn’t get his desire, not yet, but he’d see you dressed in naught but blood soon enough. The both of you have plenty of enemies, after all.

## [Jealousy - Morana](#)

[Aug 7, 2023](#)

The bookstore smells like cinnamon. Morana quite likes it; a comforting scent, one that reminds her of those candles Elis is fond of burning as they read.

She lurks back behind the shelves, still a bit conspicuous even when using a glamour, and waits for your friend. The basilisk...Morana can’t remember the name. Your friend, regardless, and the one who currently has a hold of a very important folder.

You’re up near the front of the store, and her eyes linger on you as you lean against the counter. Her chest does an odd little flip, and she doesn’t understand the feeling.

She doesn’t understand much about feelings in general, she’s come to realize. Apathy is her default, but she wants to feel more. To feel the deep fury and sadness and guilt her siblings do...she’s just never been able to.

She’s numb, or at least she was numb until you decided to worm your way into her heart.

Aside from emotions, Morana doesn’t know the finer details of mortal interactions like Elis does. She’s not sure what the subtle glances and touches mean, and don’t get her started on trying to parse out the meaning of your words.

It’s a nightmare.

So, when she sees a man brush close against you from where she leans against the wall of the bookstore, she figures it’s a friendly gesture. Your other little mortals do things like that all the time, after all.

Then he reaches for you, trying to slide an arm around your shoulders-



That's not friendly, Morana quickly realizes. She has never before felt this way as she watches the scene play out. This feeling, this digging in her chest, like some beast is tearing her open to devour her heart.

You've reared back before Morana even has a chance to approach, your elbow slamming into the man's face and sending blood spraying across the counter. Luckily, the store is rather empty in the early mornings.

"What the fuck?" The man spits, blood dripping down his mouth and chin, "What was that for?"

He goes to push you, perhaps to shove you back into the counter, but Morana has had quite enough of him in general. A hand clasps down tightly on the idiot's shoulder, depthless black eyes staring down in warning.

"You have one chance." Morana says, smiling in a way that's more unsettling than anything else, "Leave."

The man scoffs. It makes her want to twitch.

"I'm not afraid of a cambion," The man sneers, before glancing back at the feathered wings, "Or...a nephilim."

Wrong on two counts. Morana nearly sighs.

People mistake her as the merciful one. Elis is waspish, and Morana clams them more often than not, so others don't realize that Elis is really the one with the soft heart.

Morana, on the other hand? She wants this man to become nothing more than atoms. She could do it, too. She and death have a complicated relationship, it's true...she's seen things she wishes he could forget.

But, ultimately, death is the tool she knows best. She wields it like a weapon, and she rarely loses.

She could rend flesh from bone, turn this man's blood into nothing but mist. She'd watch it paint the walls, cover her hands...

You. It'd cover you. Most of all, she wants to see you wearing this swine's blood and nothing else.

She refrains, though. Your little basilisk friend would have to clean it all up, and they seem to turn pale at the sight of blood on a good day.

Morana bares her fangs, licking along the sharpened canines with a black forked tongue. The skin around the left of her face becomes hazy, turning to black smoke and revealing the bones and teeth in her jaw.

"Leave," She hisses, "Or stay, if you want. You could provide us some amusement."

If the words themselves are frightening, the promise that lies beneath is enough to make the man stumble back. He's off without even a muttered word, and the acrid smell of urine lingers in the air behind him.

You raise a hand to her face, and her skin solidifies beneath your touch.

"Are you alright?" She asks, voice low.

"Fine," You say, "Better after watching a grown man piss his pants."

She chuckles and covers your hand with her own clawed one. She didn't get her desire, not yet, but she'd see you dressed in naught but blood soon enough. The both of you have plenty of enemies, after all.

[Jealousy - Kai](#)

[Aug 7, 2023](#)

Are they going over the top in their duties? Likely. Can you blame them, however? You reappear like an apparition and Kai is, if they're honest with themselves, terrified.

Losing you now would be...unbearable. It would break them, completely and fully. Now that you're at their side again, the world feels right in a way it hasn't since they were fifteen years old.

The cannot lose that, cannot loose you. They refuse. They'd die before they let it happen.

You would disapprove of that sentiment in its entirety. You claim they hold no commitment to you based on a crown that's no longer yours. The truth is that they hold commitment to you because you are you. Damn the stolen crown on Merandis's head; as much as Kai would like to bludgeon the man with it, it means nothing.

You....you mean everything.

So they haunt your footsteps closely, keeping a careful eye on the shadows. The miseries of Norwick are famous for their sharp blades, and they have no intention of you catching a stray one.

You're looking at books now, and they're hovering half-hidden in an alleyway. Their eyes follow the way your fingers hover over the covers, and the way you lean down ever so slightly to browse.



It reminds them of being a child in the library again. A nostalgic memory, to be certain. The way you would both hide there to abandon duties until Kai's father would drag the both of you out himself.

Their chest lurches. Their father...that's a ghost that will stay dead.

Jaw clenching, they snap themselves out of their melancholy. It helps no one. The past cannot be undone and fates cannot be reversed.

The two of you know that better than anyone.

When their eyes find you again, they see a man has approached you. He stands too close for comfort, and whispers something that makes your nose crinkle. His hand slides across to try and hold your wrist; you look at him, incredulous and off put; it's all the signal Kai needs.

They slink out of the shadows, pulling a knife from their thigh. It's painfully easy to sneak up on the man, and even easier to slide the knife between his ribs.

He gasps in pain, knees buckling. You take a step back, eyes wide.

"I'd suggest go getting a doctor to pull that out," Kai pats him on the shoulder, "Unless you'd fancy bleeding out."

He looks at them, several curses rising on his tongue, and Kai twists the knife ever so slightly. He yowls, but nobody looks in your direction.

The people of Norwick know better.

Releasing him, Kai shoves him in the other direction and watches him flee on trembling legs.

"It's not lethal," They say immediately upon turning around to face you.

You aren't quite angry, though. A near indulgent smile rests on your lips as you watch them, your gaze almost wanting.

It makes their chest ache.

"That wasn't very knightly." You say, a hint of teasing in the words.

"I disagree," They snort, "Protecting you from dogs certainly seems knightly to me."

You break, then, laughing. They appreciate the way it brightens your face.

"Alright then," You roll your eyes, "Help me carry these, would you?"

The books are ridiculously heavy, but they do so without complaint. Trailing after you, the angry beast in their chest quits gnashing its teeth for a moment, soothed by your presence.

# Patreon Update

[Reaper's Bay Ch 1 Pt 1](#)

[Aug 8, 2023](#)

Are you ready to return to Norwick? 🗡️

[PLAY HERE](#)

**Password:** RETURNTOBAY

Welcome back to Reaper's Bay. Try not to make the same mistakes as your sister.

🗡️ Create your heir. Choose your occupation, childhood, and discover your past.

🗡️ Meet your best friend. Enjoy them while you can.

Part One mostly focuses on the world-building around your heir and your heir's circumstances. Part Two is coming soon ;)

Also, check out this sick map! It'll update in-game, as well, so you always know where your heir is as the scenery changes.

[Art Poll!](#)

[Aug 8, 2023](#)

As Theo is finished up, it's time to vote on the next set of portraits done by Steph! We voted for Disenchanted to be the focus a while ago, so we'll stick with that for now!

Theo, Vik, and Penny have been done!

Cameron

Luci

Harlow

Avery

Wraith

Amri

Mor

Elis

Charlie

180 votes total

[Jealousy - Marius](#)

[Aug 9, 2023](#)

It's not that Marius is possessive. He's not. He just doesn't like the way this fucker is eyeing you like you're a piece of meat.

He swallows his drink, throwing it back in a smooth motion before sliding it back across the bar.

"I'll take a glass of water," He barks, eyes narrowed and locked on an offending hand brushing your arm, "Looks like someone needs to cool down."

The bartender just laughs, sliding a fresh glass his way. He catches it before tossing the money on the counter with a generous tip, seeing the bartender swipe it immediately from the corner of his eye.

He stalks over and you spot him coming, visibly relaxing even as you try and put more distance between yourself and this creep.

"Can't you read body language?" He sneers, coming to a stop behind the man, "I don't think they're enjoying your advances."

Marius enjoys the way the man jumps, startled. Clearly the idiot's spatial awareness is lacking.

"Tell me, are you truly that abysmal at such a simple concept or are you just maliciously ignorant?" He says, voice cold.

The man jerks around, mouth gaping and eyes wide as he realizes exactly who's standing behind him.

"Mr. De Klerk-!" He stammers in shock, "I, well, I just-"

"I just, I-" Marius mocks, high pitched and cruel, "Answer the question. Are you just an imbecile or something much worse?"

"I didn't realize they were yours, sir!" His eyes dart between you and Marius, "I never would have-"

"So, something worse it is." The young criminal glares, "Allow me to enlighten you. They don't belong to me, or you, or anyone. You're going to leave and never return. If I see you on the east end again, it's your head."

The man just gapes, his face whitening. You shift back, a small smile twitching your lips, and it drives him mad knowing you enjoy this. His gaze flickers back to the man and sours in an instant.

"Do we understand each other? Because if I ever see you in this club again, I'll cut you throat to balls." Marius upends the glass of water over his head, "Now go dry off before I change my mind. The longer I look at you, the more I want to introduce you to the concept of consequences."

He flees into the crowd, hair soaking wet, and you turn to Marius with lips pursed to hide a smile, "Banning him from the east end?"

"The east end is mine." Marius sneers, watching the man stumble out the doors and into the cold night without hesitation, "I don't need any fucking perverts around. Already enough knaves with too big a heads knocking against each other to worry about anything else."

"Well, thank you for the show." You say, "I've never seen a man turn the color of paper so quickly before."

He holds his hand out and you take it. Something satisfied curls to rest in his chest at the confirmation that you want him, want his touch and his presence and everything else he has to give.

Because he would. He will. Give you everything, that is. Should he have his way, you'll wear one crown or another before this is all over.

[Aug 9, 2023](#)

It's not that Marion is possessive. She's not. She just doesn't like the way this fucker is eyeing you like you're a piece of meat.

She swallows her drink, throwing it back in a smooth motion before sliding it back across the bar.

"I'll take a glass of water," She barks, eyes narrowed and locked on an offending hand brushing your arm, "Looks like someone needs to cool down."

The bartender just laughs, sliding a fresh glass her way. She catches it before tossing the money on the counter with a generous tip, seeing the bartender swipe it immediately from the corner of her eye.

She stalks over and you spot her coming, visibly relaxing even as you try and put more distance between yourself and this creep.

"Can't you read body language?" She sneers, coming to a stop behind the man, "I don't think they're enjoying your advances."

Marion enjoys the way the man jumps, startled. Clearly the idiot's spatial awareness is lacking.

"Tell me, are you truly that abysmal at such a simple concept or are you just maliciously ignorant?" She says, voice cold.

The man jerks around, mouth gaping and eyes wide as he realizes exactly who's standing behind him.

"Ms. De Klerk-!" He stammers in shock, "I-"

"I, I, I-" Marion mocks, high pitched and cruel, "Answer the question. Are you just an imbecile or something much worse?"

"I didn't realize they were yours, ma'am!" His eyes dart between you and Marion, "I never would have-"

"So, something worse it is." The young criminal glares, "Allow me to enlighten you. They don't belong to me, or you, or anyone. You're going to leave and never return. If I see you on the east end again, it's your head."

The man just gapes, his face whitening. You shift back, a small smile twitching your lips, and it drives her mad knowing you enjoy this. Her gaze flickers back to the man and sours in an instant.

"Do we understand each other? Because if I ever see you in this club again, I'll cut you throat to balls." Marion upends the glass of water over his head, "Now go dry off before I change my mind. The longer I look at you, the more I want to introduce you to the concept of consequences."

He flees into the crowd, hair soaking wet, and you turn to Marion with lips pursed to hide a smile, "Banning him from the east end?"

"The east end is mine." Marion sneers, watching the man stumble out the doors and into the cold night without hesitation, "I don't need any fucking perverts around. Already enough knaves with too big a heads knocking against each other to worry about anything else."

"Well, thank you for the show." You say, "I've never seen a man turn the color of paper so quickly before."

She holds her hand out and you take it. Something satisfied curls to rest in her chest at the confirmation that you want her, want her touch and her presence and everything else she has to give.

Because she would. She will. Give you everything, that is. Should she have her way, you'll wear one crown or another before this is all over.

[Luci POV Poll](#)

[Aug 9, 2023](#)

Since we know who's won the poll at this point...

The poll will be up until midnight.

POV of when Luci first kissed MC... (pregame)

50%

POV of Luci's hallway scene... (chapter 2)

50%

Poll ended Aug 10, 2023 · 176 votes total



[Theodora Early Access](#)

[Aug 11, 2023](#)



Is it a bird? A plane? No, just your guard dog...sorry, guard cambion.

Art by @stephschoices ♥





[Theodore Early Access](#)

[Aug 11, 2023](#)

And here's Theodore, you other scary guard cambion.

Art again by @stephschoices ❤️





[Bonus Mari Art](#) 

[Aug 11, 2023](#)

And here's some chibi art of our deadliest Reaper's Bay RO, who will stab someone...

Art again by @stephschoices ❤️

## [Lucien Short Story](#)

[Aug 11, 2023](#)

"You want me to *what*?" Lucien bursts out, staring at you as if you'd suddenly grown another head.

To be perfectly fair to him, it is a highly unusual request. Cutting your hair is something you haven't done in a very long time, aside from Taisiya trimming the dead ends. It's been your shield, your armor, something to hide you away from the world. You can let it fall over your eyes and believe, even for the briefest moment, that you're hidden.

You're not the Unchosen One. You're not a cambion. You don't even exist.

Then your fantasy is inevitably tarnished, something or someone dragging you back to reality kicking and screaming. You're tired of it, exhausted from hiding, and weary of the guilt you feel just for existing.

You just want to be you.

"I said I want you to cut my hair." You repeat, "Short, with an undercut."

You run your fingers through the long strands, questioning if you really want this. To lose your coping mechanism...your eyes trail back over to Lucien. Losing one thing, gaining another. This is your closing door, you just hope Lucien will unlock the one you want next.

"But..." The nephilim trails off, "Me?"

There's an unspoken inquiry there, something that toes the line of your re-discovered friendship. It makes your chest ache from the force of your longing. Your fingers twitch to reach out and grasp familiar hands, but you force yourself to remain still.

"Yeah," You confirm quietly, "You."

"Not Viktor?" Lucien questions, voice trembling ever so slightly, "Or Theo?"

You purse your lips, pain lancing through you at his non-answer. Is that an awkward thing to ask of your ex-boyfriend, who you still have feelings for and who also *definitely* knows how important your hair is to

you? Maybe. Was this a bad idea? Also maybe.

"If you don't want to, it's fine." You say, regret lacing your words like poison, "I can find someone else-"

He interrupts you, paling rapidly, "No!"

There's panic in his voice, and your brow furrows, "No, you don't want to? Or, no, you *do* want to?"

"I...if you want me to," The words are rushed as they fall from Lucien's mouth, "Then I want to."

"Oh," You say.

*Oh.*

It's not that he couldn't be bothered, or didn't want to be a part of something so deeply personal to you. He wanted to make sure that *you* wanted him to be the one.

Of course, you do. It's a silly thing for him to worry about, in your opinion. He'll always be the one.

"I'll do it." He says again, seemingly more for his own constitution than yours, "You don't have to find anyone else."

There's an edge to those last few words you don't want to linger on for long, something that sounds almost jealous of the notion. If you think about it too hard, your hopes will get the best of you. So you drift to the kitchen, thankful Theo is still in class, and grab the scissors with a sense of finality.

You're doing this.

You return to Lucien, passing them over without even the faintest tremor in your hands. The same can't be said for him; his hands shake, like always. They shook when you held them for the first time, when they stroked your face, when you shared your first kiss.

They shook when he left.

Your body acts on its own, cupping his hands in your own once he holds the scissors. He stills; his entire body freezes, locking up in a way that nearly has you concerned.

Then he croaks, "I can't do an undercut with scissors."

You can't help but smile, small and relieved, "Theo has clippers in the bathroom. Just...get most of the length off first."

Getting the hair cut before you panic and change your mind is unspoken, but he clearly understands. You sit sideways on a chair by the window, and you hear Lucien take a deep breath before the first cut.

Hair falls at your feet and just keeps falling. Long strands pool around you, white and wavy.

"I probably could have donated that," You say belatedly.

Lucien falters behind you, grimacing, "I didn't think of that."

"It's fine," You dismiss mournfully, "No one wants cursed hair, anyways."

Fingers brush your neck as he begins to make cuts carefully, shaping what remains into a hopefully stylish pixie cut.

*Hopefully.* God, you really hope you don't regret this.

Still, his touch sends shivers up and down your arms. It's as if your body has awakened at the touch of familiar skin, as if your soul never really forgot what his hands felt like.

"Mal," He says, quiet, reverent.

You feel your heart stutter but force yourself to try and remain casual, "Yeah?"

It's quiet for a beat, like he's trying to form the right words.

"You're not a curse," Lucien speaks with an unusually steady voice, "It's not cursed hair. If it's yours, it's anything but-"

The words die out, strangled by suffocation as he seems to quit breathing entirely. You turn when you feel his hands fall away and find him standing, lost, with his arms at his side. He opens his mouth and then shuts it, wordless.

"Lucien-" You try to reach out, only for your hand to freeze halfway through bridging the gap, "Please-"

"I'm sorry." He says quietly, and you note with horror that his lip trembles while he speaks, "I shouldn't be doing this."

"Why?" You ask, nearly pleading, "Just give me a reason-"

"Because this is *important* and I-" He sucks in a sharp breath, face tightening as he forces the next words out, "I can't keep pretending to be worthy of it, Malak."

"Worthy?" The word is parroted incredulously, "Who ever said anything about being worthy?"

"You don't have to say it," Lucien insists, "Because I...I *know*."

"Know? Know *what*?" You can't help but laugh a little, helpless, "Clearly it's something I'm not aware of, so feel free to enlighten me."

"I'm the one person who shouldn't be doing this," The nephilim glances away, eyes glossy with unshed tears, "I left you-"

“And I *trust* you.” You interrupt swiftly, not wanting to rehash the past five or so years of trauma on either of your ends, “I trust you, Lucien. You can’t logic me out of it.”

The way they look at you in horror nearly breaks your heart. You stand, inching closer, wrapping your hand around the one of his that isn’t holding the scissors.

“I trust you because I want to trust you.” You say, your words firm but kind, “Because I want-”

*You.* Because I want *you*.

You don’t finish the thought, but you see his throat bob. You wonder if he’s swallowing down words the same way you are.

“Okay,” He says, glancing toward your bathroom, “I think we need the clippers now, though.”

You lead him there, not dropping his hand until you absolutely have to. Maybe this is a step in the right direction, or maybe you’ll regret it later; who knows? All you know now is that you want the world to see you, not just an Unchosen cambion.

Maybe you want Lucien to see that, too. With the way he looks at you, all soft dark eyes and open vulnerability, maybe he already does.

[Disenchanted Mini Update](#)

[Aug 12, 2023](#)



[PLAY HERE](#) 🕯️

**Password:** AUGMINIUPDATE

Here it is!! I hope you all enjoy the bonus content 🙄🙄

**\*PLEASE START A NEW SAVE! Old saves WILL NOT have the coding for Luci's extended scene!\***

[Aug 14, 2023](#)



[PLAY HERE](#)

**Password:** UNSEELIEAUG

- 🌙 Features a new UI and menu!
- 🌙 Get attacked...in more ways than one...
- 🌙 Meet an old friend...who perhaps didn't want to meet this way.

**[Disenchanted: RO POVs by Dakota](#)**

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/disenchanted-ro-povs>

[Luci's POV: What Happened in the Hallway...](#)

[Aug 15, 2023](#)

The average play-through is about ~1,200 words and is Luci's POV of the hallway scene in the most recent Patreon update of Disenchanted.

Let me know what you guys think ❤️

Password: LUCIPOV1

**[Disenchanted: Spicy Sides by Dakota](#)**

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/disenchanted-spicy-sides>



## [Luci's Spicy Side Story](#)

[Aug 17, 2023](#)

[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

Luci's Story 'Just a Touch...' has now been uploaded! It now sits at around an average of 1,600~ words per playthrough.

Hope you all enjoy 🌶️

Password: LUCIBDAY



COMMISSION  
@STEPHSCHOICES





[Happy Birthday, Luci!](#)

[Aug 26, 2023](#)

Happy (early) birthday to Luci Rivera, born August 29th!

This lovely art was done by @stephschoices, of course! Imagine a little flash forward if MC threw Luci a birthday party once they make up 🎉

### [Disenchanted: Spicy Sides by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/disenchanted-spicy-sides>

[Luci's Spicy Story Pt2](#)

[Aug 29, 2023](#)

[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

Luci's Story 'Just a Touch...' has now been updated! It includes the dominant Luci route now!

Hope you all enjoy 🌶️

Password: LUCIBDAY

[Fallens Lights Ch 3 Pt 1](#)

[Sep 3, 2023](#)

Password: CH3PT1

[Play Here!](#)

In the aftermath of an attack...

✨ Discover some new powers

✨ Deal with the consequences

✨ Determine if your mind is still your own

✨ Flirt with E...again!

That skeptic vs devout stat will finally be coming into play, so watch out. That will mostly be in part two, however, when the group reaches Myrine. Part one is the shorter of the two, mostly because the temple scene I added still gives me a headache and I wanted to Agnia her moment as well since she plays a rather significant role going forward.

Thinking of perhaps going back in and adding some romance-specific dialogue to this part as well, but you guys will be informed if I do that since it would break saves due to the coding for said reactions. The group is kind of numb as a whole at this point, especially after what MC does, but I'd like to flesh it out some more perhaps.



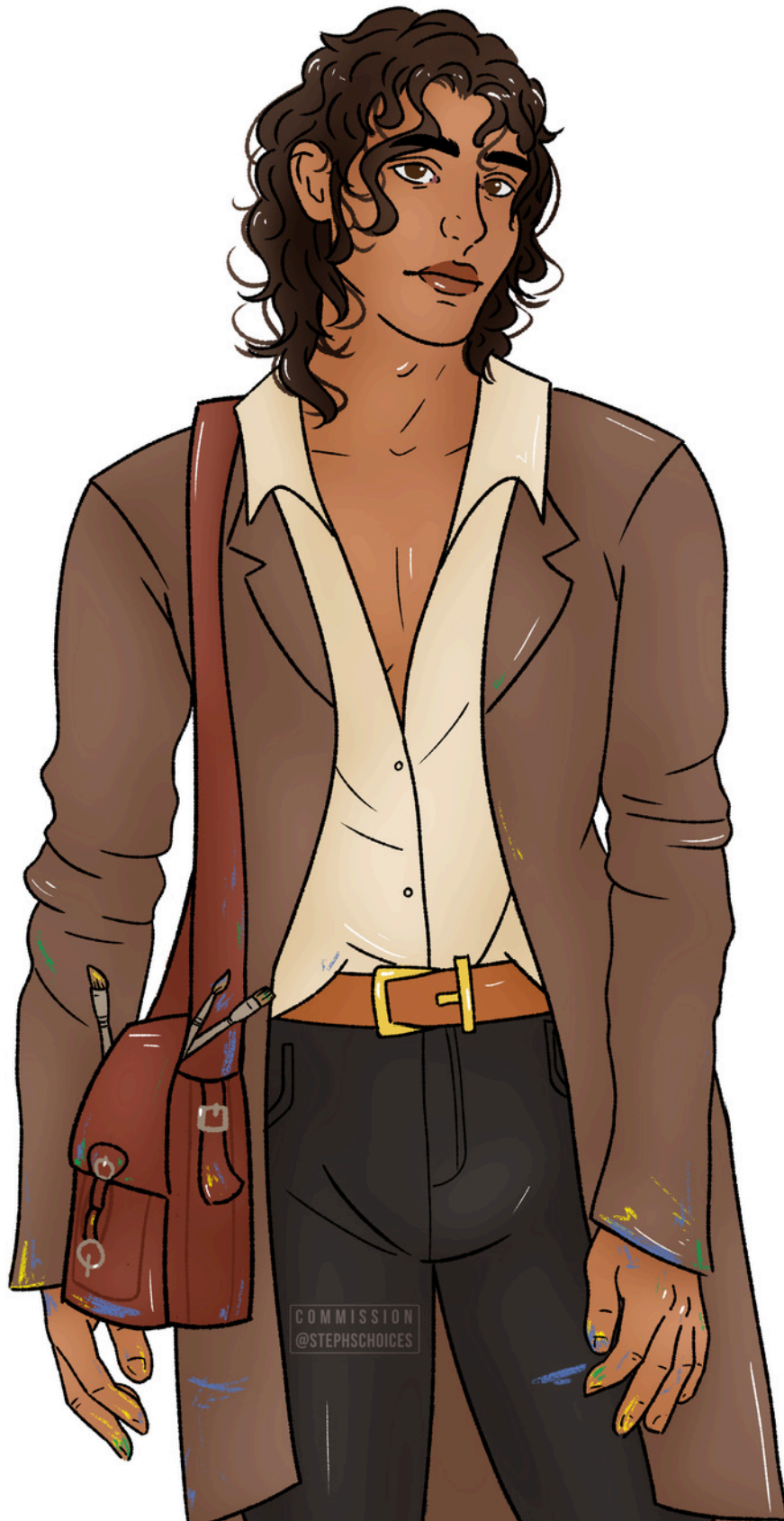
[Lucia Early Access](#)

[Sep 20, 2023](#)



Early access for our favorite tired nephilim artist, Lucia Rivera!

Art by @stephschoices per usual ❤️



## [Lucien Early Access](#)

[Sep 20, 2023](#)

Early access for our favorite tired nephilim artist, Lucien Rivera!

Art by @stephschoices per usual ❤️

## [Lucien & Cameron Short Story](#)

[Nov 1, 2023](#)

*(Another shared commission for the wait lol!)*

“Are you so serious right now?” Cameron groans, ducking back into the door of Robinson Hall, “This cannot be legal.”

“I don’t think they care if it’s legal,” You say, peeking around to get an eyeful of flashing cameras and waving hands just outside the door, “I think they just care about their next headline.”

Lucien’s hands are twisted in the straps of his messenger bag, eyeing the lights that ricochet off the glass wearily. If there’s one thing he hates, it’s the paparazzi. You’re rather inclined to agree.

Cam huffs, leaning against the wall, “So, how do we get back to the dorms without them mobbing us?”

Other students pass, giving the three of you odd looks. Cam and Lucien shift closer together out of habit to block you from sight.

“I can call Vik, Theo, and Charlie,” You say, “But if I do that, there’s probably going to be multiple things set on fire.”

Lucien looks incredibly tired, “Or people.”

Cam shudders, “Ugh, please keep your guard dogs out of this for now.”

“Then how do you plan on keeping your face out of tomorrow’s gossip rags?” You ask, “They seem pretty determined.”



Lucien shifts, then, eyes flicking between the two of you hesitantly, “How... comfortable...are you both with being in close quarters?”

Eyes going from Lucien to you and then back once or twice more, Cameron grins slightly, “I’m totally cool with it.”

The nephilim grimaces, shooting him a glare, as you tilt your head in confusion.

“What do you mean by close quarters?” You ask, crossing your arms across your chest.

Lucien spreads his wings, the size of them able to encompass both of you fully...if you’re pressed closely against his side. Your heart stutters at the thought.

You shift your weight from foot to foot, “I guess. We don’t exactly have many options.”

If you thought you got weird looks before, it’s only because you hadn’t yet seen the double takes of people happening across this odd scene. Cam is already shielded by one wing, pressed firmly into Lucien’s side without hesitation. You’re a bit more tentative in comparison.

You step into the nephilim’s personal space and remember the last time you were this close to him, you were still in boarding school...you were still the Chosen One, for that matter.

You scoot closer until his wing can wrap around your body like a shield. Lucien looks incredibly awkward throughout the entire process, not looking you or Cam in the eye and keeping his head ducked down as you all stumble out the doors.

From there, it’s chaos.

The three of you end up clinging to each other out of necessity. You forget all your reservations regarding the proximity almost immediately. You wrap an arm around Lucien’s waist when you nearly tumble forward out of your feathery cocoon, and he grips you tightly to his side in response.

Feet pound against the blacktop as you all dash toward the dorms, screams and camera flashes echoing behind you. You stumble through the doors and race up the stairs, still holding onto each other, not bothering to pause and look at the gawking audience found in the common area.

Once you reach your mercifully empty hallway, the three of you stop to catch your breath. You unconsciously lean on the hard surface at your side to rest before realizing quickly that it’s Lucien you’re leaning on.

You suck in a sharp breath, pulling away so fast you nearly trip. He lets you go easily, but his hand hovers in the air for a few moments like he’s reaching out for you, like he wants to pull you closer again.

Cam’s curly head pokes out of a flurry of white feathers, looking concerned, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” You say, voice rough with adrenaline, “Nothing is wrong. I’ll just...head to my room.”

Where Lucien might have been hesitant in pulling you back, Cameron is decidedly not. His eyes widen as you drift further away, and he darts out from under the wing he'd been hiding in. He grabs your arm loosely, looking entirely too similar to a kicked puppy.

"You could come back to our dorm," The sorcerer suggests, "Decompress. We can do alchemy homework, and Lucien can break out that fancy ice cream he loves."

Lucien blinks, momentarily distracted as he sends Cam a dry look, "Gelato."

"Gel-what?" Cameron blinks, glancing away from you to send the nephilim a confused look.

"How were you the salutatorian?" Lucien sighs.

Cam's face sours, "Don't remind me."

"It's called gelato, not fancy ice cream." The nephilim continues, ignoring Cameron's comment, "You should know."

"I don't pay attention to the container." He shrugs in response, "I just eat it in the middle of the night and gaslight you into thinking you did it the next morning."

Lucien turns away, visibly counting down from ten. Cam gives you a wide smile when you laugh.

"So," He reaches out again, shaking his fingers to encourage you to take it, "Our dorm?"

You wrap your hand in his warm one, the thrum of electricity brushing against you as it always does. Cameron's magic is potent, rolling off him in waves. You used to hate the feeling.

You grip his hand tighter. You'll admit, if only to yourself, that you've grown rather fond of it over the past few months. You associate it with soft touches and even softer sweaters, doe-eyed looks and kind smiles. It's Cameron, through and through.

"Okay," You agree.

Lucien lingers a bit off to the side, but his wings brush your arm as you head for their dorm. You know firsthand how being enveloped in him feels now, and don't think you'll ever be able to forget it.

[Suggestions for November](#)

[Nov 1, 2023](#)

Before I post the polls, I would like some feedback! Who would you like to see in the spicy and RO POV polls?

That being said, would any of you be interested in Christmas themed shorts or even a mini game exclusively here on Patreon? I'm really kinda bummed I missed Halloween, but Christmas/festive content can be fun too!

### [Disenchanted: Spicy Sides by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/disenchanted-spicy-sides>

[Cameron's Spicy Side Story](#)

[Nov 12, 2023](#)

[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

Cameron's Story 'Nights Like This' has now been uploaded! It now sits at around an average of 2,500~ words per playthrough (extra long as an apology for the lateness)!

Hope you all enjoy 🌶️

Password: CAMUPDATE

### [Fallen Lights: RO POVs by Dakota](#)

[A browser game made in HTML5](#)

<https://dakotawritesif.itch.io/fallen-lights-ro-povs>

[E's POV: If You're The Last Thing I See...\(That'd Be Okay\)](#)

[Nov 19, 2023](#)



Hello! Here's E's POV, which currently sits at around ~1,200 words! This is E's POV of their injury in chapter two and an exclusive peak at the nightmare they have surrounding it.

Password: NOVPOV

[Morgan \(M\) POV](#)

[Nov 22, 2023](#)

**December 21st, roughly two years ago.**

Whoever invented evening classes was the devil.

Of course, Morgan appreciates that they're offered. Work makes it impossible to attend during the day, so he'd be out of options otherwise. Seriously, what could he do? Attend a two hour lecture on his thirty minute lunch break? Yeah, right.

He pulls his jacket tighter around himself, the faded denim soft under his fingers. It's dark at this point, and the wind in Maine can be vicious. It's about a thirty minute drive home for dinner; a very late dinner, albeit, but it's the thought on his mother's part that counts. At least going home sounds better than being stuffed up in his dorm.

Kiran will be there...and Cam. God, how long has it been since he's seen Cam? A month at least. After the abrupt deaths of Elena and Mateo Ramos, Cam just wasn't the same. Morgan supposes he wouldn't be either if his mom died. Still, Cam loves them all even if life has caused distance, so Morgan is confident that things can only get better.

And you. He couldn't forget about you. You'd be there, naturally, because you always are. It made his heart beat a little faster, made his palms a little sweatier. You saw each other just yesterday in the campus cafe, yet he still misses you fiercely.

He makes his way to his car, and grimaces at the sight of it. An old ass Nissan Altima that just loved to make his life difficult. He jams the key in the lock, wiggling it to the left before turning it back to the center. He jiggles the door handle and it won't budge.

Letting out what's totally a calm breath, he tries again. Then he tries another time. Then he turns and kicks the tire, immediately regretting his decision when his toe slams into the hard surface. He wiggles his foot, cursing as he turns back to the door.

"Shit," He sighs sharply.

He's finally successful after he loses track of his attempts, opening his car door and tossing his bag into the passenger seat. He double checks the back; his Christmas presents didn't get stolen while he was in class, which is a bonus.

They've been wrapped for ages, but he always forgets to lug them all home to put under his mom's tree. He would keep them in his dorm but she likes seeing a full stack of pretty gifts, so he'll take them despite the impracticality.

Climbing in the driver's side, he rests his head back on the seat. Exhaustion is an understatement, and so is the cold. The heater is hopeless, he knows that by now, but he cranks the dial and prays for a miracle. Putting his key in the ignition, he starts to turn it-

His hand freezes halfway through the motion.

Someone is standing right outside his car, staring at him through the fogged window. He doesn't dare crack the door to ask questions, and he doesn't even think about rolling down the window. Hell, he's barely even breathing. He goes to press down on the gas, his foot twitching, but he's covered by a shower of window fragments before he can.

A hand lurches through the mess of glass, reaching for his throat. He gets pushed backwards as his door is jerked open, and he ironically thinks that this moment is the fastest he's ever seen his car cooperate.

He can't even stop to enjoy his internal humor too long before he's getting thrown on his back. The person tackles him in the car, a heavy weight weighing him down, and yet he feels mute. He wants to scream for help but even opening his mouth is exhausting. It's like his every muscle is rebelling against him, frozen in fear.

Trying to push back does nothing, and soon he feels razors at his jugular, cutting him open. Are they tearing his throat out? God, he should be dead. He can feel all the blood slip away from him, feel his mind go foggy as he's painted red. It covers his face, splatters his body...

The pain is awful. He wishes he was dead.

The last thought, desperate and sorrowful, is that he hopes they don't show his mom his body. She has enough nightmares already.

...

The body was found at approximately 2:30 on the 22nd after concerned friends and family pointed the police in the direction of the victim's university.

Severely desecrated, the victim's throat was torn open and there are several additional lacerations along the arms and torso. They're deep cuts, looking as if they came from sharp fingernails. All evidence points to foul play, but no DNA is found to incriminate a possible perpetrator.

Following a thorough investigation of the crime scene, the body is transported to the local hospital for confirmation of identity and autopsy.

Later, when the victim's belongings are finally released to the next of kin, a pile of presents are found in the backseat of the car. They sit, wrapped in shiny red and gold paper, untouched by the massacre in the front seat.

[Morgan \(F\) POV](#)

[Nov 22, 2023](#)

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### [Spicy Haakon Short Story](#)

[Dec 1, 2023](#)



[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

The water is warm today, you think as the sun beats down on your shoulders. The rock you've found to lounge on is smooth and cool beneath you, slick from tides that occasionally lap against it. You've forgone any tail today; instead you sink your feet into the ocean and playfully kick around like you had as a child.

Haakon grunts slightly as you disturb the water around him. He has decidedly not taken a human form this evening, still unused to legs and feet and toes. It was all very odd for him the first time he tried; he much prefers his cetos form; human but for what marks him as a sea monster. The blue of his skin, the luminescence of his eyes, the gills etched into his throat.

The tentacles that swirl around beneath him.

He has no tail, as he is not a siren. His kind are called cetos, half human and half sea monster, named after a Grecian goddess. He looks like something out of a myth, so you suppose it's fitting.

He glances up from where he lays his head in your lap, a small pout forming on his full lips, "You're moving too much."

"I'm sorry," You say, lips quirking in a smile, "Is your pillow too active?"

"Yes, quite." He confirms, practically rumbling in content as he presses a kiss to your inner thigh, "Though I suppose I'll allow it."

"You're so kind," You say, running a hand through his long, damp hair.

You push the strands from his eyes and he leans into your touch eagerly. His eyes are bright as you brush a thumb over one prominent cheekbone, taking in the details of his face. You've never seen a cetos before him; he's the last one, after all. Still, you think he's more beautiful than any other being you've ever seen.

A tentacle rises from the water, a blue so deep it's nearly black. It slides against your leg, silky smooth, and you bite back whatever noise threatens to escape. He glances up at you, curious.

"Is that okay?" He asks, brow furrowed.

"It's fine," You say, refraining to mention that it made goosebumps rise on your arms and chills go down your back.

"You shuddered," He points out, refusing to let it go, "If...the tentacles make you uncomfortable, I can try legs again."

You cup his cheek gently, "I'm comfortable however you're comfortable."

"But-" He insists, stubborn as ever.

"It was a good shudder." You interrupt him, feeling heat rise in your neck and cheeks, "You don't need to worry about it."

He pauses, thinking over your words.

"Oh...." He says after a moment, "So you want me to continue?"

You hesitate briefly, "If you want."

"I do," He says readily.

The slip of his flesh against yours as he rises out of the water is a feeling you've come to crave. Luckily, he seems content to give you all you'd like. He rests his upper body against your legs, pressing a kiss to your navel as his eyes burn a trail up your chest to rest on your face.

He cups your thigh in his hand, the faint press of his claws making you swallow. The tentacle that encircles your leg is joined by another and then another; the slowly move higher, drifting up to drape around your hips and waist. You scoot forward slightly, giving him easier access to you as he runs his hands along your back, his touch catching in the dimples at the base of your spine.

Slowly, the slippery appendages grow more curious as Haakon does as well. They slide beneath your shorts and tank top, pushing the wet material aside to explore the skin beneath. As a cool tentacle slides between your legs, he stops just shy of where you're aching for him the most.

"You're sure okay?" He asks again, face pinched in concern.

You lean forward, taking a handful of long hair and dragging him forward to capture his lips. The tentacle pushes forward, then, teasing as it hovers just shy of your entrance. He uses his hands to leverage his weight, swinging fully out of the water to press down on top of you effortlessly. He never even stopped kissing you to do it.

You moan at the weight of him on top of you, and then at the tendril slowly climbing inside your body. It's an odd feeling, clinging and cool and deep in ways you've never felt before. Your legs wrap around Haakon's waist, keeping him pinned close to you as he brushes against every inch of available skin with either tentacles or hands.

Slowly, the tentacle in you speeds up; you try to meet each thrust of it with a weak little movement of your own hips. Haakon whines low and wounded at the sensation, reveling in the languid way he takes you. The press of his body limits your movement, leaving you at the mercy of his pacing.

It'd be tortuous if the pressure weren't steadily building, heat pooling in your gut, and you gasp as he brushes against something sensitive. He likes the noise, so he does it again, and then again. He holds you close as you begin to shake, pressing his lips up the line of your jaw and down the column of your neck.

"Good?" He asks when you finally stop trembling.

You reach up to cup his face between both your hands, enjoying the way his eyes slip closed at your touch.

"Good." You confirm.

He lights up, burying his face in the crease of your neck until you can feel the curve of his smile pressed against your skin.

[Dec 3, 2023](#)

The Disenchanted Patreon demo has been taken down temporarily while I add Part Two to Chapter Three.

It's coming your way soon! ❤️

[Florian's Spicy Side Story](#)

[Dec 5, 2023](#)



[[NSFW, 18+ ONLY]]

"On the road again tomorrow," Florian says, playing with the hem of your shirt to distract himself.

"Dreading it already?" You ask, brushing a stray curl from his face and tucking it behind his ear.

He smiles up at you, "Maybe a little bit."

"Understandable after the last fiasco," You huff out a laugh, amused by how his face crinkles at the memories.

It's probably not appropriate for the two of you to spend the night together at this age. You aren't children having a sleepover anymore, after all. You're certain the nobility would feign outrage, calling out nonsense about impropriety as if they haven't done far worse. It's a good thing you pay them little mind and Florian pays them none at all.

His nerves are shot at the thought of going off on another adventure so soon. After everything he almost lost, everything you almost lost, it's understandable. So he invited you to his room, to his bed, and you both made flimsy promises to keep your hands to yourselves.

Those promises lasted all of five minutes, if that.

Now he lays sprawled out in your lap, his head cushioned on your thighs while you run your hands through his curls. Occasionally, his fingers will slip from fiddling with the hem of your shirt to stroking the skin along your hip. Once or twice your hand has wandered from playing with his hair to running along the length of his jaw.

"Let's not talk about last time," He mutters, "I get a headache just thinking about it."

"Then what would you like to talk about?" You lean back against his cushioned headboard, making yourself comfortable.

He twists in your lap, rolling over onto his hands and knees before sliding closer and grasping your waist, settling between your legs. The smile that flickers on his face tells you everything you need to know.

"What happened to no touching?" You raise an eyebrow, not bothering to hide your amusement.

He pauses, tilting his head slightly, "Did you even believe yourself when you promised that?"

"Did you?" You counter.

"Of course not." He leans forward, his nose brushing yours.

He's so close that you can smell the spiced orange tea on his breath. One of his favorites to have before bed, you know.

"I didn't either," You whisper, as if it was such a big secret.

Disregarding any chance at chastity, his kiss is all-consuming right from the start. His hands move to cup your face, drawing you so close you nearly tumble into his lap.

When you finally pull away to catch your breath, you begin to tug at his pants and help him shimmy out of them. Your clothes follow his onto the floor, landing in a messy heap. You twist around until he's now pressed against the headboard, your legs entwined. The feel of his bare skin against your own as your hips meet is just as nice as his fancy sheets.

He expects your lips to meet his again, but they don't. You pull away and begin to slide down his body, his hands fluttering around you as if they aren't sure where to fall. Your mouth burns a trail along his jaw, down his throat and chest, until you reach his navel and finally look up at him. He has one hand pressed against his mouth, his eyes blown wide as he stares down at you.

"Please," He whines, the noise muffled by his palm.

You don't need any further begging, though he's so pretty when he does. He's already hard by the time you take the tip of him into your mouth. You suck once, swirling your tongue around him before dipping

in to lick the slit. He nearly bends in half at the pressure around his cock, his muffled moan just short of a full on cry.

You pull off him, reaching up to tug at his hand, "I want to hear you, Flor. You sound so good."

His hand falls without a second thought, and you feel his length twitch in your grasp as you praise him. You maintain eye contact as you take him fully in this time, swallowing around him and relishing the shudder you can see wash over him. You bob your head down, taking him deeper, and that's when you notice-

Sparks of light. He has his hands buried in those nice, soft sheets, gripping the silk for dear life. Scattered snippets of light escape as his grip shifts, sending dazzling patterns across the wall and windows. His magic is reactionary, and he's quickly losing control.

You bite back a laugh, using your tongue again on him as you reach up and grasp his hips with both hands. You scrape down them lightly with your nails before going back and stroking the goosebumps left in your wake.

The windows are all closed tonight, yet a breeze rustles through the air. His hair sways as his hands rest on the back of your head, whining as he fights the urge to thrust up into your mouth. When you sink down further regardless, the breeze grows stronger.

"Love," He groans, his voice raspy, "Love, please, I'm so close."

You say nothing, just reaching up to stroke whatever doesn't fit in your mouth with one hand and taking his balls into your other. You feel him seize up and go stiff before he finally reaches his peak. He practically goes limp under you as he trembles through his climax, the light growing so bright you have to close your eyes against the brilliance of it.

He rests a hand on your waist as you lean into his side in the aftermath, his eyes half-lidded and fully sated.

"Seems I have to catch up," He murmurs, pressing his thigh between your own legs.

You suck in a sharp breath but dutifully ignore the shudder that runs up and down your spine, "Sleep. The sun will be up soon and you can't go falling off your horse."

"But," He begins to object, pouting.

You give him a quick kiss, firm but sweet, "Later. Make it up to me later."

He seems appeased, falling asleep with your head resting against his chest. You pull the thick blankets over you both before your eyes slip closed as well, already fantasizing about what he might do to you in the many evenings to come.